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THE RECORD MADE BY ALCOHOLISM

ALL HOSPITALS ARE CROWDED WITH INSANE AND MENTAL DEFECTIVES FOR CARE.

THE FIGURES ARE STARTLING

Read the Results Found By the Commission Which Made Its Report To the Legislature.

At the legislative session of 1913 an act was passed creating a commission to investigate the extent of feeble-mindedness, epilepsy and insanity in Michigan, to determine their causes and to suggest methods whereby the state could deal with these evils. That insanity, feeble-mindedness and juvenile delinquency are closely related to alcoholism was proved by the following extracts taken from the printed report of the commission which was presented to the legislature of 1915:

Could the present day direct influence of alcohol and syphilis be abolished the state would be relieved of the care of nearly a fourth of the cases of insanity now yearly admitted to the Michigan State Hospitals.

The beneficial effects which would result in other directions from the removal of these two factors alone are impossible to more than surmise; but without doubt there would be a tremendous lessening in future generations of the insanity which develops on the foundation of a defective nervous and mental organization such as manic depressive insanity, epilepsy and feeble-mindedness.

The Commission is able in this report to consider the influence of alcohol only as it is a cause or factor in the production of the cases of insanity which are admitted to the State Hospitals for the Insane.

It should not escape attention that the numerous cases of alcoholic intoxication and delirium tremens, which are problems of increasing importance in all communities of the state, are also due to the effect of alcohol upon the nervous system. All are mental disturbances due to alcohol and the cases of insanity admitted to the State Hospitals give only a slight suggestion of its importance in its relation to the health of the individuals and the state.

No thorough study of its influence could warrant any other conclusion than that it is the most active influence present in our social life for the production of poverty, criminality and physical and nervous degeneracy.

Michigan has no institution for the special treatment of alcoholic habits or inebriety. A statute enacted by the legislature of 1913 makes it possible for this class to enter the State Hospitals for treatment, but only a small number have been admitted under this act.

In the vicinity of Detroit, two large hospitals, the Wayne County Hospital and St. Joseph's Retreat, annually treat a considerable number of acute and periodic forms of alcoholic intoxication. Only the more prolonged forms of alcoholic mental disorders and definitely insane conditions due to alcohol are treated in any numbers in the State Hospitals for the Insane. Only exceptionally are cases of delirium tremens admitted.

Alcohol was the direct cause of the insanity of 150 individuals who were admitted to the Michigan State Hospitals in the year 1913-14. Alcoholic insanity constituted 8.4 per cent of 1,773 patients admitted during that period.

The greater proportion of alcoholic insanity comes from cities of larger population. Those having a population of 10,000 or more furnish 66.8 per cent of the cases of insanity due to alcohol or drugs.

The indirect influence of alcohol is shown in the occurrence of alcoholism of more than ordinary degree among the ancestors and families of 9.9 per cent of all cases of insanity admitted for treatment.

The comparative frequency of insanity due to alcohol is considerably less in Michigan than in those states in which the population is largely entered in cities. Alcohol was given the sole cause in 13.9 per cent of the cases of insanity admitted to the State Hospitals for the Insane in Massachusetts in 1914 and in New York 15.1 per cent of the admissions were due to alcohol.

Respectfully submitted,
ALBERT M. BARRETT, M. D.,
Chairman,
Director of the State Psychopathic Hospital.
JNO. L. BURKART, M. D.,
Secretary,
Secretary of State Board of

Health.
FRED L. KEELER,
Superintendent of Public Institutions.
M. T. MURRAY,
Secretary of the State Board of Correction and Charities.

Personal liberty appeals only to the man who who would exploit the public interests for private gain.
When the junk dealer calls out "Bottles and Rags," there's a reason. Point out the men who have been taught moderation in a saloon.
Every "dry" city needs a "dry" state around it.

"SHELLAC YOUR KIDNEYS"

Dr. Bowers Tells the Beer Drinkers Some Facts.

A distinguished physician, Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, recently wrote about beer as follows:

"We used to think that we got all the rosin with which we varnished our kidney cells from the pitch lining of the beer barrels. But now we know that we get our kidney shellac from the hops in the beer. In addition to their deleterious effect upon the kidneys, these secretions act powerfully and disastrously upon the nervous system.

"Now, the hop belongs to the hemp group, and is closely related to Indian hemp. On the female blossoms of Indian hemp, as on the female blossoms of hops, we find glands holding a narcotic, sticky, bitter-tasting substance, which is the active element of hashish.

"Hashish is used largely by the various Mohammedan peoples of West and South Africa and in the Malay Archipelago for narcotic purposes in the intermediary stage—before complete stupefaction sets in—these hemp habits become dangerously violent, even to running amuck with a huge crooked-bladed dagger, stabbing and slashing, until they are mercifully killed in their tracks."

SUPPRESSING THE TRUTH

Montana Saloon Interests Charged With Doing It

In a news letter the Montana Anti-Saloon League Press Bureau says: "News is being suppressed by wholesale in this state, and it is being done by the money of the saloon interests. The anti-saloon people want the public informed as to what is going on, and we are not so selfish as to insist that only one kind of news be published.

"We are willing that both sides of this question should be given publicity, but the saloon people insist that nothing shall get into print that is not favorable to them. Our view is different. We do not ask the suppression of things that do not support our contentions.

"If Bill Jones, somewhere in the state, leaps up against a soda fountain and soaks himself full of lemon pop and then goes out in frenzy and shoots up the town, we won't insist that the soda pop business shall be protected by suppressing this news. If John Smith goes into a restaurant and buys beefsteak after beefsteak, and then goes home at daylight as a result and chokes his wife and cuts the baby's throat, let the papers print the facts.

"If our old friend Brown goes into a clothing store Saturday night to buy a collar and finds the gang there, and buys them socks and shirts and ties until his pay check is all gone and he winds up in jail, we won't insist on the papers protecting the fair name of the clothing merchant. And wherever increased happiness and prosperity and respect for law have followed the opening of new saloons, we'll regard the news as of such interest that we'll complain if it is NOT published.

"We are perfectly willing to be fair. We are willing to stand for all the news they can dig up about the evil effects of total abstinence if they will only give us the other side as well."

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. EMPNEY.

The man who sleeps in church doesn't always dream of heaven.

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

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

This past week has been pretty much broken up by potato digging, chicken-pox, and various other contagious profitable and unprofitable. Return trips will have to be made to the schools thus afflicted.

If Eveline township still holds the banner for school progress we must also yield a blue ribbon and doff our caps to Melrose. Four schools of the five have made wonderful initial improvement during the past year and three of the five are candidates for Standard Plates with the lines well drawn.

Melrose No. 1, has new seats well placed, a new hardwood floor, a drinking fountain which the director says they thank the teacher for, and the blackboard just right for the little folks. The Easton school has a big problem to solve but they are working on the matter all the time.

Walloon Lake school now has 18 per cent one side lighting in the upper room and 19 per cent side and rear light in the primary room, a new floor in the grammar grade room, and new seats for the primary, a new covered porch and double roller translucent shades. Their furnace supplies a splendid supply of fresh air but they have still to solve the question of disposing adequately of the foul air. This is the first school in which the teachers have been able to answer "Yes" to the question, "Does the school board furnish a sweeping compound?"

Clarion school has a new furnace splendidly installed with hot air registers in side wall, fresh air coming from the big outdoors and foul air flues approved by state architects. The children are happy and the teachers tell of improved school spirit all around. The buildings are freshly painted in attractive colors and the outbuildings screened.

The Curfew school, Melrose No. 5, has new seats for the small folks and the seats all reset absolutely correct. They have moved the heater to the opposite corner for improved ventilation with a little less smoke, have a splendid new book case and above all have plans for the future.

Bay township schools are enjoying the potato digging epidemic all but one.

The Horton Bay school was closed when the Com'r arrived but she was in time to see unpacked 42 brand new seats single adjustables with steel frames the very best that the American Seating Co. had in stock. Maybe it is 20 years since any furniture of this kind has been seen in this neighborhood but say it looks as if this district know how to do things right when they do start. The director says they are going to paint the woodwork, too, so the seats won't be the only improvement of the year.

M. S. T. A. at Grand Rapids Nov. 2nd and 3rd. Fine inspiration for the teaching force of our state.

A new cement approach at Three Bells.

The Melrose township teacher's meeting was held in Walloon Lake on the afternoon of Tuesday the 17th. Everyone on time but the Com'r and they made her pretty sorry after she got there even if she wasn't when Josephus loitered on the way.

Charlevoix County Teacher's Institute will be held in East Jordan, the big speaker to be Miss Schreiber of Boston, Mass., scheduled for Jan. 10th. She is worth it. Start boosting now.

Two schools in Marion twp., visited this week.

The Johnson school, Marion No. 3, has done away with the old platform by either burying it or using it for kindling, and a piece of new hardwood floor appears in its place level with the rest of the room plan. The room has been tinted too and has developed a case of new baseboarditis. Would new seats in this school help in the appearance of the room, or the health and comfort of the pupils?

Marion No. 4, which is the Nowland school has covered the approach to the basement, has a new floor and newly plastered walls. This is a small district but we have been given to understand unofficially that the plan is to work every summer for a period of two or three years with the plans carefully made. Any school district following this plan can get there at the end of that time. It is not always the number of soldiers but the plan of the general

that wins the fight. Three cheers for the school board that is working with an aim in view.

A number of Hallowe'en Socials are being planned by busy teachers here and there. Among those reported are those of Deer Lake with Miss Norma Johnson as teacher, and at Heart Lake with Miss Ethel Sanford as teacher.

Clarion school teachers, Miss Mary Hale and Guy Waiters conducted a silver medal temperance contest last Thursday.

NOTICE TO VOTERS

In an opinion just received from the Attorney General, he says that a registration in East Jordan will not be necessary. This will necessarily change the date from November 4 to Oct. 28th. However, notice having been given for the former date, the Attorney General advises to hold registration on both dates.

The first notices posted, were printed by a firm who make it their business to keep posted on election laws, but they seem to have been mistaken this time.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Registration Notice

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

Saturday, October 28th, 1916

At the places in the several Wards of said City as indicated below, viz:
FIRST WARD—Passenger Building
SECOND WARD—Town Hall
THIRD WARD—Hose House

For the purpose of registering the names of all persons who shall be possessed of the necessary qualifications of electors and who may apply for that purpose.

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

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

IMPORTANT
Any qualified elector may register and be eligible to vote if he shall appear in person before the City Clerk or other person in charge of the Registration Books, and take the oath required as to qualification, and request that his name be registered.

Blanks for this form of registration can be had at the City Clerk's office. 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.

Dated this 20th day of Oct. A. D. 1916

OTIS J. SMITH,
Clerk of the City of East Jordan, Michigan.

There are sermons in stones—also ice cream in bricks.

You may have noticed that the friends who are willing to lend you money are those who have no money to lend. One seldom sees a woman on the street without a shopping bag. This should be sufficient warning to old bachelors.

Any small boy knows more about his big sister in a minute than a man can find out during a year of courtship.

ELECTION NOTICE.

To the Qualified Electors of the City of East Jordan, State of Michigan, notice is hereby given that the next ensuing General Election will be held on

TUESDAY, NOV. 7, A. D. 1916

At the places in the several wards or precincts of said city, as indicated below, viz.:

First Ward—at Passenger Building
Second Ward—at Town Hall
Third Ward—at Hose House

For the purpose of electing the following officers, viz.:

Presidential—Fifteen Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.
State—One Governor; one Lieutenant Governor; one Secretary of State; one State Treasurer; one Auditor General; one Attorney General; one Justice of the Supreme Court (to fill vacancy).

Congressional—One United States Senator; one Representative in Congress, for the Congressional district of which said city forms a part.

Legislative—One Senator in the State Legislature for the Senatorial District of which said city forms a part; one Representative in the State Legislature for the Representative District of which said city forms a part.

County—One Judge of Probate; one Sheriff; one County Clerk; one County Treasurer; one Register of Deeds; one Prosecuting Attorney; one Circuit Court Commissioner; one County Surveyor; one County Drain Commissioner; one County Road Commissioner; Also for the purpose of voting upon the following propositions, viz.:

To amend Article XVI of the Constitution, by adding thereto a section to be known as Section 11, providing for prohibition in the state forever of the manufacture, sale, keeping for sale, giving away, bartering or furnishing of any vinous, malt, brewed, fermented, spirituous or intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical, scientific or sacramental purposes.

To amend Article VIII of the Constitution by adding thereto a section to be known as Section 30, providing that every incorporated city and village and organized township shall each have the right to determine whether or not there shall be prohibited therein the manufacture and sale of malt, brewed, fermented, vinous, distilled or intoxicating liquors.

To amend section 30 of Article V of the Constitution, relative to right of repeal of local or special acts by the Legislature.

To amend Article XII of the Constitution by adding thereto a section to be known as Section 10, requiring the legislature to provide by law for the incorporation, regulation and supervision of fraternal benefit societies.

WOMEN ELECTORS

Should there be any proposition or propositions to vote upon at said election involving the direct expenditure of public money or the issue of bonds, every woman who possesses the qualifications of male electors and owns property assessed for taxes or owns property subject to taxation jointly with her husband or with any other person, or who owns property on contract and pays taxes thereon, all such property being located somewhere within the district or territory to be affected by the result of said election, will be entitled to vote upon such proposition or propositions, provided her name is duly registered in the voting precinct above designated.

The Polls of said election will be open at 7 o'clock a. m., and will remain open until 5 o'clock p. m. of said day of election.

Dated October 21, 1916.

OTIS J. SMITH, Clerk of the City of East Jordan, Michigan.

Voting by Mail

How to do it—with special reference to the election Nov. 7, 1916.
Who are entitled to vote by mail.
(Excerpt from Act No. 270, Public Acts of 1915)

Section 1. For the purpose of this act the term "Absent Voter" shall be taken to mean any elector in the actual military service of the United States or of this State, or in the army or navy thereof, in time of war, insurrection or rebellion, members of the legislature while in attendance at any session of the Legislature, students while in attendance at any institution of learning, and commercial travelers who are absent from their legal residence upon the day of any general, special or primary election, and who are qualified electors of this State, as contemplated by section one of article three of the Constitution. The term "Commercial Traveler" shall be taken to mean a person engaged in soliciting the sale of goods, by the exhibition of samples, or by catalogue or other device, for the purpose of effecting such sales and taking orders for goods to be subsequently shipped by his employer.

Sec. 2. Any absent voter, as defined by Section one of this act, who will be entitled to vote on election day, who is absent from the county of which he is an elector, on the day of holding any general, special or primary election, held for the purpose of nominating or electing national, state, legislative, county, township, city, village or other municipal officers, or for the adoption or rejection of constitutional amendments or other propositions submitted, may vote at any such election, upon compliance with the provisions of this law.

HOW VOTER SHOULD PROCEED

Any voter coming within the provisions given above, "expecting to be absent from the county on Nov. 7, 1916 and desiring to vote by mail at said election, must make application either in person or by mail to the undersigned City Clerk, for a blank form to be filled out by said voter so as to constitute an application in proper form, for ballots to be voted at said election. If this request be made by mail, it may be in the following form:—
To the Clerk of the City of East Jordan
Please mail to my address given below, a suitable blank form for use in making application for ballot to be voted by myself in the ... Ward (No. ...) of the City of East Jordan, Nov. 7, 1916, under provisions of Act 270, Public Acts of 1915.

My name Address

WHEN TO MAKE APPLICATION TO CITY CLERK FOR BALLOT
Application for ballots on the form provided by the City Clerk can be made at any time within thirty days prior to the date of election, provided it reaches the City Clerk in time for mailing out the ballots.
Upon receipt of the blank application form, the voter must fill it out fully and completely and mail the same to the City Clerk at the address given below, or deliver in person to said Clerk.
CITY CLERK TO MAIL INITIALED BALLOT TO APPLICANT
As soon as the ballots are printed, and at least ten days before the election the City Clerk will mail to said applicant the ballots to be voted by said applicant at said General Election, provided the applicant is duly registered or will be a qualified elector at said election.

HOW VOTER SHOULD PREPARE BALLOT

Upon receipt of the ballots, the elector should proceed to mark the ballots in accordance with his choice, FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN, after which he will fold them so that the corner bearing the initials of the City Clerk may be seen without unfolding the ballot, which he will place in an envelope sent him for the purpose and securely seal name. Upon the back of this envelope will be found a blank affidavit, which the voter must fill out and swear to before a notary public or other person authorized to administer oaths. The envelope is then to be mailed to the City Clerk and must be sent sufficiently early so as to reach the City Clerk in time to be delivered by him to the Board of Election Inspectors, before the closing of the polls on election day.

WHEN ABSENT VOTER RETURNING, CAN VOTE IN PERSON

No absent voter returning to his place of residence, will be prohibited from voting in person within his precinct, Notwithstanding That He May Have Made Application For an Absent Voter's Ballot or Ballots and the Same May Have Been Mailed by the Said Clerk; Provided, That such voter has not availed himself of the privilege of an absent voter, as provided by this act, and voted ballot or ballots mailed him by the said clerk, and provided he return such ballot, or ballots, if received, to the board by whom same shall be marked "cancelled" and placed in the regular ballot boxes with other ballots. By Opinion of Attorney General, Members of the National Guard Are Not Entitled to Absent Voter's Ballots Under This Law.

Dated the 7th day of Oct. A. D. 1916.

OTIS J. SMITH,
Clerk of the said City of East Jordan.

My office is located at Post-Office Building in said city.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Tuesday evening, Oct. 17, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

Elec. Light Co., balance on lighting, \$ 3.40
E. Jordan Lbr. Co., mdse, 18.80
Agt. Md. Casualty Co., surety bond, 5.00
State Bank of E. J. Ins. on town hall, 20.70

The following resolution was offered by Commissioner Lancaster, who moved its adoption, seconded by Commissioner Gidley:

Whereas, all poplar trees along Main and other streets in the city of East Jordan, interfere with the sidewalks, pavement and sewers of said city, and are considered by this commission to be a public nuisance, therefore,

Resolved, That property owners be, and hereby are, requested to remove said trees or consent to their removal.

Adopted by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan on the 17th day of October, A. D. 1916, by an aye and nay vote as follows:

Ayes—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster.
Nays—None.

On Motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Talk is cheap, but like other cheap things it is apt to prove expensive in the end.

TAFT EXCORIATES HIS SUCCESSOR

Asserts the Democratic Party and Its Candidate Are Seeking a Vote to Power by Disingenuous and Unsound Pleas.

LEFT CLEAN SLATE FOR WRITING MEXICAN POLICY

Former President Declares That the Passage Under Duress of the Adamson Bill Was One of the Greatest National Humiliations to Which Our Country Has Ever Been Subjected.

Declaring that the campaign of 1916 is as important as the campaign of 1896 and resembles that campaign in that the Democratic party and its candidate are seeking a vote of power for disingenuous, unsound, but alluring reason, William H. Taft, former President of the United States, delivered the opening address of the New Jersey Republican state campaign at Trenton.

Mr. Taft said, in part: "The great public advantage in organization and combination of capital and of wage-earners we all recognize. The power they acquire may, however, become so great as to tempt to serious abuse and public injury, and they have done so. Hence, we have had the anti-trust law and the interstate commerce law, directed chiefly against combinations of capital but effecting in some measure combinations of labor. Labor leaders have sought exemption from such laws as a privileged class, and in some cases they have been successful. While Mr. Wilson in one of his memorandums attached to an appropriation bill avowed his opposition to such class legislation, he united with the Democratic Congress in passing, at the demand of the unions, the Clayton Act, which, the labor leader's claim, takes unions out of the limitations of the Trust Act.

"Unwise subservency to the demands of leaders of organized labor finds its crowning instance, however, in Mr. Wilson's dealing with the threatened strike of the Railway Orders of conductors, engineers, trainmen and switchmen. The orders claim to control 400,000 men, who run the freight and passenger trains of the country, which constitute the arterial circulation of commerce, and are necessary not only to the business but to the health and life of the people. Were these men able to tie up the railways of the country, as they said they could and would, it would mean enormous loss in business, and great deprivation and suffering to the public. It would mean that many millions of other workmen would be thrown out of employment, and lose the high wages they are now receiving, because without commerce local industries cannot proceed. The Railway union said to the railway president 'We wish an eight-hour day, with ten hours' pay, and if we work more than eight hours, we demand 50 per cent more an hour for the extra hours. If you do not give us this, we will not only injure you, but we will bring disaster to the country.' The railway managers refused the demand, but offered to submit it to arbitration. They said it would increase their cost of operation \$60,000,000, and that this would have to come out of the pockets of the railway stockholders, by a reduction of profits, or out of the shipping public by an increase of rates. The labor leaders said they had had arbitration in the past and that it was not satisfactory that now unless their demands were fully granted, no power under heaven could prevent the strike, with its disastrous consequences. Under the duress of the threat, the President of the United States and Congress of the United States succumbed. It was one of the greatest national humiliations to which the people of this country have ever been subjected. It struck most a blow at the principle of arbitration for the settlement of industrial disputes.

"Mr. Wilson as a publicist, attacked the enactment of a federal child labor law as an absurd extravagance, and a departure from constitutional limitations, and now within the last sixty days he has personally visited Congress to urge the adoption of exactly such a measure.

"For the purpose of evading responsibility for present conditions, it is advanced in behalf of Mr. Wilson and the Democratic Administration that the conditions in Mexico were an inheritance from the last Administration. The last Administration did nothing to complicate Mr. Wilson's problems. Huerta had been twelve days in power when Mr. Wilson came in. Up to that time nothing had been done committing the government to one policy or another. Had the Republican administration been continued, Huerta would have been recognized, but with only twelve days before the coming in of a new Administration, it would have been entirely improper and inconsiderate for the outgoing Administration to commit the incoming to any policy on the subject. Mr. Wilson cannot shift the blame for his blunders in Mexico. He had a clean slate upon which to write when he came in.

FINNEGAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Purging the Heart.

"Yes sir. He's like the patriarchs. Which iv them? All iv them. He smites the Civil Service Rock and refreshin' jobs gushes fourth for thirsty but dishurvin' Dimycrats. He blows on a horn an' ivrythin' falls for ut. If the people call him iver so soft, Little Samuel had no quicker ear. An' for sacryficin' what's dear to his heart, Abraham had nawthin' on him. Sure he is Dimocrey's shield an' exceedin' great reward.

"'Tis his Presbyteryan bringin' up. I'm thinkin' 'Furst he adopts a policy; thin he thries to justify it, thin he sanctifies it wid a pphrase, while a choir iv Dishurvin' Dimycrats sings a hymn. An' there ye are. Justification, Adoption an' Sankty-ficashun.

"The choir me'd great harmony whin Jim Smith, George Harvey an' Bill Brine was all in ut. But wan he wan their v'ices cracked an' they passed out iv the life iv the great Idyllist.

"Harvey went back to editin' an' Bill Brine went in search iv the Howly Kale. McCombs was canned, because him an' Billy McAdoo cudden sing a duet, an' Oscar Underwood was weak on Tariff ragtime. But Wudthrow dicorated thim all. Wid f'what say ye? Wid the Order iv the Double Cross. O—ho. I mind well the time at the Manhattan Club, whin he kissed Brine an' kicked Harvey wid wan motion. Now the choir has, what Wudthrow calls 'the vital stuffs iv life.' Stone an' McAdoo; Daniels an' Jim Ham Lewis, wid Redfield for the high falsetto. Wudthrow sits wid his hands crossed while the stuffs sings songs iv praise, an' Col. House winds the Victrola.

"Wudthrow is fond iv music, but Colonel House himself is the quiet man. Faith av he danced a Clog on a Washbiler ye'd never hear a sound.

"Well, wan night in August the Colonel come tiptoein' in through the basement dure.

"'How's the game, Colonel?' says Wudthrow. 'So-so,' the Colonel says. 'Ye might round up a few more votes,' says he, scratchin' his ear wid an' absent air.

"'Aint I got the full dinner-pall?' axes Wudthrow, anxious like. 'All that's forgot the first two year and a half,' says House pleasantly. 'Aint I kep' em out o' war?' axes Wudthrow. 'Part o' th' time,' says House rubbin' his left shin wid the felt-slipper on his right foot. 'Aint my voice our greatest liquid asset?' axes Wilson earnestly. 'It's some voice,' says House, 'but a lot iv suckers can't tell a asset fr'm an' l'ibility, the Colonel says.'

"'F'what are ye drivin' at,' says Wilson, four flushing a little.

"'Arre ye watchin' the strike?' says House. 'Half a millyun votes might be usef'ul,' says House, tiptoein' out through the dure, an' closin' ur behind him.

"Well, Sir, he left Wudthrow sunk in profound midtashun. At last he spakes. 'I hear,' he says, in a low sweet tone 'that v'ice iv the people, which is to me as the v'ice of a Carnegie Penshun.' 'Oh,' he says thrillin' in ivry nerve, 'must I indade sacryfice wan more idol,' says he, 'on the altar iv me Country!'" says Wudthrow.

"'Was not the Wan Turn Plank,' he says; 'an' the Sugar Tax,' he says; 'an' the Tariff for Rev'noo,' he says; 'an' all me friends, beside,' says he, 'sixteen perf'y good Mexican Policies—was not all thim enough?' he axes in agony. 'But I will purge me Heart iv ivry pers'nal t'ought,' says he, startin' for bed. An' before he retires, he takes a Heart Purge iv his own invinshun the way it 'll work while he sleeps. I dinnav f'what the purge is. 'Tis a secret.

"In the morn he was puzzled. He wanted a great sacryfice of a principle, dear to his heart, but he'd used most iv thim already, an' he felt that this was no time for second thund or slightly damaged sacryfices. So he sends for House. 'Colonel,' says he, 'f'what pur-principle d'yr think wid be an' acceptable sacryfice in this gr-rent moral imarginity?' he axes anxiously.

"'Whisper,' says the Colonel. And he said wan wurd in Wudthrow's ear, and faded silently away through the dure.

"'For wan instant Wudthrow stud spellbound. Thin he burrit' into a whoop; 'The Ram in the Bushes,' cries he wid tears iv J'y.

"'T'was an' impressive ceremony whin the sacryfise was solemnized at the Capitol.

"The processtion started f'om the White House wid the Prisdint walkin' ahead carryin' the Ram in wan hand an' a box iv Safety-First matches in th' other. He was followed by a coon bearin' four gold pans, and behind came four Union Chiefs ridin' on milk white steeds followed by a group iv Railroad Prisdints, Stock Holders, Farmers, Shippers and Consumers, loaded wid chains. After a short sermon to Congress on 'Purgin' the Heart,' the Prisdint laid the Ram on th' altar, an' impressively stabbed it wid the four gold pens while the choir sang Holy, Holy, Holy. The Prisdint handed the gold pens to the four chiefs wid a bow; Jim Ham lit the wood an' wiped up the blood, an' the sacryfise was complete.

"'What was the Ram?' say ye. 'T'was a pet baste Wudthrow used to graze in the White House lawn. 'T'was th' idol iv his heart. He named it Arbritashun. It was the Ram, an' all the people was the goat.'

HARVEY REDHOT FOR HUGHES

Spousal by Distinguished Editor of the Cause of the Republican Candidate a Significant Campaign Feature.

ORIGINAL WILSON BOOSTER

He Takes This Action Not Because He is the Victim of Ingratitude But Because Wilson Stands for Wilson First and Col. Harvey Cannot Assist in the Betrayal of His Country for the Gratification of Personal Ambition—A Democrat's Patriotic Stand.

The avowal of the cause of Mr. Hughes by Colonel George Harvey is one of the distinct features of the present campaign. It would be significant in itself that a man of his prestige, who had always trained with the Democratic party, had espoused the cause of the Republican candidate. But in Mr. Harvey's case the significance is very much greater, as well as the importance of the event. He has been not only a Democrat, but a Wilson Democrat. Moreover, he was the first man of prominence to advocate the election of Woodrow Wilson as President, and for many years one of the closest friends and advisers of the present occupant of the White House. Mr. Harvey not only proposed Mr. Wilson for the Presidency, but as early as 1910 interested United States Senator Smith, a Democratic leader of New Jersey, in Mr. Wilson, and this resulted in the Wilson nomination and election as Governor of New Jersey.

Mr. Harvey not only comes out for Mr. Hughes, but gives very intelligent reasons for his action in the current number of his "North American Review." In his judgment there are two vital questions to be answered before election. One is, which of the two great parties at this particular juncture in our progress as a nation is the better equipped and the more likely to render the highest public service? The other is, which of the two designated leaders is the more certain to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States? Such an issue as the Democrats claim, that Mr. Wilson has kept us out of war and therefore is entitled to reelection is brushed aside as something that has no proper place in the mind of the voter of this year. In Mr. Harvey's judgment, only the most insane partisan would venture

Satisfy!—that's a new thing for a cigarette to do

It's nothing for a cigarette to just taste good—lots of cigarettes may do that. But Chesterfields do more—they satisfy! Just like a thick, juicy steak satisfies when you're hungry.

Yet, with all that, Chesterfields are MILD!

No other cigarette can give you this new enjoyment (satisfy, yet mild), for the good reason that no cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend—an entirely new combination of tobaccos and the most important development in cigarette blending in 20 years.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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



to suggest a possibility of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Hughes inciting or inviting War with any European or Asiatic Power, and therefore there is no fair issue between them on this question. There are three elements that are involved in the answers to these two questions, those of military and industrial preparedness, government by and for the people, and national honor and opportunity. So far as all of these are concerned, the answer is the same: Mr. Hughes is the man who should be chosen from each and every standpoint—both as the representative of the Republican party and as an individual. The best interests of the country are to be served by his election.

Mr. Harvey calls attention to the fact that the utter absence of self-seeking on the part of Mr. Hughes throughout his entire career, confirms the belief that he does, in fact, from the very nature of his being, stand for "America first."

On the other hand, no less surely and most disappointingly, happenings of the past two years culminating in the betrayal of his country for the gratification of personal ambition, prove incontrovertibly that Mr. Wilson stands for Wilson first. That is Mr. Harvey's opinion. In his judgment there is no need to seek a conclusion; it finds itself. The summing up of the situation is that upon the clearly-marked issues as between the candidates, there is no reason why any professed Republican, any thoughtful Progressive or any principled Democrat should not, and every reason why every patriotic Republican should vote for Mr. Hughes for President.

Such advice from such a source should make a deep impression upon the American electorate. It certainly is not given through any prejudice against Mr. Wilson, for its author would naturally be predisposed in favor of the President. Nor does it come from any lack of knowledge of Mr. Wilson's methods and intent. The intimacy of the two men has been too long and too close to admit of any lack of knowledge on Mr. Harvey's part. The man who, as Mr. Wilson's friend, first started the movement for him for President, now, after a test of Mr. Wilson in the White House, advises the American people to vote for Mr. Hughes. There should be no hesitancy on the part of the voters to follow this advice.

Mr. Wilson has become so thoroughly neutral that he looks with grave suspicion on the American contention in any international dispute.

The President "has kept us out of war," but would you like to have him boss the job if someone should force war on us?

Did you ever see a salponkeeper's laughter who was proud of her father's business?

The President must be credited with having put a slick one over if he can get the votes and make the people pay the freight.

Latin politeness is proverbial, but aren't these Mexican commissioners exceeding the limit when they persist in likening Woodrow Wilson to Venustiano Carranza?

Mr. Wilson used four pens to affix his signature to the Adamson bill, a souvenir for each of the brotherhood's chiefs. The public's souvenir will be in the form of an added tax amounting, say, to fifty million dollars a year, or fifty cents a head for every man, woman and child.

In a speech to 2,000 negroes at Nashville, Tenn., Mr. Hughes said: "We want honesty with respect to the ballot. I want an honest and a pure ballot. I say to you, that I stand, if I stand for anything, for equal and exact justice to all. I stand for the maintenance of the rights of all American citizens regardless of race or color." The saddest and sorest people in the land are the negroes who voted for Wilson four years ago. And there were a lot of them.

Election of Hughes Means Peace With Honor—Not War, Not Peace With Infamy.

"We have heard in recent days that the alternative of the policy of the present Administration is war. I think the alternative of the present administration is peace with honor. I am a man devoted to the pursuits of peace. We cherish the ideals of peace. We entertain no thoughts of aggression; we are not covetous, we are not exploiters, but we are Americans, and American rights must be maintained throughout the world. That is the cornerstone of our security; that is the essential basis of peace. We are not counting struggle, but I do say in all seriousness that we have been living in a period of national humiliation.

"Our citizens have been murdered, their property destroyed and our commerce interrupted. The alternative of a weak and vacillating policy is not war; it is a firm insistence on known rights in a world where all nations desire our friendship and we desire the friendship of all, and where only inexcusable blundering could drag us into strife." —Charles E. Hughes at Union League Club reception in New York City, October 8.

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and ptomain-like poisons are formed and sucked into the blood.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject. Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses sweats and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

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—Relief comes so quickly.

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.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad, 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 Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue, and Capelle, his lawyer, interrupted by Helen while stealing General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound General Holmes and escape. Storm and Helen chase the murderers on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to inform Seagrue where they are cached.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER III.

The death of Helen's father disclosed at once the serious weakness of his monetary affairs. He had developed his valuable railroad properties without capital of his own adequate to finance them. He was the nominal head of great transportation projects; he had been, in truth, the brain and energy of these, but the actual control belonged to eastern bankers who had supplied the funds to put them through. And with General Holmes' death his daughter was brought face to face with this fact.

In the library of her home the attorneys for the estate were already gathered to discuss its affairs. Amos Rhinelander, her father's faithful friend—indeed, the sole friend among the general's many associates that now manifested the slightest interest in the fate of his unfortunate daughter—was present that morning. With him, however, as if to offset the benefit of his presence, was his already criminally compromised nephew, Seagrue.

Helen, who had been summoned to the library, walked down from her room to join the little company.

To Seagrue, who, in apprehension, had absented himself since the night of the tragedy, she never had looked so pleasing as she now did.

Much was in Seagrue's mind, and something of it all reflected itself in his face. A score of times his unprincipled recklessness had led him close to criminal lengths; now, it had carried him from a simple suggestion of theft, unscrupulously assented to, to robbery and murder—the murder of General Holmes himself by Capelle's hired tools. He was as yet too new in his path of crime to feel indifferent to the fearful consequences.

Where he stood, unobserved by the others, he took out of a wallet drawn from his pocket a cuff cut from a shirt and reread a scroll written on it by Spike, his convict accomplice, advising him that the stolen survey was hidden under the south end of Little San Pablo bridge.

With some trivial excuse for absenting himself, Seagrue left the house,



Gave Helen the Message She Asked For.

got in his runaway car and started for the San Pablo bridge. He found the document where Spike had hidden it.

Helen, in the interval, conferring with her attorneys, and with Amos Rhinelander at hand to soften the blow as best he could, was learning bit by bit the completeness of her father's financial ruin through his sudden death. In matter of fact, all that remained of his free assets was the recently allotted block of stock—now an item of merely nominal value—in the new cut-off line. Long after the attorney had gone, Rhinelander remained.

"It's not that the stock is worthless, Helen," he said—they were again together in the library. "If the new line is ever what your father hoped it would be, the investment may yet prove of the greatest value."

Seagrue, during the little talk, had returned and sat examining reports at the other end of the library. He could overhear Rhinelander's reassuring words to Helen. "The Copper Range and Tidewater will continue operations just as fast as money can be raised," his uncle was saying. "We can begin the work of building the cut-off where it leaves the main line. Meantime, we will send out new surveying parties on reconnaissance to try to relocate the pass through the Superstition range. All may come well yet, little girl."

He patted her hand, rose and left her. Seagrue at a distance studied the outline of the slender figure and the striking silhouette of Helen's head and neck as she stood looking out on the rain-beaten landscape. He walked over to where she remained oblivious to his presence and ventured a few carefully chosen words of sympathy. Nothing so despicable, so pusillanimous as this had ever marked his career, but he had groomed himself for anything.

"I am in a position, Helen," he went on, "perhaps a better position than any among your father's friends, to take up his work where he left it off. His murderers are in jail—I will undertake to see to their punishment. His new line can be made a valuable property. I am willing and able to provide the means to put it through. But I am alone, as you know. I care for no one other than you—I've told you that. Let me take your troubles. Be my wife."

"I have told you," she said, looking down but speaking quick and firmly, "that I can't listen to you on that subject. Could you possibly expect me to do so at a moment like this—my father—" her voice faltered—"scarcely buried!"

She put her handkerchief to her face and walked away. Swallowing his humiliation with a resolve to conquer her obstinacy yet, he followed her with his gaze up the stairs. Then he sauntered over to the table at which she had been conferring with his uncle. There lay the bundle of stock certificates. He felt so completely master of the situation that he involuntarily made a gesture as if to tear the batch in two.

Rhinelander, coming into the library at that moment from his room, saw the movement. He took the securities impatiently from Seagrue's hand. "You treat these as if they were waste paper. They are not. On the contrary, if I have my way that cut-off is going to be built," he declared emphatically.

Leaving him, Rhinelander went upstairs to find Helen. "Put these certificates away, my dear," he said with seriousness. "Although they don't stand for much now—" he paused—"some day I may call on you for them."

Seagrue, laughing a little to himself had turned, when his uncle walked away, to light a cigarette. As he did this a servant approached him bearing a shabby-looking, finger-marked note. It bore no address.

Seagrue opened the envelope and read: "Somebody will have to help me out of here—or I'll squeal. No more at present from SPIKE."

It was a blunt shock. But Seagrue knew from what Capelle, his lawyer, had told him, that this man meant always what he said. He pondered his dilemma for a time, decided what must be done, asked a servant for his hat and coat and hastening out headed his car for Cedar Grove, where Spike and Hyde lay incarcerated. Arranging by telephone as soon as he reached the little town for a meeting with Capelle, Seagrue inquired his way to the prison.

The jailer had brought Spike his noonday meal—a dish of stew, a loaf of soggy bread and a tin of coffee—and Spike was settling himself on his iron cot when Seagrue, with the jailer, entered his cell.

Greetings passed between Seagrue and Spike as they met and the two exchanged a few blurring remarks, calculated to mislead the listening official. But Spike's roving eyes riveted themselves gradually on the bunch of jangling keys carried by the jailer in his hand. When the jailer looked his way, the bullet head of Spike was down and his eyes were fixed on the loaf of heavy bread from which he was tearing great chunks to eat. A thought had come into his head and if it could be successfully acted on, it offered a faint hope of escape. Watching his opportunity, he managed after some effort to make Seagrue understand what he wanted, i. e., that he should occupy for a while the jailer's attention.

In the meantime, while Spike's iron jaw was grinding at a chunk of the crust, he was tearing out the center of the loaf of bread with his hand and kneading the dough thus fished within his palm. Seagrue made a good confederate, and without much trouble

engaged the jailer's interest. It was then that Spike, leaning back, managed, undetected, to pass the dough around the key that opened the lock of his own cell; in an instant he had the coveted impression.

A bell warned the jailer that the visitor's time was up. In parting, the confederates shook hands. As they did so, Spike slipped the dough, unobserved, into Seagrue's palm and succeeded in conveying to him by signs an intimation of what he had given him.

Capelle, who had arrived on Seagrue's peremptory summons, at the appointed place, some distance from the jail, awaited Seagrue there with a grin: "Some expedition you've embarked on!"

Seagrue was in no mood for joking. "One you shoved me into," he retorted surlily. He curtly told his confederate what had occurred. Then he drew from his overcoat pocket Spike's handful of dough, showed it to Capelle and explained what it was. "Have a key made tonight from this impression; meet me here tomorrow with it."

The following afternoon Seagrue was again at the jail—this time, ostensibly, to visit Hyde. Passing Spike's cell, a dust coat hanging somewhat ostentatiously from his arm, Seagrue paused to greet him. In doing this to took occasion to lay his fingers on one of the bars of the cell door; as he said good morning the new key dropped from his hand inside the barred door. Spike's foot at once covered it. Moving on, Seagrue let fall from his arm one of the two dust coats which he was in reality carrying. Spike, dropping like a cat on his knee, whipped the fallen garment swiftly in between the bars, and while Seagrue and the jailer remained with Hyde, Spike made a rapid change of clothing.

Slipping into the dust coat he found in one of the pockets a cap and a pair of goggles thoughtfully stowed. And watching his chance for the corridor to be empty, he cautiously unlocked his cell door, peered out and swung



Gave Her a Note to the Agent at Signal Station.

the door noiselessly open. Hardly a moment after the jailer and Seagrue had left Hyde's cell, Spike walked boldly up the corridor—his avenue of escape was open.

In Helen's home two days practically completed the rapid tragedy of her changed circumstances. Her maid, whom she told she could no longer keep, had gone in tears—and the country seat as well as the town house had been given over with furnishings to creditors. Vans stood backed up in the front driveways and the library itself, scene of her cruellest mistreatment, was being dismantled by moving men on the morning that Rhinelander met her there for the last time to discuss her future.

"You are stubborn," he insisted, taking her hand tenderly. "I like independence—anybody does. It is gritty; it is American and it's all right in its place. But under such circumstances as these you should come with me, as I want you to, to my home. You will be a welcome daughter to my wife and to me. You know we are unhappily childless. Your father would have wished this; my wife has asked it of you as I do now. Why persist in refusing us?"

Helen did not answer at once, though her gratefulness shone from her eyes. "I'm not merely obstinate, Uncle Amos," she responded at length—"nor ungrateful. I have thought everything over, or, so long and carefully. But I can't help feeling that I must, for a while, anyway, remain independent. I intend to earn my own living."

Rhinelander felt he could say no more. They discussed other things for a time and she then confided to him her plans for making a start. Nothing in all the rapid events of the fortnight had seemed to him more tragical than this resolve that his old friend's daughter had so resolutely taken. He looked almost weary and troubled as he took from his pocket-book a card and on it wrote the message Helen had asked him to write:

"Arthur Gaylord, Superintendent C. R. & T. R. R.:

"Dear Gay: The bearer, Miss Helen Holmes, wants work. Anything you can do will be appreciated. R."

Though her resolution had been taken, it seemed to require all of Helen's courage to make the actual start on the path she had chosen. She reached the superintendent's office at Beaman next day, after wandering all over the yards to find it, almost frightened out of her undertaking.

Gaylord, the superintendent, met her with a consideration that dispelled her fears. In a few words he spoke feelingly of her father, and after asking what she would like to try, gave her a note to the agent at Signal station, assigning her for clerical work due to the cut-off construction, already under way there.

George Storm, the freight engineer, had not seen Helen since the funeral of her father—which he had lain off to attend—nor had he heard of her. He was east-bound at Beaman one morning, comparing orders with his conductor, when he saw Helen in her severely plain black coat to board the local passenger train which was to take her to Signal to begin work.

The engineer hastened to her. She met his utter astonishment—when she had told him what she was doing and why—without embarrassment or confusion, only laughing a little at his concern.

But when, questioning her further, Storm learned of the cut-off operations, now begun—not alone by the Tidewater people, but as well by their rivals—the Colorado & Coast line—his suspicions were aroused and he disclosed them to Helen without reserve. "That Colorado & Coast crowd are running our people a hot race on the cut-off construction. They know something about that original survey—they must—or they would never start in so far."

Helen smiled incredulously. "I think that could hardly be, Mr. Storm. You know the men building now

to Spike, giving him money as he did so.

Rhinelander, as vice-president of the Tidewater, had been charged with the cut-off operations and took so lively an interest in it that he personally directed much of the work. Moreover, he made it a point to keep his crews well supplied with the sinews of war—in this case, men and explosives for the rock work. Both were scarce, and much of the time the two roads were bidding strongly against each other for them. When Spike applied in the tent office to Rhinelander's foreman, Pickens, for a job, the latter, though not impressed with his appearance, thought it a chance to hire a man away from the opposition, and told Rhinelander he would put the fellow on the payroll.

Shortly after Spike's appearance at the time-keeper's window, the boss driller came in to ask about new supplies of explosives. "We're running too low right now," he complained to the foreman. "If we don't get powder for tomorrow, we've got to stop blasting, that's all there is to that."

Pickens turned to the new man: "Hike over to the depot, mutt, and ask the agent when he'll have dynamite for me."

Spike shuffled across to the little station with his usual confidence. Helen, at her desk, glanced up at him, without really recognizing him. She was only conscious of an instinctive dislike for his unpromising visage as he asked her when more explosives would be in.

"Tell Pickens," said the overworked agent, answering Spike's questions himself, "there are two cars for him on No. 85." To make sure of the answer, he wrote out the information on a blank and handed it to the messenger. "And get a move on you!" he exclaimed rudely, as he noticed Spike's unpleasant gaze resting on Helen.

Slouching back to deliver his message, the safe-blower was still puzzled over the identity of the girl. But he could not place her, and he dismissed thought of the incident. He did, however, stop a moment to ask questions about train No. 85 from a passing switchman. Then he delivered his note to the foreman. Pickens read and handed the note to Rhinelander. When Rhinelander handed the note back, the foreman crumpled it up and threw it away. As he and Rhinelander went out together, Spike picked up the paper and stuck it in his pocket.

After hours that night he was again over at the Colorado camp, where the work was going provokingly slow, to report to his real boss. Seagrue pricked up his ears at the news of the explosives. He presently looked hard at Spike. "If we, or you, can delay their supplies a little," he mused, "it might help here a lot just now, Spike." Spike needed only a hint. He started on foot for a small station five miles up the line, where he learned No. 85 usually took water. On his way he had an eye open for a conceivable, cold-blooded chance that might offer to wreck the train; fortunately none inviting offered.

Reaching the water tank and prowling along the local train after it had pulled up under the spout, Spike still sought in some way to work mischief on it. His eye rested presently on some waste protruding from a journal box. Watching his chance, he struck a match to this and moved cautiously on.

Storm was in the engine cab. He had received his signal from the conductor and was pulling his train away from the spout, when the conductor, swinging up on the hind end of the caboose, caught with his eye a color of something from one of the wheels of a box car ahead. Pulling the air valve, he brought the train to an emergency stop and with his brakeman ran forward. Storm, locking back for an explanation, likewise saw the growing blaze, and getting down joined the train crew. The flames had begun to lick the body of the car.

The trainmen were throwing sand on the journal, but it was too late for temporizing with experiments such as that. Storm told them he would back under the spout so they could flood the flames and hastened back to his cab. As rapidly as possible he pushed the train up past the water tank, where the conductor cut off the hind end and signaled Storm ahead. But a can of crude oil in the burning car gave way at that moment under the strain of the intense heat, and the fire, now well started, ignited the car next ahead. The two were stopped with a jolt under the tank and the brakeman and fireman, pulling the spout down, turned on a heavy stream of water. This unhappily served only to spread the flames from the crude oil, and the wind drove these toward the two cars just ahead, which the crew were particularly anxious to save—they were the cars that contained the explosives.

"We must cut off the head end," yelled the conductor as Storm, after watching the result, started again for the engine.

While the conductor ran forward, the crews were chocking wheels and pinning down the brakes under half-burned cars. The engineer, cut off, headed with his engine into a siding and leaving it there, ran back to the fire. The burning cars were already drifting. The brakeman and flagman had escaped from the top of them by catching at the waterspout as they passed under it.

Storm, down the track, saw the situation. He realized what might happen if the powder cars were allowed to run away. With a flying leap, he caught the side ladder of the head car and running up, began pinning down the brakes. The conductor

yelled himself hoarse trying to warn him off. But instead of stopping, Storm fought his way back through the smoke to the second car. The trainmen hastened into the station to the operator and gave the alarm. The operator telephoned a message instantly to Signal, the next station.

The agent had gone over to the camp, and it was this message that caught Helen at Signal, alone in the office. She picked up the receiver as the telephone bell rang, listened to the excited operator and wrote his hurried words down on a pad: "Runaway powder cars on fire. Engineer Storm on them. Ditch at first spur."

She dropped her pencil as she finished, breathless with shock. Then pulling her wits together she cast about for help. She was quite alone.



THE BLAZING TRAIN.

Whatever was to be done, she must do it and it must be done in haste. Running through the freighthouse she espied a coil of rope. It suggested something—though at the instant she could not have told what. But she caught it up on the instinctive impulse and ran out on the track. The cars, flaming in the distance, were coming down the long grade. A telegraph pole standing just above the station put a wild idea into her head. If she could pass the rope above the burning car, it might help the engineer to escape from the top. Trying her skill as a plainswoman, she ran a noose and cast the rope, lariat-like, at the top of the pole.

In her nervous haste she failed, again and again, to drop it over the cross-bar. No rope was ever so stiff, clumsy and intractable, and the cars were fast rolling nearer. But restraining her fears she kept trying, and at last, in spite of everything, she landed the big noose over the pole and bar. Across the track grew a hedge of tall blue-gum trees. To the nearest of these Helen ran, and as fast as she could, climbed the tree, the loose end of the rope hung over her neck and shoulder. Gaining a branch high enough, and using all her strength, she drew the rope taut. With a few half hitches she made it fast around the tree and tried it with her weight.

The flaming cars, in spite of all that Storm had been able to do, continued to gather speed down the Signal grade. The engineer found himself in a ticklish dilemma. For a jump his chances now were no better than if he stuck to the car, and he saw nothing for it but to attack. Only, he hoped mightily for something to turn his way. He was fast approaching the station. From the gum-tree hedge he saw what seemed a branch waving violently. Then he perceived it was more than that, it was someone trying to signal him—a woman—and she was climbing hand over hand out on a cable stretched across the track. But he could understand even less than he saw of what she meant to do. Overcome by flame and smoke just before the cars neared the hedge, he sank down on the deck. But Helen would not give up. Clinging as best she could to the cable, she waited for him to pass under her. Enough of consciousness remained to Storm in the fury of the fire to enable him to realize as he came close that it was Helen on the cable trying to save his life. As he swept under her he raised himself. She clutched blindly at him, and holding on in desperation, managed to drag him from the top of the burning car.

The agent, returning from the camp with Rhinelander, saw the blazing runaway; and, amazed, saw Helen hanging from her cable and striving with failing strength to hold her heavy burden.

He ran toward her, snatching a tarpaulin from a pile of cement bags as he passed them on the platform, and with Rhinelander reached the hedge in time to break Storm's heavy fall into it when Helen let him go. A moment later she, herself, dropped exhausted into the canvas.

Below the station a deafening explosion shook the solid earth. It startled the two construction camps. A new and sudden flame shot 40 feet up into the air and dense clouds of black smoke billowed above where the powder cars had stood. Seagrue glanced as Spike as they stood together. Over toward the station two men were carrying Storm into the waiting room, and Seagrue, coming over, joined them. Inside, he saw bending over the unconscious engineer, stretched on the floor, a slender girl dressed in black. She turned anxiously, in a moment, to ask if a surgeon had been called. As she did so, Seagrue, dumfounded, looked into the face of Helen Holmes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

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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.

SYNOPSIS.

Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad, by George Storm, a newsboy, grown to young womanhood. Helen makes a spectacularly noble rescue of Storm, now a freight trainman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Safety-brakes employed by Seagrue and Capelle, his lawyer, interrupted by Helen while stealing General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound General Holmes and escape. Storm and Helen raise the masterpiece on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to return Seagrue when they are reached.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER III.

The death of Helen's father disclosed at once the serious weakness of his monetary affairs. He had developed his valuable railroad properties without capital of his own adequate to finance them. He was the nominal head of great transportation projects; he had been, in truth, the brain and energy of these, but the actual control belonged to eastern bankers who had supplied the funds to put them through. And with General Holmes' death his daughter was brought face to face with this fact. In the library of her home the attorneys for the estate were already gathered to discuss its affairs. Amos Rhinelander, her father's faithful friend—indeed, the sole friend among the general's many associates that now manifested the slightest interest in the fate of his unfortunate daughter—was present that morning. With him, however, as if to offset the benefit of his presence, was his already-criminally-compromised nephew, Seagrue.

Helen, who had been summoned to the library, walked down from her room to join the little company. To Seagrue, who, in apprehension, had absented himself since the night of the tragedy, she never had looked so pleasing as she now did.

Much was in Seagrue's mind and something of it all reflected itself in his face. A score of times his unprincipled recklessness had led him close to criminal lengths; how it had carried him from a simple suggestion of theft, uncharacteristically assented to, to robbery and to murder—the murder of General Holmes himself by Capelle's hired henchmen. He was as yet too new in his path of crime to feel indifferent to the fearful consequences.

Where he stood unobserved by the others, he took out of a wallet drawn from his pocket a cuff cut from a shirt and reread a scrawl written on it by Spike, his convict accomplice, advising him that the stolen survey was hidden under the south end of Little San Pablo bridge.

With some trivial excuse for absenting himself, Seagrue left the house.



Gave Helen the Message She Asked For.

got in his runaway car and started for the San Pablo bridge. He found the document where Spike had hidden it.

Helen, in the interval, conferring with her attorneys, and with Amos Rhinelander at hand to soften the blow as best he could, was learning bit by bit the completeness of her father's financial ruin through his sudden death. In matter of fact, all that remained of his free assets was the recently allotted block of stock—now an item of merely nominal value—in the new cut-off line. Long after the attorney had gone, Rhinelander remained.

"It's not that the stock is worthless, Helen," he said—they were again together in the library. "If the new line is ever what your father hoped it would be, the investment may yet prove of the greatest value."

Seagrue, during the little talk, had returned and sat examining reports at the other end of the library. He could overhear Rhinelander's reassuring words to Helen. "The Copper Range and Tidewater will continue operations just as fast as money can be raised," his uncle was saying. "We can begin the work of building the cut-off where it leaves the main line. Meantime, we will send out now surveying parties on reconnaissance to try to relocate the pass through the Superstition range. All may come well yet, little girl."

He patted her hand, rose and left her. Seagrue at a distance studied the outline of the slender figure and the striking silhouette of Helen's head and neck as she stood looking out on the rain-beaten landscape. He walked over to where she remained oblivious to his presence and ventured a few carefully chosen words of sympathy. Nothing so despicable, so pusillanimous as this had ever marked his career, but he had groomed himself for anything.

"I am in a position, Helen," he went on, "perhaps a better position than any among your father's friends, to take up his work where he left it off. His murderers are in jail—I will undertake to see to their punishment. His new line can be made a valuable property. I am willing and able to provide the means to put it through. But I am alone, as you know. I care for no one other than you—I've told you that. Let me take your troubles. Be my wife."

"I have told you," she said, looking down but speaking quick and firmly, "that I can't listen to you on that subject. Could you possibly expect me, to do so at a moment like this—my father—" her voice faltered—"scarcely recalled!"

She put her handkerchief to her face and walked away. Swallowing his humiliation with a resolve to conquer her obstinacy yet, he followed her with his gaze up the stairs. Then he sauntered over to the table at which she had been conferring with his uncle. There lay the bundle of stock certificates. He felt so completely master of the situation that he involuntarily made a gesture as if to tear the batch in two.

Rhinelander, coming into the library at that moment from his room, saw the movement. He took the securities impatiently from Seagrue's hand. "You treat these as if they were waste paper. They are not. On the contrary, if I have my way that cut-off is going to be built," he declared emphatically.

Leaving him, Rhinelander went upstairs to find Helen. "Put these certificates away, my dear," he said with seriousness. "Although they don't stand for much now—" he paused—"some day I may call on you for them."

Seagrue, laughing a little to himself had turned, when his uncle walked away, to light a cigarette. As he did this a servant approached him bearing a shabby-looking, finger-marked note. It bore no address.

Seagrue opened the envelope and read: "Somebody will have to help me out of here or I'll squeal. No more at present from SPIKE."

It was a blunt shock. But Seagrue knew from what Capelle, his lawyer, had told him, that this man meant always what he said. He pondered his dilemma for a time, decided what must be done, asked a servant for his hat and coat and hastening out headed his car for Cedar Grove, where Spike and Hyde lay incarcerated. Arranging by telephone as soon as he reached the little town for a meeting with Capelle, Seagrue inquired his way to the prison.

The jailer had brought Spike his noonday meal—a dish of stew, a loaf of soggy bread and a tin of coffee—and Spike was settling himself on his iron cot when Seagrue, with the jailer, entered his cell.

Greetings passed between Seagrue and Spike as they met and the two exchanged a few bluffing remarks, calculated to mislead the listening official. But Spike's roving eyes riveted themselves gradually on the bunch of jangling keys carried by the jailer in his hand. When the jailer looked his way, the bullet head of Spike was down and his eyes were fixed on the loaf of heavy bread from which he was tearing great chunks to eat. A thought had come into his head and if it could be successfully acted on, it offered a faint hope of escape. Watching his opportunity, he managed after some effort to make Seagrue understand what he wanted, i. e., that he should occupy for a while the jailer's attention.

In the meantime, while Spike's iron jaw was grinding at a chunk of the crust, he was tearing out the center of the loaf of bread with his hand and kneading the dough thus fished within his palm. Seagrue made a good confederate, and without much trouble

engaged the jailer's interest. It was then that Spike, leaning back, managed, undetected, to pass the dough around the key that opened the lock of his own cell; in an instant he had the coveted impression.

A bell warned the jailer that the visitor's time was up. In parting, the confederates shook hands. As they did so, Spike slipped the dough, unobserved, into Seagrue's palm and succeeded in conveying to him by signs an intimation of what he had given him.

Capelle, who had arrived on Seagrue's peremptory summons, at the appointed place, some distance from the jail, awaited Seagrue there with a grin: "Some expedition you've embarked on!"

Seagrue was in no mood for jolting. "One you shoved me into," he retorted surlily. He curtly told his confederate what had occurred. Then he drew from his overcoat pocket Spike's handful of dough, showed it to Capelle and explained what it was. "Have a key made tonight from this impression; meet me here tomorrow with it."

The following afternoon Seagrue was again at the jail—this time, ostensibly, to visit Hyde. Passing Spike's cell, a dust coat hanging somewhat ostentatiously from his arm, Seagrue paused to greet him. In doing this to took occasion to lay his fingers on one of the bars of the cell door; as he said good morning the new key dropped from his hand inside the barred door. Spike's foot at once covered it. Moving on, Seagrue fell from his arm one of the two dust coats which he was in reality carrying. Spike, dropping like a cat on his knee, whipped the fallen garment swiftly in between the bars, and while Seagrue and the jailer remained with Hyde, Spike made a rapid change of clothing.

Slipping into the dust coat he found in one of the pockets a cap and a pair of goggles thoughtfully stowed. And watching his chance for the corridor to be empty, he cautiously unlocked his cell door, peered out and swung



Gave Her a Note to the Agent at Signal Station.

the door noiselessly open. Hardly a moment after the jailer and Seagrue had left Hyde's cell, Spike walked boldly up the corridor—his avenue of escape was open.

In Helen's home two days practically completed the rapid tragedy of her changed circumstances. Her maid, whom she told she could no longer keep, had gone in tears—and the country seat as well as the town house had been given over with furnishings to creditors. Vans stood backed up in the front driveways and the library itself, scene of her cruellest misfortunes, was being dismantled by moving men on the morning that Rhinelander met her there for the last time to discuss her future.

"You are stubborn," he insisted, taking her hand tenderly. "I like independence—anybody does. It is gritty; it is American and it's all right in its place. But under such circumstances as these you should come with me, as I want you to, to my home. You will be a welcome daughter to my wife and to me. You know we are unhappily childless; your father would have wished this; my wife has asked it of you as I do now. Why persist in refusing us?"

Helen did not answer at once, though her gratefulness shone from her eyes. "I'm not merely obstinate, Uncle Amos," she responded at length—"nor ungrateful. I have thought everything over, or so long and carefully. But I can't help feeling that I must, for a while, anyway, remain independent. I intend to earn my own living."

Rhinelander felt he could say no more. They discussed other things for a time and she then confided to him her plans for making a start. Nothing in all the rapid events of the fortnight had seemed to him more tragical than this resolve that his old friend's daughter had so resolutely taken. He looked almost weary and troubled as he took from his pocket-book a card and on it wrote the message Helen had asked him to write:

"Arthur Gaylord, Superintendent C. R. & T. R. R."

"Dear Gay: The bearer, Miss Helen Holmes, wants work. Anything you can do will be appreciated. R."

Though her resolution had been taken, it seemed to require all of Helen's courage to make the actual start on the path she had chosen. She reached the superintendent's office at Beaman next day, after wandering all over the yards to find it, almost frightened out of her undertaking.

Gaylord, the superintendent, met her with a consideration that dispelled her fears. In a few words he spoke feelingly of her father, and after asking what she would like to try, gave her a note to the agent at Signal station, assigning her for clerical work due to the cut-off construction, already under way there.

George Storm, the freight engineer, had not seen Helen since the funeral of her father—which he had lain off to attend—nor had he heard of her. He was eastbound at Beaman one morning, comparing orders with his conductor, when he saw Helen in her severely plain black about to board the local passenger train which was to take her to Signal to begin work.

The engineer hastened to her. She met his utter astonishment—when she had told him what she was doing and why—without embarrassment or confusion, only laughing a little at his concern.

But when questioning her further, Storm learned of the cut-off operations, now begun—not alone by the Tidewater people, but as well by their rivals—the Colorado & Coast line—his suspicions were aroused and he disclosed them to Helen without reserve. "That Colorado & Coast crowd are running our people a hot race on the cut-off construction. They know something about that original survey—they must—or they would never start in so far."

Helen smiled incredulously. "I think that could hardly be, Mr. Storm. You know the men building now,

to Spike, giving him money as he did so.

Rhinelander, as vice-president of the Tidewater, had been charged with the cut-off operations and took so lively an interest in it that he personally directed much of the work. Moreover, he made it a point to keep his crews well supplied with the sinews of war—in this case, men and explosives for the rock work. Both were scarce, and much of the time the two roads were bidding strongly against each other for them. When Spike applied in the tent office to Rhinelander's foreman, Pickens, for a job, the latter, though not impressed with his appearance, thought it a chance to hire a man away from the opposition, and told Rhinelander he would put the fellow on the payroll.

Shortly after Spike's appearance at the time-keeper's window, the boss driller came in to ask about new supplies of explosives. "We're running too low right now," he complained to the foreman. "If we don't get powder for tomorrow, we've got to stop blasting, that's all there is to that."

Pickens turned to the new man: "Hi, over to the depot, mutt, and ask the agent when he'll have dynamite for me."

Spike shuffled across to the little station with his usual confidence. Helen, at her desk, glanced up at him, without really recognizing him. She was only conscious of an instinctive dislike for his unpromising visage as he asked her when more explosives would be in.

"Tell Pickens," said the overworked agent, answering Spike's questions himself, "there are two cars for him on No. 85." To make sure of the answer, he wrote out the information on a blank and handed it to the messenger. "And get a move on you!" he exclaimed rudely, as he noticed Spike's unpleasant gaze resting on Helen.

"Touching back to deliver his message, the safe-blower was still puzzled over the identity of the girl. But he could not place her, and he dismissed thought of the incident. He did, however, stop a moment to ask questions about train No. 85 from a passing switchman. Then he delivered his note to the foreman. Pickens read and handed the note to Rhinelander. When Rhinelander handed the note back, the foreman crumpled it up and threw it away. As he and Rhinelander went out together, Spike picked up the paper and stuck it in his pocket.

After hours that night he was again over at the Colorado camp, where the work was going prowlingly slow, to report to his real boss. Seagrue pricked up his ears at the news of the explosives. He presently looked hard at Spike. "If we, or you, can delay their supplies a little," he mused, "it might help here a lot just now, Spike." Spike needed only a hint. He started on foot for a small station five miles up the line, where he learned No. 85 usually took water. On his way he had an eye open for a conceivable, cold-blooded chance that might offer to wreck the train, fortunately none inviting offered.

Reaching the water-tank and prowling along the local train after it had pulled up under the spout, Spike still sought in some way to work mischief on it. His eye rested presently on some waste protruding from a journal box. Watching his chance, he struck a match to this and moved cautiously on.

Storm was in the engine cab. He had received his signal from the conductor and was pulling his train away from the spout, when the conductor, swinging up on the hind end of the caboose, caught with his eye a color of something from one of the wheels of a box car ahead. Pulling the air valve, he brought the train to an emergency stop and with his brakeman ran forward. Storm, locking back for an explanation, likewise saw the growing blaze, and getting down joined the train crew. The flames had begun to lick the body of the car.

The trainmen were throwing sand on the journal, but it was too late for temporizing with experiments such as that. Storm told them he would back under the spout so they could flood the flames and hastened back to his cab. As rapidly as possible he pushed the train up past the water tank, where the conductor cut off the hind end and signaled Storm ahead. But a can of crude oil in the burning car gave way at that moment under the strain of the intense heat, and the fire, now well started, ignited the car next ahead. The two were stopped with a jolt under the tank and the brakeman and fireman, pulling the spout down, turned on a heavy stream of water. This unhappily served only to spread the flames from the crude oil, and the wind drove these toward the two cars just ahead, which the crew were particularly anxious to save—they were the cars that contained the explosives.

"We must cut off the head end," yelled the conductor as Storm, after watching the result, started again for the engine.

While the conductor ran forward, the crews were chocking wheels and pinning down the brakes under half-burning cars. The engineer, cut off, headed with his engine into a siding and leaving it there, ran back to the fire. The burning cars were already drifting. The brakeman and flagman had escaped from the top of them by catching at the waterspout as they passed under it.

Storm, down the track, saw the situation. He realized what might happen if the powder cars were allowed to run away. With a flying leap, he caught the side ladder of the head car and running up, began pinning down the brakes. The conductor

was shouting for the engine to stop. Storm, down the track, saw the situation. He realized what might happen if the powder cars were allowed to run away. With a flying leap, he caught the side ladder of the head car and running up, began pinning down the brakes. The conductor

yelled himself hoarse trying to warn him off. But instead of stopping, Storm fought his way back through the smoke to the second car. The trainmen hastened into the station to the operator and gave the alarm. The operator telephoned a message instantly to Signal, the next station.

The agent had gone over to the camp, and it was this message that caught Helen at Signal, alone in the office. She picked up the receiver as the telephone bell rang, listened to the excited operator and wrote his hurried words down on a pad:

"Runaway powder cars on fire. Engineer Storm on them. Ditch at first spur."

She dropped her pencil as she finished, breathless with shock. Then pulling her wits together she cast about for help. She was quite alone.



Whatever was to be done, she must do it and it must be done in haste. Running through the freighthouse she espied a coil of rope. It suggested something—though at the instant she could not have told what. But she caught it up on the instinctive impulse and ran out on the track. The cars, flaming in the distance, were coming down the long grade. A telegraph pole standing just above the station put a wild idea into her head. If she could pass the rope above the burning car, it might help the engineer to escape from the top. Trying her skill as a plainswoman, she ran a noose and cast the rope, lariat-like, at the top of the pole.

In her nervous haste she failed, again and again, to drop it over the cross-bar. No rope was ever so stiff, clumsy and intractable, and the cars were fast rolling nearer. But restraining her fears she kept trying, and at last, in spite of everything, she landed the big noose over the pole and bar. Across the track grew a hedge of tall blue-gum trees. To the nearest of these Helen ran, and as fast as she could, climbed the tree, the loose end of the rope hung over her neck and shoulder. Gaining a branch high enough, and using all her strength, she drew the rope taut. With a few half hitches she made it fast around the tree and tried it with her weight.

The flaming cars, in spite of all that Storm had been able to do, continued to gather speed down the Signal grade. The engineer found himself in a ticklish dilemma. For a jump his chances now were no better than if he stuck to the car, and he saw nothing for it but to stick. Only, he hoped mightily for something to turn his way. He was fast approaching the station. From the gum-tree hedge he saw what seemed a branch waving violently. Then he perceived it was more than that, it was someone trying to signal him—a woman—and she was climbing hand over hand out on a cable stretched across the track. But he could understand even less than he saw of what she meant to do. Overcome by flame and smoke just before the cars neared the hedge, he sank down on the deck. But Helen would not give up. Clinging as best she could to the cable, she waited for him to pass under her. Enough of consciousness remained to Storm in the fury of the fire to enable him to realize as he came close that it was Helen on the cable trying to save his life. As he swept under her he raised himself. She clutched him at him, and holding on in desperation, managed to drag him from the top of the burning car.

The agent, returning from the camp with Rhinelander, saw the blazing runaway; and, amazed, saw Helen hanging from her cable and striving with falling strength to hold her heavy burden.

He ran toward her, cementing a tarpaulin from a pile of empty bags as he passed them on the platform, and with Rhinelander reached the hedge in time to break Storm's heavy fall into it when Helen let him go. A moment later she, herself, dropped exhausted into the canvas.

Now the station's deafening explosion shook the solid earth. It startled the two construction camps. A new and sudden flame shot 40 feet up into the air and dense clouds of black smoke billowed above where the powder cars had stood. Seagrue glanced as Spike as they stood together. Over toward the station two men were carrying Storm into the waiting room, and Seagrue, coming over, joined them. Inside, he saw bending over the unconscious engineer, stretched on the floor, a slender girl dressed in black. She turned anxiously, in a moment, to ask if a surgeon had been called. As she did so, Seagrue, dumfounded, looked into the face of Helen Holmes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAMPION MULE PACKER OF U. S.

Daly is World's Greatest Expert
on Possibilities of Missouri
Hybrid.

IN CHARGE OF PACK TRAINS

Has Devised Many Improvements in
This Method of Transportation—
Conducts School for Muleteers
on the Border.

San Antonio, Tex.—H. W. Daly, chief packer of the quartermaster corps, U. S. A., the greatest expert on the possibilities of the Missouri mule on earth, is here. His duty is the organization of ten pack trains and he is conducting a school for muleteers.

The model class of the school comprises one gray bell horse and a company of 64 white or gray mules—all "veterans," for this is the pack train that crossed into Mexico with Sibley soon after the Glenn Springs raid.

Here is an inventory of a pack train: Packmaster, who gets \$100 a month but no rations; "cargador," \$60 a month and rations; blacksmith or horseshoer, \$75 a month, but no rations; cook, \$40 a month and rations; ten packers, \$50 a month and rations. Each individual in a pack train has his own mount, so there are to be 14 riding mules and the remainder—50 animals—carry the packs. The duties of the bell horse are to lead the procession.

As a general thing, each pack mule will walk away with a minimum load of 250 pounds, so that means something more than six tons of cargo to be raised to eight tons.

Over in the Philippines one of Mr. Daly's mules rambled around on mountain trails with 640 pounds aboard and the load happened to be a mountain howitzer. This mule, while not awarded a medal, was nevertheless a hero and saved the day, for the howitzer put to rout any enemy apparently untouched by mere rifle fire.

When packers become proficient they should be able to load a mule in about thirty seconds. As Daly figures it, two months are required to turn out a first class pack train of the sort above criticism.

Many Years a Packer. Nowadays the "aparejo," or pack saddle, which Daly invented for our army, is made to conform to the mule so there is little possibility of the heavy load chafing or injuring the animal's back.

Daly's experiences as a packer started in the spring of 1885 when he crossed the British northwest territories from Montreal to Vancouver and was employed in bringing in supplies on mule back to the Canadian mining camps.

Then he engaged as packer in many Indian campaigns of the United States army, including the operations against Geronimo.

When the Spanish war broke out he was working on a railroad in Mexico. He enlisted immediately and went to Cuba. After the campaign he was called to Washington, where he devised improvements in pack-train transportation. He also went to West Point to lecture.

From 1902 to 1909 he was stationed at Fort Leavenworth and there made further improvements in field artillery, mountain and machine gun, engineer, signal, hospital and ordnance corps pack equipment. On February 13, 1903, he was made chief packer of the army. "For mountain work no substitute to take the place of the mule will ever be found," said Daly.

BOY TAKES NAP IN TRUNK

Parents Have Long Hunt and Are
About to Call Police When
He is Found.

Portland, Ore.—Edward McBride, an eight-year-old lad who lives with his parents at No. 427 Tenth street, crawled into a trunk, lowered the lid and went to sleep the other night.

Missed by his parents, they scoured the neighborhood for two hours. They were on the verge of calling in aid the police bureau.

As a last resort, to make sure the lad was not in hiding, Mr. McBride looked behind the trunk and in so doing heard what he recognized as "the noise of a sleeper," and opened the trunk. There he found Edward comfortable on a soft stack of clothes.

The lad explained that he was tired and merely crawled into the trunk for a snooze.

DIVER TO TRY FOR \$2,000,000

That Amount Went Down in the
Brother Jonathan Half a
Century Ago.

San Francisco.—Martin Lund, a sea diver of renown, has left here on the steamer Del Norte for Crescent City to salvage the wreck of the old side-wheeler Brother Jonathan, which was lost off the coast of Del Norte county half a century ago with more than \$2,000,000 in specie, government bills and other valuables. J. C. Freese, marine contractor of San Francisco, is associated with Lund in financing and equipping the expedition.

UNEARTH RUINS 1,000 YEARS OLD

Dr. Fewkes Discovers Most Ancient
Structure Known in
the Southwest.

BUILT BEFORE SUN TEMPLE

That Building in Mesa Verde National
Park Was Inhabited Is Shown by
Household Utensils—Finds
Ancient War Club.

Denver, Col.—A ruin more than 1,000 years old—the most ancient of all the ruins discovered in the southwest—has been unearthed in Mesa Verde National park, Colorado, by Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution.

Doctor Fewkes, started to excavate on July 20 a large mound five miles from Spruce Tree camp, on top of the mesa. He has made sufficient progress to show the outlines of a huge building of the pueblo type of architecture, 112 feet long and 93 feet wide, including a plaza. The main building contains a large court and at least three circular kivas, or ceremonial chambers.

Doctor Fewkes says the building is much older than Sun Temple, which he excavated in Mesa Verde National park last year. In fact, it is by far the oldest building uncovered in the southwest, and shows that the people who inhabited Mesa Verde National park must have flourished at least 1,000 years ago.

News of Doctor Fewkes' discovery was brought to Denver by Dr. Elmer E. Higley, pastor of a church in Des Moines, Ia. He takes a keen interest in archaeological subjects, particularly those concerning the Mesa Verde, on which he lectures. He was one of the first to explore the cliff dwelling now known as Daniel's House, which was explored for the first time last summer.

Building a Distinct Type.

"Doctor Fewkes has made a wonderful discovery this season in Mesa Verde National park," said Doctor Higley. "He has uncovered a new type of building. The ruin which is now being uncovered is situated about thirty rods south of the large circular reservoir known as Mummy lake, which is close to the automobile road leading to Spruce Tree camp. Everyone who visits the ruins has Mummy lake pointed out to him.

"There are nine large mounds near Mummy lake and it is one of these that Doctor Fewkes has excavated this season. Probably it will be late in September before the work is completed. The building is rectangular in shape and the masonry work is not so good as that in Sun Temple, which Doctor Fewkes excavated last year. Doctor Fewkes is of the opinion that the building which is being excavated this season is much older than Sun Temple, which probably was built about 1800 A. D. The building on which he is now working evidently was inhabited, while Sun Temple was not. The workmen are finding broken pottery in great quantities and household implements as well. Evidently the building was covered and was very imposing.

"About a dozen men are working on the building and all are keenly interested, feeling that valuable discoveries may be made at any time. The building represents a distinct type, entirely different from the cliff ruins, themselves, which are built in caverns in the cliffs. The buildings around Mummy lake were built in the open much on the lines of modern structures. The building being uncovered commands a view for many miles in all directions, and for this reason it has been suggested that the ruin be named Prospect House.

Finds Ancient War Club.

"As is the case of Sun Temple, the walls of this building are two or three feet thick. Double walls extend all the way around the building, probably for purpose of defense. Probably a roof will be put over this building, but it is the intention to make the covering strictly modern and not to attempt to conform to cliff dwellers or mesa dweller type.

"It is Doctor Fewkes' intention to do some work this season on Mummy lake, which has been the cause of much speculation. It is the general opinion that Mummy lake was a reservoir supplying water to the group of buildings in the immediate vicinity and perhaps part of an irrigation system. The mound is circular and has a depression in the middle. The structure covered by earth evidently is double walled and of great size."

Doctor Higley entered a cliff dwelling which, it was supposed, never had been explored before. It was necessary for him to be lowered 90 feet over the side of a cliff to get into the building. He found that one of the Wetherills and a companion had been in the building in the eighties, about the time the cliff dwellings were discovered. In this building Doctor Higley found an implement which Doctor Fewkes pronounced a sort of war club. It consisted of a stone to which was attached a short handle. It is the first implement of warfare to be found in the cliff ruins and has excited much interest.

HARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
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Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter

A "WET" CLAIM SHATTERED

Prohibition Does Not Increase Taxes
Or Reduce Revenue.

The New York Times well says: "Nobody has any more patience with talk about the loss of public revenue that goes with the decrease in manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Such talk is too stupid and too vicious for present tolerance."

The modern liquor traffic asserts that it is a source of revenue, that taxes must be increased if the receipts from license are wiped out by prohibition, adds a Michigan writer.

The liquor trade is not a source of revenue. Prohibition of the liquor traffic has never, when enforced by honest officials, increased the tax rate even slightly in any state or city. Almost invariably prohibition has had precisely the opposite effect upon the tax rate.

In every state campaign the defenders of the saloon have tried to produce the impression that liquor revenues constitute a very large part of the state's receipts, but in 1913 the liquor taxes amounted to only 4.3 per cent of the revenues of states, counties and incorporated places.

The history of prohibition in the various states which have tried it show that it is a tax reducer. According to the latest volume of Wealth, Debt and Taxation, issued by the Federal government, there are only two states having a lower rate for state purposes than Kansas, and one of these is the prohibition state of West Virginia.

According to federal figures only 8 license cities between 45,000 and 60,000 in population have a less tax rate than Wichita, Kansas, and only 5 have a less rate than Topeka.

A census bulletin, for 1913, showed \$10.12 per capita of general taxes collected in the prohibition states; \$11.08 per capita in the near-prohibition states; \$14.32 per capita in the partially license states; and \$16.93 per capita in the wet states.

TEN IN FAMILY STRICKEN

Measles Attack All But Father in
Illinois Home—Scares Health
Officer.

Pana, Ill.—This discovery was made here recently of ten cases of measles in one family and the board of health immediately ordered a strict quarantine upon the home. The cases are in the family of Edward Bland on Wyandotte street and include every member but Bland.

Those ill and bedfast are Mrs. Ella Bland, the wife and mother, and these children: Mrs. Mary F. Harlow, thirty-six years of age; William D. Bland, twenty-one years of age; Levi Bland, eighteen years old; Mamie Bland, fifteen years old; Gertrude Bland, twelve years old; Susanna Bland, ten years old; Irene Bland, seven years old; Calvert Bland, aged four, and Fannie Bland, aged three.

President William Fisher of the health board beat a hasty retreat from the Bland home when he went there to investigate, believing that he had found his way into a veritable nest of smallpox. Later physicians diagnosed the disease as measles. None of the cases are considered serious at this time.

Everybody knows how everybody else ought to do things.

When a woman hasn't any more to say she is willing to let a man talk.

HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if you feel Backsachy or
have bladder trouble—Take
glass of Salt.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of stinging, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

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

ESPOUSES DRY CAUSE.

Forced against its will, because of the success of prohibition in Washington, to espouse the dry cause, the Seattle Times now comes out with an editorial in which it admits that it "fought it damndest" to save the saloons, but after seeing prohibition tried for six months, takes back all it said in the campaign. The editorial, written and signed by the publisher, Major Clarence Blethen, says:

"Well, we've had six months of prohibition and I can't find those miles of empty stores. In several states, three of which are Montana, California and Missouri, advertisements and news articles are appearing daily in newspapers, much similar in construction and tone to the advertisements and arguments against prohibition which appeared in the columns of the Times prior to Washington's 'dry' election.

"There isn't so much being said about the evil effects of prohibition in Kansas as was said in the advertisements that appeared in Seattle. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the men responsible for the 'wet' publicity have found out what I have, that it isn't safe to base any arguments against prohibition on conditions in that state. On the contrary, I have become convinced that the results of prohibition in Kansas are about as powerful arguments for the 'drys' as they could possibly desire.

"The Times admits it was wrong when it said, during the campaign against prohibition, that the enforcement of the statutes would mean miles of empty stores in Seattle; reduced bank clearings, reduced bank deposits, reduced rentals, reduced realty values and general business depression. Six months ago the Times' prophecy went into effect. None of the dire things prophesied for the first half of the year 1916 has occurred. On the contrary Seattle has prospered wonderfully."

If a rich man tells you that the greatest happiness is to be found in poverty, remind him of what David said in his haste.

The man who marries for beauty always has to dig up some excuse if he would keep on loving her in after years.



AT TEMPLE THEATRE, MONDAY, OCT. 30
"THE THREE GODFATHERS" A Bluebird Feature
A Stirring Western Drama in Five Acts. Price 10c.

When there's a right way and a wrong way, the average man goes wrong.

A good printer is truly a man of the highest type. He attends to his own case and makes it a rule never to be out of sorts.

WOMAN ALL RUN DOWN Made Strong and Well By Vinol

Waynesboro, Pa.—"I was all run down after a hard spell of bronchitis so it was hard for me to keep about. I had pains in my chest and took cold easily. A friend asked me to try Vinol. I did, and it built me up so I am strong and well and I am able to do my housework which I had not done for three months before taking Vinol."—Mrs. Y. R. HOSBORN, Waynesboro, Pa.
Vinol creates an appetite, aids digestion, makes pure blood and creates strength. Your money back if it fails.
Sold by East Jordan Drug Co.

The average man would rather blow his own horn than listen to a band concert.

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

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

THE Palmer GARMENT

The Palmer Coats for fall and winter are here, and we invite the ladies to call and inspect this beautiful showing of up-to-date and dependable garments.

Dress Silks

We have at present an exceptionally fine assortment of the well-known Belding Dress Silks.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

For Your New Dress

be sure to use Belding's "Pure Dye" Guaranteed Dress Silk. It will not rip, split or tear. Dry cleans without damage. Wrinkles are easily pressed out by the use of a damp cloth and warm iron (not hot) on the wrong side. The white and black wash like muslin.

Belding's Guaranteed Dress Silks

are full yard wide and made in all the latest colors, plain and novelty designs. We have a most complete line of Mes-salines, Taffetas, Satin de Chines, Satin, Charmeuse. Come in and see them.

Briefs of the Week

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

Leonard Bodrie returned from Fred-eric, Tuesday.

Miss Alvina Benzor was a Traverse City visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. A. E. Cross visited her parents at Central Lake this week.

Mrs. James Keat went to Petoskey Monday for medical treatment.

Mrs. Peter Lalonde entertained the Electa Club Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hudson visited friends in Charlevoix this week.

Now is the time to get your Winter Coat at a low price—Weisman's store.

Mrs. R. N. Spence and Mrs. C. G. Isaman and son spent Monday at Green River.

Little Charles McKinnon had the misfortune to get burned quite bad, Saturday.

Miss Ursula Crawford went to Belding Monday, where she expects to remain all winter.

Geo. Ward and family now occupy the residence vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilks.

The Whist Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Kalupa at Charlevoix Wednesday.

J. C. Johnson and family now occupy the H. L. Winters' residence on North Main-st.

Mrs. A. J. Carver of Elk Rapids is guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. A. Bell.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman left Wednesday for Galesburg, called there by the death of her sister.

Mrs. D. L. Wilson returned home from Cadillac, Wednesday. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. John Maurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dennis celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary with a party and dinner at their home last Sunday.

The Epworth League will give a Hallowe'en Party at the Methodist church parlors next Tuesday evening. Everybody invited. Price 10c.

The Lady Macabees will give their annual masquerade Hallowe'en party at the Armory next Monday evening, Oct. 30th. Each member may invite two friends.

Thos. Brennan and son, Glenn, arrived here from Mackinaw City, Wednesday. His family will follow later. Mr. Brennan will take Mr. Wilks' place here on the D. & C. road.

Matthew Beebe passed away at his home in this city Friday last, age 65 years. Deceased has been a sufferer from cancer for some time. Funeral services were held from the Church of God Chapel, Sunday, conducted by the pastor, Rev. James Ruehle. Interment at East Jordan Cemetery.

An important change will take effect in the management of the D. & C. R. R. on Nov. 1st. After that date the road will be known as the East Jordan Branch of the Michigan Central Railroad, and we understand will be subject to all rules and regulations applicable to the main system, including a two-cent passenger fare. Heretofore it has been operated as an independent line.

Prosperity and Prohibition go hand in hand. License and licentiousness are closely related terms. Prohibition Kansas is the richest state in the Union per capita. The empty buildings in Kansas are the jails and almshouses. There are 38 counties without a pauper and 65 counties with no prisoners in their jails. Give Michigan a chance to empty her jails and almshouses by voting YES on the Prohibition Amendment, and NO on the Home Rule (?) Amendment.

Since receiving the registration notices from the election apply house—which called for an entire re-registration—City Atty Fitch has contended that re-registration in the City of East Jordan was not necessary. He communicated with the Attorney General's office and found that same was unnecessary. Further, that the date of holding the registration was wrong as it should be the second Saturday preceding a general election. In view of the fact that the notices were already posted, the Atty General's office advised and the city will hold registration on both this coming and next week Saturdays. However, if you are already registered you will not have to register again to vote Nov. 7th.

Mrs. Lasira Kenyon is quite ill at present.

Mose Weisman returned home from Detroit, Monday.

Mrs. Manley Winters will leave this Saturday for a visit at Flint.

John Hockstad went to Detroit on Monday to visit his brothers.

W. P. and John Porter were Detroit business visitors this week.

Edwin Wilson of Churchill Corners visited at C. Johnsons Monday.

Peter Stephan of Lansing is guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Stone.

S. A. Bush and wife of Charlevoix were East Jordan visitors on Tuesday.

Supt. and Mrs. F. A. Kenyon of Mackinac Island are in the city this week.

Miss Jessie Stafford of Charlevoix is guest of Miss Louise Loveday this week.

J. L. Ekstrom and S. G. Arbuckle of Boyne City visited friends in the city, Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Ward returned home Monday from her trip thru southern Michigan.

Jas. Milford and family of Springvale visited at the home of J. H. Milford on Monday.

Mrs. John Hockstad and Mrs. Len Swafford were Traverse City visitors this week.

Mrs. R. H. Davis was at Copemish last week and visited her daughter, Mrs. Harry Dodd.

W. J. Ellison returned home Thursday from a business trip to Marquette and other points.

Mrs. A. Alexander returned to her home at Alba Saturday last after a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. G. L. Thorne returned home from Detroit, Friday last after a visit with her daughter.

A. E. Wells returned from Muskegon Tuesday, where he was called by the death of his father.

The Improvement Club will have a banquet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Peck, Friday evening.

Mrs. E. E. Smatts has returned home from Central Lake, after visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. Burr.

Miss Daisy Bryant of Leland is in the city and will open dressmaking parlors as soon as she can find rooms suitable.

The regular meeting of the Study Club will meet at the home of Mrs. C. A. Hudson next Monday evening, Oct. 30th.

Mrs. O. E. Sundstedt and son, Elwyn will leave this Friday for Detroit, where they will make their future home.

Wm. Wilks and family moved to Mackinaw City, Monday, Mr. Wilks to take charge of the section there on the rail road.

Mrs. W. P. Squire arrived here from San Antonio, Texas, Friday, called here by the illness of her father, P. K. Winters.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Smith and daughter, Doris of Mackinaw City are guests at the home of their daughter, Mrs. C. V. Trumbull.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hunsberger of Chicago are guests at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunsberger.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter of Charlevoix who has been spending the past week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Smatts, left Thursday for Buffalo, N. Y. to visit her sister.

Kenneth Isaman and Miss Theresa Burbanks, two well-known young people of this city, were united in marriage at the M. E. parsonage by Rev. John Clemens last Friday evening, Oct. 20th.

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

Agency for Traverse City Steam Laundry, Klon Smith, Agent, under the Post-Office.

WANTED—A man with horse and rig to take up our agency in this locality. Good paying proposition for energetic man. Address, Grand Union Tea Co., Lansing, Mich.

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.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, October 29, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Our Attitude in Trials.
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.
8:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.
8:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.
7:00 p. m.—Union Mass Meeting in Temple Theatre. Address by Hon. H. R. Pattengill.
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 29, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—Temperance Address.
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:00 p. m.—No Service. Everybody attend the lecture at Opera House.
Thursday evening union prayer service at our Church.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 29, 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. 29.
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.

HOW PROHIBITION BOOSTED SPOKANE

By C. A. FLEMING, Mayor of Spokane, Wash.

Unquestionably Prohibition in Spokane is responsible for: first, almost complete absence of drunkenness on the streets since January 1, 1916, the date when Prohibition went into effect; second, the removal from this city of a large number of vagrancies of both sexes; and, thirdly, a marked falling off in Police Court work and in the number of arrests.

Merchants report better business and an increase in cash receipts, and the general outlook is optimistic. There is a reduction in rents of a certain class of business property, which may or may not be regarded as a benefit.

Since the advent of Prohibition, the people generally expect good results and believe the present indications bear out the present expectation.

EX-SALOON KEEPER FOR STATE WIDE PROHIBITION

C. M. Carson, factory manager of the Cadillac Motor Car Co., has received a letter from a former worker for the Liberal league, an Ohio brewers and distillers' organization, asking for a job in the Cadillac plant, says the Detroit Times. This man, who drew a big salary and still bigger expense account, was an organizer in the Ohio campaign a year ago. Being in such intimate touch with the men who have the spending of liquor money, he knew how it was used and misused and became disgusted.

He decided to get out of the business and couldn't. He bore the marks of the saloon all over his face, as Mr. Carson expressed it. Time after time he applied for jobs he knew he could hold, but was refused them. Finally, so anxious was he to get away from King Alcohol, he took a \$12 a week job in Detroit in place of the high-priced one he held in Ohio. This would not support him and he wrote Mr. Carson a personal letter:

"I have for the greater part of my life been connected with the liquor traffic as bartender, liquor salesman or saloonkeeper, and I want to say that I hate the business and would welcome a chance to get out of it."

"Two years ago, during the fight for state-wide prohibition in Ohio, I was employed by the Liberal league (distillers and brewers) as an organizer. My duties were to travel out of Columbus to different parts of the state, organizing Liberal league clubs. This was accomplished chiefly by the liberal use of money for free drinks. I lowered myself in my own estimation, but I had to eat. Whatever the outcome of my present effort I am for state-wide prohibition and eventually national."

This man is now employed in the Cadillac plant and is making good.

PROHIBITION HELPED TACOMA ALL RIGHT

By A. W. FAWCETT, Mayor of Tacoma, Wash.

The immediate effect of the inauguration of Prohibition in Tacoma has been to practically wipe out disorder. In January there was not an arrest for fighting or disturbing the peace. A record unknown heretofore. There were but six drunks and disorderly and 15 plain drunks, most of these being hangovers from New Year's evening.

Business men report a general bettering of conditions. Grocers say collections are better and many who never paid cash are now doing so.

None of the evils predicted by opponents of Prohibition have come and the people appear well pleased that the saloon has gone for good.

Fort Smith, Ark., August 9, 1916.
Mr. A. J. Barton, 613 Praetorian Building, Dallas, Texas.

Dear Sir: I regret that your favor of May 6 was mislaid and I now reply, although it may be too late to serve you any purpose.

A few data taken from our police court records may prove interesting to you. Twelve months with saloons show 5,697 arrests; twelve months without saloons, 2,228 arrests. Difference, 3,471. Twelve months with saloons, 1,822 cases of drunks and disorderlies; twelve months without saloons, 401 cases of drunks and disorderlies. Difference, 921.

When operating without saloons, our police force was reduced by half. The jail was unoccupied so much that we dispensed with the services of night jailer, also with services of a day captain. Old citizens tell us that they have never known law and order to prevail to the extent which it has during the period we have had no saloons.

Yours Very Truly
(Signed) HENRY T. READ,
Mayor.

USED IT ELEVEN YEARS

There is one remedy that for many years has given relief from coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Mrs. Chas. Rietz, Allen Mills, Pa., writes: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar for the past eleven years and I would not be without it." It promptly relieves hoarseness, tickling throat and wheezy breathing.—Hite's Drug Store.

Saturday FUR SALE! ONE DAY ONLY



A large consignment of Ladies' and Children's Fur Sets, extra Muffs, and new ideas in Fur Collars, will be placed on sale for Saturday Only.

AN OPPORTUNITY THAT WON'T COME AGAIN SOON

Weisman's

QUALITY

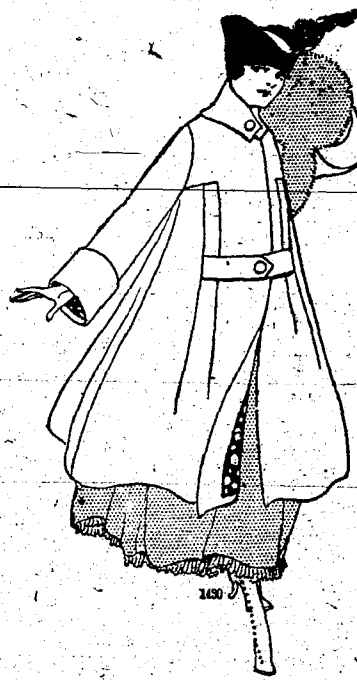
SERVICE

COATS THAT REVEAL YOUR PERSONAL STYLE



How a woman's eyes sparkle when she finds a garment designed to give her individuality. Perhaps nothing has contributed so much to our pleasure this season as to be able to do this so often. Like Sentimental Tommy, the Wooltex designers certainly "have a way with them."

Smart and well tailored, these coats carry cheer with them wherever they go.



Many of the best-dressed women are now making their selections of new coats. A good time for YOU to come in and see them.

Our New Fall Waists are here AND YOU MUST SEE THEM TO APPRECIATE THEM.

We can match any fur, or sell you any color Muff or Set you wish. Muffs \$2.50 and up.

White service 'tis plain
Is assured by the name.

Sold by the
EAST JORDAN
LUMBER COMPANY

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

HIGH WAISTLINE WORN IN 2500 B.C.

Dressmakers of Pharaoh's Time
Made Gowns Like Those
of 1916.

BOTH SEXES USED COSMETICS

Expert of the New York Metropolitan
Museum of Art Finds That Fashion
Changed Often in Nile's
Highest Civilization.

New York.—The high waistline in women's clothes, the fashion for the summer of 1916, was fairly popular in Egypt about the year 2500 B. C., a time when slight mustaches were the rage among the young men, according to researches made by Miss B. M. Carland of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She discovered that cosmetics were much used by the women favorites of the Pharaohs, and also found that the men were not averse to toning up their complexions when courts were held along the Nile of the middle kingdoms.

In the monthly Bulletin of the Museum, Miss Carland has described the clothes of fashionable society of the Egypt of long ago. Her descriptions were taken from exhibits in the museum. Depicting the costumes of the Old Kingdom, 2980-2475 B. C., she says:

Sheathlike Garment.

"The conventional sheathlike garment worn by all women was of plain unpleated stuff, that hung from the breast to the ankles, so scant that it clung to the figure and clearly showed the form, fastened by straps over one or both shoulders or merely held up by a belt. It was often pure white, but sometimes it had a narrow selvage around the top, a fringe on the bottom, and braes that were parti-colored. In the tomb of Ptahhotep at Sakkara there is a scene of offering-bearers representing estates, where the dresses are alternately red and dark green. These women, according to custom, were adorned with necklaces, bracelets and anklets of blue and green beads.

"Aside from white, green seems to have been the color most worn, although we do find in reliefs red and yellow dresses as well. The fashions for women were simpler and less varied than those for men, with slight deviations from the conventional attire, such as a short skirt worn at times by servants. The attire of dancing girls varied from the regular long costume to a short skirt, or in the later period to a girle of brightly colored beads.

"Most women wore wigs or dressed their own hair long. It fell to the shoulders or to the waist in the back in a large mass, with a side-lock hanging on either side of the face. Sometimes a colored ribbon was tied around the brow like a fillet, and often a circlet of real flowers was worn.

"We know that cosmetics and ointments were used by both men and women, and in this connection it is interesting to note a statuette in the first Egyptian room, the eyes of which are outlined with a green band. Green malachite was used for this, whether purely for adornment or for medicinal reasons we do not know, and rouge and black paint were also employed as part of the make-up.

Shows Diversity.

"Dress in ancient Egypt, as in every civilized country, shows diversity according to the class or occupation of the individual and variety dependent upon the fashion of the day. The king and his courtiers set the styles, which were soon assumed by subordinate officials until they forced their superiors to adopt new modes. The fluctuations of fashion would be difficult to follow, although there was a steady tendency toward elaboration and luxury; but let us consider the most distinct changes in the Old Kingdom (2980-2475 B. C.), the Middle Kingdom (2160-1788 B. C.), and the Empire (1580-945 B. C.), as shown in our Egyptian galleries.

"In the tomb of Perneb we have costumes that are typical of the Old Kingdom. Humble people were satisfied with a belt, tied around the waist with the ends hanging down in front, a skirt of linen, fastened loosely around the loins, or rarely they contrived a rush matting. Even these, at times were laid aside, and the men appeared nude when engaged in strenuous exercise. The offering-bearers in the tomb chamber wore the short white skirt, the most common article of clothing. It was a straight piece of white linen cloth wrapped about their hips like a kilt, the ends being knotted in front or being passed under a girde, and sticking up above the waistline.

"Men in the Old Kingdom almost invariably clipped their hair close and shaved their faces, although up to the fifth dynasty they sometimes wore slight mustaches, but shepherds occasionally allowed their hair to grow, a custom generally considered unclean. The upper classes wore wigs of two kinds—either short and close-fitting, with light, little curls in horizontal row, or long and bushy, parted in the middle and falling well over the shoulders. Such wigs were probably made of sheep's wool, and actual specimens have been found. When a man wished to assume his full dignity, he attached a false beard of platted hair to his chin by means of straps. Sandals, which were made of reeds or leather with a strap over the instep, connect-

ed with another strap which passed between the toes, were worn irrespective of class, except in the presence of superiors, but the Egyptian commonly preferred to go barefoot.

Adopt Platted Kilt.

"By the time of the Middle Kingdom ordinary individuals had adopted the platted kilt, which for a time, at least in the Old Kingdom, had been the peculiar property of the king; however, it is doubtful if the people ever wore it of gold. On a wooden statuette of Sesostris I, in the Eighth Egyptian room, this kilt is represented as platted all around, the two ends curving symmetrically in front up to the girdle. The king also wears the red crown symbolic of lower Egypt, while the mate to this statuette, which is now in the Cairo museum, wears the white crown of Upper Egypt.

"Other statuettes, in the Sixth Egyptian room, show what a variety of skirts existed at the time. The old forms continued, although there was a tendency toward a narrower, longer skirt. The triangular projection, so fashionable in the first dynasty, became subdued until it was quite modest. The long skirt which has been described as typical of this time often had a high waistline. It was at this time that clothing for the upper part of the body first appeared, and a curious cape was sometimes pinned around the shoulders. A heavy cloak or shawl, probably of wool, worn in the Old Kingdom as an outer garment by both men and women, now became common.

"Changes in the costumes of women from the old to the Middle Kingdom were slight, but there were a few innovations that showed the tendency toward elaboration. A plain white tunic was sometimes covered with a network of brightly colored beads in diamond pattern with a bead fringe at the bottom. A similar dress, exceptionally gay in color, dates from the sixth dynasty. One statuette from Assut shows a white tunic with a wide border on the bottom representing birds' wings or a leaf pattern; the latter more likely, since it is painted in green."

COSTUME TAKES PRIZE



Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert of St. Louis, whose costume was awarded first prize at the Hawaiian ball at Narragansett Pier, R. I.

STORK VISITS COST MORE

British War Baby Adds \$100 to Parents' Expenses Above the Figures of 1914.

London.—It is estimated that the all-around expenditure on a baby born this year is probably from \$100 to \$125 higher than in 1914.

Food alone adds about \$15 to the year's cost of the war baby. Milk has gone up four cents a quart and it is said that the average baby consumes from 400 to 450 pints a year. Baby foods are up about 10 per cent. Feeding bottles cost a third more, and the methylated spirit for heating the night's feed has advanced from 10 cents to 25 cents a pint.

Baby garments cost more also. Everything made of wool has risen 33 per cent in price; all the cotton and wool mixture materials and garments are 25 per cent higher, the wholly cotton ones, owing to the rise in raw materials and labor, must be paid for at the rate of about 15 per cent more. Nearly all medicines cost much more. Perambulators are about one-fourth dearer.

Wounded Otter Bit Him.

Petersburg, Ind.—Homer Hays, aged eighteen, was hunting frogs with a small rifle along White river, near the island two miles east of here, when he saw an otter lying on the river bank. He shot at it and the bullet hit it in the mouth. This so enraged the animal that it jumped at him and caught one of his hands, preventing him from shooting a second time. He finally shook the animal loose, and it rolled down the river bank into the water and dived out of sight.

UNEARTH RUINS 1,000 YEARS OLD

Dr. Fewkes Discovers Most Ancient Structure Known in the Southwest.

BUILT BEFORE SUN TEMPLE

That Building in Mesa Verde National Park Was Inhabited Is Shown by Household Utensils—Finds Ancient War Club.

Denver, Col.—A ruin more than 1,000 years old—the most ancient of all the ruins discovered in the southwest—has been unearthed in Mesa Verde National park, Colorado, by Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution.

Doctor Fewkes started to excavate on July 20 a large mound five miles from Spruce Tree camp, on top of the mesa. He has made sufficient progress to show the outlines of a huge building of the pueblo type of architecture, 112 feet long and 93 feet wide, including a plaza. The main building contains a large court and at least three circular kivas, or ceremonial chambers.

Doctor Fewkes says the building is much older than Sun Temple, which he excavated in Mesa Verde National park last year. In fact, it is by far the oldest building uncovered in the southwest, and shows that the people who inhabited Mesa Verde National park must have flourished at least 1,000 years ago.

News of Doctor Fewkes' discovery was brought to Denver by Dr. Elmer E. Higley, pastor of a church in Des Moines, Ia. He takes a keen interest in archaeological subjects, particularly those concerning the Mesa Verde, on which he lectures. He was one of the first to explore the cliff dwelling now known as "Dante's House," which was explored for the first time last summer.

Building a Distinct Type.

"Doctor Fewkes has made a wonderful discovery this season in Mesa Verde National park," said Doctor Higley. "He has uncovered a new type of building. The ruin which is now being uncovered is situated about thirty rods south of the large circular reservoir known as Mummy lake, which is close to the automobile road leading to Spruce Tree camp. Everyone who visits the ruins has Mummy lake pointed out to him.

"There are nine large mounds near Mummy lake and it is one of these that Doctor Fewkes has excavated this season." Probably it will be late in September before the work is completed. The building is rectangular in shape and the masonry work is not so good as that in Sun Temple, which Doctor Fewkes excavated last year. Doctor Fewkes is of the opinion that the building is being excavated this season is much older than Sun Temple, which probably was built about 1300 A. D. The building on which he is now working evidently was inhabited, while Sun Temple was not. The workmen are finding broken pottery in great quantities and household implements as well. Evidently the building was covered and was very imposing.

"About a dozen men are working on the building and all are keenly interested, feeling that valuable discoveries may be made at any time. The building represents a distinct type, entirely different from the cliff ruins, themselves, which are built in caverns in the cliffs. The buildings around Mummy lake were built in the open much on the lines of modern structures. The building being uncovered commands a view for many miles in all directions, and for this reason it has been suggested that the ruin be named Prospect House.

Finds Ancient War Club.

"As is the case of Sun Temple, the walls of this building are two or three feet thick. Double walls extend all the way around the building, probably for purpose of defense. Probably a roof will be put over this building, but it is the intention to make the covering strictly modern, and not to attempt to conform to cliff dwellers or mesa dweller type.

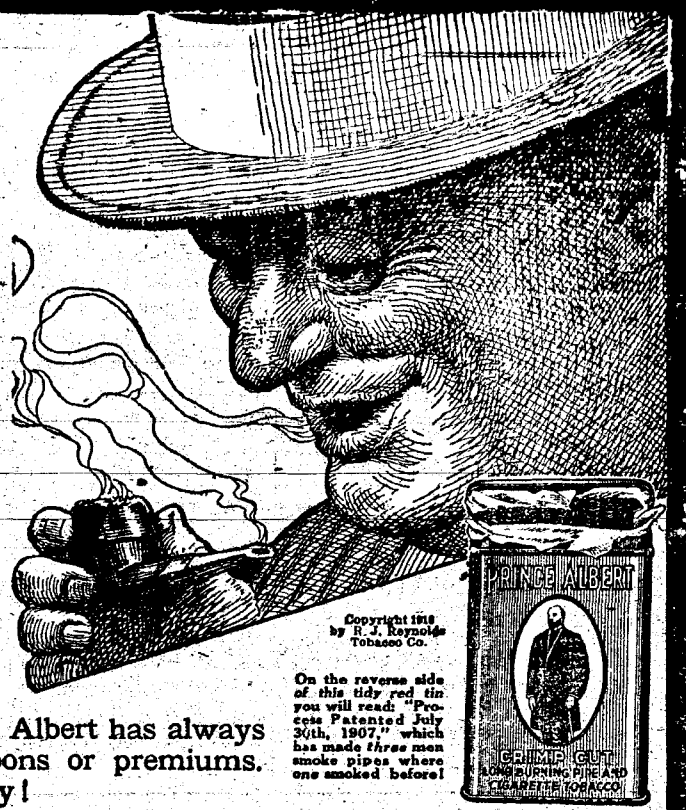
"It is Doctor Fewkes' intention to do some work this season on Mummy lake, which has been the cause of much speculation. It is the general opinion that Mummy lake was a reservoir supplying water to the group of buildings in the immediate vicinity and perhaps part of an irrigation system. The mound is circular and has a depression in the middle. The structure covered by earth evidently is double walled and of great size."

Doctor Higley entered a cliff dwelling which, it was supposed, never had been explored before. It was necessary for him to be lowered 60 feet over the side of a cliff to get into the building. He found that one of the Wetherills and a companion had been in the building in the eighties, about the time the cliff dwellings were discovered. In this building Doctor Higley found an implement which Doctor Fewkes pronounced a sort of war club. It consisted of a stone to which was attached a short handle. It is the first implement of warfare to be found in the cliff ruins and has excited much interest.

Such tobacco enjoyment

as you never thought could be is yours to command quick as you buy some Prince Albert and fire-up a pipe or a home-made cigarette!

Prince Albert gives you every tobacco satisfaction your smoke-appetite ever hankered for. That's because it's made by a patented process that cuts out bite and parch! Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!



Copyright 1916 by P. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
On the reverse side of this tidy red tin you will read "Process Patented July 30th, 1907," which has made three men smoke pipes where one smoked before!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has a flavor as different as it is delightful. You never tasted the like of it! And that isn't strange, either.

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin ham-dors—and that corking fine pound crystal-glass ham-dor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such clever trim—always!

Men who think they can't smoke a pipe or roll a cigarette can smoke and will smoke if they use Prince Albert. And smokers who have not yet given P. A. a try-out certainly have a big surprise and a lot of enjoyment coming their way as soon as they invest in a supply. Prince Albert tobacco will tell its own story!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

EUROPE'S WAR PROVES PROTECTION IS RIGHT

Elihu Root Shows That the Republican Party's Cardinal Principle Has Won the Only Decisive Battle of the Contest.

WE PROSPER BECAUSE THE HOME MARKET IS OUR OWN

When Peace Comes and Foreign Commercial Confederations Look Hungrily Toward America, We Shall Deserve What Happens to Us if Provision Is Not Made Against Disaster by a Tariff Quite Different From the Underwood Folly.

There is one particular subject with which the United States must deal in order to meet the revolution in production and trade which will accompany the close of the great war. That is the tariff. I think there is very general agreement upon that. When the demand for supplies to the armies in the field has ended great numbers of men will return to productive employment in Europe and great numbers of operatives will be thrown out of employment here and will have to find other work. Europe will have little money and be heavily in debt. She will be under strong compulsion to pay her debts by making and selling goods. She will be on a basis of strict economy and high organization and she can make and sell cheaply. The United States will have an abundance of money and vast purchasing power. Our market has always been attractive to European producers. It will be far more attractive after the war. It is highly probable that even England will resort to a protective tariff, so that our production will meet protective barriers in all foreign markets. What are we going to do then? We must do something. We must protect ourselves or we shall become the dumping ground of the world and our workmen will beg in the streets.

Even the Democrats have seen that something must be done, for they have provided a tariff board to ascertain and report the true facts to which a tariff law is to be applied. In Mr. Taft's Administration the Republicans provided for a tariff board to report to the President and it was appointed and doing excellent work. When the Democratic House elected in 1910 came in they starved it out of existence by refusing appropriations. In the last session of the 61st Congress the Republicans passed through both Houses a new bill for a tariff board to report to Congress. There were some slight differences of detail in the two Houses which were agreed upon in conference, but the Democrats filibustered against the final conference report and so killed the bill. So the tariff board was dead—slain by the Democratic party. It has now been resurrected by that party because they

see that something must be done about the tariff when the war closes. Now, we can all understand that if the country wants a tariff for revenue only they may put the making of it in the hands of the Democratic party. But can any sane man contemplate that party making a protective tariff? In the first place they can't do it honestly. They don't believe in it. They were born and bred in a different faith. They have been crying so long that protection is an abuse of power and an abomination that they can't reconcile themselves to a protective tariff, and they regard the Underwood tariff as a model. That is what we are to have if the Democrats go back. The Underwood tariff still, with perhaps here and there a slight modification regarding dye stuffs and some other articles which can be shown to gentlemen from Missouri and elsewhere. Well, if there ever was a clumsy, ill conceived misfit law, it is the tariff which bears Mr. Underwood's name. We had already discovered what its effect was when the war in Europe began.

Many mills and factories were closed or running but a part of the time. Great numbers of laborers were thrown out of employment and the market for American products was still further reduced by the destruction of their purchasing power. Enterprise halted, discouraged and apprehensive of the future. New enterprises were no longer attempted. Old plants were no longer enlarged. The Underwood tariff had already failed when the war in Europe began. That war furnished and continues to furnish to American production the most absolute protection because it has so great a degree stopped production in Europe. So long as the war lasts our producers have practically no competition in our home market, for Europe does not make the goods to sell here. At the same time, while the war lasts our producers have an enormous market in Europe for the things that Europe can't produce in sufficient quantities. When the war is over that condition will cease, and we shall deserve what happens to us if we do not provide against that time by a tariff quite different from the Underwood tariff and made by men who do not consider a tariff for revenue only an article of religious faith.—From the speech of Elihu Root delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York City, October 5, 1916.

WILSON CONSISTENT ONLY IN HIS VACILLATION.

As it is with "war," so it is with "intervention." President Wilson has again and again said he would not "intervene" in Mexico. As a matter of fact he has intervened continuously . . . but as he never followed any policy of either intervention or nonintervention with any resolution—always yielding at the critical moment to some bandit chief of whom he became fearful—both his spasms of intervention and his spasms of nonintervention have alike been entirely futile.—From the speech of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, delivered at Lewiston, Maine, in behalf of Charles E. Hughes.

DARKEN GRAY HAIR, LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Sage Tea and Sulphur Darkens So Naturally that No body can tell.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or that it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmothers made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides heartily darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite to impart color and a youthful appearance to the hair. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

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

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

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

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

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

The Red Circle

Albert Payson Terhune

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

Copyright, 1914, by Albert Payson Terhune

SYNOPSIS

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One in each Borden generation, always a criminal, has borne the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted are the only known living of the Bordens. Max Lamar, a detective, is determined to keep an eye on Jim. June Travis and her mother meet Jim as he is released. Jim and Ted are killed. Next day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. June, marked with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary, June's nurse, discovers her theft and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary tricks Lamar. June, dressed as a boy, recovers Mary's coat from the police. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam," Jim's old crime partner. At the seaside June steals her engine plans from Todd Drew and sinks them in the sea with her boy's clothes.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

"FALSE COLORS"

Halfway down the pier, on her way back to the beach, June turned to look seaward. There was nothing to prove that, only a minute before, a large bundle, heavily weighted and containing invention plans worth a million human lives had plunged to depths.

She bent to pick up a broken shell that was lying on the edge of the pier. Particularly brilliant ray of sunlight caught the back of her hand, making the red circle look like a scarlet welt on the white flesh. She covered the telltale mark with her other hand, and looked around, guiltily.

Crouched there, the old, stark fear cut into her heart for a moment. As her keen, searching eyes found the beach she sprang to her feet and started toward a little building on the pier, that had been used for a boat-renting office. Once safe in the shadow it cast, she looked shoreward again.

On the beach, running around a corner of the battered shack, she saw Todd Drew and Count Freel. As she watched, they ran down to the sea, and stood looking about, blankly. Their loud, agitated dialogue drifted out to her faintly. She caught the words, "Which way? Find her!"

A wave, a little heavier than the rest, swished noisily under the pier. Something knocked against one of the piles. June turned in sudden fear. She saw the ends of a perpendicular, wooden ladder showing above the edge of the stringpiece.

Bending over, she noted that an empty rowboat was tied fast just below her. She descended, untied the painter and pushed away from the side of the pier. Then, dropping on to the rower's seat, she adjusted the oars and pulled with long, easy strokes.

When she felt that she was at a safe distance, she rested on her oars and looked toward the shore.

Too far away to distinguish faces and well content at her clever escape, June tried not to scan the shore too carefully for the two men who were searching for her.

A man on the beach, who had just raised his glass to learn what the

suits were talking to a remarkably pretty fourth, who was sitting on a rock.

Suddenly one of the fellows who broke through the little group, abruptly seized the right hand of the pretty girl, looked closely at the back of it and dropped it just as abruptly. The girl, her eyes blazing with anger, reached for the closed parasol that was lying at her side and raised it in midair, to strike.

The two men backed away, uttering abject apologies and loud protests before the sudden onslaught of indignant femininity; then they broke into a run and made for the esplanade. Slipping his marine glass into his coat pocket, the onlooker, amused, started in pursuit.

He saw the same impudent fellow approach a girl, dressed in a sailor suit, seize her right hand, scan its surface hastily, then drop it and attempt a getaway.

But the girl was too quick for him. Getting hold of the man's injured hand she hung on, calling for help at the top of her lungs. A policeman, a block distant, came running, just as the curious onlooker reached the spot.

"You're under arrest!" thundered the patrolman. "What'd you mean, anyway, by walking around the streets annoying ladies, eh?"

"I wasn't annoying ladies," argued the squirming prisoner. "It's a mistake. I never did such a thing in my life!"

The younger man twisted his arm free and reached into an inner pocket. Drawing out a cardcase, he snatched a bit of pasteboard from it and shoved it under the sniffing nose of this minion of the law.

"That's who I am," he howled ferociously. "Todd Drew, son of the great inventor. Just now, when Count Freel and I were talking business, in a little shack on the beach, someone barricaded the door, reached in through a hole in the wall and stole the plans of the greatest war invention the world has ever known. They're worth a fortune. The hand that reached in and grabbed those papers was marked with a Red Circle—and the person (whoever it was) had on a girl's sailor suit."

"I corroborate all he says," added the count, hastily. "I wish to say—"

"Well, your story sounds grand!" decided the policeman, "but I think you're both liars. So, come along with me."

An hour later, Harry Gage, Lamar's confidential clerk, came into his employer's private office and handed the crime specialist a telegram that read: "Sufton, Aug. 2.—Mr. Max Lamar, 512 Black Bldg."

Father's war instrument plans stolen. Circular birthmark on back of hand only clue. I am held by police here on charge of annoying girls. Come at once. Todd Drew.

Lamar's brows contracted suddenly as he read, "Circular birthmark!" The Red Circle, of course—and at Sufton!

"I'm off to the beach—Sufton. Anything important comes up, 'phone or wire. Red Circle!"

Arriving at Sufton Lamar jumped from the step of the car and ran toward a little group of three men, one in a policeman's uniform. He grasped the hand of the youngest of the three and shook it heartily.

"It's the most terrible mix-up all around!" this man said to Lamar. "Imagine them holding me for annoying women! Say, for pure imbecility, recommend me to the police of a one-horse burg like this!"

"See here, you!" interrupted the emissary of the law, "that'll do! I'm—"

"That's all right, officer," Lamar broke in soothingly, "my friend is naturally excited over his arrest. I'll be responsible for both."

"So you thought you saw a Red Circle on this person's hand, eh?" he continued suavely as they moved off the station platform.

Just within hearing distance, a woman with a suitcase started suddenly.

"Thought nothing!" retorted Drew emphatically, "I saw it. It was as distinct as—er—as anything."

Drew uttered a sudden grunt and pointed ahead of him. The two other men stopped short and looked.

"A sailor suit!" whispered Drew excitedly. "Another one! Shall we—"

Lamar's face lighted up. He put a detaining hand on the agitated fellow's arm.

"I'm afraid you will have to leave this sailor suit alone, Drew," he said. "The young lady is a very dear friend of mine—Miss June Travis. I want you to meet her. She's charming."

Within ten feet of them, June, looking out over the water, had been unaware of their approach. Staring into Lamar's face, now, she lost her composure for the merest fraction of a second. The next instant she had extended her right hand and placed it between his two eager ones.

Drew and the count, suspicious of any and all sailor suits, crowded up,

intent upon the hand that Lamar held prisoner. A smooth white surface with just the tiniest golden-brown freckle on one knuckle met his eye. He laughed at the other two in sheer amusement.

"May I present Mr. Drew, Miss Travis? And Count Freel, Miss Travis. It's strange you people haven't met before. Sufton is a small place."

"It is strange you haven't met at some of the functions that have been given at the hotel. You men are stopping there and I'm sure Miss Travis attends all the dances," said Max.

"I do, indeed," said June gayly. "There's to be a ball there tonight, by the way. Mother and I are going. Won't I see you all there?"

"I'll be there," he promised firmly. "And I'll bring the count and Drew with me, Miss Travis."

"Just look at the crowd!" June exclaimed with delight, as their car turned into the drive leading to the hotel. "This is going to be the best dance of the season."

An attendant in livery helped them from the car. June took hold of Mary's hand and helped her up the steps.

"Just don't you let me catch you flirting—that's all," she whispered wickedly in the old woman's ear; and Mrs. Travis wondered what Mary's sudden indignant exclamation was about.

"Everyone's going inside, dear," the nurse said, as they reached the top of the steps. "Let me take your things to the coat room or you'll be late for the first dance."

"Oh, I don't care about the first dance. I haven't promised it to anyone. I'm going to see who's here first. Stay out here with me just a minute."

She walked to one of the long French windows and looked inside. The scene was gay enough to dispel any shadows. Yet over in one corner, leaning against a pillar, his arms fold-

costume kept dancing into Mary's line of vision. She was leaning back against her partner's arm, looking into his eyes, a taunting smile on her thin vivid lips.

While Mary was deciding that this was quite the most disgusting type of woman she had ever seen, the strange girl and her partner collided clumsily with another couple. The woman with whom they collided—a plump blonde and beautifully gowned—got the worst of the collision.

Mary saw her bend down and rub her ankles. Then, while proper apologies were made by the woman in black and her partner, the little blonde limped away on her partner's arm and sought refuge on a settee near Mary. The acute pain in her foot must have made her feel faint. For the man immediately went in search of a glass of water and returned with it as quickly as possible.

After taking a few swallows, Mary saw the blonde girl put her hand over her heart and draw a deep breath of relief. But the expression of renewed strength gave way instantly to startled surprise. She was passing her hands rapidly over the front of her elaborately embroidered gown.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Hinkie?" Mary heard the young man say.

"I've lost my brooch—my diamond brooch!" gasped the woman. "I had it on a minute ago, I'm sure."

"Surely it must be around somewhere if you had it on just a moment ago," protested the young man. "Maybe you dropped it when we had our tumble. Wait here and I'll go look around that spot."

"No, I'll come with you. It's made me nervous. I couldn't sit still."

As they passed several chatting groups Mrs. Hinkie announced her loss, loudly. Soon the floor was covered with people searching for the missing diamonds.

Suddenly Mary realized that June was not in the little throng of search-

"I am George Radner, the manager of this hotel, Mr. Lamar!" The man spoke hurriedly, as if distressed. "Several guests have lost articles of jewelry tonight. I am afraid a professional thief is at work among them. Can't you do something about it, Mr. Lamar? I hate to trouble you, but—"

"Oh, that's all right—that's all right," Lamar muttered indistinctly. "Has anyone who reported a loss to you said anything about a Red Circle, Mr. Radner?"

"No, I don't think so. Nobody has the slightest clue. It's the cleverest sort of theft I've ever known. There's a master crook operating here, I'm certain."

"I'll see what I can do, Mr. Radner. Just go out and mingle with the guests as though nothing had occurred, will you? I'll be out in a minute."

Lamar came back to the bench and sat down, his hands clenched tightly, his lower jaw protruding in an ugly, determined way. The Japanese silk draperies behind him moved slightly as if in obedience to a gentle breeze. June put her hand over his, soothingly.

"You are terribly worried over this mystery," she said softly. "Let me help you solve it, won't you? Who knows but that I may develop into a regular detective—er—crime specialist."

Annoyed and worried as he was, Lamar threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"All right, Miss Travis," he said gravely. "I'll appoint you my first assistant on this case. Perhaps you can help me."

June turned toward him, her face alight.

"I'll do my best," she promised. "Will you let me come to see you tomorrow morning to tell you a few more details of this case?" he inquired eagerly.

"I'd be delighted to have you come," June replied heartily. "I'm rather excited about the idea of joining forces with you and—oh!"

She broke off suddenly and put her hand to her throat. It was bare. Her pearl pendant was gone! She twisted around with lightning rapidity, dragging Lamar around with her. The portieres of Japanese silk were parted slightly. Protruding from the opening was a white hand with slender, tapering fingers. Hanging from the over-manicured fingertips was a pendant of pearls. Emblazoned on the back of the hand was an irregular circle of brilliant scarlet!

Lamar and June sat as if paralyzed, until a scraping sound shattered the spell.

Lamar sprang to his feet, jumped over the bench and tore the portieres from the heavy brass poles that supported them. He found himself in a little oblong recess. Directly in front of him was a long window opening presumably on the porch.

With a muttered imprecation he threw himself at the closed window, expecting it to give. The force of his onslaught shattered several of the small panes, but his progress was blocked by a wicker porch settee that had evidently been placed there for that very purpose.

Unable to check his speed he tumbled headlong over this settee and landed bruised against the outer rail of the porch. The frail settee had cracked under his weight and the thud of his falling body sounded unnaturally loud on the still air.

It was this sudden jarring that awakened Mary from her nap in the deep chair. With the dull gaze, or a person just roused from sleep, the old woman rubbed her eyes and looked about. In the same room, but in a far distant corner, she heard the soft rustle of a woman's skirt.

Then the clink of glass against metal. She twisted quietly in the chair until she was crouching on her knees on the seat of it, facing the back. Cautiously she raised her body until her eyes were just above the edge. What she saw made her forget her own predicament.

Over in a half-lit corner was a large square pedestal holding a bronze statuette. Standing so that its shadow half concealed her, was the daring Woman in Black, her right hand lifted so that the feeble light from the hanging lamp fell athwart its back. On it blazed a Red Circle!

Mary dodged down behind the chair top as the woman slowly turned her head. After a few seconds the sound of liquid dripping into a glass made her anxious to look again.

The woman was holding a small sponge in her left hand. She squeezed it dry into a glass half full of water. Smiling whimsically to herself, she rubbed the back of her right hand with the dampened sponge. The Red Circle disappeared.

Breathless with excitement, Mary strained her eyes to catch every move. She saw the woman take up the glass, deliberately spill the liquid on the floor, and gather a brush, tiny box of water color paints and the sponge from the pedestal. Leaving the glass where it was, she opened a false pocket in the skirt of her gown, dropped the several articles into it and quietly left the room.

Mary waited until she was reasonably sure the woman would not return, then left her chair. Hurrying over to the statue she picked up the glass and examined it. There was no mark on it except the ring that the colored water had left. At the foot of the pedestal was the large, damp spot. Mary lent to feel it with the palm of her hand; to make sure the whole thing wasn't a strange dream.

When she found her way back to the ballroom it was nearly deserted. Wandering about looking for Mrs. Travis and June, she came face to

face with a young man who was saying good-night to one of the hotel guests.

"Why Mary," exclaimed the man in great surprise, "where have you been? Miss Travis was looking all over for you. When she couldn't find you she decided you had gone home without her knowing it. She and Mrs. Travis have left. I'm going that way. Let me take you home in my car."

When he put her down at the cottage he warned her:

"Don't wake Miss Travis if she's sleeping, Mary. The poor girl's half dead. She danced more than anybody



She Told of the Woman With the Red Circle.

there—more than that chap Lamar. Mrs. Travis said she was going to make her sleep until noon tomorrow."

The next morning at eleven-thirty, June ran out on the porch and clapped her hands over Mary's eyes just as the nurse was finishing her happy daily perusal of the death column—in the Morning Star.

"Guess!" she commanded.

"It's my lamb," said Mary, complacently, trying to smooth her ruffled front hair.

"Aren't you a sly, old lady, sneaking home hours and hours ahead of me, last night? I didn't dare go near your room when I came in, for fear you'd wake up."

"I wasn't there, pet," Mary told her. "I didn't leave the hotel until after you did."

"What!"

With a cautious glance around, the nurse started to recount the happenings of the night before. She told haltingly, fearful that she might omit an important detail. When she got to the point of her recital where the Woman in Black left the room, June clutched her hand excitedly.

"And you let her go?" she exclaimed, almost unbelieving. "Why? Why?"

"Of course I let her go—the old woman was offended to think her judgment in the matter was questioned—she could have broke away from me and made her escape—and then she would have been warned. This way, she thinks she's safe and she won't hide. I'd know her again, the minute I lay eyes on her."

June pulled her up from the chair, impetuously.

"You've got to come right over to the hotel and tell the whole thing to Mr. Lamar. Don't you see how tremendously important it is to him—and to us?" she added thoughtfully.

Mary protested violently as June dragged her down the path and toward the hotel.

"Look! Oh, what luck! There is Mr. Lamar now; just leaving Mr. Radner at the entrance to the hotel. Hurry, Mary, and we'll be able to catch him."

June waved her hand excitedly. Lamar ran toward them.

"Any news?" he asked quickly.

"Tell him," June said briefly.

Mary had gotten almost through her story, when suddenly her eyes bulged in their sockets and she pointed a dramatic forefinger over Lamar's shoulder.

"There she is!" she gasped, her voice cracking in her throat. "That's the woman! The one with the suitcase, walking down the path on her way to the station. That's the Woman in Black!"

"Are you sure?" the pressure of Lamar's fingers hurt her arm. "Sure?"

"I'm sure," she answered firmly. "I'd know her anywhere."

"I have to go immediately, Miss Travis," Lamar said, keeping one eye on the disappearing figure. "I'm going to trail that woman. Here's one time that Fate is playing into my hands."

They watched him walk rapidly around the back of the hotel and take a short cut to the station.

Two hours later Max Lamar strolled carelessly along a residential block in the city. Finding great difficulty in lighting his cigarette he stepped into a vestibule, just as the woman he was trailing turned the corner and entered a large apartment house.

Giving her time to get upstairs, Lamar stepped from his hiding place, sauntered toward the same entrance and leaned against one of the stone pillars, aimlessly blowing rings of smoke skyward.

"Well, my little blackbird," he mused, "your wings are clipped and your cage won't be a golden one, either. At last, the Red Circle mystery is going to be cleared—perhaps!"

(END OF SIXTH INSTALLMENT.)



Emblazoned on the Back of the Hand Was an Irregular Circle of Scarlet!



Mary Dodged Down Behind the Chair.

white spot on the horizon might be, lowered it again before he had a chance to look. Two excited individuals, talking to each other, had come across his line of vision—in fact, one of them had actually stumbled over his white canvas foot and had gone on without apology. He looked after the unmannerly chap, with a half mind to follow and demand redress.

He saw the fellow, who had so grossly offended him approach a group of girls. Three of them in bathing

ed, his chin held closely in one hand was Lamar, in a brown study.

Mary crept up beside her and looked over her shoulder. Her eyes fell on Lamar; and she started so violently that June put out an arm to steady her.

"There's nothing to be frightened about," she said, soothingly. "Nothing at all, only—"

"Only what?" asked Mary, quaveringly.

"Only I'm going to put on my gloves."

A minute later she entered the ball room with her mother. Presently she was surrounded by men imploring her to allow them to autograph her dance card. Lamar glanced up, saw her and started across the floor in her direction.

Mary, sitting on a little settee against the wall of the ballroom saw him take June's hand and bend over it. She half rose from the seat, then remembered where she was and sat down again; gripping the arm of the chair and watching every move of the little group.

Suddenly a woman appeared at one of the pillars—a woman who attracted attention by her daring attire. She wore a gown whose foundation was of flesh color chiffon. The overdress was simply a network of jet. The costume was daintily décolleté, and was held in place over the shoulders by a delicate chain of jet beads. Among the pretty, girlish dance frocks it looked bizarre—all but indecent.

Just for a moment she leaned against the pillar, waving a huge, black ostrich fan to and fro. Over the soft tips of the graceful feathers her eyes met those of a venturesome young man. She signaled. He obeyed. Mary watched, until the two were lost in the maze of dancers. Then her eyes wandered back to June, who was still deeply engrossed in what Lamar was saying.

Mary wished that some of the men would come up and claim June for a dance. Anything to be rid of Lamar. The slender woman in the startling

ers. She jumped up anxiously. Mary wandered about looking into room after room, with no result.

She decided that Lamar and June were walking in the grounds. It would be impossible for an old woman with falling sight to find them out there in the pale moonlight.

Discouraged and tired out with worry and the unaccustomed glare and noise, Mary entered one of the little rooms off the main corridor. She sank into a deep, high-backed chair, upholstered in some soft, velvety material and put her head back.

Her imagination tortured her. The very thing that she had feared had happened. She had come to the ball for the express purpose of watching over her little girl. She had relaxed her vigilance for a moment and June had disappeared—in company with Lamar. With grim horror Mary conjured up all the terrible things that might happen. Her thoughts resolved themselves into a waking nightmare—then they faded slowly. A gentle fluttering in the soft lace ruffe at the neck of her black satin dress, spoke of a light, restful sleep. The tricky doze of approaching old age.

Not twenty feet from the room in which fatigue had overtaken Mary, was the oriental smoking room of the Hotel Sufton.

Over in one corner, directly in front of a pair of portieres woven from raw Japanese silk, was a long teakwood seat. June and Lamar had been sitting there for the past half hour; sometimes talking animatedly, sometimes strangely silent.

"It worries me more than anything I've had to solve in years," Lamar was saying. "I've had the woman in my very fingers several times and always she's succeeded in giving me the slip! I wish that—"

Just then a man in evening clothes appeared in the doorway. Catching sight of Lamar he beckoned to him eagerly. With a murmured apology to June, the crime specialist got up and went over to him.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked pleasantly.

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This is the
Stove Polish
YOU
Should Use

IT'S different from
others because more care
is taken in the making
and the materials used are of
higher grade.

**Black Silk
Stove Polish**

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does
not rub off or dust off, and the shinelasts
four times as long as ordinary stove
polish. Used on enamel stoves and sold
by hardware and grocery dealers.

All we ask is a trial. Use it on your cook stove,
your heater stove or your gas range. If you
don't find it the best stove polish you ever
used, your dealer will refund your
money. Insist on Black Silk Stove Polish.

Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works
Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Air-Drying Iron Cream on
grates, registers, stove-pipes—Prevents rusting.
Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel
or brass. It has no equal for auto-automobiles.

A Shine in Every Drop

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 deliv-
ered at Mill B.

**East Jordan
Lumber Co.**

Dr. C. H. Pray Dentist

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

Phone No. 223.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold DENTIST

Office Hours: 9:00 to 12:00 a. m.
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Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

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Graduate of College of Physicians and
Surgeons of the University of
Illinois.

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East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

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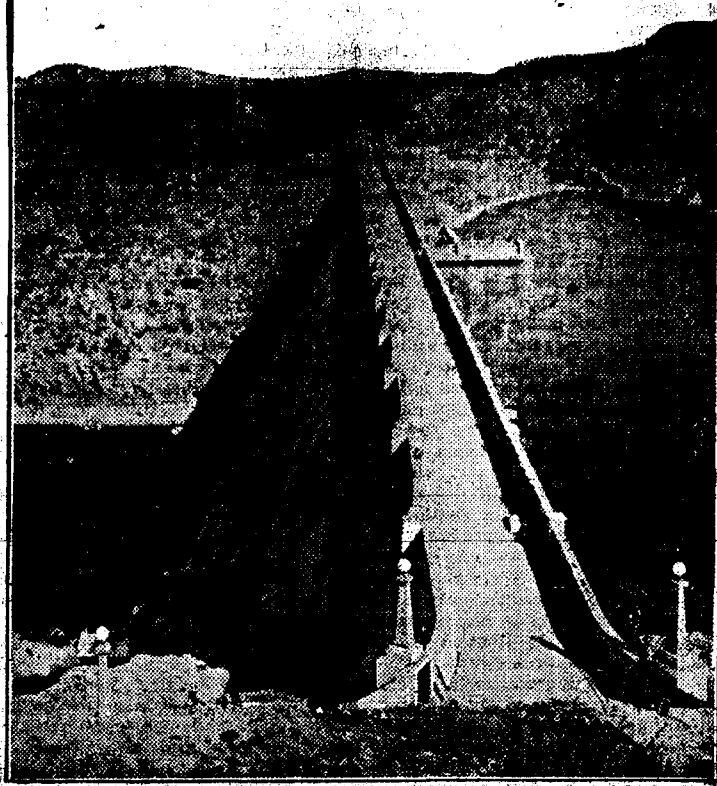
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over
Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 158—4 rings
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.
X-RAY in Office.

EASIER TO STOP NOW

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

Some wirepullers are telegraph line-
men and some are politicians.

NO MORE BACKACHE FOR HER
Mrs. J. M. Gaskill, Etna Green, Ind.,
writes: "I suffered from severe back-
ache and sharp pains. I could not stoop
over. Foley Kidney Pills gave me such
relief that I cannot praise them to high-
ly." This standard remedy for kidney
trouble and bladder ailments can be
taken with absolute safety.—Hite's
Drug Store.



Longitudinal View of Elephant Butte Dam.

LARGEST DAM IN THE WORLD

Elephant Butte Will Reclaim
200,000 Acres in Rio
Grande Valley.

GREATEST PROJECT OF KIND

Flood Waters of Rio Grande to Be
Stored in Monster Lake—Force
of Water May Be Used for
Furnishing Power.

El Paso, Tex.—Elephant Butte dam,
which will be formally dedicated by
President Wilson October 14, is the
largest irrigation dam built under the
direction of the United States reclamation
service and the largest mass of
masonry in the world. It is 1,250
feet long, with a maximum width of
215 feet at the base, tapering to a
width of 18 feet at the crest, which is
304.5 feet above bedrock. The crest is
used as a roadway. The structure
contains 610,000 cubic yards of stone
and rubble concrete. The "lake" formed
by the dam, which stores only the
flood water of the Rio Grande, will be
45 miles long with an average
width of six miles and an average
depth of 68 feet.

Storage Capacity.
It will have 200 miles of shoreline
and a storage capacity of 862,200,000-
000 gallons, or enough to cover 2,642-
292 acres of land to the depth of one
foot—about twice the capacity of the
lake behind the Roosevelt dam in Ari-
zona, and four times the capacity of
the storage reservoir behind the fa-
mous irrigation dam at Asouap in
Egypt. This would be enough water
to cover the state of Delaware to the
depth of two feet or the state of Con-
necticut to the depth of ten inches.
The dam, which will cost \$10,000,000,
is destined to reclaim nearly 200,000
acres of fertile land in the valley of
the Rio Grande in New Mexico and
Texas and 80,000 acres of land in old
Mexico. Construction was begun in
1910 and completed so far as the lay-
ing of stone is concerned on March 1
of this year. The dressing of the
structure and the clearing away of
buildings and other impediments will
be finished in time for the dedication
by the president on October 14.

Destined to Furnish Power.
There is a hope that the great force
of the water flowing through the pen-
stocks of the Elephant Butte dam may
be converted into electrical energy
which will be carried over transmis-
sion lines to El Paso and to the many
mining camps within a radius of 200
miles and be used to light streets and
operate countless plants of machinery.
It is planned to build a power house
at the base of the dam. The water,
after turning turbines which will
create 75,000 horse power of electrical
energy will then pass into the irriga-
tion ditches and do the work primarily
intended.

Frogs' Noise Causes Suit.
Ottumwa, Ia.—Because the bullfrogs
made such noise in a pond near his
house that he and his family lost much
sleep during the hot weather, Charles
H. Barton, retired capitalist, has filed
suit for \$2,000 damages against L. H.
Hughes, a Riverview grocer and post-
master. Barton charges that the pond
in which the frogs live was constructed
by Hughes that he might fish from
the rear step of his store.

Burglars Paid for Baths.
El Dorado, Kan.—El Dorado has
fallen heir to two seemingly honest
housebreakers. Two El Dorado wom-
en returned home recently and found
the bathtub smeared with oil and
on the bottom of the tub two quar-
ters. Conditions of the window above
the tub indicated that the men had
entered that way and proceeded to
clean up, leaving the 50 cents as pay-
ment.

THE LABOR LEADERS KNOW

Are Opposed To Saloons And The
Use Of Liquor

If the saloon is the "Poor Man's
Club," as its advocates claim, why
have so many prominent labor lead-
ers condemned the use of that term?
If the saloon is the "Poor Man's
Club," why did John Mitchell, former
president of the United Mine Workers
of America, and one of the ablest ex-
ponents of trade unionism in the
country, say: "Almost every distur-
bance in the ranks of labor can be
traced to some connection with the
saloon."

Why did John Lennon, treasurer of
the American Federation of Labor,
say: "The saloon is the enemy of
the people. I am against it and will
do all in my power to put it out of
business."

Why did James W. Kline, presi-
dent of the International Brotherhood
of Blacksmiths and Helpers, say:
"Barroom demagogues have caused
the loss of life, property and public
confidence and many times have
brought defeat to the cause of labor."

Yes, the saloon is the poor man's
club, but it is the club that is used
to beat him over the head and ren-
ders him inaccessible to the ideals
and aspirations of the labor move-
ment, and causes him to forget the
sound principles upon which the or-
ganized labor movement stands.

Compare the amount of capital in-
vested in the liquor industry with the
amount of wages paid to the workers
in that industry and you will find that
the liquor industry is the most cruel
exploiter of labor under the present
industrial system.

But the worker in the liquor in-
dustry not only pays in low wages
for the unique privilege of helping
make the brewers rich, but at a ter-
rible cost of life.

The death rate among the brewery
workmen in America is 52 per cent,
higher than the normal death rate,
while the death rate among waiters
in hotels, restaurants and clubs, where
liquor is sold is 77 per cent higher.

This high death rate has a direct
bearing on the question as to how
much the worker receives as to his
"share" of the business.

The life of the average bartender
is shortened seven years because of
the "business he is in, according to
Charles Stelze, the noted trade-union
social worker of New York.

The open saloon creates thousands
of industrial outcasts who are thrown
on to the labor market. This in turn
creates a cheap labor supply with
whom you must compete.

Will you vote for the licensed sa-
loon and thereby place your enemies
in a position to undermine the labor
movement?

Every labor leader in the country
cautions his men to refrain from the
use of liquor in times of industrial
war.

If it is a good thing for the worker
to stay away from liquor in times of
industrial war, why isn't it a good
thing from him to stay away from
it in times of industrial peace?

Mr. Workingman: What are you
going to do about it?

President Wilson seems to have
founded his diplomacy on a rock
which is off its base most of the time.

The Eastern witsmiths persist in re-
ferring to the Secretary of the Navy
as Miss Josephine Daniels. No won-
der the Woman's Party is camping on
the trail of the Administration!

Mr. Wilson forgot to mention the
pledge of economy in the 1912 plat-
form.

"In his diplomacy," says Ollie
James, "the President has sounded
a new note." What, another one?

It begins to appear that that single-
track mind system will have to be
temporarily double-tracked. A few
weeks hence, of course, it will be
side-tracked.

WINS FAME AS FISHERMAN



Dustin Farnum recently captured
the silver button for hauling in the
largest yellowtail caught on the Pa-
cific coast in 14 months. The beauty
seen in the picture weighed 170 pounds
and gave Farnum and his boatman one
of the hardest battles of their lives.
The fish is a member of the deep sea
bass family and was declared "out"
in the short time of 22 minutes. It
was one of the largest of its kind
caught in years.

Mr. Hughes is talking to the wom-
en of the ladd in the homely lan-
guage of the fireside and we expect
to witness an impressive rallying of
the sex on the first ironing day after
the first wash day in November.

WILSON STRIKES WHEN THE IRON IS COLD.

President Wilson refused to
speak in Independence Hall on
the one hundred and twenty-
eighth anniversary of the sign-
ing of the Declaration of inde-
pendence in that hall, and he so
refused because inasmuch as
over one hundred of our men,

women and children had just
been murdered on the high seas
he regarded it as "the very mo-
ment when he would not care
to arouse the sentiment of patri-
otism." Mr. Wilson has a posi-
tive genius for striking when
the iron is cold and fearing to
strike when the iron is hot. If
one hundred and twenty-eight
years ago Washington and Jef-
ferson, and the other men who
signed the Declaration of inde-
pendence had felt the same way
about patriotism, and the same
way about fighting as Mr. Wil-
son does, we would never have
had a country. Had Lincoln
felt the same way, there would
be no such thing as the Ameri-
can Republic now in existence.

From the Speech of Colonel
Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Mich-
igan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.



Harry H. Schlacht, the originator of
the juvenile police of this country. At
the graduation exercises held at the
East Side Protective association head-
quarters, in New York, when fifty
juvenile police were graduated, a
movement was started to have Police
Commissioner Woods appoint Mr.
Schlacht a juvenile deputy commis-
sioner of police.



Margarita Fischer, the beautiful star now with Mutual

GENTLE—BUT SURE

Billiousness, sick headache, sour stom-
ach, gas, bloating, constipation, dyspep-
sia—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.

Many a man would rather lie when
asked for information than say, 'I don't
know.'

While a man's will may be law, in
the case of a married man the law is
seldom enforced.

The wise man always looks before
he leaps—then instead of leaping into
the fire he stays in the frying pan.

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

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

Dorothy Dodd SHOES

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

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

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

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

IF FROM MISSOURI, LET US SHOW YOU!

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



Charlie Chaplin

Photo from Mutual Film Corp.