

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1916.

No. 26

ENTIRE NATIONAL GUARD ORDERED INTO SERVICE

EVERY STATE IN THE UNION REQUIRED TO FURNISH ITS QUOTA.

Company "I," 33d Inf., On Duty

EXPECTS TO BE ORDERED TO GRAYLING STATE CAMP BY SUNDAY.

Holding Drills Daily and Reporting at the Armory At Frequent Intervals.

Captain Henry L. Winters, commanding Company "I," 33d M. N. G., was at the Company's office in the Armory Monday morning going over some routine work, and peacefully dreaming of the bumper crops the farm would yield this summer. A telegram was handed him from Lansing. It was in cipher from Military Headquarters and when read it spelled "MOBLIZE."

And since that hour it has been hustle and work for the officers and privates of Company "I." Before nightfall the peace-strength of the Company had reported for duty, and the several members outside the city were hurriedly arranging their business affairs and on their way to this city.

Several drills are being held daily and the members of the Company are in touch with the Armory at all times. As yet no marching orders have been received but it is hourly expected that our boys will be ordered to the State Camp at Grayling before Sunday. That our citizens may know when the orders have been received the fire whistle will be given four long blasts and repeat in three minutes.

Since Company "I" was sworn in, East Jordan has been the proud possessor of the largest military unit in the State of Michigan, and in the smallest city of the state having a National Guard organization. In Company "I" is represented more business and professional men, mechanics and laborers—in proportion to population—than any other city in the State. And we, as citizens, are proud of the fact that we have in our midst so many patriotic and unselfish men who are willing to place themselves at their country's call—to sacrifice their business and home interests and be ready for any emergency that our country might demand.

The forces Michigan is required to furnish are: One brigade of three regiments of infantry, two troops of cavalry, two batteries of field artillery, one company engineers, one company signal corps, one field hospital and two ambulance companies. The Michigan contingent is to assemble at Grayling.

Michigan's infantry is located as follows: Thirty-first regiment, Colonel Walter Barlow, Detroit, composed of companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, all of Detroit; Co. I, Ann Arbor; Co. K, Monroe; Co. L, and Co. M, of Jackson.

Thirty-second infantry, Colonel Louis C. Covell, Grand Rapids, and the following companies: A, of Coldwater; B, of Adrian; C, and D, of Kalamazoo; E, of Ionia; F, of Grand Haven; G, of Muskegon; H, of Big Rapids, and I, K, L and M, of Grand Rapids.

Thirty-third infantry, Colonel John B. Boucher, Cheboygan, and the following companies: A, of Flint; B, of Bay City; C, of Port Huron; D, of Alpena; E, of Pontiac; F, of Saginaw; G, of Houghton; H, of Owosso; K, of Cheboygan; L, of Menominee; M, of the Soo; and I, of East Jordan.

Michigan also has one corps of engineers, Co. A, at Calumet; one company A of signal corps, at Ypsilanti; two cavalry troops, Troop A, at South Haven, and Troop B, at Detroit, and two batteries, A and B, of field artillery, at Lansing.

Michigan has too, two battalions of naval reserves, the nearest being at Traverse City.

Secretary Baker issued the following statement:

"In view of the disturbed conditions on the Mexican border and in order to assure complete protection for all Americans, the president has called out substantially all the state militia and will send them to the border, wherever and as fully as General Funston determines them to be needed for the purposes stated.

WILL DISTRIBUTE DUTY.

"If all are not needed an effort will be made to relieve those on duty there from time to time so as to distribute the duty.

"This call for militia is wholly unrelated to General Pershing's expedition and contemplates no additional entry into Mexico, except as may be necessary to pursue bandits who attempt outrages on American soil.

"The militia are being called out so as to leave some troops in the several states. They will be mobilized at their home stations where necessary recruiting can be done."

WHOLE NATIONAL GUARD IS 132,208 STRONG.

	Commissioned and Enlisted Men
Alabama	2,931
Arkansas	1,660
Arizona	907
California	3,632
Colorado	1,880
Connecticut	2,905
Delaware	502
District of Columbia	2,157
Florida	1,261
Georgia	3,078
Hawaii	855
Idaho	914
Illinois	6,334
Indiana	2,586
Iowa	3,253
Kansas	1,776
Kentucky	2,481
Louisiana	1,151
Maine	1,398
Maryland	2,127
Massachusetts	5,937
Michigan	2,620
Minnesota	3,253
Mississippi	1,507
Missouri	4,146
Montana	684
Nebraska	1,659
Nevada
New Hampshire	1,366
New Jersey	4,576
New Mexico	972
New York	17,474
North Carolina	2,914
North Dakota	810
Ohio	6,361
Oklahoma	1,174
Oregon	1,577
Pennsylvania	10,998
Rhode Island	1,423
South Carolina	1,698
South Dakota	1,044
Tennessee	1,816
Texas	3,381
Utah	486
Vermont	837
Virginia	2,936
Washington	1,280
West Virginia	1,909
Wisconsin	3,087
Wyoming	625
Total	132,208

PETOSKEY MEN TO JOIN COMPANY K

A telegram came at 3 o'clock Tuesday from Mayor C. S. Reilly, of Cheboygan, asking how many men Petoskey would have to send to the front with company K, Thirty-third Michigan infantry, National Guards.

The telegram said company K had been called to the front and that the men accepted in this enlistment would probably soon see service.

Mayor Klise is out of the city but City Clerk Niles states that no doubt several good men would enlist from Petoskey if they thought there was any chance of their going to Mexico at once.—Petoskey News.

Of course it was an Irishman who said: If you cast a Yankee on a desert island he'll be up early the next morning selling maps of the place to the inhabitants.

The Roster of Company "I"

Up To The Eight O'clock Roll Call, Thursday Morning.

Captain, Henry L. Winters
 First Lieutenant, William C. Spring
 Second Lieutenant, Leon G. Balch
 First Sergeant, James Gidley
 Q. M. Sergeant, Dickenson W. Dicken
 Sergeant, Charles H. McKinnon
 Sergeant, Joseph F. Cummins
 Sergeant, Earl Holliday
 Sergeant, Lewis W. Ellis
 Corporal, Blane W. Harrington
 Corporal, Morton H. Handy
 Corporal, George M. Griffin
 Corporal, Edward Kamradt
 Corporal, Bernard J. Beuker
 Cook, John A. Mahar
 Artificer, Ambrey M. Blake

PRIVATES
 Eugene I. Adams
 Stuart P. Baar
 Gustave J. Beuker
 Harry Beuker
 Roy H. Bergman
 Max A. Brail
 Oris G. Carpenter
 Frank H. Carman
 Ruel Chellis
 Walter L. Chellis
 Clarence M. Clark
 Joseph R. Clark
 Duncan Crawford
 Roderick R. Davis
 Bruce J. Flannery
 Ira S. Foote

Herbert Gallaway
 William D. Gleason
 John F. Griffin
 Clifford C. Hammond
 Gaius A. Hammond
 Charles F. Hillman
 Claude E. Johnson
 Edwin R. Jones
 Robert Jones
 Ralph W. Kille
 Earl Kirkpatrick
 Albert L. LaLonde
 William E. LaValley
 Eugene Miles
 Xelle A. Miles
 Almer F. Moore
 Harvey D. Moore
 George J. Moore
 Julius T. Nachazel
 Olaf Olson
 Ole Olson
 Mortimer F. Orvis
 Frederick E. Palmater
 DeWitt Patterson
 Charles E. Phillips
 Harry E. Potter
 Earl R. Richards
 William H. Roach
 Charles L. Rundle
 Ernest W. Russell
 Lowell Russell
 Charles E. Sandel
 Guy Sedgman
 Vernon C. Shepard
 Benj. B. Smatts
 Douglass Smith
 Floyd T. Smith
 Clyde F. Strong
 Fred J. Vogel
 Kenneth K. Ward
 Joseph Wederburn
 Mose Weisman
 Verle E. Wyble
 Edward Zess
 Henry Gilkerson
 Percy Sauerbier
 Clarence H. Dewey
 Nelson T. Keaton
 Frank P. Akins
 Ray Barrick
 Louis J. Hendricks
 Vanderson Rifenberg
 Rance Sloane
 Henry Vanderventer.

CHARLEVOIX BOY ELECTROCUTED ON ARC LAMP-CHAIN

Philo Burns, a Charlevoix youth, was electrocuted Sunday evening at the intersection of Antrim street and the state road when he leaped up and grabbed the arc lamp chain in an effort to shake the light and thus make it burn more smoothly.

Burns was in that section of the city in the late evening and seeing the lamp sputtering decided he might shake it as he had seen the city electrician do and make it burn smoothly and brightly. He little realized the chain was grounded to the lamp and never knew what killed him. He was dead the second he touched the chain for the full force of the strong electrical current passed through his body.

When a man tells a rich widow that she is all the world to him he may be trying to work the world for a living.

ROAD BEE DAY JUNE 29 AND 30

Governor Ferris Issues Proclamation for Same.

On June 4th and 5th, 1914, and June 10th and 11th, 1915, Road Bee Days were observed in Michigan. Much good to the rural highways was accomplished on these days, the amount of good depending entirely upon the efforts put forth in the various communities. Bad weather interfered seriously with work the first year and many complaints were received that the dates set were too early. In many neighborhoods Road Bee Days were observed later. This being a proverbially "late season," the time has been set "after planting" and "before harvest" in the hope that good weather may prevail and the opportune time selected.

During the past year road building sentiment in Michigan has grown rapidly. The Legislature of 1915 passed some of the most progressive highway laws ever enacted in Michigan. These were followed by the largest cash appropriations ever made for state road purposes—the appropriations for two years, including the State's portion of the automobile taxes, aggregating three millions of dollars. Already under the Assessment District Road Act, petitions have been filed with the various County Road Commissioners and the State Highway Commissioner, for more than one thousand miles of road which will cost more than five millions of dollars to build.

In the aggregate the road taxes assessed last Fall by the State, Counties and Townships, amounted to \$9,164,609. Many personal donations were made which would make a grand total expended on the highways of the State last year, approximately \$10,000,000.

The mileage of State reward roads completed was the greatest on record. If connected they would make more than three continuous lines across the State from the Ohio line to the Straits of Mackinac.

But notwithstanding this apparently satisfactory progress in substantial road building, there are thousands of miles of neighborhood roads which need attention, not alone annually but almost constantly throughout the season. Good churches and good rural schools are impossible without good roads, and all call for a live community interest and a well organized system of maintenance.

Knowing that well kept public wagon roads are vital to the moral and physical well-being of every community, and that the people of Michigan are anxious to extend the work of road improvement so as to include all of our road mileage, and believing that specially appointed road days are a great stimulus to the work, I Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of Michigan, do ask that the people of the State of Michigan set apart Thursday and Friday, June 29th and 30th, 1916, as "Road Bee Days," and so far as possible turn out and work under such competent supervision as may be available on the highways of the State in such manner as shall be most conducive to their betterment.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State this nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred sixteen, and of the Commonwealth the eightieth.

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS,
 Governor.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, June 19, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor pro tem Gidley. Present—Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—Cross.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Lancaster, the following bills were allowed:

City Treasurer, payment of street labor \$68.13
 E. J. Hose Co., Fred Warren fire 16.00
 James Gidley, salary 62.50
 H. I. McMillan, making tax roll, 125.00
 Bert Hughes, rebate order and crosswalk 32.96
 Ellis R. Kleinhaus, labor and selling cemetery lots 14.60
 Charlevoix Co. Herald, printing 29.00
 Thomas Frame, street labor 3.40
 Eugene Adams, salary 25.00
 Am. LaFrance Fire Eng. Co. mdse 25.00

Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that the mayor and clerk be instructed to petition the board of supervisors for permission to construct a bridge across the South Arm of Pine Lake to take the place of the present structure. Carried.

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that the sum of \$100 be donated to the East Jordan Playground Association in support of an organized playground. Carried.

Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that Roscoe Mackey be granted permission to construct a cement walk along the east side of Lot 4, Block 1. Carried.

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
 City Clerk.

GEO. H. VAN PELT TALKS ABOUT GOOD ROADS

Van Pelt claims that it is an absolute waste of money to build a nine foot road as we are building them today. He firmly believes that we have as good road commissioners as any county has and that the roads that we are building now will compare favorably with any of the same kind that are built anywhere. He motors a great deal and has an opportunity of seeing what is being done in different parts of the country. He is one of the Good Roads Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce and also on the Sub-Committee of the Chicago-Detroit Highway Association and working in connection with the West Michigan Pike and Dixie Highway Association. He ought to know something about durable roads, because he meets big, practical road builders.

Chicago is building thirty miles of concrete road this year to connect with the old roads laid out at an early date to reach Chicago.

He doesn't claim to be any smarter than anybody else and is simply trying to give those who know nothing at all about the building of concrete roads the benefit of the experience he has gleaned in coming in daily contact with people who know.

Farewell Demonstration This Friday Evening

A committee of our citizens appointed by Mayor A. E. Cross has arranged for a farewell demonstration for Company I, our representative in the M. N. G., to be held Friday evening. The program will be given from the band stand, corner of Esterly and Main streets, at commencing at eight o'clock.

The program will consist of short talks by a number of our citizens, by Capt. Willard A. Smith of Charlevoix, a response for the Company by Lieut. W. C. Spring and musical numbers by the High School Band and a male quartet.

LITTLE GIRL KILLED BY LIGHTNING

A shocking tragedy occurred late last Saturday afternoon on the farm of John Ferris, three miles north of Vanderbilt when little Margaret McDermott was struck and instantly killed by a bolt of lightning.

The little girl was sent across the fields to call her grandfather, John Ferris, to supper. Accompanied by her dog, she performed the mission, and as a storm was approaching, was admonished by Mr. Ferris not to wait for him but to hurry back to the house. The little girl and the dog started back to the house, but after a short time the dog returned to Mr. Ferris and began to whine and act very strangely. Following the dog, Mr. Ferris soon came upon the sad sight of the little girl half buried in the sand of the freshly tilled field, life already extinct and the body terribly burned.

Margaret McDermott was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McDermott, but since the death of her mother five years ago, has made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Ferris. She was ten years old.—Gaylord Advance.

Commission Proceedings.

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OTIS J. SMITH,
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A PROTECTIVE TARIFF

Even its enemies admit that a protective tariff is a constructive measure. Their pretended criticism is that it builds up large business enterprises at the expense of the masses of the people. Their pretended sympathy is for the "ultimate consumer", who, in their view, pays the tariff duties. The fact is, however, that no man can have employment unless there be some one to conduct an industry or buy the product. We cannot have large forces of employes unless we also have large

Commission Proceedings.

institutions engaged in production. Neither can we have large manufacturing institutions unless we have a large purchasing community to consume the products. Unless we have a protective tariff, the producers of other countries, where lower standards of living prevail, ship their cheaper products here and sell them to our people, thus depriving our producers of their home market. Every time one of our manufacturing establishments closes its doors or cuts down its production, it throws out of employment a certain number of wage earners, who, because of loss of employment, ceases to be consumers. Diminished consumption causes further cessation of production, more unemployment, and, in turn, still further diminution of consumption. It is either an endless chain of increased production or an endless chain of decrease. The protective tariff is a constructive measure because it inevitably builds up our producing industries. The protective tariff is the peculiar principle of the Republican party. It is an "America First" principle. It ought not to be a political question, but by trying to tear down this bulwark of American productive industry, the Democrats have forced the issue. Men who believe in "America First" are not going to give up, so the tariff will be a party issue until the Democrats concede the soundness of the protective principle.

FILM VERSION OF REX BEACH'S MOST FAMOUS STORY

The film version of Rex Beach's "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL" will be shown at the Temple Theatre, next week Thursday and Friday, June 29-30.

The picture was produced by the Selig Polyscope Company, of Chicago, and is one of the most remarkable moving pictures ever staged. Although it takes fully two and one-half hours to run, there is not a scene that could be eliminated without detriment to the continuity of the picture.

The acts are swift and full of incident, the exciting episodes numerous; and the tension does not let down in between times, as is the case with most pictures that we see on the screen.

A large and complete cast is headed by Kathryn Williams and Wheeler Oakman, and the entire company which made "The Spoilers" famous.

In order to acquire the requisite atmosphere, the entire company spent several months in Panama, and the result has proved well worth the trouble and expense.

The exterior scenes are striking and beautiful, and at all times there is the interest of a strange country, people and customs.

WOMEN ORGANIZING FOR DRY CAMPAIGN

Lansing, Mich., June 20.—Mrs. E. L. Calkins, director of Woman's work for the Michigan Dry Campaign, begins this week on a tour of northern and central Michigan counties, organizing the women for the state wide campaign. Up to July 1st, Mrs. Calkins will organize in the following named counties:

June 23, Cheboygan county at Mackinaw City; June 26, Charlevoix county, in the Congregational church at Charlevoix; June 27, Mecosta county, in Big Rapids at the Presbyterian church; June 28, Isabella county, at Mt. Pleasant; June 29, Midland county at Midland; and June 30, Gratiot county at Kilauea.

School Commissioner's Notes
May L. Stewart, Commissioner

The highest eighth grade average in the county was that of Miss Agnes Saunders of St. James. She attained an average of 96.5 at the recent examination. Her lowest mark was 90. Out of the 11 subjects she had two 98's, two 99's, and two 100's.

In the city of East Jordan Miss Eleanor Harmon stood highest with an average of 87. Miss Elsie Johnson second with an average of 86.3. Miss Selma Anderson is teacher.

In Boyne City under the tutelage of Miss Duxson and Miss Bess Wenzel, Helen Lois Martin stood first with an average of 89.1, Anne Nurko second with an average of 86.4.

Of the rural and graded schools, Miss Howardine Wood from the Mackie school near Springvale stood highest with an average of 92.8. Her teacher was Miss Constance Weber. Miss Marvel Pearson, a seventh grader from Boyne Falls stood second with an average of 89.6. Teacher was Supt. Fox.

The examination brought out some very interesting facts. While the work in the country is very irregular, the highest averages come from here as well as the lowest. Of those writing on the examinations from the rural districts only 54.47 per cent receive diplomas.

In the city the averages of those passing vary but little and those who fail fall only a few points below the required average or minimum. Of those writing from the city schools of East Jordan and Boyne City only 69.91 per cent receive diplomas. The Charlevoix city students did not write on this test.

The two averages for the 1916 test, 69.91 per cent for the city, and 54.47 per cent for the rural districts give us an average of 62.19 per cent passing throughout the entire county. This compares favorably with the 1915 test in which 92 students received diplomas out of 199 students writing, giving an average of 46.2 per cent who received eighth grade diplomas. These figures would show an increase in efficiency of 15.99 per cent in the general eighth grade work of the county.

The third and fourth grades of the Charlevoix Central school report 46 students earning free tickets to the fair for perfect attendance during the spring term. The rural districts have reported 172 students who receive complimentary tickets. As yet we have no reports from Boyne City and East Jordan.

Of those writing on the state fair examination, Bruce Deits stood 91, Lewis Westfall 91, James O'Dell, 91, and Wilbur Lewis 90. Their averages in the eighth grade examination were 82.4, 82.2, 79, and 79.1 respectively. Bruce Deits was there, fore winner by a narrow margin and was chosen to attend the Boys' Camp at the State Fair in Detroit this fall, all expenses to be paid by the State Fair Association. Bruce is from the Pleasant Valley school near Boyne City and Miss Mary Welby was his teacher.

Miss Florence Maddaugh will teach the Johnson school, Marjon No. 5.

The Davis school will be open again next year. This year it was closed and transported its pupils to Boyne Falls.

County Fair school premium list in the process of making.

The Slaughter school house will be plastered and otherwise improved during the summer vacation.

Miss Ethel Brintnall will teach in Three Bells—Eveline No. 2.

The Snider School in East Chandler closed with a picnic on Friday the 16th. The commissioner considered this a most enjoyable and well-spent day.

See program for the June 30th Canning Demonstration in another part of this paper.

HOW TO FEEL GOOD TOMORROW

Indigestion quickly develops sick headache, biliousness, bloating, sour stomach, bad breath or some of the other conditions caused by clogged or irregular bowels. If you have any of these symptoms, take a Foley Cathartic Tablet this evening and you will feel better in the morning.—Hites Drug Store.

The man who acts contrary to his wife's advice and falls down never hears the last of it.

Some men are such tightwads that they won't even lend trouble without good security.

What a pity it is that the most beautiful females usually have little else to recommend them.

MAKING THE MOST OF JUNE

To enjoy the beautiful month of June to the utmost, one must be in good health. Kidneys failing to work properly cause aches and pains, rheumatism, lumbago, soreness, stiffness. Foley Kidney Pills make kidneys active and healthy and banish suffering and misery. Why not feel fine and fit? Be well! Be strong!—Hites Drug Store.

TO THE ELECTORS OF CHARLEVOIX COUNTY

I wish to announce my candidacy for the office of Representative of the Charlevoix County Legislative district on the Republican ticket at the coming August Primaries. Hoping to meet you personally during the coming months. With my assurance will do all I can to merit your support, thanking you I am Yours truly,
JACOB E. CHEW,
East Jordan, Mich.
From South Arm Twp.

HERE AND THERE

Washington Post—"What does Hughes stand for?" is the political query. Well, if he resembled the patient American citizenry, it would seem that he'd stand for most anything.

Olympia (Wash) Olympian—President Wilson told the newspaper men in Washington the other night that he believed a licking does a man good once in a while. Wilson is going to be a mighty good man after the coming election.

Santa Ana (Calif) Blade—Some Democrats have gone so far as to say they will not trust any kind of a Protectionist but a Republican, for no matter what he promises he will be unable to make good if he is a member of any other party.

The National Republican—Republicanism is not a person, but a program. It is a body of faith, and not a mere appendage to any man's ambition. Its basis is belief, not greed for office; patriotism, not mere anxiety for power; intelligence, not passion, prejudice or the desire to win at any price. It is a chain of thought and sentiment stronger than any one link in it.

A bathing suit that shrieks every time it is worn may not be immodest.

LEGALIZING VIOLENCE

The petitions now being circulated by organized labor asking that the constitution of the state be amended so as to take from the courts the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes is one of the most arbitrary and revolutionary moves ever made in a democratic country in time of peace. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus would be fraught with no more danger to the rights of citizens than the depriving of certain classes of our people of the right to seek this remedy to prevent the destruction of their property and the ruin of their business. It is the most radical kind of class legislation because it seeks to deliver up one class of our citizens, bound up helpless, to the tender mercies of another class.

We might look upon this move with more or less complacency if the evil was to affect only the class at which it is aimed, but the evil effects from such legislation will touch every citizen of the state. We cannot isolate such a vicious principle. Sooner or later the whole people, who pay all the bills in the end, will taste the bitter fruit, and it is better that they should realize this before putting their hands to a petition which is bound to handicap their commercial activities, work disaster to their industries and open the door to a whole flood of vicious legislation. If the fundamental law of the state is to be changed so as to deprive the manufacturer of the power to protect his property by injunction it will pave the way for an orgy of disorder and destruction against which the local authorities will be powerless.

Organized labor may deny that it intends either disorder or destruction, but the very fact that it is asking that the legal restraints upon such action be removed proves the case against it. If a business man's property is threatened with destruction at the hands of disgruntled employees, or anyone else is he not entitled to the entire force of the commonwealth to protect it? If organized labor does not intend to coerce the employer by threatening the destruction of his property why is it making such strenuous efforts to deprive him of the legal protection which he has had since the foundation of the republic? The motive behind all this activity is too transparent to deceive any citizen who will acquaint himself with the facts.

It is time that the people realized that they have to pay, in the final accounting, for all labor disputes, strikes, lockouts and boycotts. This fact is unescapable. Have the people of any city in this state so many factories that they can afford to open the doors to fire and destruction? Are we not all vitally interested in the payrolls of our factories? Are we not all affected adversely when those payrolls dwindle or disappear? Can we afford to place our factories at the mercy of those who respect not the personal or property rights of another? The vast majority of our workmen are orderly and law-abiding citizens, but there are, unfortunately, too many to whom the destruction of property appeals as the best arguments which can be used in the settlement of labor disputes. Before our citizens give encouragement to this movement they should consider the patent fact that organized labor would not ask for this power if it did not intend to use it.

Adv.

HOW TO GET RID OF A COLD
Read how C. E. Summers, Holdrege, Neb., got rid of his cold: "I contracted a severe cough and cold and could hardly sleep. By using Foley's Honey and Tar as directed my cough was entirely cured and I give it full credit for my speedy recovery." Foley's always soothes and heals. Children love it.—Hites Drug Store.

SENATOR MORFORD OUT FOR SECOND TERM

I wish to announce to the republican electors of the twenty ninth senatorial district that I am a candidate to succeed myself for senatorial honors, and trust the voters of our district will consider my candidacy with favor at the primaries, August twenty ninth and main-



tain the precedent so long established relative to second terms. Unless I have failed to perform my duties as a servant of the public, I believe that I am entitled to the nomination.

I am an advocate of legislation that will reduce taxes to the lowest possible figure, ever mindful of the fact that our commonwealth is fast becoming one of the most important states and may require additional funds to carry on its large business. I believe in and will support the Budget method to bring about systematic economy.

The development of Northern Michigan means much in the way of reducing our State Budget, and will bring prosperity to our Northern country. I am in hearty accord with the enactment of laws that will give encouragement and practical aid to the settler, thereby assisting in the more rapid development of the cut over lands of the state.

I believe that the people of my district will find that my legislative record has been consistent at all times tending toward the best public interests.

Very truly yours,
J. LEE MORFORD,
Gaylord, Mich., June 15th.

TO THE VOTERS OF CHARLEVOIX COUNTY

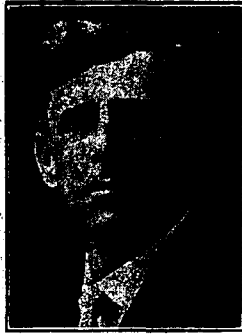
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket for member of the State Legislature.

If elected I promise to support the Republican Platform, and render faithful service to all the people of my district.

If these sentiments meet with your approval, I will appreciate your support at the Primaries August 29th, 1916.

Respectfully yours,
EDWIN W. ABBOTT,
Boyne City, Mich.

FOR COUNTY CLERK



To the Electors of Charlevoix County:

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk on the Republican ticket, subject to the August Primary. Your votes will be appreciated.
J. H. GRAFF.

Announcement



I wish to announce the voters of Charlevoix County that I will be a candidate for nomination for the office of Register of Deeds at the Primary Election to be held August 29, 1916 and ask your support and if nominated and later elected will administer the duties of the office to the best of my ability.
NED B. FOX,
Dated April 12th, 1916.

The average married man might not object to playing second violin if the orchestra to which he belongs would give only private performances.

FIVE HISTORICAL PROGRESS POINTS

THE FIGHT AGAINST SALOONS SHOWS GAINS MADE SLOWLY BUT WERE CONSTANT

VOTER CAN PUSH WORK ON

The Steady Cooperation is Inspiring and Results Will Benefit Every Good Citizen of Michigan

Five points in Michigan history mark the progress of the fight against the saloon: statutory prohibition in 1863, constitutional prohibition defeated in 1887; local option begun in 1889, liquor laws amended in 1909, 1912, 1913 and the submission of constitutional prohibition in 1916.

Statutory prohibition was adopted in 1863 and remained on the statute books until 1875 when it was replaced by the present license law.

Prohibition by constitutional amendment was submitted to popular vote in April 1887. The issue had been troublesome for several campaigns in state politics. Leaders of the dominant party agreed that it could no longer be avoided. In a total vote of 362,917 the prohibition amendment was defeated by a majority of 5,645.

In 1889 a local option bill was passed with the county as a unit. This law has been frequently amended and improved. Under its provision Van Buren county in 1890 was the first county in the state to vote out saloons and although several contests have been waged in that county it has remained dry to this day. During the following ten years, eleven counties, at different times, outlawed the saloons but owing to lax law enforcement, due largely to serious defects in the law itself, all of them returned to the license column.

In 1896 the Anti-Saloon league of Michigan was organized with W. R. Fox of Grand Rapids president and J. F. Brant of Ohio superintendent. During the twenty years passed, this organization, in cooperation with many other Anti-Saloon agencies and societies in the state has done heroic service for entire abolition of saloons for Michigan.

Through persistent co-operation of many forces allied against the saloon a total of forty-five counties was secured up to April 3rd, 1916. Since 1887 no legislature would consent to submit again a prohibition amendment to the constitution, but at the 1913 session the legislature agreed to permit the electors to vote on a proposition so the constitution could be amended by the initiative and referendum as well as by the old way of direct submission after a two thirds vote in the legislature.

The Michigan Dry Campaign committee was organized at Lansing in the fall of 1914, to wage a campaign on behalf of the organized churches, farmers clubs, workmen, business men's association, W. C. T. U. and other organizations opposed to the saloon. With the co-operation of these forces in city and country, petitions were circulated last winter to be filed at Lansing not later than July 1st.

The history of the local option campaign in Michigan counties would make a book by itself. By determined fighting each year in various counties and in legislative districts, the Anti-Saloon league and other prohibition forces made such an impression on the state legislature that the local option law was amended from time to time and vicious bills urged by the brewers and distillers were defeated.

The legislature consented to pass the Search and Seizure law and an amendment to the Drug law requiring a physician's prescription in some counties for the purchase of liquor in drug stores. Attempts to appeal the local option law were defeated. The Dry bill was passed regulating liquor shipments into dry counties.

Previous to this amendment the number of dry counties had gone back from forty to thirty three but the tendency in recent years has been towards increasing the dry area of the state.

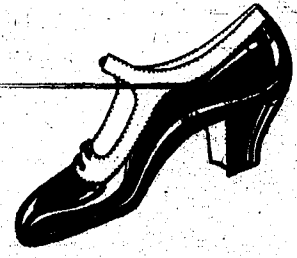
The Bar.

Written by a life convict in Joliet, Ill., prison:
The saloon is sometimes called a bar—that's true.

- A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
- Whoever named it, named it well,
- A bar to manliness and wealth;
- A door to want and broken health,
- A bar to honor, pride and fame;
- A door to grief and sin and shame,
- A bar to home, a bar to prayer,
- A door to darkness and despair.
- A bar to honored, useful life.
- A door to brawling, senseless strife.
- A bar to all that's true and brave;
- A door to every drunkard's grave.
- A bar to joys that home imparts;
- A door to tears and aching hearts.
- A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
- Whoever named it, named it well.

Seattle a Thirsty City.

Seattle, Wash.—Consumption of water in Seattle hotels has increased to such an extent since the prohibition law went into effect January 1 that the hotel keepers desire a reduction of their water rates. A petition signed by 19 of the leading hotel was on file with the city council asking for a 50 per cent reduction in water rates.



GOOD SHOES is Our Hobby

THEY MUST FIT and WEAR.

We have them for Women **Dorothy Dodd** in the famous **FOR MEN The Ralston**

OUR SIMPLEX STITCHER Is a Wonder. Give Us a Trial.

CHAS. A. HUDSON THE SHOE MAN.



SPRING TONICS

Have you got that run-down, laggy feeling? A bottle of our tonics will make you feel new again.

Spraying Materials

Are advancing rapidly in prices, but we bought right and can sell right. Come in and let us quote you prices.

Hite Drug Co.

PURE DRUGS

DURING THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS YOUR MILK SHOULD BE THE BEST ON THE CALENDAR

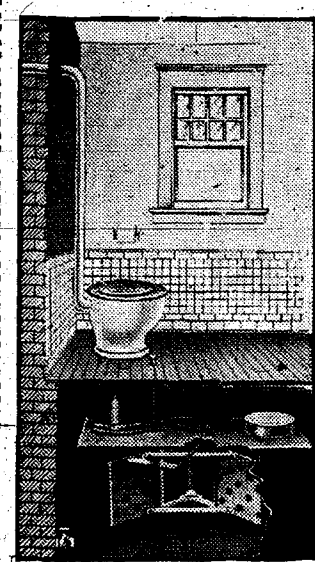
Pasteurized

MCCOOL & MATHER
FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK
EAST JORDAN



Scene from "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," Temple Theatre June 29-30.

WOLVERINE Chemical Closets



WOLVERINE CHEMICAL CLOSETS are a boon to the residents of all rural communities. They offer all the advantages of a city sewer system, all the comforts, all the convenience, and all the safety enjoyed by the city folks.

No more the disagreeable necessity of running out of doors to an outside closet during cold or rainy weather to more the danger of filth and sickness incubated in the old fashioned privy.

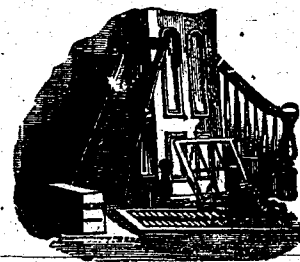
Come in and we will show you how you can get rid of

all these dangers and disagreeable features and gain instead, all the comforts of a city toilet system by installing, at a small expense, a Wolverine Chemical Closet.

SOLD BY
GEO. SPENCER
PLUMBING AND HEATING

EAST JORDAN CABINET CO.

B. E. WATERMAN, Manager.



Custom Planing Mill.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Doors, Windows and Glass,
Siding, Ceiling and Flooring
Mouldings, Turned Work,
and Scroll Sawing.

FINISHED LUMBER, FRAMES, CASINGS

320 ACRES FOR SALE!

Described as the South Half of Section Eighteen in Warner Twp., Antrim County. This land has all been burned over and is well set to grass. Has a fair house, good well. It joins the Samuel Bricker farm on the south. I have a good title with abstract. No incumbrance on the land. I am going to sell this farm to the first man that makes me a reasonable offer. I will sell it as a half section or will sell it in 160 acres. Go and look it over and make me a cash offer. I will give possession any time as there is no lease on the land. Will consider your offer on time if preferred.

BRUCE HENDERSON, Owner,
Champaign, Illinois.

Be sure to read the opening chapters of "The Girl and The Game" which are published in this issue.

Illusions are the grand ideas we have about ourselves; delusions are the silly ideas other people have about us.

INDIANA MAN'S EXPERIENCE

Frank Moseley, Moore's Hill, Ind., writes: "I was troubled with almost constant pains in my sides and back. Great relief was apparent after the first dose of Foley Kidney Pills and in 48 hours all pain left me." Foley Kidney Pills make kidneys active and healthful and stop sleep-disturbing bladder ailments.—Hites Drug Store.

Women who have large feet are not partial to short skirts.
Some men spend a lot of time looking for traps to walk into.

MANY WOMEN NEED HELP

Women are as much inclined to kidney trouble as are men, but too often make the mistake of thinking that a certain amount of pain and torture is their lot and cannot be avoided. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from backache, pains in sides and muscles, stiff, sore, aching joints, and bladder ailments.—Hites Drug Store.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage and the obligation accompanying the same, dated the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1910, made by Jesse Peters and George Peters, both single men, of Charlevoix County, Michigan, to William J. Pearson, of Boyne Falls, Michigan, and recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1911, in Liber 48 of Mortgages on page 375, said mortgage being assigned by the said William J. Pearson to William C. Walsh, said assignment being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix County, Michigan, in December, 1911, in Liber 34 of Mortgages on page 563, the said William C. Walsh being duly adjudicated a bankrupt on December 30, A. D. 1913 by and before Kirk E. Wicks, Referee in Bankruptcy of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and J. Ernest Converse of Boyne City, Michigan, being elected by a majority of the creditors of the said William C. Walsh both in number and amount as trustee of said estate, the said J. Ernest Converse being duly appointed by written appointment and qualifying by filing a bond in the amount required on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1914, and as such trustee in bankruptcy by operation of law became the owner and assignee of the said William C. Walsh in and to said mortgage and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and taxes paid by the said J. Ernest Converse, trustee, on the mortgage premises, being the sum of three hundred and two dollars and three cents (\$302.03), and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof. Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Charlevoix County Court House, in Charlevoix, Michigan, said building being the place where the Circuit Court for said Charlevoix County is held, on the 20th DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock a. m., to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of twenty dollars (\$20.00) as provided in said mortgage. The said mortgaged premises are situated in the Township of Hudson, in the County of Charlevoix and state of Michigan, and described in said mortgage as follows: The following described real estate situate and being in the Township of Hudson, County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, to-wit: The Northeast quarter (¼) of the Southeast Quarter (¼) of Section seven (7), Town thirty-two (32) North, Range four (4) West, except railroad right of way.
Dated April 1, 1916.
J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.
As Trustee.

JOHN M. HARRIS, Attorney for Trustee.
Business Address:
Boyne City, Michigan.

Shipbuilding

We want young men over 18, to learn trades in our Shipbuilding Yards. Good wages while learning, and rapid advancement made.

Address

Great Lakes
Engineering Works
DETROIT, MICH.

The majority of mankind follows the golden rule—at a distance.
The man who thinks he knows it all is a candidate for the skids.

We know folks who actually believe their troubles interest others.

Spring fever is a charitable covering for a multitude of indolence.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage and the obligation accompanying the same, dated October 21, 1910, made by Charles Sterzik, of Boyne City, Michigan, to J. E. Converse, of Boyne City, Michigan, and recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1910, in Liber 45 of Mortgages on page 274, and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest being the sum of One Hundred and Forty-four Dollars and Sixty-one Cents (\$144.61), and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof. Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises, except the dower interest, if any, of the wife of the said Charles Sterzik in and to said premises, at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House in Charlevoix, Charlevoix County, Michigan, said building being the place where the Circuit Court for Charlevoix County is held, on the 20th DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock A. M., to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs, including an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) as provided in said mortgage. The said mortgaged premises are situated in the Township of Bay, County of Charlevoix, and state of Michigan, and are described in said mortgage as follows: The following described real estate situate and being in the Township of Bay, County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, to-wit: The North half (½) of the North half (½) of the Southwest quarter (¼) of Section Twenty-eight (28), Town thirty-four (34) North, Range Six (6) West, containing thirty-seven and one-half (37½) acres more or less.
Dated April 1, 1916.
J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.
F. W. DeFOE, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address:
442-444 Shearer Block, Bay City, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage and the obligation accompanying the same, dated on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1911, made by James L. Hillegas and Mary Hillegas, his wife, in her own and dower rights, of Boyne City, Michigan, to J. E. Converse, of Boyne City, Michigan, and recorded in the Register of Deeds' office for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1911, in Liber 48 of Mortgages on page 376, and the whole sum secured by said mortgage having been declared due and payable and the whole sum claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest and insurance paid by said J. E. Converse on the mortgaged premises being the sum of Two Hundred Forty-four Dollars and eighty-one cents (\$244.81), and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof. Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Charlevoix County Court House at Charlevoix, Michigan, said building being the place where the Circuit Court for said Charlevoix County is held, on the 20th DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock a. m., to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) allowed in said mortgage. The said mortgaged premises are situated in the City of Boyne City, Charlevoix County, Michigan, and described in said mortgage as follows: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the City of Boyne City, in the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Number 132 of Beardsley's First Addition to Boyne City, Michigan. Said sale is made subject to the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage given by the said James L. Hillegas and Mary Hillegas to the Capital Savings & Loan Association of Lansing, Michigan.
Dated April 1, 1916.
J. E. CONVERSE, Mortgagee.
F. W. DeFOE, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Business Address:
442-444 Shearer Block, Bay City, Mich.

Canning Demonstration

Peninsula Grange Hall

June 30, 1916.

Open meeting! Everybody come! Potluck and program!

PROGRAM

2:00 p. m. May L. Stewart, Chairman.
Song, "Wayside Blossoms"—Everybody

Vocal Solo—Miss Nell Maddaugh
Canning of Vegetables, demonstrated
—Miss Anne Cowles

Recitation—A. T. Washburn, Jr.
Song, "The Farmer Feeds Them All"
—Everybody Sing

5:00-7:30—Potluck supper.

EVENING PROGRAM

Mrs. John McLean—Lecturer
Song—Mr. Leonard D'Ooge

Song—Miss Versaphel Lorraine
Recitation—Miss Virginia Lehman
Yell, yell, yell—The Deer Lake Grange

Address—Hot Noon Lunches in the School Room—Miss Cowles
Music—F. H. Wangeman

The Old Fashioned Spell Down—Pine Lake Grange
Music—Mr. and Mrs. Secord

Ten Minutes of Fun—Peninsula Grange Helpers
Song—Maple Grove Grange

Silent Orchestra—Wilson Grange
Song—Marion Center
Tug of War—Harmony and South Arm Granges

What do you think? All other Grangers and Visiting Friends.

Calls for Safe and Sane Fourth

State Fire Marshal, John T. Winship, in his annual proclamation, urging a "safe and sane Fourth," requests that Independence day be observed for fraternalism, for sane amusements and for the cultivation of public spirit and patriotism, and issues a warning to parents against permitting their children to handle death-dealing explosives.

"Attention is directed to the 1915 celebration, which resulted in 30 deaths and 1,135 accidents in the United States and to the fact that since 1903, Fourth of July celebrations have cost 1,862 lives while 42,089 persons, mostly children, were more or less seriously maimed," he says.

"The responsibility for these accidents rests largely with the city governments and instructions are given to the fire chiefs and local officials to enforce the state law which provides.

"No person, firm or corporation shall sell, offer for sale or place on display within the state of Michigan any blank cartridge, toy pistol, toy cannon, toy cane or toy gun in which explosives are used, the use of balloons which require fire underneath to propel same, firecrackers extending two inches in length and a half inch in diameter, torpedoes extending three-quarters of an inch in diameter, any substance containing chlorate of potash and sulphur, or device for discharging or exploding such substances by concussion or friction, firecrackers of any size or fireworks which contain any explosive more powerful than black powder. Provided, that the city council of any city or village may allow the public display of fireworks by properly qualified individuals."

BOLTS WANTED.

We want to buy a few hundred cords of four-foot bolts in hemlock, spruce, pine and balsam, 6" and up in diameter, smooth, straight stock, all cut 49" long. Will buy same delivered on err on E. J. & S. R. R. or in our yard
EAST JORDAN, CABINET CO.

Baking powder manufacturers should succeed in getting up in the world.

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts before breakfast if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you.

The American men and women must guard constantly against Kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble; bladder weakness and a general decline in health. When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy; full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders. Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home; because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning for one week.

Before breakfast each day drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it as a harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, also those whose skin is sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside-bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A safe and effective hair restorer. For itching scalp and dandruff. For washing color and beauty. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist

Office Hours:
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.

Phone No. 223.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold DENTIST

Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

DRS. VARDON & PARKS

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 158-4 rings
Office hours; 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY in Office.

Dr. F. P. Ramsey

Physician and Surgeon.
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK
East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.
When in need of anything in my line call in and see me.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

Best Wishes, Greetings, Lovers, Birthday, etc. Also your NAME in our POST CARD EXCHANGE free on request and free sample copy of the Family Story Paper; also catalogs and premium list. Enclose 10c stamps for return postage, etc.

FAMILY STORY PAPER
24-26 Vandewater Street
New York

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

The city tax roll for taxes of 1916 will become payable on July 1st, 1916 and will be received on and after that date at my office when the tax roll is in my hands for collection. Taxes paid at any time up to and including July 31st may be made without any collection fee therefor; provided that an addition of two per cent shall be made thereto on the first day of August, and an additional charge of one per cent shall be made on the first day of each month that the tax remains unpaid until returned to the county treasurer.
WM. A. PICKARD, City Treas.

**SAIL TO EASTER ISLAND;
GET A CARGO OF SKULLS**

Vessel has Just Returned to Frisco Harbor—Trip is Marked by Unusual Happenings.

San Francisco, Cal.—With mileage behind her equal to twice around the world, and with three years seafaring since she left Southampton for the South seas, the schooner yacht Mana, Capt. Harry Gillman powered thru the heads the other afternoon bearing as cargo many crates and boxes containing skulls and other ghoulish remains of former residents of Easter Island in the South Pacific.

The yacht is owned by R. S. Routledge of London, who has been collecting anthropological specimens for the British museum. Accompanied by his wife the scientist arrived here by steamer from Honolulu two weeks ago and will go home to London on the Mana when he can pass thru the Panama Canal.

To the South Pacific they came via Magellan, using sails except in calms—when the thirty-eight horse power engine was put into commission.

At Easter Island Routledge established headquarters, and for nearly two years dug among the ruins of the little dot on the Pacific. He unearthed specimens of prehistoric peoples and has them all cased and labeled for shipment to Great Britain.

During the time the party stayed on the island, Captain Gillman took the Mana on four round trips to Talcahuano, Chile, for supplies, the distance of the trip being 2,000 miles each way. Several months ago the little craft, which cruised extensively in the South seas, started with her owner for Honolulu and stayed there for several weeks.

She came in here from Hawaii, making the run under sail in twenty-seven days, and experiencing only light winds the entire distance. Under power the schooner will make six knots but the engine was not used until she came into San Francisco Bay. "I'd much rather go to sea in a sailing craft," said Captain Gillman, as he stood on the small after deck of the 90 foot schooner. "You know when you go in steam you are going to arrive at a certain time. Under sail it is all uncertainty and that makes it spicy."

Among the crew of the Mana are two men from Pitcairn Island who are descendants of Young of the old Bounty crew. Neither one had seen a large building, a street car or an automobile until they arrived in Honolulu, and one had never seen a horse before. They are young men in their early 20s and are going to England to school.

Girl's Jaw Strangely Locked.

Palmerton, Pa.—Miss Helen Seafoss of this place is suffering with a locked jaw which cannot be traced to any cause. She is unable to take any solid nourishment whatever and is being kept up on liquid diet.

A female diplomat is a woman who can keep a hired girl for six consecutive weeks.

When a man is ill he seldom has a nightshirt pretty enough to receive callers in.

It takes a rousing demonstration to get a small boy out of bed in the early morn.

**GRANDMA USED SAGE
TEA TO DARKEN HAIR**

She mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a 50-cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

ECHO BRIEFS

Cool weather and not much corn as yet this season.

Miss Ethel Murray visited at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Scott Bartholomew on Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Marjorie Mackey is visiting at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bartholomew, this week.

Mrs. Alvin Barclay returned home last week from Petoskey, where she underwent an operation at the Lockwood hospital, she is staying at present with her sister, Mrs. Thos. Bartholomew.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RICHES

The hunger for riches in these days of luxurious living is lamentable. It is found among all ranks of life.

It is the struggle of the poor who have nothing, of the thrifty who have something, and of the wealthy who have much.

In this fierce contest for filthy lucre honesty in business is sacrificed, the honor of men forgotten and the virtue of women made a commodity.

It is no longer sufficient to be comfortable in life, to have an abundance of necessities for the table, a good home and the joys of the simple life. It is the age of luxury and gayety—of dining, wining and dancing.

No one has enough. Every one wants more. Comforts of life are in the discard. We must all eat, drink and be merry, but we forgot that tomorrow we die.

There is a pathos in the struggle of the unfortunate to put bread upon his table, shoes upon his children's feet, and provide an education for his boys and girls and a good home for his family.

It is still more pathetic to find one who has accumulated riches thinking of nothing except a greater accumulation of wealth and length of days to walk the primrose path of dalliance.

Such as these plead with the doctor to prolong their feverish life, while they flit from health resort to health resort to find the fabled spring of perennial youth, the while retaining their grasp on accumulated treasures.

The world dispises the miser and it despises still more the utterly selfish rich who turn away from the suffering and poverty that have always existed and must always exist as long as the world lasts.

But it is a mistake to believe that the people of this great country are divided into only two classes, the suffering poor and the insufferable rich.

In this land of golden opportunity the toiler who is satisfied with the conditions of simple living and who is not swept off his feet by the eager pursuit of a luxurious life can look forward hopefully to the day when he shall have achieved a competence, have educated his children and provided satisfactorily for his declining years. It is for him to win or lose.

In this Republic—so highly favored of God—the miserly rich and the struggling poor are exceptions, not the rule. On every side great institutions of learning, hospitals for the care of the sick, establishments for scientific development, foundations for promoting the public welfare, and libraries for free instruction are provided with a hand so generous that we are the envy of the Old World.

This is the substantial and recognized fact. It should make the nation grateful and appreciative not only of the bounty of Providence, but also of the intelligence, the high mindedness and noble purposes that animate the American people and that make wretched poverty, and still more wretched miserliness, the exception and not the rule.—Leslie's.

Old Saws Resharpened

If at first you don't succeed, why try again?

Never put off until tomorrow what you can't do today.

Be sure you are right and then go ahead and find out you're wrong.

The world owes every woman a loving.

Familiar hilarity breeds contempt.

A man is known by the company that keeps him.

Many a true word is spoken in gestures.

Rome was not built in a day of municipal contracts.

It is easier for the eye of a camel to pass through a needle than for the kingdom of heaven to enter a rich man.

Whoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Owe no man anything.

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity considerable more.

It is more blessed to give than to receive advice.—From Judge.

A Kansas man who was recently hypnotized says it made him feel "just like it does when my wife makes up her mind."

One seldom sees a woman on the street without a shopping bag. That ought to be sufficient warning to any bachelor.

A woman will jump to a conclusion almost as quickly as she will at a mouse.

Fish are being shipped to England via Montreal from British Columbia waters, the reason being the fish shortage due to the war's interference with the North Sea fisheries.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday June 25, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Christ's Estimate of John the Baptist.

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.
6:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m.—"What is the matter with Mexico?"

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.
Friday 7:30 p. m.—Regular monthly meeting of Trustees.
Sunday morning we welcome Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, June 25th, Corpus Christi.
8:00 a. m. Low Mass. Holy Communion for the Sodality and Children of Mary.

10:30 a. m. High Mass, Procession of the Bl. Sacrament and Benediction.
7:30 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.

Friday, June 30th, Feast of the Sacred Heart.

8:00 a. m. High Mass.
7:30 p. m. Benediction.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, June 25, 1916.
10:30 a. m. Subject, "Concerning the Collection."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.
6:30 p. m. Epworth League. Topic, "How Can I Make My Home Happier." Leader, Alfred Blake.

7:30 p. m. Subject, "The Art of Making a Life."

Thursday and Friday Epworth League District Convention at Boyne City. All Leaguers are expected to be in attendance. Let's have a big delegation there.

NEBRASKA LAYS CLAIM TO YOUNGEST PREACHER

Sixteen Year Old Boy Builds Up Church at Elk Creek—Regularly Ordained

Elk Creek, Neb.—Nebraska may not lay claim to all the famous divines of the country, but it does lay claim to the youngest pastor in the United States, Henry S. Atwood, 16 years old and regular ordained minister of the Christian denomination. Young Atwood is the little parson of southeastern Nebraska and preaches from the pulpit of the church in this town.

The peculiar thing is that Henry Atwood cannot help being a preacher. For the last hundred years there have been ministers in the family. Barton W. Stone, coworker of Alexander Campbell, was the young preacher's third great grandfather, Joseph Atwood, another great grandfather, was a Vermont preacher.

His grandfather—for whom he was named—was a St. Louis doctor, who later took up the ministry. Both his father and mother are evangelists.

Rev. Henry Atwood began preaching when he was 14 years old. That was in Phillipsburg, Kans. One Sunday his father, the regular minister, had to be out of town. Henry Atwood filled the place and did it so well that ever since that time he has been in the preaching business. A year or so ago he preached a sermon at Tecumseh. They heard about it at Table Rock and the youthful minister got a call to the church at that place after preaching a few sermons. The Elk Creek church, a few miles to the north, had had no pastor for some time. Henry Atwood saw a chance to liven up the religious life in that village and he found little trouble in becoming the preacher there.

There are just 250 people in Elk Creek and yet Henry Atwood's church has 100 members. There is another denomination to compete with, too, a Methodist church of long standing. When he took hold the little Sunday school had only about forty members. Now it has sixty and before he quits Henry Atwood thinks that it ought to have around 100. Even the old people are becoming Bible school attendants.

Henry Atwood likes his job. "I enjoy preaching my sermons more than anything else," he says, which probably entitles him to be called a successful preacher. He plans to attend Cotner university within the next year, when he will study for evangelistic work.

Some men take a drink naturally and some others are quite willing to be taken.

The frenzied financier has a warm welcome for the chap who has money to burn.

Many a man is seemingly wise because he has no children to ask him questions.

COMING

REX BEACH'S
GREATEST STORY

The NE'ER-DO-WELL

IN TEN ACTS

FEATURING

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

AND THE FAMOUS SPOILER CAST

THE PICTURE YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR.

At Temple Theatre **Jun. 29-30**
Thursday and Friday

One Complete Show Each Night.

SPECIAL PRICES.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

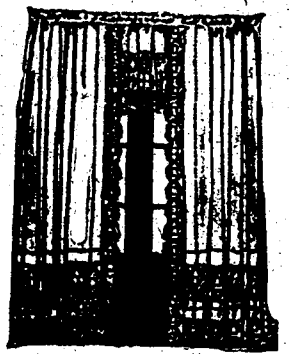
Housecleaning Time

is here, and we are prepared to supply your needs in the new materials so necessary to give the home that fresh-like appearance.

CURTAIN CLOTHS

Scrims Muslins
Marquisesettes Lace Weaves

Priced From 10c to \$1.00 per yard.



BED SPREADS Damask and Marsellies

ALL FULL SIZES. \$1.00 to \$4.50.

Our **BRIDAL-BRAND**
of Linen-finish Sheeting and Tubings
is unsurpassed.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Stanley Risk, who underwent an operation at the Raycraft hospital at Petoskey, is home again.

W. P. Porter is having several new improvements made on his building, formerly known as Taylor's Inn.

Supt. L. P. Holliday was at Muskegon and Ypsilanti first of the week on business connected with our public schools.

County Clerk Lewis and wife were up from Charlevoix, Wednesday, going out to their farm in Wilson township.

"Uncle Sam's Flower Garden," a home-talent play, will be presented at the Temple Theatre on Tuesday evening, June 27th, by a number of our young people.

John Momberger, manager of the County Farm, recently sold an 18-months-old pig to John Lewis of Boyne City. The porker weighed 530 pounds and brought \$58.30.

Dr. W. H. Parks received notification Tuesday of his appointment by General Kirk as a member of the National Guard Medical Reserve Corps, with rank of lieutenant.

Charles R. Johnson of this city and Mrs. Evah Larsen of Green River were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. John Clemens last Saturday evening, June 17th.

Rev. Joseph Nimmrichter, who was guest of Father Kroboth last summer will return from St. Louis, Mo., this Saturday and celebrate his first Mass on Sunday at 10:30 in St. Joseph's Church.

St. John's Day services next Sunday, June 25th at the Presbyterian Church. Members of the F. & A. M. are requested to be at the hall at 10 o'clock sharp. This invitation includes the O. E. S. and all visiting members.

The cost of keeping the regulars in Mexico for three months is over \$103,000 a day—or a total of \$10,000,000. The militia will cost \$250,000 a day more. The American soldier is the best fed in the world. His food costs the government 30 cents a day per man.

Winfield Nicholls and Miss Herdella Bradshaw were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bradshaw, west of the city, on Wednesday afternoon, June 21st. Rev. John Clemens, pastor of the Methodist Church was the officiating clergyman. Following the services a wedding dinner was served.

Max A. Brail and Miss Zelma Loree Rice were united in marriage by Rev. John Clemens at the Methodist parsonage, Wednesday evening. The young couple are from Carson City and are both school teachers, the bride having charge of a school near her home town, and the groom teaching in the Ellsworth schools.

Under the auspices of the Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society John Thompson of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., will give an organ recital and musical at the Presbyterian Church on Friday evening, June 30th. He will be assisted by musical talent who are spending the season at Sequanota. This will be a fine entertainment and should be well patronized.

Joseph Whiteford and Miss Theresa Phillips, both popular young teachers of Charlevoix County were quietly married on Tuesday morning June 20th at St. Joseph's rectory. They were attended by Miss Rose Gognia and Hugh Murphy. The young couple left Tuesday afternoon for a short wedding trip. They expect to return on Sunday and make their home on the West Side.

A number of our citizens have arranged for a Social Dance, the proceeds to be used to help swell the mess fund of Company "I." The dance will be given at the Armory this Friday night, June 23rd, from 9:00 to 12:00. Bill \$1.00. If you want to do something toward helping our soldier boy's comfort while in camp, then purchase one or more of these tickets.

There will be a meeting of the Dry forces of Charlevoix County, both men and women at Charlevoix, June 26th Monday afternoon, and evening to organize the women of the county for the Dry Campaign. Everyone interested is invited. Those going in the afternoon take paskets and a place will be provided for a picnic supper. Arrangements are being made for the boat to make an extra trip and return after the meeting in the evening.

The Selig ten-act production of the "Ne'er-Do-Well," is a thing as big and fine as Rex Beach's story, "The Spoilers." The film production actually improves the story. The exteriors came from Panama, whither the company resorted for a number of weeks. It is in ten reels, every foot of the ten reels is interesting, and in these days of much presentation and small satisfaction, anything that holds one past five reels must be great. The film will be shown at the Temple Theatre, Thursday and Friday nights, June 29-30.

C. A. Abbott of Detroit is in the city this week.

Mrs. D. VanSteenberg of Flint is here visiting relatives.

Wm. Bodrie of the D. & C. force is at Deward this week.

Hilton Milford went to his home at Springvale, Sunday.

Miss June Hoyt returned home from Ypsilanti, Wednesday.

Mrs. J. F. Kenny returned home from Grand Rapids, Monday.

Henry Johnson returned to his home at Rhodes, Wednesday.

J. J. Votruba and family now occupy their home on Second-st.

Miss Myrtle Joynt was a Central Lake visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. A. Colter of Charlevoix visited Mrs. M. E. Heston, Sunday.

Miss Esther Porter returned home from Oberlin, Friday last.

Att'y F. R. Williams drove to Petoskey, Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Swafford were Boyne City visitors over Sunday.

Miss Phillis Weisman was confined to her home by illness, this week.

Thurlow Palmer had the misfortune of crushing his foot, one day this week.

Mrs. J. Johnson and son Harry, returned home from Elk Rapids Tuesday.

H. E. Huntly and Mr. Richmond of Petoskey were in the city, Wednesday.

Miss Eloda Grant went to Traverse City to visit her aunt, Mrs. Tompkins.

Misses Mina and Leden Stewart, and Ethel Crowell leave Saturday for Ypsilanti.

Miss Esther Monroe is expected home from Detroit, the latter part of this week.

Mrs. Bessie McAdam and children are visiting Mrs. Tom-LaLonde at Charlevoix.

Mrs. Wm. Atkinson and daughter of Detroit are here visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. D. L. Wilson returned home Tuesday from a visit with relatives at Cadillac.

W. P. Porter and son, John, returned home Saturday from a business trip at Chicago.

Mrs. Will Streeter was called to Greenville, Wednesday, by the serious illness of her mother.

Miss Eunice Carr is visiting her sister, Mrs. K. Bader, at Boyne City, for a couple of weeks.

Misses Agatha Kenry and Norma Johnson leave this Saturday for Mt. Pleasant, to attend school.

Miss Jeannette Morrow of Central Lake is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Joynt, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Zerwekh are receiving a visit from their grand daughter of Des Moines, Iowa.

Donald Patterson and sons, William and DeWitt, spent Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mollard.

Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe are moving their household goods this week into their cottage on the west Side.

Harold Boyd and E. E. Hall, who went to Flint last week, returned home Monday, each driving home a car.

Mrs. Geo. DeLaBar of Grand Rapids was called here last week by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Barber.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morrow of Central Lake, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Joynt, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McDonald of Central Lake visited at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Ramsey this week.

Mrs. L. A. Hoyt and daughter, Miss EmmaLou, are visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. Jos. Junget at Detroit, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Howell now occupy the residence on the west side recently vacated by Chas. J. Johnson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McGowan returned to their home at Lawrence, Mich., last Friday, after a visit with their son, Irwin McGowan and family.

Miss Ellen Wilson, who was here for some time in the interest of the Kirkpatrick studio, returned to her home at Springfield, Ohio, Tuesday.

Miss Lois Lanway celebrated her seventh birthday on Tuesday last. The afternoon was spent in playing games after which refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Sherman and children drove to Vanderbilt, Thursday, Mrs. Sherman and children will stay for a two weeks visit with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carr returned home last week from Texas, where they went several months ago for Mr. Carr's health. He is feeling much improved in health.

H. I. McMillan left Thursday for Grand Rapids.

Chas. Carson returned home from Flint, Monday.

Miss Winnifred Mollard was a Bellaire visitor, Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Gregory is assisting at the Telephone office.

Miss Anna Jamison returned home from Oberlin last Friday.

Miss Eleanor Jarman of Chicago is guest of Miss Gladys Davis.

L. A. Hoyt has purchased a new Baby Grand Chevrolet car.

Mrs. Frank St. John of Newberry is visiting friends in the city this week.

Chas. Brown and son, George, left Wednesday for Flint to seek employment.

A surprise party was given Miss Winnie Raffio at her home last Friday evening.

Miss Nora Johnson of Elk Rapids is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson.

Mrs. Ward Ainsley of Charlevoix is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Maddaugh.

Mrs. C. Evans is visiting her sister, Mrs. Roy Hilton at Walton Junction, this week.

Miss Jennie Waterman leaves this Saturday for Marquette to attend summer school.

Mrs. Chas. Brown will go to Charlevoix, Saturday, for a few weeks visit with relatives.

Howard and Donald Porter are at New York City and several other eastern points, this week.

Miss Selma Olson arrived home from Grand Rapids, Monday for a two weeks visit with her parents.

Misses Georgia Todd and Grace Shapton of Charlevoix were in the city Wednesday, visiting friends.

Wallace Merchant, who has been attending school at Grand Rapids, returned home last Saturday.

Rev. M. B. Kilpack, pastor of the Episcopal church at Charlevoix, was an East Jordan visitor, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Smatts are here from Flint, visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts.

A surprise party was given Miss Marjorie Lemeux last Friday evening in honor of her birthday anniversary.

Ellis Malpass of Kenosha, Wis., is here for a two week's visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Malpass.

Miss Carmen Sheldon returned to her home at Detroit, Monday, after a two week's visit here with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman and Mr. and Mrs. Mose Lalonde drove to Traverse City, Saturday, returning home Sunday.

Mrs. John Reinhart and children left Thursday for their future home at Detroit. Mr. Reinhart has been there for some time.

Mrs. E. Pillman returned to her home at Montague, Saturday after a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stewart.

Mrs. John Momberger, who has been spending a fortnight visiting New York State relatives, is expected home the latter part of this week.

Mrs. Gidley and son, Arthur, were over from Central Lake, Tuesday. Mrs. Gidley remained for a visit with her son, James and family.

Mrs. F. H. Scott, who has been here visiting her sister, Mrs. D. H. Fitch and brother, H. I. McMillan, left Thursday for a visit at Marcellus, Mich.

Miss Florence Barrett writes The Herald to change the address of her paper to Bozeman, Mont., where she is attending the Agricultural College summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Malone left Wednesday for Chicago. From there they go to Rome City, Ind., where they will remain several months before returning to East Jordan.

The members of East Jordan Lodge 882 Mystic Workers are requested to attend the meeting Saturday evening, June 24th, to hear the report of the representative to the Grand Lodge.

The Methodist W. F. M. S. will meet with Mrs. E. E. Hall, Friday June 23rd at 2:30 p. m. Everyone interested in Missionary work are especially invited to be present. Visitors are always welcome.

An Oklahoma editor tells of an Indian who came into his office to subscribe for his paper, and he insisted on having a receipt. The editor asked him why he wanted a receipt. He said, "Me die some day. Go to gate and St. Peter ask if I have been good Indian. I say yes. He says, "Did you pay the editor for the paper?" I say, "Yes," He says, "Where is your receipt?" If I don't have it, I have to run all over hell to find you to get it." He got the desired receipt.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom LaLonde of Charlevoix, were East Jordan visitors, Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson of Sault Ste Marie is guest of her sister, Mrs. D. L. Wilson.

Mrs. R. N. Spence and nieces visited her mother, Mrs. Johnston, at Green River, Sunday.

Miss Mable Hennings of Boyne City is guest of her sister, Mrs. Pete LaLonde and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Blair with children arrived Monday from Grand Rapids for a visit with friends and relatives.

Special on Corsets Saturday only at Weisman's Store—\$3.00 at \$2.50 \$2.50 at \$1.98 \$2.00 at \$1.75 \$1.50 at \$1.25.

FOR SALE—35 H. P. Mitchell Roadster, fine condition, taken in exchange for Chevrolet, a big Bargain.—HALLS AUTO INN.

Mrs. Jesse Allen and daughter, Miss Jaunita, left Wednesday for Symrna, where they will spend the summer. Mr. Allen has employment there.

Mrs. A. E. Cross and daughter, Mrs. Howard Porter and son, left Tuesday for Mt. Pleasant, where they will visit the former's daughter, Mrs. John Benford and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Swafford are receiving a visit from the latter's brother James C. Thomas of Westville, Ind. This is the first time they have seen each other in about thirty-years.

Mrs. Chas. Johnson and children who have been here from Flint the past week packing their household goods, leave this Saturday for their future home at Flint. Mr. Johnson has employment there.

The W. R. C. and G. A. R. observed Flag Day last week at their hall with a fine program by the school children. Rev. Clemens favored with an address, and Com'r May L. Stewart gave a very interesting talk. A six o'clock supper was served, covers being laid for about seventy-five.

It is fun to watch the actions of a widow and a widower who are anxious to remarry when they get together and try to fool each other.

The longer a man lives in a community the more money his neighbors owe him—or else the more he owes to his neighbors.

To make friends of men show them how to make money; to make friends of women show them how to become beautiful.

A man may become great by accident, but he never has genuine wisdom and goodness thrust upon him.

History repeats itself, with the exception of your private history, which is repeated by the neighbors.

The belle in the choir may bring more young men to church than the bell in the steeple.

It's easy to see thru people who are always making spectacles of themselves.

Why is it that little girls always smile and little boys always grin?

Matrimonial bonds are always a source of revenue to ministers.

Women remind us of angels because they are always flying around.

Love levels all things—with the possible exception of the head.

Men laugh at feminine folly, but it fools them just the same.

One may be as good as the next—in a barber shop.

Many a large idea originates in a small head.

Death is as certain as marriage is uncertain.

A wasted opportunity comes home to roost.

Half a life is no better than a whole one.

The forger appreciates a good name.

PYTHIAN CLUB—the 5c Cigar with Havana filler.

DON'T GIVE AWAY your old rubbers, scrap iron, rags and junk. Take it to HARRY KLING and get the top-notch price.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

PIANO For Sale—A Clayton Piano for \$200 Cash if taken at once. Address "E" in care of Herald office.

FOR SALE—Good house and two lots on West Side. City water, fine basement, rich garden soil, a bargain for cash or on time. Enquire at this office or address—MRS. H. BATTERBEE, East Jordan, Mich.

Stand Back of the Boys

Who Stand In Front of You!

IN ORDER TO HELP SWELL THE MESS FUNDS OF COMPANY "I", 33d Inf., M. N. G. THE CITIZENS OF EAST JORDAN HAVE ARRANGED FOR A

Social DANCE

AT THE ARMORY

Friday Ev'g June 23

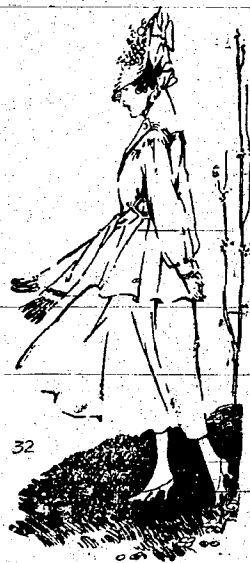
MUSIC BY METROPOLE ORCHESTRA

Dance Tickets, - - \$1.00

DANCING FROM 9:00 to 12:00

Ladies' Fine Summer Dresses

A Large Assortment at Low Prices—Ready for Your Inspection.



Children's White Wash Dresses

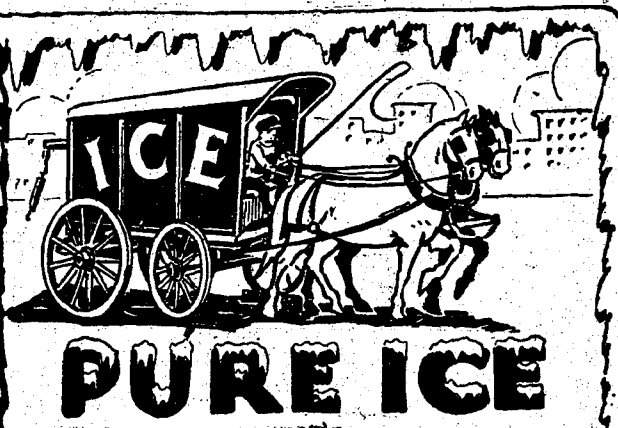
Complete assortment at Low Prices.

3 This Season's Suits 3

Black Taffeta, Size 16; Shepherd Checks, sizes 16 & 38.

These Suits to be closed out at 1/4 off regular price or even greater reduction.

QUALITY WEISMAN SERVICE



PURE ICE

We will fill your refrigerator, and give you good service at a price that is right. Your patronage is solicited.

Call phone 29.

McCool & Mather

Successors to E. E. Brown.

Temple Theatre
PARAMOUNT
PICTURE
ROGRAM

Friday, June 23rd.

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE

In the role of Pepita, the title character of this tender romance, Marguerite Clark has ample and varied opportunity for the display of her inimitable talents. Pepita is a young Spanish country girl who has come to live in Madrid with her brother. At the time of her arrival



Marguerite Clark in "THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE."

in the gay metropolis the city is ringing with the fame of the handsome bull-fighter, Sebastiano, with whom all the women are in love. Warned that she, too, will succumb to the spell cast by the heroic matador, Pepita vows that she will not even speak to him should he address her. Subsequently he sees her, falls in love with her, and begins an ardent campaign to win her heart. Haughtily, she spurns him, and in her pride defies him with look and gesture, although her heart is breaking with love for him. At last he is wounded nigh unto death in a bull-fight. Then it is that her pride surrenders, and through her love wins him back to life and strength.

"The Pretty Sister of Jose" is an impressive and sympathetic portrayal of a subject that has furnished the finest prose and verse in every language—love in its tenderest form. The scenery is exquisite, and faithfully reflects the atmosphere of the story. But above all else, Miss Clark's gifted interpretation of the capricious Pepita will be recorded as one of the most notable screen characterizations ever presented.



Scene from "JIM, THE PENMAN."

Some men sow cents and reap dollars
Even a liar respects veracity—in the other fellow.

A white lie doesn't travel far before it gets a black eye.

Brevity may be either the soul of wit or the poverty thereof.

Speaking of well-preserved women, Lot's wife was probably the best of the lot.

Blind people are usually smart—they have a sight of sense but no sense of sight.

When a woman's dress is described as a dream the cost is apt to prove a nightmare to her hubby.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, inclose with 5c to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for bronchial coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Specially comforting to stout persons.—Hite's Drug Store.

Wednesday, June 28th

**JOHN MASON IN
JIM THE PENMAN**

SYNOPSIS

James Ralston lives a highly respected life in a suburb of London, with his adored wife, Nina, and daughter, Agnes whom he also worships. Not only is he about to be elected to Parliament but he is also noted for his extensive charities and philanthropic work. None but the man himself, and his partner, Baron Hartfeld, knows that James Ralston is one and the same as the notorious "Jim the Penman," whose nefarious proceedings are alarming the business worlds of two continents, for his forgeries have been altogether successful, enriching himself and impoverishing his victims. Ralston's best friend, Louis Percival,

has suffered most at his hands, Ralston's forgeries having separated Louis from his fortune and from Nina, Ralston's wife, who previous to their marriage had been engaged to Louis. Forged letters from Ralston had separated them and each had believed the other false. Now Ralston believes himself safe from discovery, but wishes to withdraw from his old life of crime and begin anew. Just when he thinks he is safe, the net begins to close about him. Capt. Redwood, a society detective, takes up the case, and gains an entree into Ralston's home, finding many clues that lead him to believe Ralston is none other than "Jim the Penman." How Ralston's perfidy is discovered by his loved Nina, how the two old lovers again meet, how Ralston skillfully evades his would-be captors, his terrific struggle with his old partner in crime, Baron Hartfeld, and his dramatic death in the midst of his daughter's wedding festivities, bring the tense play to a powerful climax, one of the most intense situations ever seen on the stage or screen. John Mason's masterful portrayal of the unfortunate sinner, and the splendid support supplied him by Harold Lockwood, Russell Bassett, William Roselle, Frederick Perry and Marguerite Leslie, make the production one of the most notable film subjects ever produced.

Don't judge a woman by the beauty of her hair until you find out whether it is natural or artificial.

Remember that the money you intend to save doesn't draw any interest.

Much of the charity that should begin at home doesn't begin at all.

Bad news, like a soft-boiled egg, should always be broken gently.

Many a man wastes time arguing about the religion he hasn't got.

Great men are ordinary people with their understandings polished.

Persuasion indicates a strong will, and obstinacy a strong won't.

No matter how red a man's hair may be, he hates to lose it.

Bitter medicines like bitter experience, may be the best.

Many a spinster is sorry she learned to say "no."

THE COUNTERFEITS

I

As I lolled by the desk, both for lack and in hope of better things to do, I heard the clerk tussle gravely accosted: "Oh, Mr. Billkins, here is the \$20 you so kindly let me have the other day. Now, don't forget to scratch it off my account, you dear man, and thank you."

It was Mrs. Lamuel Neiff who laid the glittering piece on the counter and then tripped blithely away, leaving even a touch of tenderness on Billkins's saturnine face. A pretty woman still, despite the faded eyes and the light curls creakily stuck here and there—what was more, an attractive woman.

From her flattering tones, her caressing smile, her pleading hands, to the plump and pleasing curves of her form coquettishly adorned, everything about Mrs. Neiff, so spontaneously and natural even when artificial, combined to make her a general and constant favorite in the house. A tribute to clever geniality in any case, but all the more remarkable when one recalled, as I, as an old friend, could, the thousand and one ways of indirect asking and direct taking by which she and her husband managed to enjoy the luxuries of life on a very modest if not meagre income.

Lem and Louise they were affectionately if not patronizingly called; and he was as harmless, if not so enterprising, as she. A quiet agreeable man, who never protested, who always accepted in chronic good nature, it was a positive wedding benediction to see him arrayed for a stroll of a Sunday afternoon immaculate in high hat, long coat and patent pumps, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, so blissfully proud of the wife who walked at his side.

He thought her perfection and she thought him a ducky dear. They worked together in harmony; and if they also worked their friends, they did it in kindness, with a keen appreciation of benefits received and to come.

Among my avocations I have a pretty taste for coins, and the coin that Mrs. Neiff had flippantly paid over was an early and rare date, though as fresh and crisply milled as if hot from the mint.

"I'd just as lief give you small bills for that, if you like," I remarked with the indifference of a true collector.

"Thanks awfully, Sniffen," replied the sarcastic Billkins. "Your wish would be law of course, only it happens I have other orders—superior orders—not to pay out any more of them either to priest or prattler"; and he tossed the piece into the drawer.

Very good; half the ardor of the chase is the difficulty of it. I lost no time in joining Mrs. Neiff where she sat in normal radiance waiting for the dinner hour to draw near.

"If you will only tell me where you got it, perhaps I might pick up another of them," I said.

She shook her fair fat head mischievously.

"I couldn't do that," she replied, "but I will do better. See, here is a piece just like it which you may have without any premium but continued regard."

As she drew the coin from the silver linked purse I could see through the meshes at least a dozen mates of it. I must say that I sniffed surprisedly, remembering how late it was in the month and the small loan Lem had felt himself obliged to make of me a week ago, "until the first, you know, old man."

"I am so very glad," I said in explanation.

"I know you are," she replied triumphantly, "and some time you shall know our good fortune; but for the present, mum's the word."

"These'll be plenty of it later," she gurgled artlessly, "and of birds to match the bots. Lem is looking for a car, and he has the refusal of a swell house down by the shore."

"What, won't there be doings after the long, lean years! We won't forget those who have been kind to us either, Mr. Sniffen; that's not our style."

"Ah, there he is now, the ducky dear." With her fingers to her lips Mrs. Neiff joined her husband, who had just entered leaning lovingly on his arm.

Presently Mr. Flowcomb, our proprietor came out from the fastnesses behind the safe and beckoned to me.

"What kind of a game are those dam Neiffs trying to work on me Sniffen?" he demanded when we were alone and locked within the mysteries of his innermost shrine.

"What?" I blurted; gazing stupefied at a stack of twenty dollar gold pieces on the desk before him. "You don't mean—"

"I just do mean," he retorted. "Counterfeits every one of them, sent back from the bank with the string of a sharp inquiry. She's been feeding them out every day for the last week. I won't stand for it Sniffen, not a little bit. If it hadn't been for you and the other old softies whom they have jerked around by the nose I—"

Here I broke in pleading so vigorously that it might be a dreadful mistake that they were kind, good folks, even if a little slow and slack, that if he would only not say anything about it, would only leave it to me, I would straighten it all out, being responsible for any loss meanwhile that at length our Jove nodded assent.

"Very well," he agreed. "I'll wait for two days, and then—" He shook his head portentously; and the mental thunders rolled.

II

Ordinarily it was with pleasant anticipations that I called on the Neiffs, so sure was I of an effusive welcome, even though it meant promised theater tickets and cajoled cabs; but now I felt like death rapping at the bridal chamber.

Indeed the sense inside was fitted to rouse computations. The floor was strewn with string, tissue paper, unbroken packages and broken boxes. Before the large mirror Louise was trying on an impossible new hat. Lem was adjusting a flashy tie with a flashier gin at the smaller glass of the bureau.

"Come in, come in!" cried Louise, "and sit any old where; we don't mind you. Looks like Christmas doesn't it? Well I guess! It comes all the time now. See what Lem bought me this afternoon at Gouquin's; isn't it a screamer?" she held up the flowery tub. "Now isn't he just the dullest dear?"

"If you could see all the glad rags she has been shipping to me, Sniffen," said Lem, "you'd think that I also had struck it rich."

"Oh, that reminds me," interposed Louise, her head on one side in a captivating way familiar to me, "I came very near forgetting, Mr. Sniffen, to give you the chance to take a dozen tickets for those embroidered dollies I am going to raffle off. Only a dollar apiece, and no such work, if I say it myself—"

"Louise, darling," protested Lem. "You are right, ducky, you are perfectly right; I don't need to do that, thank goodness since—"

"Since?" I repeated pointedly. "Do let me tell him darling; he never will peep, and our news is top good to keep bottled."

"Just as my news is too bad to keep."

"If it's about that twenty you were so kind as to let me have the other day, Sniffen, I take pleasure in returning it now," said Lem, and I'll be blest if he didn't hand over another new bright gold piece to me.

That was too much for sanity without the relief of revelation. I broke my tidings to them as gently as possible, but even at that the shock was so terrific as to send the tub, the tie and the pin to the floor and the white faced pair into each other's arms.

"Mercy, counterfeits!" moaned Louise. "Why will have the whole secret down upon us duckling. There's Gouquin alone, to whom you gave three of them. He has never liked me since I returned the hat he said he saw me wearing at the opera the night before."

"Flowcomb is hot enough about that old dog of a balance without having a stack of pawlers to cash in," muttered Lem, dorkly. "I see my finish all right, all right. This will sure queer me with the firm when they hear of it. I'll be down and out."

"Oh, and I gave one of them to Florence Bullion this morning," broke in Louise. "I thought she might have waited longer, but she seemed so queer and pressing. If she asks her father to change it he'll detect it at a glance; and he's as hard as nails; oh, dear!"

"Yes, and Billy Precedent struck me about the same time for the twenty I had from him," wailed Lem. "I had forgotten all about it, but he hadn't. If his father the judge sees it, look out for the black cap!"

There was a rap on the door. With a warning glance for control, I answered it myself. In stalked the Rev. Dr. Mincey, who officiated at a little chapel not two blocks away.

"While I am alive to the confidences of my sacred office," he announced, "I can't allow it to be used as a shield for fraud and theft. I am well advised that these two abominations of the Lord came primarily from the Neiffs, male and female. Unless I am at once recouped I shall deem it my painful duty—"

I took a roll of bills from my pocket; I paid over forty good dollars in redemption of his two gold pieces.

"You will do well to preserve silence," I warned him as I escorted him to the door, "if you got these pieces in the way I think you did."

"Now, my dears," I said returning to the stricken, the speechless pair; "tell me how you got all this—this queer, I think they call it; if they don't I'm sure they should."

Without a word Louise disentangling herself, fetched me a letter from the desk with a heart rending gulp. It was dated from Havana and read:

Dear Friends: As I am warned by my physicians that my days are few, I write just a line to tell you that I give you the contents of my trunk I left in your charge as a slight token of my deep appreciation of the many kindnesses received from you by me, a stranger in a strange land. Gratefully yours,
JULES GUERIN.

Here the gulp became a gale.

"There, there," I said. "I remember Guerin; that odd dick of a consumptive foreigner; I remember too how kindly you took him in." Here I could scarcely refrain from smiling. "There is some mystery about all this; I do not believe this man was a crook. Possess your souls in patience. I'll see Gouquin the first thing in the morning. Florence and Billy have already been disposed of to my mind and Flowcomb has promised to wait a couple of days. By that time we shall see what we shall see."

So left them crying together, with hands clasped, amid the visible and invisible ruin of their hopes.

Accordingly early next morning I called on Gouquin, the purveyor of feminine trifles, at his gaudy emporium and having explained my mission as guardedly as possible offered to give his good money for the bad money he had received through so unfortunate a mistake from Mrs. Neiff.

"Vat?" he screamed, "do you tak me for one fool; do you tink that I, Gustav Gouquin, don't know my own piness, hein? Perhaps you are a collector, a dealer in old coins yourself, a cunning old man. Let me tell you, sure, that I tink that moniah so good that I vill sell; yes, I vill sell, all, everything, my whole stock suppline for two t'ousand of those same pieces of gelt I recelvt from my goot frent Mrs. Neiff. I haf no time for such non sense."

"You will might," I returned idly as I turned away, "since at the worst it would only be an exchange of counterfeits for counterfeits."

Just entering the doorway I met pretty Florence, youngest and fairest daughter of old Peter Bullion the retired magnate, who lent an auriferous hue to the Tawdrey House. There was an air of conscious yet embarrassed importance about the girl that confirmed my suspicions. Besides, in so blind an impasse as that in which I was now wandering there was sense in following the slightest gleam.

"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Precedent?" I said.

"How do you know?" she cried involuntarily and then turned as red and white as she looked blue. "Oh, you mean thing," she went on desperately. "You always have plagued me about Billy on account of the trouble between his father and mine. Of course you are only plaguing me now."

"I knew through the Rev. Mr. Mincey," I answered, "but you need have no fear of my betraying your secret." Then I explained briefly that possession by the minister of the gold pieces paid to her and her husband had inspired my guess.

"Billy didn't give them to him," poor Florence gasped, "he wasn't that silly to pay so much for a five dollar job. See, I have them with me now, Billy wanted me to buy a hat."

I persuaded her to walk around to the mint with me and find out whether the coins were genuine.

"You will befriend us, Mr. Sniffen," pleaded Florence as we proceeded on our way. "Both papa and Judge Precedent think so much of you; they used to think words of each other too, before they had some horrid quarrel in court. I don't know what we shall do if they are not reconciled; there is no light, no hope. Oh, I am so miserable!"

"Miserable! Why, you were just going to buy a hat."

"That was why," retorted Florence conclusively.

The affable cashier at the mint gave Florence's two gold pieces the very best of characters.

"Yes, indeed," he said, "as good as gold of the standard weight and fineness can make them. Why, it is a pleasure to see that issue again. These must be part of a lot that had been shipped back and forth across the Atlantic as bullion for fifty years without once being uncashed. It all came out, don't you remember, in some famous trial or other a few years ago? By the way, there is a dangerous counterfeit out we are advised. I should like to see it."

"Let me accommodate you," I ventured, and indeed he gave the two coins I had got from Mr. Mincey the very worst of characters.

With the plot so thickened there was obviously only one thing to do. I called on Rev. Mr. Mincey and demanded his reasons for having said that the two counterfeits came primarily from the Neiffs, remarking as aside that if he did not do some other confidences of his sacred office might come to an unpleasant light. After the usual clerical indirections he complied, and then it was that, as if through a glass darkly, I seemed to see how I might not only smooth the love course of Florence and Billy but also confirm the Neiffs, male and female in their fleeting good fortune.

IV

I found old Peter Bullion mentally counting over his money in an easy chair by the fireplace. He was a large man, who looked as if he had just eaten something greasy in a hurry.

"You know me well enough," I began, "to feel that I would not ask anything unreasonable of you."

"That remains to be seen," he growled suspiciously. "As a general rule it is unreasonable to ask anything."

"I want you to tell me the true cause of your quarrel with Judge Precedent, that is if it had any cause at all," I added adroitly.

"Any cause?" he snorted apoplectically. "He allowed some fool of an expert to brand as counterfeit a certain consignment of double eagles to which my house had certified and then shut off all further evidence."

"Did you examine the coins?"

"I didn't need to examine them, I knew."

"What if this was one of them?"

He took the coin with the hopeless character I handed him, scrutinizing date, engraving and milling and sounding it on his thumb nail and the mottled red of his face dwindled piteously into a mottled gray.

"As false as hell," he faltered, and the same issue.

my heart," and the arrogant old fellow actually looked as if he had a heart.

"Very good," said I, rising hastily and hurrying away before he could reply, "be in the Neiffs' room in half an hour and you may have the blessed chance to do so."

I found Judge Precedent mentally rewriting his opinions, on the settle in the corner. He was a withered man, who looked as if he had also physically digested the law.

"You know me well enough," I began, "to feel that I would not ask anything unreasonable of you."

"That reminds me of the two knights," he answered cautiously "who fought about the nature of a shield which was really gold on one side and silver on the other, but each of whom had seen only one side."

"I was going to ask you the cause of the estrangement between you and Mr. Bullion," I went on impetuously, "but you have already answered me."

He colored, the punctilious old man, like parchment in the glow of the sun. "I hope there is no substance to your innuendo," he said anxiously. "It should be that I have misjudged Mr. Bullion I could not rest easy until I had expressed to him my profound regret."

"Come to the Neiffs' room in fifteen minutes and I'll guarantee you a sound sleep tonight," and I beat a retreat.

Presently then we were all gathered together, Lem and Louise too miserable to take even the interest of surprise, and the two old gentlemen eyeing each other from opposite sides like the thick and the thin of a quarry. Into this suspense stalked the Rev. Mr. Mincey, indicating the way by a formal bow.

"In compliance with our agreement of this morning sir," he said, "I am come to make the following statement in justice to the living and without harm to the dead."

"Some months ago I was called to administer comfort to a stranger in this house who believed himself in articulo mortis. He was known here as Jules Guerin, but his real name it seems, was De Silva—yes, he was one of the notorious De Silva brothers whose complicity in a counterfeiting scheme caused a stir some years ago."

"It was this matter that was now preying on his mind. His brother had conceived the idea of buying bullion in bulk with the seals in tact, and by clever manipulation substituting counterfeits for the lower tiers of coins."

"At its very inception this scheme miscarried; there was litigation, suspicion; exposure impended, when his brother suddenly died. Thereupon this man settled all claims in full and persuaded the judge to bring the suit to an abrupt close."

"He deceived me in his statements," said Judge Precedent agitatedly "and I thought that course the wisest lest an honored name might be smirched. I should have known better. I am sorry."

"I beg your pardon from my heart," blurted Mr. Bullion, lurching over to him with conclusive features.

"A few days ago concluded the reverend gentleman, "I received in change at this hotel two gold pieces of the very kind and date of those involved in this suit. They proved to be counterfeits. After reflection I brought them for redemption to the Neiffs, male and female, knowing how addicted they were to getting something out of everybody."

Lem and Louise were too ecstatic to heed.

"Even if half of them are bad he was saying, "there are enough of the others to be almost too good to be true."

"Of course it is true," she responded. "Don't you remember how I reached my hand down for the first coins in order to see how deep they were? Oh, darlingst ducky, I am so parched with joy! Do take one from the top and go down for you know what." Then off sped Lem through the air.

"My old and honored friend," sighed Judge Precedent, affectionately clasping Mr. Bullion's hand. "May our union be the closer, the more lasting—"

"We are the union, pop; we are the lasters, popper," cried a pair of cherub voices; and Billy and Florence darting into the room, bobbed for forgiveness and blessing.

"I can certify that it is until death or divorce them do part," declared the Rev. Mr. Mincey.

Just then the triumphant Lem returned with a perambulating magnam.

"It is our turn now," cried the ardent Louise, with glass high in the air. "We are the people, the whole people, and nothing but the people."—New York Sun.

Anything to Please

An old woman went into the grocer's and ordered a pound of lamb for a stew which came to 12 cents. After being served she said: "D'ye not throw something in w' it?"

"Oh, yis," replied the grocer; "if 'rs wait a minute a'll throw in a sack o' tatties an' a barrel o' apples an' a bushel o' turnips an' a box o' oranges! An'," he shouted, as the old woman flounced out of the store, "when I'm not busy a'll throw in the horse and cart! If ye're not satisfied then, come back for the shop."

On the Safe Side

Traveler—"Water, get me a lamb chop quick. My train goes in eighteen minutes."

Waiter—"Yes sir. Fifty cents."

Traveler—"What! Do you expect me to pay in advance!"

Waiter—"If you please, sir. You may be gone before it's ready."

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION.

CHAPTER I.

In the mid-morning quiet, the bathing beach and the ocean reflected only the brightness of the inviting sun. But a little way back from the glistening sand and converging through a small park toward a suburban station the streets of the seaside resort were alive with men and women, hurrying to the city for the grind of the day. Motor cars, too, glided noiselessly along the boulevards, drew up in turn before the station and discharged their passengers. From one of these a middle-aged, military-looking man, General Holmes, an ex-army officer and a railroad man, alighted on the platform. A governess and pretty little girl, Helen—General Holmes' only child—had accompanied her father to the train, and when he turned to the open tonneau to say good-by, Helen sprang impulsively half into his arms. His train pulled in as he quite simply but affectionately kissed his child and boarded the nearest car.

Helen, promised a morning in the park, left the motor car with her governess the moment they crossed a small scenic railroad running back of the beach. She already had her eyes on what she wanted to play with. A contented dog, at peace with the world and sunning himself on a grassy slope, had riveted her alert eye; Helen advanced joyously to get acquainted. The dog seemed not averse to a passive friendship, but the little maid, sitting down, sought something more, and by pulling hard and with confidence at his neck, soon had his unpromising head—after a fashion, at least—in her diminutive lap.

The strain on his sensibilities appeared more than her amiable and carefree friend could stand. After submitting for a time he rolled over, jumped up and trotted briskly away for a new seclusion and a new peace. Helen, undaunted, sprang to her feet and followed. Her governess, engaged with the chauffeur, saw nothing of this part of the incident. But a moment later the few spectators in the scenic railroad square, waiting to board one of the miniature trains, saw a protesting dog trotting rapidly away from a curly-haired girl, who briskly and relentlessly followed.

A newsboy, relaxing against a convenient lamp post after the morning rush, watched the pursuit for a moment with languid interest, then turned to look at an approaching train on the scenic road. He seemed no more than half awake. His wits, in truth, were wool-gathering. Every morning found him absorbed greatly in the mysteries of the miniature engine that pulled the scenic railroad train.

A shout, then a chorus of cries aroused him from his reverie. The puffing train was pulling swiftly toward the open space. The unhappy dog, casting reproachful glances over his shoulder at his pitiless friend, was galloping uncertainly, but directly down the narrow track toward the oncoming train. Helen, seeing or hearing nothing of the train and fixed only on her chase, ran after at top speed. A dozen people saw her danger as the train rounded the curve just in front of her—only one of them made a move. Dropping his unsold, the day-dreaming newsboy, waking sharply, ran headlong after the heedless girl.

It was none too soon. The dog, dismayed alike by the cries and a second pursuit, sprang, almost in the teeth of the engine pilot, right across the track. Helen fast on his heels was ready to jump after, but it would have been pretty certainly a jump to her death. The newsboy caught her arm and whirled her from the engine just at it shot past with brakes screeching on the drivers. Helen sprawled headlong beside the track, and the boy, unbalanced, rolled on the gravel near her.

He was on his feet in a trice, standing over Helen. She was frightened and breathless, and without speaking he knelt by her. Her eyes began to fill with big tears. She sat confusedly up as her companion brushed the granite dust from her pique skirt and with a coarse handkerchief began wiping the blood from a cut on one of her pink knees. Her rescuer made little of the accident. He told her not to cry. He even brushed the round tears from her cheeks—Helen liked him. "What is your name, little boy?" she faltered in a would-be commanding tone.

"I'm no little boy," returned her rescuer gruffly. A crowd had gathered and he was already red in the face. Helen gave the bystanders no heed. "What are you, then?" she demanded gravely.

"I'm a big boy. My name is George Storm; I'm named after my father. He was a railroad engineer. My father got killed on a train. Who's your father?"

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"Where did that dog go?" quivered Helen, not answering.

"Gee! I didn't see. You pretty near got killed. That dog wasn't any good," declared the boy scornfully. "Some day—" he stopped—the blood on her knee once more with his handkerchief, and then added firmly: "I am going to drive a big engine sometime myself, like my father."

A frantic governess, followed by an open-mouthed chauffeur, came running at that moment toward them.

The child parted reluctantly from her new-found friend. "Are you going to be a really-truly engineer, and smoked up?" she asked.

George faced her unabashed. "You better believe I am."

"I don't care," declared Helen, gulping solemnly while the governess tried to hurry her away, "I won't ever forget you—no matter what you are."

At eighteen, Helen had lost none of the characteristics of her childhood. They were held in deeper reserve, but they were just as persistent. Restrained by convention, she was still adventurous in spirit and her father's one anxiety, old soldier though he was, was that a spirited horse or an ocean undertow would some day be his daughter's undoing. At that, he was forced to admit, the reckless girl could get more out of a horse than he himself could.

Closest among her father's friends, was Amos Rhinelander, a New York man of large means, and General Holmes, returning on Helen's eighteenth birthday with Rhinelander and Rhinelander's nephew—Robert Seagrave, himself a young and ambitious railroad promoter—from a trip of inspection of the tidewater terminals of Holmes' road, was eagerly awaited by his daughter at their country home among the San Pablo foothills. A message sent up to her from Signal, the suburban station of the country seat, had asked her to meet her father that day on No. 20, the through eastern passenger train.

The motor car had gone ahead and Helen, taking Rocket, one of her favorite hunting horses, rode down at her leisure to the station.

While far from being a spoiled child, Helen felt very much at home anywhere on the Copper Range and Tidewater railroad. Reared at home, under a discipline almost military, and under teachers held sternly to account for her education by her only living parent, the growing girl had still preserved an innate simplicity—something almost naive—which was reflected in her friendship for the employees, high and low, of the entire Tidewater line, of which her father was president and in which he owned a substantial interest.

On the day that Helen centered lazily down through the foothills toward Signal, a long west-bound freight train,



The Air Pump Had Quit.

climbing the grade east of a big hill known on the division as Blackbird pass, found itself in trouble. The air pump, after balking all morning, had quit, and the conductor going forward found the engineer, after repeated efforts with the big machine, helpless. Without losing much time, the conductor rigged up his emergency telephone and asked for instructions from his dispatcher. The answer to his request was curt: "Bring in No. 145 by hand brakes." The crew spread to their posts on the decks and the lumbering string of heavily laden cars pattering got under way up the hill. It was a struggle all the way to the summit; then, dropping over the hill, the long string began rapidly to pick up. It picked up, indeed, too rapidly. The crew vainly strove to hold back the unwieldy train. Clubs in hand and with the brakes hard jammed, they saw their monster resistlessly

getting away from them. The train crew tumbled forward, for a conference, to the cab. The conductor, comparing watches with the engineer, looked serious—within ten minutes they would be running on No. 20's time; they might even meet her at the bottom of the hill before they reached Signal.

The conductor acted quickly. Picking up a lump of coal he scratched a message on a white signal flag and wrapped it around a wrench. Cedar Grove station was hardly a mile ahead. As the engine dashed past it, the conductor, in the gangway, hurled the message through the office window. Picking it up and hastily reading the rough scrawl, the startled operator wired the tidings instantly to the next station. That station was Signal.

In the bouncing engine cab they were grave faces. "What are you going to do?" shouted the engineer. Without hesitation the conductor cried: "Cut off the caboose and stop it—let the train go!" The engineer agreed: "We've only got the life apiece. No time to lose. George!" he yelled to his fireman, "Make for the caboose."

The fireman, perhaps the youngest man in the two crews, without answering, continued to hunt for a wrench. "Wake up, George," shouted the conductor, "come on!"

Searching the tool box, the fireman shook his head. "What do you mean?" demanded the engineer, catching in excitement at his companion's arm, "aren't you coming?"

The fireman did not hurry his answer. "No, I'll stay here," he said, turning simply. He was a stubborn, well-set fellow, really a big, clean-looking boy—with a heavy head of dark hair pushed under his grimy cap and a slow, clear eye matching his deliberate way of speaking.

"Stay here!" thundered the conductor in surprise. "Are you crazy?" He caught the fireman's other arm and with the engineer talked to the obstinate fellow. The two, who liked him, pulled the boy toward the tender. He shook loose. The brakeman joined



Helen Headed Rocket Straight for the Open Draw.

in the struggle. Again the fireman wrenched away. "That's all right—you fellows go ahead."

"It's suicide for you, man," protested the engineer.

"No, Dan," retorted the fireman. "It's every man for himself," he repeated, backing across the footplate. "I'll stay with the cab."

"Stay and be—hanged," shouted the conductor, with a fiery expletive. "Let him alone, boys," he cried, angrily. "He's dippy. Come!" And with his companions hustling close after, he started over the coal on the tender.

The train had attained a frightful pace. Already glimpses of its long, curving roll on the distant hill might be seen from the window of Signal station, where the disturbed operator had taken the message of the runaway from Cedar Grove and was reading it to Helen Holmes, breathless beside his table.

"AIR BRAKES BROKEN DOWN. RUNNING AWAY. SIDETRACK NO. 20. NO. 145."

It was the import of the last sentence which for an instant froze her senses. Her father! The passenger train facing that runaway on the single track below Signal. More than once she had heard her father declare that the stretch between Signal and the next station, Beaman, must be double-tracked—only, money was so hard to get. If the lack of it should now cost him his life, the lives of perhaps half a hundred others!

While she was thinking, the operator was working furiously at his key with a message for Beaman station. His one hope of avoiding the head-on collision was to catch the passenger train beyond Beaman.

"STOP NO. 20. RUNAWAY ON MAIN LINE."

He told Helen, closely watching the dots and dashes, what he had sent. "I should have an answer in a minute." It came almost at once. Signal station operator first tried to write it, then threw down his pen and repeated its words unsteadily to the frightened girl.

"NO. 20 LEFT ON TIME. BETWEEN HERE AND THE RIVER."

With wide-open eyes she looked intently toward the mountains. At the moment, the rolling hills now hid the runaway, but the situation was charting itself, like lightning, in her mind. Between where she stood and where the passenger train was coming, the line crossed San Pablo river, a navigable tidewater stream and a waterway that fed a considerable traffic to the railroad. Her father had put across the San Pablo a huge jack-knife drawbridge—the best an honest engineer and an honest railroad directorate could build. Just over the river from Signal station he had already put in, as a start towards double-tracking, a long passing track.

With everything of this speeding

like a film through her head, Helen was dashing out of the office when the scream of a whistle signal bore down on her ears. Confused as she was, it meant nothing to her. A chance, a hope, had flashed across her mind and her resolve had been taken—to reach the passing track switch and sidetrack the fatal runaway before it should strike and scatter to destruction the helpless passenger train.

Rocket, without a thought other than of alfalfa and undisturbed repose in his drooping head, stood at hand in the sunshine. To his amazement his mistress running to him, headlong, vaulted upon his back. In her fear, she cried to him. The horse heard—it seemed as if he understood. He woke, quivering, at the impact of her body.

Whipping with his charge, at the touch of the rein, so quick he almost bolted from under his mistress, who was trying to seat herself, the brute galloped with Helen down the main track for the river bridge.

She panted at great drafts of sunny mountain air as Rocket's wiry legs stretched and bounded under her. With every stride her mind cleared. With this, her courage mounted. It was, after all, no more than a smart dash for her to attain for everyone safety. The bridge was a difficulty, but Rocket, who could thread a lava bed without bruising a fetlock, or cross a prairie-dog town at full speed and hold his mistress as steady as if she were sitting a rocking horse, was not likely to balk at galloping over mere ties—besides, she would give him his time. At the worst, any bridge, she said to herself, must be reached before it can be crossed, and her eyes were already fixed hard on the one she must cross, when she thought she saw the great jack-knife span ahead moving mysteriously on its balanced bed. Urging her horse to his best, centering all of her faculties on mastering the ticklish task ahead, Helen's eyes set in a stare on the jack-knife, to determine whether it was moving or tricking her straining senses. In almost an instant her doubt was resolved; to her consterna-

tion she saw the huge knife draw moving unmistakably upward. Her eyes sought the bridge tower—the bridge tender was standing at the open window. Her glance swept the stretch of river; then she remembered, then she understood, then she knew, all—a river tug was bearing rapidly downstream; she could see the pilot and the captain in the wheel-house; the bridge was lifting for the boat's passage. She had heard its loud whistle at the moment she rushed from the station.

The balked girl drove her little spurs into Rocket. The horse sprang, infuriated, to greater effort. If she could make the draw in time she would jump it—a slight rise—nothing should keep her back. She wildly waved her free hand at the bridge-tender. He was watching the boat and the span was slowly rising; but a few strides closer and she would have risked making the jack-knife—she realized now she was too late.

Without swerving for an instant from her purpose; without shrinking from her single alternative, and only praying for time still to make good her endeavor, Helen headed Rocket straight for the open draw. His feet struck the pier. She gave the horse his head. The wiry beast saw what yawned ahead. He heard his mistress' quick word. As his feet touched the brink of the abutment the horse coiled like a spring, and for an instant quivered. His mistress with a sharp cry of command rose in her stirrups, then launching himself and his burden, like an arrow far out, the hunter sprang with Helen cleanly into the river. There was a great splash and the parted water closed over their heads.

A pilot, captain and bridgetender stood as men dazed, looking on. The river captain, yelling the crew to quarters, hurried forward to throw out lines as soon as the tug should come within reach of the imperiled girl. The bridgetender, in the window, glued to the scene, watched the circling bubbles where horse and rider had plunged down, waiting for them to reappear. For an interminable instant the onlookers waited. It seemed as if the two would never come up. Then a girlish head of soaked curls rose among the ripples, a young face emerged from the troubled pool, and Helen, throwing herself free from Rocket, shook the water from her eyes and nose with a swimmer's quick certain puff and struck out for shore. Rocket was not far away. With a few powerful strokes his mistress caught his mane and recovered him. The tide, running heavily through the channel, carried the two together below the pier on the opposite bank. But Rocket, scrambling in a moment from the water, bore his charge unhurt up the steep bank, and under her urging ran up the track to the lower.

The bridgetender, at the door, confronted her. The dripping girl, seated on her quivering horse, told the astonished man in a few hurried words what had happened, and as he hurried into the tower agape to lower the draw Helen urged Rocket at a run down the track. It seemed as if her ears bubbled and rang with the rumble of the two approaching trains, but her brain had ceased to take note of anything beyond her own stubborn resolve to reach the passing-track switch—she could see it plainly ahead. The bridgetender was hastily lowering the knife for the freight. Determined, while in the river, to leave the bridge open and wreck the freight, Helen believed she could avoid even that, and had given the tender his orders accordingly. The tug, which had been whistling wildly, now heeled violently toward the wharf, where the captain, a game sport, had resolved to make fast and see the excitement out. With the boat crew ashore and dashing across the wharf to watch Helen, she crouched like a jockey over Rocket as he crashed and scattered the cinders under his flying feet, and in what seemed another moment—so fast had she flown—checking the horse cruelly, she threw her lines and slid from his back beside the passing-track switch.

Running to it, she grasped the lever only to find the switch locked. She had feared, almost expected, as much—but now, how to open it! She looked ahead. A shrill engine whistle startled her, and her cup filled—the passenger train, bearing down the long tangent at full speed, was whistling for her home crossing, hardly two miles distant.

She could see smoke streaming from the stack of the engine. Behind, she had no need to look, the rumble of the head-end of the runaway was thundering on the bridge. Desperation cleared her head. She caught up a heavy stone from the right of way and pounded fiercely at the switch lock. She struck at the stout bow and hammered in a fury at the resisting cover.

No mechanism could stand such an assault for long. The ground under her feet was vibrating with the fearful pound of the great freight engine as it dashed with its heavy drag over the close-by rail joints. She knew the reeling machine must be almost on her and the thought spurred her to unnatural strength. The staple gave way. The excited girl jerked the twisted bow clear and threw the switch, half fainting beside it as the monster engine struck madly at the switch points. Then, with a shock that tore the heavy roadbed and the roar almost of an earthquake, engine, tender and train lurched heavily into the siding. Car after car jumped and pounded at the stubborn rails. On and on they came, shaking the solid earth under Helen as she panted and gasped. But the thundering, jumping wheels continued to catch the switch in safety and the points held. The long train made the siding to the very end and Helen, almost stunned saw, in something like a vision, the passenger train, its brakes throwing streams of fire from the grinding wheels, race past her down the main track toward the bridge. The sight meant little to her now—her senses were too numbed to realize what it meant—that the passenger train at last was quite safe.

The runaway freight was less fortunate. At the farther end of the passing track three box cars stood patiently waiting for orders. They had been standing there unmolested for days; they had carried one moment too long. The runaway engine with its still obstinate fireman, at times on the running board and at times in the cab, was heading viciously for them. But the fireman saw the game was clearly up. He chose his moment and jumped, landing violently in the cinder ballast. Bruised and cut, he lay breathless, almost insensible. He heard confusedly the terrific crash into the idle box cars. The huge engine scattered them in dust and kindling high in the air. He tried to roll farther from the threatening wreck—for the head-end of the train had been derailed by the impact and the jamming string of cars was zig-zagging wildly across the right of way. The first realization that came to the stunned boy was of someone struggling to help him get away from the wreck—some puny strength exerted to drag his heavy body to greater safety. With a breath, the first he had been able to draw, he opened his eyes. A young woman was bending over him.

He was a forbidding sight. Blood, dust and gravel hung in half a dozen cuts on his forehead—hardly a feature of his face, except his eyes, had escaped the smash of the cinders. Someone with a very little and very wet handkerchief wiped his eyes and he could see more clearly when he opened them again. He could see the face bent over him and two eyes fixed anxiously on his—a girl's face, strange and yet—what could it be of recollection that struggled through his whirling senses?

Nor had Helen, as she knelt and worked over the injured man, dreamed of seeing any face she had ever looked into before. Even had it been uninjured she would hardly have recalled it under ordinary conditions. But two people, a young man, now, and a young woman, were meeting under extraordinary circumstances and their eyes were very close together. The man caught at her hand as it passed his forehead, stopped it, and looked keenly into Helen's eyes. With that look, a vision swept across their memories.

"I surely know you," he said, not taking his eyes from hers. Unequal

to releasing her gaze, she stared at him without speaking. "I'm sure I know you," he exclaimed, perplexed.

He rose of a sudden to his feet—so easily it surprised her. "It was the beach," he went on, slowly. "You were hurt—the miniature railroad!"

She regarded him a moment in silence. Then she spoke: "Is it possible?" she murmured. "You are—?"

"I'm the little boy," he smiled grimly. "Till now, I've never seen the little girl since."

A sense of confusion assailed her; she wanted to escape his look. "You are hurt," she said, dismissing with an effort all consciousness of their strange meeting.

He hesitated; then he saw, and he thought he understood. "No," he said brusquely, almost rudely, "only a few scratches."

A cry of recognition and amazement cut off their words. The passenger train had backed down on the



"You Are Hurt," She Said.

scene. Her father, his friend Rhinelander, young Seagrave, the Signal station operator, the tug captain and the train passengers crowded the observation platform looking at her and the shaken-up fireman.

The flagman could hardly raise the step cover quick enough to release Holmes so that he might get down to his daughter. He knew all—the operator had told the story. He caught his daughter in his arms with a shower of misty reproaches. "What!" he cried. "Have you lost your mind! Are you mad?" Helen's eyes fell before her father's anger. She was a dutiful girl. "Don't you know what danger is? Have you no sense of fear?" he stormed. She raised her eyes and paused an instant; then she asked, shyly: "Where was I to get it, father?"—she looked queerly up at him—"from you?"

"Gammon!" he blustered, edging away from the subject, beaten. "Who's this boy?" he demanded, pointing to the grimed and disfigured fireman. "What's your name?"

"Storm, General Holmes—George Storm, fireman," responded the boy, unmoved.

"What were you sticking like a leech to a runaway engine for—why didn't you go back with the rest of the crew?" demanded the head of the road severely.

Storm met the assault calmly. "I thought I might be able to get the air pump going," he countered.

"Did you do it?" asked Holmes, with sarcasm.

"I'd have done it if I'd had time," persisted the somewhat dismantled fireman. "I guess," he added calmly, looking back at the mess of cars, "I needed a couple of days more."

"No, matter, Storm," declared Holmes, secretly pleased, "you're all right."

"I should think as much," cried Helen, breaking through her reserve. "If you had many men like that!"

Amos Rhinelander took the scene in with an abundance of satisfied humor. He was a big, wholesome fellow. Beside him stood Seagrave, stent and observant. Both before and after her father introduced him, he scrutinized Helen a long time. With his introduction, he ventured something of compliment—tried, as it were, for a moment, to take the stage and seemed to await confidently an appreciation of his remark.

But Helen, whether confused by her much-wilted plight, or engrossed by the recollection of her adventure, could hardly notice his effort to be agreeable. Storm had started back to his engine. Her father was helping his daughter back to the observation platform. From it Helen looked steadily back at Storm, now standing down the track in the midst of the wreckage. The passenger engine sounded four sharp blasts to call in the flagman. Storm looked around; the passenger train was moving ahead. He saw in the group on the rear platform one figure—that of a slender girl, in a wet jockey costume, a smile lighting her face as she looked toward him. She was lifting her hand in a good-by. He started, touched his hand to his bruised forehead and waved back her greeting. Beside Helen stood Seagrave. He did not seem pleased with her attitude and dropped an ironical remark in her ear. This one she quite plainly heard and understood: "Very gratifying," he smiled, "to find a president's daughter so very clever. And," he added softly, "she seems to take a real interest in engine men!"

Helen looked deliberately around at him—but whatever may have been her thought, she made no reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Femple Theatre
PARAMOUNT
PICTURE
ROGRAM

Friday, June 23rd.

**THE PRETTY SISTER
OF JOSE**

In the role of Pepita, the title character of this tender romance, Marguerite Clark has ample and varied opportunity for the display of her inimitable talents. Pepita is a young Spanish country girl who has come to live in Madrid with her brother. At the time of her arrival



Marguerite Clark in "THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE."

in the gay metropolis the city is ringing with the fame of the handsome bull-fighter, Sebastiano, with whom all the women are in love. Warned that she, too, will succumb to the spell cast by the heroic matador, Pepita vows that she will not even speak to him should he address her. Subsequently he sees her, falls in love with her, and begins an ardent campaign to win her heart. Haughtily, she spurns him, and in her pride defies him with look and gesture, although her heart is breaking with love for him. At last he is wounded nigh unto death in a bull-fight. Then it is that her pride surrenders, and through her love wins him back to life and strength.

"The Pretty Sister of Jose" is an impressive and sympathetic portrayal of a subject that has furnished the finest prose and verse in every language—love in its tenderest form. The scenery is exquisite, and faithfully reflects the atmosphere of the story. But above all else, Miss Clark's gifted interpretation of the capricious Pepita will be recorded as one of the most notable screen characterizations ever presented.



Scene from "JIM, THE PENMAN."

Some men sow cents and reap dollars. Even a liar respects veracity—in the other fellow.

A white lie doesn't travel far before it gets a black eye.

Brevity may be either the soul of wit or the poverty thereof.

Speaking of well-preserved women, Lot's wife was probably the best of the lot.

Blind people are usually smart—they have a sight of sense but no sense of sight.

When a woman's dress is described as a dream the coat is apt to prove a nightmare to her hubby.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, inclose with 5c to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for bronchial coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Specially comforting to stout persons.—Hite's Drug Store.

Wednesday, June 28th

**JOHN MASON IN
JIM THE PENMAN**

SYNOPSIS
James Ralston lives a highly respected life in a suburb of London, with his adored wife, Nina, and daughter, Agnes whom he also worships. Not only is he about to be elected to Parliament but he is also noted for his extensive charities and philanthropic work. None but the man himself, and his partner, Baron Hartfeld, knows that James Ralston is one and the same as the notorious "Jim the Penman," whose nefarious proceedings are alarming the business worlds of two continents, for his forgeries have been altogether successful, enriching himself and impoverishing his victims. Ralston's best friend, Louis Percival,

has suffered most at his hands, Ralston's fortune and from Nina, Ralston's wife, who previous to their marriage had been engaged to Louis. Forged letters from Ralston had separated them and each had believed the other false. Now Ralston believes himself safe from discovery, but wishes to withdraw from his old life of crime and begin anew. Just when he thinks he is safe, the net begins to close about him. Capt. Redwood, a society detective, takes up the case, and gains an entree into Ralston's home, finding many clues that lead him to believe Ralston is none other than "Jim the Penman." How Ralston's perfidy is discovered by his loved Nina, how the two old lovers again meet, how Ralston skillfully evades his would-be captors, his terrific struggle with his old partner in crime, Baron Hartfeld, and his dramatic death in the midst of his daughter's wedding festivities, bring the tense play to a powerful climax, one of the most intense situations ever seen on the stage or screen. John Mason's masterful portrayal of the unfortunate sinner, and the splendid support supplied him by Harold Lockwood, Russell Bassett, William Roselle, Frederick Perry and Marguerite Leslie, make the production one of the most notable film subjects ever produced.

Don't judge a woman by the beauty of her hair until you find out whether it is natural or artificial.

Remember that the money you intend to save doesn't draw any interest.

Much of the charity that should begin at home doesn't begin at all.

Bad news, like a soft boiled egg, should always be broken gently.

Many a man wastes time arguing about the religion he hasn't got.

Great men are ordinary people with their understandings polished.

Persuasion indicates a strong will, and obstinacy a strong won't.

No matter how red a man's hair may be, he hates to lose it.
Bitter medicines like bitter experience, may be the best.
Many a spinster is sorry she learned to say "No."

THE COUNTERFEITS

As I lolled by the desk, both for lack and in hope of better things to do, I heard the clerk thus gravely accosted: "Oh, Mr. Billkins, here is the \$20 you so kindly let me have the other day. Now, don't forget to scratch it off my account, you dear man, and thank you."

It was Mrs. Lamuel Neiff who laid the glittering piece on the counter and then tripped blithely away, leaving even a touch of tenderness on Billkins's saturnine face. A pretty woman still, despite the faded eyes and the light curls eklessly stuck here and there—what was more, an attractive woman.

From her flattering tones, her caressing smile, her pleading hands, to the plump and pleasing curves of her form coquettishly adorned, everything about Mrs. Neiff, so spontaneously and natural even when artificial, conjoined to make her a general and constant favorite in the house. A tribute to clever geniality in any case, but all the more remarkable when one recalled, as I, as an old friend, could, the thousand and one ways of indirect asking and direct taking by which she and her husband managed to enjoy the luxuries of life on a very modest if not meagre income.

Lem and Louise they were affectionately if not patronizingly called; and he was as harmless, if not so enterprising, as she. A quiet agreeable man, who never protested, who always accepted in chronic good nature, it was a positive wedding benediction to see him arrayed for a stroll of a Sunday afternoon immaculate in high hat, long coat and patent pumps, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, so blissfully proud of the wife who walked at his side.

He thought her perfection and she thought him a ducky dear. They worked together in harmony; and if they also worked their friends, they did it in kindness, with a keen appreciation of benefits received and to come.

Among my avocations I have a pretty taste for coins, and the coin that Mrs. Neiff had flippantly paid over was an early and rare date, though as fresh and crisply milled as if hot from the mint.

"I'd just as lief give you small bills for that, if you like," I remarked with the indifference of a true collector.

"Thanks awfully, Sniffen," replied the sarcastic Billkins. "Your wish would be law of course, only it happens I have other orders—superior orders—not to pay out any more of them either to priest or prattlers"; and he tossed the piece into the drawer.

Very good; half the ardor of the chase is the difficulty of it. I lost no time in joining Mrs. Neiff where she sat in normal radiance waiting for the cashier hour to draw near.

"If you will only tell me where you got it, perhaps I might pick up another of them," I said.

She shook her fair fat head mischievously. "I couldn't do that," she replied, "but I will do better. See, here is a piece just like it which you may have without any premium," but continued regard.

As she drew the coin from the silver linked purse I could see through the meshes at least a dozen mates of it. I must say that I sniffed surprisedly, remembering how late it was in the month and the small loan Lem had felt himself obliged to make of me a week ago, "until the first, you know, old man."

"I am so very glad," I said in explanation. "I know you are," she replied triumphantly, "and some time you shall know our good fortune; but for the present, mum's the word."

"There'll be plenty of it later," she gurgled artlessly, "and of birds to match the bots. Lem is looking for a car, and he has the refusal of a swell house down by the shore."

"What, won't there be doings after the long, lean years! We won't forget those who have been kind to us either, Mr. Sniffen; that's not our style."

"Ah, there he is now, the ducky dear." With her fingers to her lips Mrs. Neiff joined her husband, who had just entered leaning lovingly on his arm.

Presently Mr. Flewcomb, our proprietor came out from the fastnesses behind the safe and beckoned to me.

"What kind of a game are those dam Neiffs trying to work on me Sniffen?" he demanded when we were alone and locked within the mystery of his innermost shrine.

"What?" I blurted, gazing stupefied at a stack of twenty dollar gold pieces on the desk before him. "You don't mean—"

"I just do mean," he retorted. "Counterfeits every one of them, sent back from the bank with the string of a sharp inquiry. She's been feeding them out every day for the last week. I won't stand for it Sniffen, not a little bit. If it hadn't been for you and the other old softies whom they have jerked around by the nose I—"

Here I broke in pleading so vigorously that it might be a dreadful mistake that they were kind, good folks, even if a little slow and slack, that if he would only not say anything about it, would only leave it to me, I would straighten it all out, being responsible for any loss meanwhile that at length our Jove nodded assent.

"Very well," he agreed. "I'll wait for two days, and then—" He shook his head portentously; and the mental thunders rolled.

Ordinarily it was with pleasant anticipations that I called on the Neiffs, so sure was I of an effusive welcome, even though it meant promised theater tickets and cajoled cabs; but now I felt like death rapping at the bridal chamber.

Indeed the sense inside was fitted to rouse compunctions. The floor was strewn with string, tissue paper, unbroken packages and broken boxes. Before the large mirror Louise was trying on an impossible new hat. Lem was adjusting a flashy tie with a flashier pin at the smaller glass of the bureau.

"Come in, come in!" cried Louise, "and sit any old where; we don't mind you. Looks like Christmas doesn't it? Well I guess! It comes all the time now. See what Lem bought me this afternoon at Gouquin's; isn't it a screamer?" she held up the flowery tub. "Now isn't he just the duckiest dear?"

"If you could see all the glad rags she has been shipping to me, Sniffen," said Lem, "you'd think that I also had struck it rich."

"Oh, that reminds me," interposed Louise, her head on one side in a captivating way familiar to me, "I came very near forgetting, Mr. Sniffen, to give you the chance to take a dozen tickets for those embroidered dollies I am going to raffle off. Only a dollar apiece, and no such work, if I say it myself—"

"Louise, darling," protested Lem. "You are right, ducky, you are perfectly right; I don't need to do that, thank goodness since—"

"Since?" I repeated pointedly. "Do let me tell him darling; he never will peep, and our news is too good to keep bottled."

"Just as my news is too bad to keep." "If it's about that twenty you were so kind as to let me have the other day, Sniffen, I take pleasure in returning it now," said Lem, and I'll be blest if he didn't hand over another new bright gold piece to me.

That was too much for sanity without the relief of revelation. I broke my tidings to them as gently as possible, but even at that the shock was so terrific as to send the tub, the tie and the pin to the floor and the white faced pair into each other's arms.

"Mercy, counterfeiters!" moaned Louise. "Why will he have the whole secret down upon us ducking. There's Gouquin alone, to whom you gave three of them. He has never liked me since I returned the hat he said he saw me wearing at the opera the night before."

"Flewcomb is hot enough about that old dog of a balance without having a stack of pewters to cash in," muttered Lem, dorkly. "I see my finish all right, all right. This will sure queer me with the firm when they hear of it. I'll be down and out."

"Oh, and I gave one of them to Florence Bullion this morning," broke in Louise. "I thought she might have waited longer, but she seemed so queer and pressing. If she asks her father to change it he'll detect it at a glance; and he's as hard as nails; oh, dear!"

"Yes, and Billy Precedent struck me about the same time for the twenty I had from him," wailed Lem. "I had forgotten all about it, but he hadn't. If his father the Judge sees it, look out for the black cap!"

There was a rap on the door. With a warning glance for control, I answered it myself. In stalked the Rev. Dr. Mincey, who officiated at a little chapel not two blocks away.

"While I am alive to the confidences of my sacred office," he announced, "I can't allow it to be used as a shield for fraud and theft. I am well advised that these two abominations of the Lord came primarily from the Neiffs, male and female. Unless I am at once recouped I shall deem it my painful duty—"

I took a roll of bills from my pocket; I paid over forty good dollars in redemption of his two gold pieces.

"You will do well to preserve silence," I warned him as I escorted him to the door, "if you got these pieces in the way I think you did."

"Now, my dears," I said returning to the stricken, the speechless pair; "tell me how you got all this—this queer, I think they call it; if they don't I'm sure they should."

Without a word Louise disentangling herself, fetched me a letter from the desk with a heart rending gulp. It was dated from Havana and read:

Dear Friends: As I am warned by my physicians that my days are few, I write just a line to tell you that I give you the contents of my trunk I left in your charge as a slight token of my deep appreciation of the many kindnesses received from you by me, a stranger in a strange land. Gratefully yours, JULES GUERIN.

Here the gulp became a gale.

"There, there," I said. "I remember Guerin, that odd dick of a consumptive foreigner; I remember too how kindly you took him in." Here I could scarce refrain from smiling. "There is some mystery about all this; I do not believe this man was a crook. Possess your souls in patience. I'll see Gouquin the first thing in the morning. Florence and Billy have already been disposed of to my mind and Flewcomb has promised to wait a couple of days. By that time we shall see what we shall see."

So I left them crying together, with hands clasped, amid the visible and invisible ruin of their hopes.

Accordingly early next morning I called on Gouquin, the purveyor of feminine trifles, at his gaudy emporium and having explained my mission as guardedly as possible offered to give his good money for the bad money, he had received through so unfortunate a mistake from Mrs. Neiff.

"Vat?" he screamed, "do you take me for one fool; do you think that I, Gustav Gouquin, don't know my own pizness, hein? Perhaps you are a collector, a dealer in old coins yourself, you cunning old man. Let me tell you, sare, that I think that monish so good that I will sell; yes, I will sell all, everything, my whole stock supplime for two lousant of those same pieces of gelt I receift from my goot front Mrs. Neiff. I haf no time for such non sense."

"You well might," I returned idly as I turned away, "since at the worst it would only be an exchange of counterfeit for counterfeits."

Just entering the doorway I met pretty Florence, youngest and fairest daughter of old Peter Bullion the retired magnate, who lent an auriferous hue to the Tawdrey House. There was an air of conscious yet embarrassed importance about the girl that confirmed my suspicions. Besides, in so blind an impasse as that in which I was now wandering there was sense in following the slightest gleam.

"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Precedent?" I said.

"How do you know?" she cried involuntarily and then turned as red and white as she looked blue. "Oh, you mean thing," she went on desperately. "You always have plagued me about Billy on account of the trouble between his father and mine. Of course you are only plaguing me now."

"I knew through the Rev. Mr. Mincey," I answered, "but you need have no fear of my betraying your secret." Then I explained briefly that possession by the minister of the gold pieces paid to her and her husband had inspired my guess.

"Billy didn't give them to him," poor Florence gasped, "he wasn't that silly to pay so much for a five dollar job. See, I have them with me now, Billy wanted me to buy a hat."

I persuaded her to walk around to the mint with me and find out whether the coins were genuine.

"You will befriend us, Mr. Sniffen," pleaded Florence as we proceeded on our way. "Both papa and Judge Precedent think so much of you; they used to think words of each other too, before they had some horrid quarrel in court. I don't know what we shall do if they are not reconciled; there is no light, no hope. Oh, I am so miserable."

"Miserable? Why, you were just going to buy a hat."

"That was why," retorted Florence conclusively.

The affable cashier at the mint gave Florence's two gold pieces the very best of characters.

"Yes, indeed," he said, "as good as gold of the standard weight and fineness can make them. Why, it is a pleasure to see that issue again. These must be part of a lot that had been shipped back and forth across the Atlantic as bullion for fifty years without once being uncasked. It all came out, don't you remember, in some famous trial or other a few years ago? By the way, there is a dangerous counterfeit out we are advised. I should like to see it."

"Let me accommodate you," I ventured, and indeed he gave the two coins I had got from Mr. Mincey the very worst of characters.

With the plot so thickened there was obviously only one thing to do. I called on Rev. Mr. Mincey and demanded his reasons for having said that the two counterfeiters came primarily from the Neiffs, remarking as aside that if he did not do some other confidences of his sacred office might come to an unpleasant light. After the usual clerical indirections he complied, and then it was that, as if through a glass darkly, I seemed to see how I might not only smooth the love course of Florence and Billy but also confirm the Neiffs, male and female in their fleeting good fortune.

I found old Peter Bullion mentally counting over his money in an easy chair by the fireplace. He was a large man, who looked as if he had just eaten something greasy in a hurry.

"You know me well enough," I began, "to feel that I would not ask anything unreasonable of you."

"That remains to be seen," he growled suspiciously. "As a general rule it is unreasonable to ask anything."

"I want you to tell me the true cause of your quarrel with Judge Precedent, that is if it had any cause at all," I added adroitly.

"Any cause?" he snorted apologetically. "He allowed some fool of an expert to brand as counterfeit a certain consignment of double eagles to which my house had certified and then shut off all further evidence."

"Did you examine the coins?"

"I didn't need to examine them, I knew."

"What if this was one of them?" He took the coin with the hopelessly bad character I handed him, scrutinizing date, engraving and milling and sounding it on his thumb nail and the mottled red of his face dwindled piteously into a mottled gray.

"As false as hell," he faltered, and the same issue.

"Perhaps the Judge, as Judges of ten do, knew more about the case than he had a right to tell. Perhaps he was really trying to serve what he thought your best interests. What then?"

"Then I would beg his pardon from

my heart," and the arrogant old fellow actually looked as if he had a heart.

"Very good," said I, rising hastily and hurrying away before he could reply, "be in the Neiffs' room in half an hour and you may have the blessed chance to do so."

I found Judge Precedent mentally rewriting his opinions, on the settle in the corner. He was a withered man, who looked as if he had also physically digested the law.

"You know me well enough," I began, "to feel that I would not ask anything unreasonable of you."

"That reminds me of the two knights," he answered cautiously "who fought about the nature of a shield which was really gold on one side and silver on the other, but each of whom had seen only one side."

"I was going to ask you the cause of the estrangement between you and Mr. Bullion," I went on impetuously, "but you have already answered me."

He colored, the punctilious old man, like parchment in the glow of the sun. "I hope there is no substance to your innuendo," he said anxiously. "If it should be that I have misjudged Mr. Bullion I could not rest easy until I had expressed to him my profound regret."

"Come to the Neiffs' room in fifteen minutes and I'll guarantee you a sound sleep tonight," and I beat a retreat.

Presently then we were all gathered together, Lem and Louise too miserable to take even the interest of surprise, and the two old gentlemen eyeing each other from opposite sides like the thick and the thin of a quarrel. Into this suspense stalked the Rev. Mr. Mincey, indicating in a formal bow.

"In compliance with our agreement of this morning sir," he said, "I am come to make the following statement in justice to the living and without harm to the dead.

"Some months ago I was called to administer comfort to a stranger in this house who believed himself in articulo mortis. He was known here as Jules Guerin, but his real name it seems, was De Silva—yes, he was one of the notorious De Silva brothers whose complicity in a counterfeiting scheme caused a stir some years ago."

"It was this matter that was now preying on his mind. His brother had conceived the idea of buying bullion in bulk with the seals in tact, and by clever manipulation substituting counterfeits for the lower tiers of coins."

"At its very inception this scheme miscarried; there was litigation, suspicion; exposure, impended, when his brother suddenly died. Thereupon this man settled all claims in full and persuaded the judge to bring the suit to an abrupt close."

"He deceived me in his statements," said Judge Precedent agitatedly "and I thought that course the wisest lest an honored name might be smirched. I should have known better. I am sorry."

"I beg your pardon from my heart," blurted Mr. Bullion, lurching over to him with conclusive features.

"A few days ago concluded the reverend gentleman, "I received in change at this hotel two gold pieces of the very kind and date of those involved in this suit. They proved to be counterfeit. After reflection I brought them for redemption to the Neiffs, male and female, knowing how addicted they were to getting something out of everybody."

Lem and Louise were too ecstatic to heed.

"Even if half of them are bad he was saying, "there are enough of the others to be almost too good to be true."

"Of course it is true," she responded. Don't you remember how I reached my hand down for the first coins in order to see how deep they were? Oh, darlingst ducky, I am so parched with joy! Do take one from the top and go down for you know what." Then off typed Lem through the air.

"My old and honored friend," sighed Judge Precedent, affectionately clasping Mr. Bullion's hand. "May our union be the closer, the more lasting—"

"We are the union, pop," cried a pair of cherub voices; and Billy and Florence darting into the room, bobbed for forgiveness and blessing.

"I can certify that it is until death or divorce does part," declared the Rev. Mr. Mincey.

Just then the triumphant Lem returned with a perambulating magnum.

"It is our turn now," cried the ardent Louise, with glass high in the air. "We are the people, the whole people, and nothing but the people."—New York Sun.

Anything to Please

An old woman went into the grocer's and ordered a pound of lamb for a stew which came to 12 cents. After being served she said: "D'ye not throw something in 'w' it?"

"Oh, yis," replied the grocer; "if ye wait a minute 'll throw in a sack o' tatoes an' a barrel o' apples an' a bushel o' turnips an' a box o' oranges!"

An'," he shouted, as the old woman flounced out of the store, "when I'm not busy 'll throw in the horse and cart! If ye're not satisfied then, come back for the shop."

On the Safe Side

Traveler—"Waiter, get me a lamb chop quick. My train goes in eighteen minutes."

Waiter—"Yes sir. Fifty cents."

Traveler—"What! Do you expect me to pay in advance!"

Waiter—"If you please, sir. You may be gone before it's ready."

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION.

CHAPTER I.

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"Where did that dog go?" quivered Helen, not answering.

"Gee! I didn't see. You pretty near got killed. That dog wasn't any good," declared the boy scornfully. "Some day—" he stopped the blood on her knee once more with his handkerchief, and then added firmly: "I am going to drive a big engine sometime myself, like my father."

A frantic governess, followed by an open-mouthed chauffeur, came running at that moment toward them.

The child parted reluctantly from her new-found friend. "Are you going to be a really-truly engineer, and smoky up?" she asked.

George faced her unabashed. "You better believe I am."

"I don't care," declared Helen, gulping solemnly while the governess tried to hurry her away, "I won't ever forget you—no matter what you are."

At eighteen, Helen had lost none of the characteristics of her childhood. They were held in deeper reserve, but they were just as persistent. Restrained by convention, she was still adventurous in spirit and her father's own anxiety, old soldier though he was, was that a spirited horse or an ocean undertow would some day be his daughter's undoing. At that, he was forced to admit, the reckless girl could get more out of a horse than he himself could.

Closest among her father's friends, was Amos Rhinelander, a New York man of large means, and General Holmes, returning on Helen's eighteenth birthday with Rhinelander and Rhinelander's nephew—Robert Seagrue, himself a young and ambitious railroad promoter—from a trip of inspection of the Tidewater terminals of Holmes' road, was eagerly awaited by his daughter at their country home among the San Pablo foothills. A message sent up to her from Signal, the suburban station of the country seat, had asked her to meet her father that day on No. 20, the through eastern passenger train.

The motor car had gone ahead and Helen, taking Rocket, one of her favorite hunting horses, rode down at her leisure to the station.

While far from being a spoiled child, Helen felt very much—at home anywhere on the Copper Range and Tidewater railroad. Reared at home, under a discipline almost military, and under teachers held sternly to account for her education by her only living parent, the growing girl had still preserved an innate simplicity—something almost naive—which was reflected in her friendship for the employees, high and low, of the entire Tidewater line, of which her father was president and in which he owned a substantial interest.

On the day that Helen cantered lazily down through the foothills toward Signal, a long west-bound freight train,



The Air Pump Had Quit.

climbing the grade east of a big hill known on the division as Blackbird pass, found itself in trouble. The air pump, after balking all morning, had quit, and the conductor going forward found the engineer, after repeated efforts with the big machine, helpless. Without losing much time, the conductor rigged up his emergency telephone and asked for instructions from his dispatcher. The answer to his request was curt: "Bring in No. 145 by hand brakes." The crew spread to their posts on the decks and the lumbering string of heavily laden cars pattering got under way up the hill. It was a struggle all the way to the summit; then, dropping over the hill, the long string began rapidly to pick up.

It picked up, indeed, too rapidly. The crew vainly strove to hold back the unwieldy train. Clubs in hand and with the brakes hard jammed, they saw their monster resistlessly

getting away from them. The train crew tumbled forward, for a conference, to the cab. The conductor, comparing watches with the engineer, looked serious—within ten minutes they would be running on No. 20's time; they might even meet her at the bottom of the hill before they reached Signal.

The conductor acted quickly. Picking up a lump of coal he scratched a message on a white signal flag and wrapped it around a wrench. Cedar Grove station was hardly a mile ahead. As the engine dashed past it, the conductor, in the gangway, hurried the message through the office window. Picking it up and hastily reading the rough scrawl, the startled operator wired the tidings instantly to the next station. That station was Signal.

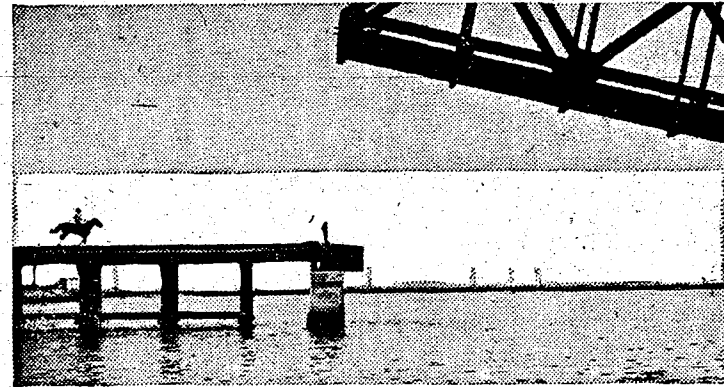
In the bouncing engine cab there were grave faces. "What are you going to do?" shouted the engineer. Without hesitation the conductor cried: "Cut off the cabooses and stop it—let the train go!" The engineer agreed: "We've only got one life apiece. No time to lose George!" he yelled to his fireman, "make for the cabooses."

The fireman, perhaps the youngest man in the two crews, without answering, continued to hunt for a wrench. "Wake up, George," shouted the conductor, "come on!"

Searching the tool box, the fireman shook his head. "What do you mean?" demanded the engineer, catching in excitement at his companion's arm, "aren't you coming?"

The fireman did not hurry his answer. "No. I'll stay here," he said, turning simply. He was a stubborn, well-set fellow, really a big, clean-looking boy—with a heavy head of dark hair pushed under his grimy cap and a slow, clear eye matching his deliberate way of speaking.

"Stay here!" thundered the conductor in surprise. "Are you crazy?" He caught the fireman's other arm and with the engineer talked to the obstinate fellow. The two, who liked him, pulled the boy toward the tender. He shook loose. The brakeman joined



Helen Headed Rocket Straight for the Open Draw.

in the struggle. Again the fireman wrenched away. "That's all right—you fellows go ahead."

"It's suicide for you, man," protested the engineer.

"No, Dan," retorted the fireman. "It's every man for himself," he repeated, backing across the footplate. "I'll stay with the cab."

"Stay and be hanged," shouted the conductor, with a fiery expletive. "Let him alone, boys," he cried, angrily. "He's dippy. Come!" And with his companions hustling close after, he started over the coal on the tender.

The train had attained a frightful pace. Already glimpses of its long, curving roll on the distant hill might be seen from the window of Signal station, where the disturbed operator had taken the message of the runaway from Cedar Grove and was reading it to Helen Holmes, breathless beside his table.

"AIR BRAKES BROKEN DOWN. RUNNING AWAY. SIDETRACK NO. 20. NO. 145."

It was the import of the last sentence which for an instant froze her senses. Her father! The passenger train facing that runaway on the single track below Signal. More than once she had heard her father declare that the stretch between Signal and the next station, Beaman, must be double-tracked—only, money was so hard to get. If the lack of it should now cost him his life, the lives of perhaps half a hundred others!

While she was thinking, the operator was working furiously at his key with a message for Beaman station. His one hope of avoiding the head-on collision was to catch the passenger train beyond Beaman.

"STOP NO. 20. RUNAWAY ON MAIN LINE."

He told Helen, closely watching the dots and dashes, what he had sent. "I should have an answer in a minute." It came almost at once. Signal station operator first tried to write it, then threw down his pen and repeated its words unsteadily to the frightened girl.

"NO. 20 LEFT ON TIME. BETWEEN HERE AND THE RIVER."

With wide-open eyes she looked intently toward the mountains. At the moment, the rolling hills now hid the runaway, but the situation was charting itself, like lightning, in her mind. Between where she stood and where the passenger train was coming, the line crossed San Pablo river, a navigable tidewater stream and a waterway that fed a considerable traffic to the railroad. Her father had put across the San Pablo a best jack-knife drawbridge—the huge an honest engineer and an honest railroad directorate could build. Just over the river from Signal station he had already put in, as a start towards double-tracking, a long passing track.

With everything of this speeding

like a film through her head, Helen was dashing out of the office when the scream of a whistle signal bore down on her ears. Confused as she was, it meant nothing to her. A chance, a hope, had flashed across her mind and her resolve had been taken—to reach the passing track switch and sidetrack the fatal runaway before it should strike and scatter to destruction the helpless passenger train.

Rocket, without a thought other than of alfalfa and undisturbed repose in his drooping head, stood at hand in the sunshine. To his amazement his mistress running to him, headlong, vaulted upon his back. In her fear, she cried to him. The horse heard—it seemed as if he understood. He woke, quivering, at the impact of her body. Whirling with his charge, at the touch of the rein, so quick he almost bolted from under his mistress, who was trying to seat herself, the brute galloped with Helen down the main track for the river bridge.

She panted at great drafts of sunny mountain air as Rocket's wiry legs stretched and bounded under her. With every stride her mind cleared. With this, her courage mounted. It was, after all, no more than a smart dash for her to attain for everyone safety. The bridge was a difficulty, but Rocket, who could thread a lava bed without bruising a fetlock, or cross a prairie-dog town at full speed and hold his mistress as steady as if she were sitting a rocking horse, was not likely to balk at galloping over mere ties—besides, she would give him his time. At the worst, any bridge, she said to herself, must be reached before it can be crossed, and her eyes were already fixed hard on the one she must cross, when she thought she saw the great jack-knife span ahead moving mysteriously on its balanced bed. Urging her horse to his best, centering all of her faculties on mastering the ticklish task ahead, Helen's eyes set in a stare on the jack-knife, to determine whether it was moving or tricking her straining senses. In almost an instant her doubt was resolved; to her consterna-

The bridgetender, at the door, confronted her. The dripping girl, seated on her quivering horse, told the astonished man in a few hurried words what had happened, and as he hurried into the tower again to lower the draw Helen urged Rocket at a run down the track. It seemed as if her ears bubbled and rang with the rumble of the two approaching trains, but her brain had ceased to take note of anything beyond her one stubborn resolve to reach the passing-track switch—she could see it plainly ahead. The bridgetender was hastily lowering the knife for the freight. Determined, while in the river, to leave the bridge open and wreck the freight, Helen believed she could avoid even that, and had given the tender his orders accordingly. The tug, which had been whistling wildly, now heeled violently toward the wharf, where the captain, a game sport, had resolved to make fast and see the excitement out. With the boat crew ashore and daashing across the wharf to watch Helen, she crouched like a jockey over Rocket as he crushed and scattered the cinders under his flying feet, and in what seemed another moment—so fast had she found—checking the horse cruelly, she threw her lines and slid from his back beside the passing-track switch.

Running to it, she grasped the lever only to find the switch locked. She had feared, almost expected, as much—but now, how to open it! She looked ahead. A shrill engine whistle startled her, and her cup filled—the passenger train, bearing down the long tangent at full speed, was whistling for her home crossing, hardly two miles distant.

She could see smoke streaming from the stack of the engine. Behind, she had no need to look, the rumble of the head-end of the runaway was thundering on the bridge. Desperation cleared her head. She caught up a heavy stone from the right of way and pounded fiercely at the switch lock. She struck at the stout bow and hammered in a fury at the resisting cover.

No mechanism could stand such an assault for long. The ground under her feet was vibrating with the fearful pound of the great freight engine as it dashed with its heavy-drag over the close-by rail joints. She knew the reeling machine must be almost on her and she thought spurred her to unnatural strength. The staple gave way. The excited girl jerked the twisted bow clear and threw the switch, half fainting beside it as the monster engine struck madly at the switch points. Then, with a shock that tore the heavy roadbed and the roar all most of an earthquake, engine, tender and train lurched heavily into the siding. Car after car jumped and pounded at the stubborn rails. Oh and on they came, shaking the solid earth under Helen as she panted and gasped. But the thundering, jumping wheels continued to catch the switch in safety and the points held. The long train made the siding to the very end and Helen, almost stunned, saw, in something like a vision, the passenger train. Its brakes throwing streams of fire from the grinding wheels, race past her down the main track toward the bridge. The sight meant little to her now—her senses were too numbed to realize what it meant—that the passenger train at last was quite safe.

The runaway freight was less fortunate. At the farther end of the passing track three box cars stood patiently waiting for orders. They had been standing there unmolested for days; they had tarried one moment too long. The runaway engine with its still obstinate fireman, at times on the running board and at times in the cab, was heading viciously for them. But the fireman saw the game was clearly up. He chose his moment and jumped, landing violently in the cinder ballast. "Bruised and cut, he lay breathless, almost insensible. He heard confusedly the terrific crash into the idle box cars. The huge engine scattered them in dust and kindling high in the air. He tried to roll farther from the threatening wreck—for the head-end of the train had been derailed by the impact and the jamming string of cars was zig-zagging wildly across the right of way. The first realization that came to the stunned boy was of someone struggling to help him get away from the wreck—some puny strength exerted to drag his heavy body to greater safety. With a breath, the first he had been able to draw, he opened his eyes. A young woman was bending over him.

He was a forbidding sight. Blood, dust and gravel hung in half a dozen cuts on his forehead—hardly a feature of his face, except his eyes, had escaped the smash of the cinders. Someone with a very little and very wet handkerchief wiped his eyes and he could see more clearly when he opened them again. He could see the face bent over him—and two eyes fixed anxiously on his—a girl's face, strange and yet—what could it be of recollection that struggled through his whirling senses?

Nor had Helen, as she knelt and worked over the injured man, dreamed of seeing any face she had ever looked into before. Even had it been uninjured she would hardly have recalled it under ordinary conditions. But two people, a young man, now, and a young woman, were meeting under extraordinary circumstances and their eyes were very close together. The man caught at her hand as it passed his forehead, stopped it, and looked keenly into Helen's eyes. With that look, a vision swept across their memories.

"I surely know you," he said, not taking his eyes from hers. Unequal

to releasing her gaze, she stared at him without speaking. "I'm sure I know you," he exclaimed, perplexed. He rose of a sudden to his feet—so easily it surprised her. "It was the beach," he went on, slowly. "You were hurt—the miniature railroad!"

She regarded him a moment in silence. Then she spoke: "Is it possible?" she murmured. "You are—?"

"I'm the—little boy," he smiled grimly. "Till now, I've never seen the little girl since."

A sense of confusion assailed her; she wanted to escape his look. "You are hurt," she said, dismissing with an effort all consciousness of their strange meeting.

He hesitated; then he saw, and he thought he understood. "No," he said brusquely, almost rudely, "only a few scratches."

A cry of recognition and amazement cut off their words. The passenger train had backed down on the



"You Are Hurt," She Said.

scene. Her father, his friend Rhinelander, young Seagrue, the Signal station operator, the tug captain and the train passengers crowded the observation platform looking at her and the shaken-up fireman.

The flagman could hardly raise the step cover quick enough to release Holmes so that he might get down to his daughter. He knew all—the operator had told the story. He caught his daughter in his arms with a shower of misty reproaches. "What!" he cried. "Have you lost your mind! Are you mad?" Helen's eyes fell before her father's anger. She was a dutiful girl. "Don't you know what danger is? Have you no sense of fear?" he stormed. She raised her eyes and paused an instant; then she asked, shyly: "Where was I to get it, father?"—she looked queerly up at him—"from you?"

"Gammon!" he blustered, edging away from the subject, beaten. "Who's this boy?" he demanded, pointing to the grimed and disfigured fireman.

"What's your name?"

"Storm, General Holmes—George Storm, fireman," responded the boy, unmoved.

"What were you sticking like a leech to a runaway engine for—why didn't you go back with the rest of the crew?" demanded the head of the road severely.

Storm met the assault calmly. "I thought I might be able to get the air pump going," he countered.

"Did you do it?" asked Holmes, with sarcasm.

"I'd have done it if I'd had time," persisted the somewhat dismantled fireman. "I guess," he added calmly, looking back at the mess of cars, "I needed a couple of days more."

"No matter, Storm," declared Holmes, secretly pleased, "you're all right."

"I should think as much," cried Helen, breaking through her reserve. "If you had many men like that!"

Amos Rhinelander took the scene in with an abundance of satisfied humor. He was a big, wholesome fellow. Beside him stood Seagrue, stent and observant. Both before and after her father introduced him, he scrutinized Helen a long time. With his introduction, he ventured something of compliment—tried, as it were, for a moment, to take the stage and seemed to await confidently an appreciation of his remark.

But Helen, whether confused by her much-witted plight, or engrossed by the recollection of her adventure, could hardly notice his effort to be agreeable. Storm had started back to his engine. Her father was helping his daughter back to the observation platform. From it Helen looked steadily back at Storm, now standing down the track in the midst of the wreckage. The passenger engine sounded four sharp blasts to call in the flagman. Storm looked around; the passenger train was moving ahead. He saw in the group on the rear platform one figure—that of a slender girl, in a wet jockey costume, a smile lighting her face as she looked toward him. She was lifting her hand in a good-by. He started, touched his hand to his bruised forehead and waved back her greeting. Beside Helen stood Seagrue. He did not seem pleased with her attitude and dropped an ironical remark in her ear. This one she quite plainly heard and understood: "Very gratifying," he smiled, "to find a president's daughter so very clever. And," he added softly, "she seems to take a real interest in engine men!"

Helen looked deliberately around at him—but whatever may have been her thought, she made no reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LEADER'S ANNUAL 4TH OF JULY SALE



COMMENCING SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE THE 24TH

and will Continue for Nine Business Days.

This is our Annual Sale on Ladies' and Men's, Misses' and Children's READY-TO-WEAR Apparel and SUMMER DRESS GOODS. Our store will be the shopping center for this great Fourth.

SAVINGS AND GREATEST VALUES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

FATHER and SON, you need this new Suit, also Shoes and Hat, NOW. You cannot feel the spirit of the Fourth unless you are well dressed, and why not do it at THE LEADER when your dollar will go the longest during this Sale.

How about you—MOTHER and DAUGHTER—a Ready-to-wear Dress, Suit or Coat. We have them to fit the smallest to the largest.

And again, WHY PAY MORE elsewhere when you can take advantage of this Sale and SAVE by it.

Come to this Sale EARLY if possible as it will be a feast of wonderful bargains for every man, woman and child who knows bargains. Read the few of the hundreds of bargains as space is too limited to mention all of our offerings.

CLOTHING

Don't postpone now and buy the Suit for yourself and boy for the price you would pay for a suit for yourself elsewhere.



Mens and young mens suits values \$8 to \$8.50 will go for 9 days at **\$5.69.**

Mens and young Mens suits values \$10 will go at **\$6.69**

Mens and young mens suits values \$12.50 to \$14.50 will go now at **\$9.69.**

Mens and young mens suits including the finest makes as Class A tailoring and club cloths values \$20. up to \$24.50 go now at **\$14.69.**

Boys navy striped suits, knicker pants, semi-norfolk style, sizes up to 17 years, why pay \$3 elsewhere, **\$1.98**

Boys blue serge also fancy wool suits, values \$4, **\$2.88**

Boys finest suits in the store including the pinch-back garments, also all wool blueserge suit pants, lined throughout values \$7 to \$7.50, at **\$4.98**

One lot of mens and young mens Khaki pants with or without cuffs, \$1.50 values **98c** pr.

Mens and young mens dress Pants, values \$2.25 and \$2.50, for **\$1.79**

Mens and young mens dress Pants, values \$3 and \$3.50 for **\$2.39**

Mens and young mens dress Pants, values \$4.50 and \$5 for **\$3.39**

Men's Furnishings

Mens dress Shirts, finest 65c and 75c values, **44c.**

Mens best \$1.00 and \$1.25 shirts for white collars, also Sport Shirts, at **88c** each.

Men's fine \$1.00 Union Suits at **79c** each.

Boy's blue and white chambray also light colored percale Blouses, 35c and 45c values. **24c** each.

New arrival of men's and young men's STRAW Hats, also Panamas, at greatly reduced prices for nine days.



LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR APPAREL

Ladies and misses spring Coats in navy and in light novelties at a quick sale

\$3.39

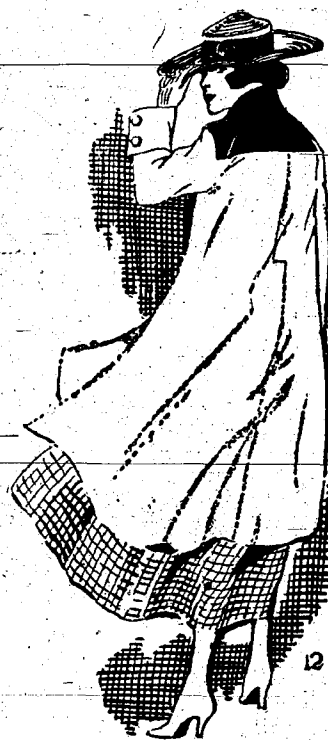
A few ladies and misses Suits and Coats, values \$18 up to \$24.50, to go at this sale for **\$13.98.**

Infants white Coats in pique and in cashmere, some lined with outing, others with sateen, \$2.00 values to go at **\$1.19.**

Ladies Skirts in two lots. Lot 1 consists of navy wool serge also wool novelty Skirts, values \$3.50 and \$4.00; this sale **\$2.19.**

Lot 2 includes the best Skirts in the store, values \$5 up to \$8, at **\$3.57.**

Ladies and misses juniors and childrens dresses at great savings for nine days.



One lot of ladies and misses fine gingham Dresses, values \$1.25 and up to \$1.75, at this sale **88c** a garment.

Ladies and misses gingham and voile dresses, values \$2.50 and \$2.75, this sale **\$1.47.**

One lot of ladies and misses sample Dresses consisting of voiles and batiste in beautiful floral designs also striped and plain white voile Dresses, values \$3.50 and up to \$4.50, at this sale **\$2.69.**

One lot consisting of 100 childrens wash dresses in chambrays and fancy ginghams values \$1.00, this sale **59c** each.

Childrens Dresses, latest makes val \$1.50 to \$2, choice **98c.**



Ladies Waists and Middies SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR NINE DAYS.

One lot ladies and misses Middies and Waists, values 75c, sale price **46c** each.

Ladies and misses Waists and Middies, \$1 values **69c.**

Ladies and misses finest \$1.50 and \$1.75 Waists at **96c.**

Ladies Silk Waists, values \$3.00 and \$3.50, at **\$1.88.**

In DRESS GOODS we offer:

400 yards beautiful flowered Batiste, best 12½c values, for nine days only **9½c** yard.

The very latest black and white striped also tan barred Beach Cloth—just the thing for ladies skirts and summer suits—36 in. wide. 35c values at **22c** yd.

Silk striped 36 inch black Voile best 50c val. **38c** yd.

Fine serpentine Crepes in plain and fancy beautiful designs, also pink ratine, suitable for skirts, finest 25c values at **17c** per yard.

36 in. fine striped also flowered Voiles 35c-40c val. **23c**

Susine, also flashing Silks, in various colors the very latest Russian green, canary and copenhagen included, finest 39c values sale price **22c** yard.

50 inch black wool Serge medium weight—a great skirt cloth—85c values, **49c** per yard.

Silk and wool mixed Shepherd Check, 36 in. wide, fine skirt cloth, 75c value at **43c** per yard.

200 yards consisting of Crepes, Voiles and Lace Cloth, running remnants 5 to 15 yards in a piece, values 18c up to 25c, at this sale **11½c** per yard.

RARE VALUES IN SHOES



Ladies, Misses, Boys and childrens black also white tennis slippers for **44c**

Misses' and childrens bare-foot sandals, also play oxfords, 85c to \$1 values **59c** pr

Mens first quality black or tan elk skin shoes, all solid bottoms, best \$2.50 value **\$1.77**

One lot of babies and childrens patent leather shoes with fancy tops in button and in lace, also fine vici kid baby shoes, with or without heels, values 85c to \$1, **59c** pr.

Mens ventilated Russian calf, welt sewed oxfords, values \$2.75, **\$1.98.**

Ladies fine patent colt, also vici kid ankle strap baby doll pumps, also 2 and 3 strap fine slippers with low, medium and high heels, values \$2.50 to \$3, **\$1.88**

Misses and childrens baby doll slippers for **98c**

Sale on Corsets and Muslin Underwear Room too small to mention the bargains. Come in and see for yourself.

THE LEADER

H. ROSENTHAL, PROP'R

MADISON BLOCK, MAIN STREET, EAST JORDAN, MICH.