

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1916.

No. 41

## Fire Prevention Day

### A Proclamation by the Governor

In order to arouse the citizens and property owners of Michigan to a vivid sense of our great fire dangers, and to induce them to co-operate with the Fire Marshal that we may secure a reduction of our enormous fire losses and reduce our excessive fire insurance rates, I hereby proclaim that Monday, The Ninth Day of Oct. 1916, the anniversary of the great Chicago fire, be known as STATE FIRE PREVENTION DAY, and I most urgently recommend that our people observe it by a general cleaning up and removal of rubbish, trash, inflammable material and waste from their premises.

Concurrent action upon the part of newspapers, public officials, school teachers, fire departments, and all civic societies and property owners will surely result in such a general clean-up of all dirt and refuse, and the removal of fire hazards as not only to promote beauty and sanitation throughout the state, but to have a pronounced influence in lowering the fire loss.

The fire losses in Michigan each year run into millions of dollars. The fire losses in the United States and Canada in 1915 were \$184,989,100. The fire losses for the first eight months of 1916 were \$159,535,220, which is nearly \$50,000,000 larger than for the same period of the previous year.

Over 5,000 persons are killed and 50,000 injured annually as a result of fire. In MICHIGAN during 1915, 141 persons lost their lives and 183 were seriously burned or injured from this cause. AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A TON OF FIRE FIGHTING APPARATUS. Seventy-five per-cent of the fires and accidents are due to preventable causes, and could easily be avoided by the exercise of reasonable care and precaution.

I sincerely trust the people of MICHIGAN will see to it that FIRE PREVENTION DAY means something this year. Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, this twenty-sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen and of the Commonwealth the eightieth.

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS,  
Governor.

By The Governor  
COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,  
Sec'y of State.

### Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms Monday evening, Oct. 2, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.

On motion by Lancaster, the following bills were allowed:

John F. Kenny, coal etc.,	\$ 34.02
Mich. State Tel. Co., rentals,	6.25
Hite Drug Co., mdse.,	1.40
D. H. Fitch, salary & rental,	24.17
J. A. Lancaster, salary,	25.00
Henry Cook, salary,	75.00
City Treas., payment of labor and brick,	77.00
James Gidley, salary,	25.00
Elec. Light Co., pumping and lighting,	318.90
Anthony Kenny, sprinkling sts.,	25.75
City Feed Store, fertilizer,	.40
Otis J. Smith, salary, express & postage,	25.00

The following were designated as voting and registration places for the general election to be held Nov. 7, 1916: First Ward, Passenger building; Second Ward, Town Hall; Third Ward, Hose House.

The following boards were appointed by the mayor: REGISTRATION.—First Ward, Herman Goodman; Second Ward, William Richardson; Third Ward, Dwight H. Fitch.

ELECTION.—First Ward, William Washaw, H. J. Carpenter, Wm. Harrington, S. J. Lanway and Herman Goodman.

Second Ward, Wm. Aldrich, W. R. Barnett, Franklin L. Smith, George Bechtold and Wm. Richardson. Third Ward, Dwight L. Wilson, C. A. Hudson, W. A. Pickard, A. W. Clark and J. W. Rogers.

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that the above appointments be confirmed. Carried.

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,  
City Clerk.

## HANSON AND DREW AT TEMPLE THEATRE, NEXT MONDAY

Temple Theatre patrons have a double treat coming next Monday night, Oct. 9th, when (Hanson and Drew)—Mr. and Mrs. John T. Carlisle of Cherry Vale—will present two entirely different comedy acts, full of laughter and fun. Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle have made their summer home with us for several years and it will be a pleasure to our people to see and hear them in their acts before they leave for their winter engagements in the cities.

The second part of the treat will be the Bluebird photoplay 'Naked Hearts' featuring Rupert Julian and Francisca Billington. The play is a poetic five act drama of love, based on Lord Tennyson's beautiful poem—"Maud." Monday night at 7:30 and 8:45; price 15 and 25 cents.

### DO YOU KNOW THAT

It is dangerous to put anything into the mouth except food and drink?

Sanitary instruction is even more important than sanitary legislation?

The U. S. Public Health Service issues free bulletins on tuberculosis?

The continuous liberal use of alcoholic beverages lowers efficiency and menaces longevity?

Moderate exercise in the open air prolongs life?

"Mouth breathing" makes children stupid?

Smallpox is wholly preventable?

Fish cannot live in foul water nor man in foul air?

### FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Motion Picture Attraction At Temple Theatre, Wednesday

The photo-drama entitled "Forbidden Fruit," a Standard Preferred Production, in five acts, which will be presented at the Temple Theatre, Wednesday, Oct. 11th. According to several New York newspapers, is a photo-drama which really lessens the gap existing between the legitimate spoken drama and the screen play.

In reviewing one of the big scenes of the photo-play a prominent New York Critic states the following:

"In order to save her husband from going to prison on a charge of forgery, she sacrificed herself, this woman.



She gave up all! Made of herself a martyr for the love of a man. And then he, too, spurned her. But far sharper than a serpent's sting is the ingratitude of man, the failure to look behind the material things and see dazzling white the glorious purity of a saintly wife and mother.

Never has Ivan Abramson so clearly portrayed human emotions. Never has his Balzac of motion picture drama so mercilessly bared the soul of man and woman. Everett Butterfield as the husband, and Paula Shay as the wife, and Ivan Abramson, the author and director, have each established an "overnight" hit in their respective capacities.

Unheralded and unadvertised "Forbidden Fruit" struck New York like a thunderbolt and immediately registered a double barreled bull's eye. It is without doubt the foremost picture production of the year."

Two feature comedies will be presented in support of the big film play: Bud Fisher's Animated Cartoon Comedy, "Jeff's Toothache," featuring those two popular cartoon characters, "Mutt and Jeff." The second comedy on the bill will be, "Napoleon and Sally," the Monkey Movie Stars in a standard Jungle Comedy entitled, "From Jungle to Trouble."

Two evening performances will be given commencing at 7:15 and 9:00 p.m. Admission 25 cents.

## VanPelt's Touring Dairy

TRIP NO. 1.  
(Fourth Day Out)

Sunday, Sept. 17, 1916, was spent in a concrete city—Detroit, in a concrete fashion. A ride on a concrete street or road is concretely concrete in its adaptability to insure freedom from bumps and slumps. A concrete road around Pine Lake will insure hundreds of cars and thousands of visitors for Charlevoix County, only we do not want to make the same mistake they made by placing the expansion joints straight across the road. Remember this, Hammond, Hipp and House (three H's, by Jiminey, and they are all good, too.) Make us a sixteen foot concrete road with expansion joints the entire length of the road in the middle and then on either side, about every forty feet, place the joints on an angle of about five degrees. This will cause any spreading to go to the outside and away with any ridges in the road.

Monday night, we put the steamship, "City of Cleveland" (a most magnificent boat) in our old dump of a car and drew it across Lake Erie to Buffalo. Then they took the boat off and we

motored around there and brought up at Hamburg, the home of one of my nephews and spent Tuesday. Wednesday, we were on our way to Rochester, the most beautiful city in the United States, were flour, kodaks, shoes, etc., are made in abundance. We made this trip, 78 miles, in two and a fifth hours, on good roads, brick, concrete and oiled macadam. Here we are, waiting to get our car repaired, having used ten gallons of oil in 450 miles to Detroit. The ship furnished the oil from Detroit to Buffalo.

Thursday, Sept. 26, 1916,—off for Syracuse. Arrived at 4:00 p. m., 90 miles. Good roads. Met about 350 cars, mostly \$1,000 to \$5,000 cars. Few Fords. Followed a race between a skinny Ford and a big car for a couple of miles, and the Ford kept ahead. The most cars we meet are the big farm trucks, carrying 100 to 120 boxes of apples to a load. Roads smooth and fruit comes in good condition—quick delivery every day in the year. Many farms have a row of big apple trees on the sides of the road. Land \$200 to \$350 per acre. Fine big homes and immense barns and three or four silos. Some pieces of these roads are brought up to a crown in the center like the stretch to Petoskey. Where there are no apple or fruit trees, there are big old elms. The country is very beautiful and rolling. It is a question which is the best place to stop—the Seneca at

Rochester or the Onondaga here. Both are fine. No frost here as yet and farmers are cutting corn with a machine. I see no reason why Charlevoix County should not in time become just as fine as this and this is considered the real garden of the United States for fruit and farming and the cities are rich, very rich in manufacturing. But they can't beat Charlevoix. All we want is the roads and then we'll make for 'em. Yours,  
GEORGE H. VAN PELT.

Often a woman's popularity is due to what she forgets to say.

Sometimes a man avoids a lot of worry by having a poor memory.

An engagement ring on the finger is worth two in the pawnshop.

All things come to those who get tired waiting and go after them.

His Satanic majesty smiles every time he encounters a stingy man.

It isn't a difficult matter for a man to love his neighbor as himself—that is, if she's young and pretty.

It is far better to lead a procession than to follow it—unless the leader rides in a black wagon with glass windows.

If a married man leaves plenty of change in his pockets when he goes to bed his wife may not have occasion to ask him for pin money.

## School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Eveline, South Arm and Evangeline schools visited last week.

The teachers of Evangeline township met the afternoon of Friday the 29th, at the Tainter school house.

The South Arm and Eveline teachers met at the office of the commissioner on Saturday, Sept. 30th.

Evangeline township can boast one school almost ready for state approval. One year ago the Wildwood school was without a woodshed or water supply, had no warm cloakrooms for the boys and girls, no globe, maps or available blackboards. The visit to the school on Friday last found these things not only provided but so well planned and so well arranged that the looks and serviceability of the building are increased 100 fold. Do you wonder what plans they adopted? Then visit this little school in the forest and have the pleasure of discovery.

The Tainter school has started the solution of the water supply problem which has been troubling them for some time. Of the Eveline and South Arm schools all but four have the approved registers and about half of the books are from the recommended list.

There are six schools in Eveline twp. Of these there are three Standard Schools, there are four that have installed ventilating systems, four have indoor chemical toilets, five have the walls tinted in approved colors, and five have drinking fountains. Five of the six schools are at least partly supplied with single adjustable seats placed so that the teacher may secure the best possible discipline with the least possible effort.

There are four rural schools in South Arm township. There is as yet no Standard School among them, one has the window and lighting arrangement and amount approved by the state superintendent, there are two ventilating systems, no indoor closets, none with the walls tinted, and no adjustable seats. One has the seats correctly placed for discipline and comfort.

Most of the schools were supplied with all appendages legally necessary, but in all cases a written report in detail was made to the director of the district.

The Ranney school has a splendid new cement approach.

The Rock Elm school looks fine from an outside view but you can not appreciate what they have done from the roadside. Walk in!

Sewing classes for the girls have been reported at Springvale, the German school and at Three Bells. What for the boys, we ask?

Junior Farmer's League organized at North Wilson.

The Advance school received its Standard Plate in June 1915. At the annual meeting in July 1916 they voted to build a new woodshed attached to the building at the rear and that it should be one of which they should not be ashamed. They have scored a victory in plan and in construction and they surely deserve the Honor Plate about which they inquire.

Eveline No. 3, installed Wolverine systems adjoining the cloakrooms which are opposite and facing the teacher's desk for direct supervision from the teacher. This district has not declared itself in line for any plate of any kind but they have seen the reason underlying state construction plans and have obtained a maximum of service from a minimum cost. The director has shown care and foresight in the selection of all school room supplies during his term of office.

Eveline No. 6, has been rather busy of late but the final outcome of their plans has not yet been decided.

Home Credit Work fairly booming everywhere! It's the one big thing for forming habits of thrift, of industry, and of joy in labor.

Columbus Day soon. Look up the law on patriotism.

First Standard School in Michigan was the Old Mission School in Grand Traverse County, which received its plate March 15, 1914. There were one year from that date 166 Standard Schools in Michigan. There are now 286 Standard Schools, 195 of which are in 15 counties. There are 5 Standard Schools in Charlevoix County.

In a short time after laying aside her wedding gown the average bride begins to wonder how she will look in black.



## The Strange Case of June Travis

June Travis had, from her infancy, received all the care and attention that inherited wealth and a boundless love could furnish. Her naturally able mind and decisive personality were nourished and trained to better develop in her the social instinct. And indeed the happiness of her lot made of her a bubbling well-spring of good will that inundated all with whom she came in contact.

No one, not even the incessantly watchful Mary, knew of the uncontrollable urge that sometimes dominated her and brought with it that hideous, irregular band on the back of her right hand. It was an urge that had come down to her through many generations and it meant no good, neither it nor the blotchy Red Circle that told of its presence.

The Red Circle was the mark of the notorious Borden—a family so separated from the Traveses that they knew not of each other even by reputation.

Still—there it was and it was the outward manifestation of an inward blight that made the girl a menace to society.

It affected her life strangely; how strangely you may know by reading ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE'S remarkable story—

## The Red Circle

written by him for this paper.

Read it. Every installment is thrilling and entertaining. You will also want to see the pictures to be shown at the movie theater.



# BUYS WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS TO PRESERVE IT TO THE NATION

Messmore Kendall Takes Possession of the Historic House at Dobbs Ferry, New York, Where Famous Military Parley Was Held After Battles of the Revolution. Ended—May Restore It and Give It to the Nation.

New York.—A few days ago a young American heard that Washington's headquarters at Dobbs Ferry would be sold within 24 hours to a brewer, who intended to turn this historic place into a roadhouse. The American had been fascinated, even as a boy in Michigan, with the old woodcut representation in Prescott's "History of the United States," showing the house in which General Washington, Sir Guy Carleton, then commander in chief of the British army, and Governor Clinton met on May 3, 1783, after the suspension of hostilities, to settle the terms for the disbanding of the two armies.

It was the only time these distinguished gentlemen ever met. The papers there signed obligated the British to give up all claim upon the allegiance and control of the country, gave freedom to a nation, and initiated a remarkable test of republican institutions. By some the house has been called "the birthplace of the United States." The young American, Messmore Kendall, of this city, when he heard that the historic place might be used for undesirable purposes, did not rest until he had bought the house and its 3 1/4 acres for \$60,000. He may give it to the state or nation, but not until he has spent \$25,000 to restore it, says the New York Times.

The inscription on a monument placed near the house on June 14, 1894, by the New York State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, relates that here on August 14, 1781, Washington planned the Yorktown campaign, which brought to a triumphant end the war for American independence. And that opposite this point, May 8, 1783, a British sloop of war fired 17 guns in honor of the American commander in chief, the first salute by Great Britain to the United States of America.

**Memorable Conference.**  
The memorable conference which was fraught with such significance and led to the evacuation of American soil by British troops lasted several days, and during that time the Dobbs Ferry house was carefully guarded by several companies of soldiers, while mounted messengers carried dispatches hourly to the Continental and British camps.

Mr. Kendall, who is a lawyer, spent last winter in France, and became surcharged with its patriotism. His stock is American from early days. At the first call for volunteers in the Revolutionary war, 363 Kendalls responded and did their bit. Messmore Kendall's great-great-grandfather, Dr. Joseph Goodhue by name, was at one time surgeon general of the Revolutionary army. His grandfather, Col. I. E. Messmore, organized the Fourteenth Wisconsin volunteer infantry regiment, fought all through the Civil war, became judge of the supreme court of Wisconsin, served as a member of congress for several years, and received a letter from General Hancock when that man believed he would be made president of the United States, offering Colonel Messmore, in that event, the post of secretary of the interior.

Messmore Kendall, who was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1872, has a record of his own. He herded cows in the West and, after being graduated from Columbia university, was secretary to United States Senator John L. Wilson, and later to Bellamy Storer, former minister to Austria-Hungary. As attorney for Jennie M. Leys, Mr. Kendall recovered a verdict against the New York Central railroad for \$100,000, said to be the largest verdict on record in a personal injury action. He organized the Braden Copper company, which is now part of the Kennecott Copper company, one of the largest corporations of its kind.

**Beats the Brewer to It.**  
He had, in a word, the patriotism and the means, and everything conspired to arouse within him a keen interest in the fate of the Washington headquarters at Dobbs Ferry. Mr. Kendall had long known the history of the place, and while motoring by the quaint, rambling house fronting the old post road, over which the stage coaches used to pass, he noticed that it seemed more neglected than ever, and that several signs on the trees indicated that the property was in the hands of real estate agents. Following a sudden inspiration and the advice of one of the signs, Mr. Kendall drove to the real estate office of James L. Taylor at Dobbs Ferry and announced that he felt like buying Washington's headquarters. Mr. Taylor informed him that a brewer had first claim on the property, being expected that afternoon, when papers were to be signed, and that what had been called the birthplace of the United States would soon be a prosperous roadhouse. Mr. Kendall did not sleep until he got it. Now he is going to put the house into the hands of artists and architects, who will make it look as it did in the days when cannon balls from the enemy's gunboats lodged in the cherry trees. (A few of these cannon balls are still to be seen around the place.) After the restoration Mr. Kendall will decide whether he will give the house to the state or nation. He has not yet made up his mind on

this point, for the house came into his possession in a moment of patriotic feeling, which was prompted to some extent by a visit last winter to France. There Mr. Kendall witnessed the splendid patriotism of the French people and remembered later that near the Dobbs Ferry house the French allies under Rochambeau had joined the American army on July 6, 1781. As an unadulterated American he is naturally proud of that episode in our history, and proud also of his ownership of the house that is associated with Rochambeau.

**Rich in Historic Places.**  
Westchester county is rich in historic places, yet, among them all, perhaps none is more justly noted than the property now known chiefly as the Livingston Manor house, though in truth it has no claim to that title. The land on which the house stands was purchased from the Indians in April, 1682, by Frederick Philipse, whose Manor house is now the city hall of Yonkers, and was held by his family, under royal charter from the English crown, until after the Revolution, when it was confiscated by the government on account of the Toryism of its owners. It was occupied during Revolutionary times by Thomas Hyatt, a tenant farmer, who had leased it and the surrounding tract of land from the lord of Philipsburg, and who prided himself on having the best location in that part of the country, the best house between Yonkers and Sleepy Hollow, but whose chief claim to future greatness seems to have been his ability to tell "big stories."

He had no political opinion, and cared little which party ruled, as long as crops were good. But the even tenor of his life was destined to interruption, both by Americans and by British. In 1776, after the battle of White Plains, came the redcoats, prior to their march on Fort Washington. Lord Howe here made his maps of Westchester roads, and here General Lee rested on his march to Morristown. And, in the following winter, a division of Washington's army encamped here, to command the passage of the river. The poor farmer was, indeed, besieged.

On August 1, 1780, the main body of the American army crossed the river and encamped at Dobbs Ferry, and the old house became the headquarters of the army's chief, and of his generals, Lafayette, Steuben, Knox, Greene and Hamilton. Washington's maneuver attained its object, that of drawing the enemy back to Rhode Island, and the main body of the American army recrossed to the New Jersey shore.

**Gunboats Open Fire.**  
On August 7, 1781, about two o'clock in the morning, the American army was startled by the firing of cannon at Dobbs Ferry. It appeared that two of the enemy's gunboats had come up as high as the ferry, probably to try to seize some vessels or boats. Finding that they were discovered, they fired four cannon, but to no effect. Four cannon were discharged at the boats from the battery, on which they went down the river.

Washington's diary informs us that on July 4, 1781, he "marched and took a position a little to the left of Dobbs Ferry, and marked a camp for the French army upon our left." On July 6 the French army formed "the junction with the American army on the ground marked out. The American army was encamped in two lines, with the right resting on the Hudson river near Dobbs Ferry. The French army, stationed on the hills at the left, was a single line reaching to the Bronx river. There was a valley of considerable extent between the two armies."

Washington's object in taking a position on the Hudson river near Dobbs Ferry was to be prepared to make an attack on New York, and also to induce the enemy to withdraw a large portion of his forces from the south. In this he was successful, and thus it was that he was enabled to defeat and compel the surrender of Cornwallis and end the war. An entry in Washington's orderly book dated July 6, 1781, and written at Dobbs Ferry, says that he "embraces the earliest opportunity of expressing his thanks to Count de Rochambeau for the unremitting zeal with which he has prosecuted his march in order to form the long-wished-for junction between the French and American armies—an event which must afford the highest degree of pleasure to every friend of the country, and from which the happiest consequences can be expected."

**Told by One of Heirs.**  
These and other tales of the old house were recounted a few nights ago by Miss Anna Gertrude Roberts, one of the heirs of the Hasbrouck estate, from which Mr. Kendall's purchase has been made. Peter Van Brugh Livingston was an American merchant, born in Albany, the son of Philip, second lord of Livingston Manor. This house was his country place. He enjoyed the friendship of Washington, and on more than one occasion was consulted by him. He was one of the founders of the College of New Jersey,

at Elizabethtown, N. J., which afterward became Princeton college. On April 22, 1774, he was one of a party who, disguised as Mohawks, like their Boston counterparts, threw overboard a cargo of tea brought by the Nancy into the harbor of New York. The place was sold by Van Brugh Livingston to Stephen Archer in 1836, and was his residence until his death in 1877. It was purchased by Dr. Joseph Hasbrouck in 1882.

Earthworks were established at several points within the village of Dobbs Ferry during the Revolutionary war. An embankment at the foot of Chestnut street was leveled only a few years ago. The outlines of a redoubt, in perfect condition, are still preserved in the angles formed by the junction of Broadway and Livingston avenue. The remains of a fort, a still more imposing earthwork, are carefully preserved on a knoll a few rods southeast of the redoubt.

The interior of the house has been changed but little, save that where once were heavy beams one now sees a modern ceiling. Also the old Dutch windows have been enlarged so that through them one may pass out onto the veranda, which extends across almost the whole side.

**Many Quaint Relics.**  
Within are many quaint old relics—the table built for Major Paulding of New York, at which Lafayette was entertained in 1824, and the chairs which were used at that banquet; a copper kettle given by a British officer to a negro slave; quaint old china and pewter dishes brought from Holland in the seventeenth century. Here, too, is an odd old footstove, such as our grandmothers carried with them to church, and, perhaps the most interesting of them all, and one which at least brings the war very strongly before us, is a Revolutionary cannon ball cut from an old cherry tree on the place.

Stephen Archer, who bought the house from Livingston, was a Quaker and abolitionist, and during the Civil war the place became a station on the "underground railway." Many a trembling slave was safely hidden within its friendly walls until pursuit was over and opportunity was afforded to seek the Canadian boundary. Dr. Joseph Hasbrouck, the last owner of the house, was a descendant of an old Huguenot family and former vice-president of the Holland society of New York. He died a few years ago.

## TO EXPLORE THE AMAZON



Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice, the former Mrs. George D. Widener of Philadelphia, will accompany her husband Dr. A. Hamilton Rice, into the upper reaches of the Amazon and the Orinoco. The former Mrs. George D. Widener was widowed by the Titanic disaster. She is one of society's most famous matrons and will give up the gaiety and luxury of Newport to be at her husband's side in the journey through a land swarming with poisonous insects and noted for many varieties of fevers.

## STOPPED ESCAPE FROM JAIL

Indiana Sheriff Finds Bars Bent So That Human Body Might Pass.

Sullivan, Ind.—An effort at a jail delivery was frustrated the other night by Sheriff Ed Kelley, who found the iron bars of one of the outside windows bent sufficiently to allow a man's body to pass. A sheet was pinned over the window to conceal the work. Doby Heath and Harry Ramsel, in jail awaiting trial on a charge of automobile theft, are suspected by the sheriff and have been locked in separate cells. The discovery was made soon after the supper hour. A bar used to bend the window bars had been removed from a cell door.

## HONORS FOR ECCLESIASTICS

Five Hundred and Sixty-Four Cited in Orders of Day for Gallant Conduct With French Army.

Paris.—French ecclesiastics who have been decorated and cited in the orders of the day of the army for gallant conduct on the field of battle now number 564. Eleven were shot by the Germans, three died from ill treatment during the invasion, 34 were taken as hostages to Germany and four of them have died in captivity.

The numbers of killed and wounded are not given out, but the number of citations indicates that they are considerable.



Like getting back home for Thanksgiving—they satisfy!

Thanksgiving with the old folks at home—it does satisfy! For your smoking, Chesterfields do the same thing—they satisfy!

But Chesterfields are MILD, too—that's the wonder of it.

Don't expect this new cigarette enjoyment (satisfy, yet mild) from any cigarette but Chesterfields, because no cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend—an entirely new combination of tobaccos and the biggest discovery in cigarette making in 20 years.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Give me a package of those cigarettes that SATISFY."

# Chesterfield

## CIGARETTES



20 for 10¢

It's easier to agree with the average man than it is to convince him.

Card playing can't be very wicked, as not one heart in the deck is black.

Many a man claims to be nervous, when as a matter of fact he is merely ill-tempered.

Vices are among the oldest things on record, yet history doesn't mention the loss of a single one.

## A BAD SUMMER FOR CHILDREN.

There has been an unusual amount of sickness among children everywhere this summer. Extra precautions should be taken to keep the bowels open and liver active. Foley Cathartic Tablets are a fine and wholesome physic; cause no pain, nausea or griping. Relieve indigestion, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach and bad breath.—Hite's Drug Store.

## 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.

## 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.

A man isn't necessarily a coward because he's afraid to do wrong.

They say money talks. Perhaps that is why a doctor examines a patient's tongue the first thing.

## FAIR YOUNG GARDENER



The grounds of the Rockefeller Institute in the crowded New York East side have been given over to the use of children for a farm. Mr. Rockefeller has donated a small amount to help buy seeds and fertilizer. All the farm work is done by the children themselves. More than fifty boys and girls are learning something of the joys of farming in crowded New York.

## 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.

## Dr. C. H. Pray

Dentist  
Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.  
And Evenings.  
Phone No. 223.

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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.

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WATCH FOR THE STORY OF  
**"The Girl and The Game"**  
 IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

## PERSHING SAVES VETERAN MULE

Animal Seeks Sanctuary in Officers' Row When Pursued by Skinner.

### END OF THRILLING CHASE

Ironical Brays and Picturesque Language Feature Exciting Incident—With American Punitive Expedition in Mexico.

Headquarters, American Punitive Expedition, Mexico.—The army motor truck train is a highly efficient unit of the American army and plays an important part in the life of this expedition. And the truck drivers, as picturesque a set of pirates as ever scuttled a can of gasoline, bring a new type into the service that is not without merit.

There is something heroic about driving the immense cars across the forbidding trails that try to jerk the wheels from the drivers' hands and send the motors slithering to destruction in some deep and rocky arroyo.

But it is doubtful if the motors and their drivers will ever achieve the fame of the army mule and his master, the army mule skinner. There is an intelligence behind mullah mischief that cannot be achieved by a disordered carburetor in the center of the desert. There is an element in the contest of mullah stubbornness and mule skinner's language that is not rivaled when a motor settles down in the deepest rut and refuses to budge.

Gabriel Takes to His Heels. This is the story of one of these contests:

Gabriel, a wise old mule that has become a veteran in the service, took advantage of his master's carelessness at the picket line. He slipped a

loose halter, edged toward the end of the line, and a moment later was galloping to freedom. A moment later, too, the mule skinner discovered Gabriel's flight and singled the atmosphere with conversation that would never pass the censor.

"Oh, you double-dyed offspring of perdition," he remarked when he grew calmer, "I sure will skin you alive for this."

Then he picked up a young log, about the size of a wagon tongue, and started in pursuit. Gabriel made a regular mule's chase of it. He waited until the mule skinner was within striking distance. Then, with a gay flip of his heels, he was off to a point a quarter of a mile distant. Here he paused long enough to bray ironically.

"May all the alfalfa you eat turn to barbed wire in your copper-riveted insides," swore the mule skinner, as he trudged through the alkali dust in pursuit. By this time the whole camp was watching. Brother mule skinner were offering sarcastic advice to Gabriel's master. Gabriel rolled lazily in the dust, wagged his ears, brayed some more and otherwise informed the world that he was having a splendid time.

The chase lasted two hours. Even Gabriel seemed to tire. As for the mule skinner, he was reduced to an exhausted human, sputtered on only by the desire to capture one slender-legged mule and splinter the club he still carried between the two long ears. Gabriel loafed along toward officers' row, with the mule skinner dog-trotting in pursuit.

Saved by Pershing. In front of General Pershing's tent waves the red flag with a white star that symbolizes the commander's quarters. Toward this flag Gabriel ambled. There, with a meek and innocent look in his eyes, Gabriel came to a dead stop and waited.

To the spot the mule skinner crept, taking a fresh hold with both hands on his club. He waved it a couple of times testily as he came.

"Now, you sin-spotted brute," he hissed. "Now, I'm going to beat your hard head into a pulp."

And then General Pershing stepped for a moment from his tent and sur-

veyed the scene. The mule skinner dropped his club. He approached Gabriel softly. He patted his neck tenderly.

"Why do you act like this, Gabriel?" he asked. "Why can't you be like the other nice mules?"

Then he led Gabriel away. Gabriel, the veteran, smiled a wise, mullah smile.

\$350 Consolation Bill Paid. Darlington, S. C.—Mayor Cox was astonished the other morning when he opened a special delivery letter which contained a brief note and \$350 in gold certificates. The note, which bore neither date nor signature and was penciled in a nervous hand, read: "Have discovered that, owing to a mistake made long ago, \$350 belongs to the town. Just use with ordinary taxes." The letter was mailed at the local post office.

"Steal" Wedding March. Spotswood, N. J.—Despite this town's voiced intention to prevent the ceremony every time it was attempted, George Donnelly, twenty-one, and Mrs. Elizabeth Bogard, thirty-three, after pretending to abandon their design, were married at midnight while the citizens slept.

OH, YOU JOSEPHUS! This is a free advertisement for "Life," issue of September 14:

If you want to find a reflection of your own inward opinion of the present amiable, inconsequential and bemuddling Secretary of the Navy, here 'tis; for "Life" dedicates an entire issue to our own officious, omniscient, ontological, oleaginous, oligarchical Sir Joe-sea-fuss!

Incompeten-Sea.  
 Inefficien-Sea.  
 Idiosyncra-Sea.  
 Inadequa-Sea.  
 Delinquen-Sea.  
 Impermanen-Sea.  
 Hypocri-Sea.

Also, with a mind to the juice that has made our State and Navy Departments famous, "Life" proposes this toast:

"Grape Nuts! Bryan and Daniels!"  
 Elc Jacet!

## TO THE MAN WHO WANTS A HOME

Why buy a lot for a home when you can buy an acre or two for less money just as conveniently located and grow your potatoes, vegetables, corn and have room for the chickens, thereby helping home to many comforts.

On easy terms. Apply to  
 W. F. EMPEY.

From a toper's point of view a soft drink is synonymous with hard luck.

OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with five cents 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 coughs, colds, and croup, Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

A woman can talk without thinking, but she seldom thinks without talking. Age brings us wisdom, teeth according to the price we can afford to pay a dentist.

The splinters in the banister of life are unnoticed until we begin to slide down.

FOR HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS.

Every sufferer should know that Foley's Honey and Tar is a reliable remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hay fever and asthma. It stops racking coughs; heals raw, inflamed membranes; loosens the phlegm and eases wheezy, difficult breathing.—Hite's Drug Store.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

# WEISMAN'S AUCTION SALE!

Commencing Monday, **OCT. 9TH** 2:00 p. m.

and Ending Saturday Night, Oct. 14th, at ten o'clock.

The Sale will be held in the **LaLonde Building** Just Two Doors North of **WEISMAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE**

The Large and Varied Stock of **MEN'S CLOTHING** and **OVERCOATS**, **BOYS' SUITS** and **OVERCOATS**, **LADIES' COATS** and **SUITS**, **CHILDREN'S COATS** and **DRESSES**, will be **OFFERED AT AUCTION AND SOLD AT THE BIDDER'S PRICE.**

**Positively No Goods Will Be Bid In By Us.**

## \$100 REWARD \$100

To Anyone Proving That This Sale Is Not Conducted On The Square.

**MEN'S SUITS**, the choicest in the land.

A chance to buy your Clothes for what you think they are worth.

**OVERCOATS**, Men's and Boys' in large quantities.

Make it your business to attend this sale.

**LADIES' COATS**, not this season's styles, but all of the best quality which will mean a big saving.

**BOYS' SUITS**, straight pants and all wool.

**CHILDRENS' COATS**, best quality.

Everything the best of its kind.

A great quantity of other Merchandise will be offered which we have not the space to tell about. **REMEMBER THE DATE.**

**PLAN TO BE THERE.**

Tuesday and Friday afternoons will be reserved for the Ladies. Ladies' Apparel will be displayed and sold at auction. Remember, Tuesday-Friday.

T. E. NILES, Auctioneer

**MOSES WEISMAN**, Sale Mgr.



**GLASSES FITTED**  
CONSULT  
**J. LEAHY**  
Optometrist  
*Expert on Eye Strain*

Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and all other symptoms of Eye Strain cured.

Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty. Difficult Cases Solicited.

Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.

Date: **TUESDAY, Oct. 17TH**  
will remain Two Days  
Office with Drs. Vardon & Parks

Money is useful as a servant, but tyrannical as a master.

**DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD**

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

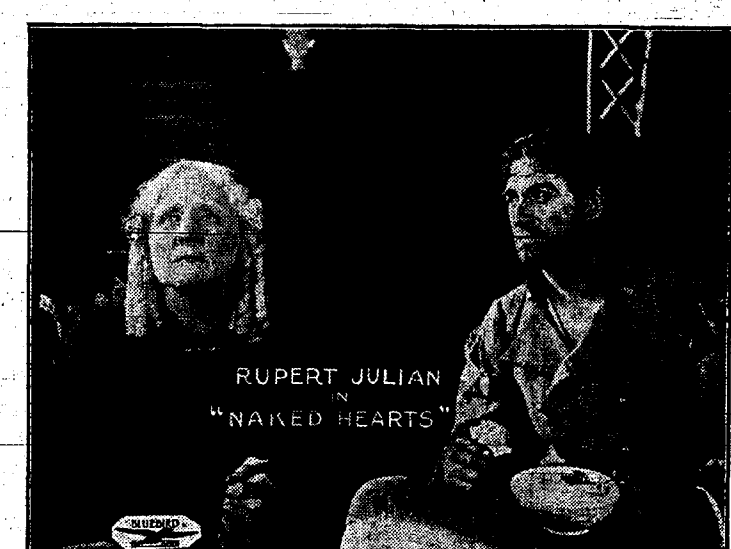
**RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT**

Relief Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Oil

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!



RUPERT JULIAN  
"NAKED HEARTS"

TEMPLE THEATRE NEXT MONDAY, Oct. 9th

**GUARD YOUR HEALTH**



**PURE MILK**

**FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK**  
McCOOL & MATHER  
EAST JORDAN

**FIERY WORDS.**

"Direct violations of a nation's sovereignty cannot await vindication in suits for damages—the nation which violates those essential rights must be checked and called to account by direct challenge and resistance."—From Woodrow Wilson's speech accepting the Democratic nomination for presidency.

**BUT—**  
The American flag is still unsaluted at Vera Cruz.

Villa is still uncaptured and unpunished.

Carranza still slaps the United States.

There still has been no accounting for American lives and property destroyed in Mexico.

The whole question of reparation for invasion of American rights by various warring nations is still sleeping in a pigeonhole.

**AND—**  
All the "direct challenge and resistance" noticeable to the average American is included in a series of notes said to possess high literary quality, if nothing else in particular.

**Wabbling Woodrow.**

Opportunism has claims that every statesman must respect. But never has there been an opportunist in the White House of greater willingness to change than the present incumbent. The country feared it had placed power in the hands of a doctrinaire schoolmaster incapable of bending. It finds that it has a man of remarkable plasticity of judgment, who one moment stands for states' rights and the next for nationalism, who one day is a pacifist, and the next is out-shouting Col. Roosevelt for arms and ships, who one week is for a barren neutrality and the next for war in behalf of general righteousness, who one night is for collective wage bargaining and arbitration of industrial disputes and the next is waving the flag of decreasing wages up or down as the votes of the larger number can be controlled.—New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser.

Gen. Pershing's army continues in fine fettle, "fit for a fight or a frolic." To its credit let it be said it went as far as politics permitted.

The Omaha Bee couples woeful waste with watchful waiting as a Democratic failing.

Botched down, the best that has been said of President Wilson's Mexican policy was that he had good intentions. We've often heard of a road paved with this kind of material.

The President is deceived if he believes that the history he has written is not more praiseworthy than that which he has made.

President Wilson signed the Philippine bill as moving picture cameras clicked. There is one man who is not afraid to have his mistakes recorded!

**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD**  
G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
**ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR**

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

**DECLINED TO PERMIT A SQUADRON TO DEFEND AMERICANS.**

At Tampico there was a general movement of attack by the Mexicans on Americans and other foreigners. We had a squadron of American warships in the neighborhood. The Wilson Administration declined to permit this squadron to be used to defend the lives of American men and the honor of American women, and the commanders of the German and English ships at Tampico had to step in and perform the task our representative had so basely abandoned. At the very time that the Mexican mob had surrounded the building in which the Americans had taken refuge, and was howling for their blood, the American fleet, in spite of the protests of the American naval commander, and in accordance with wireless orders from Washington, was forced to steam out of the harbor and leave the Americans to be massacred by the Mexicans, or rescued by the Germans and English.—From the speech of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, delivered at Lewiston, Maine, in behalf of Charles E. Hughes.

**Political Jottings**

If plans "to get Villa" are abandoned. Villa should reciprocate and refrain from organizing expeditions "to get" American citizens.

The fact that Mr. Wilson could endorse this Pork Congress shows that he isn't seasick, anyway.

Mr. Pinchot also seems of the opinion that God Hates a Quitter.

The man who quotes the Baltimore platform is regarded as a political archeologist.

"He kept the country out of war," but he robbed it of its peace.

Up in Maine they are now rhyming Hughes with Moose. And there is reason as well as rhyme connecting the two words.

"Victory," Mr. Fairbanks told Oklahoma Republicans, "surely will perch on our banner." But Champ Clark tied it up in a neater and more compact bundle when he said: "They licked hell out of us."

Members of President Wilson's cabinet are ready to do anything to reelect their chief, except resign.

Writes a former Princeton man: "At first we called him 'W. W.'; then we made it 'I. W. W.'"

That one term plank in the Democratic platform of 1912—it is more than likely to hold, after all.

When President Wilson called upon the Mexican commissioners at New London he revived old precedents, but did he wave the Stars and Stripes?

A man in Washington has made a bust of the President, thus anticipating Mr. Hughes by several weeks.

**URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS**

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you—Drink more water.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; 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 sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

**Church of God**  
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 8, 1916.  
10:00 a. m. Sunday School.  
11:00 a. m. Divine Worship and Sermon.  
2:30 p. m. Services at Three Bell School House.  
7:30 p. m. Divine Worship and Sermon.  
Wednesday evening at 7:30 prayer meeting.  
Friday evening cottage meeting.

**Presbyterian Church Notes**  
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, October 8, 1916.  
10:30 a. m.—"Restored Harmony."  
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.  
6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.  
6:15 p. m. Junior Endeavor.  
7:00 p. m.—"Presumption."  
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

**St. Joseph's Church**  
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 8.  
8:00 a. m. Mass. Holy Communion for the Holy Name Societies.  
10:30 a. m. Mass.  
7:00 p. m. Holy Name Meeting, Sermon, Benediction.

But it is hard to make a good tool of a sharp man.

**SINFUL MUTILATION OF FAMOUS SPEECH**

We notice that the editor of the Democratic campaign book, made up of samples of "Woodrow Wilson's Wit and Wisdom," has tampered with one specimen speech by omitting the phrase "too proud to fight."

This smacks of lese majeste, to say the least.

The only possible excuse for this sin of omission that we can think of is that there may also be times when a naughty handbook compiler is too proud to print.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE**

**The Correct Thing for Fall Skirts and Dresses IS SILK either Taffeta, Foulard or Messaline.**

We have an assortment of these at a very little advance over the former prices.

One Silk we want to mention especially, that is the GROS-DE-LONGRE (go-to-the-laundry). It washes perfectly and is a practical silk as well as very dressy.

We will be very glad to show you these silks and are sure we will have something in colors, quality and price to suit you.

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**



*Dorothy Dodd*

**SHOES**

Are made to FIT any kind of foot. We have them in many styles from the World's Greatest Factory.

If you don't see what you want, ask for it. If we haven't it in stock we will get it for you.

We are determined to give you the BEST Shoe Service you will find here, or in any other town or city.

**OUR REPAIR DEPT** is increasing on account of our quick service and Simplex machinery.

IF FROM MISSOURI, LET US SHOW YOU!

**Chas. A. Hudson** PIONEER SHOE MAN



**Latter Day Saints Church**  
Elder Manley D. Winters, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 8.  
9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.  
11:00 a. m.—Prayer meeting.  
7:30 p. m.—Preaching.  
Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting.  
Friday, 7:30 p. m.—Religio.

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.

Lazy men are dead to the world, but they remain unburied.

**HE WAS WORRIED AND HOPELESS**

"For ten years I was bothered with kidney trouble," writes T. F. Hutchison, Little Rock, Ark. I was worried and had almost given up all hope. I used five boxes of Foley Kidney Pills and am now a well man." Foley Kidney Pills drive out aches, pains, rheumatism and all kidney trouble symptoms.—Hite's Drug Store.

## Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kamradt, a daughter, Oct. 2nd.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Monroe a daughter, Oct. 2nd.

Regular meeting of the Pythian Sisters next Monday evening at 7:30.

Special vaudeville attraction at Temple Theatre, next Monday, Oct. 9th. See adv.

Att'y and Mrs. E. N. Clink drove to Elk Rapids, Wednesday, returning home Thursday.

The M. E. Stewards will hold a bake sale at the East Jordan Drug Store this Saturday Oct. 7th.

The Commercial Hotel was re-opened Thursday under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Calkins.

Att'y and Mrs. D. L. Wilson moved this week into the Stanford residence recently vacated by Supt. Holliday.

The Presbyterian Ladies Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. L. P. Holliday, next Friday Oct. 13th.

Neil Flannery and Miss Lelia Hoff, two well-known young people of this city were united in marriage at Charlevoix, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman are receiving a visit from the former's mother, Mrs. N. L. Crossman and also his niece of Grand Rapids.

The stores of Weisman, Rosenthal and Dantó will be closed from 6:00 o'clock this Friday evening to 6:00 p. m., Saturday, to observe Jewish holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Stone and the latter's daughter, Miss Blanche Stokes left Monday for a two week's visit with relatives at DeKalb Junction, N. Y.

LOST—From auto—about ten feet of rubber tubing with gauge in center, also a coil of spark plug wire. Suitable reward for return to W. R. Barnett.

Mrs. W. S. Ritter of Deward was in the city on business this week. Mr. Ritter and family expect to move here and occupy Mrs. Walsh's tenant residence.

Billie Kenny is now located at the East Jordan Drug Co. store with his photographer's equipment and is prepared to do developing of films and printing.

Att'y and Mrs. D. H. Fitch were at Boyne City, Wednesday and attended the wedding of the former's niece, Miss Blanche Tooley to Clarence Wood of Charlevoix.

The second annual Plowing Match under auspices of South Arm Grange will be held at the Ira Olney farm next Friday, Oct. 13th. In addition to the plowing events there will be base ball and other contests, dinner and supper, ending the day with a dance in the evening. Everybody invited.

The Michigan State Board of Health Free Clinics, heretofore announced in these columns, will be held in Charlevoix County this coming week. The days for East Jordan will be next Tuesday and Wednesday—Oct. 10 and 11th from 8:30 a. m. to 5:00 p. m., at the Armory.

A report from Camp Ferris indicate that our boys of Company "1" have finally received orders to entrain for the Mexican border and will probably leave this Friday. The wait has been long and irksome and the news that the 33rd was at last to go south was received with joy at the Camp.

The retail price on milk was advanced one cent per quart in our city the first of October. This was necessitated by the increase in price of butter fat. East Jordan always has a lower price for its milk than any of our surrounding cities owing to our excellent grazing lands, and the increased price is still lower than elsewhere.

George Zoulek, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Zoulek of Jordan township and Miss Hazel Klump of Omena, Mich., were united in marriage at St. Joseph's Rectory Saturday morning, Sept. 30th. They were attended by Joseph Stanek and Miss Rose Zoulek. They will make their home on his farm four miles north of town.

The priest's new residence of St. Joseph's parish is completed and nearly ready for occupancy. The members of the parish are justly proud of the work and sincerely thank the citizens of East Jordan for their interest and assistance in bringing the work to completion. On Monday evening at eight o'clock the residence will be opened for the inspection of the general public and the members cordially invite all to come.

Alfred Bergman returned to Detroit, Saturday.

Frank Green is now assisting at Burdick's store.

Miss Mable Parish of Petoskey was in the city, Tuesday.

Mrs. Will Hawkins was a Traverse City visitor, Wednesday.

Victor Cross returned home from East Lansing, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hill leave this Saturday by auto for Detroit.

Mrs. O. Scott is guest of Mrs. E. Flagg for a few days this week.

Mrs. Thos. Flynn of Deward is guest of Mrs. Eliza Flynn of this city.

Felix Green left last week on the Steamer Neff for Buffalo, N. Y.

Supt. F. A. Kenyon was down from Mackinac Island first of the week.

The Electa Club met at the home of Mrs. J. H. Milford, Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. John O'Connor of Boyne Falls is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Milford.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Coats of Charlevoix visited at the home of Mrs. Felix Green Monday.

Mrs. Walterhouse, who has been visiting at Millington returned home Saturday.

John Green and family are moving this week into the M. Muma residence on Main-St.

Mrs. F. Edwards of Reed City is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Secord.

Mrs. Ella E. Tillotson of Charlevoix was here Monday in the interest of the L. O. T. M. M.

Miss Mable Churchhill returned to Kalamazoo, Saturday, after a two weeks visit with friends here.

Carl Heinzelman returned to Midland Thursday, after spending a couple of days here with his family.

A number of our citizens attended the Home Coming at Central Lake, Wednesday and Thursday.

Hanson and Drew at Temple Theatre next Monday night. If you want to laugh, here's your chance.

Mrs. Jos. Cummins and Mrs. Henry Winters are spending the week at Camp Ferris with their husbands.

Charles-Kitsman left last Saturday for his home at Corboda, Alaska, after a visit at the home of his brother, Gus.

Mrs. M. J. Lisk, who has been guest at the home of her son, Arthur, returned to her home at Pontiac, Wednesday.

Mrs. Jos. Eastbrook, who has been guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Flannery, returned to Allegan, Monday.

Miss Nell Hill has resigned her position at the E. J. Lumber Co's office and left Wednesday for her home at Elk Rapids.

Mrs. C. Rominger of Los Angeles, Cal., a former resident of this city is here on business and renewing old acquaintances.

Judson Houghton and wife, Archie Kowalske and family and Mrs. Louis Kowalske motored to Traverse City the first of the week.

A. W. Clark, manager of the telephone office is taking a two week's vacation. He left Thursday for Detroit and other points.

Miss Lelia Seymour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Seymour of Flint, who is staying at the home of her aunt, Mrs. James Shay is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

To The Presbyterian Ladies Aid.—Shall we take advantage of the McCall offer again this fall? The discount is the same on renewals as it was a year ago on new subscriptions.—Pres. P. L. A. S.

Mrs. Geo. Bell, Mrs. Frank Brotherton and daughter, Gwendolyn, Mrs. Harold Boyd and son, Joe, all of East Jordan, are guests Thursday of the Elk Rapids ladies, who were their house-party guests sometime in July. They are being entertained in a pleasantly unique way by the Elk Rapids ladies.

A luncheon was enjoyed this noon at the Towne residence; dinner will be served this evening at the Yerkes home, breakfast Friday at Elk Terrace,—the Duckles home,—and luncheon Friday noon at the Carver residence. The gentlemen are participants in these events, and they will be a new feature—but a happy one—at these social functions for lady visitors.—Elk Rapids Progress—Sept. 28th.

Catholic Ladies' Bazaar Oct. 24-25th. Irvin Hilliard left Saturday last for Detroit.

Mrs. Wm. Sweet left last Saturday for Flint.

A. S. Hammond left Thursday for Muskegon.

Mrs. Will Stroebel is assisting at the State Bank again.

Miss Belle Roy was a Charlevoix visitor, Wednesday.

For VIOLIN LESSONS, call M. S. Berger, Phone No. 7.

Miss Mildred Miles returned home from Bay View, Monday.

H. H. Cummings returned home from Detroit, Wednesday.

Ira Hilton of Boyne City was in the city on business first of the week.

Mrs. Wm. Robinson and children visited friends at Bellaire last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman returned home from Detroit last Friday.

Catholic Ladies bake sale on Saturday afternoon in John Lalonde's building.

Misses Harriett Malpass and Bessie Johnson were Traverse City visitors, Wednesday.

Earl Isaman returned to his home at Lansing, Saturday, after a visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Walstad will spend the latter part of this week with friends at Suttons Bay.

Mrs. James Thompson underwent an operation at the Lockwood hospital at Petoskey this week.

M. A. Lemieux returned to Flint last Friday, after spending a few weeks with his family here.

Mrs. D. L. Wilson returned home Sunday from a week's visit with her sister at Boyne City.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bennett now occupy their residence on Main-St., recently vacated by Mrs. Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Holland of Advance visited at the home of the latter's mother, Mrs. Geo. Smith over Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Miller returned to her home at Muskegon, Tuesday, after a visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Leon Grant.

Mrs. Bert Seymour arrived here from Flint, Wednesday, being called here by the serious illness of her daughter, Lelia.

Mrs. R. E. Webster with children and her mother, Mrs. E. A. Fay left Wednesday for a week's visit with relatives at Traverse City.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hamilton and Mrs. W. S. Carr and daughter, Eunice, spent Sunday at Boyne City guests at the K. Bader home.

Mr. and Mrs. Halcy Bala with children of Gaylord visited at the homes of the former's sister, Mrs. Fred Longton and mother, Mrs. Susan Bala, over Sunday.

FOR SALE—Mendelssohn piano, Mahogany case. Good condition, \$200. Small payment down and balance in monthly payments. Less for cash down. Inquire of Mrs. Geo. Jardine, East Jordan or write, Miss Florence Barrett, Redstone, Mont.

Vices are among the oldest things on record, yet history doesn't mention the loss of a single one.

Do you believe in the transmission of abstract qualities through generations—the criminal instinct, for instance? If you do "The Red Circle" will interest you. If you don't "The Red Circle" will interest you. It's because "The Red Circle" is a great tale written by a great author—Albert Fayson Terhune.

You'll want to read every installment then see the pictures in the movies

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# The Red Circle

by Albert Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC.  
NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

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## FIRST INSTALLMENT NEVERMORE!

"If you feel a craving to call me names," Max Lamar used to say, "call me a horse-thief or a mental error or even a dove of peace. But, unless you want to start trouble, don't call me a detective. I'm not a detective. I am a crime specialist."

He had served for years on the city's crack central office detective squad. Then, while he was still under thirty, he had laid down enough money and laid up enough reputation to leave the force and go into business for himself.

In his office sat Lamar, one spring morning, trying to coax a sulky cigar into good behavior and, between puffs, dictating a letter to Edith Hayes, his stenographer.

A clerk hurried in from the ante-room, laid a special delivery letter on his chief's desk and vanished again into his own domain. At sight of the envelope's handwriting—some of the unusual laziness left Lamar's face and manner. At a glance down the single official sheet of paper as he ripped it from the envelope, the very last trace of indolence was gone.

"Miss Hayes," he said, "the ball game to day will lack its most ardent fan. And never mind finishing that letter. I'll have to get out of here in—looking at his watch—"in just twenty minutes. I've got to go to prison."

"Mr. Lamar!" stammered the girl, still too new in her employer's service to know when he was in earnest.

"It's true," he answered. "Listen to this."

He picked up the note and read aloud:

"Mr. Max Lamar, Crime Specialist,

"My dear Max: 'Circle' Jim Borden goes free again at noon today. Since you entered private practice I have no one familiar with the methods of this master crook. Please keep an eye on him. RANDOLPH ALLEN,

"Chief of Police."

"I—I don't understand," said the stenographer. "If you're in business for yourself, why should the chief of police be giving you orders?"

"He isn't. He's giving me a chance. A chance he knows I'd be willing to pay for with a couple of my eye teeth."

"But I want to help you!" she urged, undaunted. "I want you to make a man of yourself. It is not too late. If not for your own sake, then for your wife's—"

A spasm of pain twisted the heavy features. But at once he regained control of himself.

"My wife," he said, shortly, "is dead."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! so sorry!" said June in quick sympathy. "But—but surely you have someone—some daughter or son—for whose sake you can live honestly. Some son, perhaps, for whom you can set a splendid example of manhood—of—"

"Circle" Jim shook away her gentle hand, in a violent shudder. Then he bolted from the room, pushing past the keeper who, after an inquiring glance at the warden, let him go.

"You see how it is, Miss Travis," began the warden.

But June was not there. She had sped after the retreating convict, Mrs. Travis, worried at her daughter's impetuous pursuit of such a hopeless case, bade the warden good-by and followed.

Meantime, as a guard threw open the gate leading from the prison to the street outside, June caught up with Borden.

"I hurt your feelings, I'm afraid," she accented him timidly, as he paused a moment, irresolute, on the pavement. "But I didn't mean to. Honestly, I didn't. And I'm sorry. Please forgive me, Mr. Borden. I know how bitterly you must feel toward everyone. But I do want you to let me do something for you. If it angers you to have me talk to you, won't you at least take this, to help you along until you can find steady work?"

As she spoke, she drew from her wristbag a little roll of bills; and thrust, them into the convict's calloused left hand.

The well-meant act scourged Borden, from contemptuous apathy, into flaming rage. His gnarled fist gripped tight on the money, crushing it to a wad. Then he flung it to the pavement and turned sharply away.

Again the girl sought to detain him. At her touch he whirled savagely upon her; his lips drawn back from his yellowed teeth; his left fist clenched and half-raised, as if to strike.

"This was too much for the chivalrous gate guard. He flung himself upon Borden, catching the upraised arm and thrusting him back from the frightened girl. The thrust sent "Cir-

cle" Jim caroming against a clean-cut young man who had just rounded the corner toward the gate.

"Seuse me, Mr. Lamar," began the guard. "He—"

Jim had recovered his balance and, disregarding the others, strode toward June; muttering angry incoherences. Lamar, in one double gesture, slipped his own athletic body between the two and drew a revolver from his hip pocket.

He leveled the weapon at Borden who instinctively threw up his hands. As he did so, the guard pinioned him from behind.

"Here," said Lamar, briskly, as he pocketed the revolver and pulled out a pair of shining little handcuffs. "Help me put these on him."

"Not! Not!" begged June. "It was my fault. Please let him go. Please do!"

Lamar shrugged his shoulders.

"Turn him loose," he ordered the guard.

And "Circle" Jim scuttled off, down the street, like a bullet-grazed wolf.

Lamar turned to June, raising his soft hat.

"I hope he didn't frighten you," he said. "Really, you shouldn't have interceded for him, just now. If you had let us arrest him—"

"I'm glad I didn't," she made answer. "And thank you for coming to my aid, Mr. Lamar. 'Oh, here is my mother. I want you to meet her.'"

As Lamar helped the two ladies into their car, a few minutes later, he had the joy of hearing June say:

"Won't you come and see us—and tell us more about your work?"

Sputtering some half-coherent reply, the usually cool-headed man stood staring in foolish happiness after the car.

With a start he came to himself. He had hastened to the prison to see "Circle" Jim Borden released, and to follow him. And—all because of one girl—he had quite forgotten Jim's

very existence, and had let him get clean away.

Ted Borden was out of a job. This was no novelty to him. Though he was barely twenty-two, this was the eighth position he had managed to lose. There were but three things on earth in which the lad felt even a languid interest. These were cigarettes, ten-cent whisky and loafing.

This morning he had come to the factory two hours late. A little after noon he had secretly lighted a cigarette in the varnish room. The superintendent had caught him at it, in time to avert a blaze, and had forthwith discharged him.

With half a week's pay in his pocket, Ted had repaired to the Golden Star saloon, the headquarters of his select crowd of friends.

At the end of an hour Ted had slouched out of the place, penniless; considerably more than half-drunk.

Ted had had a vague idea of going to the ball game. Now that that was out of the question, he presently decided to loaf around to the square in front of the Chronicle office and watch the score.

Ted knew his father was a crook. And he had always resented Jim's efforts to keep him straight, deemed those pitiful attempts the acme of hypocrisy.

Ted had reached the Square. He paused in the outer fringe of the throng that watched the baseball bulletins. His gaze fell on the portly meridian of the man standing next to him.

The man was staring ecstatically upward at the score board. His coat was open. From the pocket of his jutting waistcoat hung a jeweled watchfob.

Ted's mouth grew dry and his dull eyes brightened. Hot temptation gripped and shook him.

So intent did his every faculty all at once become that he did not hear a man come up behind him, halt abruptly and murmur his name.

Out crept Ted's hand, nearer and nearer to the coveted watch. Now his fingertips had closed lovingly on the fob. Then, at the same time, two things happened—

The watch's owner felt the touch of the clumsy fingers, glanced downward; made a grab at the nicotine-stained digits and shouted "Thief!"

On the same instant "Circle" Jim Borden (who had caught sight of his son

as he passed the crowd's outskirts, and who had come up behind him) groaned aloud in mortal anguish, seized Ted by the nape of the neck and forcibly hauled him away.

The watch's owner bawled "Stop Thief," and gave chase. The cry was taken up, as others in the crowd saw "Circle" Jim dart nimbly into a by-street, still propelling the half-stupefied youth ahead of him.

As father and son rounded the corner, Max Lamar was crossing the lower end of the Square. He heard the cries; saw the chase begin, and had a fleeting glimpse of Borden just before he and Ted disappeared.

The man for whom Max had vainly been searching all afternoon! Lamar whipped out a police whistle, blew a shrill blast, then ran at full speed down the street around whose corner Borden and Ted had vanished.

With Lamar, a brace of policemen and a score of volunteer man-hunters in hot pursuit, Borden continued his flight.

Down one street, across another he raced; the pursuit ever within sound and once or twice within sight into the mouth of an alleyway he plunged and on till he reached a spot where a poster-decked fence adjoined the corner of a building.

There was a foot or so of space between building and fence.

He shoved the panting Ted through this opening; followed; pushed the loosened board back in place and stood an instant to get his breath.

He and his son were in a disused lumberyard. His hasty glance met no human being. But that was because his glance was so extremely hasty and because his prison-weakened eyes were no longer so keen as of yore.

For he and Ted were not the yard's only human occupants. The Pirate King shared their hiding place.

The Pirate King, in private life, was Ignatius Aloysius McQuaid; intimately known as "Spudsy." He was four

feet eight inches tall, and he was the only son and heir of the garbage-collector who lived two doors down the alley.

Spudsy had long ago discovered the unused old lumberyard, and had converted it into a pirate ship, with a pile of corner boards as quarter-deck.

This afternoon, as he paced his quarter-deck, growing everlastingly to his imaginary crew, Spudsy was suddenly aware of the two men who burst into the yard.

He saw the elder of the two men—a gray-haired, ghastly-faced old fellow—release the younger man whom he had been grasping by the collar. He saw the old fellow drop on his knees and dig in the timber debris like a dog that is digging for woodchucks.

He saw him push his hand downward into the mass of shavings and shingles—and grope for something.

Then he saw him lift a trapdoor, to whose top a coating of chips and scantling ends still adhered.

The man lifted the trapdoor part way, shoved the younger man in through the opening; crawled through it after him, and lowered the trapdoor above them so carefully that the scraps of wood were not disturbed.

Spudsy stared, goggle-eyed. Here was the most delightful mystery of the centuries. The woodyard was not only a pirate ship. It was a treasure cave as well. Cautiously he climbed down from the quarter-deck and made for the spot where the trapdoor had been raised and lowered. He bent over the trap, brushing away the concealing wood. Then he saw a shadow fall across the debris and he looked up. Over him stood a man—tall, well dressed; his arm mouth just now smiling friendly down upon the cowering child.

"Digging for gold, Johnny?" he asked pleasantly; and at sound of the kind voice Spudsy's fright vanished.

"No, sir," answered the boy. "I'm just lookin' for the place where them two guys ran into the ground."

"Into the what?" demanded Lamar, in quick interest.

"Into the ground," responded Spudsy. "They beat it into here through that place in the fence an' one of 'em—an old geezer with gray hair—he digs here a minute an' then he ups with a trapdoor an' down they scoots."

Max Lamar was on his knees, frantically pushing the chips and shingles to left and right.

"He boosts up the trap with his

right hand," continued Spudsy, delighted with the interest his words evoked. "An' on the back of his hand they was a big red ring, like it was painted there."

"The Red Circle!" muttered Lamar; and just then he found the ring of the trapdoor.

"Then he paused, as if in thought. Presently he took out one of his cards and scribbled on it: 'Need Aid. Follow Boy.'"

"Take this card to the first policeman you can find," he said. "Lead him here, and then go somewhere and have an ice cream cone debauch. Hurry now! Chase!"

As Spudsy scampered off on his mission Max Lamar drew his revolver and stepped down through the trapdoor into the passage beyond.

Along that same passageway, not five minutes earlier, "Circle" Jim Borden had propelled his drunken son. Through what seemed to Ted a mile of underground wanderings, they sped. At last, Jim had pushed upward. Another trapdoor had yielded to the push, and the father and son had crawled out of the passage into a poorly furnished and ill-lighted room.

A bedroom adjoined this first dusty apartment. These rooms had for years been Jim Borden's unsuspected hiding place.

Jim partly led, partly carried him into the adjoining bedroom and threw him heavily upon the cot, which, with one chair, formed the room's sole furnishing. Ted took scant note of his surroundings and was soon in a drunken sleep.

Jim, spent with his run, collapsed upon the rickety chair beside the cot, and looked down in gloomy disgust upon his snoring son.

"The last of the Borden!" he mused. "We two. My son and I. I hoped—I was fool enough to hope—back there in that hell of a living tomb—that Ted might redeem us. That he might prove to be the salvation of our name. And now—a thief. The cheapest, meanest, lowest type of thief! There's no hope. The sooner the Borden's go, the sooner a menace to society will be done away with. We must go, he and I."

With fingers that did not tremble, he turned on the solitary gas jet; then, with one last look at the sleeping boy, he left the room, closing the door behind him.

"He will never know!" muttered Borden, as he came out into the other room. "He will die in his sleep. Gas is mercifully painless. And now it's my own turn. My own—turn. A quicker death and less easy to bear than—"

He checked himself; the big shoulders tensing; head thrust forward, eyes aghast. For, almost under his feet, he heard a muffled sound of someone stumbling in the dark.

Borden understood. His secret hiding place had been discovered.

Noiselessly, he slipped to the trap door, and stood crouching and alert just behind its hinge. A second later, the trap began to rise. Inch by inch it was lifted from below.

A pistol muzzle protruded from the narrow opening; then a hand, an arm, and a human head.

One lightning look revealed to the crouching Borden the face of Max Lamar. In the same instant, "Circle" Jim launched himself upon his foe. He seized Max by the wrist and, with one mighty tug, dragged him up into the room, slamming the trap shut behind him.

"Hands up!" snarled Borden. "Up! Up!—So!"

He stood for a moment glaring in cold triumph at his helpless enemy.

Then he spoke, slowly, hungrily, from between hard-clenched teeth.

"Sit down!" he said.

"Max Lamar," he said in the same slow, deep voice that robbed his words of any melodrama taint, "You've sent me to prison three times. Now, I've got you."

Lamar's eye roved from the black pistol muzzle to the scarred hand that held it so menacingly.

"I see you still have the Red Circle, Jim," he said, as if to make conversation.

He was playing for time.

"Red Circle," repeated Borden, dully. "Yes. The Red Circle. It is still there, on my hand. Always there. And it has always marked one member in every generation of my family. And the person it marked has always been a criminal."

"Here it ends," said Borden again; "I am going to wipe out the curse by wiping out my family. My son is in that bedroom—dying. I shall go next. With this gun I am going to shoot myself, after I have squared an old score by killing you."

Borden, as he spoke, raised the revolver a few inches, and his finger tightened on the trigger. Lamar, gathering all his strength, lunged suddenly forward, clutching Jim's wrist and twisting it to one side. The bullet went wild. In another instant, the table was overturned, and the two men locked in furious embrace.

Presently, in the deathlock, Lamar's fingers found the catch that held the pistol's cylinder in place. One sharp pressure and he had "broken" the revolver, sending the remaining cartridges pattering harmless to the floor.

Jim released his hold on the useless weapon and snatched with both hands for Lamar's throat. But before the grip could be gained or guarded, he recoiled a step; his eyes glassy and staring; his wild gaze fixed on something behind Max.

Up through the trapdoor two policemen were climbing—summoned by Spudsy as they had stood chatting together on a street corner.

With a roar of fury, Borden snatched up the overturned table and hurled it with all his force at the charging policemen.

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"He boosts up the trap with his

Lamar did not join in the triple

fight. His keen nostrils had caught the smell of escaping gas. He remembered all at once what Borden had said: "My son is in that bedroom—dying!" And he ran to the bedroom door, opened it and entered.

The two policemen, stalwart as they were, found "Circle" Jim unexpectedly hard to subdue. The old man was fighting like a beast at bay. Nor was he fighting to escape. For he made no move to tear himself free from his opponents.

Instead, he seemed to be trying to get hold of the pistol that one of the two policemen still held.

Like Samson of old, he put forth his power of muscle. And, before his captors could so much as guess his intent, he had twisted the policemen's

hand toward him, so that the pistol muzzle pressed against his own body just above the heart.

The same wrench enabled Jim to force aside the policeman's trigger finger. His own forefinger slipped inside the trigger guard.

One pressure of the finger and the shot was fired.

The policemen relaxed their hold, as Jim Borden spasmodically leaped in air and staggered backward, a .44 bullet through his heart.

The big body hurtled to the floor and lay there.

"Circle" Jim Borden, cornered, had killed himself.

The officers were roused from the momentary reaction following their death battle by the appearance of Lamar, who reeled out of the bedroom, a gush of pungent gas-reek enveloping him.

In his arms, Max bore a lifeless body. The body of Ted Borden.

Entering the bedroom, Lamar had been well-nigh overcome by the fumes of gas that had by this time turned the tiny place into a veritable asphyxiation chamber.

He had caught up the one rickety chair and, stifling and dizzy, had smashed open the window with it. After leaning out for a moment, to get back his breath and to steady the whirling of his brain, he had crossed to the bed, seized Ted's limp body and had borne it out to the purer air of the next room.

There he said the boy beside his father and, kneeling, felt his pulse and listened at the narrow chest for sound of heartbeats.

Presently he rose, a new solemnity in his alert eyes. Turning to the two panting officers, he said, very quietly:

"Our work here is done. They are both dead. It is—it is the end of the Red Circle!"

The double inquest was over. The last report was made. Max Lamar's work of "keeping an eye" on Jim Borden was finished for all time.

From police headquarters he set out toward his own office. The horror of the Red Circle tragedy was still heavy upon him. His own part in it and his narrow escape from death had left a mark on his usually steady nerve.

He was tired of gruesome mysteries. He wanted something to take his mind off the events of the past two days.

June Travis had asked him to call. He intended to take her at her word. Just then a limousine that had been drawn up beside the curb, just in front of him, started off. Carelessly, Lamar glanced at it. He could not see the occupants. He had no special desire to see them.

But he was attracted by the sight of a woman's hand—white, shapely, dainty—that lay carelessly on the sash of the car's open window.

At first, it was its beauty that drew Max's notice. But, just at the instant the limousine whizzed away, he had a closer look. And a startled cry broke from him.

For, vividly clear upon the snowy surface of the hand-back, glared the Red Circle!

Lamar barely had time, as the car vanished in a swirl of traffic, to catch sight of its number. With stinging fingers he jotted down in his notebook:

"Cal: 126694. The Red Circle!—he babbled dazedly, 'The Red Circle—again!'"

(END OF FIRST INSTALLMENT.)



He Pushed the Panting Ted Through This Opening.



"I Hurt Your Feelings, I'm Afraid!"



"On the Back of His Hand They Was a Big Red Ring!"



# The Red Circle

by Albert Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

## SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his quoted name from an angry red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is about to be released from prison after serving his third term. It is a matter of history that one member of every generation of the Borden family has been branded with the Red Circle birthmark, and that member has always been a criminal. Jim's wayward son, Ted Borden, a few years ago, was a representative of the fourth in the line. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on "Circle Jim." June Travis and her mother, members of the wealthy set who are interested in the fortune of the Borden family, are anxious to release "Circle Jim" and give his son in the family a chance to make his name. Lamar enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Meanwhile, Lamar changes upon an underground passage where "Circle Jim" is taken refuge. In a fight, Jim is killed. The last of the Borden line and the end of the Red Circle. Says Lamar: "But the next day he is surrounded by the sight of a woman's hand outside a certain automobile, showing the Red Circle on the white flesh. Lamar scribbles down the number on the license plate."

## SECOND INSTALLMENT

### "PITY THE POOR!"

A fox, living in a forest full of rabbits, is likely to grow fat. George Grant dwelt in a community of human rabbits, men who needed money and needed it so badly that they were ready to pay any price to get it. Grant did not grow fat on their needs. But his bank account did.

He was the city's most prosperous loan broker, which meant he was also the city's most heartless loan shark. His offices were forever crowded with needy clients. His big desk was full of tabulated pigeonholes. And every pigeonhole was stacked with a pitiful array of promissory notes, mortgages, of sight drafts, and similar sorry documents.

One day—it was the same that Max Lamar caught his fleeting glance of the Red Circle on a woman's white hand, as a closed automobile whizzed past him—George Grant got up from this famous desk in his private office, stretched his lean arms lazily, and went into the adjoining room where stood his capacious steel vault.

Entering the vault and switching on the electric light, he began to search through the tiers of compartments along the rear wall. The paper he wanted was not easy to find, and his search continued for several minutes.

At last, he discovered what he sought. Consulting the document, he made one or two notes from it on the back of an envelope, then switched off the light and turned to leave the vault.

But, instead of the sunshine from the office beyond, he faced a black darkness. The vault door had been shut. So silently had it closed that, engrossed in his search, he had not observed it was no longer open.

Grant pushed against the steel door. It did not yield to the pressure. It had been shut tight.

Grant drew in a deep breath and shouted at the top of his lungs. The vault resounded deafeningly to his below. But the thick walls absorbed the sound.

Turning back into the vault and switching on the light once more, he pulled out a steel cashbox from his compartment and, using it as a bludgeon, began to hammer with desperate force on the unyielding door, punctuating his blows with shouts for help.

After an interminable time, a clerk—John Saals by name—who chanced to pass through the adjoining room



The Veiled Woman.

close to the vault, heard a muffled tapping and paused to investigate. He called the cashier, who alone of the employees, knew the vault's combination. The whole office force gathered inquisitively around the cashier as he unlocked and threw open the door. Out reeled Grant.

"Who did that?" he sputtered hoarsely. "What fool shut that door on me? Speak up, or I'll fire the whole worthless bunch. Who did it?"

There was a confused mumbling from the scared employees. Grant's ratlike eyes searched every face. He read there nothing but blank bewilderment.

Still shaky in the knees from his

scare, he slumped into his desk chair. But, suddenly, as if the chair were upholstered with hornet-stings, he leaped to his feet again, with a yell that brought his employees in the outer offices crowding wonderingly to the door.

Papers were scattered in every direction; and drawers and pigeonholes were open—and empty! Feverishly, Grant looked from pigeonhole to pigeonhole.

Every last one of them had been ransacked; and every document had been stolen from them!

"Cleaned out!" croaked Grant, dazedly. "Robbed! I've—I've been robbed!"

"Which of you has been in this room in the last half hour?" he asked, as unconcernedly as he could force his dry throat to voice the query.

For a moment no one answered. Then Saals timidly volunteered:

"I was in here, sir, about twenty minutes ago. Maybe twenty-five minutes or—"

"What in blazes were you doing in here?"

"I just stepped inside the door, sir," quavered Saals, "to show in the lady."

"The lady?" snapped Grant. "What lady?"

"Why, why, the lady who had the appointment with you, sir. She said she'd meet you in the hall and you'd told her to wait in your own office. She—"

"I haven't met any woman in the hall," denied Grant, "and I didn't tell anyone to wait here for me. What was her name?"

"She—she didn't say, sir. I supposed—"

"Young or old?" demanded Grant.

"I—I don't know, sir. She—"

"You well-eyed idiot!" roared Grant. "I'd go mean to tell me you haven't sense enough to know whether a woman is young or old?"

"Not when she's all swathed up in a heavy black veil, like that lady, sir," answered Saals, "and with a big, loose, black coat that hides her figure."

"I seen her, Mr. Grant," shrilled the office boy. "I didn't see her come in. But I seen her go out. 'bout five minutes ago, it was. She had a bunch of papers she was carrying."

Grant waited to hear no more. Snatching his hat, he sprinted for the street.

He had left his automobile at the curb in front of his office.

Half way across the pavement Grant halted, mouth agape. The car was not there. Neither was the chauffeur.

George Grant turned in rage upon the building's special policeman who was standing in front of the entrance.

"Blake!" he demanded, "where in blazes is my car? I told Garvice to stay here till I came out. Did you move him on?"

"Me?" said the policeman. "No, indeed. Someone else did, though. 'bout five minutes back. A woman—"

"A woman?"

"In a long black coat and a black veil."

He summoned a passing taxi and tumbled aboard.

"Police headquarters!" he commanded.

Chief of Police Allen was always glad to see his former subordinate, Max Lamar. For a decade the two had been close friends. So it was with a nod of real welcome and a jolly word of greeting that he hailed Max, as the latter came excitedly into his office at about the time George Grant was boarding the taxicab.

"What's up, Max?" asked the chief, noting his friend's unwonted haste and perturbation.

"Everything's up," put in Lamar. "The Red Circle, among other things."

"The Red Circle?" echoed Allen. "Why, man, the Red Circle's wiped off the books, for keeps."

"Not 'is. It was. It's back again!"

"What are you talking about? Circle Jim Borden's dead. So is his son. Who else is left?"

"A woman."

"A woman? What woman?"

"I don't know."

"Jim left no daughter. His wife died, years ago. You're dreaming. You've worked on this 'Red Circle' game so long, you're daffy over it."

"Am I?" retorted Lamar. Ten minutes ago I saw the Red Circle. Saw it as plain as I see you. A woman was sitting in a limousine. Her right hand was resting on the window ledge. And she'd taken off her gloves. There, on the back of her hand, was the Red Circle. Before I could look any closer the car had speeded up and chugged out of sight. I took its number, just as it disappeared in a little hurricane of gasoline smoke and yellow dust. Let me look over your state automobile numbers."

"Here you are," said Allen, producing the book.

Unceremoniously a man pushed his way past the doorkeeper and into the hallowed room of the chief of police.

"Chief!" burst out Grant, without so much as returning the other's salutation. "I've been robbed! While I

was in my vault just now, the door was shut on me and a lot of notes of people who owe me money were stolen out of my desk.

"My clerk says he saw a veiled woman go into my office. She was seen coming out again with a handful of documents bound up in a rubber band. And when I went down to my car," he continued in mounting excitement, "she'd stolen that, too. And my chauffeur—"

"What was the number?" asked the chief, taking out a pencil and drawing a scratch-pad toward him.

"The number of my car? It was 126,694."

"The deuce it was!" cried Lamar, dropping the license book and striding forward. Lamar produced a card and handed it to Chief Allen.

"That's the number I jotted down," he said. "The number of the car with the Red Circle woman in it."

"126,694!" read the chief.

"What's that? What's that?" demanded Grant eagerly.

Brusquely he snatched the card from the chief. It slipped from his awkward fingers as he grasped it, and fell to the floor beneath the window sill.

Grant stooped to pick it up. As he rose, his gaze fell on the busy street just outside, with its hurrying traffic on sidewalk and asphalt. At the same moment a big automobile wriggled out of a vehicle-jam and flashed past the window. Grant gave one incredulous look, then bawled:

"There's my car! There it is, now! See?"

"Come on!" exclaimed the chief as he bolted from the room with Lamar and Grant at his heels.

At the outer entrance of police headquarters a motor-cycle policeman was dismounting.

"Follow that car!" ordered the chief. "That limousine there." The number's 126,694. Get it!" In the alley at the side of police headquarters a departmental automobile was awaiting.

The chief gave a swift command to its drowsing chauffeur, then jumped into the tonneau, Lamar and Grant piling in after him.

Some time later, they had come to a jarring standstill alongside the automobile they sought. It was stand-

she slipped out of the shapelessly enveloping black coat. The coat was lined with white satin. The woman's dress also was snow white. With quick-skill, she proceeded to fold the coat inside out, in such way that no portion of the black was visible. Then she draped it carelessly over her white-sleeved arm.

Raising both hands to her head, she undid the thick black veil, took it off, rolled it into a ball and tossed it into the bushes.

A black-clad woman, shrouded in an impenetrable veil, had entered the thickset. Less than a minute later, a girl in white dress and white toque and carrying on her arm a white wrap, emerged upon the farther path, and sauntered in leisurely fashion toward the park's opposite entrance.

Once, she glanced nervously at the back of her right hand. But at once her frown of apprehension cleared away. The Red Circle had again become invisible.

Lamar, hastening along the path, with Grant and the chief, saw a beautiful girl, all in white, coming toward him around a bend in the walk. At a glance he recognized her.

"Miss Travis!" he exclaimed, clasping the white hand she held out to him. "This is good luck! I didn't know this park was a favorite walk of yours."

"Oh, but it is!" laughed June. "I love it. It's so quiet and pretty. But I didn't expect to find a busy detective wandering dreamily about in it. I thought detectives were always—"

"Crime specialist, please, Miss Travis," interrupted Lamar. "That is, if you don't mind. If you know how I hate that word, 'detective—'"

She became aware of his companions, who stood a pace or two distant, fuming at the delay.

"I won't detain you, Mr. Crime Specialist," she said, gayly, adding, as she moved away: "But, don't forget, you promised to call and tell me about your work."

"Did you suppose I could forget it?" he made answer. "And—may I call tomorrow afternoon? Are you going to be at home?"

"Why, yes. Please come then. Good-by."



The Office Force Crowded Around While the Cashier Unlocked the Vault.

ing near the entrance of a small park. The chauffeur was in his seat, unconcerned, as though in front of his own employer's door.

Lamar and the chief tumbled out of their car before it had fairly stopped; and they ran at top speed toward the captured limousine.

The tonneau of the limousine was empty!

Grant was dancing in fury and shaking his fist at his mildly surprised chauffeur.

"What d'ye mean by it?" he shrieked. "What'n blazes d'ye mean by it, Garvice?"

The chauffeur had been fumbling in his pocket. Now he produced a card, and suddenly handed it to his employer.

"There's your own orders," he growled.

Lamar, glancing over Grant's shoulder, saw the card was George Grant's own; and that on it, above the name, was scrawled in pencil:

O. K. Take bearer where she wishes.

"Well I'll be—I'll be—" sputtered the bewildered Grant.

"Where is she? What became of her?" demanded Lamar.

"Which way did she go?" persisted Lamar.

"Down that path to the left. Funny business, I call it, to—"

Lamar had already started in the direction the chauffeur pointed out; and the chief and Grant ranged alongside of him as he strode along.

"Well look down this path to the end," suggested the chief, "and then we'll separate and quarter the whole park for her. She may have left the park at the far side."

But the veiled woman in black had not left the park. She had merely left the park path and had crept into the shrubbery.

She sped along like a black wraith; noiseless, furtive, uncanny. Once she raised her right hand to part some bushes that barred her way. The hand was small, white, infinitely graceful in contour. But on its back throbbed an angry crimson scar; outlined like an irregular ring.

Through the high bushes she crept; and into a tiny glade hemmed in by shrubbery. There she halted. Deftly

When June reached her own home, her mother and Mary (her old nurse) were on the veranda. She hurried past them with scarce a word and went straight to her own room. There, from the front of her dress, she drew out a sheaf of papers fastened with a rubber band. The uppermost paper of the package was an official form, filled in with ink. It read:

Seven days from date, or June 19, I promise to pay George Grant ten dollars (\$10), as first installment on my loan of one hundred dollars (\$100), plus interest at the rate of 10 per cent a week. Total payment due, \$20. (Signed) John L. Peterson.

June Travis' fingers rifled the sheaf. Most of the papers were of much the same nature as was the first, and for varying sums, at exorbitant interest. Each document was mute witness to a tale of poverty and of the greedy advantage Grant had taken of such poverty.

Gathering up the papers, June went into her sitting room, placed a chair in front of a typewriter and began to tap away at the keys. For a full hour she wrote—a bare half-dozen lines on each sheet—addressing an envelope for each.

Without waiting to put on her hat she ran downstairs and out of the house by a rear door, to a nearby mail-box. In this she posted her stack of letters, and made her way back to her sitting room, unnoticed. After which, she once more picked up the documents stolen from George Grant's desk; crumpled them into a ball; set a match to them; held them until they were ablaze; and tossed them into the fireplace.

"There goes a sheaf of heartaches!" she sighed. "Oh, if only all poverty could be destroyed as easily!"

Mary, June's nurse, was more a member of the Travis family than a servant. She had lived with Mrs. Travis since long before June was born; she had comforted the stricken wife when her husband died; she had loved June from the day of the window girl's birth.

Early next morning, while she was putting the sitting room to rights, Mary chanced to see half a charred

piece of paper lying on the hearth. She picked it up. On the unburned half of the paper, she read:

Seven days from date, or—to pay George Grant ten—third installment on my loan of fifty—plus interest at the rate—per week. Total payment due \$15—Signed Jos. Bro—

Mary puzzled over the fragment in stark perplexity. To her, it meant nothing. And she could not understand how her darling should have happened to possess such a thing or why she had tried to burn it. But as she placed the morning newspaper on the table, for June, a few minutes later, the old woman's gaze fell on these staring headlines:

VEILED WOMAN IN BLACK  
ROBS LOAN BROKER GRANT  
Notes of Clients, Owing Money, Are Missing—Thief "Borrow's" Victim's Auto and Escapes.

Mary let the newspaper fall to the floor from her inert hand. Again she examined the charred note. And now she knew what it was.

Mr. George Grant had come late to his office that morning. He was in the sort of humor that makes a poisonous snake bite itself and die.

There was but one gleam of comfort in Grant's sour heart this bright morning. And that was his belief that the men whose names were signed to the missing documents would not know of the theft.

The task of bluffing these poor delinquents promised to be absurdly easy.

And presently, as he sat morbidly gloating over such scenes, Grant's first opportunity came. A name was brought in to him. Joseph Brown had called, begging for a word alone with him. Grant smiled happily.

"Tell him to come in," said Grant, gleefully, as the caller was announced.

Brown came into the inner office, clad in his working clothes. Generally on such visits, he paused at the threshold and meekly waited his master's leave to advance toward the desk.

But today he walked confidently up to Grant, his tanned face one broad grin. Without troubling to say "Good morning," he handed Grant a folded letter. Then:

"That's all," he remarked, "Bye-bye, you sly old money-spider. I'm out of your dirty net—for keeps."

He turned and swaggered out of the room before the astounded Grant could so much as swear at him. The letter was typewritten—and very brief. It ran:

Mr. Joseph Brown: The notes which you gave George Grant for a loan at outrageous interest rates have been destroyed. Therefore, your debt is cancelled.

One Who Pities the Poor.

Grant was still racing, wordlessly. When Saals came in to announce one John Peterson, an elderly, stoop-shouldered man, who entered on the heels of his announcer.

"Mr. Grant," said the old man, offering the loan broker a letter. "This came by the morning mail. I thought it was only fair to show it to you."

Grant, his eyes bluffed with fury, was barely able to note that this letter was a typewriter duplicate of Brown's.

"It's—it's a lie!" he stormed. "A trick! I have your notes safe in my desk here."

"I will take that chance, Mr. Grant," replied the old man, turning to go. The loan-broker lurched dizzily to his feet. Just then Saals intruded again.

"Mr. Grant," said the clerk, "there's seven or eight more people in the outer office; all of them with typewritten letters from—"

"Kick them out!" howled Grant. In five minutes, he was bustling into a downtown office whose outer door-glass bore the legend:

"Max Lamar, crime specialist."

"Mr. Lamar," began Grant as soon as he could get his breath. "That veiled woman has cinched her theft by this—and this—" slamming the Brown and Peterson letters on the desk in front of Max, "and by a lot more of the same kind. Get her for me. Get her. To blazes with the expense! Get her!"

June Travis emerged from her bedroom, heavy-eyed from sleeplessness, and, in pretty negligee, entered her sitting room. Mary was standing there, awaiting her. June, as she had done since babyhood, went over to kiss the old woman good morning. Then, and only then, did she notice that Mary made no move to meet her as she came forward; that she did not speak, and that her face was blank with grief.

"Why, Mary!" cried the girl, "what is it? What's the matter? Is mother—?"

Mary cut short the queries by thrusting forward the charred promissory note.

"This is the matter," she said grimly. "Dearie, you must tell me what it means."

June stifled a little cry of fear; then impulsively snatched the burnt paper from the nurse's hand and made as though to hide it.

"Tell me, dearie," murmured the old woman. "Tell me all about it. You are unhappy and you've gotten into mischief. Tell Mary, little girl."

"I think I've gone mad," said June. "I can't understand it any other way. I can't account, any other way, for the fearful power that has taken hold of me, from time to time, this past day or two."

"It began just the other day," she whispered. "All in a flash. You remember, I told you about my going to the prison with mother, the day 'Circle Jim Borden was released—and the way he repulsed me when I spoke to him?"

"Yes! Yes!" assented Mary, her

meek face paling and an unaccountable shudder convulsing her slender old body.

"Well," resumed June, "just a few hours after I left the prison, all at once I had the strangest sensation. It seemed to start in my brain and go all over me. It was as if something had snapped in my soul. I can't explain it. And the strangest impulses came surging through my mind. I—I felt like a criminal!"

"Dearie!"

"I did. I felt as a criminal must feel. I felt a craving to commit crime; a love for its perils, a hideous



Mary Was Standing There, Awaiting Her.

crafty wit at escaping the law's punishment. It was—it was—"

"Little girl! Little girl!" soothed Mary, as a sob choked June's hushed voice.

"It's true," persisted June, miserably. "I am a criminal. Listen: I had heard from so many poor people about George Grant and the way he bled them, that I had always hated the man. I had longed to rescue some of his miserable victims—the people he kept poor by wringing outrageous interest money from them. But I never had thought it would be in my power to do it."

"Then, in a moment, when this queer criminal impulse attacked me, I saw how I could punish George Grant and free some of his slaves. It came to me as an inspiration. I put on my black motor coat—the white-lined one there in the closet—

and a black veil. I went to his office and managed to get in. He was in the vault. I shut the vault door. Then I rummaged through his desk; got all the notes I could lay my hands on and came away."

"Oh!" gasped Mary.

"Then," pursued June, "the same strange impulse made me scribble on one of his cards on the desk an order to his chauffeur. I made him take me away in Mr. Grant's car. I knew if I went on foot I might be traced."

"Oh, my dear!" My dear!" moaned the horrified old woman. "And you did all this? You, the sweet, honest little girl I—"

"Yes," sobbed June, "Isn't it horrible? I can't understand it any more than you can, now that the mania has left me. It is as though some stranger had done it. I can't realize it was I. Why, I stole—I lied—I forged—I, June Travis, who have always been so intolerant when I heard of other people being tempted to do such things. Mary! Tell me; what am I to do?"

"Her voice broke in a wail. She sobbed uncontrollably on her nurse's breast. The old woman, dumfounded, grief-stricken, sought nevertheless to calm her as best she could.

"We must never tell anyone," decreed Mary at last. "Not a soul on earth. We must keep it a secret, just between us two. I'd give my life, dearie, sooner than let any harm come to you. And it shant. Mary'll protect her little girl. But if other folks should suspect—"

"And," broke in June, "I haven't told you the worst part of it, yet."

"Is—is there more?" quivered Mary. "Oh, don't say there's worse yet!"

"There is," June returned. "That day—that day when I felt something snap in my soul, I felt a burning sensation on the back of my right hand. I looked—and—oh, it has come and gone, there, off and on, ever since! It is like some hideous birthmark. It isn't there this morning, but—"

She looked at the back of her hand, as she spoke; and cried aloud in sudden despair.

"It's there again!" she wept. "See? And I had hoped it had gone away forever."

She held up her right hand. On its snowy surface glowed a crimson ring, like an evil star. At sight of it, Mary sprang to her feet in mortal fright.

"The Red Circle!" babbled the old woman, her voice hoarse and indistinct with horror. "The Red Circle! After all these years! The Red Circle! Oh, God, help us! God, help us all! The curse! The Red Circle!"

(END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT.)



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**Black Silk Stove Polish**

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**SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE!**

Don't stay Gray! Here's an Old-time Recipe that Anybody can Apply.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautiful, dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation prepared by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says: it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

**SAYS HOT WATER WASHES POISONS FROM THE LIVER**

Everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it, before breakfast.

To feel as fine as the proverbial diddle, we must keep the liver washed clean, almost every morning, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins, says a noted physician.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you catch cold easily, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath or stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion, watery eyes all denote liver uncleanness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected organ of the body. Few know its function or how to release the dammed-up body waste, bile and toxins. Most folks resort to violent calomel, which is a dangerous, salivating chemical which can only be used occasionally because it accumulates in the tissues, also attacks the bones.

Every man and woman, sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, to wash from the liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, the poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Limestone phosphate does not restrict the diet like calomel, because it can not salivate, for it is harmless and you can eat anything afterwards. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, and any pharmacist will sell you a quarter pound, which is sufficient for a demonstration of how hot water and limestone phosphate cleans, stimulates and freshens the liver, keeping you feeling fit day in and day out.

**Taking as Granted**

that the offspring of vicious, unsocial degenerate parents are oftentimes defective socially, does it follow that these offspring are blemished with the identical flaws of their parents?

**For Instance: Will the son of a thief be a thief? Will the daughter of an incendiary be an incendiary? Will the son of a forger be a forger?**



is a story dealing with the inherited instinct for crime in an otherwise charming young girl. It was written by

**Albert Payson Terhune** for this paper. Read it, then see the pictures at the moving picture theater.

**FALSE TEETH ARE VALUABLE**

California Industrial Accident Commission Says They Must Be Paid For.

San Francisco.—"Store teeth" are just as good as those furnished by nature, in the eyes of the state industrial accident commission. A San Francisco plumber was struck by a piece of pipe he was repairing, with the result that three teeth, two false, were knocked out. His employer was willing to pay for the dental work necessary to fill the void left by the natural teeth, but balked in the case of the others. The commission has ruled that he also must pay for replacing the man-made pair.

Some people believe in nothing—or, at least in only what they can understand, and it may amount to the same thing.

**PROBATE ORDER**

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the city of Charlevoix in said County, on the 22nd day of September A. D. 1916.

Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the Estate of Jennie Watson, deceased.

Ruth Cooper Streator having filed in said court her petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Dwight H. Fitch or to some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the 24th day of October A. D. 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, once each week for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

A true copy. SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.



Helen Holmes, who is shortly to be seen in "A Lass of the Lumberlands," from the Signal Mutual studios, a new and thrilling photoplay directed by J. P. McGowan. Miss Holmes is world famous for her daring work in chaptered photoplays.

**SULU ISLANDERS FAVOR LEARNING**

Peace and Order Succeed Treachery and Savagery Among Moros.

**SEND THEIR YOUNG TO SCHOOL**

Marvelous Change Takes Place in Three Years—"Realizing Our Motives, People Are Heart and Soul With Us," Says Traub.

Manilla, P. I.—Misgivings felt several years ago when all American troops were withdrawn from Mindanao and Sulu, home of the Moros, the only Mohammedans in the Philippines, have been proved baseless by the new regime in that region. Where five years ago fear of the Moro and his lust for blood made the life of the foreigner in the Moro country one of constant worry and apprehension, today there is peace and the beginning of a prosperity the like of which would have seemed a fool's dream in 1912.

The substituting of Filipino constabulary for American troops began soon after Governor General Harrison's arrival (October 6, 1913). The conciliating of the Moro was hastened by the policies of Frank Carpenter, formerly executive secretary of the Philippine government, whom Mr. Harrison made governor of Mindanao and Sulu. Mr. Carpenter was the first civilian governor, succeeding General Pershing, the last military governor.

Long Uphill Struggle. Governor Carpenter and his assistants had a long uphill struggle against recalcitrant and superstitious people, but little by little outlawry has been stamped out by guns and rifles hidden away in forest homes and mountain huts have been turned in. Here and there school houses have sprung up, to attract Moro children whose parents, at first suspicious and unfriendly, finally moved to the settlement where the schools were, giving up the nomadic life which for centuries had been the worst foe to Moro prosperity.

The Sulu archipelago and Jolo island for years a hotbed of violence in Mindanao, can now claim to have seen the end of outlawry and bushwhacking. To the man who knows the Jolo of five years ago, to the soldier whose recollection of Jolo is a memory of sleepless nights and anxious days, when the slightest noise behind his back meant the possibility of an attack by a murderous Moro or one made mad by Mohammedan fanaticism, the achievement seems incredible. But the thing has been done, and Col. Peter E. Traub of the constabulary (a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army on detached duty with the constabulary) has brought about a new era of Sulu peace and order, a matter of official record in an order congratulating the constabulary of Mindanao and Sulu, as follows:

Not a Single Outlaw. "The district chief announces to the district in general orders the fact that in the Province of Sulu there is not a single known outlaw at large—all have been either killed, captured or have surrendered.

"When it is realized that this is the first time in the history of the Philippine Islands that such a statement could be truthfully made its importance becomes apparent. The whole Sulu archipelago is in a state of law, order and peaceful control.

"In October, 1914, when the undersigned assumed charge of this district outlawry was rampant in Sulu and it was a place shunned by peaceful travelers; but with the establishment of stations in the heart of the affected region and with the spirit that the Sulu constabulary has invariably displayed, every officer and man, regardless of hardship and privation, regardless of danger and death, did his full duty toward the government, without malice toward the misguided creatures who with their progenitors had made the name of Sulu a by-word in the annals of these islands.

"In the short space of 21 months 413 outlaws were killed, captured or forced to surrender, 197 firearms were captured or surrendered and 600 blade weapons were captured or surrendered. This was not accomplished without loss to our brave men, of whom ten were killed or died of wounds and 12 were wounded and recovered. The greatest accomplishment of all, however, is that these things were done with a minimum of hatred and heartburns on the part of the population, which in gradually increasing numbers came to help us in our work of rooting out the lawless who were preying on the law-abiding, until now all the people, realizing the motives that actuate us in our work, are heart and soul with us."

Hen Sets in Thresher. Washington, Pa.—How an old hen that had built her nest in their thresher and was not disturbed from her motherly duty by the grinding and whirring of the machinery is an incident being related by Scott Brothers of near Bentleyville. More than 75 bushels of grain had been sorted from the straw and chaff when they had occasion to examine the inside of the machine. To their surprise they found the hen covered with dust and chaff sitting on her nest.

**GOLD CORD A WAR PERIL**

Heavy Losses of Officers in European War Caused by Badges of Rank.

Paris.—One of the earliest lessons of the war was that of the danger to officers in allowing them to wear badges of their rank, gold cord around their coat sleeves, gold decorations on their headgear, etc., which marked them out to the enemy's picked shots and resulted in unnecessary and avoidable losses among them. This lesson was learned, and now it has become so difficult at the front to identify an officer that a failure to salute is overlooked on this ground.

There seems, however, a chance that this danger is being revived by the regulations making the wearing of chevrons obligatory. These chevrons are in the form of an inverted V and are worn on the right arm between the elbow and shoulder to denote that the wearer has been wounded, and on the left to show the length of time he has been at the front, one showing one year of active service, two for 18 months. They are worn in all sorts of material and colors, officers wearing them in gold and silver. When worn on leave or during convalescence their visibility is a good point, but at the front they draw upon their wearers the same danger that badges of rank formerly did.

Lad Gets \$3,500 for Kick.

Pottsville, Pa.—The supreme court in an opinion approved the award of \$3,500 to Joseph Klorosky for injuries received by the kick of a mule. The Kaska William Supply company was the defendant and while Klorosky, a boy, was not employed by them, Judge Koch ruled that it was the duty of the company to keep boys away from their mules. The boy was permanently injured, his teeth being knocked out and his jaw fractured.

**Everybody Likes Our Ice Cream**

Father likes it just as well as mother and the kiddies because it has that different pleasing taste—the taste that tells that it is made from pure, rich, wholesome cream. Ice Cream is no longer a luxury—it's a daily food—it has more real food value than most of the food we are now eating—why not have it every night as a dessert? Order it today and see that it comes from us—ours is the Tissue Building Pure Food kind.

Promptly Delivered packed in ice containers.

**MCCOOL & MATHER**  
PHONE 29

**COULD NOT DO HER COOKING.**

Mrs. F. E. Hartmeister, Tea, Mo., writes: "I was affected with kidney trouble for two years. I got so bad this summer I could hardly do my cooking. I got Foley Kidney Pills and I feel like a new person." Too many women neglect symptoms of kidney derangement, weak back, swollen ankles and joints, aches, pains, and rheumatism.—Hite's Drug Store.

The hardest work an industrious man can do is nothing.

Most people act natural when asleep. Too often bad motives are attached to good acts.

**CURED HER TWO LITTLE GIRLS.**

Mrs. Ada Sanders, Cottontown, Tenn., writes: "We use Foley's Honey and Tar as our best and only cough remedy. It never fails to cure my two little girls when they have colds." Relieves hoarseness, tickling throat, bronchitis, hay fever, asthma, croup.—Hite's Drug Store.

**Temple Theatre Wednesday Oct. 11th**

Two Shows, 7:15 & 9:00  
All Seats 25 Cents—  
NO CHILDREN ADMITTED

A STARTLING WARNING TO WIVES AND MOTHERS

**"FORBIDDEN FRUIT"**

"SISTERS BEWARE! DO NOT REPEAT THE OLD SIN IN A NEW WAY."

ADDED ATTRACTIONS:

**MUTT & JEFF** AN ANIMATED CARTOON COMEDY **Jeff's Toothache"**

The Monkey **Napoleon & Sally** IN **From Jungle to Trouble**

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You've heard many an earful about the Prince Albert patented process that cuts out bite and parch and lets you smoke your fill without a comeback! Stake your bank roll that it proves out every hour of the day. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

There's sport smoking a pipe or rolling your own, but you know that you've got to have the right tobacco! We tell you Prince Albert will bang the doors wide open for you to come in on a good time firing up every little so often, without a regret! You'll feel like your smoke past has been wasted and will be sorry you cannot back up for a fresh start.

You swing on this say-so like it was a tip to a thousand-dollar bill! It's worth that in happiness and contentment to you, to every man who knows what can be gotten out of a chummy jimmy pipe or a makin's cigarette with Prince Albert for "packing"!

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This is the reverse side of the tidy red tin

THE Prince Albert tidy red tin, and in fact, every Prince Albert package, has a real message-to-you on its reverse side. If you'll read—"Process Patented July 30th, 1907." That means that the United States Government has granted a patent on the process by which Prince Albert is made. And by which tongue bite and throat parch are cut out! Every where tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert awaiting you in tidy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin handsets and in that clever crystal-glass handkerchief, with sponge-moistener top, that keeps the tobacco in good shape and always ready!

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