

# Charlevoix County Herald.

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No. 43

## THE STATE GRANGE AND HOME RULE

FARMERS CANNOT BE DECEIVED AND EMPHATICALLY SHOW THAT FAKES WON'T GO.

### AN UNEQUIVOCAL STATEMENT

Why Farmers Will Vote No On the Saloonkeeper's So Called Home Rule Amendment.

The following resolution was adopted unanimously by the Executive Committee of the Michigan State Grange at a meeting held at Lansing, September 6, 1916:

WHEREAS, The president of an organization favoring the adoption of the so-called "Home Rule" amendment, intended to destroy the present County Local Option system by providing a smaller unit for its application, has advertised himself as a member of the State Grange with the evident intention of carrying the inference that he represents the sentiment of the Michigan State Grange.

AND WHEREAS, The State Grange in all its annual sessions in recent years has by unanimous vote enthusiastically endorsed the County Local Option system and opposed the reduction of the unit to the township, village and city.

THEREFORE RESOLVED, by the Executive Committee of the State Grange, acting for and with the full authority of that body between its annual sessions, that the action of the said person is entirely out of harmony with the sentiment and intent of the State Grange and that until state-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic becomes an actual fact, we are unalterably opposed to any decrease in the unit of territory for local option below the county and call upon every member in our order and every lover of sobriety, good government and clean manhood to work earnestly and persistently from now until the polls close on the evening of November 7 against this misleading and pernicious measure and we urge every voter to vote "NO" on this so-called "Home Rule" amendment, which is but another attempt to destroy what we have already gained in the fight against the saloon.

(Signed)

J. W. HUTCHINS, Chairman  
GEO. B. HORTON  
N. P. HULL  
C. S. BARTLETT  
W. F. TAYLOR  
W. H. WELSH  
BURR B. LINCOLN  
JOHN C. KETCHAM  
MISS JENNIE BUELL

## "CROSSING THE BAR"

What the Drink Traffic Costs the American Consumers.

The retail cost of alcoholic liquors consumed by the people of the United States during 1915 has just been estimated by Mr. William P. F. Ferguson, the statistician, at \$2,151,201,765. Mr. Ferguson's estimate in 1914 was \$2,436,919,537.

If these figures are correct, the drink bill was \$285,717,772 less in 1915 than in 1914, which does not accord with the theory that consumption is unaffected by prohibition.

Mr. Ferguson arrives at his figures by allowing \$6.25 a gallon for domestic spirits, \$8.00 for imported spirits, \$2.00 for domestic wines, \$4.00 for imported wines, \$0.64 for domestic beer, and \$1.00 for imported beer.

The totals are \$876,403,846 for spirits, \$76,776,256 for wine; and \$1,198,015,663 for beer.

The total expenditure for alcoholic liquors for the past seven years is estimated at \$16,105,271,079. The receipts from internal revenue (1909-15) and duties (1908-14) for the past seven years amount to \$1,642,463,428, leaving a net fiscal loss by reason of the internal revenue system for seven years of \$14,462,807,651.

The straight and narrow path isn't wide enough for some people.

The man who sits down and waits for something to turn up will succeed in time. His toes will turn up.

A bachelor never figures on marrying a widow, but when a widow figures on marrying a bachelor the wedding bells do ring!

When a man and wife argue the man gets a good chance to say a lot of unprintable things and the wife to turn on the brine.

## GIRL DIES AS PREDICTED

Fortune Teller Told Pennsylvania Girl to Avoid Trips on the Water.

Phoenixville, Pa.—The body of Dorothy Barr, the seventeen-year-old girl of this place, who drowned in the Schuylkill river, was found about one mile from the spot where she lost her life when her canoe upset. Lock Tender Hennessy, at the Pawling locks, saw the body floating in the river and recovered it from a boat.

The drowning of Miss Barr and the finding of her body followed the prediction made a week before the girl's death by a fortune teller whom she and a girl friend consulted in a spirit of fun. The seer then told Miss Barr to avoid all trips or voyages upon the water, and said she would take such a trip and would drown. The fortune teller also predicted that after four days her body would be recovered. The girl laughed at the clairvoyant, but the prophecy was vividly recalled to the mind of her companion when the body was recovered.

## SON COMMANDS HIS FATHER

Latter is a Private in a Militia Company, and Former is Lieutenant.

Kansas City, Kan.—The regular order of things is that the son should take orders from the father.

But in Company A, Kansas National Guard of Kansas City, Kan., this order is reversed in the case of William Firstenberger, father, and Alfred Firstenberger, son.

William Firstenberger, although postmaster of Kansas City, Kan., and an important appearing person of some 250 pounds, is just a private.

Alfred Firstenberger is Second Lieutenant of the company, much smaller in size but possessing authority. So when Son Firstenberger issues orders "Fa" Firstenberger, although he may be a bit tired—or perhaps differing in opinion—must obey them. In this case the son has to be obeyed.

## RABBIT'S EYE FOR A GIRL

Surgeons Expect to Restore Sight of Seventeen-Year-Old Eskimo Girl.

Portland, Ore.—New York's best surgeons will endeavor to restore the sight of Melba, a seventeen-year-old Eskimo girl, who was found, deserted in an igloo by Dr. H. French, United States government physician in Alaska.

The cornea of a rabbit will be grafted upon one affected eye and a cataract removed from the other.

In charge of Mrs. Corinne Call, a government teacher, the child arrived in Portland recently. Mrs. Call says the Eskimos left Melba in the ice hut, hoping she would die. She has been totally blind for five years. The trouble is diagnosed as an eruption of the cornea.

## DISCOVER GOLD IN THE SAND

Find in Minnesota Creek Causes Fever to Spread to Whole Surrounding Country.

Austin, Minn.—Gold has been found here in the sands of the Cedar river. Samples sent to assayers recommended by the treasury department at Washington were found to run as high in value as \$1,064.80 a ton.

The appearance of the mineral, known as float gold, in banks of the stream has caused the fever to spread to the surrounding country, and farmers now are sending samples out for authoritative inspection.

The first find was made by Mrs. Daisy Dalager during the excavation for a cellar.

## KING DRINKS AFTER HORSE

Interesting Anecdote Related About Albert of Belgium by Son of Manufacturer.

Paris.—The son of a leading manufacturer of Brussels, whose two brothers have been killed at the front, tells the following anecdote, which dates from the first summer of the war:

"It had been a hot day, and King Albert, who had not left the trenches for hours, was suffering from thirst. He asked for something to drink, but not a soldier had anything left. Back of the trenches a man saw a horse drinking and went over and started to pull the bucket away.

"Don't do that," said the king. "Let the poor animal drink; perhaps it needs it more than I do."

"It was not until the horse had finished drinking that the king took up the bucket and drank the few drops that remained."

The sweetness of some women reminds us of sugar-coated bitter pills.

## Prohibition Revolution In Portland, Oregon

By H. L. ALBEE, Mayor of Portland

Portland under Prohibition has undergone a great revolution. January, 1916, shows arrests of 91 drunks and 210 vagrants as against 526 drunks and 355 vagrants in January, 1915.

Mercantile business has improved over previous conditions, the financial situation of the country considered.

The moral improvement is wonderful. Many notorious underworld characters have left here.

The enforcement of the Prohibition laws through the co-operation of county and city officers is bringing convictions of the few violators. Heavy fines and jail sentences are being meted out.

The abolition of the liquor traffic as far as the statute provides is the greatest possible forward step for hundreds of workers who are now spending their money for food.

## Increased Tax Payment of Whisky Does Not Mean Increased Consumption

CERTAIN newspapers of the country unfriendly to the Prohibition cause are expressing gratification over what they profess to believe to be proof that Prohibition has failed. They refer to the fact that since the first of July last seven states have adopted the Prohibition policy, and yet during the first 10 months of the present fiscal year the United States Government shows an increase in tax payments on whisky (our pro-liquor friends call it "consumption") amounting to 7,500,000 gallons, but a still further decrease in the production of beer, amounting to 1,500,000 barrels.

These figures seem to fit in with the theory advanced by these newspapers that increased Prohibition territory means the shifting of drink consumption from beer to distilled spirits. But in reality it proves nothing of the sort. In the first place, tax payments on whisky do not represent "consumption" under some circumstances. Given a settled revenue rate and settled and regular importing conditions and tax payments and consumption—meaning by consumption all the uses to which whisky and all distilled spirits are put—have an approximate relationship.

When either or both of the above factors are disturbed an increase in tax payments can have no relation whatever to consumption. There may even be an increased tax payment and decreased consumption at the same time. The war has greatly disturbed the liquor business, so that for months foreign liquors have not been imported as they formerly were. Many distillers of special foreign brands, such as Gordon's Dry Gin Co. Ltd., of England, have opened branch distilleries in the United States. What these firms formerly sent over as importations now register as tax paid distillery products in the United States. Other purely American brands are being produced in increased quantities to take the place of other foreign brands both here and abroad because of the unsettled distilling and shipping conditions abroad.

Boston rum of itself represents a distilling and tax-paying revival, which has no relation whatever to American "consumption." It goes to debauch the negroes of Africa, in place of the now impossible British product. Ships are being chartered from Boston in this trade at figures which bring more money for one trip than it costs to build the individual vessels. Eighty thousand dollars was paid on May 15 for one rum trip to Africa by a ship it cost but \$77,000 to build 12 years ago.

Well may Bonfort's for May 25 have in black-face type through its pages the statement that July will be the biggest whisky producing month Kentucky has seen in years, but when the editor tries to establish any relation between this and the actual whisky consumption of the country, he is distorting facts. There is no relation whatever. Shipping and distilling conditions abroad are so upset as to affect the statistics of the whole world.

In addition to this there enters another important factor into the situation which explains increased tax payments, but does not show increased consumption. We refer to the statement issued by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, in commenting upon Commissioner of Internal Revenue Osborn's report, which report shows an increased tax payment of \$10,013,140 over the corresponding period of a year ago. It must be remembered that there was a tremendous slump in the revenue collections on whisky for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1915. Here is Secretary McAdoo's statement:

Notwithstanding the spread of Prohibition, collections on distilled spirits for the first 10 months of the fiscal year increased \$10,013,140 over the corresponding period of a year ago. This is due in great measure to the effective enforcement of the internal revenue tax on distilled spirits. It is estimated that through the campaign of the Treasury Department against underground gauging, equalizing and blockading in distilleries, the revenue of the government has been increased by probably \$5,000,000 annually.

The only article of taxation showing a decrease is beer. Because of the relatively low tax on fermented liquors and the difficulty of getting the un-tax-paid beer on the market, the Commissioner says that the loss in tax on beer, on account of fraud has been negligible, and that the decrease is due principally to the increase in the Prohibition laws.

In other words the pious distillers have been defrauding the government. They have not been paying their full tax, and now under a stricter law enforcement regime, the whisky paid tax shows an increase and the pro-liquor papers are working overtime to make it appear that this means an increased consumption.

The revenue reports show the increase in tax payments on whisky, but there is absolutely no evidence from any source to show that there has been an increased consumption. Secretary McAdoo's explanation of the increased whisky revenue does not bear out the contentions of the pro-liquor journals.

## School Commissioner's Notes

May E. Stewart, Commissioner

What would you do if you were County School Commissioner and the eye test reports kept coming in to indicate that many of our school children had less than forty per cent of correct vision and that in many of our schools 70 per cent of the pupils have defective vision. The exact report will be printed later.

Phelps which is Marion No. 6 is planning a program in celebration of the big event which is to take place in that district on Oct. 20th, when they are to receive their Standard Plate. They will be the sixth Standard School in Charlevoix County and the first Standard school in Marion township.

The Angell Day programs and Columbus work was interesting diversion in the visiting schedule this week. Our teachers are not forgetting the patriotism law in reading the Declaration of Independence of the days required by the 1915 act.

Things are moving in the County Normal room. Penmanship practiced with a vengeance. Special Day program on the 13th with good reports from the same. The Com'r was sorry that work kept her elsewhere.

Are there weeds in your school grounds or just stones and sticks?

Is your heating system bothering you on these early autumn days? How's the grate? What's the matter with the chimney? Is it clean?

Hayes and Norwood visited last week The Hayes teacher's meeting was at Maple Grove on Thursday afternoon. Every teacher present in spite of the storm. Norwood teacher's meeting was on Friday afternoon. Every teacher was present in spite of the roads.

There are six schools in Hayes twp. Five of these schools have ventilating systems, four of which are good, three of these schools have some adjustable seats, and two schools have the seats correctly placed and to fit all sizes of children. One school has windows sufficient in quantity and correctly placed. Three schools have furnished sanitary paper towels, and two have water fountains. All but one have the approved register and all of them have some of the recommended texts. One has approved texts throughout.

There are four schools in Norwood twp. Three of these have ventilating systems, two have seats to fit all of the children, one of which has adjustable seats for all. There is no school in Norwood township with correct lighting, there are no sanitary paper towels and only one drinking fountain. Part of the texts books could be approved and all the registers but one.

Hayes No. 5 has ordered a new water tank. The walls look pretty good.

The Murray school has the woodwork painted, the walls tinted, and the floor oiled. A supply of new seats are at hand but all have not yet arrived. They have been correctly arranged for discipline and comfort. The grounds have been cleaned and graded and some of the new texts books provided.

Hopwood has been more than busy. Just the finishing touches needed. Watch for this school later.

There was an interesting little corn exhibit at Maple Grove.

The Hilton school is equipped with all adjustable seats for the boys and girls. A new desk for the teacher has been ordered and chair to match.

Pretty soon one of two things will happen. Either the cities will sit up and take notice or the city will lose its attraction. Our boys will stay on the farm.

The following interesting letters were received this week:

Springvale, Oct. 6th, 1916.

Dear Miss Stewart:  
I had the seventh and eighth grades write letters for their grammar lessons to-day, telling about our new plan for keeping our school room in order, combating tuberculosis germs, and incidentally learning some civics. I selected you as a victim and told them that the best one would be mailed to you. The sender is a seventh grader.

I saw in the paper that you were wondering what was being done for the boys in the way of club work. I have only three boys but expect to teach them what I can of manual training when we secure the proper material. We expect to start a sand table tomorrow.

Sincerely,  
BESSIE ALLEN.

Springvale, Mich., Oct. 6, 1916.

Com'r May L. Stewart,  
East Jordan, Mich.

Dear Miss Stewart:

I am going to tell you what this school has been doing for the past week.

Miss Allen was reading to the pupils about what another school teacher had made out of their school room.

She read some suggestions to us and now we have turned our school room into a city.

We have named our city 'Busyville.' We have elected a Treasurer, Clerk, Street Com'r, Policeman, Board of Health, Postmaster and Mayor.

We play that the seats are houses and the aisles between the seats are the streets.

There is Monroe Avenue, Lincoln Boulevard, Wilson St., Roosevelt St., Washington Ave, and then the aisle back of all the seats is Rear Alley because it is in the rear.

I will tell you who the officers are, namely:

Treas.—Elizabeth Green  
Clerk—Nellie Knright  
St. Com'r—Thelma Milford  
Policeman—Foster Winberg  
Mayor—Helen Modie  
Board of Health—Gladys Green  
Postmaster—Bertha Knright

We have our city much more elaborate than the one Miss Allen read about to us.

The work of the street commissioner is much heavier than that of any other officer because she has to see that everyone's house is in perfect order, and the board of health has a heavier office than some of the rest because she has to see that everyone keeps everything out of their mouth except food and that they must breathe thru the nose.

We have also formed a little club and we call it the "Busy Bee Sunshine Club." We meet every Saturday at different houses and then we expect to learn to crochet at one meeting, and then we learn to tat at some other meeting, and at some other meeting we learn to embroider.

We have elected officers for our little club also, they are:

President—Thelma Milford  
Vice—Nellie Knright  
Secretary—Helen Modie  
Treasurer—Elizabeth Green  
Chairman—Miss Allen

We find that our club is as interesting as our city. I must close, hoping this letter will be very interesting.

Yours truly,  
HELEN MODIE.

The Ironton Mother's Club met and organized Wednesday afternoon. The Com'r had the privilege of being present to take part in the discussion of Home Work and School Credits. After an active and earnest discussion it was decided that the best results may be obtained from this work when it is well directed by both the home and the school. The racing spirit is very good for an incentive at the start but it is not desirable that any child try to earn the year's required credits during the first two months of school. Whenever this will interfere with the school work or the nervous temperament of the child, regulations should be made by the teacher encouraging the children to work regularly and systematically earning if possible the same number of credits in exactly the same manner day by day. The formation of regular and temperate habits of work is just as valuable as in habits of eating, resting or drinking. How would it be if the teachers of the county would let the children compete to see which ones could follow out a definite schedule day by day for the longest period. It would be easier for the parents to keep track of and would be a splendid lesson for our boys and girls, who are the future of to-morrow.

## TO THE MAN WHO WANTS A HOME

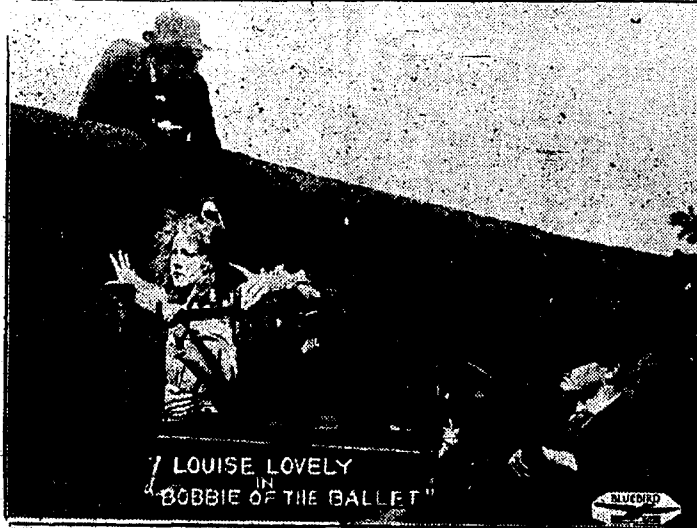
Why buy a Lot for a home when you can buy an acre or two for less money just as conveniently located and grow your potatoes, vegetables, corn and have room for the chickens, thereby helping home to many comforts.

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

Fortunate is the man who knows how big a fool he can be without trying.

## 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.



SCENE FROM "BOBBIE OF THE BALLET"  
A Special Bluebird Photo Play  
AT TEMPLE THEATRE, MONDAY, OCT. 23RD



# 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 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 meet Borden as he is released. "Circle Jim" and Ted are killed. The last of the Borden family is released. 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 dresses as the veiled woman and is pursued by Lamar. She escapes, leaving her coat as a clue in his hands. June, disguised as a boy, recovers the coat from police headquarters.

## FIFTH INSTALLMENT WEAPONS OF WAR

"I believe the Red Circle never shows on your hand except when you're planning some wicked mischief!" croaked old Mary, as she paused at the door of June's bedroom, early next morning, her arms piled high with clothes.

"Yes," said June, dreading, with a guilty glance at her handbook, "I've thought so, too."

"It was there last evening. It isn't there this morning," went on the old woman, depositing the clothes on a chair and beginning to arrange them, one by one, in a wardrobe trunk. "What were you up to, dearie? Tell Mary."

"Nothing at all," declared June, her eyes fixed anxiously on the trunk. Mary was packing. "Please don't let's talk about it. It makes me so miserable. I've packed part of the trunk," she added. "Don't disarrange that part of it, Mary."

Before breakfast, June had gone to Mrs. Travis, and, on plea of feeling "run down," had persuaded her to close the town house that very morning and to go for the season to their summer cottage at Surf-ton.

Max Lamar had been closeted for an hour with Chief of Police Allen. They had twisted the new development of the "Red Circle" mystery inside and out; studying it vainly from every imaginable angle.

First of all, they had ascertained—that they had already been sure of—that no tailor in city or state was named Attman; and that neither city nor state contained any master tailor who was a mute. Also, a vigilant search of every tailor shop, by a dozen detectives, had failed to identify any employer or employee with the dumb youth of the preceding night.

"Have you tried your pretty little portrait gallery?" asked Lamar. "No. We'll run over it, if you like. It's spot that lad's face anywhere."

—With the help of his secretary and of Policeman Meeks—the only men

who had had a good look at the dumb tailor—the chief began a hasty search of the collection.



"Suppose I Drop Around to See Smiling Sam?"

who had had a good look at the dumb tailor—the chief began a hasty search of the collection.

"Here's old 'Circle Jim,'" said the chief once, as he glanced over a handful of photos.

A few minutes later he paused at another likeness.

"Remember this chap?" he asked Lamar, handing him an oblong of cardboard.

Lamar took the photograph and, half aloud, read the words scrawled on it:

"Sam Eagan—alias 'Smiling Sam'—jewel burglar—Close associate for years of 'Circle Jim' Borden—Claims to

have reformed. Has small cobbler shop at 1019 Bright way. Height 5 feet 8 inches. Weight 240 pounds. Identifying marks—"

"Smiling Sam Eagan!" broke off Lamar. "I'm not likely to forget him. We got him when we got 'Circle Jim'. But he was too slick for us to give him all he deserved. He was turned loose about a year ago, wasn't he? That was the first time I ever heard of Miss June Travis—the young lady we met in the park, you know, when we were looking for the Veiled Woman. I heard at the prison how she met Smiling Sam when he got out, and how she was fooled by his maudlin pledges of reform. He'd learned cobbling during his term. And she spent good money to set him up in a shoemaker shop of his own."

"She's the salt of the earth, that girl," commented the chief. "Suppose I drop around to see Smiling Sam," said Lamar.

"Sam Eagan?" returned the chief, looking once more through a handful of photos. "Here you are: Cobbler shop at 1019 Bright way. I've had him watched once or twice. But there's nothing on him."

Sam Eagan's shop faced on a corner, and behind it was a disreputable looking back yard separated by a rickety gate and a tumbledown board fence from the alley at the rear.

The corner was uninviting, even for corner loafers: Yet one such loafer infested it at all hours of the day. This consistent idler was a thickset youth, clad in shabby gray. His name was Tom Dunn. His mission in life seemed to be to lean half-asleep against the lintel of Sam-Eagan's doorway, puffing cigarettes.

It was an uninspiring life that Mr. Thomas Dunn led. Long since, the neighbors had ceased to interest themselves in him.

Had the neighbors looked closer, they might perhaps have noted that his half-shut eyes were as bright as a rat's, and that those same apparently drowsy eyes were forever shifting their gaze up and down the street. Also, that Mr. Dunn at intervals would step back into Smiling Sam's shop.

Tom Dunn, this morning, lounged as usual, in front of Smiling Sam's shop; smoking an ill-made cigarette; and loafing away the early hours when most of the world was at work.

Inside the dingy little shop, Sam himself was up to his eyes in toll. The shop's dirty walls re-echoed to the quick taps of his hammer, as he drove tiny bright nails into tough sole leather.

As Eagan, cross-legged on his low bench, sat hammering gayly away, Tom Dunn ducked his unshaven visage into the room.

"Jake's comin'," announced Dunn; and returned to the front steps once more.

Smiling Sam looked up with a friendly nod, a moment later, as a cadaverous man of middle age shambled into the shop. The newcomer bore under his arm a crude little newspaper parcel. He handed it to Sam, without a word.

Eagan unrolled the newspaper wrappings. Out fell a dusty shoe, whose sole was all but gone and whose heel was "run" at the left side. Smiling Sam picked up a cobbler's knife and proceeded to pry off the battered shoe's still more battered-heel. Jake standing in nervous expectancy behind him and looking avidly over the cobbler's fat shoulder.

Presently, the heel came away from the shoe. It was hollow, and it was wadded with tissue paper. Sam carefully undid the tissue folds. Out of them dropped a round brooch, set with alternate pearls and diamonds of a fair size.

"How much?" demanded Jake.

"Twenty," was Sam's terse verdict.

"Twenty?" snorted the indignant Jake. "Twenty what? Twenty nothing! Twenty dollars for that bit of Easy Street Pavement? Why, the gold settin' is worth more 'n that, you measly old gouter?"

"Twenty!" snapped Eagan. "Take it or leave it."

"I'll leave it, then," stormed Jake. "I'm not going to be robbed. Give it back to me."

"Sure," smiled Eagan, blandly, returning the brooch to him; and at the same time absentmindedly pulling from his trousers pocket a roll of bills which he fingered carelessly.

To Jake the sight of money was a bone to a starving dog. He wavered. Then—

"Oh, take it, you swine!" he growled, tossing the brooch down upon Eagan's leather-aproned lap. "Take it. I hope it lands you in the pen!"

Sam peeled two greasy ten-dollar bills from the roll, handed them to Jake and put the rest of the money back in his pocket. He picked up the brooch. As he did so, Tom Dunn slipped hurriedly into the shop.

"Max Lamar—fly cop—" he reported, "Comin' down the block; lookin' at the numbers on the houses."

"Gee!" babbled Jake, "He'll spot me, dead sure! He's—"

"Out the back way," ordered Sam.

The lookout caught the shaking Jake by the arm and hustled him toward the back of the shop; to a place where the blank surface of the wall was broken by several shelves on which stood a sparse array of shoe boxes.

Dunn thrust his hand in among these boxes. Instantly, a section of the wall—shelves and all—opened outward, revealing a passageway behind. Through this opening, Dunn shoved the panic-stricken Jake; closing the thick secret door behind them.

Jake and his conductor found themselves in a dim-lit inner room, unfurnished save for a big and dog-eared calendar that hung on one wall, and a broken packing box below it. Dunn pushed violently at a slab in the chipped plaster of the adjacent wall. The plaster gave back at his push. A doorway, perhaps three feet high and twenty inches or less in width, took the place of the seemingly solid plastering. Through this hole, closing it behind them, the two wriggled; out into the yard beyond; and thence, through the rickety gate to the alleyway.

Meantime, left alone in his shop, Smiling Sam Eagan saw a long shadow fall athwart the street threshold and hesitate there for an instant. No time was to be lost. Sam slipped the brooch back into the hollow of the shoe-heel; and, with two deft blows of the hammer, nailed the heel into place on his shoe.

He was driving the second nail, when Max Lamar sauntered into the shop. Max glanced down approvingly at the busy old fellow tacking a worn heel on to a worthless shoe.

"Well, well, Mr. Lamar!" he cried joyfully, holding out an enormous hand. "This is an honor I wasn't a-looking for. Sit down. You'll find that bench clean, I think. I try to

let me take that bum old shoe you're playing with, Mr. Lamar. It'll get you all dirty."

Thinking Sam was trying to change the subject in order to avoid talking of the Red Circle, Lamar paid no heed to his request; but kept on swinging the shoe idly to and fro, as he asked: "That Red Circle, now—you remember what Jim Borden used to say about it?"

"That it cropped out once in every generation of his family," supplemented Eagan, "and that the person who had it was always a criminal."

"I have reason to believe it was gospel truth, Eagan," said Lamar. "The Red Circle on the back of the hand has always been the sign-manual of a crook, in the Borden family. And—"

"Not always," corrected Sam. "There was that son of his—young Ted Borden—for instance. He was a cheap crook, right down to the ground, that youngster was. But there wasn't any Red Circle on his hand. That shoe, now—" he continued anxiously, but Max interrupted.

"That brings me to the point. You say Ted Borden had no Red Circle on his hand. And Ted died when his father died. But how about Jim Borden's other children?"

"Circle Jim's other children?" cried Sam, in a wonder that was palpably genuine. "His other children? Why, man alive, Jim Borden never had another child but Ted."

"I'll tell you why I ask," said Lamar, impressively, leaning forward and emphasizing his words by tapping the shoe against his knee. "Because I happen to know that no less than two people in this very city today have the Red Circle on the backs of their right hands."

He broke off and looked down with sudden curiosity at the shoe he was



The Gobbler Picked Up a Short-Handled Hammer.

holding. As he had been abstractedly shaking it to and fro he had all at once noticed that a faint rattling sound came from somewhere within the shoe.

"There's something loose in the heel of this shoe," he said, "something that rattles like a loose bit of metal."

Sam did not answer. Surreptitiously the cobbler had reached behind him and had picked up the heavy, short-handled hammer with which he had been working.

"Yes," went on Lamar, "there's something rattles in his heel. Just as if there was a compartment inside, with something lying loose in it."

He picked up an awl from the bench and inserted it between heel-tap and upper. Eagan drew a long breath and half-lifted the hammer.

"Good morning, Sam," came a clear young voice from the doorway. "I'm going out of town for the summer. I stopped in on my way to the station to see how you are getting on and to tell you—Oh, how are you, Mr. Lamar? It's so dark in here, after the sunshine, I didn't see you."

The spell was broken. The tension was relaxed. Lamar, at sight of June Travis, let the shoe tumble to the floor, forgotten, as he sprang up to greet her. Sam laid down the hammer with a grunt of reaction. As Lamar strode forward to meet June the cobbler thrust the shoe into the breast of his own shirt and substituted for it another one from a nearby pile on the floor.

"How are things going, Sam?" asked June, cheerily, turning from Max as the cobbler reached her side. "Is the rheumatism any better? And do people pay their bills any more promptly?"

"The rheumatism is pretty bad,

miss," said Sam, with a fine show of courage, "but I can stand it. The doctor did it a lot of good last month; but he won't give me any more treatment, he says, till I pay the twenty-five dollars I owe him on his last bill. So I guess I'll have to grin and bear it awhile longer."

"You poor old thing," said June, in quick sympathy. "Indeed you shall not 'grin and bear it' another day. Here," taking three bills from her handbag, "pay that cranky bear of a doctor this very morning and have him give you treatment. Tell him to send his next bill to me. I must go now. My mother and Mary are waiting for me in the car, outside there. Good-by, Sam; good-by, Mr. Lamar."

But Max would not be dismissed in this fashion. He insisted on going to the car with her, and, on the way, he managed to angle successfully for an invitation to call on her at the Surf-ton cottage.

After which he stared at the automobile until it bore her out of sight. Then he wandered on down the street, planning busily—not for the solving of the Red Circle mystery, but to discover some way of arranging his work so as to leave him an entire afternoon and evening free for a run to Surf-ton-by-the-Sea.

Sam Eagan and the mysteriously rattling shoe were quite wiped from his mind.

Sam, meantime, his professionally genial smile glued to his red face, was looking down at the twenty-five dollars June had so generously forced upon him. But, though his eyes were fixed on the money in his hand, his mind was not.

Twenty-five dollars, just at present, seemed to Smiling Sam a pitifully small sum. For he had sudden visions of an infinitely larger amount. Visions so bright as to take away, for the moment, even the memory of his narrow escape from exposure in the matter of the hollow-heeled shoe. A mighty inspiration was gripping Sam Eagan; an inspiration born of his talk with Lamar.

After a moment of thought he nodded his head, stuck the money into his pocket and locked the door of his shop. Then he went to the secret-door among the shoe-shelves and opened it. Passing into the hidden room he crossed to where the dog-eared old calendar hung on the wall.

Lifting this calendar, he disclosed a cupboard behind it. Reaching into this, he pulled forth a telephone, took the receiver from the hook and called for a number.

"Miss La Salle's apartment?" he asked presently; then: "That you, Alma?—Sam—Come around here in a rush. There's something big. Hurry up."

Eagan returned to the shop, put on his coat and went out into the neighborhood to do a little shopping.

Back home he came, and through to the hidden room; there depositing his purchases in the telephone cupboard behind the calendar. He had barely regained the front shop when a woman entered.

Alma La Salle was perhaps twenty-five, perhaps a little older. She was of medium height; wiry, dark and inclining to sallowness.

She was an invaluable source of revenue to Sam. And, apart from her uncanny deftness at robbery, he knew he could always count on her wit and daring to carry out any campaign he might devise.

"Hello, kid," was his greeting, this morning. "You didn't waste any time. That's right. You got a train to catch and some fancy packing to do, first."

"Train to catch?" she repeated eagerly. "To Surf-ton-by-the-Sea. There's a big ball at the Surf-ton hotel tonight. Our man there tipped me to it. You're going to 'operate' at the ball."

"But—" "It's a new angle we're going to work from, on this," he pursued. "There ought to be a pot of cash in it. Ever hear of the Red Circle?"

"Of course," she made answer. "Who hasn't?"

"Give me your hand," he ordered. "The right one."

Wonderingly, Alma obeyed. Moistening the brush and rubbing it on the red-paint cake, Sam proceeded to trace on the back of the woman's hand an irregular Red Circle.

"Watch that closely," he warned. "That's just the shape of the one Borden had. Do you think you could paint that on your own hand?"

"Why, yes; but—" He dipped the sponge in the liquid from the phial and passed it over the circle. The paint quickly vanished.

"There you are!" said he. "Go to the ball. Pinch everything you get half a chance at. Then sneak into some quiet corner to paint that circle on your hand. Manage to let the house detective or some of the guests get a glimpse of it. Then rub it off. When the yell goes up that a lot of boobs have been robbed the Red Circle will be sure to get the blame for it."

There was but one theme of import among the summer idlers at Surf-ton-by-the-Sea. June had not been at the cottage an hour before she had heard the whole story from Mary, who had it from a neighbor.

It seemed that Todd Drew, the disolute young son of Amos Drew, the great inventor, had just arrived at the Surf-ton hotel. He had brought thither, so said report, a small flat metal case that was more deadly than fifty batteries of siege guns.

For this case contained the plans for a war-engine, infinitely ingenious and more murderous than any hitherto devised. It was a veritable monster of destruction, this engine. By its use

whole armies could be destroyed in a single minute.

Amos Drew had invented the thing. Having done so he had been so appalled by its possibilities for annihilation that he had never put it upon the market, but had stowed the plans away among his private papers.

But now Amos Drew was dead, and his only heir, Todd Drew, was busy wasting the paternal fortune.

Thus it was, seaside gossip ran, that he had brought to Surf-ton the terrible war-engine plans; and he was to meet here one Count Freel, the agent for a foreign government, to negotiate with him for their sale.

With a shudder June dismissed the story from her mind. To occupy her thoughts, she resolved to take the bun-



She Resolved to Toss the Bundle Into the Sea.

dle of masculine clothing at once to the nearest deserted beach and toss it into the sea.

Half way to the pier she passed a ramshackle boat-house, whose weather-warped boards were bulged and splayed, in several places, until they looked like the slats in front of a hen-house. As June sped past the boat-house she chanced to notice a large smooth stone—just the thing to weight the bundle she carried. She picked it up, opened the bundle at one end, dropped in the stone and fastened the package's string once more. At the same moment, from the shack just behind her, she heard a man's voice saying impatiently:

"I'm no blooming diplomat, count. Come down to cases. What will you pay?"

June dropped the bundle she held. She stood transfixed, there, on the rocky beach, in front of the shack. Understanding came to her with a rush. So the story was true!

June—the Red Circle blazing and pulsing on her white hand—had crept nearer and nearer to the shack. She peeped in, cautiously, through one of the wide cracks in the boards.

A crate had been turned upside down to serve as a table, and it stood close to the aperture in the boards. At the opposite ends of this improvised table, on a couple of boat trestles, sat two men.

On the grate-table, just in front of Drew, rested an oblong metal dispatch box, perhaps ten inches long, four inches wide and two inches high.

June drew back from the shack and glanced guiltily around. No one was in sight. Near by lay a fragment of wreckage, a thick board about five feet long.

She carried it to the shack's only door, braced one end of the board against a boulder in front of the door and then put the other end just beneath the jutting cross-panel half way up the door.

"Yes, sir!" Todd Drew was vociferating. "It's worth an easy two million dollars to your government—or to any other warring country—to get these plans. They're—"

He broke off with a yell. For as he looked down at the metal box that had lain in front of him on the table it was no longer there. He was just in time to see a woman's small hand drawing the dispatch box cautiously out through a crack in the wall boards.

Drew made a clutch at the vanishing hand and seized it by the wrist.

"I've got her, count!" he cried. "Say, she struggles like a wildcat. Run outside and grab her."

The count leaped for the door. At the same instant June's other hand appeared through the adjoining crack. Its fingers grasped a long pin she had hastily snatched from her sailor hat.

Into Todd's detaining fist she drove the pin, right mercifully.

With a howl of pain Drew relaxed his grip on her wrist. Her hands vanished—the dispatch box and the hat-pin along with them—just as the count bellowed:

"I cannot get this miserable door open! It is jammed!"

June waited to hear no more. She tore open the end of the bundle, thrust the metal box into it, closed it again and, snatching it up, raced Zeddy for the pier. Nor did she pause until she had hurled the bulky parcel far out into the sea.

Meantime, in the shack, pandemonium had broken loose. Both men threw their bodies frantically against the unyielding door.

As the door at last fell, Todd's count rushed forth, pale as a sheet, in pursuit of the thief.

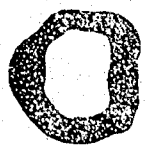
"It was a woman!" puffed Drew as he broke into a run. "Our only clue is that I saw the sleeve of a sailor suit and—there was a fiery Red Circle on the back of her hand!"

(END OF FIFTH INSTALLMENT.)



# THE RED CIRCLE

By 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 queer 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 launched with the Red Circle birthmark and that member has always been a criminal. Jim and his younger son, therefore, the only known living member of the Borden line, Max Lamar, the noblest of men, keep an eye on the boy. One day Jim is shot and killed. The next day Lamar is arrested and taken to the back of a wagon. He is taken to a cobbler's shop, where he meets Smiling Sam, the Red Circle cobbler. Lamar, who has been shot, is taken to the Red Circle cobbler's shop, where he meets Smiling Sam, the Red Circle cobbler. Lamar, who has been shot, is taken to the Red Circle cobbler's shop, where he meets Smiling Sam, the Red Circle cobbler.

## FIFTH INSTALLMENT

### WEAPONS OF WAR

He had had a good look at the dumb rascal, but he began a hasty search of the cobbler's shop. "Here's old Circle Jim," said the cobbler, as he glanced over a handful of photos. "I hope it lands you in the pen!" A few minutes later he paused at another likeness. "Remember this chap?" he asked Lamar, handing him an oblong of cardboard. Lamar took the photograph and, half aloud, read the words scrawled on it. "Sam Eagan—alias 'Smiling Sam'—jewel burglar—close associate for years of 'Circle Jim' Borden—Claims to

have reformed. Has small cobbler shop at 1019 Bright way. Height 5 feet 8 inches. Weight 240 pounds. Identifying marks—

"Smiling Sam Eagan!" broke off Lamar. "I'm not likely to forget him. We got him when we got 'Circle Jim'. But he was too slick for us to give him all he deserved. He was turned loose about a year ago, wasn't he? That was the first time I ever heard of Miss June Travis—the young lady we met in the park, you know, when we were looking for the Veiled Woman. I heard at the prison how she met Smiling Sam when he got out, and how she was fooled by his maudlin pledges of reform. He'd learned cobbler during his term. And she spent good money to set him up in a shoe-maker shop of his own."

"She's the salt of the earth, that girl," commented the chief. "Suppose I drop around to see Smiling Sam," said Lamar. "Sam Eagan?" returned the chief, looking once more through a handful of photos. "Here you are! Cobbler shop at 1019 Bright way. I've had him watched once or twice. But there's nothing on him."

Sam Eagan's shop faced on a corner, and behind it was a disreputable looking back yard separated by a rickety gate and a tumbledown board fence from the alley at the rear. The corner was uninviting, even for corner loafers. Yet one such loafer loitered at all hours of the day. This consistent idler was a thickset youth, clad in shabby gray. His name was Tom Dunn. His mission in life seemed to be to beam half-asleep against the lintel of Sam Eagan's doorway, puffing cigarettes.

It was an uninspiring life that Mr. Thomas Dunn led. Long since, the neighbors had ceased to interest themselves in him.

Had the neighbors looked closer, they might perhaps have noted that his half-shut eyes were as bright as a rat's, and that those same apparently droopy eyes were forever shifting their gaze up and down the street. Also that Mr. Dunn at intervals would stop bag into Smiling Sam's shop.

Tom Dunn, this morning, lounged as usual in front of Smiling Sam's shop, smoking an Havana cigarette and looking away the early hours when most of the world was at work.

Inside the dingy little shop, Sam himself was up to his eyes in toil. The shop's dirty walls reached to the quick taps of his hammer, as he drove tiny bright nails into tough sole leather.

As Eagan, cross-legged on his low bench, sat hammering busily away, Tom Dunn drew his unshaven visage into the room.

"Jake's coming," announced Dunn; and returned to the front steps once more.

Smiling Sam looked up with a friendly nod, a moment later, as a cadaverous man of middle age shuffled into the shop. The newcomer bore under his arm a crude little newspaper parcel. He handed it to Sam, without a word.

Eagan unrolled the newspaper wrappings. Out fell a dusty shoe, whose sole was all but gone and whose heel was "run" at the left side. Smiling Sam picked up a cobbler's knife and proceeded to pry off the battered shoes still more battered heel. Jake, standing in nervous expectancy behind him and looking avidly over the cobbler's fat shoulder.

"Presently the heel came away from the shoe. It was hollow, and it was wadded with tissue paper. Sam carefully unrolled the tissue folds. Out of them dropped a round brooch, set with alternate pearls and diamonds of a fair size.

"How much?" demanded Jake. "Twenty," was Sam's terse verdict. "Twenty," snorted the indignant Jake. "Twenty what? Twenty nothing? Twenty dollars for that bit of Easy Street trinket? Why, the gold set-in is worth more'n that, you measly old goner?"

"Twenty!" snapped Eagan. "Take it or leave it."

"I'll leave it, then," stormed Jake. "I'm not going to be robbed. Give it back to me."

"Sure," smiled Eagan, blandly, returning the brooch to him; and at the same time absently pulling from his trousers-pocket a roll of bills which he fingered carelessly.

To Jake the sight of money was a boné to a starving dog. He wavered. Then—

"Oh, take it, you swine!" he growled, tossing the brooch down upon Eagan's leather-aproned lap. "Take it. I hope it lands you in the pen!" Sam peeled two greasy ten-dollar bills from the roll, handed them to Jake and put the rest of the money back in his pocket. He picked up the brooch. As he did so, Tom Dunn slipped hurriedly into the shop.

The lookout caught the shabby Jake by the arm and hustled him toward the back of the shop; to a place where the blank surface of the wall was broken by several shelves on which stood a sparse array of shoe boxes. Dunn thrust his hand in among these boxes. Instantly, a section of the wall—shelves and all—opened outward, revealing a passageway behind. Through this opening, Dunn shoved the pale-stricken Jake; closing the thick secret door behind them.

Jake and his conductor found themselves in a dim-lit inner room, unfurnished save for a big and dog-eared calendar that hung on one wall, and a broken packing box below it. Dunn pushed violently at a slab in the chipped plaster of the adjacent wall. The plaster gave back at his push. A doorway, perhaps three feet high and twenty inches or less in width, took the place of the seemingly solid plastering. Through this hole, closing it behind them, the two wriggled; out into the yard beyond; and thence, through the rickety gate to the alleyway.

Meantime, left alone in his shop, Smiling Sam Eagan saw a long shadow fall athwart the street threshold and hesitate there for an instant.

No time was to be lost. Sam slipped the brooch back into the hollow of the shoe-heel; and, with two deft blows of the hammer, nailed the heel into place on his shoe.

He was driving the second nail, when Max Lamar sauntered into the shop.

Max glanced down approvingly at the busy old fellow tacking a worn heel on to a worthless shoe.

"Well, well, Mr. Lamar!" he cried jocularly, "looking out an enormous hand. This is an honor I wasn't looking for. Sit down. You'll find that bench clean, I think. I try to

"Let me take that bum old shoe you're playing with, Mr. Lamar. It'll get you all dirty."

Thinking Sam was trying to change the subject in order to avoid talking of the Red Circle, Lamar paid no heed to his request; but kept on swinging the shoe idly to and fro, as he asked:

"That Red Circle, now—you remember what Jim Borden used to say about it?"

"That it cropped out once in every generation of his family," supplemented Eagan, "and that the person who had it was always a criminal."

"I have reason to believe it was gospel truth, Eagan," said Lamar. "The Red Circle on the back of the hand has always been the sign-manual of a crook, in the Borden family. And—"

"Not always," corrected Sam. "There was that son of his—young Ted Borden—for instance. He was a cheap crook, right down to the ground, that youngster was. But there wasn't any Red Circle on his hand. That shoe, now—" he continued anxiously; but Max interrupted.

"That brings me to the point. You say Ted Borden had no Red Circle on his hand. And Ted died when his father died—how about Jim Borden's other children?"

"Circle Jim's other children?" cried Sam, in a wonder that was palpably genuine. "His other children? Why, man alive, Jim Borden never had another child but Ted."

"I'll tell you why I ask," said Lamar, impressively, leaning forward and emphasizing his words by tapping the shoe against his knee. "Because I happen to know that no less than two people in this very city today have the Red Circle on the backs of their right hands."

He broke off and looked down with sudden curiosity at the shoe he was

miss," said Sam, with a fine show of courage, "but I can stand it. The doctor did it a lot of good last month; but he won't give me any more treatment, he says, till I pay the twenty-five dollars I owe him on his last bill. So I guess I'll have to grin and bear it awhile longer."

"You poor old thing," said June, in quick sympathy. "Indeed you shall not 'grin and bear it' another day. Here," taking three bills from her handbag, "pay that cranky bear of a doctor this very morning and have him give you treatment. Tell him to send his next bill to me. I must go now. My mother and Mary are waiting for me in the car, outside there. Good-by, Sam; good-by, Mr. Lamar."

But Max would not be dismissed in this fashion. He insisted on going to the car with her, and, on the way, he managed to angle successfully for an invitation to call on her at the Surfton cottage.

After which he stared at the automobile until it bore her out of sight. Then he wandered on down the street, planning busily—not for the solving of the Red Circle mystery, but to discover some way of arranging his work so as to leave him an entire afternoon and evening free for a run to Surfton-by-the-Sea.

Sam Eagan and the mysteriously rattling shoe were quite wiped from his mind.

Sam, meantime, his professionally genial smile glued to his red face, was looking down at the twenty-five dollars June had so generously forced upon him. But, though his eyes were fixed on the money in his hand, his mind was not.

Twenty-five dollars, just at present, seemed to Smiling Sam a pitifully small sum. For he had sudden visions of an infinitely larger amount. Visions so bright as to take away, for the moment, even the memory of his narrow escape from exposure in the matter of the hollow-heel shoe. A mighty inspiration was gripping Sam Eagan; an inspiration born of his talk with Lamar.

After a moment of thought he nodded his head, stuck the money into his pocket and locked the door of his shop. Then he went to the secret door among the shoe-shelves, unlocked it, and passed into the hidden room he crossed to where the dog-eared old calendar hung on the wall.

Lifting this calendar, he disclosed a cupboard behind it. Reaching into this, he pulled forth a telephone, took the receiver from the hook and called for a number.

"Miss La Salle's apartment?" he asked presently; then, "That you, Alma? Sam—Come around here in a rush. There's something big. Hurry up."

Eagan returned to the shop, put on his coat and went out into the neighborhood to do a little shopping.

Back home he came, and thence to the hidden room; there he deposited his purchases in the telephone cupboard behind the calendar. If he had barely retained the front slip when a woman entered.

Alma La Salle was perhaps twenty-five, perhaps a little older. She was of medium height; wiry, dark and inclining to sallowness.

She was an invaluable source of revenue to Sam. And, apart from her uncanny deftness at robbery, he knew he could always count on her wit and ability to carry out any campaign he might devise.

"Hello, kid!" was his greeting, this morning. "You didn't waste any time. That's right. You got a train to catch and some fancy packing to do, first?"

"Train to catch?" she repeated casually.

"To Surfton-by-the-Sea. There's a big ball at the Surfton hotel tonight. Our men there tipped me to it. You're going to 'operate' at the ball?"

"But—"

"It's a new angle we're going to work from on this," he pursued. "There ought to be a pot of cash in it. Ever hear of the Red Circle?"

"Of course," she made answer. "Who hasn't?"

"Give me your hand," he ordered. "The right one."

Wonderingly, Alma obeyed. Moistening the brush and rubbing it on the red-paint cake, Sam proceeded to trace on the back of the woman's hand an irregular Red Circle.

"Watch that closely," he warned. "That's just the shape of the one Borden had. Do you think you could paint that on your own hand?"

"Why, yes; but—"

He dipped the sponge in the liquid from the phial and passed it over the circle. The paint quickly vanished.

"There you are!" said he. "Go to the ball. Pinch everything you get half a chance at. Then sneak into some quiet corner to paint that circle on your hand. Manage to let the house detective or some of the guests get a glimpse of it. Then rub it off. When the yell goes up that a lot of boobs have been robbed the Red Circle will be sure to get the blame for it."

There was but one theme of import among the summer idlers at Surfton-by-the-Sea. June had not been at the cottage an hour before she had heard the whole story from Mary, who had it from a neighbor.

It seemed that Todd Drew, the dissolute young son of Amos Drew, the great inventor, had just arrived at the Surfton hotel. He had brought thither, so said report, a small flat metal case that was more deadly than fifty batteries of siege guns.

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Thus it was, seaside gossip ran, that he had brought to Surfton the terrible war-engine plans; and he was to meet here one Count Fred, the agent for a foreign government, to negotiate with him for their sale.

With a shudder June dismissed the story from her mind. To occupy her thoughts, she resolved to take the bun-



She Resolved to Toss the Bundle Into the Sea.

dle of masculine clothing at once to the nearest deserted pier and toss it into the sea.

Half way to the pier she peered a ransacked hutchbox, whose weather-worn boards were bulged and splayed in several places, until they looked like the slats in front of a henhouse. As June sped past the boat-house she chanced to notice a large smooth stone—just the thing to weight the bundle she carried. She picked it up, opened the bundle at one end, dropped in the stone and fastened the package's string once more. At the same moment, from the shack just behind her, she heard a man's voice saying impatiently:

"I'm no blooming diplomat, count. Come down to case-5. What will you pay?"

June dropped the bundle she held. She stood transfixed, there on the rocky beach, in front of the shack. Understanding came to her with a rush. So the story was true!

June, the Red Circle blazing and pulsing on her white hand—had crept nearer and nearer to the shack. She peeped in, cautiously, through one of the wide cracks in the boards.

A crate had been turned upside down to serve as a table, and it stood close to the aperture in the boards. At the opposite ends of this improvised table, on a couple of boat trestles, sat two men.

On the crate, just in front of the open end of the metal dispatch box, perhaps a foot high, four heavy wires and two inches high.

June drew back from the shack and glanced guiltily around. No one was in sight. Nor by her fragment of wreckage, a thick board about five feet long.

She carried it to the shack's only door, braced one end of the board against a boarder in front of the door and then put the other end just beneath the jutting cross-panel half-way up the door.

"Yes, sir!" Todd Drew, was vociferating. "It's worth an easy two million dollars to your government—or to any other warring country to get these plans. They're—"

He broke off with a yell. For as he looked down at the metal box that had lain in front of him on the table it was no longer there. He was just in time to see a woman's small hand drawing the dispatch box cautiously out through a crack in the wall boards.

Drew made a clutch at the vanishing hand and seized it by the wrist.

"I've got her, count!" he cried. "Say, she struggles like a wildcat. Run cursies and grab her."

The count leaped for the door. At the same instant June's other hand appeared through the adjoining crack. Its fingers grasped a long pin she had hastily snatched from her sailor hat.

Into Todd's detailing fist she drove the pin, right mercilessly.

With a howl of pain Drew relaxed his grip on her wrist. Her hands vanished—the dispatch box and the hat-pin along with them—just as the count belatedly.

"I cannot get this miserable door open! It is jammed!"

June waited to hear no more. She tore open the end of the bundle, thrust the metal box into it, closed it again and, snatching it up, raced nimbly for the pier. Nor did she pause until she had hurled the bulky parcel far out into the sea.

Meantime, in the shack, pandemonium had broken loose. Both men threw their bodies frantically against the unyielding door.

As the door at last fell, Todd drew the count rushed forth, pants disheveled, in pursuit of the thief.

"It was a woman!" puffed Drew as he broke into a run. "Our only clue is that I saw the sleeve of a sailor suit and—there was a fiery Red Circle on the back of her hand!"

(END OF FIFTH INSTALLMENT.)



The Cobbler Picked Up a Short Handed Hammer.

keep things as tidy as I can. This is, like old times, so long you again."

"Thanks," said Lamar, seating himself on the shiny bench and taking out his cigarette case. "It's good to see you so nicely fixed here, Sam. And it's good to see you aren't scared at sight of—"

"That's right, sir," chimed in Eagan, with a big laugh of genuine amusement. "Why, I can remember the day when I'd a run us-screamin' up a tree if you came in sight. Lord, but it's worth while not to be scared 'stiff every time a 'detective' happens round!"

Abruptly Max came to the object of his visit.

"Eagan," he said, "I've called around here this morning to see if I can get some information from you. I want to talk with you about 'Circle Jim' Borden."

"Old 'Circle Jim'?" exclaimed Sam. "Why, Jim's dead. Too dead to skin."

"You and he were pretty close friends, weren't you?"

"Me and Jim? Yes. Good friends for more years than you'd know how to remember," replied Sam.

Max caught sight of the shabby and dusty shoe lying on the bench beside him—the shoe at whose heel the cobbler had been tinkering when his visitor entered. Lamar picked up the shoe, absent-mindedly and, taking hold of the tip of its laces, began to swing it carelessly to and fro, as if it had been an uncouth pendulum. Sam watched him in furtive anxiety. Max went on:

"What I want to ask you about is the queer Red Circle on the back of Jim Borden's hand. You remember it, of course?"

"Sure I remember it, sir. Who wouldn't?" answered Sam, adding:

holding. As he had been abstractedly shaking it to and fro he had all at once noticed that a faint rattling sound came from somewhere within the shoe.

"There's something loose in the heel of this shoe," he said, "something that rattles like a loose bit of metal."

Sam did not answer. Surreptitiously the cobbler had reached behind him and had picked up the heavy, short-handled hammer with which he had been working.

"Yes," went on Lamar, "there's something rattles in this heel. Just as if there was a compartment inside with something lying loose in it."

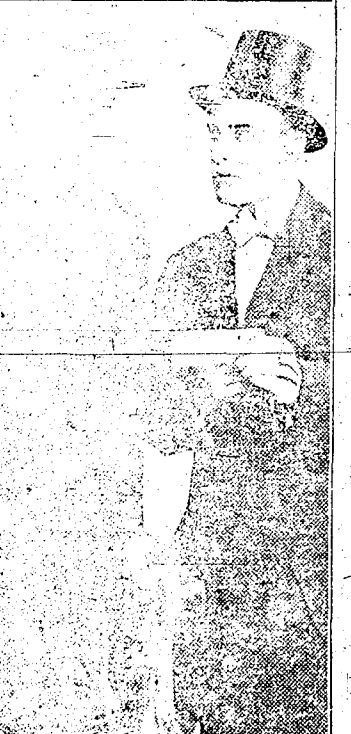
He picked up an awl from the bench and inserted it between heel-tap and upper. Eagan drew a long breath and half-lifted the hammer.

"Good morning, Sam," came a clear young voice from the doorway. "I'm going out of town for the summer. I stopped in on my way to the station to see how you are getting on and to tell you—Oh, how are you, Mr. Lamar? It's so dark in here, after the sunshine, I didn't see you."

The spell was broken. The tension was relaxed. Lamar, at sight of June Travis, let the shoe tumble to the floor, forgotten, as he sprang up to greet her. Sam laid down the hammer with a grunt of reaction. As Lamar strode forward to meet June the cobbler thrust the shoe into the breast of his own shirt and substituted for it another one from a nearby pile on the floor.

"How are things going, Sam?" asked June, cheerily, turning from Max as the cobbler reached her side. "Is the rheumatism any better? And do people pay their bills any more promptly?"

"The rheumatism is pretty bad,"



Suppose I Drop Around to See Smiling Sam?

who had had a good look at the dumb rascal, but he began a hasty search of the cobbler's shop.

"Here's old Circle Jim," said the cobbler, as he glanced over a handful of photos.

A few minutes later he paused at another likeness.

"Remember this chap?" he asked Lamar, handing him an oblong of cardboard.

Lamar took the photograph and, half aloud, read the words scrawled on it.

"Sam Eagan—alias 'Smiling Sam'—jewel burglar—Close associate for years of 'Circle Jim' Borden—Claims to

# GREAT UNLOADING SALE!

Starting at The **LEADER**  
 Friday Morning, Oct. 20, 1916  
 and will last for just 20 business days.



## THERE IS A DOUBLE MOTIVE IN THIS SALE.

First: We have bought very heavy this fall; we have as much as over-bought; and therefore we are crowded for room, and we have decided to unload a good portion of new, most up-to-date merchandise at the following sacrifice sale prices. Second: We have bought goods at great bargains, and here is where we overbought. As our motto is "AS WE BUY SO WE SELL" so these both motives combined will bring you to our store and you will benefit in these bargains as thousands of others will. We are defying the height of the season and high prices of goods. We challenge any store in this community or catalogue house to offer you new, dependable and most up-to-date merchandise at these prices. We are crowded for room and this is the main object of this Sale. Read On! the following Bargains. Let nothing keep you away from attending this Unloading Sale.

### Ladies', Misses' and Children's Ready-to-wear Apparel

This department is more than overstocked and we must unload very quickly. Therefore a word to the wise—do not purchase until you see what we have to offer you. This department does not possess a garment which is not up to the minute in style; as we follow up this motto, small profits, and do not carry over garments from one year to the other.

Ladies and Misses Coats laid out in four divisions:—

Div. 1. Consisting of garments values \$7.50 up to \$10 this sale your choice any in the division **\$4.97**.

Div. 2. Consisting of Coats values \$12.50 up to \$15.00 your choice any of the division **\$9.97**.

Div. 3. Consisting of Coats values \$16.50 up to \$20.00 your choice of any in this division **\$13.97**.

Div. 4. Consisting of Coats values \$26.50; your choice of any best Coat in the store **\$18.97**.

Ladies and misses Suits the very latest models silk lined throughout, \$16.50 value **\$10.48**.

Ladies and misses Suits made out of fine quality poplins beautiful man-tailored garments \$22.50 up to \$25.00 values **\$16.48**.

One lot of childrens all wool eiderdown coats, sizes up to 6 yrs, lined throughout \$2.50-\$3.00 val **\$1.69**.

Other childrens coats sizes up to 14 yrs at great unloading sale prices. Space too limited to mention.

New arrival in ladies Skirts in regular and extra large sizes. Styles the best and prices to suit the most economical buyer.

Ladies and misses all wool serge Sailor Suits, values \$8.50 this sale **\$5.98**.

Big variety in childrens serge and cotton Dresses at very attempting low prices.

One lot of ladies plaid Waists and Middies good heavy fall weight, values \$1.25 this sale **79c**.

Other ladies Waists in big varieties and new styles at sale reduction prices.

### Knit Goods Dep't

**SAMPLES! SAMPLES! SAMPLES!**

We have purchased a big stock of sample Sweaters of F. Deserir & Co., one of the leading western concerns. Why pay full price for your Sweaters for yourself and children. As we can make your dollars go almost double in this dep't. We have laid out these samples in 3 lots.

Lot 1. Consisting of mens heavy and medium weight wool and worsted sweaters former prices \$2.50 and \$3.00 this sale **\$1.69**.

Lot 2. Consisting of better Sweaters in mens and ladies, strictly all wool in various colors and makes values \$3.50 up to \$4.00 this sale **\$2.69**.

Lot 3. Consisting of men's and ladie's Sweaters, values 4.50 up to \$5.50 garments of high quality and all pure wool, this sale **\$3.69**.

Ladie's all wool knit auto hoods best 50c and 75c values at **36c** each.

Ladie's and boy's all wool hockey knit caps, 50c and 75c values this sale **36c**.

Misses Angora knit all wool sets, muffs, caps and scarfs, values \$3.00 this sale **\$1.98**.

Ladies fine Angora wool skating sets scarf and cap to match former price \$2.00 this sale **\$1.19**.

Full line of Blankets, Comforters, Pillows at Sale Prices.

### Bargains in Ladies' Furs

A lucky purchase of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Furs in sets and single pieces offered to you at remarkable savings.

### Special Offerings in Yard Goods

54-in. wool Broadcloth in grey and navy. former price 85c yard, this sale **49c** yd.

36-in. wool Serge in various colors, 75c, 85c yd at **47c**.

36-in. Shepherd check dress goods, 35c value. **22c** yd.

36-in. cotton Shepherd check dress goods suitable for childrens dresses and ladies skirts 25c value **15½c**.

45-in. fine all wool Poplin, also Serge, \$1.25 and \$1.50 values at **89c** per yard.

Best and heaviest yard wide Percale in dark and light patterns 15c value at **10½c** per yard.

28- and 30-in. Percales, 10 and 12½c values **7½c** yd.

Very finest 32-in. Amoskeag Dress Gingham **10½c** yd.

Best and heaviest apron Gingham **8½c** yard.

Good 8c apron Gingham **5½c** yard.

36-in. comforter Cretonnes smooth finish **10½c** yd.

Best quality light colors only Calicos **5 3-4c** per yd.

Near 2 yds wide white table Damask 45c val **24c** yd.

All pure linen 2 yds wide table cloth \$1.00 val **79c** yd.

Finest pure linen table cloth \$1.25 value **89c** per yd.

**We Are Very Much Overstocked on Curtain Scrims and Window Materials of All Kinds. In this department you can gain and save most.**

300 yds flowered border curtain material 12½c val **6½c**.

200 yds fine swiss and scrim curtain cloths 15c and 18c values at **11½c** per yard.

Extra good quality curtain scrims in plain and fancy border, best 25c value **16½c** per yard.

Very fine silk mercerized marquisettes and scrims in beautiful emb open work borders 50-65c val **36c**.

Bleached and unbleached cotton crash Toweling 12½c values at **6c** per yard.

Unbleached pure linen crash Toweling 12½c at **9 3-4c**.

One lot 15 doz best 10c bleached huck Towels **7c** each.

Light and dark fancy Outings suitable for quilts etc., former price 8 and 9c this sale **5 3-4c** yd.

Extra heavy light and dark colored Outing Flannel finest 12½c values **9 3-4c** per yard.

Bleached Muslin good 10c quality **8c** per yard.

Unbleached Cotton 10c value at **7½c** per yard.

Unbleached Cotton 8c value at **5½c** per yard.

9-4 double Sheeting 72 in. wide unbleached 35c val **26c**.

### Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery

Extra heavy boys and girls black Hose 25c val **19c** pair.

Extra good quality infants all wool silk heels and toes Hose in white and black best 25c value **17c** pair.

Ladies strictly all wool extra heavy Hose in ribbed and plain no better 39c values at **24c** pair.

Ladies wool ribbed union suits—a bargain for those who know values—\$2.50 values at **\$1.48**.

Ladies heavy vallastic heavy fleeced also short sleeves fine quality union suits former price \$1-\$1.25 at **89c**.

Boys extra heavy fleeced union suits sizes up to 34, no better 75c values **49c** each.

Misses vallastic extra heavy fleeced-union suits sizes up to 18 years, 75c and 85c values, sale **59c**.

### Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

Boys high top solid leather Shoes with straps and buckles finest \$3.50 value, **\$2.69**.

Ladies patent, colt hand welt also turn Shoes the very latest plain toes with cloth or kid tops finest \$3.50 and \$4.00 values **\$2.69** a pair.

Ladies hand turned comfort shoes with patent or plain tips rubber heels cushion soles former price \$2.50, \$2.75 this sale **\$1.88**.

Little gent's and youths solid high top Shoes with straps and buckles oak tan soles \$2.75 values **\$1.98** a pr.

**Bargains!**  
**Bargains!**  
 and more  
**Bargains!**

### Clothing and Gent's Furnishings

Mens and young mens Suits, \$7.50 values **\$3.98**.

Mens and young mens suits in all wool serges and fancy worsted \$13.50 and \$15.00 values **\$10.48**.

Mens and young mens suits good \$10.00 values **\$6.98**.

Mens and young mens finest suits in store highly tailored fine worsteds and cashmeres \$20.00 up to \$24.50 this sale **\$14.95**.

Boys knicker pants, norfolk suits, sizes up to 17 yrs old former price \$3.00 \$3.50 this sale **\$2.39**.

Boys all wool chevoit and novelty suits also blue serge suits, sizes up to 17 yrs former price \$5.50 and \$6.00 this sale **\$3.98**.

Boys heavy wool suits knicker pants sizes up to 10 yrs former price \$3.00 this sale **\$1.88**.

Mens extra heavy wool mixed pants best \$2.25 values **\$1.39**.

Mens all wool kersey pants Dickey & Sons make best \$3.00 values **\$2.39**.

A big line of mens and young mens dress pants, space too limited to mention at sale cut prices.

Mens heavy blanket lined duck coats \$2.00 value for **\$1.19**.

Mens sheepskin lined canvass coats best \$5.50 value for **\$4.39**.

1 lot of mens all wool Mackinaws various colors \$7.50 \$8.00 values for **\$5.79**.

A full line of mens and boys Soo wool Mackinaws, pants and jackets.

1 lot of boys and youths heavy overcoats values \$7.50 up to \$10.00 this sale **\$4.69**.

A full line of mens and young mens overcoats the very newest models and prices to suit your pocket book.

Mens extra heavy fleeced underwear shirts and drawers former price 50c this sale **39c** garment.

Mens extra heavy fleeced unionsuits best \$1.00 value sale **79c** garment.

Mens heavy cotton flannel over shirts this sale **43c** per garment.

Mens natural wool also plush back heavy wool underwear shirts and drawers best \$1.25 values **88c**.

Mens strictly all pure wool shirts and drawers best \$2.25 value per garment **\$1.49**.

Mens best 25c wool socks **19c** pair.

Mens heavy also light dress suspenders 25 and 35c values **19c** pair.

1 lot of mens sample flannel shirts values \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 this sale **86c** per garment.

Other flannel shirts in big variety at sale prices.

1 lot of mens and boys heavy winter caps some 85c and 50c values **17c** each.

1 lot of mens extra heavy winter caps 75c values **39c**.

Other mens and boys caps and hats at reduced prices.

# THE LEADER

H. ROSENTHAL, PROP'R

MADISON BLOCK, MAIN STREET, EAST JORDAN



**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 Nov. 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.

**NO "GROG" IN THE NAVY**

Admiral Dewey Approves Cutting Out "The Wine Mess"

George Creel recently interviewed Admiral Dewey for the New York World. The Admiral gave his opinion about the "wine mess" in answer to the question, "What about the famous drinking order?"

"A good thing," His answer was instant. "There was some feeling about it at first, because the papers made fun of it, and there was also an attempt to make it appear that Secretary Daniels was charging officers with intemperance. I think that the feeling has disappeared completely. Every railroad, every great corporation, has long had a strict rule forbidding men to drink while on duty. Isn't a ship as important as a locomotive? Practically every European power has copied the order, by the way."

At this point he handed to Mr. Creel an article by Hector Bywater, the famous naval expert, written for a British journal after a careful study of the American navy. The Admiral had the following paragraphs marked:

"It need hardly be said that the political head of the United States Navy possesses infinitely more power than the civilian First Lord in Great Britain. And there is every indication that Mr. Daniels has been using his power to the utmost. His friends say he has accomplished wonders; his enemies, who are very many, declare that his personal fads and prejudices have undermined the morale of the naval personnel and made the service a laughing stock. But this charge is not borne out by the evidence. Those best qualified to speak assert that the last four years have witnessed a remarkable all-around improvement in the quality of the personnel. Thanks to the Secretary's drastic order shortly after he came into office, intemperance has disappeared from the Navy, and although the drink prohibition excited ridicule and bitter opposition at the time, the majority of naval officers now agree that it has had a most beneficial effect on efficiency and discipline."

"Do you stand for that?" Mr. Creel asked, looking up after reading the paragraph aloud.  
"I would be dishonest if I didn't," the Admiral answered.

**FARMERS DISFRANCHISED**

The statewide movement in Ohio was defeated by the same kind of tactics which the liquor forces have adopted in Michigan. Under the name of Ohio Temperance Union, the booze barons successfully put across a fake home rule amendment thereby defeating prohibition.

When Ohio voted on the state wide dry amendment, seventy counties gave dry majorities and eighteen counties gave wet majorities. These figures are now reversed by the irony of fate under the so-called "Home Rule." Eighteen Counties have no saloons, while seventy counties have saloons.

This situation is due to the fact that Ohio farmers cannot vote on village saloons. If Michigan farmers do not want to be Ohioized and disfranchised they should vote "NO" on the so-called "Home Rule" amendment of the wet.

Michigan Dry Campaign Committee.

**A REVOLUTION IN SENTIMENT**

Many Hotel Keepers Have Changed the Views On Effects of the Bar.

Another proof that the anti-saloon movement has become a revolution in sentiment lies in the change of front shown by many hotel keepers, who formerly fought prohibition as hard as any of the whisky makers, but who, through local option experiences have come to believe in the modern view of the saloon as a social evil and a financial handicap.

In the past, hotel bars have been a hard nut for the no-license people to crack. Thousands of choice young men who would not be seen in a saloon bar have found it easy and convenient to slip from the lobby of a hotel into the cafe or bar-room, without attracting attention. Sometimes it is a game of pool or a cold lunch at noon with a few friends which furnishes the side attraction and more often it is a card game, but as a result thousands of young men have been ruined through the hotel bar whom the saloon never would have reached.

A recent story from Canada evidently inspired by the liquor people declares that number of hotels are being forced out of business entirely by the prohibition law. Such places in most cases have not been hotels at all but were opened as booze joints with side lines providing meals and lodging. They are like the old Raines law hotels which made New York state notorious yet were told that when they close up in Canada calamity is about to visit the dominion.

In Michigan several prominent hotel keepers lately have admitted to personal friends that they were making more money under the dry regime than when they sold booze. Some of these men have been heavy contributors in the past to wet campaigns. They are now apparently changing front.

**CHURCHES SPEAK PLAINLY**

They Appreciate and Favor Passage of the Dry Amendment.

Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Holland and Episcopal church organizations are lining up in large numbers with the other communions which have been rated for many years as enemies of the saloon. Michigan representatives of these churches have been quoted as favoring the proposed dry constitutional amendment.

Following is the resolution adopted by the Michigan diocese of the Episcopal church in its annual convention at Port Huron:

"Whereas, the last meeting of the Church Club of the Diocese of Michigan has memorialized this convention asking for action in the matter of the liquor traffic and praying that this convention commit the diocese definitely and uncompromisingly to the abolition of the manufacture and sale of spirituous and malt liquors, and

"Whereas, the church is breaking its long neutrality in the matter and is taking a decided stand against the saloon and the liquor traffic; therefore be it

Resolved, That this diocese, in convention assembled affirms in unmistakable terms its opposition to the saloon and the liquor traffic and pledges its hearty support to every legitimate effort to abolish the same."

**HIT OR MISS...MOSTLY HIT**

If it is morally wrong, it is financially wrong.

A beer wagon is the hearse for life's prospects.

A drunkard's home is the devil's masterpiece.

Let laughter be the wine you drink, and drink no other.

**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD**

G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

**IF ELECTION WERE OVER?**

While Democrats Are Admittedly the Champion Question Fiends, It is Believed This Quiz is as Unanswerable as Their Most Childlike Effort.

If election day were past would President Wilson make so little of the principle of arbitration in industrial disputes? Would he be so sure that it is more important to preserve peace, when a great strike is threatened, than it is to make judicial methods rather than force the means of settling differences between capital and labor?

If election day had come and gone would Mr. Wilson keep the national guardsmen of the country in camp on the ground that they may be needed to protect the United States against Mexico? Would there be months of inaction and indecision in which no use is made of a large body of citizen soldiers? Would they not be allowed to go home or else be set in motion to make Mexico as safe a neighbor as the Administration seems to think that it is already?

If election day were past would the President drive through Congress a bill like the shipping bill which is intended to embark the federal government upon a new venture in a hazardous field and use \$50,000,000 of the people's money to buy tonnage held above its normal value or else so owned, that it cannot be used without peril of international complications? Is sound public policy behind such a measure or only campaign politics?

If election day were not to be considered would Woodrow Wilson use so many high and mighty words in international notes and do so little to make them mean anything practical? Would his deeds lag so far behind his phrases?—Cleveland Leader.

**"HE DIDN'T DO RIGHT"**

Independent Voters Turning This Conviction Over and Over in Their Minds and It Will Cost Mr. Wilson Many a Vote.

A Democrat who never voted for a Republican candidate for President except in 1872, when he was forced by the lack of a Democratic nominee to cast his ballot for Horace Greeley, says: "I expect to vote for Woodrow Wilson, but I don't like his course in the railroad dispute. He didn't do right."

The railroad controversy has introduced a moral issue into the campaign. Mr. Wilson sacrificed principle to expediency, or what he judged to be expediency, when he tamely surrendered to the demands of the train-service brotherhoods.

He put his own personal and party need before the public good. He angled for votes. He aimed a body blow at the tried and tested arbitration method of settling differences.

"God help you; I cannot," he is said to have exclaimed to the railroad managers, who do not poll as many votes as their employees. But he could have helped them if he had stood impartially between them and the utterly reckless train-service representatives who were bent on their rule-or-ruin programme.

"He didn't do right." The consciousness of that fact is sinking deep into the American mind.

"He didn't do right." That widespread conviction will cost him thousands of votes on election day.

"He didn't do right." He preferred the weak, the timid, attitude of the born compromiser.

The American people like courage. They like convictions. They like a man who has the courage of his convictions. They like a man who is willing to risk consequences for the sake of a just cause.

It was an unjust cause in which Woodrow Wilson enlisted when he accepted the brotherhood view that the chief item in their demands could not be arbitrated.—Providence Journal.

**FIVE THOUSAND A DAY**

Enrollments in the Hughes National College League.

The Hughes National College League, 511 Fifth avenue, New York, is receiving enrollments at the rate of five thousand a day. They are coming from all parts of the country, and the work of organizing branches in all states and most of the important cities has been started. A large percentage of the enrollments are from men who give their usual political affiliations as Progressive, Democratic or Independent.

The league has received the endorsement of Governor Hughes, who wired: "If there was ever a time when the educated men of the country who have its welfare at heart should work for right principles and strong government it is now." Chairman Willcox of the Republican National Committee, ex-President Taft, and John Hays Hammond have also praised the work enthusiastically, as much on the score of the benefit to the men themselves as of the real work it will do to help elect Governor Hughes.

**BREWERIES NOW BUSINESS HOUSES**

Prohibition Does Not Confiscate Property, But Merely Forbids Its Misuse.

The Raymann brewery of Wheeling, W. Va., is now the P. O. Raymann Company, engaged in meat packing. The Uneeda brewery of West Virginia, is now a milk and produce company. The Benwood brewery, of West Virginia, is now a chemical and soap plant. The Huntington brewery, of West Virginia, is now a meat packing plant. The Cedar Rapids brewery, of Iowa, is now an ice factory. The Iowa City brewery, of Iowa, is now a cream and produce company. The Star Brewery Company, of Washington, Pa., is now the Capital Paint, Oil and Varnish Company. The North Yakima Brewing Company, of the state of Washington, is now a fruit by-product company. The Salem, Ore., brewery is now making Loganberry juice. The Coors brewery, of Colorado, is now making a fine grade of pottery.—Indiana Issue.

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.

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.

**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.



Helen Holmes in "A Lass of the Lumberlands."



There has been a lot of talk about "Bill" Russell, American film star, as a fighter. This proves it. He is fighting with a stage hand.

**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

Mose Weisman is in Detroit on business this week.

Verne Whiteford is now delivering for Carr's grocery.

Earl Shay is now employed at Spencer's Plumbing shop.

Mrs. D. L. Wilson is visiting her sister at Cadillac this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ashley returned home from Gladwin, Wednesday.

Arthur Gidley of Central Lake was in the city a few days this week.

C. A. Arnold of Traverse City is guest at the B. E. Waterman home.

Misses Phips and Voice of Boyne City visited friends in our city over Sunday.

Miss Grace Howard who teaches the Slaughter school is having a vacation.

Miss Edith Woolsey of Northport is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Brace.

Victor Cross had the misfortune of dislocating his knee last Friday while playing foot ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Galloway of Saginaw now occupy rooms in the Gibson residence on Main-St.

Chas. and Kit Carson returned home Sunday from their auto trip thru southern Michigan.

G. W. Kitman has purchased the Jepson building and with his family now occupy same.

Miss Beryl Milford had her tonsils and adenoids removed at a Petoskey hospital last Friday.

Elywn Sunstedt is expected home from Detroit the latter part of this week for a short visit.

Mrs. F. M. Severance returned home from South Haven, Wednesday, after a visit with her daughter.

W. S. Rytter and family of Deward moved this week into Mrs. Walsh's tenant residence on Third St.

Miss Ruth Weston, Kindergarten teacher of the West Side school is confined to her room by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bulow of Montana are guests at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Ray Benson.

Roy Gregory and family moved this week into the residence recently vacated by A. W. Clark and family.

Mrs. G. A. Bell returned home from Elk Rapids, Tuesday, after a few days visit at the home of her brother.

A number of the Eastern Star ladies were entertained at the home of Mrs. Fred Longton, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Madison are receiving a visit from the former's niece, Miss Fannie Bliss of Rome City, Ind.

Rev. J. N. Rogers of Ann Arbor was guest at the home of Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Sidebotham the first of the week.

Mrs. H. W. Prior is expected home from Midland this week after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Rose Steffes.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin McGown are receiving a visit from their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George Brown of Lawrence, Mich.

A. E. Wells, manual training teacher in our high school was called to Muskegon, Tuesday, by the death of his father.

Mrs. Charles Sheldon with son, Ernest and Mrs. Henry Hagerman left Tuesday for Flint, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. E. J. Steffens and daughter of Leland and Mrs. C. Dietz and daughter of Suttons Bay are guests at the home of Misses Agnes and Carrie Porter this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Stone and the latter's daughter, Miss Blanche Bockes are expected home this Friday from DeKalb Junction, N. Y., after a three weeks visit with relatives.

The M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained by Mrs. W. S. Carr together with Mrs. Shay and Mrs. Waterman at her home on Upper Main-St., Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 25th. As this is the annual meeting the members are urged to attend.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, Oct. 24 and 25th, the Catholic ladies will hold their Annual Bazaar in the Sherman Hall. On Tuesday evening supper will be served, on Wednesday a business men's dinner and also supper in the evening. These will all be large meals at popular prices. There will also be a well stocked apron booth and a booth containing dainty fancy articles. Home-knit childrens mittens and dresses will also be sold. All are most cordially invited.

Wm. Wilkes is at Blue Lake this week.

A. K. Hill was a Boyne City visitor, Sunday.

Thos. Whiteford returned to Flint Monday.

Leonard Bodrie went to Deward, Thursday.

A. W. Clark returned home from Detroit Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warren are now living in their new home.

Mrs. A. Alexander of Alba is visiting friends in the city this week.

C. A. Brabant and wife motored to Petoskey, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Bayliss are now living in their new home on Maple-St.

Miss Nell Carman of Norwood is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin McGown.

Mr. and Mrs. James Joslin have gone to Flint for a two week's visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Ensign spent Sunday at the home of their uncle, Ed. Winstone.

Mrs. D. Danforth went to Flint last Saturday to remain for the winter with her son, Clyde.

Henry Clark leaves this Friday for Flint, after spending the week here with his family.

The Electa Club will meet with Mrs. Peter Lalonde next Thursday, Oct. 26. Important business.

LOST—Pair of nose glasses in case, with name of owner in case. Kindly return to Weisman's store.

Herman Goodman and wife, Mrs. C. Cook and Mrs. Wm. Harrington drove to Charlevoix, Wednesday.

D. C. Loveday and daughter, Miss Louise, visited at the Ruegsegger home at Boyne City over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hudkins are receiving a visit from the former's uncle, E. V. Hudkins of Kewanna, Ind.

Mrs. Wm. Harrington and granddaughter, Dorothy Sweet visited relatives at Boyne City over Sunday.

Mrs. Janet Dorrance and children of Macinac City are visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fred Lanway.

Mrs. Stinus Oleson wishes to thank the business men of our city for contributing a heating stove and fuel.

Frank Dunlop and family of Boyne City visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. Herman Goodman over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mort Freeman with children left Monday for Muskegon, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Frank Little returned to her home at Traverse City, Tuesday, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. C. R. Alexander.

Mrs. Delbert Barnes, who has been visiting at John Monroe's and other relatives, returned to Northport last Saturday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Haley Bayliss of Muskegon, twin girls, Oct. 3rd. Mrs. Bayliss was formerly Miss Florence Runyn of this city.

Subscriptions for The Delineator for 75 cents per year will be received at Weisman's during October. This is a special limited offer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks and daughter and Frank Hoppins and family of Mancelona were guests at the McGowan home, Sunday.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the L. D. S. church will serve a chicken-pie supper at their church parlors on the West Side next Monday evening, Oct. 23rd. All are invited. Price 25 cents.

LOST—A Hamilton Watch, monogram M. H. A., somewhere between West Side school and Main-St. A reward of \$5.00 will be given for its return to Frank Allison, Route 1, East Jordan.

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

For Rent—Our residence on Willowbrook addition. — Mrs. H. L. Winters, phone 151.

WANTED—Tag alder in carload lots. Write for prices and specifications.—E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Bay City, Mich.

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.

### WHAT? Temperance Mass Meeting.

WHEN? Next Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3:00 p. m.

WHERE? Temple Theatre.

WHO? Special Speaker, Rev. Robert E. Meader

Newly appointed Dist. Supt. of the Methodist Episcopal church—Grand Traverse District.

The Public Invited.

### First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 22, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Service. "The Pearl of Great Price."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:30 p. m.—Epworth League, Topic, "Second Mile Religion."

7:30 p. m.—Evening Service. "The Problem of Salvation."

Thursday evening prayer service at 7:30.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, October 22, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"The Crises that make men."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"More than Conquerors." Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

### St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 22.

8:00 a. m. Mass. Holy Communion for the Sodality and Children of Mary.

10:30 a. m.—High Mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.

### Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 22, 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. 22.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.

11:00 a. m.—Prayer meeting.

7:30 p. m.—Preaching.

Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting.

Friday, 7:30 p. m.—Religio.

Cynics learn by experience, but other people imagine they were born that way.

### DRINKING AND CHILDREN.

Passing a public school the other day, "Winks," a writer for the Detroit Journal, was attracted by a poster on a small billboard close to an angle of the building. The first impression was that it was some "warning." Pupils must not do this, that or the other thing. Perhaps they must "keep off the grass," which sign is most apt to disgrace public grounds, taking away the pleasure of sitting, rolling and even sleeping on the green sward.

Yes, it was a "warning," but it appealed to the understanding and was rather a plea than a command. In short, the poster, printed in colors, was a report of a social survey of 500 school children living in families who drank to excess, who drank moderately or who were abstainers and who, with the rest of the family, indulged in alcoholic beverages.

The total abstemious children had the best records. Children who indulged in a drink of wine or beer a day were not so advanced in their studies. Those who drank twice, or more a day some stimulating alcoholic beverage were the poorest pupils intellectually.

But the effect of drinking also affected their conduct. Those who drank most were most disobedient. Those who drank less were less disobedient. Those who did not indulge in stimulants at all were credited with the best conduct.

Now, personal liberty as to what one desires to drink is a right only so long as it does not menace the health of others. When it makes idiots of children or even retards their mental development or drives them to conduct which is an expense and an annoyance to others, the "right" disappears, and personal liberty becomes a menace to society and to good government.

Here is a powerful argument for the absolute prohibition of the sale of alcoholic beverages.

## SOME STARTLING FACTS ARE SHOWN

MORE THAN HALF THE POOR IN THE INFIRMARIES WERE LED IN BY THE BOOZE ROUTE.

### EVIL WORK IS HUMILLIATING

Official Statements Should Be Read By Voters Who Pay Taxes And Would Remove the Cause.

County poor houses of Michigan, now known as infirmaries, furnish universal evidence that liquor is responsible for more than half of poverty.

Statistical tabulations showing the effect of the license and no-license systems in individual counties of Michigan are of little value as evidence. Many inmates of infirmaries are permanent occupants, whose entry or exit bears no direct relation to social conditions. A lapse of years, possibly of a whole generation, would be necessary to produce any radical change in pauperism as a class following the abolition of saloons.

Two facts stand out: One is that the authorities and citizens in dry counties are unanimous in their opinion that from the standpoint of the county poor the dry regime is far superior. The other fact is that many counties report officially that about three-fourths of the poverty which requires county aid to individual or family, is due to the use of alcoholic beverages.

Official statements written by superintendents of the poor include the following:

"This county is in the dry column, and we find that while the cost of everything is much higher, the supervisors are not called upon to furnish us more money now than they did while the county was wet."—C. C. Hallenbeck, Eaton county.

"We are pleased to inform you that there are so few cases in this county which are receiving relief that have been caused by alcoholic beverages. We have a clear slate, are now dry and expect to remain so."—O. O. Frick, Oscoda county.

"Midland county has been dry eight years and people like it. Two old timers are all we have left in the county home whose condition is due to drink."—K. McKay, Midland county.

Confidential statements to the same effect, are as follows: "Drink is the almost universal cause of poverty while for temporary assistance it is probably the main factor in at least one half the cases. In my best judgment about 50 per cent of poverty in this county can be attributed to the use of drink if not more. In fact, nearly all the crime we have can be laid to the same cause."

"I am quite sure that three-fourths at least are caused by the liquor traffic."

Following are a few more definite statements:

Alger County: "About 75%."

Genesee County: "About 70% from liquor directly or indirectly."

Huron County: "Most of the inmates of the county farm here have come to the institution because of intemperance and the use of liquor."

Mason county: "35% directly and 20% indirectly, or 55% of all poverty in our county is caused by alcoholic drink."

Iron County: "Ten years as poor commissioner leads me to say that fully 95% of male inmates at our county farm have come here either directly or indirectly because of liquor."

Kent County: "Of 500 families helped during the year ending March 1, 1916, liquor was the direct cause of poverty in twenty-five families and an indirect cause of fifty-three families of 103 persons in Kent County Detention Hospital last year, at least one half were caused by intemperance. In Kent County Home were 135 persons, of whom 85% can easily be traced to intemperance as a direct cause."—L. De-Payter.

"To the best of my judgment, I would say that 80% of the poverty is caused by alcoholism. It would be a number of years after its passage before we could get the full benefit of state wide prohibition. The effects of the past years would stay with us until the rising generation took its place."—V. H. Billings.

Montorency County: "Four of the six men in our poor house were forced to come here on account of drink."

Oakland County: "70% or more of the cases here are due to drink. We are going through the second dry time and we find it helps very much. I hope for state wide prohibition."

### DIRECT SHOTS

In just what business can a drinking man be trusted?

In every city the best citizens are opposed to the liquor traffic; the worst ones favor it.



## Special Prices On Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats

ALL NEXT WEEK

You Must See These Coats To Fully Appreciate the Rare Values Offered.

WEISMAN'S QUALITY SERVICE

IF YOU WANT TO ENJOY YOURSELF and at the same time attend a high-class Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibit, come to the HARVEST FESTIVAL BOYNE CITY Oct. 25-26-27, 1916 GOOD SPEAKERS ON ALL EVENINGS.



### "ONE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE"

William Farnum in a Special Fox Feature TEMPLE THEATRE TONIGHT OCT. 20TH

White service 'tis plain Is assured by the name.

Sold by the EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY



# 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. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

#### SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic road, by George Storm, a new boy. Grown to young womanhood Helen makes a spectacular double rescue of Storm, now a freight fireman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight.

#### CHAPTER II.

A fight among the directors—and a bitter fight—had been indicated from the moment the allotment of the stock issue of the new Copper Range and Tidewater cut-off line was discussed. It was not alone that the territory of the proposed cut-off was rich in traffic. The survey made by Holmes' engineers through a wild country, hitherto reputed inaccessible, had developed a low-grade pass through the Superstition mountains that would put the Tidewater's active rival—the Colorado and Coast line—with its heavy grades and curves, at a serious, if not irretrievable, disadvantage, in its fight for competitive traffic.

General Holmes, seated in the library of his country home with his associate, Amos Rhineland, took from his morning mail a letter from John B. Rhodes, chairman of his executive committee, which revealed the extent of the feeling over the situation. Holmes handed the letter to Rhineland. Rhodes had discovered that their competitors already had a surveying party out on reconnaissance, endeavoring to locate the Tidewater pass; having in view the reputation for sharp practice of the Colorado line backers, he urged Holmes to keep a close watch on the original survey, now in the general's possession, until the right of way should be definitely secured. He added that with his party of the directors, he would arrive on a special at noon for the informal board meeting at which means for financing the project were to be arranged.

Through a complication in financial arrangements, Holmes had been obliged to put on his own, the Tidewater line board, a minority group of directors led by Rhineland's nephew, Seagrue and Seagrue's attorney, Capelle—Seagrue was owner of a substantial interest in the Colorado and Coast line itself. Indeed, his means were all tied up in it. It was this complication which caused uneasiness in Holmes' mind and called for prudence—not all those even of his own directorate could be trusted, in the circumstances, not to connive against his interest.

Seagrue had already been for the week-end the house guest of Holmes. He was at that moment seated in the garden with Helen—Holmes' daughter—and Helen was being alternately amused and bored by the patently forced efforts of the easterner to interest her in himself and his affairs. More than once during his stay she had refused to listen seriously to him and now to annoy him, she professed to wonder, as the blast of a freight engine whistle sounded at the moment through the hills, whether that might not be George Storm, one of her father's many engineers—a man to whom she had lately rendered a great and gratuitous service and about whom Seagrue himself had once tried to twist her. And it so chanced that it really was young Storm's train running by them for the passing track. He had orders to wait there for the directors' special.

Toward noon, Holmes and his guests, together with Helen, started for the station to meet the train. Its arrival was the occasion of many greetings for Helen from old New York friends who declared that the mountain sun and air had wrought wonders for the once delicate girl.

It was while she stood thus on the platform surrounded by her newly arrived guests that a young engineer crossed the platform, cap in hand. After a slight hesitation he walked up to her as if he would speak. Again, as if undecided, he halted just before Helen. She noticed the rather grimy appearance of the stalwart engineer, obviously just from his cab, but did not look closely enough to recognize him. If he was pausing, as he stood, for courage, it rose in him, for as her eyes returned to him, he stepped nearer to her: "I think it was you who saved my life the other day," he said somewhat haltingly. Then he questioningly held out his hand. "Will you accept my thanks?"

The moment he spoke, Helen knew him—it was Storm, the fireman of the freight wreck. Indeed, she remembered him almost too well. Her face flushed with embarrassment. Her guests, without catching what he had said, were critically inspecting the smoked engineer. Something like a wave of resentment swept over Helen. Why should he choose this, of all mo-

ments, to speak to her? She was quite innocent of false pride; but her friends could not possibly understand the situation and Storm with real western impulsiveness had chosen, it seemed, the most inopportune time possible to express his gratitude.

But there was his outstretched hand—should she ignore it? Anger swayed her—yet something within her, and something in Storm's eyes and his manner, pleaded against cutting him dead. With furiously red cheeks but sweeping aside the cost, Helen put out her hand. "It was nothing," she said quickly. "Do not think of it." Then she repaid Storm's impulsive stupidity, as she thought it deserved, by catching at something Seagrue was saying and failing to see Storm again. The engineer had come up prepared really to say how grateful he was; he found himself, in a fleeting second, already well launched on the social toboggan and shooting toward the bottom of a long hill. Seagrue, almost before Storm's back was turned, was laughing at Helen and pointing to her glove. The white, soft kid now bore beyond repair the heavy, black fingerprints of the engineer's hand.

Questions and banterings from her companions contributed nothing toward restoring Helen's composure. But as the group moved to the waiting motor cars, she unostentatiously drew the offending glove over her wrist and threw it away. One pair of eyes watched the action closely. Storm, collecting his wits after his social disaster, noted what she had done. He was too philosophical to resent it. Instead, crossing the platform; when the party had driven away, he picked up the discarded glove and put it in his pocket.

Nor did he, in his turn, escape unseen. As one of the cars whirled around a nearby corner Helen, looking back at the scene of her annoyance, saw Storm picking up something white; she knew it was her glove.

On reaching home—where the ladies were taken to their various rooms, and the men went to their business—Helen, from her own room overlooking the passing track, watched the freight, bearing Storm, draw out and stop before the station for orders.

Turning to her glass more than once to see whether her cheeks were still as flushed as they felt, she was gratified to find that traces of her humiliation had disappeared. Her mind, from which she had tried to dismiss the whole incident, was now assailed by a rebellious curiosity concerning what she had seen happen on the distant platform when Storm crossed it to pick up her glove. As his frank eyes returned again and again to her imagination, something seemed to call her strongly, back to where he still was detained. She resisted longer; then surrendering to a sudden impulse, she ran downstairs, while her guests were disposing themselves, stepped into her racing car, drove to the station and alighting just as Storm came out of the telegraph office, she herself began to search at the edge of the platform for something. The engineer, after an interval, deliberately joined her.

"You have lost something," Helen glanced up with affected surprise. "Nothing of moment. I missed a ring when I got home," she fabricated lightly, "and one of my gloves. I thought I might have dropped the one with the other here."

Storm's hand moved toward his blouse, then regaining his composure, he withdrew his hand, empty, and affected to search along the roadway with her. It was a brief duel of wits, but one in which the railroad man was no longer at a disadvantage. He was quite willing to search as long as she would linger and Helen, more than a little interested, was capricious and did linger until Storm's slow sentences began once more to bear too directly on the episode of the wreck and his gratefulness; then with a hasty goodbye she started for home and Storm, climbing into his engine, pulled out with his long train.

General Holmes, in the meantime, with his two jealous groups of directors, was striving in his drawing room to arrive with them at a mutually satisfactory settlement of the proposed stock issue. In reserving 30,000 shares of this for himself and his friends, Holmes had allotted 20,000 to Seagrue and his Wall street associates. This both Seagrue and Capelle had bluntly refused to accept, since the proposed line would work havoc with the through and local traffic of the Colorado and Coast road. Seagrue demanded instead an equal distribution of the new stock. Holmes and Rhineland, after a long conference, put the motion flatly to the eleven directors. Seven of them supported President Holmes' proposal.

Seagrue, white with anger, rose. "Cancel our allotment, then. We will fight."

"Tut, tut, Earl," protested Rhineland. "That's no way to talk." "We will fight," echoed Capelle, equally wrought up. "Seagrue is right. If we are to be treated in this way we'll parallel your tracks!" Rhineland, Holmes and their associates tried in vain to pacify the two; their efforts were useless. Hard words passed and more threats were uttered; the meeting broke up in disorder.

Seagrue and Capelle retired to an adjoining room. Helen passed before them down the hall. Capelle glanced at her and looked toward Seagrue. His face stretched into one of his hollow grins.

"Bad business for you, Seagrue," he said to his companion. "If you can't unload your Colorado and Coast holdings, this thing will put you pretty near out of the game."

"Unload," snorted Seagrue, wrathfully. "When that cut-off is announced Colorado stock won't sell for waste paper."

Helen repassed the hall. Capelle nodded toward her. "There's your best bet, Seagrue. Holmes would give his son-in-law anything."

Seagrue looked glum. He hinted he had already tried that out, and fruitlessly, but spurred by his friend's suggestion, he determined on a further effort. After luncheon he attempted to renew his addresses.

But there seemed about the self-willed girl a certain barrier of independence, which, try as he would, he could never penetrate. "What's the matter, Helen?" he demanded at last. "You seem to take everything I say as a joke."

She repressed a little bubble of laughter. "That's the spirit it's meant in, isn't it?"

He was too irritated to be patient. Toward evening he assayed to be serious again; again she lightly evaded his advances.

Late in the day, when walking past the doors of the library, he saw Holmes finishing a conference with Rhineland, once more roll up an important document and place it within his safe, set inside the library wall. Seagrue knew too well what it was—the survey of the cut-off, the building of which, by crippling him financially, was likely to wreck his hopes of a career.

It was in this sullen mood that Capelle, a few moments later, encountered him. They had been partners in more than one unscrupulous enterprise and had learned to set value on audacity. A guarded discussion followed. Seagrue moodily rejected one after another of the suggestions of the resourceful Capelle, until one star-

companion, Hyde, to connect up the drills; his orders from Capelle were to open the safe.

Upstairs, Helen, in slumber, was half-awakened by a whistle signal. Storm was bringing a freight train down the hill to wait for the midnight flyer. The rumble of passing trains largely disturbed her. This night a much lighter but an unusual sound woke her completely. She sat up at a moment, listening. It seemed close—someone was in the house. Turning on a light and dressing hastily, Helen opened the hall door of her room.

She had been careful not to make the slightest noise in her movements. Unfortunately the light behind her silhouetted her figure on the floor at the foot of the broad flight of stairs Spike, keen-eyed, in the library, saw it. He touched Hyde. "Douse it!" he muttered. Hyde extinguished the light. The two paused, listened, walked into the hall and paused again. Then they started noiselessly up the stairs.

Guarded as they had been, Helen felt their presence. With fast-beating heart she ran to her window. Out in the night she could see the light of a torch. It was Storm's light, carried as he worked around his engine. Catching up a small serving bell she ran out on her balcony and tying the bell to the telephone wire that connected with the main line wires, she started the jingling messenger off for help.

The engineman, busy with his work, presently heard the slight jingle, but only to wonder for a moment what it could be. The two criminals had entered Helen's room. The instant she stepped in from the balcony they caught and overpowered her—stifled her screams, and in spite of her continuing struggles, rudely gagged her.

The bell again attracted Storm's attention, and he was puzzled to determine what it might mean. Looking toward Helen's home he saw a bright light in one of the upper windows. Then, of a sudden, he saw more—silhouetted against the pane, a woman and a man were struggling. He alarmed the crew and ran swiftly up the hill for General Holmes' house.

In the interval, leaving Helen helpless, the safe-blowers descended the stairs. Holmes and Rhineland had likewise been awakened by the muffled sounds of the struggle and the two appeared in the upper hall. Seagrue joined them and with his uncle hurried into Helen's room, where she was trying to release herself. But her father, turning downstairs, had interrupted the two safe-blowers at the very library door. The old soldier was no match for the two men, but he tackled them together. He had

him the whole story. When the two reached the siding Storm asked the conductor to put out a flagman to protect the freight; he half lifted and half pushed Helen up into the cab, and the instant the fireman cut off the engine, started in pursuit of the fast-receding passenger train.

But the stern chase is the long chase. The freight engineer had set himself a difficult task; one thing alone was in his favor, everything else was against him. He was running a light engine against one pulling a strong string of sleeping cars. But his own machine was built for traction, not for speed, and he was pitting it against one of the fastest types of engines on the division. From the time Storm opened the throttle not a device was left untried to make his ponderous engine go fast; not a trick of all those that had already made his reputation as an exceptional runner was now overlooked and every resource of the engineer's art was brought into play to overhaul the flying passenger train.

Helen crouched on the fireman's box with her eyes straining ahead into the darkness, or glancing across the hooded lights of the cab at the profile of the silent engineer, waited in vain for him to look toward her. It seemed as if he had forgotten her existence. His attention, for the moment, was centered on nothing but the terrific headway he had attained and must maintain to win, and his reeling, thundering machine seemed awake to the relentless energy of its driver, was responding like a thing alive to his iron will. A cry from Storm made her look across toward him. She saw his eyes regarding her, but he was pointing sternly ahead, and looking again through her own window, Helen's straining vision caught far ahead the faint gleam of the red tail-lights.

From the top of the distant sleeping cars Spike and Hyde had seen the threatening chase. Without a qualm, and crawling along the swaying cars, they made their way toward the engine. They held up the engineer and fireman. Spike understood enough of an engine to take the throttle and he tried to run away from Storm; but this proved a game in which he had no advantage. Striving desperately to increase his speed he found himself, as he glanced back from the cab window, steadily losing ground. The race was now more like the effort of a plow horse to run away from a thoroughbred. A last resort remained for the criminals. Hyde, at Spike's direction, climbed back over the tender and cut off the coaches. The engine pulled away from the train. The air went on and the string of sleepers stopped abruptly. Close behind them the freight engine was pounding and lurching. Storm had barely time to apply his air and pull up as he stopped and he was nearly into the hind-end of the observation car.

When the passenger crew got outside there were hurried explanations. Storm, knowing every foot of the line, saw that they had reached the longest passing track on the division and that by running around the stalled train he still had a chance to overtake his quarry. Throwing his engine into reverse he backed down, took the passing-track switch and tore past the standing cars after the fast disappearing passenger train. With all of its lights extinguished, and still maintaining terrific speed, it was at a hopeless disadvantage against the skill of the man at the throttle of the engine behind.

Overhauled and with defeat in sight as the nose of the huge freight engine crowded them, Hyde from the gangway and Spike, turning from the useless throttle, opened fire with their pistols on their pursuers. Hyde, firing his last shot without effect, in his rage, hurled his heavy gun back at the other cab. It crashed through the window where Helen had sat an instant before, but she was now up and back over the engine tank. As Storm drew steadily abreast of the runaway, she watched her chance and with reckless daring sprang from where she stood over to the tank of the passenger engine. The safe-blowers turned to meet her. Stack and stack the engines were rushing toward the little San Pablo bridge. But with Spike's and Hyde's attention turned from the passive engineer and fireman in the cab, they were suddenly attacked by both from behind. A furious mixup followed. Hyde, as Helen jumped down at him, grappled with her. Storm, eager in the jumping gangway opposite them, saw her peril. Catching up a wrench he hurled it with all his force at Hyde's head; it flew true and the thug sank under the heavy blow like a bullock. Spike in the interval, tearing loose from his assailants, gained the foot-plate and leaping up on the coal defied them.

It was for no more than a moment; the engineer went pluckily after him. Cornered, Spike looked ahead. They were reaching the river and the engines were making a dizzy speed. With the recklessness of a madman the criminal leaped from the tender far out into the stream below. The slightest miscalculation—a mistake of a tenth of a second in his reckoning—would have cost him his life. Yet he made his jump without injury, struck out for shore and gained the river bank.

Escape was first in his thoughts. He remembered the stolen survey in his pocket. On the safety of this, his money from Capelle depended and his first act was to secure it near where he landed.

The two engines in this time had been brought to a stop and backed to the bridge. "Get after the man that jumped," cried Helen. "We must find

him. Take both banks of the river." With one of the firemen left to guard Hyde, Storm and the other fireman hurried down one river bank as the passenger engineer took the other. Neither side afforded more than a slight chance of concealment and Spike, starting from where he had cached his stolen document, was pounced on by Storm's fireman. But Spike, a powerful man, had almost fought out for himself a second chance for escape when Storm bore him down to the earth. Helen ran up. "Where's what you have stolen?" she cried furiously as Spike stood prisoner. Storm,



She Ran Out on the Balcony.

without loss of time, searched him. "You've stolen our survey," exclaimed Helen, wrathfully. "Where is it?" Spike shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what you're talking about," he muttered. "What do you fellows want with me, anyway?" he demanded, looking from one to the other of the two men, impatiently.

They dragged him to the freight engine and with Storm directing, both engines started back to the passenger train. The freight engine sounded a greeting to the crew of the stranded flyer, and Storm and Helen clattered past to their own deserted train. With Storm speeding up at his throttle Helen soon saw the semaphore of Signal station and with the two prisoners, Storm and his fireman returned with Helen to the house.

Police officers were already in charge and the safe-blowers were turned over to them. Helen, agitated and anxious, was met at the door of the library by Amos Rhineland. His face was grave. With a keen questioning look her father's friend laid his hand tenderly on her arm as she attempted to enter the room. "Stop, Helen," he said in a constrained tone. "Don't go in there just now."

Storm stood near. She would have pushed past Rhineland, but again he opposed her entrance. "And where is father?" she exclaimed as if a sudden realization had come upon her. "My child," Rhineland took her within his arm, "we are under the orders of the police. Nothing in the library must be disturbed."

An awful suspicion gripped her heart. "Father," she exclaimed intensely. "He was hurt. Where is he?"

Rhineland, avoiding her glance directed into the half-darkened room, motioned significantly to Storm. The engineer understood; but it was too late. Slipping with the strength and speed of a fawn from between the two men, Helen darted into the library. Those of the fated household heard in the night an agonizing cry; it rang far. She had found her father all too soon and had thrown herself beside his dead body, where it had been placed on the couch beside the fireplace.

Thus perished by the hand of a wretched criminal—a mere fleck of the scum of our civilization—this man who had himself, and alone, discovered the first railroad pass over the Continental Divide.

Seagrue's ears echoed long with a memory of that cry. Standing beside his captured confederates he asked himself whether the price had not, after all, been too high.

But Spike, insensible to all but his criminal instincts, drew close beside him and asked him, unobserved, for a pencil. But for the fear that his own neck might be jeopardized by exposure, Seagrue would have had done with his two murderous tools then and there, but he had put himself in their power and dare not refuse. Spike, despite his handcuffed wrists, managed to scribble a note on Seagrue's cuff, telling him where the survey had been hidden. The officers coming out of the library, marched their prisoners away.

Alone in his room, the half-sickened conspirator read Spike's message. He paused and for a long moment pondered his situation. It was not hard for him to shake from his conscience his own responsibility for the tragic outcome of his villainy and Capelle's. It was, he argued, not what he had contemplated or desired. It was Capelle's fault. Accidents will happen—sometimes fatal ones. The game might still be his.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Thus Perished the First Man Who Discovered the First Railroad Pass Over the Continental Divide.

ded him into anger. He balked indignantly. "I won't stand for safe blowing," he muttered.

"Nothing of the kind suggested," returned Capelle, undaunted. And with the whining smile that marked his face in argument, he continued: "I'll have two good men here by 11:30 tonight, if you say the word. One of them can open a safe by the mere click of the tumbler. All we want out of it is a copy of the cut-off survey. If we can get hold of that we can get hold of their right of way—most of it must come from Washington—before Holmes knows what's going on. I'll make the copy of their survey myself and return the original to the safe before morning with no one a bit the wiser. Why, see here! You're staying right in the house. All you have to do is to let them in tonight. Are you game? Or are you a whipped dog right now?"

Seagrue listened with set face. The low-toned conference lasted longer. At its close the two separated. Shortly afterward, Capelle, in Seagrue's motor car, started rapidly for the city.

At nearly twelve o'clock that night—some time after the house was quiet—Seagrue, leaving his room, went down to the library. He unlocked the terrace doors. Capelle's men were outside. They entered and Seagrue led them before the safe. The criminal expert of the pair made hardly more than a pretense of dropping the tumbler for an opening. He had come prepared for any eventuality, and the moment he saw the mechanism of the lock was unassailable he directed his

hardly begun to fight when he was struck down by a black-jack and the two thugs, survey in hand, made their escape. They crossed the lawn, gained the shrubbery close to the gate, and in the distance saw the headlight of the midnight passenger train. Signal was not one of its stops, but the safe-blowers ran hard for the station and taking a long chance for their getaway they recklessly but safely boarded the running train as it slowed somewhat for the bridge.

In the confusion within the household Helen had been released. She had hysterically told her story and as she and her friends rushed downstairs she encountered Storm, who had helped her dazed father to a chair. "Are you hurt, daddy?" asked his daughter anxiously.

"No," he cried, "and I've given one of them a jolt he'll remember. But Helen!"—in his agitation he laid his hand heavily on his daughter's shoulder—"those damned scoundrels have got our survey!"

"Then they shall never get off with it," exclaimed Helen with flashing eyes. "We will catch them if it kills somebody."

She gave her orders right and left—

—for caring for her father, calling the police and for making the pursuit. The boarding of the moving passenger train by the two men had not escaped Storm's eyes, and a few words with Helen were enough to clear things. The flyer was gone and the burglars with it, but there was a chance yet to get them. Hastening with Storm down the hill Helen told



# 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.

Men with money can keep their friends by not lending it to them.

Bees are the only insects that have any use for any kind of combs.

Often the spirit of perseverance strikes a man hardest when he is in the wrong.

Some men are so mean that they even refuse to let their wives have the 1st word.

### 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.

He who lives for self and self alone is a successful failure.

It is sometimes difficult to bring a girl of the period to a stop.

A painful lesson is unknown to men —but women know about it.

### 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.

## Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

## 25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

### FAMILY STORY PAPER 24-26 Vandewater Street New York

### DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

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

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

## RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

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

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

# SPEECH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT WILKES-BARRE, PA.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1916

I have accepted the invitation to come to Wilkes-Barre to discuss the Adamson law, because Wilkes-Barre is the headquarters of the great industry in connection with which I myself as president was brought into close and intimate touch with the labor movement in this country. If what I have to say is of any value it must be not only because it represents what in the abstract is right, but also because in the concrete I applied, in actual practice, when I had power, the principles which I criticize Mr. Wilson for not applying now. Therefore, I wish to recapitulate to you just what occurred in connection with the anthracite coal strike and to contrast it with what Mr. Wilson has done in connection with the law for the increase of wages on railroads.

At the outset, I wish to express my very hearty admiration for the Brotherhoods. I am proud of the fact that I am an honorary member of one of them. I have usually been in entire sympathy with them. While I held public office I found myself in the vast majority of cases able to support them in their demands, because these demands were right. But now they have demanded legislation raising their wages to be taken without investigation and without the exercise of that form of judgment shown by a competent arbitration commission; and such a demand is wrong, exactly as I have stood against the demands of bankers and lawyers, and mine-owners and railroad presidents when they were wrong. I believe in labor unions. I am proud that I am myself an honorary member of a labor union. But I believe first of all in the Union to which all of us belong, the union of all the people of the whole United States.

In the case of the settlement of the anthracite coal strike, the action I took was of precisely the kind which President Wilson now says the law should make obligatory in all similar cases in the future. But Mr. Wilson himself admits that his own action was so bad that it ought never to be repeated, for he has assured the public that although Congress has adjourned without doing anything, it is his intention when Congress meets to see that it does something to render it impossible for another President ever to repeat exactly what he has just done. In other words, I stood and stand by my action as the proper action, constituting the proper precedent for future action. Mr. Wilson himself confesses that his action was wrong and that the precedent thereby set is so evil that legislation must be enacted rendering it impossible for another President ever to repeat, the action.

There is another point of difference and a vital point. The action I took was intended to meet the situation at once. The action that Mr. Wilson took has been deferred so that it shall not take place until considerably after election.

Fourteen years ago the great anthracite coal strike had occurred in this region. From the beginning I put the governmental agents in touch with the situation and kept myself thoroughly informed so that I should be able to act immediately if it became necessary for me to act. I hoped that it would not be necessary, and that the parties themselves would come to an agreement; for I was very loath to interfere if it could be avoided. But cold weather approached, a coal famine menaced the entire eastern section of the United States, and there was not the slightest symptom of an agreement being reached by the contending parties. I felt that the time had come for me to act. On the one side were the greatest and wealthiest mine-owners of the country, intimately connected with the wealthiest and most powerful industrial and railroad corporations in the country. The financial strength of Wall Street was behind them. These men absolutely refused to arbitrate. They said there was nothing to arbitrate, that I had no power under the Constitution to act, and that the public could not interfere, nor the representatives of the public, with the way in which they managed their business. The representatives of the mine workers, of labor, on the contrary, expressed their entire willingness to arbitrate and demanded nothing except that as one of the conditions of arbitration there should be some representative of organized labor to sit together with the representatives of capital and of the public at large. I made every effort to get the two sides to agree. When I failed, I decided that I would act myself. I held that where the public necessity was national and imperative it became the duty of the Chief of the Nation to act. I held that in any such gigantic controversy between labor and capital, containing such a threat to the welfare of the great body of our people, there were three parties in interest, viz., the capitalist, the workingmen, and the people as a whole; and that where the public need was vital that need must control.

I held, moreover, that in any case of such importance and such interest we must have full knowledge before final action on any of the points at issue was taken, and that this knowledge must be obtained by an unbiased body of arbitrators after a thorough study of the situation. I held that the power of Government must be used to make effective the findings of this body; and that pending the findings the work of mining must go on because the public need demanded it. Therefore, I decided that I would use the entire power of the nation to see that there was an arbitration by dispassionate experts, and that the conclusions of that arbitration were accepted by both sides, and that until

their decision was rendered the work of mining should go on in the interests of the people as a whole. When the mine owners, backed by and representing the most powerful financial interests of the country, positively refused to arbitrate, I proceeded to appoint an arbitration commission without regard to them; securing the consent of a political opponent, ex-President Grover Cleveland, to serve at the head of that commission. I saw the Lieutenant General of the Army and arranged with him that if necessary I would put the army in possession of the mines and would treat him as a receiver to run the mines, and see that neither side interfered with the running. When it became evident that I meant what I said, that both sides could count on my endeavor to do strict justice, and that they could also count on my insisting that the public needs be immediately met, the capitalists yielded and the commission was appointed.

You know the rest, you miners here! Work was resumed in the mines immediately, on the old terms, which continued until the commission reported. The Commission consisted of as able and as impartial men as there were in the country, including the head of the Order of Railroad Conductors, Mr. Clark. It also included among others, a Federal Judge, a skilled engineer, a trained labor expert and a beloved friend of mine, Archbishop Spaulding, of Illinois, whose interest in the welfare of the workmen was genuine and sympathetic, and also understood with entire clearness that in the long run justice to the workmen could be permanently secured, only if it was made part of a scheme to secure justice for everybody concerned.

The arbitration was successful. I understand that with slight modifications, you have continued to operate the mines under its terms up to the present day. More important still, it set the precedent for the course that ought to be followed in all disputes of this nature hereafter. Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, has set a precedent which he himself admits must never hereafter be followed if justice is to be done. This is a vital point of difference between the conduct of the Chief Executive in one case and in the other. When fourteen years ago I acted, there was no precedent for me to follow, and no established instrumentalities through which to work. I had to establish the precedent in order to meet a great crisis. I had to create my own instrument, the arbitration commission. Mr. Wilson had before him the precedent I had created, and he had instruments ready to hand the Arbitration Board, and the Interstate Commerce Commission, with its enlarged powers. But he failed to follow the precedent, or to use the instruments which were ready to his hand. I, although lacking the agencies of law for the application of the principle, nevertheless applied it, and established arbitration in the settlement on their merits of industrial disputes. Mr. Wilson, with all the agencies of law subject to his command, ignored them, destroyed the principle of arbitration in the settlement of industrial disputes, and put a premium on securing this settlement by threat and duress.

President Wilson in his speech of August 29th and September 23d has furnished his own condemnation out of his own mouth. In them he explicitly condemns exactly what he has done and actually demands legislation which will make impossible the repetition of such a proceeding! This is so extraordinary an attitude that I quote his own words. He said he wished "to provide" against "the recurrence of such unhappy situations in the future" by securing "the calm and fair arbitration of all industrial disputes in the days to come." This is an explicit assertion that arbitration of all industrial disputes is the right method of action; and therefore that he had adopted the wrong method of action—although in the case of the anthracite coal strike he had an exact precedent in point, by following which he would have enforced the right method.

President Wilson further says, "This is assuredly the best way of vindicating a principle, namely, having failed to make certain of its observance in the present to make certain of its observance in the future."—On the contrary, this is the very worst way of vindicating a principle. Indeed, it is impossible to devise a worse way of vindicating a principle, than to flinch ignominiously from enforcing it in the case at issue and at the same time to seek to cover the ignominy by vociferous protestations about applying it in the nebulous future. The same paper, the New York Times, from which I quote the above sentences, contained statements from the leaders of the Brotherhoods whom he was befriending, in which they said that they would never consent to the legislation providing for future arbitration for which President Wilson asked; and President Wilson kept a weak and nervous silence about this defiance. He did not get the "vindication of the principle" in the future. All that he accomplished was the violation of the principle in the present, in the concrete case at issue. The only law he secured established the precedent of violation of the principle. All that he did was to establish the most evil of all precedents for a democracy, the precedent of violating a principle under the duress of threat and menace. It is a precedent which will return to plague us throughout all future time whenever we have in the White House a President who is timid in the face of threat of physical violence or who subordinates duty to the hope of personal political profit.

President Wilson further said, while trying to gloss-over his timidity in the present by assuming an attitude of frowning defiance as regards the nebulous future, that the American people must be made "a partner in the settlement of disputes that interrupt the life of the nation," that it must "enforce the partnership and see to it that no organization is stronger than that organization to which we all belong, our own Government," and that we, the people, must say to any outside organization that it "must not interrupt the National life without consulting us." These are fine words about the future. They are intended to cover up, but as a matter of fact, they furnish the strongest condemnation of Mr. Wilson's deed in the present. In these words Mr. Wilson exactly describes what he ought to have done with the Brotherhoods, and explicitly condemns the action which he did in fact take. If the principles he laid down were good for the future, they were good for the present. Do it now, Mr. Wilson! Do not use fine words about what somebody else ought to do in the future in order to cover your own shameful abandonment of duty in the present.

Mr. Wilson has admittedly maintained that the question at issue was the eight-hour day. This is not at all fact. The question at issue was the question of wages. The law does not say that there shall be an eight-hour day. It says that eight hours shall "be made the measure of a day's work for the purpose of receiving compensation." In other words, it was primarily an increase of wages and not a diminution of hours that was aimed at.

I believe in the eight-hour day. It is the ideal toward which we should trend. But I believe that there must be common sense as well as common honesty in achieving the ideal. Mr. Wilson has laid down the principle that there is something sacred about the eight-hour day which makes it improper even to discuss it. If this is so, if it is applied universally, then Mr. Wilson is not to be excused for not applying it immediately where he has complete power, and that is in his own household. If the principle of the eight-hour day is sacred and not to be changed under any circumstances, then the housemaid, who in Mr. Wilson's house arises at seven must be left off at three in the afternoon; and if Mr. Wilson's butler is kept up after a State dinner until ten, he must not come on until two of the following afternoon, and no hired man on a farm must get up to milk the cows in the morning unless he quits work before milking time arrives that same evening. Of course, the simple truth is that under one set of conditions an eight-hour day may be too long or at least may represent the very maximum of proper work; whereas there may be other conditions under which a man working more than eight hours one day gets one or two days of complete leisure following, or where the work is intermittent throughout the day, or is of so easy or varied a type that no exhaustion accompanies it, or where a rush of work for a few days will be compensated by complete leisure on certain other days. It is ridiculous to say that an engineer of a high-speed train under especially difficult conditions, an engineer of a low-speed train, under very much easier conditions, a farm laborer in harvest time, a man engaged as a watchman through the quiet work of the night, or a man engaged in the exhausting work of a steel puffer in a continuous seven-days-a-week, night and day industry, should be governed by precisely the same rule, or by the same rigid application in detail of a sound general principle.

I heartily believe in a proper limitation by law of hours of work in the railroad service, and I recommended legislation to that effect when I was President. I believe in the wages in any industry being just as high as it is possible to make them without injustice to the capital invested and to the public which is served. But it is a mere truism to say that it is impossible to get this ideal achieved unless an honest and dispassionate effort is first made by the proper commission to ascertain the full facts in the particular case. As regards the railroads, we have to consider the wages paid to the different classes of employees, the interest on the investment, the earning power of the road, and the kind of service over which the road is to be rendered to the public. It is impossible to secure a proper solution of the problem unless all these factors are considered. Mr. Wilson absolutely declined to consider any of them. He declined even to ask what they were. We have not at this moment one particular of trustworthy information which will enable us to decide whether the demands of the men were just or not. I wish it distinctly understood that I am not trying to pass judgment upon the justice of the case. I regard the engineers, firemen and engine-men and trainmen generally as doing peculiarly responsible and arduous work, and entitled to particular consideration as regards both hours of labor and pay. I hope that they are fully entitled as a matter of justice to what they will receive under the Adamson bill and if so appears I shall heartily support it. But I protest against the far-reaching evil of the precedent set in the method which has been followed. We are denied knowledge. We see Congress forced to act under threats. I protest against any law passed under such duress. I protest against the case being decided without giving each party its day in court, and above all without giving the public its day in court. I hope the demands of the men were just, and would have been proved so to be, if investigated before a competent body. But I explicitly protest against any action by the Government when no investigation has been held to see whether the claims are or are not just, and when they are granted through fear and not as a matter of right.

Remember it is the public that in the end will pay. You do not have to take my assertion for this. Take the assertion of Mr. Wilson's master in this matter. The Union leaders, through their Chairman, Mr. Garretson, announced that "they would steadily refuse to arbitrate and that in their action they were supported by the President of the United States." They stated their case in a nutshell as follows: "In times like this, men go back to primal instinct—to the day of the cave-man with his half-gnawed bone, snarling at the over-cave-man who wanted to take his bone away. We leaders are fighting for our men. The railroads are fighting for their stockholders; and the shippers for themselves. And the public will pay." Mr. Garretson is right—the public will pay. And it will pay without having had the chance to know whether it ought or ought not to pay. Mr. Wilson betrayed the public when he refused to insist that the contest should be decided on principles of justice, and when he permitted it to be decided in deference to greed and fear. Mr. Wilson announced that it was "futile" to stand firmly against these improper demands. It would not have been futile if

a Democrat of the stamp of Andrew Jackson or Grover Cleveland had been President. The futility inhered solely in Mr. Wilson himself. If President Wilson had stood by the honor and the interests of the United States in this matter; if he had insisted upon a full investigation before action; if he had insisted upon arbitration and had announced that if there was any attempt to tie up the traffic of the United States he would use the entire power of the United States to keep the arteries of traffic open, I would have applauded him and supported him. But, to take such action needed courage. It needed disinterestedness. It was necessary that the man taking it should put duty to the nation first and political and personal considerations last. What President Wilson did was to permit the overriding of justice by appeals to brute force.

He says that it would have been "futile" to show courage and stand up for the right. From the standpoint of the nation, the worst type of futility in a President is to fail to stand up for the right. President Wilson felt it was futile to oppose these men, exactly as President Buchanan, his spiritual forerunner, felt in 1860, that it was futile, to oppose secession. That type of futility gives the real measure of the man who practices it. What Buchanan considered "futile" Lincoln made heroic.

I champion Mr. Hughes as against Mr. Wilson because in every such crisis Mr. Wilson, by his public acts, has shown that he will yield to fear, that he will not yield to justice; whereas the public acts of Mr. Hughes have proved him to be incapable of yielding in such a crisis to any threat, whether made by politicians, corporations or labor leaders.

I have always stood for the rights of labor. You miners before me know that I stood for you, and I incurred the hostility of the greatest financial powers of the land by so doing, and I have felt that hostility in public life ever since. But I did not care, because I knew that my course was right. I stood by you because I believed you were right. If I had been the type of man who was willing to stand by you when you were wrong, I would never have dared to stand by you when you were right, against such opposition as at that time I encountered. I have stood for shorter hours of labor. I have stood for a better wage for the laborer, for better housing conditions; for giving the laboring wage-worker better living conditions and better and safer working conditions. I have stood to give him and his wife and children the chance to make of themselves all that American citizens should make of themselves. I have stood, and always shall stand, for everything in the interest of justice for the laboring man. But I have always stood, and always shall stand, against yielding anything through fear or because of threats. I believe in the great principle of arbitration. I believe in invoking the action of the government to help labor; but I also believe to invoke such action will in the end be ruinous to labor, as well as to the country, if it is not exercised with wisdom and fearlessness and the spirit of exact justice to all the parties concerned. If these questions are not settled right, then some time or other will have to be settled, and an infinite trouble is thereby laid up for us in the future. The only way we can settle them right is by deliberation, after all the facts have been put before a disinterested and competent body, and the judgment of that body obtained thereon. This is the course that even now ought to be pursued as regards the Adamson bill. Its operation has been deferred until after Congress assembles. Congress should hold it up until a proper commission shall investigate the entire subject; and then the Adamson bill should be enacted either unchanged, or with whatever changes and additions the report of such dispassionate commission may show to be desirable and necessary.

Labor leaders who are short-sighted at the moment get from a man in public office who is not actuated by justice, more than from a man who is actuated by justice. But the laboring people as a whole cannot afford to accept such gains. If unjust legislation is given them for improper reasons, then unjust legislation against them may be enacted for improper reasons. More than any other people in the country the wage workers should insist on just and fair action. There is grave reason to believe that in the course President Wilson has followed he did violence to his own real convictions. Until he became a candidate for office, he was a bitter, ungenious and often unjust critic of labor unions. I have before me speeches and letters of his made and written in 1905, 1907 and 1909, in which Mr. Wilson says among other things that "labor unions drag the biggest man down to the level of the lowest," and in speaking of the capitalistic class, he says that "there is another equally formidable enemy—and it is that class formed by the labor leaders of this country," and again "I am a fierce partisan of the open shop," and again "The usual standard of the employee in our day is to give as little as he can for his wages. Labor is standardized by trade unions and this is the standard to which it is made to conform. I need not point out how economically disastrous such regulation of labor is. Our economic supremacy may be lost because the country grows more and more full of unprofitable servants." These were the utterances of Mr. Wilson when he was president of a university and had neither fear of nor desire to profit by the labor vote. In Mr. Wilson's "History of the American People" he explicitly stated that the Chinese ought not to be excluded from this country because it is better to have them here than it is to have the immigrants we now get from Europe. His words were: "The Chinese are more to be desired as workmen than most of the coarse crew that come crowding in everywhere at the Eastern ports." Now he turns round and says: "Our gates must be kept open" to those whom he thus denominated a "coarse crew." Since he went into politics he has again and again, incessantly and continuously, reversed himself on what he had professed to be his deepest convictions prior to entering politics, and in each case the announced change of conviction agreed with what at the moment seemed to be his political interests.

(Concluded on Page Eight)

Discussing the indorsement by the Democratic convention of Texas of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy, the Houston Post (Dem.) flatly declares: "It is not believed anything like a majority of the people of Texas indorse our Mexican policy, and those in a position to know seriously doubt that the platform adopted expressed the real sentiments of the convention itself."

## Hot Water for Sick Headaches

Tells why everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it before breakfast.

Headache of any kind, is caused by auto-intoxication—which means self-poisoning. Livers and bowel poisons called toxins, sucked into the blood, through the lymph ducts, excite the heart which pumps the blood so fast that it congests in the smaller arteries and veins of the head producing violent throbbing pain and distress, called headache. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish and miserable, your meals sour and almost nauseate you. Then you resort to acetanilide, aspirin or the bromides which temporarily relieve but do not rid the blood of these irritating toxins.

A glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, drunk before breakfast for awhile, will not only wash these poisons from your system and cure you of headache but will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary canal.

Ask your pharmacist for a quarter pound of limestone phosphate. It is inexpensive, harmless as sugar, and almost tasteless, except for a scursh twinge which is not unpleasant.

If you aren't feeling your best, if tongue is coated or you wake up with bad taste, foul breath or have colds, indigestion, biliousness, constipation or sour, acid stomach, begin the phosphate hot water cure to rid your system of toxins and poisons.

Results are quick and it is claimed that those who continue to flush out the stomach, liver and bowels every morning never have any headache or know a miserable moment.

## GRAY HAIR BECOMES DARK AND BEAUTIFUL

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

## HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sniffling; blowing, headache, dizziness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly. It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

## SALTS IF KIDNEYS OR BLADDER BOTHER

Harmless to flush kidneys and neutralize irritating acids—Splendid for system.

Kidney and bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; and, in, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urination disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidney and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble.



**Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright**

Black Silk Stove Polish

Is in a class by itself. It's more carefully made and made from better materials.

Try it on your parlor stove, your cook stove or your gas range. If you don't find it the best polish you ever used, your hardware or grocery store is authorized to refund your money.

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**PROBATE ORDER**

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

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

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

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

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

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

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL, Judge of Probate.

The married man who waits for the owl car is sure to catch it when he gets home.

One kind of a dark secret is the method employed by a bleached blonde in keeping her hair light.

A baby is the only precious thing a woman possesses that doesn't stir up other women's jealousy.

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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.

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**Speech of Roosevelt**

(Concluded From Page Seven)

If it is alleged that President Wilson has been actuated only by principle in connection with the Adamson law, then I ask why he has failed to apply the same principle to the railway postal clerks, where he has full power. Estimating six days to the week, these postal clerks, operating between New York and Pittsburgh, are required to run 205 miles per day (for the present administration has reduced the number of crews from six to five), whereas the present trainmen's agreement requires only 185 miles per day, which is to be reduced still further by the Adamson law. The only possible explanation of Mr. Wilson's action in one case and inaction in the other is that only 400 men are affected in that case where the government has full control of the hours of labor, whereas 400,000 men are supposed to be affected by the Adamson bill.

Mr. Gompers has recently established himself as the special champion of Mr. Wilson, and claims joint credit with Mr. Wilson for their joint conduct of our foreign affairs so far as Mexico is concerned. He asks labor to support Mr. Wilson specifically on the ground of Mr. Wilson's attitude in Mexico, which, he states, he has helped to secure. He says, for example, that he was largely instrumental in securing the recognition of Carranza in Mexico, because of Carranza's sympathy with the labor movement there. For the details of what I speak, I refer you to Senator Fall's recent speeches, where the exact quotations are given. Mr. Gompers states that when all other agencies failed in the effort to secure the recognition of Carranza by President Wilson, Gompers intervened on September 22d, 1915, and Mr. Wilson's recognition of Carranza immediately followed. Mr. Gompers continues by saying that Carranza was recognized as the friend of the working people in Mexico. On September 2d, 1916, Mr. Gompers appealed for the support of laboring men for Mr. Wilson on the ground of Mr. Wilson's policy as regards Mexico. He thus tied himself up with Messrs. Wilson and Carranza as one of the triumvirate which exercises supreme control in Mexican matters. This makes it worth while for the workers to whom Mr. Gompers especially appeals to study what Carranza, the favored friend and ally of Messrs. Gompers and Wilson, has done to laboring men in Mexico—not to speak of what he has done to Americans in Mexico. Mr. Gompers states that when Carranza refused to surrender the American soldiers taken prisoners at Carrizal, in response to President Wilson's request, he, Mr. Gompers, telegraphed on June 28th last to Carranza appealing to him upon the ground of "patriotism and love for the release of the American soldiers; and that immediately Carranza responded on June 29th to Mr. Gompers saying that he had ordered the release of the prisoners. The telegram closed with "Salute, very affectionately, V. Carranza." Thereupon Samuel Gompers, in the name of the Federation of Labor, on June 30th, thanked General Carranza for releasing the American soldiers.

I really question whether we have ever in our history known anything as extraordinary as the President of the United States playing second fiddle in such manner to the head of a private organization when dealing with international matters. I wish to call your attention especially to two facts in connection with the incident. Neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Gompers, neither of the two amateur diplomats who thus acted on a footing of fraternal equality in their joint conduct—and misconduct—of American foreign relations made any appeal or demand for atonement for the death of American soldiers treacherously slain by Carranza's troops. They did nothing about the killing of Boyd and Adair and their troopers. All that they ventured to do was to ask that the American soldiers who had been taken prisoners when their comrades were slain be returned. That was the only request that the joint committee of supplicants for safety, composed of President Wilson and President Gompers, ventured to demand of their master, Mr. Carranza.

There is a further fact which should be considered by the workmen who are asked to support Carranza by Messrs. Wilson and Gompers on the ground that he is the friend of labor. I have before me a copy of a decree issued by Carranza under date of August 1st, 1916, only six weeks ago. It has been furnished me by Senator Fall. This decree was issued because the employees of the electric plant and street railroads had struck for higher wages. General Carranza had ordered that they should accept one peso of paper money, that is, ten cents silver, as their daily wage. They refused to do, and struck. Thereupon General Carranza issued a decree, and remember that General Carranza's government is a purely military government, where neither judges nor legislators have power to interfere in any way with what is done by General Carranza and the military authorities who do his bidding. The decree runs in part as follows: "The military authorities not long ago advised the laboring classes that they would not allow the creation of a tyranny so harmful to the welfare of the Mexican Republic as the tyranny of labor. Notwithstanding this the strike of the employees of the electric light company and of others allied to it is a palpable demonstration that the workmen have not wished to be persuaded that they form only a small part of society. The suspension of work becomes illegal the moment that the strike not only serves to bring pressure on capital, but also harms society in direct or indirect manner, as is the case with the present strike. The conduct of the labor union in the present case must be considered as anti-patriotic and criminal, and constitutes without doubt an attack on the public peace. In view of the foregoing I have decreed the following as an addition to the existing code: Besides the disturbers of the public peace punishable by death as heretofore described, the death penalty will also be imposed on the following: Those who may incite the suspension of work in factories or enterprises destined to public service, or who preside over meetings in which it is proposed to discuss or approve such a strike, those who may defend or sustain the same, or who assist in these meetings, and those who endeavor to make the strike effective upon being declared, and those who by threats or force prevent others from rendering their services to the companies or enterprises against which the strike is

declared." In short words, this decree is that inasmuch as Mr. Carranza disapproves of the strike ordered by a certain labor organization, anyone who strikes, or who attends a strikers' meeting, or who gives assistance or aid to the strikers, shall suffer the death penalty—that is, shall be tried by drumhead court-martial and immediately shot. This decree was issued on August 1st last. Yet Mr. Gompers asks the support of the laboring men of the United States for Mr. Wilson on the ground that he is the sponsor of the military tyrant who issued this decree. It is now announced in the press that Mr. Gompers is negotiating with Mr. Carranza in order to get him to withdraw the decree. If so, it will only be until after election. But let all American citizens think deeply before they retain in power an Administration which tolerates such an international alliance as that between Messrs. Wilson, Gompers and Carranza, and such management of its foreign affairs as Mr. Gompers is carrying on with the countenance, and in the interest, of Mr. Wilson.

The welfare of the laboring man and the welfare of the farmer taken together represent the foundation of the national welfare. I have always conscientiously endeavored to do everything in my power for the wageworker who worked with his hands and for the farmer. I will do everything that in me lies for their permanent good, except anything that is wrong, and that I will do for no man. I speak out of my deepest convictions and as conscientiously as it is in my power to speak when I say to you that I believe that Mr. Wilson's action in connection with the Adamson bill is deeply prejudicial to the real and permanent interests of the laboring man. I say to you with deepest conviction that if you yourself will look back you will find that on the average, the wageworker has prospered more when this country has been under a protective tariff than when the protective tariff has been so low as not to give protection to our immense and varied industries; and above all, to the men working in those industries. As you know, I have always stood for the benefit was reasonably shared between the men in the front office and the men who receive the pay envelopes. I stand for that division now. But there must be something to divide, or nobody will get anything.

I ask you to look back only two short years. Mr. Wilson was inaugurated as President three years ago last spring. He and his party immediately passed a low tariff law. Under it Government receipts fell off so alarmingly that there was a great deficit which had to be met by a special tax. This was later called a war tax; but it was not due to the war at all; the decrease in receipts was prior to the war, it was a deficiency tax pure and simple. As some one pointed out at the time, Canada had a war with no tax; whereas we had a tax with no war. It was purely a deficiency tax.

During the first eighteen months of this Administration the national business went to pieces, the sidings on the railroads were jammed with empty cars, and the number of employees in every great industry grew to appalling dimensions. I speak here of what I personally know; for less than two years ago I had to take an active part in New York in measures to relieve the unemployed. I then saw municipal lodging houses crowded to overflowing with people desirous of working, who could not get any work, and who did not have enough money to pay for the poorest lodging or the cheapest meals. The unemployed were numbered not by the thousands, but the scores of thousands; and I was in active correspondence with men and women in other cities, Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia, where the conditions were just as bad as in New York. Every kind of provision had to be made, by private charities and by the public authorities, in order to care for the multitude of people who wished to work but who were in dire want because there was no work. The misery was widespread. For instance, the Board of Health of New York, had to pass a special resolution allowing the eating of horse meat (I think the exact phraseology gave permission to fatten old horses for slaughter and food), because every effort had to be made to give to those out of work the cheapest food that would sustain life. Remember that those times were normal. There was then no war. We were at peace. We were simply experiencing the normal results of legislative action under Mr. Wilson and the Democratic administration.

The suffering was widespread throughout this country. Suddenly the war came. At one stroke this country was granted a measure of protection greater than any it had ever received under any tariff in its history. Moreover, the demand for munitions of war was stimulated to such an enormous degree as to completely reverse trade conditions. For example, comparing the fiscal years ending June 30, 1914, and June 30, 1916, that is the year before the war and the year that has just elapsed, the losses in ordinary exports during the last year, compared to the former, were over two hundred million dollars; whereas there was a gain in exports of war material of nearly two billion dollars. If it were not for these artificial conditions, the suffering from unemployment in this country at this time would in all probability be as great as it was in 1914, and we would have seen two or three years of an industrial crisis at least as bad as any we have ever known in our history. The present stimulus is artificial. It will cease with the war conditions coming to an end. It will then be difficult to avoid some suffering anyhow. If Mr. Wilson is kept in office, this suffering will doubtless be prolonged and acute.

In short, you miners of Pennsylvania, I appeal to you, and I appeal to all wageworkers of the United States, both in the name of sound American citizenship, and also in the name of your real and permanent self-interest. No American citizen can afford to put the stamp of his approval on any law supposed to be passed for the benefit of anybody without investigation, under duress of threats or fear of the loss of political power. I ask any men who are tempted to approve of the politician, big or little, whom they think has helped them by doing wrong in their interest, to remember that the man who for his profit does wrong in your interest will just as unhesitatingly do wrong against your interest, if ever he thinks it to his profit to do so.

In the old days, thirty years ago, when I lived on a cow ranch in the short-grass country, the branding iron and the cowboy took the place of fences, and our herds were managed by branding each calf with the brand of the cow it followed. If the calf was not branded the first year, then the next year when it was un-

branded yearling, it was called a maverick. By range law we were supposed to brand each maverick with the brand of the ranch on which it was found. One day I was riding across a neighbor's ranch with a puncher I had just hired, and we came across a maverick. We got down our ropes, threw the maverick, and built a little fire of sage-brush to heat one of the cinch rings, and the puncher started to run on the brand. I said: "Put on the thistle brand"—the brand of the range we were on. He answered: "All right, boss, I know my business;" and in another minute he had put on my brand, remarking: "I always put on the boss' brand." I answered: "Well—go back to the ranch and get your time." He jumped up and said: "What's that for? I was putting on your brand, wasn't I?" I answered: "Yes, my friend; you were putting on my brand, and if you will steal for me you will steal from me!"

This is a good rule to remember, for laboring men, farmers, professional men, business men, for all citizens of the United States, in dealing with their public servants. If a public servant will do wrong to please any particular class, it may be taken as absolutely certain that he will do wrong against the interest of that particular class whenever it becomes to his own profit to do so.

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