

Charlevoix County Herald.

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No. 43

E. J. H. S. 31 Charlevoix 7.

Local Foot Ball Team Wins From Old Rivals at Charlevoix

The pig skin manipulators of the high school staged a fast and interesting game at Charlevoix last Friday afternoon and incidentally showed that they could "come back" after a bad defeat at the hands of Boyne City. For several years the locals have been unable to defeat Charlevoix on their home grounds, but this time they vindicated themselves and played their opponents off their feet from the first whistle.

Charlevoix won the toss and chose to defend the west goal, thereby having the advantage of a stiff breeze and the sun at their backs. Cross kicked off for East Jordan and Durrance of Charlevoix ran the ball back to the 45 yard line where he was tackled by Milford and was slightly injured by a cut over the eye. This was soon taken care of and proved to be the only injury received during the game. After failing to gain through the line Charlevoix punted and the local team recovered the ball and began a march for the goal line which resulted in a touchdown by Cross. Goal kick failed and the score was 6 to 0 for visitors. In a few minutes more Milford manipulated another touchdown from a fake formation, making the score 12 to 0 in the first eight minutes of play. Then Charlevoix worked a successful forward pass, Butler to Cartier and the latter proved too fast for the East Jordan defense and the play resulted in a touchdown. Charlevoix kicked goal and the score was 12 to 7.

By this time the local boys had begun to play good ball and scores followed in quick succession, Charlevoix being unable to stop the line plunging of Cross and the open field work of the other backs and ends of the visitors. The game ended with East Jordan on the big end of a 31 to 7 score.

This game showed that the high school has a team which should give any other team in this part of the state a run for its money. Every player on the team played a good game and the defensive work of Giffin and Dicken was remarkable, both being sure tacklers and never failing to get their man. On offensive Cross and Milford made most of the gains, good work being done also by Dicken, Porter and Nachazel. Several forward passes were gathered in by Lalonde and Giffin which resulted in long gains. Fowler at center is a strong defensive player and when needed can stop many of the opponents plays before they are under way. Cummins and Jones at guards and Jepson at right tackle made up a line which Charlevoix found too strong to gain through.

The game was clean throughout, the local boys offending by rough play only a few times and rarely losing their heads. With one or two exceptions the Charlevoix boys also proved to be good sportsmen but theirs was the usual rowdy element present among the spectators.

Principal Asletine of Charlevoix was the referee. The return game will be played with Charlevoix at the ball grounds on the Commons this Friday afternoon, Oct. 13, at 8:30 p. m. If you like to see a good clean sport, don't miss this game. The local team is out to win but will guarantee you a fast and clean game if you will attend.

The faster a man's gait the sooner misfortune overtakes him.

Nothing ever takes such a hard fall out of worry as hard labor.

Much happiness or misery lies within the circle of a wedding ring.

The man who weds an old flame often finds that she has a red-hot temper.

We all have a soft spot in our heads at birth—and some always retain it.

An old bachelor says that the vocalization at a wedding is even more depressing than the singing at a funeral.

A woman dislikes to find her first gray hair almost as badly as a man dislikes to part with his last one.

Comparatively few people remain in the self-satisfied class after they once get acquainted with themselves.

When a man and woman argue the woman invariably gets the last word; but when two women argue it's always a draw.

It is said that in India a widow is burned with her late husband. In this country a widow takes another and roasts him.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Too busy now to do much talking. Seventeen visits made last week.

Boyer Valley teachers met at Boyne Falls on Wednesday. Only one teacher absent.

Hudson teachers met at the Hudson townhall on Friday. All present but one. All had to face difficulties to get to the meeting.

The Hudson Township Mother's Club held an open meeting on Friday, Oct. 6th at the Hoffman school house. There was an active and thoughtful crowd present. The Com'r spoke at length on conditions in that locality, the ideal school, and what the unit system would mean in Hudson township. Delicious coffee and sandwiches were served after the program.

Visits in Boyne Valley found that the Boyne Falls village schools had provided a new boiler for the heating system, had retinted all four rooms, and oiled the floors, and varnished the seats. They have engaged an assistant high school teacher this year to make possible the eleven grade system and next to complete a twelve grade course. There is no reason why this high school should not draw from all the surrounding country in its future enrollment if it steps to the front in improvement and course of study.

The Slaughter school is clothed in a new dress of glossy varnish and fresh paint. A bank of windows at the left affords them a glass area equal to about one-fifth of the floor area. Providing warm cloak room and a supervised hall way is the only correction worthy of note standing between them and a "Standard Plate."

There are some very good schools in the east of this county and everything is going finely.

The Clinton school, Hudson No. 5, has installed a floor warmer system and ventilator put out by the Round Oak Co. This district suffered a severe loss by fire two years ago and should be given special credit for the hold which they have taken of things in the brief time which they have had in which to recuperate.

The Heart Lake school in Hudson No. 4, has been repainted, resingled and the interior tinted in approved shades.

There has been an undercurrent of thought to the effect that Hudson and Boyne Valley are a lonely lumbering country. To be sure in many cases the schools are small but, say, for equipment and school spirit they will make some of our schools nearer town sit up and take notice.

Report your truancy, teachers, check it and double check it. After a case has been in the truant officer's hands once report directly to him. The law is going to be enforced and it is up to you.

Home credit verily booming. 98 parents out of every one hundred boasting for this method of co-operation. Of course the system has been made compulsory by requiring these credits before a child can be promoted but for the big majority of teachers and parents this clause would not have been necessary. The teachers have all been boosters and the parents have proved to be monarchs behind their thrones. Our boys and girls have shown an almost unbelievable energy.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, October 15, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"Imitators of Christ."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"Young People and the Church."

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

The meeting Sunday evening is under the auspices of the Endeavor Societies. The topic has been chosen by them and they will have charge of the music. They invite all their friends to be present at their special service.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 15, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—Regular Service. "Seekers After God."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League, Topic, "Missions Among the Women of India." Leaders, Mrs. R. E. Webster and Miss Mildred Miles.

7:00 p. m.—Regular Service. "True Soul-Culture."

Thursday evening prayer service.

The "Home Rule" Amendment

Proposed Amendment to be Known as Section 30 of Article VIII

"Section 30. Every incorporated city, every incorporated village and every organized township (meaning thereby all that part of a township outside the limits of an incorporated city or village located partly or wholly therein) shall each have the right to determine by a majority vote of the electors thereof, whether or not there shall be prohibited therein the manufacture and sale of malt, brewed, fermented, vinous, distilled or intoxicating liquors.

THE "JOKER"

Appropriate legislation shall be enacted to enforce and make effective the provisions of this section and until such legislation is enacted, existing local option regulatory laws on this subject shall continue in force; but no existing law inconsistent with the provisions of this section shall continue in force after Jan. 1, 1919."

The "Joker" is so worded as to void the prohibition amendment should both amendments carry. Dry voters will vote "Yes" on the prohibition amendment and "No" on the above.

To reduce the unit as the "Home Rule" proposes, will merely magnify the only weakness of the county local option law, making it possible to vote a city dry and surrounding townships wet, or vice versa.

JEALOUSY AMONG MEN OF THE AIR

New Feature of Army Life Develops in Expedition into Mexico.

NO FRENCH EFFUSION HERE

Casual Young Tempters of Destruction Relax Not a Bit in Greeting Pilots After Dangerous Voyage Over Desert.

Headquarters American Punitive Expedition, Mexico.—There is a rather matured story told to illustrate the pride a man may take in his work and how apt he is to be extremely jealous of that work. It relates how two street sweepers were discussing the merits of a deceased member of their craft.

"Jake was a mighty handy man with the brush," declared the first sweeper in an effort of praise.

"Yes," said the other, slowly, "he was that. But now that he's gone, Hank, don't you think he was just a little weak around the lamp posts?"

There should be asterisks or something here, because the scene shifts suddenly to "somewhere in Mexico," and those who follow this narration find themselves on the aviation field at the edge of headquarters camp, the day a relief aeroplane is expected to arrive. Her starting point is a military secret, but it is sufficient to say that she would complete a journey of 150 miles by the time she glided to the ground at this camp.

Finally, far over the mountain range, the machine was sighted. The aviator was having a rough time of it, caught in the swirls and eddies that suck up out of the rough mountain country. Then the machine fought clear and hovered over the field, apparently seeking a place to alight. Finally the machine made a sudden swoop, struck the roughest part of the field, bumped badly, skidded and tipped, but finally righted itself and rolled to a standstill.

How They Were Greeted. The aviator assigned to headquarters strolled leisurely out to greet the newcomer. They reached the machine as he and the observer were climbing stiffly from their seats and unbuttoning leather jackets. One felt that it was a moment in which these casual

young tempters of destruction might relax a bit. In France, one imagined, there might be an embrace, at least. Probably a slight peck on the cheek.

Jake had really shown that he was a mighty handy man with the brush. But did they relax? Here is what happened?

"Hello," said the headquarters aviator.

"Howdy," replied the visiting pilot.

There followed a keen survey of the visiting machine.

"Bum rudder wheel," said the headquarters aviator.

The visitor said nothing, but peeled off his jacket and picked up the mail bag.

"How long did it take you to make the trip?" asked the headquarters flier.

"Exactly an hour and a half," stated the visitor, somewhat proudly.

"We did it in an hour and twenty-eight minutes," returned the headquarters aviator.

"Of course we lost a lot of time in that storm," said the visitor.

"But you had a stiff wind behind you," retorted headquarters. "How much weight did you carry?"

"About 3,400 pounds."

"We carried 3,700 and a lot of extra equipment."

No Boast Here. Another sour inspection of the visiting plane, accompanied by uplifted eyebrows on the part of the second headquarters man, who finally asked:

"How is that new patent adjuster working?"

"Great," responded the visitor, encouraged.

"We get along fine without it," said headquarters.

The visitor surveyed the headquarters men a moment quizzically.

"Anyway," he said, "both of us got here and brought the machine."

"Yes," said the first headquarters man. "But you had a messy time of it over Sugar Lump pass."

Jake might have been a little weak around the lamp posts.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the plump girl gets the most joy rides.

It is easier for a man to be the architect of his own fortune than to be the builder.

EASIER TO STOP NOW

It is easier to check a bronchial cough now than later. Coughs grow worse the longer they continue. Foley's Honey and Tar stops tickling in throat, allays inflammation and irritation, restores sore and discharging membranes to healthy condition, opens congested air passages, and affords longed for relief.—Hite's Drug Store.

PRAIRIE DOGS INVADE CITY

Mysterious Couple Take Up Life in Kansas City Business District and Make Friends.

Kansas City.—Without any visible means of support, and with only enough furniture and luggage to start light housekeeping, two Kansas prairie dogs took lodging under a wall here last spring. A shy, retiring couple, they seemed to shun society. They were never at home to callers.

But sometimes, on sunny afternoons, the employees of the printing company next door could see the little animals emerge from their hole under the wall and play among the rubbish and fragments of old pavement in the yard. By and by the prairie dogs learned the printers meant no harm, and accepted small favors, such as bunches of sweet grass, nuts and apples, from them.

No one knows where the prairie dogs came from. One man said they escaped from a circus menagerie. Another held the theory they had run away from someone who had tried to tame them and make them into household pets.

At any rate, there they are, next door to Kansas City's business district. The appearance of strangers on their doorstep is a signal for retirement to the depths of their hole-in-the-wall. A photographer waited more than an hour to get a glimpse of the prairie dogs. Finally he was compelled to take the picture from the interior of the printshop, thrusting the camera through the window.

WED IN SLEEP; ASKS DIVORCE

Woman Says Husband Had Power of Putting Her in Trance, and That He Treated Her Cruelly.

Reading, Pa.—Alleging that she was in a trance during her marriage ceremony, and that the wedding was not a voluntary act on her part, Mrs. Lottie F. Mead, a well-known Penn street store saleswoman, has brought suit in court here for divorce from Charles H. Mead, residence unknown, on the ground of cruel treatment.

In her petition filed with the court Mrs. Mead says that she was married on August 8, 1915, at Stone Harbor, while "she was stupefied and was not aware of her existence."

She alleges that her husband had the power of putting her into a trance. Mrs. Mead says that later her husband told her that he married her only for a joke, and to get possession of her inheritance, saying that he had already run through two, that of his mother and his daughter. Mrs. Mead says her husband told her that his first wife lasted only a year and his second wife only five years. The court granted a subpoena.

E. J. H. S. NOTES

The second grade of the Central School has the record for the best attendance during the first month, with a percentage of 98.9.

The total enrollment of the schools for the month of September was exactly 600. This enrollment is 32 below the enrollment for the first month last year.

The Soils class has collected samples of 20 different kinds of soils found in this vicinity.

The high school foot ball team was defeated in its first game at Boyne City week before last by the score of 40 to 9. The team met Charlevoix at that place last Friday afternoon.

At a meeting of the Board of Education held Monday evening, Oct. 2nd, it was allowed to purchase a new typewriter for the use of the commercial department. This was made necessary by the large number of students taking stenography.

Dr. Etta Shaw, state lecturer for the W. C. T. U. gave two very interesting talks for the high school and the children of the central school on last Thursday morning.

There are 32 non-resident pupils in the high school this year.

The West Side Kindergarten is enjoying the use of the piano which was moved down for them from the upper rooms.

The Board of Education has appropriated \$15.00 to be used for the purchase of material for making play ground apparatus.

Because of the football game at Charlevoix last Friday, the high school was operated on the one session plan, classes beginning at eight o'clock in the morning and running continuously until one o'clock. This schedule permitted of all classes being given full time and allowed the football boys and others who wished to attend the game, to do so without losing any of their class work.

ALL CITY ELECTORS MUST REGISTER ANEW

Registration Notice

Notice is hereby given that the Boards of Registration will be in Session in the several Wards of the City of East Jordan, State of Michigan,

Saturday, Nov. 4, 1916.

At the places in said Wards as indicated below, viz:

FIRST WARD—Passenger Building

SECOND WARD—Town Hall

THIRD WARD—Hose House

For the purpose of making an ENTIRELY NEW REGISTRATION of the names of all persons who shall be possessed of the necessary qualifications of electors and who may apply for that purpose.

WOMEN ELECTORS—The Boards of Registration of said City will register the names of all women possessing the qualifications of male electors who make PERSONAL APPLICATION for such registration; PROVIDED, that all such applicants must own property assessed for taxes somewhere within the county in which the city above named is situated, except that any woman otherwise qualified who owns property within said county jointly with her husband, or other person, or who owns property within said county on contract and pays the taxes thereon, shall be entitled to registration.

Following are the QUALIFICATIONS of MALE ELECTORS in the State of Michigan.—Every male inhabitant of this state, being a citizen of the United States; every male inhabitant residing in this state on the twenty-fourth day of June, eighteen hundred thirty-five; every male inhabitant residing in this state on the first day of January, eighteen hundred fifty; every male inhabitant of foreign birth who, having resided in this state two years and six months prior to the eighth day of November, eighteen hundred ninety-four; and having declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States two years and six months prior to said last named day; and every civilized male inhabitant of Indian descent, a native of the United States and not a member of any tribe, shall be an elector and entitled to vote; but no one shall be an elector or entitled to vote at any election unless he shall be above the age of twenty-one years, and has resided in this state six months and in the township or ward in which he offers to vote twenty days next preceding such election.

Said Boards of Registration will be in session on the day and at the places aforesaid from 8 o'clock in the forenoon until 8 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose aforesaid.

NOTE—All Voters in this City must Register Anew. No matter how many years you may have voted in your precinct, you MUST Register again to vote Nov. 7th.

Dated this 17th day of Oct. A. D. 1916.
OTIS J. SMITH,
Clerk of the City of East Jordan,
Michigan.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

The Constitution of the United States doesn't mention health?

Procrastination in sanitary reform is the thief of health?

A book on "Exercise and Health" may be had free for the asking from the U. S. Public Health Service?

Not everybody can achieve greatness but everybody can be clean?

If you sow a hygienic habit you reap health—reap health and you attain longevity?

Railway cars would be sanitary if it weren't for the people in them?

America's typhoid fever bill is more than \$270,000,000 a year?

The full dinner pail is the enemy of tuberculosis?

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. EMPY.

GENTLE—BUT SURE

Biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, gas, bloating, constipation, dyspepsia—all these distressing consequences of retaining a mass of undigested and fermenting food in the stomach are avoided if the bowels are kept open and regular. Foley Cathartic Tablets are first aid to good health. Do not gripe.—Hite's Drug Store.

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out; can be used to the last drop; liquid and pasty quality; absolutely no waste; no dust or dirt; you get your money's worth.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Is not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant, silky lustre that cannot be obtained with any other polish. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off—lasts four times as long as ordinary polish—so it saves you time, work and money.

Don't forget—when you want stove polish, be sure to ask for Black Silk. It's the best stove polish you ever used—your dealer will refund your money.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois. The Black Silk Stove Polish is made of the finest materials, and is guaranteed to give you a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

Get a Can TODAY

LATH BOLTS

Wanted At Once!

Must be not less than 5 in. diameter and 49 in. length. HEMLOCK, Spruce, Balsam and Cedar. Hemlock Bolts must be separate.

Will pay \$4.00 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE

DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," 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 breaking up a cold.

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

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain—"St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia. Limber up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

SALTS IS FINE FOR KIDNEYS, QUIT MEAT

Flush the Kidneys at once when Back hurts or Bladder bothers—Meat forms uric acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of burning, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and 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 clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

SHIFTY WILSON ON COLONEL'S BODKIN

Evasive Balancer on String of Words Pinned Down by Proof That in Fifteen Public Utterances He Took Forty-One Different Positions on Preparedness.

EACH STAND CONTRADICTED FROM 1 TO 6 OF THE OTHERS

Democratic Candidate Said That Our Army Was Ample and That We Did Not Have Enough Troops to Patrol the Border; That We were on the Verge of a Maelstrom and That There Was No Critical Situation; That the National Guard Would Not Do and Then That It Must Do.

In the fourteen months extending from December 8th, 1914, to February 10th, 1916, there were fifteen messages, letters and speeches of President Wilson which I have read. In these fifteen messages, letters and speeches, during those fourteen months, President Wilson took forty-one different positions about preparedness and the measures necessary to secure it; and each of these forty-one positions contradicted from one to six of the others. In many of his speeches the weasel words of one portion of the speech took all the meaning out of the words used in another portion of that speech; and these latter words themselves had a weasel significance as regards yet other words. He argued for preparedness, and against preparedness. He stated that our army was ample; and that we did not have enough troops to patrol the Mexican border in time of peace. He said the world was on fire, and that sparks were liable to drop anywhere and cause us to burst into flame; and he also said that there was no immediate danger. He said that there was no sudden crisis; and then again that he did not know what a single day would bring forth. He said that we were on the verge of a maelstrom; and then that there was no special or critical situation. He said the danger was constant and immediate; and also that we were not threatened from any quarter. He said that there was no fear among us; and also that we were in daily danger of seeing the vital interest and honor of the country menaced and the flag of the United States stained with impunity. He said that we were in very critical danger of being involved in the great European struggle; and also that there was no need to discuss the question of defense, or to get nervous or excited about it. In one and the same speech, he said that a sufficient number of men would volunteer, and that if they did not he would be ashamed of America; and he also said that he did not know of any law which laid upon them the duty of coming into the army, if it should be necessary to call for volunteers. He said that we needed 500,000 volunteers, and that if there was any legitimate criticism of this demand it was because it was too small; and as soon as Congressman Hay objected to the plan, he promptly abandoned it. He said that the National Guard was not the proper body upon which to rely; and then not only changed his own mind but forced his own Secretary of War out of his cabinet, because this Secretary possessed less flexible convictions and was unable instantly to reverse himself when going at full speed.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

WILSON DEEMED IT FUTILE TO STAND FIRMLY.

President Wilson seeks to justify himself on the ground that it was "futile" and dangerous to "stand firmly." This is an appeal that can with equal truth be made by every soldier who runs away in battle. He further alleges his belief that the cause he championed "has the sanction of the judgment of society in its favor." I remember thirty-odd years ago in the Black Hills a local vigilance committee, which was in doubt about hanging a suspected wrongdoer. While they were discussing the matter, there appeared over the neighboring divide a frowsy, elderly horseman in a linen duster, who promptly galloped towards them waving his arms and shouting "Hang him! Hang him!" The leader of the vigilantes at once asked the frowsy stranger what he knew of the facts, whereupon the stranger answered: "I do not know anything about the facts, and I never saw the man before; but there's eleven of you and only one of him, and I believe in majority rule!" This is merely a picturesque paraphrase of what Mr. Wilson calls action under "the sanction of society." It exemplifies the principle upon which President Wilson has acted in those public matters, internal and external, where he was threatened with the use of force.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN PUT RIGHTEOUSNESS BEFORE PEACE.

The supporters of Mr. Wilson say that the American people should vote for him because he has kept us out of war. It is worth while to remember that this is a claim that cannot be advanced either on behalf of Washington or of Lincoln. Neither Washington nor Lincoln kept us out of war. Americans, and the people of the world at large, now reverence the memories of these two men, because, and only because, they put righteousness before peace. They abhorred war. They shunned unjust or wanton or reckless war. But they possessed that stern valor of patriotism which bade them put duty first; not safety first; which bade them accept war rather than an unrighteous and disastrous peace. There were peace-at-any-price men in the days of Washington. They were the Tories. There were peace-at-any-price men in the days of Lincoln. They were the Copperheads. The men who now with timid hearts and quavering voices praise Mr. Wilson for having kept us out of war, are the spiritual heirs of the Tories of 1776, and the Copperheads of 1864. The men who followed Washington at Trenton and Yorktown, and who suffered with him through the winter at Valley Forge; and the men who wore the Blue under Grant, and the Gray under Lee; were men of valor, who sacrificed everything to serve the right as it was given them to see the right. They spurned with contemptuous indignation the counsels of the feeble and cowardly folk who in their day spoke for peace-at-any-price.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

"IGNOBLE EASE" AND PEACEFUL SLOTH ARE NOT PEACE.

There is nothing that we of this country so much need as to practice the doctrine of service. As a people we need the sterner virtues even more than we need the softer virtues. Material prosperity, bodily ease, money, pleasure, are all desirable; but woe to us if we consider them as the be-all and end-all of our private lives or of our collective national life! Woe to us if our material prosperity brings in its wake lethargy of spirit and deadness of soul! Let us in our lives apply the great doctrines of duty and of service. Above all let us realize that lofty profession is a mischievous sham when it is not translated into efficient performance. Among the companions of Lucifer in Milton's mighty epic there was none among the fiercer fiends so dangerous as he who "With words clothed in reason's garb, Counseled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth, Not peace."

—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

MR. WILSON YIELDED PARTLY TO FEAR, PARTLY TO HOPE OF POLITICAL PROFIT.

President Wilson yielded to the dictation of the heads of the Brotherhoods, and made no effort to find out whether the demand was right or wrong. He made no effort to find out whether it could be complied with without raising freight rates. He made no effort to find out all the equities in the case; those affecting the men, those affecting the stockholders, those affecting the shippers. He took his orders from that one of the parties in interest which he most feared. He insisted that the law be passed without inquiry. And then he deferred the operation of the law until after election, which, of course, could only have been done for political reasons. * * * The question at issue was not that of an eight-hour day at all. The question was whether President and Congress should enact a law, without investigation and without knowledge, to give increased wages to a certain portion of the body of wage earners. The labor leaders on this issue, without regard to the right or wrong of the matter, first coerced the President, and then with his aid coerced Congress. The question at issue was not one of the hours of labor. It was one of wages. And it was settled by the President and Congress without investigation and without knowledge. The settlement was due partly to fear, and partly to hope of political profit.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

FINNEGAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Pitiless Publicity.

"I see Mr. Hughes wud like to know fwhats to come to 'Pitiless Publicity.' Mesself could tell him. 'Where's 'Pitiless Publicity'?' says Hughes. 'In the Ash Can,' says I. 'T'was all right on the stump, but in Washin'ton 'tis differ. The Harp that wuz through Trenton's halls—I mane Tumulty. Whin he bursts into song pow he picks his chune!"

"'Tis not that Prisdint Wilson is less public than Candydote Wilson—He's less pitiless. 'Tis like the showman. He tells ye all, an' more, about th' illyfiant, but he has mital res'vashune about the spotted baby."

"So 't is wld Wilson. He's so'ned the hard heart iv 'Pitiless Publicity.' 'How about the Postmasters?' axes the re-fawrners. 'Well never tell ye,' says the C'mishun. 'For why?' says the League. 'T'wid embar's th' Ad'ministrashun,' says the C'mishun. And the people laughs. 'Ye fired th' Hld iv the Cinsus,' says Hughes. 'Ye lie,' says Redfield. 'He rained wid-out bein' axed,' says he. 'Ye lie yer-self,' says Durand. 'Ye towld me ye'd fire me, an' ye gev me place to a pol'tician,' says Durand. 'Kac'ly fwhat I said,' yells Pink Whiskers, 'I was goin' to fire ye annyway, but I never axed ye to raysine,' says Pinky. An' 'he people roars."

"Tell us about all thim Dishurvin' Dimmycrats,' says the people. An' 'Washin'ton is swep' be a storm iv silence."

"But don't ye think there's no publicity at all. Teddy himself was none gunshy with the papers, but he cud be quiet, too."

"'Well grab some land in Vinzureely,' says the Ambassadure. 'Temprily,' says he. 'Ye'll not,' says Teddy. 'Ye'll agree to arbitrate,' says he, 'or,' he says, 'in thim days Deway'll be there,' says Teddy."

"'Me Ry'le Mather will niver consent,' says th' other. 'Thin,' says Teddy, 'I'll sind Deway at wanst. There's no use waitin'.' Teddy says, 'How'd 'em,' says the Ambassadure. 'We agree,' says he, 'an' divid a bit did we know how it was for a dozen year."

"'Well have Ferdie Carey alive, or the Bushi Bazoock dead,' says Teddy, an' back comes Ferdie. An' the papers says 'On demand iv the State Department Ferdie Carey has been released.' An' that's all."

"How is it now? The greasers slaughtered twinty at Santy Isabel. 'Another Mexican Crisis,' says the headlines, 'Twinty-Americans killed,' they says. 'The Prisdint Calm,' says they. 'Aces Bacon and Eggs. Plays Golf,' says the headlines. An' the paper goes on:

"'The Prisdint's appyтите at breakfast was good, th' leader iv the nashun gettin' outside iv grape fruit, bacon an' eggs, hot biscuit an' coffee. Whin Docther Grayson announced the bill iv fare the tinshun over Mexico was much relaved."

"'The Prisdint is seivin' in privacy the fateful question, 'Will me throat last?' The answer is waited wid feverish anxiety."

"'Mondah, the papers says 'Nashunal Disaster? Sore Throat Feared, Panic at the Capital. The Prisdint Calm. 'Consternation was spread among all classes today be the report that the Prisdint awoke with a sore throat. Strong men fainted before they cud reach the nearest saloon. There is talk iv appintin' a day iv prayer. It is hoped that Senator Arre-ye-on-though will claim that the dead Americans raysisted izixushun. A high authority states that this wud end the crisis. The Prisdint made but wan remark: 'Av they'd not been there they'd not iv been kilt.'"

"'Choosdah, they says, 'Hope revives. No sore throat. Bitten by insect. Prisdint calm. All Phrases iv Mather to be considered."

"'The anxiety in the Capital was relaved today be the followin' bulletin: "'The Prisdint has a slight perforation in the cuticle over the infery-ure maxillary caused by an insect bitin' him whin asleep. The patient was too proud to scratch. (Signed) Grayson."

"'It is reported also that General Scott will go to the border to bury the dead, and apologize to the Insurgints. He will axe Carranza, whether he wud accept a loan if offered. This is considered the thrue s'ltion iv the difficulty."

"'Windsdah the Prisdint goes motorin', Thursdah he writes a note and General Scott starts for the border. Fridah the headlines says 'Peace in Europe near. Prisdint studyin' terms. Will he stop the war? Another note expected. Capital excited over report.'"

"'But we're comforted be bein' towld the Prisdint will not be betrayed into hasty ackshun."

"'Sundah, he's considerin' th' Armenyan question, an' Mondah he advises Grandmothers about suckin' eggs. And another crisis is past."

"'So it goes ivry day. As I was sayin', there's a plenty publicity, but 'tis not the brand iv 1912."

Evidently Mr. Wilson has made up his mind about something. He refers in his acceptance speech to "the sovereign authority of Mexico." He may have decided to whom he was referring. Less than two years ago he was not sure whether it was the soldier-bandit Villa or the grocer-grafter Carranza.

The Administration ought to be able to take a comfortable rest. It has turned pretty-much everything over to commissions from the Mexican question to the tariff. The talent for shirking responsibilities comes handy sometimes.

Political Jottings

The Wilson Keypnote.

In his kneeling to the demands of the trainmen, in his sacrifice of the sacred principle of arbitration on the altar of peace-at-any-price, we see, in review, the whole philosophy of the Wilson theory of government and nationality.

"It is better to run than to fight."

That theory is at work in American government today for the first time.—Boston Journal.

The Wilson Waltz.

In view of recent events the following formula overheard on a hotel veranda may be of interest: The Wilson waltz, one step forward, three steps backward, hesitate, then sidestep.

The Administration is depressed by the reflection that, under no circumstances can it postpone election day.

Wilson insists that he will never recognize government by assassination, but he hasn't cut off relations with those who have assassinated Americans.

The first President and the first Congress that ever submitted to a hold-up.

And, by the way, nobody will ever be able to claim this was a regular Democratic Administration unless we have a bond issue before March 4, 1917.

Betting on Hughes and Wilson is dangerous both to Democrats and Republicans. In one of the New England states such a bet was made a few days ago. The officers heard of it and they arrested the Republican on a charge of robbery and sent the Democrat to an insane asylum. Be careful.

One thing we must all admit. The President is never too proud to sidestep.

A surplus of \$5,200,000 from the postal service during the fiscal year ending June 30, is reported by Postmaster-General Eurlison. With the department more than paying expenses, it would seem that the executive officials could afford to keep on the payroll members of the National Guard, who respocted when the President called out the Organized Militia for duty on the border.

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

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

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin inside bathing. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gas and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your pharmacist a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER

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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

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

GREAT TRIUMVIRATE NOW RULES THE KAISER'S MILITARY MACHINE

Into the Hands of Von Hindenburg, Von Mackensen and Ludendorff, Masters of War Proved in the Awful Fire of the Last Two Years, the German Emperor Has Committed the Conduct of the War—Anecdotes of the Three Chiefs.

Berlin. — Hindenburg, Mackensen, Ludendorff—these are the names to conjure with in Germany today. Into the hands of three masters of war, tried in the awful fire of the last two years, the kaiser has committed the greatest military machine in the world and all lesser chieftains now bow down before them.

There comes a time in titanic struggles when dictators become imperative. Great leaders give way to the greatest. A Grant or a Napoleon of inexorable will curbs the mighty and fuses all the vast forces of a nation into united effort.

That is Germany's situation today. Encircled by the "iron band" of enemies the kaiser has sacrificed even the astute Von Falkenhayn, who himself succeeded the clever Von Moltke in the early days of the war and for two years had been head of the great general staff. Now he in turn must yield place to a more splendid genius, Hindenburg.

Hindenburg is the great rock on which the formidable armies of Germany and her allies center. Ludendorff is his "alter ego," his second self, his understudy, who stands by his side watching with eagle eye ready to polish and round off his chief's plans.

Mackensen is the thunderbolt, the master of offensives, the mail-clad fist with which Hindenburg strikes. He is now in charge of the desperate situation around Roumania, where he is attempting to shock Germany's latest enemy by such a smashing blow from the south that the Roumanian attacks on other sides will weaken.

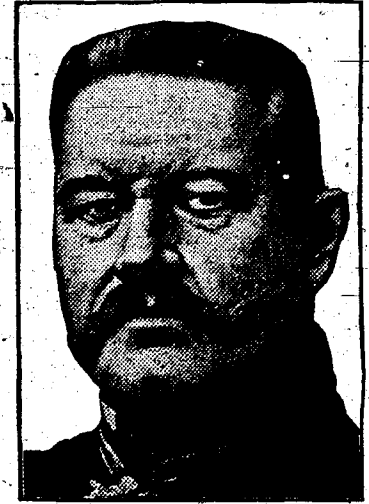
German soldiers often call Mackensen "the Archangel Michael with a flaming sword." Teuton officers taken prisoner in Russia recently told "Petroff," the famous war correspondent of the Russkoe Slovo, how he made a score of Austrian generals cover before him and how he burned a message from the kaiser.

Petroff describes two war councils held by Mackensen this summer. The first took place at Kovel, 19 Austrian generals of high rank being present.

"At the opening of the sitting," says Petroff, "Prince Leopold of Bavaria, especially sent by the kaiser, handed to Von Mackensen a letter from the kaiser. Von Mackensen rose to his feet and began to read the important document. Prince Leopold also stood up. Von Mackensen read in silence, becoming pensive, often frowning. It was evident that the letter contained numerous questions, and that Prince Leopold knew their order and character.

While Von Mackensen was reading Prince Leopold was actually, as it were, counting every expression on the face of the Carpathian archangel. As he read, Von Mackensen sometimes paused to think over the question dealt with in the letter, replying with determination and resolution, "Yes." At other moments he uttered a resolute "No." Prince Leopold marked these down.

No Answer to Kaiser. "Having finished reading, Von Mackensen again became pensive, closed his eyes, and shook his head. Then he rolled the letter up and lighted it at a gas burner used for the pur-



General Von Hindenburg.

pose of lighting cigars, holding the paper in his hand until it burnt to ashes. Then he raised his eyes to Prince Leopold, who evidently had been waiting for some statement. But Mackensen remained silent.

"You did not answer the last question of the emperor," remarked the prince at last.

"I did not," slowly retorted Mackensen, frowning.

"It seemed that the Austrian generals present knew what the question was, because they all became anxiously attentive and regarded each other with an air of distress. At last, pausing at each syllable, the field marshal replied:

"Because I am too old and because I have my reputation as a soldier, I am not going to answer anything."

"All sat quiet and depressed. Prince Leopold grasped his throat as if it was difficult to breathe. One of the generals, after a pause, asked with what power the field marshal had been invested.

"General von Hindenburg and my-

self," answered Mackensen, "are the two hands of Emperor William, and our action is dictated solely by the head of the kaiser. We are not limited in any other way."

"At the conclusion of the official deliberations Mackensen frankly told the Austrian generals it was in their interests to obey the German general staff.

"If you have failed to defend your country from invasion," said he, "you should at least obey those who have already saved you."

"When the Austrians had left, Mackensen remarked of the Austrian commanders:

"In the discussion of plans every one of them is a Machiavelli, but when it comes to the execution they have but straw minds and hands of clay."

"At the second council of war Mackensen acted as the complete master. He frankly said a number of the higher Austrian generals would be re-



General Von Mackensen.

moved from active service as they were not capable enough. Some of the Austrian commanders asked if there was any hope of clearing the Russians from Austrian territory, as had previously been done.

Work in Perfect Accord. "Our emperor," answered Mackensen, "is not carrying on war merely for military glory. Neither is war being waged for gaining pieces of territory, but solely for the defense of our fatherland. You must leave it to us to decide what must and what can be done."

This would indicate that Hindenburg and Mackensen work in perfect accord at present. Of Hindenburg, who became famous early in the war by winning the two great battles in East Prussia and twice throwing back the Russian invaders, more is known than of Mackensen and hundreds of reams have been written about him.

He has always shown himself quite independent of the great general staff, of which he is now the head.

He was ever a man of mystery and scarcely known outside military circles when the war began.

In army circles he was called "der verruckte Hinter den Burg" (the insane one behind the burg) a sportive play on his name. It is even hinted the supposedly omniscient great general staff once printed behind his name in the secret army list the blue cross that denotes incompetence and is the precursor of an early relegation to the despised reserve.

On one point Hindenburg was decidedly mad, and that was his study of East Prussia. In order to be free from military restriction he requested his dismissal, that he might the more conveniently study the topography of the frontier. Often he could be seen wandering lonesomely along some by-path, unsafe by reason of border smugglers, a towering, masterly, brooding figure.

He devoted years to his beloved study and when his plans were completed he retired to Karlsbad, where he wrote a little red book entitled "The Collapse," which was circulated only among the members of the war council and his few private friends. In this book he wrote:

"Our East Prussian frontier seems strong but is weak. No army can hold it. The natural boundaries are either from Danzig through Posen to Rattibor, or the present Russian fortified line, that is from Riga to Kracow. It is for you to decide."

Since then the great general staff has made known its decision. On the publication of his booklet, Hindenburg came into his own, and even the Camarilla, who hated him for his inde-

pendence, could not stay his further progress.

At the beginning of the war he was beaten, as he had foreseen, for he had been ordered to hold the line that was untenable. When he had been several times seriously defeated, he informed the general staff that he required no further instructions, but would fight in accordance with his own plans. It was then that he began to clear the province, and finally, by the crushing defeat at the Masurian lakes, he smashed Russia's military activity for at least twelve months.

Gets Crown Prince's Supplies. He has never bowed the knee to the Camarilla. According to the calculations of the general staff, the German troops were to hibernate in the large cities of Russia, but their winter quarters proved to be the frozen fields. No provision for skin coats had been made, and, in spite of the heavy deliveries that were being sent to the Camarilla generals on the western front, Hindenburg obtained no satisfactory answer to his repeated requisitions.

He went in person to Berlin, and in the store depot he found a large consignment, which he ordered to be railed to his supply headquarters, which were then at Thorn. The horrified official informed him that the skins were for the army of the crown prince, and therefore could not be taken away. Hindenburg swore a volume of oaths, and in the end obtained them.

Some of the great character traits of Hindenburg are his piety, his love for the fatherland and his faithfulness to the kaiser. When he was a young lieutenant he used to carry the New Testament in his breast pocket. This saved his life during the Franco-German war. A bullet struck the book but did not penetrate all the pages.

It is a well-known fact that in the church of Glauswitz Hindenburg prayed aloud for victory. Hindenburg's private life is absolutely clean. He never played cards or drank excessively and he hardly ever smoked.

Hindenburg never speaks of fate or luck. He does not talk about genius, but he believes that God helped him. "God helped me to gain a victory, and the kaiser gave me the soldiers, he made me commander, he trusted me. Be grateful to God and the kaiser, do not thank me," is what he told the people of East Prussia when they came to thank and praise him as their deliverer.

As professor of the "Kriegs Akademie" (sent there by the order of the general staff) Hindenburg found the best occasion to educate the young officers in the most important subject—"applied military tactics." Frederick the Great invented for the benefit of his army officers the "Kriegs Spiel" (war game) and Hindenburg followed in the footsteps of the Prussian king by improving this war game.

Cut Imposing Figure. When Hindenburg was studying in the "Kriegs-Akademie" (1878-79), he

became a pupil of Prof. Pochhammer, who tells us that Hindenburg cut an imposing figure. He called this soldier, over six feet tall, with broad shoulders, short-cropped hair, and big mustache, broad forehead, "the living personification of the war god." When Professor Pochhammer in his lectures became tedious and tiresome Hindenburg used to take out his maps, pencils and compass and commence to work on a plan for an imaginary battle, without paying any attention to the professor.

In 1870 he fought against the French in the battles of St. Privat and Sedan and was decorated with the order of the Red Cross and the Iron Cross.

In 1911 he retired from active service until the war of 1914 broke out, when he again returned to the army and was appointed commander in the East.

Of Ludendorff even Germans today know little. But high army officers say he deserves a large share of Hindenburg's fame. He has been Hindenburg's chief of staff since August, 1914, and has worked out the splendid bits of strategy which time and again have baffled the Russian hordes.

Now that Hindenburg has become chief of the great general staff and only second to the kaiser, Ludendorff has been made quartermaster general. His name is signed to the brief daily official bulletins in which the general staff chronicles the progress of the war. And his is the first name that has been appended to them.

He is the friend, adviser and constant companion of Hindenburg, and they are said to work together like two parts of a smooth-running machine.

Bees in Express Shipment. Cynthia, Ky.—A stack of beegums at the Adams Express office in this city furnished a made-to-order, up-to-date home for a swarm of bees that happened to be passing over Monday. The swarm swept across lots from beyond the stock pens and, discovering the bee-gums at the express office, at once took possession. Now the party to whom the gums were shipped will have the gratification of finding one of them already loaded day. The swarm swept across lots with busy workers, who will no doubt have a nice lot of honey in stock for him.

Liberates Raccoons. Media, Pa.—Deputy Sheriff William M. Mathues has liberated in the country a dozen pairs of mated young raccoons for breeders. Mr. Mathues purchased the animals in Tennessee and had them shipped here at his own expense in the hope of increasing the hunting in the county. He has ordered as many more, and hopes to get them shortly.

Women would soon tire of men if men were as good as the women think they should be.

A big new discovery in cigarette blending

The big thing about Chesterfields is their unique blend. The *Chesterfield blend* is an entirely new combination of tobaccos. This blend is the most important new development in cigarette making in 20 years.

As a result, Chesterfields produce a totally new kind of cigarette enjoyment—they *satisfy!* Just like a "bite" before bedtime *satisfies* when you're hungry.

But with all that, Chesterfields are *MILD*, too!

This new enjoyment (*satisfy*, yet *mild*) comes *ONLY* in Chesterfields because no cigarette maker can copy the *Chesterfield blend*.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Give me a package of those cigarettes that *SATISFY!*"

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

20 for 10¢

They *SATISFY!*
and yet they're *MILD*



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 Sreator 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.

Some men make fortunes out of old things and others starve while trying to invent new things.

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.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Here's Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Faded Hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, wavy hair can only be had by brewing mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or so of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients for 50 cents a large bottle, all ready to use. It is called *Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound*, and can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and luster of your hair.

Everybody uses *Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound* now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simplyampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning your gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

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

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X-RAY in Office.

The Red Circle by Albert Rayson 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.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ALBERT RAYSON TERHUNE.

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his quoted name from a red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is released from prison after serving his third term. 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 and his wayward son Ted are the only known living of the Borden kin. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on "Circle Jim." June Travis, and her mother, of the wealthy set interested in the reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim," realizing that his family is a menace to society, enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Lamar chances upon "Circle Jim" and Jim is killed. "The last of the Bordens," says Lamar. But the next day he sees the Red Circle on the back of a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. June Travis, marked with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Grant employs Lamar. Mary, June's nurse, discovers June's theft and the Red Circle on her hand, and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary, to turn away suspicion from June, dresses as the veiled woman and is pursued by Lamar.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT IN STRANGE ATTIRE

Max Lamar, gripping with both hands the corner of the black coat that protruded from the locked garage door, drove his shoulder full against the door panel, again and again. But the wood held firm.

"It seems to be a deadlock," laughed June, forcing her merriment with a mighty effort.

"Miss Travis," broke in Lamar, "will you help me? I can't let go here. Will you hurry around to the front door of the house this garage belongs to, and explain matters? Then ask leave for me to break the door down. I can do it if you'll hold the coat corner for me."

"Shan't I hold it now?" suggested June, an idea flashing into her farsighted mind. "I'll hold the coat while you try to smash the lock."

"I don't like to batter down people's property," he answered, "even in the name of the law—without asking their permission."

"But—"

"Besides," he added, "this Veiled Woman is strong. Whenever she tugs at her coat, it's all I can do to hold my corner of it. She might wrench it out of your hands."

"Yes," agreed June, under her breath, "that's exactly what I mean her to do."

But she forebore to say it aloud. And after a second look at Lamar's set jaw, she meekly turned away toward the house.

Mary, on the inner side of the garage door, had listened, panting, to



"Even the Tailor's Label is Gone!"

the brief dialogue. As she heard June's light step receding on the driveway gravel, she threw all her strength into one last wrench at the recalcitrant coat.

The cloth was stout and Max Lamar's grasp unshakable. But the tug caused two of the coat's upper buttons to fly half way across the garage. One of Mary's lean shoulders slipped out of the garment. That gave the captive woman her inspiration.

In trembling haste, she unfastened the remaining buttons, freeing herself, she left the imprisoned coat to fall to the greasy floor of the garage—Max Lamar still gripping its corner, on the door's far side, with futile energy.

Across the greasy floor, through the

gloom, Mary groped her way. She found the opposite wall, and felt along its all but unseen surface. At the farthest corner, her numbed fingers touched what they sought—the lintel of a door.

It was the garage's little back door, giving on the alley, behind the grounds. For one suicidal moment, she thought this back door was locked. But it was only stuck from long disuse. She threw her whole fragile weight against the dirt-crust portal. A shower of dust and spiders' webs cascaded down upon her head. But the door quivered at the impact.

She heard voices—one of them Lamar's. And again she cast herself against the door. This time it flew wide, with a whining of hinges and a clatter of falling debris; and the rush of her onset drove her half way across the alley, outside.

Darting back to close the door behind her, the old woman cast a fearful look up and down the alley. The coast was clear. Incontinent Mary took to her heels.

Max Lamar clung doggedly to the coat corner that protruded from the garage's front door. He heard muffled noises from within. But they were so faint and the door was so thick, that he could not classify them. Nor, indeed, had he time to. For, presently, June reappeared around the corner of the big house. With her were a hatless and rather annoyed-looking woman in a morning gown and a highly interested butler.

"Madam, I am very sorry to disturb you like this. But we have chased a thief into your garage, as Miss Travis has probably explained to you. I have hold of this corner of the fugitive's coat, as you see. Will you let me break the lock of your garage door and get in? Of course, I'll pay—"

"If I may suggest," said the woman in frigid politeness, "it might be better to go into the garage by the back door, before breaking my locks. Had that occurred to you, Mr. Detective?"

"If I let go of this coat—Miss Travis, will you hold the coat corner for me while I go around to investigate? Please!"

"Why, yes," quaveringly assented June, taking hold of the cloth, alongside Lamar's own grip. "I'll do my best. I'm pretty strong."

As he disappeared, June pressed her face close against the door.

"Mary!" she whispered eagerly, and "Mary! Mary!"

No answer. Then in a moment, the sound of a key in the lock. The door swung open. The woman of the house stood in the garage threshold. June found herself holding the corner of the empty coat.

"She—she is gone?" stammered June, her temples pulsing and buzzing with swift relief.

"Yes," snapped the woman, "she got out of the coat and then out of the back door. Your detective friend is exploring the alley for her. I'm going to watch him pick up clues. It is quite amusing. Almost as amusing as Field day at a lunatic asylum."

A new terror beset June: the coat that she still held, was a menace. She began to realize this: Lamar would assuredly seize upon it as a clue. From the maker's name, he could in time trace its ownership to her.

She turned the coat over, exposing the label. With a jerk she tore it away and thrust it into the front of her dress.

She heard Lamar returning, and she carelessly dropped the coat across the sill of the open door.

"Well?" queried June, interestedly, as Max came in sight around the corner of the garage. "What news of the Veiled Woman?"

"Got clean away," he reported, sulkily. "No trace of her."

He caught sight of the coat lying where June had dropped it. His look of chagrin brightened to one of keen eagerness. He snatched the coat from the greasy floor and twisted around so as to bring the inside of the neckband into view. And again his face darkened.

"Clever woman!" he muttered. "Even the tailor's label is gone. Well, there's only one thing left to do. I'll take this coat to police headquarters and have Allen send a man around with it to every tailor in the city. One of them is bound to recognize it. And we'll catch our woman that way, before another day's ended."

They left the grounds and gained the sidewalk.

"I want to thank you ever so much, Miss Travis," he said, "for being such a brick; and helping me as you have, today. But for your showing me where you had seen the Veiled Woman, I should never have gotten on her track. It was splendid of you."

"It wasn't," she contradicted, "I was glad to be of any help. When I was hanging on to that ridiculous coat corner, like grim death, I felt quite a heroine. But—"

"There's another thing," he said, hesitatingly. "A thing I hate like blue poison to say; but it's got to be said. Will you try to forgive me, in advance?"

"How ominous!" she laughed. "What is it?"

"When that Jap butler of yours showed you the torn note, an hour ago," said Max, uncomfortably, "do you know what I thought? I thought you were the Veiled Woman."

"Mr. Lamar!" cried June, her sweet voice vibrant with amazed reproach. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded.

"What was I to think? It all seemed to fit in, with such horrible exactness. How else could I account for part of the stolen note being found in your room? And your explanation seemed so lame—so unconvincing. The simple truth often does, you know. Won't you forgive me, please?"

"You—you doubted my word?" murmured June, incredulously. "You actually thought that I could—?"

"I'm so ashamed!" he broke in. "But I paid for my mistake. I never was more hideously miserable in all my life than I was at that very moment. Nothing could make me suspect you again," he concluded vehemently.

The moment she was in her own room the lightness of manner fell from her, like an ill-fitting garment. Her face was suddenly drawn and haggard.

Gradually the Red Circle crept into sight on the back of her white hand. "Nothing can stop him," she repeated. "Nothing can save me—except myself!"

Taking her room telephone from the desk, she ordered her limousine brought from the garage.

Ten minutes later June Travis entered a men's outfitter's shop of the cheaper sort, on a downtown street. To the very admiring clerk who strutted forth from the back of the store to welcome her, she said:

"My brother is to leave the hospital today. He is recovering from smallpox—Don't be frightened. I haven't been near him—He has just telephoned me that they destroyed all his clothes, to prevent infection. And he wants me to buy him a new outfit."

Lamar, meantime, swept like a whirlwind into the private office of Chief of Police Allen.

"Got her!" he announced. "At least I've got hold of one end of the chain



"Go Along With This Young Fellow. Don't Let That Coat Out of Your Sight!"

and she's clamped fast to the other end. Here's her coat. The Veiled Woman's big black coat. I'll tell you later how I got it. Can't some of your born idiots chase around to all the tailor shops in a rush and find who it was made for? If they find that they'll find the Veiled Woman. And then the Red Circle will stop being a mystery; and maybe I can blow myself to a decent night's sleep."

The chief looked at his watch. "Inside of half an hour," he said, "every first-class store and tailor shop in town will be shut for the night. And this coat came from a first-class place. Anyone can see that. We'll have to wait till tomorrow morning. Here," he said to his secretary, "tell the detective department to get busy on that tomorrow. First thing, handle it carefully. It's all gasoline and grease. Now, then, Max, my boy, let's hear the story."

June, coming out from the men's outfitting shop, carried a big and awkward bundle that she had refused to allow the obsequious clerk to send home for her. Her next visit was to a theatrical wigmaker. A few minutes later she emerged, with a second and smaller package, got into the limousine and went home.

June went straight to her bedroom and dropped the parcels on a chair. Thence she went into her sitting room—to find Mary waiting for her.

At sight of the loyal old woman the girl rushed up to her and caught Mary close to her breast.

"You dear!" she exclaimed, in tearful gratitude. "You dear! You splendid old dear! It was wonderful of you! Wonderful! Oh, there aren't any words to thank you! I never

dreamed it was you, until I saw that miserable coat stuck in the garage door. Why, you might have been arrested and all sorts of terrible things!"

"There, there!" soothed Mary. "It's all right! It's all right, honey! I'd do a million times more'n that for my little girl, any day in the whole year. Just you forget all about what I did. It's what I'm here for."

"Forget it?" cried June. "Never as long as I live! Oh, Mary, you were so—"

The girl's eyes narrowed. The back of her right hand began to throb.

"I'm so tired!" she murmured, "and I'm so faint, with all this fright and danger. It's given me a sick headache. I'm going to bed. Tell mother, won't you? And say I don't want any dinner sent up to me. I want to go sleep and not be disturbed till tomorrow morning."

Chief Allen still sat in his private office, clearing up some odds and ends of the day's official routine, before going to his club for a belated dinner. Night had fallen, but a broad streak of moonlight lay athwart the window sill.

His secretary came in from the outer office.

"Young fellow outside there, chief," he announced. "Wants to see you. He's a dummy. Not deaf; but he's dumb. Here's a note he scribbled for you. He's from Mr. Lamar."

The chief took the slip of paper his secretary tendered, and read the three written lines it contained:

I am dumb. Cannot talk. But I can hear. I must see the chief of police. Mr. Lamar sent me.

"Oh, all right. All right," granted the chief. "I suppose I'll get my dinner some time between now and Christmas, if I have luck. Bring him in."

The secretary vanished, reappearing in a moment with a young man in tow.

The visitor was quietly dressed and wore on his head a golf cap, which it evidently did not occur to him to remove in the august presence of the chief. He also carried under one arm a crook-handed Malacca cane.

Unbidden, the caller seated himself gracefully in a chair beside the chief's desk and drew from his pocket a little scratchpad and a pencil. With-

back here and deposit it with Humason in the detective bureau."

For seven or eight blocks, after she left police headquarters June Travis hurried on, from street to street, Policeman Meeks ever close at her side. The officer's eyes never for an instant left the coat that hung over his companion's arm.

The girl was in despair. She had planned so cleverly this kidnaping of the coat!

She was helpless, despairing. And with the blind instinct of the despairing, she unconsciously turned her steps homeward.

"Where does this cutter of yours live, anyhow, Dummy?" the policeman was asking.

June paused, uncertainly. This farce could not go on much longer. Meeks was beginning to grow suspicious.

A quarter block ahead, the boulevard split into a "Y." At the left it continued at its present level. At the right ran a flight of forty marble steps, leading downward to a terraced avenue one tier below the boulevard on the city's hillside.

And then, as ever of late in her moments of direst need, an inspiration came to the girl.

Once more she took up her former brisk stride; the grumbling Meeks close behind her. As they came to the fork of the boulevard, she halted again.

"Well," growled Meeks, "which way, now?"

She pointed down the long flight of marble steps, snowy in the vivid moonlight. The man hesitated. She glanced at him and saw the reason. His eyes were fixed in stupid wonder at the right hand with which she was pointing. On the surface of the hand gleamed the Red Circle; mercilessly distinct in the clear light.

June caught the policeman roughly by the arm with her other hand, pointed again toward the terrace beneath them, and started down the steps at a run.

Fearful of losing sight of the precious coat, the policeman also broke into a lumbering run, protesting:

"Hey! Go easy there! What's your hurry? Want me to break my neck?"

Even as he spoke, June planted her feet firmly on one broad step and came to an abrupt standstill. Meeks could not check his own speed so suddenly. So he lunged ahead a step or two.

As he lumbered past her, the girl deftly swung her stick, holding it by the ferule end. The crook handle caught Policeman Meeks, nestly around the left ankle.

At the same instant, June braced herself, and jerked backward with the stick.

Policeman Meeks' body smote the stairway about six steps farther down; bounded in air; missed a step or two; then struck the stairway again and proceeded to roll rapidly down the remaining twenty-four steps.

For a bare half-second, the patrolman lay half-stunned and breathless. Then he scrambled groaningly to his feet, sore all over.

"Gone!" croaked Policeman Meeks, still catching his breath with difficulty. "Gone!"

It was Yama's custom, on moonlit nights, to take his Japanese flute from his tin trunk in the storeroom and to fare forth into the farthest reaches of the Travis garden; there to lean pensively against a tree in the midst of a clump of shrubs, and, his eyes on the moon, to play sentimental and hideous Japanese melodies to it.

Tonight, Yama was tooting away right dreamfully, when the sound of crackling bushes broke in upon his music.

He stepped out of the shrubbery clump to investigate. Then, the flute fell from his nerveless fingers and he stared goggle-eyed.

Across a patch of lawn a figure was running; its feet soundless on the turf. The figure reached the house. It paused, at the bottom of a vine trellis; then skillfully began to climb the trellis.

It reached a second-story balcony; stepped over the railing and began to fumble with the long French windows of a room. The windows opened and the figure glided into the room; softly closing the windows behind it.

The spell was broken. With a yell of alarm, Yama grabbed up his fallen flute and dashed for the house. A second or so later burst unceremoniously into the library where Mrs. Travis and Mary were sitting.

"Scuse!" he sputtered. "Scuse, please! But man climb up to honorable Miss June's room!"

The woman flew upstairs. Yama, prudently arming himself with a large poker, followed.

When he reached the second floor Mrs. Travis was already hammering frantically at the locked outer door of June's suite.

"What is it?" called a drowsy voice from inside.

"Quick!" called Mary. "Let us in, dearie! There's a man—"

"In a minute," yawned June's voice from the bedroom; "I can't find the light."

The girl, never pausing for an instant, was hurling her manly attire into a closet, garment by garment, as she replied. She tore off her wig, shook down her hair, flung a negligee wrapper around her, rumbled the pillows and threw back the coverings of her bed; and presently appeared, sleepily blinking, in the doorway.

"My dear! My dear!" shrielled Mrs. Travis. "Come out quickly. There's a burglar in your rooms."

"A burglar?" repeated June, sleepily cross. "How silly! There can't be."

"Who saw this wonderful burglar?" she asked, as they finished poking be-

hind the portieres of the sitting room.

"Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did."

"Oh!" laughed June. "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares."

"But," insisted Yama, "I did saw him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an—"

"That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this—"

"And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back



The Back of Her Hand Began to Throb.

to bed? My head aches frightfully. It was all right when you waked me up. Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary, "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately."

But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Chief Allen's delayed dinner was destined to still further postponement. As he sauntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first person he chanced to see was Max Lamar.

"Look here, old man," the chief hailed him in mock rage, "if I starve to death it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when I'm starting out to feed?"

"What Noiseless Tailor?" asked Lamar, mystified, "a tailor's dummy?"

"No, a dummy tailor. The one you sent to look at that Veiled Woman coat. The young fellow who says his name's Attman or something like that. He blew in on me just as I was getting ready to—"

"Who blew in on you?" demanded Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to see you today."

"Your mind's softening at the edges," accused the chief. "I'm speaking of that ladies' tailor who came from you, ten minutes ago, to get the coat—"

"I tell you," reiterated Lamar, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen any ladies' tailor—"

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and—say! Come back to headquarters with me, on the run, Lamar."

They bolted from the club, jumped into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. In a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of June's visit. As he finished his frown cleared away.

"We're getting all het up over nothing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the coat."

The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp up the steps just ahead of them.

"Meeks!" yelled the chief.

Policeman Meeks tried to salute, jauntily. But the effort was a ghastly failure.

"The coat!" thundered the chief as he dragged Meeks into his private office; Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on? Speak up! Where is he?"

"I don't know, chief," babbled Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps and—"

"You ape!" snarled Chief Allen; "you blundering, cowardly bonehead! You let a man half your size do you up? You—"

"He tripped me," sniffed Meeks. "When I got up he had beat it."

"With the coat?" asked Lamar, fiercely.

"Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault. I—"

"I'll have you broke for this, you incompetent!" stormed the chief. "Go clean away, did he? Coat and all. And not a clue to find him by?"

"Only one clue," coweringly assented Meeks, "and that don't amount to anything, I s'pose."

"What was it?"

"He—he had a big, red ring—a birthmark like—on the back of his right hand. I took notice of it when he—"

"The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red Circle—again!"

(END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT)

THE RED CIRCLE

Albert Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF THE "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER,"
"SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE 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 and his wayward son, Ted Borden, are the only known living representatives of the Borden kin. 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 reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim" catches his son in the act of stealing. Realizing that his family is a menace to society, he enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Meanwhile, Lamar chances upon an underground passage where "Circle Jim" has taken refuge and in a fight, Jim is killed. "The last of the Borden" and the end of the Red Circle," says Lamar. But the next day he is astounded by the sight of a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile, showing the Red Circle on the white flesh. Lamar scribbles down the number on the license plate. June Travis, marked with the Red Circle robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary, her nurse, discovers the theft.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

"TWENTY YEARS AGO"

"The Red Circle! God help us!" muttered the nurse once more, as June looked at her, dazed, incredulous. "You know about the Red Circle? Won't you please tell me?" she entreated. "You must know, because I can see you recognize it. Don't you see how terrible it is for me? Mary, won't you tell me?"

The nurse's arm tightened around the slim young body. Unconsciously she lapsed into the soothing, automatic patting that she had used so often to put the baby June to sleep.

"I don't know, lamb. I don't know anything, precious," she stammered.

Mary's face took on the haggardness of one who is awakened from what seemed to be a gruesome nightmare, only to find that it is a grim truth.

She turned from the kneeling figure and went quickly through the door and down the stairway, one hand pressed to her throat.

June looked after her, stunned by a swift, certain fear. Then, slowly she rose from her knees, walked over to her dressing table and sank into the little chair before the mirror.

In a moment she had decided. Humming softly, she ran down the steps and into the garden.

Down a side path, in a little clump of bushes was a stone bench. Sitting on this bench, swaying to and fro, with tightly clasped hands, was Mary.

June reached her side, breathless and alarmed. As she approached Mary looked up in piteous supplication.

"Don't ask me, precious! Don't ask me, dear! I don't know. I couldn't tell you, blessed," she moaned, and raised her hands to ward off June's embraces.

The girl sat down and put a loving arm across her shoulders.

"People who bring up children and love them," she began slowly, "always forget those children are grown. Once



"Get Yourself Together, Mumsie, Someone is Coming."

a baby, always a baby, to loving mothers and dear, foolish old nurses. But I'm not a baby any more, Mary. Especially not since the horrible thing that happened today. I am branded—I am guilty of—guilty of—"

"Hush! Oh, darling, hush!" she besought. "They will hear you at the house. You mustn't say a word about it any more, not even to me—you mustn't think of it ever again. Promise."

"I can't promise anything," persisted June, fighting to regain her composure, "until you tell me, about that mark that has soiled my hand—tell me what you know of it."

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid," she repeated weakly.

"Tell me."

"Twenty years ago Mrs. Travis went West on a trip with Mr. Travis," said Mary, speaking rapidly, as if forcing each word, "I went along—I was the

maid. It was a terrible place, out West, in those days. And the place we went to was a mining town where there was nothing but shacks and saloons and rough-looking men and half-dead looking women.

"At the end of the trip Mrs. Travis was pretty near spent. She oughtn't to have been traveling at such a time. But she just would insist on coming along. I remember Mr. Travis and me had to pretty near carry her into the place where we were going to stay while we were there. It wasn't a regular hotel—the sign said 'Gem Saloon, Also Rooms.' 'Jake' was the name of the man who kept it.

"Jake led the way up the stairs and Mr. Travis and me put our arms around poor Mrs. Travis and just lifted her up that rickety staircase into the bedroom on the second floor."

"And then we put her to bed," he had to go down and speak to some men, on business. He had gone out West on some business about a gold mine he was interested in, you know. And the reason Mrs. Travis went along was because she was so sick and nervous, she said it would 'a' killed her to stay behind. And then, that afternoon, Mr. Travis and most all the men in the town went into the mountains to see a new gold claim.

"They were the roughest looking lot, an' there was one a big, powerful fellow, a gambler—'Jim Borden' they called him."

"'Jim Borden!' cried June. "Why—!"

"And he was rougher even than the rest of 'em; but they all minded what he said. They went off riding on horses and mules with packs and guns slung on their backs and I remember I lifted Mrs. Travis out of bed and into a rickety, old rocking chair near the window so's she could wave her hand good-by and throw a kiss to Mr. Travis.

"That night her little baby was born: I was all alone there and it went awful with her—I thought she was dying. After a little while I called Jake and I told him about the baby. He said it was fine and he'd send one of the boys out to the mine to Mr. Travis with a note and tell him about the good news.

"Then, just as he was going down the stairs again he turned around and said he'd have to make it a double note; because Jim Borden's wife had just had a baby an hour before and Jim would want to know, too.

"Jake sent the note. Oh, the night was long! Mrs. Travis was unconscious. And every minute of the time when I wasn't trying to bring her to, I walked the floor with this mite of a baby of hers trying to save them both.

"The next morning early, it seems, outlaws outside the town heard that a big shipment of gold was in the roadhouse waiting to go out. They knew most of the men was away at the mines, so they attacked the place. I'll never forget the minute I heard the first firing. Short and sharp—mostly revolver shots.

"I could hear the women and children herding in, in the barroom downstairs. I could hear 'em calling, frightened, for their husband that wasn't there. Then I heard the doors slamming and the bolts shot into place. And in the midst of it all the door of the bedroom flung open and Joe and Jake came in dragging a sick woman between 'em.

"This is Jim Borden's wife," says Jake to me 'and here's Mrs. Toole carrying Jim's baby—you an' her'll take care of the two sick women and the babies, won't you? And we said 'yes.'"

"Mrs. Toole put Jim's baby down on the bed next to Mrs. Travis—it was one of them narrow, no 'count beds—and went to fussing over Mrs. Borden. And I just walked the floor with the other baby and prayed. The fight was awful! Every now and again some woman downstairs would scream and a child would cry for its father.

"The shooting lasted all morning—our men were getting near the end of their bullets and their strength; and 'Slim Bob,' the head of the outlaws, was firing at the saloon door—that near he was—when he heard 'a' shot from a different direction and we saw 'Slim Bob' duck and dodge away, slinking alongside a high wood fence; and at the same time one of the three men that was carrying a big timber that they were going to use to batter in the saloon door, dropped dead in his tracks!

"Away off in the road at the edge of the town we saw galloping horses, and then men scrambling off horses' backs and running toward us. They was the men back from the mines! They fired as they ran and the outlaws turned tail, trying to escape—all except a few—'Slim Bob' was one of 'em. I saw Mr. Travis make for him and then I made up my mind I'd go downstairs and call Mr. Travis to come straight up to his poor, unconscious wife.

"On the table was Mrs. Travis' open grip, just as I'd left it when the baby was born. It had a lot of soft, white, woolly things in it. So I laid the baby

on them when I ran downstairs—it was safer than the bed. It was safer than the bed—I thought it was safer than the bed," she repeated incoherently.

"Mary—Mary!" June shook her slightly. "Don't forget any of it now—you mustn't, do you hear? You mustn't! You left off where you went downstairs."

"And when I was going out of the room," continued the old woman, talking as if she were in a trance, "Mrs. Borden must 'a' heard her Jim's voice downstairs, 'cause she kinda tried to pull up out of the chair and then when I was halfway down the steps I heard a shot and something falling.

"Downstairs, in the barroom it was all shouting men, with women crying on their shoulders and little children hanging frightened and their mothers. And I heard big Jim Borden asking Jake about his missus and then jumping up the steps three at a time with a look like the smile of heaven on his stone-cut face.

"But in all the crowd I couldn't see Mr. Travis and I began to be afraid, thinking of that woman who loved him so, laying unconscious in bed upstairs—and the baby. So, when one was looking, I ran out on the street—and there I found him—Mr. Travis—shot through the heart!

"I remember while I was there I heard someone come out, heavy, on the porch of the roadhouse and kind of stagger across the road. He must 'a' passed close, because it seemed to me I heard the weak, little wail of a newborn child. But I didn't notice much, just then.

"I just wandered back into the saloon like I was in a nightmare and stumbled up the steps, falling over my skirts and picking myself up; until I got into the bedroom. There, in the middle of the room, hanging over the table, with her eyes glassy staring and her chin dropped, was Jim Borden's wife—dead! Over in the bed laid Mrs. Travis, still unconscious, with a baby beside her.

"It was hours before I got the strength to get up from the chair again. It was only when I remembered how queer it was that the baby in the grip didn't cry that I jumped up sudden and went to get it. It was gone! The grip was empty. There was nothing but the dent its little body had made in the soft, woolly things—and

over on the bed was the other one—Jim Borden's—a girl it was, and ours had been a boy."

Her voice broke off with a sudden dry gurgle in her throat. As June shrank away from her, a dawning horror in her eyes, she stretched out two worn, trembling hands in an effort to draw the girl back.

"You see, it must have been like this: Jim Borden had leaped into that room with his heart all bursting with love and pride, and he found his wife dead before him, lying near the baby in the grip, and, looking over he saw the other woman on the bed with her baby beside her. He took the baby he thought was his own and went away—where, one knew—and I never found out—till too late."

For a moment there was a silence, more compelling than sound. Suddenly, flinging her arms wide, June cried hysterically:

"What does it mean? Don't stop there. Go on! Go on! What are you trying to make me believe?"

"I did as I thought best at the time," Mary went on tonelessly, weary in heart and body from the purgatory ordeal. "Mr. Travis was dead. When Mrs. Travis came to, what could I tell her a baby was there. No one but me knew it wasn't hers. It would 'a' killed her to tell her. I never told. She didn't know—she doesn't know—no one knows."

"And I—I am—" June gasped out the words.

Mary looked steadily into her terrified eyes and gripped her hands firmly.

"On the back of Jim Borden's right hand," she said slowly, "there was a queer Red Circle—they called him 'Circle Jim' out there. Just as later, they—"

"No! No! I don't believe it—I'm not—I'm not—" June crumpled into a sobbing heap at Mary's feet.

Very gently the old woman lifted her and held her close:

"You are Jim Borden's daughter!" she declared with a solemnity that brooked no dispute. "Marked with the crime curse. But we must guard the secret. She must never know. We're going to keep the secret, aren't we, lamb?" Mary was saying,

stared open-mouthed at her lifted hand.

Speechless, she pointed to it. As they watched, with unbelieving eyes, the ring of scarlet faded to a deep rose, then paled to pink. Almost immediately it vanished, leaving an unblemished white surface.

At sight of it June bent and kissed the spot in a paroxysm of joy.

"It's gone—it's gone!" she cried in hysterical glee, and wrapped Mary in a crushing bear hug. "That's a good sign. I believe in signs, don't you, you poor, nervous, old thing. Do look all right, in this gown? Do I look pretty and fascinating and—?"

"Don't be so gay!" pleaded the old woman, fearfully. "Somehow, it seems so awful for you to be laughing just now, and thinking you're going to get the best of that man. I—"

June reached down grasped her wrinkled, trembling hands and started whirling her about in a mad, merry circle, laughing at her breathless expostulations, the while.

Suddenly, in their wild gyrations, her elbow struck a pedestal in the corner of the room. It swayed perilously for a second, then toppled to the floor—the large case upon it smashing to a thousand fragments.

The old woman eyed the shattered bits with superstitious misgiving.

"It's an omen!" she muttered half to herself. "See what you've done!"

"Oh, everything's an omen to you, you sweet old calamity croaker!" ridiculed June, "have Yama clean it up—there's a dear. And Mary, peek down through the banisters and watch me disarm the suspicion of Mr. Lamar—the great crime specialist!"

And laughing at the horrified expression on the old woman's face the mistress of the house darted down the stairway and into the library.

"I am so glad you came," she said simply, as she took Lamar's hand. "When I asked you I was afraid you never would—you're so busy—and so important."

Lamar laughed, but somehow there was not keen enjoyment in the sound that came from his lips.

"I want you to tell me such lots of things," she began enthusiastically. "Your profession must bring day after

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"Thank you. Yes. You may go." With Lamar's eyes upon her it was an effort to say even that.

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"What is that?" he said sharply.

"This?" she inquired faintly, holding the paper before her.

"Yes. What is it?"

Without waiting for her answer and before she had a chance to regain her shattered composure, he took the burned document from her hand and examined it carefully.

"Where did you get it?" he asked at length and his tone implied that conviction had taken place of suspicion.

"Why—er—why, the veiled woman in black dropped that note as she hurried by me."

Lamar walked up close to her and looked steadily into her wavering eyes.

"Miss Travis," he said gravely, "are you quite sure of that?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure!" she was trying desperately to laugh.

"Would you mind showing me just where you saw this woman in black?" June laughed easily.

"Why, of course, I won't mind, Mr. Lamar. You're making this trifling incident such a frightfully serious affair, that it rather amuses me. Do detectives—I beg your pardon—do crime specialists always have to do on such silly things to track their criminals?"

Lamar ignored the sarcasm.

"You will come?" he repeated.

"I'll be ready to go out with you, in two minutes," she promised, running lightly up the stairs.

A black figure moved quickly across the porch and entered at a small side door. Lamar darted to the window too late to see more than its shadow.

Upstairs, in the boudoir, June dragged a hat from its box and stood before the mirror, swinging it on her hand. There was a curious buzzing sound in her ears—and things didn't look sharp and clear out to her eyes.

As she turned to leave the room, Mary, breathless and shaking with terror, hurried through the door and threw her arms about her.

"You shan't go!" she declared passionately. "My precious, my lamb—you shan't be led to the slaughter. He suspected you. He has from the first. He came to spy, not to visit you. Don't go, dearie—don't go!"

"I have brought it on myself," June answered dully. "I've got to go. With his suspicion aroused, don't you see it's the only thing left to do? I'll be able to turn his suspicion aside—I don't know how—but I'll do it. Oh, I'm so tired!"

Just for a moment she weakened and placed her head on Mary's shoulder. She had always felt secure that way—as far back as her memory went. Even now, a woman grown, she found a strange sense of solace, resting there.

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broke into her dream of rest. Startled she raised her head.

She saw a black sleeve, tightly gripped by a white hand in which a vivid circle of blazing red had suddenly been reborn. Horrified, she traced the flaming mark with a trembling forefinger.

Then the tension snapped and she sank to the floor, a whimpering helpless girl, with both hands pressed to her lips to muffle her frightened sobbing.

Abruptly June got to her feet, and tenderly lifted the old woman up beside her.

"You're going to be good and do just as I tell you," she commanded, "be-

cause that is the only way you can help me. And I need help so, dear."

And in less than a minute she had gone, her face wreathed in smiles, waving a gay good-by with the gloves she was drawing on.

At the foot of the stairs Lamar was waiting for her. His manner was now a trifle overcourteous.

Upstairs at the window of the girl's sitting room, Mary stood behind the draperies, motionless, and watched them go.

"God, he suspects her! There is danger for my little girl. God, tell me what to do! God—hear me in my trouble—tell me what to do!"

From far down the street the echo of June's merry laugh came back to her as she prayed in agony.

"You will remember precisely where she passed you?" Lamar was saying, suavely. "You see, ordinarily, it is enough to remember just about where a thing happened. But when you're tracking criminals it must be exactly where."

"If you become any more professional and technical I shall get so mixed up I won't remember anything," June warned him, jokingly. "I'm all shivery, right now! I'm thinking it great fun to be a sleuth."

"Really?" observed Lamar eyeing her keenly. "I trust you will continue to find it great fun, Miss Travis."

"Here!" cried June mock-dramatically, "right, on this spot is where I should say passed the veiled woman in black—that is, where she passed me, I mean."

She was pointing a tragic forefinger a small spot in the flagging. Then suddenly a startled cry burst from her and she raised her arm limply—and pointed.

Turning, the detective saw a woman in black—a long coat hid her figure, a thick veil shrouded her features. She stood motionless on the walk, in front of a huge tree.

Incredulous, Max looked from the sable-draped figure to the half-fainting girl beside him—then back again. The woman hadn't moved. She seemed unconscious of their presence.

"Is that the one?" he muttered hoarsely. "Is that the woman who passed you?"

Stunned by the horror of it all, June nodded her head. Immediately Lamar left her side and started to stroll aimlessly toward the woman in black.

The sound of his steps on the pavement roused the veiled woman from her lethargy. She turned her head with a quick, startled movement and walked rapidly away.

Lamar quickened his pace. June, fearful of what she had done, started after him: "Suddenly the woman in black, cut across a lawn, breaking into a run.

June saw the crime specialist clench his fist fiercely. His quarry had given him the slip. The girl found a wonderful exhilaration in the fact.

As she watched him his chin suddenly shot forward—his eyes strained from their sockets, and a smile, cruel yet suave, dawned around his mouth.

At the rear of the house stood a garage. Across its freshly painted, light gray door sprawled a blotch of inky black, plastered there by the wind.

The breeze died. The black patch fluttered and fell, hanging in limp folds. With three bounds Lamar had reached the garage door and was pulling at the soft cloth. He strained at the door, thinking it would give under the pressure. But it was locked.

When Lamar turned to June great beads of sweat stood on his forehead, and rolled from his temples.

"At last!" he said exultantly. "I have the veiled woman this time, and perhaps—the mystery of the Red Circle!"

June stared at the edge of the black cloak that he gripped so tightly. She recognized it. It was—her own!

Inside the garage, flat against the door (imprisoned by the cloak edge she could not tear free) the woman in black pushed the veil back from her gray-white face and prayed:

"God keep my lamb from harm!"

(END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT.)

"Nobody knows—nobody will ever need to know. And then—"

"Look!" June broke in with great agitation. "That man standing on the walk, staring up at the house!"

"Who is he?" asked the nurse quickly, alarmed at the girl's trepidation.

"It's Max Lamar—the crime specialist!"

"A detective! Oh, my precious—a detective!"

"No," June's lips curled slightly, "not a detective, Mary—a crime specialist—there is a great difference between the two, you know. He says so, himself."

"There ain't any difference, lamb, when they're after you! And it's you he's after—he's found out—he's found you out!"

"Hush!" June commanded, placing her hand over the old woman's mouth. "He couldn't have found out—he's coming to see me. I asked him to the other day, at the prison. We're imagining things, you and I—both of us—and it isn't good to do that. Come with me."

Seizing her hand June dragged her over the lawn toward the side porch. In spite of her attempted bravado she felt trapped.

"Get yourself together, mumsie," Mary heard June say, gayly, "someone is coming to see us—to see me," she emphasized. "Do you remember Mr. Lamar—the crime specialist that we met at the prison? He's coming up the walk now. Will you tell him I'll be down in a minute."

Pulling at the fastenings of her morning dress she hurried to her boudoir. She would put on something fetching—and arrange her hair differently. A hundred ways and means of fascinating and hoodwinking this very calm and assured young man crowded into her brain.

Standing at the door of her room was Mary, her eyes wide with fear.

"You mustn't go down, darling," she urged nervously.

"You dear old fool!" June answered lightly, "come in and help me dress. Get me a pretty dress. The brown one, I think. And, Mary dear, make me fascinating enough to addle the head of even a crime specialist."

She leaned forward and pressed her laughing face close to the mirror of her dressing table. A little, blown wisp of hair tumbled into her eyes. Impatiently, she brushed it back—then



"The Fight Was Awful!"

stared open-mouthed at her lifted hand.

Speechless, she pointed to it. As they watched, with unbelieving eyes, the ring of scarlet faded to a deep rose, then paled to pink. Almost immediately it vanished, leaving an unblemished white surface.

At sight of it June bent and kissed the spot in a paroxysm of joy.

"It's gone—it's gone!" she cried in hysterical glee, and wrapped Mary in a crushing bear hug. "That's a good sign. I believe in signs, don't you, you poor, nervous, old thing. Do look all right, in this gown? Do I look pretty and fascinating and—?"

"Don't be so gay!" pleaded the old woman, fearfully. "Somehow, it seems so awful for you to be laughing just now, and thinking you're going to get the best of that man. I—"

June reached down grasped her wrinkled, trembling hands and started whirling her about in a mad, merry circle, laughing at her breathless expostulations, the while.

Suddenly, in their wild gyrations, her elbow struck a pedestal in the corner of the room. It swayed perilously for a second, then toppled to the floor—the large case upon it smashing to a thousand fragments.

The old woman eyed the shattered bits with superstitious misgiving.

"It's an omen!" she muttered half to herself. "See what you've done!"

"Oh, everything's an omen to you, you sweet old calamity croaker!" ridiculed June, "have Yama clean it up—there's a dear. And Mary, peek down through the banisters and watch me disarm the suspicion of Mr. Lamar—the great crime specialist!"

And laughing at the horrified expression on the old woman's face the mistress of the house darted down the stairway and into the library.

"I am so glad you came," she said simply, as she took Lamar's hand. "When I asked you I was afraid you never would—you're so busy—and so important."

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"Did You See Anything of a Veiled Woman in Black?"

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(END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT.)



"Did You See Anything of a Veiled Woman in Black?"

THE RED CIRCLE

Albert Payson Terhune

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

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his 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 and his wayward son, Red Borden, are the only known living representatives of the Borden kin. 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 reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim" catches his son in the act of stealing. Realizing that his family is a menace to society, he enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Meanwhile, Lamar chances upon an underground passage where "Circle Jim" has taken refuge and in a fight, Jim is killed. "The last of the Borden and the end of the Red Circle," says Lamar. But the next day he is assailed by the sight of a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile, showing the Red Circle on the white flesh. Lamar scribbles down the number on the license plate. June Travis, marked with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary, her nurse, discovers the theft.

THIRD INSTALLMENT "TWENTY YEARS AGO"

"The Red Circle! God help us!" muttered the nurse once more, as June looked at her, dazed, incredulous. "You know about the Red Circle? Won't you please tell me?" she entreated. "You must know, because I can see you recognize it. Don't you see how terrible it is for me? Mary, won't you tell me?"

The nurse's arm tightened around the slim young body. Unconsciously she lapsed into the soothing, automatic patting that she had used so often to put the baby June to sleep.

"I don't know, lamb. I don't know anything, precious," she stammered. Mary's face took on the haggardness of one who is awakened from what seemed to be a gruesome nightmare, only to find that it is a grim truth.

She turned from the kneeling figure and went quickly through the door and down the stairway, one hand pressed to her throat.

June looked after her, stunned by a swift, certain fear. Then, slowly she rose from her knees, walked over to her dressing table and sank into the little chair before the mirror.

In a moment she had decided. Humming softly, she ran down the steps and into the garden.

Down a side-path, in a little clump of bushes was a stone bench. Sitting on this bench, swaying to and fro, with tightly clasped hands, was Mary.

June reached her side, breathless and alarmed. As she approached Mary looked up in piteous supplication.

"Don't ask me, precious! Don't ask me, dear! I don't know. I couldn't tell you, blessed," she moaned, and raised her hands to ward off June's embrace.

The girl sat down and put a loving arm across her shoulders.

"People who bring up children and love them," she began slowly, "always forget those children are grown. Once



"Get Yourself Together, Mumsie, Someone Is Coming."

a baby, always a baby, to loving mothers and dear, foolish old nurses. But I'm not a baby any more, Mary. Especially not since the horrible thing that happened today. I am branded—I am guilty of—guilty of—"

"Hush! Oh, darling, hush!" she besought. "They will hear you at the house. You mustn't say a word about it any more, not even to me—you mustn't think of it ever again. Promise."

"I can't promise anything," persisted June, fighting to regain her composure, "until you tell me, about this mark that has soiled my hand—tell me what you know of it."

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid," she repeated weakly.

"Tell me."

"Twenty years ago Mrs. Travis went West on a trip with Mr. Travis," said Mary, speaking rapidly, as if forcing each word, "I went along—I was the

maid. It was a terrible place, out West was, in those days. And the place we went to was a mining town where there was nothing but shacks and saloons and rough-looking men and half-dead looking women.

"At the end of the trip Mrs. Travis was pretty near spent. She oughtn't to have been traveling at such a time. But she just would insist on coming along. I remember Mr. Travis and me had to pretty near carry her into the place where we were going to stay while we were there. It wasn't a regular hotel—the sign said 'Gem Saloon, Also Rooms.' 'Jake' was the name of the man who kept it.

"Jake led the way up the stairs and Mr. Travis and me put our arms around poor Mrs. Travis and just lifted her up that rickety staircase into the bedroom on the second floor."

"And then we put her to bed," between us, Mr. Travis and me. He had to go down and speak to some men, on business. He had gone out West on some business about a gold mine he was interested in, you know. And the reason Mrs. Travis went along was because she was so sick and nervous, she said it would 'a' killed her to stay behind. And then, that afternoon, Mr. Travis and most all the men in the town went into the mountains to see a new gold claim.

They were the roughest looking lot, an' there was one a big, powerful fellow, a gambler—'Jim Borden' they called him."

"'Jim Borden!' cried June. "Why—!" "And he was rougher even than the rest of 'em; but they all minded what he said. They went off riding on horses and mules with packs and guns slung on their backs and I remember I lifted Mrs. Travis out of bed and into a rickety, old rocking chair near the window so's she could wave her hand good-by and throw a kiss to Mr. Travis.

"That night her little baby was born. I was all alone there and it went awful with her—I thought she was dying. After a little while I called Jake and I told him about the baby. He said it was fine and he'd send one of the boys out to the mine to Mr. Travis with a note and tell him about the good news.

"Then, just as he was going down the stairs again he turned around and said he'd have to make it a double note; because Jim Borden's wife had just had a baby an hour before and Jim would want to know, too.

"Jake sent the note. Oh, the night was long. Mrs. Travis was unconscious. And every minute of the time when I wasn't trying to bring her to, I walked the floor with this mite of a baby of hers trying to save them both.

"The next morning early, it seems, outlaws outside the town heard that a big shipment of gold was in the roadhouse waiting to go out. They knew most of the men was away at the mines, so they attacked the place. I'll never forget the minute I heard the first firing. Short and sharp—mostly revolver shots.

"I could hear the women and children herding in, in the barroom downstairs. I could hear 'em calling, frightened, for their husbands that wasn't there. Then I heard the doors slamming and the bolts shot into place. And in the midst of it all the door of the bedroom hung open and Joe and Jake came in dragging a sick woman between 'em.

"This is Jim Borden's wife," says Jake to me 'and here's Mrs. Toole carrying Jim's baby—you an' her'll take care of the two sick women and the babies, won't you? And—we said 'yes.'"

"Mrs. Toole put Jim's baby down on the bed next to Mrs. Travis—it was one of them narrow, no 'count beds—and went to fussing over Mrs. Borden. And I—just walked the floor with the other baby and prayed. The fight was awful! Every now and again some woman downstairs would scream and a child would cry for its father.

"The shooting lasted all morning—our men were getting near the end of their bullets and their strength; and 'Slim Bob,' the head of the outlaws, was firing at the saloon door—that near he was—when he heard a shot from a different direction and we saw 'Slim Bob' duck and dodge away, sinking alongside a high wood fence; and at the same time one of the three men that was carrying a big timber that they were going to use to batter in the saloon door, dropped dead in his tracks!

"Away off in the road at the edge of the town we saw galloping horses, and then men scrambling off horses' backs and running toward us. They was the men back from the mines! They fired as they ran and the outlaws turned 'fall, trying to escape—all except a few—'Slim Bob' was one of 'em. I saw Mr. Travis make for him and then I made up my mind I'd go downstairs and call Mr. Travis to come straight up to his poor, unconscious wife.

"On the table was Mrs. Travis' open grip, just as I'd left it when the baby was born. It had a lot of soft, white, woolly things in it. So I laid the baby

on them when I ran downstairs—it was safer than the bed. It was safer than the bed—I thought it was safer than the bed," she repeated incoherently.

"Mary—Mary!" June shook her slightly. "Don't forget any of it now—you mustn't do you hear? You mustn't! You left off where you went downstairs."

"And when I was going out of the room," continued the old woman, talking as if she were in a trance, "Mrs. Borden must 'a' heard her Jim's voice downstairs," 'cause she kinda tried to pull up out of the chair and then when I was halfway down the steps I heard a shot and something falling.

"Downstairs, in the barroom it was all shouting men, with women crying on their shoulders and little children hanging frightened to their mothers. And I heard big Jim Borden asking Jake about his missus and then jumping up the steps three at a time with a look like the smile of heaven on his stone-out face.

"But in all the crowd I couldn't see Mr. Travis and I began to be afraid, thinking of that woman who loved him so, laying unconscious in bed upstairs—and the baby. So, when no one was looking, I ran out on the street—and there I found him—Mr. Travis—shot through the heart!

"I remember when I was there I heard someone come out, heavy, on the porch of the roadhouse and kind of stagger across the road. He must 'a' passed close, because it seemed to me I heard the weak, little wail of a newborn child. But I didn't notice much, just then.

"I just wandered back into the saloon like I was in a nightmare and stumbled up the steps, falling over my skirts and picking myself up; until I got into the bedroom. There, in the middle of the room, hanging over the table, with her eyes glassy staring and her chin dropped, was Jim Borden's wife—dead! Over in the bed laid Mrs. Travis, still unconscious, with a baby beside her.

"It was hours before I got the strength to get up from the chair again. It was only when I remembered how queer it was that the baby in the grip didn't cry that I jumped up sudden and went to get it. It was gone! The grip was empty. There was nothing but the dent its little body had made in the soft, woolly things—and



"The Fight Was Awful!"

over on the bed was the other one—Jim Borden's—a girl it was, and ours had been a boy."

Her voice broke off with a sudden dry gurgle in her throat. As June shrunk away from her, a dawning horror in her eyes, she stretched out two worn, trembling hands in an effort to draw the girl back.

"You see, it must have been like this: Jim Borden had leaped into that room with his heart all bursting with love and pride, and he found his wife dead before him, lying near the baby in the grip, and looking over he saw the other woman on the bed with her baby beside her. He took the baby he thought was his own and went away—where, no one knew—and I never found out—till too late."

For a moment there was a silence, more compelling than sound. Suddenly, flinging her arms wide, June cried hysterically:

"What does it mean? Don't stop there. Go on! Go on! What are you trying to make me believe?"

"I did as I thought best at the time," Mary went on tonelessly, weary in heart and body from the purgatory ordeal. "Mr. Travis was dead. When Mrs. Travis came to, what could I tell her. A baby was there. No one but me knew it wasn't hers. It would 'a' killed her to tell her. I never told. She didn't know—she doesn't know—no one knows."

"And I—I am—" June gasped out the words.

Mary looked steadily into her terrified eyes and gripped her hands firmly.

"On the back of Jim Borden's right hand," she said heavily, "there was a queer Red Circle—they called him 'Circle Jim' out there. Just, as later, they—"

"No! No! I don't believe it—I'm not—I'm not—" June cried into a sobbing heap at Mary's feet.

"Nobody knows—nobody will ever need to know. And then—"

"Look!" June broke in with great agitation. "That man standing on the walk, staying up at the house!"

"Who is he?" asked the nurse quickly, alarmed at the girl's trepidation.

"It's Max Lamar—the crime specialist!"

"A detective! Oh, my precious—a detective!"

"No," June's lips curled slightly, "not a detective, Mary—a crime specialist—there is a great difference between the two, you know. He says so, himself."

"There ain't any difference, lamb, when they're after you! And it's you he's after—he's found out—he's found you out!"

"Hush!" June commanded, placing her hand over the old woman's mouth. "He couldn't have found out—he's coming to see me. I asked him to the other day, at the prison. We're imagining things, you and I—both of us—and it isn't good to do that. Come with me."

Seizing her hand June dragged her over the lawn toward the side porch. In spite of her attempted bravado she felt trapped.

"Get yourself together, mumsie," Mary heard June say, gayly, "someone is coming to see us—to see me," she emphasized. "Do you remember Mr. Lamar—the crime specialist that we met at the prison? He's coming up the walk now. Will you tell him I'll be down in a minute."

Pulling at the fastenings of her morning dress she hurried to her boudoir. She would put on something fetching—and arrange her hair differently. A hundred ways and means of fascinating and hoodwinking this very calm and assured young man crowded into her brain.

Standing at the door of her room was Mary, her eyes wide with fear.

"You mustn't go down, darling," she urged nervously.

"Your dear old foolish!" June answered lightly. "Come in and help me dress. Get me a pretty dress. The brown one, I think. And, Mary dear, make me fascinating enough to addle the head of even a crime specialist."

She leaned forward and pressed her laughing face close to the mirror of her dressing table. A little, blown wisp of hair tumbled into her eyes. Impatiently, she brushed it back then

stared open-mouthed at her lifted hand.

Speechless, she pointed to it. As they watched, with unbelieving eyes, the ring of scarlet faded to a deep rose, then paled to pink. Almost immediately it vanished, leaving an unblemished white surface.

At sight of it June bent and kissed the spot in a paroxysm of joy.

"It's gone! It's gone!" she cried in hysterical glee, and wrapped Mary in a crushing bear hug. "That's a good sign. I believe in signs, don't you, you poor, nervous, old thing. Do I look all right in this gown? Do I look pretty and fascinating and—?"

"Don't be so gay!" pleaded the old woman, fearfully. "Somehow, it seems so awful for you to be laughing just now, and thinking you're going to get the best of that man. I—"

June reached down grasped her writhing, trembling hands and started whirling her about in a mad, merry circle, laughing at her breathless expostulations, the while.

Suddenly, in their wild gyrations, her elbow struck a pedestal in the corner of the room. It swayed perilously for a second, then toppled to the floor—the large case upon it smashing to a thousand fragments.

The old woman eyed the shattered bits with superstitious misgiving.

"It's an omen!" she muttered half to herself. "See what you've done!"

"Oh, everything's an omen to you, you sweet old calamity croaker!" ridiculed June, "have Yama clean it up—there's a dear. And Mary, peek down through the banisters and watch me disarm the suspicion of Mr. Lamar—the great crime specialist!"

And laughing at the horrified expression on the old woman's face the mischief-possessed girl darted down the stairway and into the library.

"I am so glad you came," she said simply, as she took Lamar's hand.

"When I asked you I was afraid you never would—you're so busy—and so important."

Lamar laughed, but somehow there was not keen enjoyment in the sound that came from his lips.

"I want you to tell me such lots of things," she began enthusiastically. "Your profession must bring day after

day of thrills, suspense—tragedy. Will you tell me something of criminals as you know them? I've tried to study them just a little and—"

There was a smothered exclamation; it was in another sound that came from the stairway. June looked up just in time to see a portion of a black shirt move from the hall out on to the porch. Then followed a low-toned order in Mary's voice—the words "broken" and "vase" drifted in through the open window. By a lengthened shadow and a reflection in the window pane June saw that the nurse was standing, hidden, just outside the sill.

It amused the girl. It reminded her of a lioness standing over cub when the hunter drew near. But this man Lamar was so mild, so perfectly harmless—doubtless he was a slouch of great reputation, but under this roof he was merely a courteous man of the world, who called because he was interested in her.

"I'll raise the ante," Lamar broke in on her musings—then caught himself, "I beg your pardon, Miss Travis. I have no reason to believe that you are familiar with poker terms. I meant that I'd bid one hundred times the orthodox amount of one cent if you'll tell me what your thoughts were just then. Whatever they were, they were indulgent, cynical and amusing; because your eyes mirrored each one of those moods."

June managed a mock-serious shudder.

"You appall me, Mr. Lamar," she answered laughingly. "I was thinking just then of the number of criminals you must have met."

"All kinds; and many of each kind," he started gravely. "And, if you really don't mind talking of such things, I'd like to ask you something. Before we met yesterday in the park, Miss Travis, did you see anything of a veiled woman in black?"

Outside, on the porch, a chair scraped along the floor. June heard the sharp intake of Mary's breath.

"I believe I did pass such a woman," she brought out the words slowly, as if unwilling to make the statement positive. "Yes, now that I think about it, I'm sure I did."

Lamar leaned forward in his chair and half-unconsciously placed a hand upon her arm.

"Think, Miss Travis—think!" he urged.

Down the stairs came the sleek, patter of Japanese feet in American shoes. Lamar turned, impatiently, as Yama advanced to the center of the room balancing a dustpan and brush in one lean, yellow palm—the other extended with a bit of charred paper fluttering stiffly from it.

"Fardon. May this be honorable value to Miss June?" he intoned flatly. Lamar started, at sight of the fragment. Jigge reached out vaguely, nodded, smiled as best she could and took the paper from the butler's hand.

"Thank you. Yes. You may go." With Lamar's eyes upon her it was an effort to say even that.

As Yama disappeared through the doorway, Lamar turned upon her.

"What is that?" he said sharply.

"This?" she inquired faintly, holding the paper before her.

"Yes. What is it?"

Without waiting for her answer and before she had a chance to regain her shattered composure, he took the burned document from her hand and examined it carefully.

"Where did you get it?" he asked at length and his tone implied that conviction had taken place of suspicion.

"Why—er—why, the veiled woman in black dropped that note as she hurried by me."

Lamar walked up close to her and looked steadily into her wavering eyes.

"Miss Travis," he said gravely, "are you quite sure of that?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure!" she was trying desperately to laugh.

"Would you mind showing me just where you saw this woman in black?" June laughed easily.

"Why, of course, I won't mind, Mr. Lamar. You're making this trifling incident such a frightfully serious affair, that—it rather amuses me. Do detectives—I beg your pardon—do crime specialists always have to fasten on such silly things to track their criminals?"

Lamar ignored the sarcasm.

"You will come?" he repeated.

"I'll be ready to go out with you, in two minutes," she promised, running lightly up the stairs.

A black figure moved quickly across the porch and entered at a small side door. Lamar darted to the window too late to see more than its shadow.

Upstairs, in the boudoir, June dragged a hat from its box and stood before the mirror swinging it on her hand. There was a curious buzzing sound in her ears and things didn't look sharp and clear out to her eyes.

As she turned to leave the room, Mary, breathless and shaking with terror, hurried through the door and threw her arms about her.

broke into her dream of rest. Startled she raised her head.

She saw a black sleeve, tightly gripped by a white hand in which a vivid circle of blazing red had suddenly been reborn. Horrified, she traced the flaming mark with a trembling forefinger.

Then the tension snapped and she sank to the floor, a whimpering helpless girl, with both hands pressed to her lips to muffle her frightened sobbing.

Abruptly June got to her feet, and tenderly lifted the old woman up beside her.

"You're going to be good and do just as I tell you," she commanded, "be-



"Did You See Anything of a Veiled Woman in Black?"

cause that is the only way you can help me. And I need help so, dear."

And in less than a minute she had gone, her face wreathed in smiles, waving a gay good-by with the gloves she was drawing on.

At the foot of the stairs Lamar was waiting for her. His manner was now a trifle overcourtous.

"Stairs at the window of the girl's sitting room, Mary stood behind the draperies, motionless, and watch them go.

"God, he suspects her! There is danger for my little girl. God, tell me what to do! God—hear me in my trouble—tell me what to do!"

From far down the street the echo of June's merry laugh came back to her as she prayed in agony.

"You will remember precisely where she passed you?" Lamar was saying, suavely. "You see, ordinarily, it is enough to remember just about where a thing happened. But when you're tracking criminals it must be exactly where."

"If you become any more professional and technical I shall get so mixed up I won't remember anything," June warned him, jokingly. "I'm all shivery, right now! I'm thinking it great fun to be a sleuth."

"Really?" observed Lamar eyeing her keenly. "I trust you will continue to find it great fun, Miss Travis."

"Here!" cried June mock-dramatically, "right on this spot is where I should say passed the veiled woman in black—that is where she passed me, I mean."

She was pointing a tragic forefinger a small spot in the flagging. Then suddenly a startled cry burst from her and she raised her arm limply—and pointed.

Turning, the detective saw a woman in black—a long coat hid her figure, a thick veil shrouded her features. She stood motionless on the walk, in front of a holly tree.

Eredivisus, Max looked from the half-draped figure to the half-faint girl beside him—then back again. The woman hadn't moved. She seemed unconscious of their presence.

"Is that the one?" he muttered hoarsely. "Is that the woman who passed you?"

Stunned by the horror of it all, June nodded her head. Immediately Lamar left her side and started to stroll aimlessly toward the woman in black.

The sound of his steps on the pavement roused the veiled woman from her lethargy. She turned her head with a quick, startled movement and walked rapidly away.

Lamar quickened his pace. June, fearful of what she had done, started after him. Suddenly the woman in black, cut across a lawn, breaking into a run.

June saw the crime-specialist clench his fist fiercely. His quarry had given him the slip! The girl found a wonderful exhilaration in the fact.

As she watched him his chin suddenly shot forward—his eyes strained from their sockets, and a smile, cruel yet suave, dawned around his mouth.

At the rear of the house stood a garage. Across its freshly painted, light gray door sprawled a blotch of inky black, plastered there by the wind.

The breeze died. The black patch fluttered and fell, hanging in limp folds. With three bounds Lamar had reached the garage door and was pulling at the soft cloth. He strained at the door, thinking it would give under the pressure. But it was locked.

When Lamar turned to June great beads of sweat stood on his forehead and rolled from his temples.

"At last!" he said exultantly, "I have the veiled woman this time, and perhaps—the mystery of the Red Circle!"

June stared at the edge of the black cloak that he gripped so tightly. She recognized it: it was—her own!

Inside the garage, flat against the door (imprisoned by the cloak edge she could not tear free) the woman in black pushed the veil back from her gray-white face and prayed:

"God keep my lamb from harm!"

(END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT.)

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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SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his name from a red birthmark on the back of his right hand, is released from prison after serving his third term. 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 and his wayward son Ted are the only known living of the Borden kin. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on "Circle Jim." June Travis and her mother, of the wealthy set interested in the reform of ex-convicts, meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim," realizing that his family is a menace to society, enters the bedroom where Ted is sleeping and turns on the gas. Lamar chases upon "Circle Jim" and Jim is killed. "The last of the Borden," says Lamar. But the next day he sees the red circle on the back of a woman's hand outside a crowded automobile. June Travis, marked with the red circle, robs Grant, a loan shark, from a money-lender. Mary, June's nurse, discovers June's theft and the red circle on her hand, and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary is torn away from June, through a dress as the veiled woman and is pursued by Lamar.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT IN STRANGE ATTIRE

Max Lamar, gripping with both hands the corner of the black coat that protruded from the locked garage door, drove his shoulder full against the door panel, again and again. But the wood held firm.

"It seems to be a deadlock," laughed June, forcing her merriment with a mighty effort.

"Miss Travis," broke in Lamar, "will you help me? I can't let go here. Will you hurry around to the front door of the house this garage belongs to, and explain matters? Then ask leave for me to break the door down. I can do it if you'll hold the coat corner for me."

"Shan't I hold it now?" suggested June, an idea flashing into her farsighted mind. "I'll hold the coat while you try to smash the lock."

"I don't like to batter down people's property," he answered, "even in the name of the law—without asking their permission."

"But—"

"Besides," he added, "this Veiled Woman is strong. Whenever she tugs at her coat, it's all I can do to hold my corner of it. She might wrench it out of your hands."

"Yes," agreed June, under her breath, "that's exactly what I mean her to do."

But she forbore to say it aloud. And after a second look at Lamar's set jaw she weakly turned away toward the house.

Mary, on the inner side of the garage door, had listened, panting, to



"Even the Tailor's Label is Gone!" the brief dialogue. As she heard June's light step receding on the driveway gravel, she threw all her strength into one last wrench at the recalcitrant coat.

The cloth was stout and Max Lamar's grasp unshakable. But the tug caused two of the coat's upper buttons to fly half way across the garage. One of Mary's lean shoulders slipped out of the garment. That gave the captive woman her inspiration.

In trembling haste, she unfastened the remaining buttons. Freeing herself, she left the imprisoned coat to fall to the greasy floor of the garage—Max Lamar still gripping its corner, on the door's far side, with futile energy.

Across the greasy floor, through the

gloom, Mary groped her way. She found the opposite wall, and felt along its all but unseen surface. At the farthest corner, her numbed fingers touched what they sought—the lintel of a door.

It was the garage's little back door, giving on the alley, behind the grounds. For one suicidal moment, she thought this back door was locked. But it was only stuck from long disuse. She threw her whole fragile weight against the dirt-crustured portal. A shower of dust and spiders' webs cascaded down upon her head. But the door quivered at the impact.

She heard voices—one of them Lamar's. And again she cast herself against the door. This time it flew wide, with a whining of hinges and a clatter of falling debris; and the rush of her onset drove her half way across the alley, outside.

Darting back to close the door behind her, the old woman cast a fearful, look up and down the alley. The coast was clear. Incontinently Mary took to her heels.

Max Lamar clung doggedly to the coat corner that protruded from the garage's front door. He heard muffled noises from within. But they were so faint and the door was so thick, that he could not classify them. Nor, indeed, had he time to. For, presently, June reappeared around the corner of the big house. With her were a hatless and rather annoyed-looking woman in a morning gown and a highly interested butler.

"Madam, I am very sorry to disturb you like this. But we have chased a thief into your garage, as Miss Travis has probably explained to you. I have hold of this corner of the fugitive's coat, as you see. Will you let me break the lock of your garage door and get in? Of course, I'll pay—"

"If I may suggest," said the woman in frigid politeness, "it might be better to go into the garage by the back door, before breaking my locks. Had that occurred to you, Mr. Detective?"

"If I let go of this coat—Miss Travis, will you hold the coat corner for me while I go around to investigate? Please!"

"Why, yes," quaveringly assented June, taking hold of the cloth, alongside Lamar's own grip. "I'll do my best. I'm pretty strong."

As he disappeared, June pressed her face close against the door.

"Mary!" she whispered eagerly; and "Mary! Mary!"

No answer. Then in a moment, the sound of a key in the lock. The door swung open. The woman of the house stood in the garage threshold. June found herself holding the corner of the empty coat.

"She—she is gone?" stammered June, her temples pulsing and buzzing with swift relief.

"Yes," snapped the woman, "she get out of the coat and then out of the back door. Your detective friend is exploring the alley for her. I'm going to watch him pick up clues. It is quite amusing. Almost as amusing as Field day at a lunatic asylum."

A new terror beset June: the coat that she still held, was a menace. She began to realize this: Lamar would assuredly seize upon it as a clue. From the maker's name, he could in time trace its ownership to her.

She turned the coat over, exposing the label. With a jerk she tore it away and thrust it into the front of her dress.

She heard Lamar returning, and she carelessly dropped the coat across the sill of the open door.

"Well?" queried June, interestedly, as Max came in sight around the corner of the garage. "What news of the Veiled Woman?"

"Got clean away," he reported, sulkily. "No trace of her."

He caught sight of the coat lying where June had dropped it. His look of chagrin brightened to one of keen eagerness. He snatched the coat from the greasy floor and twisted around so as to bring the inside of the neckband into view. And again his face darkened.

"Clever woman!" he muttered. "Even the tailor's label is gone. Well, there's only one thing left to do. I'll take this coat to police headquarters and have Allen send a man around with it to every tailor in the city. One of them is bound to recognize it. And we'll catch our woman that way, before another day's ended."

"They left the grounds and gained the sidewalk."

"I want to thank you ever so much, Miss Travis," he said, "for being such a brick; and helping me as you have, today. But for your showing me where you had seen the Veiled Woman, I should never have gotten on her track. It was splendid of you."

"It wasn't," she contradicted. "I was glad to be of any help. When I was hanging on to that ridiculous coat, corner, like grim death, I felt quite a heroine. But—"

"There's another thing," he said, hesitatingly. "A thing I hate like blue poison to say; but it's got to be said. Will you try to forgive me, in advance?"

"How ominous!" she laughed. "What is it?"

"When that Jap butler of yours showed you the torn note, an hour ago," said Max, uncomfortably, "do you know what I thought? I thought you were the Veiled Woman."

"Mr. Lamar!" cried June, her sweet voice vibrant with amazed reproach.

"Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded. "What was I to think? It all seemed to fit in, with such horrible exactness. How else could I account for part of the stolen note being found in your room? And your explanation seemed so lame—so unconvincing. The simple truth often does, you know. Won't you forgive me, please?"

"You—you doubted my word?" murmured June, incredulously. "You actually thought that I could—?"

"I'm so ashamed!" he broke in. "But I paid for my mistake. I never was more miserably miserable in all my life than I was at that very moment. Nothing could make me suspect you again."

The moment she was in her own room the lightness of manner fell from her, like an ill-fitting garment. Her face was suddenly drawn and haggard.

Gradually the Red Circle crept into sight on the back of her white hand. "Nothing can stop him," she repeated. "Nothing can save me—except myself!"

Taking her room telephone from the desk, she ordered her limousine brought from the garage.

Ten minutes later June Travis entered a men's outfitter's shop of the cheaper sort, on a downtown street. To the very admiring clerk who strutted forth from the back of the store to welcome her, she said:

"My brother is to leave the hospital today. He is recovering from smallpox—Don't be frightened. I haven't been near him—He has just telephoned me that they destroyed all his clothes, to prevent infection. And he wants me to buy him a new outfit."

Lamar, meantime, swept like a whirlwind into the private office of Chief of Police Allen.

"Got her!" he announced. "At least I've got hold of one end of the chain

out taking off his right-hand glove, he wrote a line or two on the pad, tore off the sheet and handed it to Chief Allen. The chief read:

"My name is Attman, ladies tailor. Mr. Lamar wishes me to look at the coat he left with you this afternoon. 'Get it,' Allen commanded his secretary. "It's that black coat I told you to take to the detective bureau."

Presently the secretary returned with the coat.

The caller took the coat, handling it with the deft skill of a born garment-worker.

At last, looking up from his inspection, he reached for his scratchpad, glancing doubtfully once more at the coat, then scribbled:

"I am almost sure this is one of ours; but I can't swear to it. Kindly let me take the coat and show it to my head cutter. He will know at once, and our books will show who bought it."

The chief read the scrawl, his bushy brows contracting.

"Lord, man!" he broke out, "I can't turn the thing over to you, like that. It is going to be needed as evidence."

The caller got up, as though to depart.

"Hold on," said Allen, on second thought. "You can take it. But I must send an officer with you to make sure it gets back here all right when your cutter has had a look at it."

Answering a summons, a policeman entered—a tall, lank man, new to the force.

"Meeks," instructed Allen as the officer saluted, "go along with this young fellow to his shop or wherever his cutter happened to be. Don't let that coat out of your sight. And as soon as he's gone showing it to his cutter, bring it

back here and deposit it with Humason in the detective bureau."

For seven or eight blocks, after she left police headquarters June Travis hurried on, from street to street. Policeman Meeks ever close at her side. The officer's eyes never for an instant left the coat that hung over his companion's arm.

"The girl was in despair. She had planned so cleverly this kidnaping of the coat!"

She was helpless, despairing. And with the blind instinct of the despairing, she unconsciously turned her steps homeward.

"Where does this cutter of yours live, anyhow, Dummy?" the policeman was asking.

June paused, uncertainly. This farce could not go on much longer. Meeks was beginning to grow suspicious.

A quarter block ahead, the boulevard split into a "Y." At the left it continued at its present level. At the right ran a flight of forty marble steps, leading downward to a terraced avenue one tier below the boulevard on the city's hillside.

And then, as ever, of late in her moments of direst need, an inspiration came to the girl.

Once more she took up her former brisk stride; the grumbling Meeks close behind her. As they came to the fork of the boulevard, she halted again.

"Well," growled Meeks, "which way, now?"

She pointed down the long flight of marble steps, spovy in the vivid moonlight. The man hesitated. She glanced at him and saw the reason. His eyes were fixed in stupid wonder at the right hand with which she was pointing. On the surface of the hand gleamed the red circle; mercilessly distinct in the clear light.

June caught the policeman roughly by the arm with her other hand, pointed again toward the terrace beneath them, and started down the steps at a run.

Fearful of losing sight of the precious coat, the policeman also broke into a lumbering run, protesting:

"Hey! Go easy there! What's your hurry? Want me to break my neck?"

Even as he spoke, June planted her feet firmly on one broad step and came to an abrupt standstill. Meeks could not check his own speed as suddenly. So he lunged ahead a step or two.

As he lumbered past her, the girl deftly swung her stick; holding it by the ferule end. The crook handle caught Policeman Meeks neatly around the left ankle.

At the same instant, June braced herself, and jerked backward with the stick.

Policeman Meeks' body smote the stairway about six steps farther down; bounded in air; missed a step or two; then struck the stairway again and proceeded to roll rapidly down the remaining twenty-four steps.

For a bare half-second, the patrolman lay half-stunned and breathless. Then he scrambled groaningly to his feet, sore all over.

"Gone!" croaked Policeman Meeks, still catching his breath with difficulty. "Gone!"

dreamed it was you, until I saw that miserable coat stuck in the garage door. Why, you might have been arrested and all sorts of terrible things!"

"There, there!" soothed Mary. "It's all right! It's all right, honey! I'd do a million times more'n that for my little girl, any day in the whole year. Just you forget all about what I did. It's what I'm here for."

"Forget it?" cried June. "Never as long as I live! Oh, Mary, you were so—"

The girl's eyes narrowed. The back of her right hand began to throb.

"I'm so tired!" she murmured, "and I'm so faint, with all this fright and danger. It's given me a sick headache. I'm going to bed. Tell mother, won't you? And say I don't want any dinner sent up to me. I want to go sleep and not be disturbed till tomorrow morning."

Chief Allen still sat in his private office, clearing up some odds and ends of the day's official routine, before going to his club for a belated dinner. Night had fallen, but a broad streak of moonlight lay athwart the window sill.

His secretary came in from the outer office.

"Young fellow outside there, chief," he announced. "Wants to see you. He's a dummy. Not deaf; but he's dumb. Here's a note he scribbled for you. He's from Mr. Lamar."

The chief took the slip of paper his secretary tendered, and read the three written lines it contained:

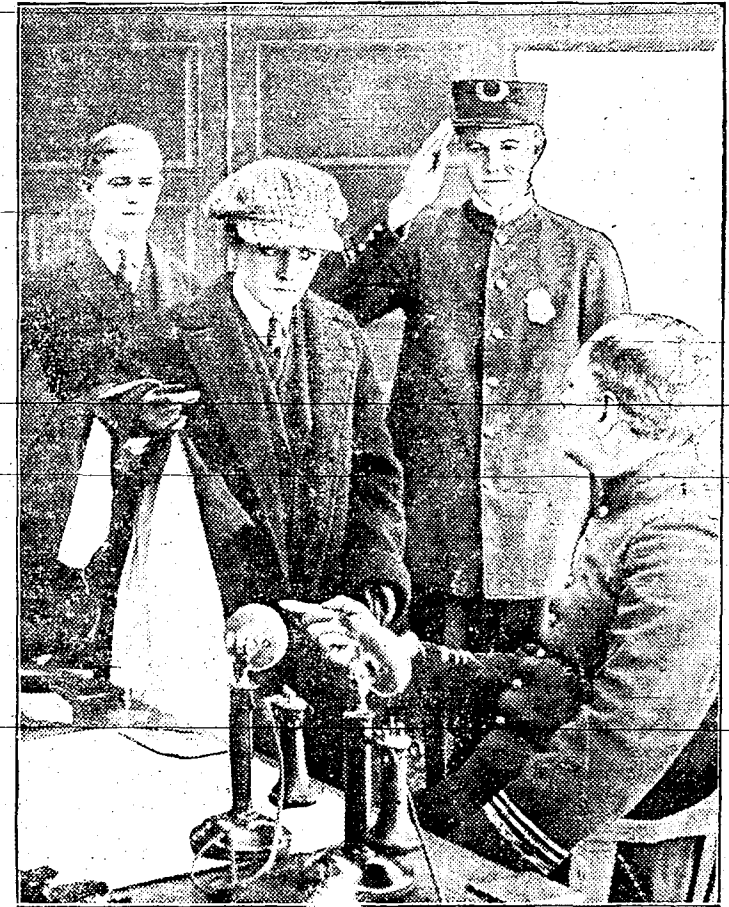
"I am dumb. Cannot talk. But I can hear. I must see the chief of police. Mr. Lamar sent me."

"Oh, all right. All right," grunted the chief. "I suppose I'll get my dinner some time between now and Christmas, if I have luck. Bring him in."

The secretary vanished, reappearing in a moment with a young man in tow.

The visitor was quietly dressed and wore on his head a golf cap, which it evidently did not occur to him to remove in the august presence of the chief. He also carried under one arm a crook-handled Malacca cane.

Unbidden, the caller seated himself gracefully in a chair beside the chief's desk and drew from his pocket a little scratchpad and a pencil. With-



"Go Along With This Young Fellow. Don't Let That Coat Out of Your Sight!"

back here and deposit it with Humason in the detective bureau."

For seven or eight blocks, after she left police headquarters June Travis hurried on, from street to street. Policeman Meeks ever close at her side. The officer's eyes never for an instant left the coat that hung over his companion's arm.

"The girl was in despair. She had planned so cleverly this kidnaping of the coat!"

She was helpless, despairing. And with the blind instinct of the despairing, she unconsciously turned her steps homeward.

"Where does this cutter of yours live, anyhow, Dummy?" the policeman was asking.

June paused, uncertainly. This farce could not go on much longer. Meeks was beginning to grow suspicious.

A quarter block ahead, the boulevard split into a "Y." At the left it continued at its present level. At the right ran a flight of forty marble steps, leading downward to a terraced avenue one tier below the boulevard on the city's hillside.

And then, as ever, of late in her moments of direst need, an inspiration came to the girl.

Once more she took up her former brisk stride; the grumbling Meeks close behind her. As they came to the fork of the boulevard, she halted again.

"Well," growled Meeks, "which way, now?"

She pointed down the long flight of marble steps, spovy in the vivid moonlight. The man hesitated. She glanced at him and saw the reason. His eyes were fixed in stupid wonder at the right hand with which she was pointing. On the surface of the hand gleamed the red circle; mercilessly distinct in the clear light.

June caught the policeman roughly by the arm with her other hand, pointed again toward the terrace beneath them, and started down the steps at a run.

Fearful of losing sight of the precious coat, the policeman also broke into a lumbering run, protesting:

"Hey! Go easy there! What's your hurry? Want me to break my neck?"

Even as he spoke, June planted her feet firmly on one broad step and came to an abrupt standstill. Meeks could not check his own speed as suddenly. So he lunged ahead a step or two.

As he lumbered past her, the girl deftly swung her stick; holding it by the ferule end. The crook handle caught Policeman Meeks neatly around the left ankle.

At the same instant, June braced herself, and jerked backward with the stick.

Policeman Meeks' body smote the stairway about six steps farther down; bounded in air; missed a step or two; then struck the stairway again and proceeded to roll rapidly down the remaining twenty-four steps.

For a bare half-second, the patrolman lay half-stunned and breathless. Then he scrambled groaningly to his feet, sore all over.

"Gone!" croaked Policeman Meeks, still catching his breath with difficulty. "Gone!"

It was Yama's custom, on moonlit nights, to take his Japanese flute from his tin trunk in the store room and to fare forth into the farthest reaches of the Travis garden; there to lean pensively against a tree in the midst of a clump of shrubs, and, his eyes on the moon, to play sentimental and hideous Japanese melodies to it.

Tonight, Yama was tooting away right merrily, when the sound of crackling bushes broke in upon his music.

He stepped out of the shrubbery clump to investigate. Then, the flute fell from his nerveless fingers and he stared goggle eyed.

Across a patch of lawn a figure was running; its feet soundless on the turf. The figure reached the house. It paused, at the bottom of a vine trellis; then skillfully began to climb the trellis.

It reached a second-story balcony; stepped over the railing and began to fumble with the long French windows of a room. The windows opened and the figure glided into the room; softly closing the windows behind it.

The spell was broken. With a yell of alarm, Yama grabbed up his fallen flute and dashed for the house. A second or so later burst unceremoniously into the library where Mrs. Travis and Mary were sitting.

"Scuse!" he sputtered. "Scuse, please! But man climb up to honorable Miss June's room!"

The women flew upstairs. Yama, prudently arming himself with a large poker, followed.

When he reached the second floor Mrs. Travis was already hammering frantically at the locked outer door of June's suite.

"What is it?" called a drowsy voice from inside.

"Quick!" called Mary. "Let us in, dearie! There's a man—"

"In a minute," yawned June's voice from the bedroom; "I can't find the light."

The girl, never pausing for an instant, was hurling her manly attire into a closet, garment by garment, as she replied. She tore off her wig, shook down her hair, flung a negligee wrapper around her, rumbled the pillows and threw back the coverings of her bed, and presently appeared, sleepily blinking, in the doorway.

"My dear! My dear!" shrilled Mrs. Travis. "Come out quickly. There's a burglar in your rooms."

"A burglar?" repeated June, sleepily cross. "How silly! There can't be." "Who saw this wonderful burglar?" she asked, as they finished poking be-

hind the portieres of the sitting room.

"Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. "Or he thought he did."

"Oh!" laughed June. "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And he has waked us with no less than three fireless fire scares."

"But," insisted Yama, "I did saw him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an—"

"That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us any more foolish scares like this—"

"And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back



The Back of Her Hand Began to Throb.

to bed? My head aches frightfully. It was all right when you waked me up. Now it's starting in again. Good night," she went on, kissing Mrs. Travis and then Mary. "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened. Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow peril lately!"

But she carefully avoided Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Chief Allen's delayed dinner was destined to still further postponement. As he sauntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first person he chanced to see was Max Lamar.

"Look here, old man," the chief hailed him in mock rage, "if I starve to death it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when I'm starting out to feed?"

"What Noiseless Tailor?" asked Lamar, mystified, "a tailor's dummy?"

"No, a dummy tailor. The one you sent to look at that Veiled Woman coat. The young fellow who says his name's Attman or something like that. He blew in on me just as I was getting ready to—"

"Who blew in on you?" demanded Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to see you today."

"Your mind's softening at the edges," accused the chief, "I'm speaking of that ladies' tailor who came from you, ten minutes ago, to get the coat—"

"I tell you," reiterated Lamar, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen any ladies' tailor—"

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and—say! Come back to headquarters with me, on the run, Lamar!"

They bolted from the club, jumped into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. In a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of June's visit. As he finished his frown cleared away.

"We're getting all het up over nothing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the coat."

The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp up the steps just ahead of them.

"Meeks!" yelled the chief.

Policeman Meeks tried to gallop jauntily. But the effort was a gusty failure.

"The coat!" thundered the chief as he dragged Meeks into his private office; Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on? Speak up! Where is he?"

"I don't know, chief," babbled Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps and—"

"You ape!" snarled Chief Allen; "you blundering, cowardly bonehead! You let a man half your size do you up? You—"

"He tripped me," sniffed Meeks, "When I got up he had beat it."

"With the coat?" asked Lamar, fiercely.

"Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault. I—"

"I'll have you broke for this, you nincompoop!" stormed the chief. "Go clean away, did he? Coat and all. And not a clue to find him by?"

"Only one clue," coweringly assented Meeks, "and that don't amount to anything, I s'pose."

"What was it?"

"He—he had a big, red ring—a birthmark like—on the back of his right hand. I took notice of it when he—"

"The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red Circle—again!"

END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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

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

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CHAPTER I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Air Pump Had Quit.

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

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

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

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

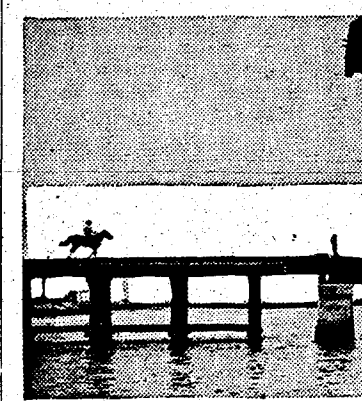
In the bouncing engine cab there were grave faces. "What are you going to do?" shouted the engineer. Without hesitation the conductor cried: "Cut off the caboose and stop it—let the train go!" The engineer agreed: "We've only got one life apiece. No time to lose George!" he yelled to his fireman, "make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

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

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

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

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



Helen Headed Rocket Straight for the Open Draw.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He told Helen, closely watching the dots and dashes, what he had sent. "I should have an answer in a minute."

It came almost at once. Signal station operator first tried to write it, then threw down his pen and repeated its words unsteadily to the frightened girl.

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

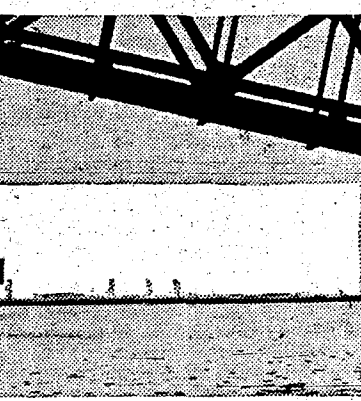
With wide-open eyes she looked intently toward the mountains. At the moment, the rolling hills now hid the runaway, but the situation was charting itself, like lightning, in her mind. Between where she stood and where the passenger train was coming, the line crossed San Pablo river, a navigable tidewater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

With everything of this speeding

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She regarded him a moment in silence. Then she spoke: "Is it possible?" she murmured. "You are—?" "I'm the little boy," he smiled grimly. "Till now, I've never seen the little girl since."

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

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

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



"You Are Hurt," She Said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAMPION MULE PACKER OF U. S.

Daly is World's Greatest Expert
on Possibilities of Missouri
Hybrid.

IN CHARGE OF PACK TRAINS

Has Devised Many Improvements in
This Method of Transportation—
Conducts School for Muleteers
on the Border.

San Antonio, Tex.—H. W. Daly, chief packer of the quartermaster corps, U. S. A., the greatest expert on the possibilities of the Missouri mule on earth, is here. His duty is the organization of ten pack trains and he is conducting a school for muleteers.

The model class of the school comprises one gray bell horse and a company of 64 white or gray mules—all "veterans," for this is the pack train that crossed into Mexico with Sibley soon after the Glenn Springs raid.

Here is an inventory of a pack train: Packmaster, who gets \$100 a month but no rations; "cargador," \$80 a month and rations; blacksmith or horsehooper, \$75 a month, but no rations; cook, \$40 a month and rations; ten packers, \$50 a month and rations. Each individual in a pack train has his own mount, so there are to be 14 riding mules and the remainder—50 animals—carry the packs. The duties of the bell horse are to lead the procession.

As a general thing, each pack mule will walk away with a minimum load of 250 pounds, so that means something more than six tons of cargo to the train, and if need be the cargo can be raised to eight tons.

Over in the Philippines one of Mr. Daly's mules rambled around on mountain trails with 540 pounds aboard and the load happened to be a mountain howitzer. This mule, while not awarded a medal, was nevertheless a hero and saved the day, for the howitzer put to rout any enemy apparently untouched by mere rifle fire.

When packers become proficient they should be able to load a mule in about thirty seconds. As Daly figures it, two months are required to turn out a first class pack train of the sort above criticism.

Many Years—a Packer.
Nowadays the "aparejo," or pack saddle, which Daly invented for our army, is made to conform to the mule so there is little possibility of the heavy load chafing or injuring the animal's back.

Daly's experiences as a packer started in the spring of 1885 when he crossed the British northwest territories from Montreal to Vancouver and was employed in bringing in supplies on mule back to the Canadian mining camps.

Then he engaged as packer in many Indian campaigns of the United States army, including the operations against Geronimo.

When the Spanish war broke out he was working on a railroad in Mexico. He enlisted immediately and went to Cuba. After the campaign he was called to Washington, where he devised improvements in pack-train transportation. He also went to West Point to lecture.

From 1902 to 1909 he was stationed at Fort Leavenworth and there made further improvements in field artillery, mountain and machine gun, engineer, signal, hospital and ordnance corps pack equipment. On February 13, 1903, he was made chief packer of the army.

"For mountain work no substitute to take the place of the mule will ever be found," said Daly.

BOY TAKES NAP IN TRUNK

Parents Have Long Hunt and Are
About to Call Police When
He is Found.

Portland, Ore.—Edward McBride, an eight-year-old lad who lives with his parents at No. 427 Tenth street, crawled into a trunk, lowered the lid and went to sleep the other night.

Missed by his parents, they scoured the neighborhood for two hours. They were on the verge of calling into aid the police bureau.

As a last resort, to make sure the lad was not in hiding, Mr. McBride looked behind the trunk and in so doing heard what he recognized as "the noise of a sleeper," and opened the trunk. There he found Edward comfortable on a soft stack of clothes.

The lad explained that he was tired and merely crawled into the trunk for a snooze.

DIVER TO TRY FOR \$2,000,000

That Amount Went Down in the
Brother Jonathan Half a
Century Ago.

San Francisco.—Martin Lund, a sea diver of renown, has left here on the steamer Del Norte for Crescent City to salvage the wreck of the old side-wheeler Brother Jonathan, which was lost off the coast of Del Norte county half a century ago with more than \$2,000,000 in specie, government bills and other valuables. J. C. Freese, marine contractor of San Francisco, is associated with Lund in financing and equipping the expedition.

COL. ROOSEVELT APPEALS FOR THE ELECTION OF MR. HUGHES.

I appeal to my fellow citizens that they shall elect Mr. Hughes and repudiate Mr. Wilson because only by so doing can they save America from that taint of gross selfishness and cowardice which we owe to Mr. Wilson's substitution of adroit elocution for straightforward action. The permanent interests of the American people lie, not in ease and comfort for the moment, no matter how obtained, as Mr. Wilson would teach us; but in resolute championship of the ideals of national and international democratic duty, and in preparedness to make this championship effective by our strength. President Wilson embodies in his person that most dangerous doctrine which teaches our people that when confronted with really formidable responsibilities we can shirk trouble and labor and risk, and avoid duty by the simple process of drugging our souls with the narcotic of meaningless phrasemongering. Mr. Hughes, to the exact contrary, embodies the ideal of service rendered through conscientious effort in the face of danger and difficulty. Mr. Wilson turns his words into deeds only if this can be achieved by adroit political maneuvering, by bartering a debauched civil service for congressional votes on behalf of some measure which he had solemnly promised to oppose. Our own self-respect demands that we support the man of deeds done in the open against the man of furtive and shifting political maneuvers; the man of service against the man who whenever opposed by a dangerous foe always takes refuge in empty elocution. — From the Speech of Col. Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

GREAT GROWTH OF HUGHES NATIONAL COLLEGE LEAGUE.

Thirty thousand college alumni have enrolled so far in the Hughes National College League, 511 Fifth avenue, New York. The oldest living graduate of Brown University which graduated Governor Hughes, enrolled this week. He is Rev. John Hunt of Springfield, Ohio, ninety-three years old, Brown, 1842.

The league challenged the Woodrow Wilson College Men's League this week to join it in "having any reputable audit company in this city check up immediately from the original cards your actual enrollments of Princeton alumni and ours, your total enrollments and ours, and your enrollments from any college you may select and ours."

The college men in the National Guard along the Mexican border are joining in droves, according to the officers of the league, and many have written in to signify their discontent with the Administration's handling of the Mexican situation.

William R. Moody, son of Dwight Lyman Moody, the famous evangelist, wrote to the league offering his assistance in East Northfield, Mass., and said:

"I am among those who feel very strongly that it would be a National disaster to have the present Administration continued another season, feeling deeply the humiliation to which our country has been subjected in the sight of the world, by the lack of any foreign policy, and by the vacillation of its dealings."

MR. WILSON TOOK PLEASURE IN EXTENDING THE HAND OF WELCOME TO CARRANZA.

One of these "uncivilized" acts was committed on September 29th, when some of Carranza's soldiers captured an American trooper, killed him and cut off his head and ears. Exactly twenty days later, on October 19th, Mr. Wilson expressed "pleasure" in informing Carranza that he recognized him! Since the recognition, Carranza's troops by his orders have treacherously attacked and murdered American soldiers on at least two occasions. If the acts above recited—which are merely samples of the course of conduct Carranza has already pursued—do not constitute "intrigue and assassination, treachery and violence," then the words have lost their meaning. Mr. Wilson took "pleasure" in "extending the hand of welcome" to Carranza, whose own hand is red with the blood of murdered men and women of his own nation, and whose hands, unlike the hands of Huerta, were also red with the blood of murdered Americans, of murdered American civilians, and of murdered American soldiers wearing the American uniform. But President Wilson cared as little for the deaths of these men as he cared for the honor of the uniform. He with "pleasure" "extended the hand of welcome" to the man guilty of their murder.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Link, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SOLILOQUY AT SHADOW LAWN.

Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?
I had a friend—McCombs, but he left me,
Left me slowly but surely, when I did not need him.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

Once I had Bryan; he was my friend
In my hours of struggling in that great convention.

But now he's gone. Left me with "God bless you!"
Upon his lips. Gone, are the old familiar faces.

I had a friend; a truer friend had no man.
Like an ingrate, I wounded my friend acutely!
And he, good Colonel Harvey, left me.
Left me
To muse on the old familiar faces!

At my right hand sat my friend
Who was the strong arm of my Administration—
Garrison, upright and honest—but he too has left me;
Left me, when I deceived him—gone are the old familiar faces!

At Shadow Lawn, where new friends swarm around me,
Earth seems a desert I am bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the friends who've left me;
But all, all are gone—the old familiar faces!

CHARLES LAMB, 24.
In New York Sun.

Editorial Comments

If the Democratic leader who advocates putting dyes on the free list to encourage the industry were a surgeon his method of setting a broken limb would be to amputate the patient's leg at the neck.

Optimism is what makes the Democratic party, which has fooled some of the people only three times in fifty years, and has never yet fooled all of the people some of the time, think that it can now fool all of the people all of the time.

President Wilson hasn't been able to figure out yet whether he is going to be on the stump or up one.

If the paper shortage becomes much more serious the first thing we know the machinery of the State Department will be coming to an abrupt stop.

Then, too, according to the Democratic campaign book that among the more important enactments of the Wilson Administration may be mentioned Magna Charta and the Ten Commandments.

Secretary Redfield converses glibly in terms of billions until it comes time to make a campaign contribution when it is disclosed that all he really knows about mathematics is \$100.

Everything has gone up under Wilson except the price of dead Americans.

Senator Jimham Lewis has purchased a new volume of "Unfamiliar Quotations" and expects to be able any day now to give us the classical derivation of "pitiless publicity" and "strict accountability" in the original Babylonian.

Add famous sayings of history: "I will surrender on this line if it takes all summer!"

The Democratic revenue bill, as completed, is regarded as so perfect that the chances are that the taxpayers of New York, Massachusetts and Illinois will be able to build 3,000 more miles of good roads in Alabama next year.

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.

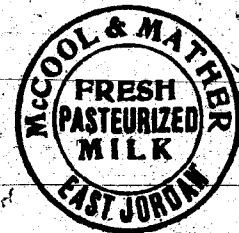
Date: TUESDAY, Oct. 17TH
will remain Two Days

Office with Drs. Vardon & Parks

WILSON FORMERLY ASSAILED THE LABOR UNION.

The President is now a candidate for office and speaks well of labor. Until he became a candidate for office, and as long as he was President of a University, he, with entire safety, ignored or assailed the Labor Unions. Indeed, he was then their bitter, ungenerous, and often unjust critic. At the People's Forum on February 25, 1905, he said: "Labor Unions drag the highest man to the level of the lowest." In an address at a dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria on March 18, 1907, in speaking of the capitalists, he said: "There is another equally formidable enemy to equality and betterment of opportunity, and that is the class formed by the labor organizations and leaders of this country." In a letter written January 12, 1909, he said: "I am a fierce partisan of the open shop." In June of the same year, speaking at Princeton, he said: "The usual standard of the employe in our day is to give as little as he may for his wages. Labor is standardized by the trades unions and this is the standard to which it is made to conform. I need not point out how economically disastrous such a regulation of labor is. The labor of America is rapidly becoming unprofitable under this regulation. Our economic supremacy may be lost because the country grows more and more full of unprofitable servants." I have no question that when Mr. Wilson thus spoke he expressed his sincere convictions. Less than two years later he was in public life and immediately his attitude changed. There is no reason to believe that his convictions changed.—From the Speech of Colonel Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

GUARD YOUR HEALTH



MAKE THE MOST OF PROSPERITY

Every man should keep fit these days and make the most of his opportunities. No man can work his best handicapped with disordered kidneys and bladder, aching back, swollen joints, stiff muscles or rheumatic pains. Foley Kidney Pills pay for themselves a hundred times over in health improvement.—Hite's Drug Store.

A close friend is one who will loosen up occasionally.

Dyspepsia sours a lot of the milk of human kindness.

A woman should never go out walking in a driving rain.

Struggling to get rich quick keeps many a man poor.

It is no easy task to down an upright man.

Schools for scandal are somewhat crowded.

There is less wear and tear on a woman's mind than on a man's—probably because she changes it oftener.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

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. Specially comforting to stout persons.—Hite's Drug Store.

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.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green a son, Oct. 7th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Green a son, Oct. 7th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Farmer a son, Oct. 7th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Burbanks a daughter, Oct. 11th.

Harry Kling and family returned home Tuesday from a visit at Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips are moving into their residence on upper Main-St.

Mrs. T. E. Niles of Mancelona is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ruhling.

Prosecuting Atty Lewis and Sheriff Novak were up from Charlevoix on official business, Thursday.

Otis J. Smith has purchased the Shear residence on Secondst formerly owned by Mrs. C. Rominger.

The Sunshine Club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Milo Fay next Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 17th.

Mrs. Charlotta Cole of Echo township passed away Tuesday. She being 89 years of age. The funeral was held Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Malpass are now located at Cadillac where the former has a position in one of the plants in that city.

Owing to the death of Mrs. Ashley's mother at Gladwin, the store of M. E. Ashley & Co. will be closed this Friday afternoon.

If you like good, clean out-door sport don't miss the football game between Charlevoix and E. J. H. S. this Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Evans of Traverse City were guests at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. John Whitford over Sunday.

Miss Virginia, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Adams, received a fractured collar bone last Sunday, the result of a tumble.

Read the two photoplay serial stories now being published in The Herald and see the stories in motion pictures at the Temple Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. John Mombberger and Mayor Cross and wife were guests at the Bellaire County Farm, Thursday.

The East Jordan Cemetery Improvement Ass'n will meet at the home of Mrs. Ed. Price next Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 18th. A pot luck supper will be served.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid have decided to again solicit subscriptions to McCall's Magazine and will appreciate all new or renewal subscriptions placed with them.

Mrs. E. A. Ashley was called to Gladwin, Tuesday by the serious illness of her mother. Word was received here Wednesday that her mother passed away that morning.

NOTICE—All "Dry" Fund pledges made at the Opera House Sunday evening can either be paid to the treasurer or deposited at the People's Savings Bank.—JOHN CLEMENS, Treasurer.

To wipe out the saloons in Michigan, you must vote on two amendments—"Yes" on the Prohibition Amendment, and "No" on the "Home Rule" Amendment. It is just as important to vote against "home rule" or (home ruin,) as it is to vote in favor of Prohibition.

Eight ladies of the Stevens Corps No. 161, attended the W. R. C. Convention at Charlevoix, Oct. 6 and 8th. Mrs. Henry Sheldon as delegate and Mrs. Fannie Zerwek as Senior Vice of the Convention. Mrs. Fannie Zerwek was elected President of the district for the ensuing year. The Convention will be held at Cheboygan next year. Miss May L. Stewart of East Jordan was elected district secretary.

The Herald takes pleasure in announcing to its readers that arrangements have been made with Manager Adams of the Temple Theatre for the publication of the two photoplay serials—"The Red Circle" and "The Girl and The Game"—now being shown at the Temple. Owing to a delay two installments of "The Red Circle" were published both last week and in this issue. This was done in order that both of the stories would be published in The Herald the same week the episodes are shown at the Temple Theatre. In this issue will be found installments of the stories concurring with first episode of "The Girl and The Game" shown at the Theatre Thursday night, and the fourth episode of "The Red Circle" to be seen at the Temple this Saturday evening.

P. K. Winters is confined to his home by illness.

Otto Soehner returned from Bad Axe Wednesday.

Miss Winnie Raino is a Frederic visitor this week.

Merle Crowell was at Alma a few days this week.

Mrs. A. K. Hill left Tuesday for a visit at Detroit.

J. L. Weisman was a Petoskey visitor, Saturday.

Russell Kowalske is confined to his home by diphtheria.

Thomas Whiteford returned home from Flint, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Leonard now occupy rooms over Bell's store.

N. R. Torrey of Cadillac was in the city on business, Tuesday.

Miss Beatrice Boisclair of Bay City is visiting friends in the city.

Charles and Kit Carson are at Lansing on business this week.

Stanley and Norman Risk were here from Petoskey, Wednesday.

B. E. Waterman leaves this Friday for Grand Rapids on business.

Mrs. E. Smatts is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Burr at Central Lake.

Mrs. Herbert Carpenter and son returned from Detroit, Wednesday.

Miss Leila Seymour is slowly improving from an attack of typhoid fever.

Mrs. A. Hilliard left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mollard are visiting relatives at Ellsworth this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hudson spent Sunday at Charlevoix and Cross Village.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Sherman and children drove to Mancelona, Sunday.

East Jordan vs. Charlevoix at the east side ball grounds this Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Arthur Ward left Thursday for a two weeks visit at Lansing and other cities.

Miss Ethel Crowell is having a two-weeks' vacation from her school duties at Afton.

Atty D. L. Wilson is at Charlevoix this week attending the Supervisors meeting.

Miss Alvena Benzore of Boyne City is at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weisman.

For Rent—Our residence on Willowbrook addition. — Mrs. H. L. Winters, phone 151.

Miss Ruth Green of Traverse City is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Green.

Leonard Dudley and family now occupy the F. H. Bennett residence on the West Side.

Mrs. Bergman left Wednesday for Detroit where she will remain with her son, Alfred.

John Monroe and wife and his father returned home from Northport the first of the week.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid will hold a social at the church parlors next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Robert Barnett entertained the Golden Rule Club at her home, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McDonald of Central Lake visited at the home of their son, Richard, Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Ames and Mrs. Frank Little of Traverse City are guests at the C. R. Alexander home.

Mrs. John Whitford returned home Sunday from Traverse City, after a two week's visit with relatives.

E. A. Ashley left Thursday morning for Gladwin to attend the funeral services of Mrs. Ashley's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Valleeu of Flint are guests at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. DeWitt.

Mrs. C. Cook returned home from Detroit, Monday, after spending a few weeks' visit with relatives there.

Mrs. C. Rominger left Wednesday for her home at Oakland, Cal., after a few week's visit with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Malone returned home from Rome City, Ind., Saturday last, after spending several months there.

John Mears and family are moving this week to Cadillac. Mr. Mears has been night watchman at Mill B for a number of years.

Mrs. R. E. Webster and children and her mother, Mrs. E. A. Fay, returned home from Traverse City, Wednesday, after a week's visit with relatives.

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

Mrs. O. E. Sunstedt returned home from Empire, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Walstad returned home Monday from Suttons Bay.

Miss Mary Morrison is assisting at the E. J. Lumber Co's office.

Miss Mary Morrison visited her parents at Elk Rapids over Sunday.

A barn belonging to George Hayes in Bowen's Addition was destroyed by fire, together with the contents, last Sunday evening.

Mesdames C. L. and B. L. Lorraine with the latter's children left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Stewartville, Minn.

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. -

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 15.

8:00 a. m. Holy Communion for the Ladies Altar Society, Benediction.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 15, 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.

Latter Day Saints Church

Elder Manley D. Winters, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 15.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.

11:00 a. m.—Prayer meeting.

7:30 p. m.—F preaching.

Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting.

Friday, 7:30 p. m.—Religio.

COWS ARE FOND OF MUSIC

Ragtime in the Barn Increases the Flow and Stops Talk of Milkers.

Denver, Colo.—Ragtime music at milking time is an innovation on the dairy farm of W. W. Wilcox, east of Denver. He says the herd shows its appreciation by yielding an increased amount of lacteal fluid. He recently installed a phonograph in one end of the barn.

"It serves two purposes," explained Wilcox. "It keeps the cows quiet. Cows have esthetic, musical temperaments. It keeps the men from talking and forgetting their work. Constant interruption by talking interferes with the flow of milk and lessens the quantity the cow would yield otherwise."

"The music charms and soothes the bovine soul as nothing else can, and under such conditions she will allow even an ordinary milker a greatly increased quantity."

"I know she pays for the music."



Can hereditary criminal instinct be conquered? Is love a greater force for good than duty? Watch for

The Red Circle

NO MORE BACKACHE FOR HER

Mrs. J. M. Gaskill, Etna Green, Ind., writes: "I suffered from severe backache and sharp pains. I could not stoop over. Foley Kidney Pills gave me such relief that I cannot praise them to highly."

This standard remedy for kidney trouble and bladder ailments can be taken with absolute safety.—Hite's Drug Store.

ARE WEDDED BY TELEPHONE

Couple Used the Wire When They Found They Could Not Meet.

Great Falls, Mont.—Arthur Brugger of Havre and Miss Hattie Hudnut of Portland, Ore., were married by telephone the other night. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Prentiss H. Case of Havre, Mr. Brugger being at the telephone there and Miss Hudnut at the other end of the wire at her home in Portland.

The ceremony began at 11 o'clock but was not finished until shortly after midnight on account of a thunderstorm some place on the line. This form of ceremony was made necessary by the fact that Brugger, who is engaged in building grain elevators, could not leave Montana, and Miss Hudnut's parents would not permit her to come to Montana until she was the bride of Brugger.

CHURCH CUTS OFF WORMS

Closes Fish Bait Field to Stop Sunday Angling and Help Attendance at Services.

McGregor, Ia.—The trustees of the local Methodist Episcopal church, have taken effective means of inducing Sunday attendance in posting the following notice in the churchyard:

"It cost the Methodist church considerable to maintain a drainage ditch around the church in order to keep the water from flooding the basement. Parties are in the habit of digging earth worms in this ditch, which causes the water to run into the basement. This practice must be stopped at once. By order of the church board."

Anglers say the trustees know the churchyard is the only good place to dig worms in McGregor and that no one can go fishing Sundays without bait.

Mule Feasts on Chicken.

La Habra, Cal.—A mule belonging to Claude Ridgway of La Habra, and which usually subsists on hay, was found recently making away with a half-grown chicken.

USED IT ELEVEN YEARS

There is one remedy that for many years has given relief from coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Mrs. Chas. Rietz, Allen Mills, Pa., writes: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar for the past eleven years and I would not be without it." It promptly relieves hoarseness, tickling throat and wheezy breathing.—Hite's Drug Store.

Some men succeed by ability and some rely on their nerve.

Luck may be a good servant, but as a master his pay days are uncertain.

WEISMAN'S AUCTION SALE

LaLonde Bldg East Jordan

ALL DAY SATURDAY

On this day we will offer to the public hundreds of articles of Clothing and Furnishings.

You will be sure to find something for every member of the family.

Everything Will Be Sold Regardless of Price.

Many of your friends have benefited by this unusual Sale. Have you? Now's your opportunity.

TERMS:—Six months' time will be given on bankable paper, without interest.

LABORING MEN:—Orders on your employer will be accepted same as cash.

T. E. NILES, AUCTIONEER

MOSES WEISMAN, SALES MANAGER

Sale Will Be On Throughout the Week.



COATS COATS COATS

The Largest Line Ever Shown Here. Both in Cloth and Plush. Our prices range from \$6.00 to \$75.00. Sizes to 46.

Attractive New SUITS

Every Suit perfectly tailored. Coats beautifully lined and Skirts of latest styles.

We have a complete assortment of Ladies' WAISTS in all the latest shades and fabrics. Priced from \$1.00 to \$8.00.



M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

THE STORE THAT SELLS WOOLTEX.

White service 'tis plain Is assured by the name.

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