

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1916.

No. 45

The Election Next Tuesday

Many Important Questions To Be Decided.

Next Tuesday, Nov. 7th, is the day when every elector in Charlevoix County should go to the polls, secure the five ballots which he will be given, carefully mark his decisions thereon, and cast them in the ballot box.

Of the five ballots to be cast, the regular official ballot will be found quite large. It is 15 1/2 x 22 inches, and contains the Republican, Democratic, National Progressive, Socialist, Prohibition and Socialist Labor tickets in above order. The National Progressive party ticket will be found peculiar in that no candidates whatever have decided to allow their names placed in that column and the entire ticket is a blank. In some of the counties in the state this ticket will not appear on the ballot and it is an open question whether or not it should be given a place.

The Republican Ticket is the only one on the ballot that contains a full complement of candidates. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a list of the Republican candidates with the exception of the names of the fifteen electors of president and vice president.

Four amendment ballots will be handed the voters and on these will be the largest percentage of errors made. Conservatively estimating, at least ten per cent of the voters will mark their ballots contrary to their real desires, and too much care cannot be exercised. Get samples of these before securing your ballots and go over them carefully. If you're "SURE" you're right then the chances are all the more that you will mark your ballot wrong—paradoxical as this may seem.

Next Tuesday—don't forget. Five ballots—and BE SURE YOU MARK THEM RIGHT.

THE KNOCKER

Every community has him every community cusses him, and every community tolerates him.

He is usually an unsuccessful business man whose objectionable ways have been the direct cause of his losing in the game of life. He must needs vent his spleen on some one or something. Admitting no fault in himself, ergo, the fault must be in his environment—hence he knocks.

He is a pestiferous cuss, and as little as we may believe it, he really does harm.

He is sure to get the ear of many new men in town and pour into their ears his abuse of the place.

According to him conditions are all crossed up. The business men are cheats and swindlers. The professional men are quacks and slysters. To his way of thinking there isn't a decent mechanic in the place. Even the laborers are lazy and trifling. The town is dead and is no place for a live man to tarry. His soured soul fairly writhes and squirms with sadistic joy when he sees that his misanthropic mouthings are having their intended effect upon the victim. That is the knocker—that is his story, his way.

If there is a public enterprise planned that needs co-operation and united effort he is immediately possessed of a superior wisdom and begins with glee to point out all of the weak spots. No calculations can by any possibility work out as intended. Men upon whom the enterprise depends will prove weak or traitors. The plans are all wrong. The whole thing is a piece of stupendous folly, and he for one will have nothing to do with it.

But what a pity he will not! That would be all the community would ask of him and his mouth.

And thus it goes on year after year. Does it have any effect, you ask? It certainly does. The business life of a community, contrary to the opinions of many, is susceptible to influence from adverse critics. Perhaps not half of his hearers know the real cause of his pessimistic knockings, and in many minds a doubt lingers and things that should go with a rush are unaccountably slow and lagging.

But what, say you, can we do with him?

May we make a suggestion? Every time this insect opens his mouth to knock tell him plainly that there are quite a number of roads leading away from the town, and cordially invite him to take one of them and follow it to its end.

And let every loyal citizen of the town give him the same advice.

TEMPERANCE MEETING TONIGHT AT THE ARMORY

A Temperance Mass Meeting will be held at the Armory this Friday night, Nov. 3rd, to further the interest of the "dry" cause.

Dr. A. C. Bane of Columbus, Ohio,



one of the strongest speakers on the platform today in the great cause of temperance, will deliver the address. The meeting commences at eight o'clock and everybody is cordially invited to attend and hear this able orator.

LATE INFORMATION ON THE BEAN SITUATION

East Lansing, October 20.—The market department of the Michigan Agricultural College is answering many of the inquiries coming to it from people interested in the bean situation by pointing to the official crop report figures. These show that the October estimate of the 1916 crop of white pea beans for Michigan is 3,730,000 bushels as against the final estimate of the 1915 crop of 4,250,000. This is a decrease of over half a million bushels. The official figures for the five leading bean producing states are 9,924,000 bushels for 1916 as against 10,278,000 for 1915.

The Director of Markets has called attention to the fact that the claims made by some buyers that the present Michigan crop will approximate five million bushels is a gross exaggeration. He also is of the opinion that statements that because of submarine activity it will be difficult to export beans are misleading. Belgium exports to Central and South American ports will be unaffected by war conditions, according to the director.

A wire report from California under date of October 10 said that the rains which have been interfering with the harvesting of the California crop have started again, and that the former estimate of a ten per cent damage would have to be revised to a larger figure. A previous report had stated that the greater part of the California crop was in the field, except the limas and black-eyes. The report further stated that from three to four weeks of good weather was needed for the harvest.

The Director of Markets believes that it is very significant that the bean buyers at Owosso are buying from the farmers on the basis of \$5 a bushel.

JAMES N. McBRIDE,
Mich. Director of Markets.

SELECTING CORN FOR SHOW PURPOSES

For the benefit of those who are planning to enter corn in the big corn contest at Ironton, Grange Hall, Nov. 17th, we give the following rules for selecting good ears for exhibition or contest purposes:

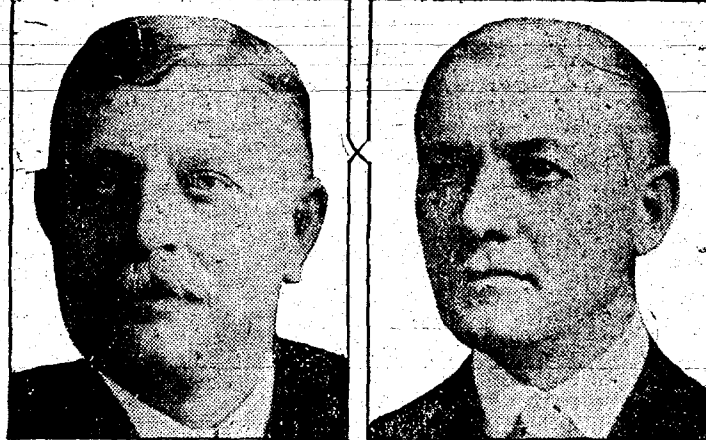
1. Start picking out the best ears of corn as fast as it is husked. Dry this corn thoroughly by any of the common methods. In the process of drying, the kernels dry first and become loose on the cob. In mature corn, however, the kernels will again be pulled tightly together by the shrinking of the cob as it dries.

2. Decide on one ear which you think possesses the proper size, shape, color, and other characteristics of the variety. Then match this type ear as closely as possible with nine others for your entry. Lack of uniformity in any respect should be avoided.

3. Select ears on which the rows are nearly straight and unbroken from butt to tip.

4. Try to find ears with well covered butts and tips.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET



A. E. SLEEPER, Governor CHAS. E. TOWNSEND, U.S. Senator



C. C. VAUGHAN, Secretary of State L. D. DICKINSON, Lieut. Governor A. J. GROESBECK, Attorney General



O. B. FULLER, Auditor General SAMUEL ODELL, State Treasurer GRANT FELLOWS, Supreme Court Justice

5. Avoid immature ears. Immaturity is shown by dull color and loose kernels. Small, well matured ears are better for contest purposes than larger but immature ears.

6. Avoid ears which show such defects as odd kernels, lost kernels, diseased kernels, irregular rows, flattened tips, bulging butts, or conspicuous signs of mixture.

Perfect ears will not be found. When your corn is well dried select those ears which most nearly approximate perfection. In all cases it is desired that the contestant give the variety name and the dates of planting and cutting.

In the potato contest, pick out only tubers of marketable size, uniform in size and shape, true to type, and free from disease or mechanical injuries. One-half bushel entries are desired. Watch for premium list in next issue.

H. L. BARNUM,
Chairman of Contest Comm.

To the Voters of Charlevoix Co.

I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff at the coming election on the Democratic Ticket, and having resided in the County for the past thirty-five years, and having held various public offices, am sure that I am qualified for the position. I shall vote for State Wide Prohibition, and against Home Rule, so called, and if elected will see that all the laws are enforced to the best of my ability, and to keep expenses down. As party lines cut no figure in County matters I trust I may have the support of all right thinking people.

WM. J. CADWELL.

An old bachelor observes that married men are often as anxious to get out of matrimony as single fools are to get in.

What singular contradictions there are throughout nature and life. For example: Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce coolness.

THROWING MUD AT SLEEPER

(Charlotte Tribune, Oct. 25.)

In Mr. Sleeper—the republicans of Michigan have an excellent candidate for governor. He is a methodical business man, who has builded success upon thrift, hard work and attention to details and the primitive standards of honesty. Mr. Sleeper's record as state treasurer has been a splendid one and makes him a very satisfactory sort of a person to have in charge of the state's administrative affairs. He is a man with useful experience, capacity and determination.

The democrats are trying very hard, though unsuccessfully, to make some of their mud stick to him, by trying to make out that he is a "wet." This, to anyone who knows Mr. Sleeper, his personal habits and his record, is ridiculous. Grant Hudson, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league, stated in the Methodist church in this city recently, when here to make an address, that Mr. Sleeper was the heaviest contributor, in amount \$500, during the last local option fight in his county, and that before he had any gubernatorial ambitions. He endorsed Mr. Sleeper in the highest terms. The Anti-Saloon league in a public statement issued Friday said: "Either Mr. Sleeper or Mr. Sweet for governor will be acceptable as far as the Anti-Saloon league is concerned. Both Sleeper and Sweet are known to us as being dry men and we will get a square deal if either is elected. Either candidate will be acceptable to us."

TO THE MAN WHO WANTS A HOME

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

Legislature Has Final Vote

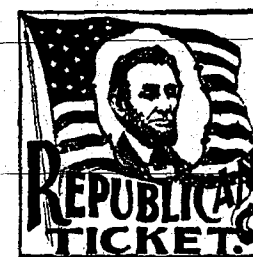
To Act if Both Wet and Dry Propositions Carry.

Lansing, Nov. 1.—While it has been generally supposed that the adoption of the statewide prohibition amendment and the adoption of the so-called home rule amendment would result in endless legal tangles and would throw the question into the courts for adjudication the success of prohibition will rest entirely with the next legislature and there will be nothing for the courts to interpret until the question has been formally passed upon by the lawmaking body of Michigan.

This in substance is the opinion of one of the best constitutional lawyers in the state who for obvious reasons does not want to be quoted in the matter.

Owing to the confusion in the minds of the voters there seems to be a prevailing opinion that both amendments will carry. However, neither can become effective until the necessary legal machinery is provided by the legislature. The amendments declare that the legislature must provide the necessary machinery for putting them into effect if they are adopted.

However, there is no power on earth except public opinion that can compel a legislature to do anything against its will. The lawmaking body is supreme and a law unto itself. If the drys control the house and can hold a majority in the senate there is nothing to prevent them from passing legislation to put prohibition into effect and disregarding the township unit amendment entirely in case both propositions receive a majority vote at the election next week.



NATIONAL

For President—Charles E. Hughes of New York. For Vice President—Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana.

STATE

For Governor—Albert E. Sleeper of Bad Axe. For Lieutenant Governor—Lauren D. Dickinson of Charlotte.

For Secretary of State—Coleman C. Vaughan of St. Johns. For State Treasurer—Samuel O'Dell of Shelby.

For Auditor General—O. B. Fuller of Lansing. For Attorney General—A. J. Groesbeck of Detroit.

For Justice of Supreme Court—Grant Fellows of Hudson. For U. S. Senator—Chas. E. Townsend of Jackson.

For Congress—Frank D. Scott of Alpena.

LEGISLATIVE

For Senator—J. Lee Morford of Gaylord. For Representative—J. E. Chew of East Jordan.

COUNTY

For Judge of Probate—S. A. Correll. For Sheriff—Charles Novak.

For Clerk—Richard Lewis. For Treasurer—George W. Weaver.

Register of Deeds—Malcolm A. McDonald. For Prosecuting Attorney—Rollie L. Lewis.

For Circuit Court Commissioner—Arthur G. Urquhart. Coroners—Allan M. Wilkenson and Hugh W. Dicken.

For Surveyor—Ernest A. Robinson. For Drain Commissioner—Lewis E. Smith.

For Road Commissioner—Frank V. House.

Men sometimes worship women because they are unable to understand them.

It's not much use to lay your plans unless you warm up to your work and hatch them out.

SIXTH STANDARD SCHOOL IN CHARLEVOIX COUNTY

On the evening of Thursday, the 26th of October, the patrons of Phelps, Marion No. 6, gathered to celebrate the turning point in the history of their school. They have met all of the requirements of the state inspection of last spring except the planting of a few trees to beautify the school yard. The state superintendent granted that the tree planting might be done in the spring and the plate granted this fall.

Sometimes there is not a great deal to do to get a school in shape and yet it is a great step from a poor school or a mediocre school to a truly good school. It is a breaking away from old habits and taking a step in the right direction. For this reason the school director, Mr. Harmon Himebauch and his assistant officers, Mr. Richard O'Neil and Mr. Balch are to be congratulated in having their school on record at the capitol.

The teacher, Miss LaConnt taught last year in a Standard School in Chandler township and fully realized the advantages which her pupils would receive from the movement which the district fathers had taken. She had therefore prepared a fitting program for the event with recitation, pantomime and song.

Supt. Craig of Charlevoix was kind enough to throw all other work aside and tie himself to Phelps over the rough and muddy roads to participate in the event and deliver the address of the evening.

Delicious refreshments were served; sandwiches, cake, wafers and coffee. Of course it tasted good and everybody felt good so you may rest assured that everybody there had a good time.

Because good boys and girls are far better than good school buildings, this school building was dedicated like the other Standard Schools to truth and health, symbolic of right. When the plate was presented to the district in behalf of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction the boys and girls yelled loudly and well—

"We're a Standard School all right, Hear us yell with all our might. Blue and white! Blue and white! Rah! Rah! Right!!!!"

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

First round of visits completed in Marion township Monday and Tuesday. Marion Center, which is Marion No. 9, has all new steel-framed adjustable seats. This district and Horton Bay have the best seating conditions in the county, city schools not excepted.

Marion township teacher's meeting was held at Marion Center, Tuesday afternoon. Every teacher was present and a lively meeting ensued. It was an inspiration to the less fortunate teachers to look at the new seats and see what can be done by progressive district fathers.

Hurray for Phelps, the sixth Standard school in Charlevoix County! The first Standard School in Marion twp! Say! you ought to have been there to hear those children shout for joy!

Schools in Clarion ordered closed because of two diphtheria cases in town. East Chandler school has been carefully fumigated and opens Monday, Oct. 30th.

Boyer Falls schools have had the quarantine lifted. Let us hope this is the end of misfortune to our schools and to our boys and girls.

Hart Lake social for Hollowe'en Friday the 27th, well attended. A good time reported by all. The Com'r was glad she was there.

The second visit made to Boyne Valley No. 6.

The Com'r has postponed her trip to Grand Rapids three days but will attend the general discussions at the Commissioner's and Superintendent's meetings during the last of the week. No notes therefore, next week.

Nothing pleases a fat woman more than to have some man call her his little girl.

TOOK THE HURT OUT OF HER BACK

Mrs. Anna Byrd, Tusculumbia, Ala., writes: "I was down with my back so I could not stand up more than half the time. Foley Kidney Pills took all of the hurt out." Rheumatic pains, swollen ankles, backache, stiff joints and sleep disturbing bladder ailments indicate disordered kidneys and bladder trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.



The "Lass" of the Lumberlands.

It is not necessary to keep the milk of human kindness in a refrigerator. It isn't heat that sours it.

It makes little difference to the average man what church he attends, provided there are cushions on the seats.

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

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.

MEN FEEL TIRED, TOO

While much is said about tired women it must be remembered that men also pay the penalty of overwork. When the kidneys are weak, inactive or sluggish, when one feels tired out and miserable, has the "blues", lacks energy and ambition, Foley Kidney Pills are tonic and strengthening. They act quickly.—Hite's Drug Store.

"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."

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

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 teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

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

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

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 Passinger 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; two Coroners; 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 whous, 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 and 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. (Except 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 initiated or referred measures 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 INTIALED 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 same. 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.

Love that seldom grows old is the love of money.
An adage that cuts all round must be a circular saw.
Beware of a widow who acts as if she was glad of it.
Never argue with a wasp; it is sure to carry its point.

NOVEMBER WEATHER

Early cold snaps, storms and sleet, snow and slush, cause coughs and colds. Foley's Honey and Tar acts quickly, cuts the phlegm, opens air passages, allays irritation, heals inflammation and enables the sufferer to breathe easily and naturally so that sleep is not disturbed by hacking cough.—Hite's Drug Store.

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, leans up against a soda fountain and winks 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."

Michigan Furnishes an Army of 350,000

This vast army of Fraternalists protect the homes and firesides of our great state. Every citizen of this State appreciates the great work carried on, the service rendered to the widow and orphan, the assistance given these in need through this splendid agency. Members of the following great Fraternal Societies now ask YOUR help in defeating AN ANTI-FRATERNAL AMENDMENT which, if adopted, will be most destructive.

Members of the Following Great Fraternal Societies Oppose This Amendment

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Aid Association for Lutherans | Fraternal Reserve Association | Order of Railway Conductors |
| American Insurance Union | German Order of Harugari | Order of the Amaranth |
| Ancient Order of Hibernians | Knights of Pythias, Ins. Dept. | Order of Mutual Protection |
| Ancient Order of Glenside | Knights of Columbus | Polish National Alliance |
| Ben Hur, Supreme Tribe | Knights and Ladies of Security | Protected Home Circle |
| Brotherhood of Loco. Engineers | Ladies of the Amaranth | Patricians |
| Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen | Ladies of the Maccoombs | Royal Arcanum |
| Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen | Ladies Catholic Benev. Ass'n | Royal Leagues |
| Brotherhood of American Yeomen | La Societe des Artisans | Royal Neighbors of America |
| Catholic Knights and Ladies | L'Association Canado Americaine | Railway Men's Relief Ass'n |
| Catholic Order of Foresters | Loyal American Life Association | Switzerland's Union of N. A. |
| Catholic Mutual Benefit Association | Knights of St. John Baptist | Silvonic Creation Union |
| Degree of Honor | Modern Brotherhood of America | Swedish-Finnish Benev. Ass'n |
| Danish Brotherhood | Modern Samaritans | Swedish United Sons of America |
| Eastern Star, Benev. Fund | Modern Woodmen of America | The Maccoombs |
| Equitable Fraternal Union | Mythic Workers of the World | Union of French Canadian Society |
| Fraternal Aid Union | National Protective Legion | United Commercial Travelers |
| Foresters, Ind. Order of | National Fraternal Society | Women's Benefit Ass'n of Maccoombs |
| Fraternal Brotherhood | National Union | Women's Catholic Order of Foresters |
| | National Fraternal Soc. for the Deaf | Woodmen Circle |
| | North American Union | Woodmen of the World |

A similar amendment was defeated in 1914 by nearly two hundred thousand votes. Beware of Anti-Fraternal literature and advertising circulated and paid for by the enemies of the Fraternal System. BY YOUR VOTE NO, tell these despoilers to keep their hands off Michigan. Once again, Brothers, Sisters, get your friends to help you save the Lodge.

THIS AMENDMENT will be printed in FULL on the Ballot. Remember it is known as an amendment to Article XII, Sec. X. VOTE **NO**

MICHIGAN FRATERNAL VOTERS' LEAGUE
Representing Members of ALL MICHIGAN FRATERNAL ORDERS
Dime Bank Building Detroit, Michigan

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

And the less a man knows, the less he seems to know it.
Agency for Traverse City Steam Laundry, Klon Smith, Agent, under the Post-Office.
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.

NO DOUBT ABOUT THIS
Foley's Cathartic Tablets are just a plain, honest, old-fashioned physic. They act promptly and effectively on the bowels without pain, griping or nausea. They keep the stomach sweet the liver active, and the bowels regular. They banish biliousness, sick headaches, sour stomach, indigestion.—Hite's Drug Store.

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

A woman does as she pleases before marriage, and after marriage her husband does as she pleases.
When a young man gets sore because another fellow makes goo-goo eyes at his best girl—that is love.

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

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

Dr. G. W. Bechtold
DENTIST
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady when it preferred a brunette.

Prince Albert gives smokers such delight, because

- its flavor is so different and so delightfully good;
- it can't bite your tongue;
- it can't parch your throat;
- you can smoke it as long and as hard as you like without any comeback but real tobacco happiness!

On the reverse side of every Prince Albert package you will read:
"PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30th, 1907"

That means to you a lot of tobacco enjoyment. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

YOU'LL find a cheery howdy-do on top no matter how much of a stranger you are in the neck of the woods you drop into. For, Prince Albert is right there—at the first place you pass that sells tobacco! The topper red bag sells for a nickel and the tidy red tin for a dime; then there's the hand-some pound and half-pound tin humidor and the pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such bang-up trim all the time!

in goodness and in pipe satisfaction is all we or its enthusiastic friends ever claimed for it!

It answers every smoke desire you or any other man ever had! It is so cool and fragrant and appealing to your smokeappetite that you will get chummy with it in a mighty short time!

Will you invest 5c or 10c to prove out our say-so on the national joy smoke?

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

This is the reverse side of the Prince Albert tidy red tin. Read this "Patented Process" message—to you and realize what it means in making Prince Albert so much to your liking.

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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 newspaperman. Storm, a 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. Safety engineers 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. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagrue helps Spike to break jail and uses him to set fire to a powder train hauled by Storm's engine. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER IV.

When Helen Holmes took the day key at Signal the little office had already passed from the quiet kind to the remorselessly active kind of those small way stations that drive innocent men mad. Two rival lines maintaining large construction camps and getting all their supplies through Signal station, were engaged in a race to build a mountain cut-off—and a considerable one. Despite all the help Lyons, the overworked agent, could give Helen, she found the tasks of her day about all that her strength would compass.

Nor could Helen, situated as she was, escape occasional office visits from Seagrue, whose activity as head of the opposition construction camp was unabated. Going over to the station one day to watch his men unload a shipment of material, he stepped into the office ostensibly to make inquiries—in reality to steal a few minutes with Helen Holmes, whom he found busy, but alone.

Seagrue spoke blandly: "I hear you're becoming quite a railroad expert." She made no effort to reply. "Getting really clever at the key, Lyons says." Helen, entering waybills, went on with her writing. "By the way," asked Seagrue, evenly, "any word this morning from our steam shovel?"

She looked toward the window—the local freight train had just pulled in. "It may be out there now, on No. 85." Seagrue seemed in no haste to investigate, and Helen had almost lost hope of any diversion in that direction, when the office door opened and George Storm walked in.

He was just out of his engine cab, and deliberate and composed as usual, but his eyes, lighting to greet Helen, cooled when he saw Seagrue. Storm nodded curtly toward him and was greeted in kind. Then the stalwart engine man turned his attention to Helen, and Seagrue was soon made to feel the pangs of being distinctly third in the situation and without an anesthetic.

"And the best of it all is," said Storm at length to Helen, "this is my last run on local freights. I am assigned, tonight to the Limited."

Helen lifted her eyebrows in surprise: "Some run they're giving you!"

Seagrue took the chance to join sarcastically in: "Right in line for chief of motive power, eh, Storm?"

Storm was not to be disturbed. He only regarded Seagrue calmly for a moment. Then he turned good-naturedly to thank Helen. While soldiering agreeably at this task, his fireman intruded on the scene long enough to remind him they were waiting for him to get out. Storm, with an expression of disgust at the interruption, nodded gruffly to the fireman, concluded his talk with Helen and walked out. Helen rose to go out on the platform also. Seagrue intervened to distract her attention. It was useless. She must deliver a message, she said, to the conductor, and Seagrue, peevish, was left to stay with himself or unwillingly to follow. He followed; but even then it was only to find himself watching Storm's good-bys waved to Helen from the cab. And she saw them, too; nothing escaped her attention.

Rhinelander, in charge of the Tidewater line camp, was pushing Seagrue closely in the construction race and as the head of a big crew of men imbued with his own spirit, was laughing at obstacles that made Seagrue's head ache; and with equipment actually somewhat inferior was forging daily ahead of his rival. But the mail now brought him a note from the chairman of the executive committee of his board that almost paralyzed his activities.

"Oceanside."

"Dear Rhinelander: Our survey party advise that they cannot relocate the pass over the Superstition range. Unless you can furnish a survey of the cut-off pass before the first, our people will withdraw their financial support. BOWERS."

Amos Rhinelander, sitting at his dusty and littered desk, stared at the abrupt communication. Bowers was

possible it seemed to devise any scheme that could be carried out in time to help Rhinelander's fight that night at Oceanside.

But what Helen could not devise herself, was being already devised for her. Following up what Spike—an unconscionable liar—had declared a flattering reception of the picture, Seagrue resolved to seize a moment while the going was good to forward himself with Helen.

She was studying the telltale print when she heard footsteps and, startled, looked out. Seagrue was coming up the platform. She felt frightened. Could he possibly have realized his blunder and come to demand the return of the picture? She was resolved she would not surrender it in any event. For, she was hopeless of as a possible aid in her difficulty. Stratagem and a woman's weapons alone remained to her.

Her wits rapidly cleared. She snatched the photograph. Seagrue, opening the door, caught her, picture in hand. He walked forward pleased. It was not hard for Helen to counterfeited an embarrassment; nor was it in the least unbecoming to her. To Seagrue her look came like a burst of sunshine after many chilling storms. "What do you think of my construction headquarters?" he laughed.

Helen's gaze rested modestly on her table. She seemed to contemplate the picture with a quiet pleasure. Then she looked slowly up at Seagrue. "This doesn't show very much of the camp"—she drew the words of the very least bit—"you are awfully busy over there, I suppose."

"Never too busy to welcome our friends. Come over sometime."

"What, to a construction camp?" asked Helen, feigning just enough amazement.

"Why not? Talk about Rhinelander's steam shovels! I'll show you shovels that can do everything but vote. Come on along."

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his friend; the executive committee of the board were with him—this he felt assured of. But somewhere influences must be at work against him. He suspected Capelle, still a board member, and a continual intriguer. Capelle was a master worker in underground effects and besides being Seagrue's own attorney, was himself heavily interested in opposing enterprises of the Coast line. To throttle Rhinelander in the construction effort begun by Helen's own father before his death, was to advance his own interests as well as those of his client. Rhinelander's decision as to what must be done to meet this opposition was prompt.

He consulted a timetable, called his foreman, asked for a man to carry his handbags to the station and began changing his clothes for a trip.

Not far away, and at about the same time, Seagrue was reading his own mail. It contained this note:

"Unsuccessful report concerning pass submitted. Persuaded backers to withdraw support on the first. This will stop operation on Rhinelander's cut-off, as we know he cannot produce survey. CAPELLE."

In Seagrue's hut a party of newspapermen from Oceanside were waiting to be taken on an inspection trip over the construction.

"I'm ready for you, boys," said Seagrue, in high spirits, to the journalists. "We'll look over the work near here first," he announced, ripping open a box of cigars.

"Hold it, Mr. Seagrue," cried a camera man, focussing on the manager. "We want you, first, right there where you are, at your desk. Hold it!"

The picture was taken, a copy promised to Seagrue within an hour and the party started out. Had he left his hut two minutes earlier he might have seen Amos Rhinelander, followed by Seagrue's own Spike with Rhinelander's bags, entering the waiting room door of Signal station.

Helen, looking up from her table, perceived Rhinelander's anxiety reflected in his manner.

"Bad news, Helen," he said, plunging at once into the unpleasant subject. "I am on my way to Oceanside," he added, when she had read Bowers' note. "The directors meet tonight. Someone is trying to undermine us. But whether I succeed in changing their views or not, I'm going to fight if I have to fight all night."

Helen was too upset to speak for a minute. For her, so much depended on the success of her own road in reaching the mountains with a cut-off first. Rhinelander, worried though he was, tried to cheer her up. Spike outside, listening, gathered that Rhinelander was on his way to the city. He hung around the platform till the local passenger pulled in, watched Rhinelander board it, and, mingling with Seagrue's men, walked unobserved over to the latter's camp. He found his boss with the journalists.

"What is it?" demanded Seagrue, scenting news in Spike's appearance.

"Rhinelander has just gone to Oceanside."

Seagrue smiled. "Did he get a letter this morning?"

"He did."

Their confab was broken in on by one of the newspaper men who had a print of the photo he had taken of Seagrue at his desk. Seagrue inspected this with the greatest pleasure.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Good picture!"

A whimsical idea seized him. He wrote a word or two across the back of the print and recalled Spike. "Take this over to Helen Holmes. Give it to her with my compliments." So saying he turned to the photographer.

Spike's reception at the station was always a chilly one. This time Helen took his message and dismissed him before she opened the envelope. When she saw what Seagrue had sent she was angry. Her first impulse was to tear the hateful print in two. Instead, she contemptuously impaled it on a steel file near at hand. A moment later, removing the print to file a message, she looked at the picture again.

Her attention was attracted to a paper lying on Seagrue's desk. It had been caught by the camera lens. The longer she looked the more carefully her eyes fixed on this object revealed in the photograph. Very curious now, Helen opened a drawer, took from it a reading glass and studied the contents of Seagrue's desk. Her heart almost stopped beating as she realized that her suspicions must be correct. With the aid of the ordinary glass she could plainly see the survey that had been stolen from her father's library.

Helen looked toward Seagrue's camp. It was there even now, and if she could recover the precious find it was not too late to save her own interests as well as those of her own good friend, Amos Rhinelander.

How could she recover it? With fast kindling hatred of its dishonest possessor, a dozen projects for regaining her own flashed across her mind. The more she thought the more im-

possible it seemed to devise any scheme that could be carried out in time to help Rhinelander's fight that night at Oceanside.

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1—Seagrue and the Engineer Glared at Each Other. 2—His Wines She Persistently Declined.—3—"Rhinelander Has Just Gone to Oceanside." 4—Storm Is Discharged.

in the tone of her explanation and glanced around. "No one here, you know."

"Well, but what time do you get off?" asked Seagrue feverishly.

"Oh, not for a long time yet."

His hopes were burgeoning fast. "See here, Helen; come over and take a camp dinner with me. Come, go. I'll show you what can be done without preparation."

She regarded him with an expression that indicated how completely such a proposal shocked her. She struggled an instant with the thought of it. Then she rejected the invitation; yet with enough indecision to invite a renewal. For the moment Helen was a heartless angler, and Seagrue deluded by vanity was unsuspectingly playing fish. Before he left—in the highest spirits he had known for many a day—he had, to his astonishment, secured Helen's promise to dine with him that night in camp. And at the appointed time she was ready.

The night was warm and a moon, rising full and into a clear sky, flooded the landscape. And after Helen's uneasiness at the strangeness of her situation had worn off, she was able throughout the trying hour with Seagrue in his hut to wear her mask of languid interest successfully. The table was served with surprising delicacies and a plentiful array of wines was in evidence. Yet, to an innocent intriguer, a whole hour never went so slowly, nor was appetite ever more reluctant than that of Seagrue's guest.

Though she went through the form of eating and assumed a carefree air, his food choked her. His wines she persistently declined; but that did not dismay Seagrue, who drank quite enough for two.

Where could the survey be, now? was the question recurring always to Helen's mind. Toward the close of the dinner, Seagrue, rising, unlocked his desk for a flask of Champagne. There, lying in the corner exactly where she had seen it, Helen again beheld the survey, a blue print beside it. Seagrue was pawky enough to close and lock the desk after he had taken the flask out. How, she asked herself, was she to get that desk open again?

Seagrue dismissed his serving man, and this did not allay Helen's uneasiness for herself. She did not want to be left alone a minute with him now; things were getting too complicated. But could she in some way get into the desk?

Rising, she said she would clear the table a little. Taking hold of the flask he had just taken from the desk and holding out her hand with a smile she asked him for his keys. Seagrue was in no position to refuse so intimate a request. With an air of camaraderie he handed them over and Helen pushed back the cover of the desk. But as she did so Seagrue threw his arms around her. She struggled indignantly, but could not get away. For a moment there was a fierce struggle. Then with a superhuman effort she tore herself free, caught up the first thing she could lay her hand on—it happened to be a bronze match tray—and struck Seagrue across the forehead.

He went completely over, leaving Helen horror-stricken at what she had done. She listened. Outside she heard no sound. Seizing the blue print that lay under her hand, she gained the door and ran out just as Seagrue regained his feet. She had resolved to flag the Limited. Hardly touching the earth, she dashed to the station, hurried to the key and telegraphed Rhinelander:

"Have blue print of survey. Will be on Limited. HELEN."

It was not too soon. Through the window she saw Seagrue rushing down the platform. She slammed the office door shut, and locked it. Seagrue

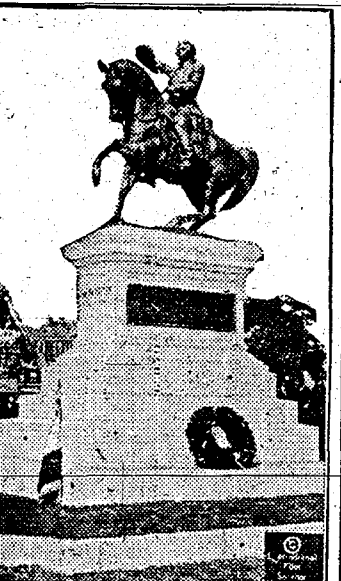


Rhea Mitchell or "Ginger."



Mary Miles Minter, American Mutual Star.

MEMORIAL TO LAFAYETTE



This bronze statue of Lafayette was unveiled in Fall River, Mass., during a recent celebration in memory of the great Frenchman.

Don't keep a leap year girl waiting for an answer. She may have another engagement in view.

AGED FARMER

Made Strong and Well by Vinol
This letter proves there is nothing equal to Vinol to create strength for weak, run-down conditions.

Vestal Centre, N. Y.—"I am a farmer 74 years of age and got into a weak, run-down condition as a result of the Grippe. Our druggist suggested Vinol to build me up and I noticed an improvement soon after taking it, and it has restored my strength so I can now do a good day's work. My wife has also taken Vinol for a run-down condition with splendid results."—H. W. LESTER.

Sold by East Jordan Drug Co.

THIS—AND FIVE CENTS!

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co. 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

A good business qualification is the ability to attend to your own.

The factory hand that sings at his work lets up with the whistle.

It takes more than a wooden head to produce thoughts that will burn.

Nothing pleases a fat woman more than to have some man call her his little girl.

TOOK THE HURT OUT OF HER BACK

Mrs. Anna Byrd, Tusculumbia, Ala., writes: "I was down with my back so I could not stand up more than half the time. Foley Kidney Pills took all of the hurt out." Rheumatic pains, swollen ankles, backache, stiff joints and sleep disturbing bladder ailments indicate disordered kidneys and bladder trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

BABY HAD WHOOPING COUGH

Mrs. Sam C. Small, Clayton, N. M., writes: "My grandson had whooping cough when he was three months old. We used Foley's Honey and Tar and I believe it saved his life. He is now big and fat." Foley's Honey and Tar is a fine thing to have in the house for whooping cough, croup, coughs, colds.—Hite's Drug Store.

(Continued on Sixth Page)

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out; can be used to restore any old polish. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off—it lasts four times as long as ordinary polish—so it saves you time, work and money.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Don't forget—when you want Stove Polish, be sure to ask for Black Silk. It isn't the best Stove Polish, it's the best—your dealer will refund your money.



Get a Can TODAY

An Inside Bath Makes You Look and Feel Fresh

Says a glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast keeps illness away.

This excellent, common-sense health measure being adopted by millions.

Physicians the world over recommend the inside bath, claiming this is of vastly more importance than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing ill health, while the pores in the ten yards of bowels do. Men and women are urged to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of helping to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus, cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Just as soap and hot water cleanse and freshen the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate, act on the eliminative organs.

Those who wake up with bad breath, coated tongue, nasty taste or have a dull, aching head, heavy complexion, acid stomach; others who are subject to bilious attacks or constipation, should obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to demonstrate the value of inside bathing. Those who continue it each morning are assured of pronounced results, both in regard to health and appearance.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Eat less meat if you feel Backache or have Bladder trouble—Salts fine for Kidneys.

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This letter proves there is nothing equal to Vinol to create strength for weak, run-down conditions.

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(Continued on Sixth Page)

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; so struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed up and miserable. Relief is sure.

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She looked toward the window—the local freight train had just pulled in. "It may be out there now, on No. 55." Seagrue seemed in no haste to investigate, and Helen had almost lost hope of any diversion in that direction, when the office door opened and George Storm walked in.

He was just out of his engine cab, and deliberate and composed as usually, but his eyes, lighting to greet Helen, cooled when he saw Seagrue. Storm nodded curtly toward him and was greeted in kind. Then the stalwart engine man turned his attention to Helen, and Seagrue was seen made to feel the pang of being distinctly third in the situation and without an anesthetic.

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He consulted a timetable, called his foreman, asked for a man to carry his handbags to the station and began changing his clothes for a trip.

Not far away, and at about the same time, Seagrue was reading his own mail. It contained this note:

"Unsuccessful report concerning pass submitted. Persuaded backers to withdraw support on the first. This will stop operation on Rhineland's cut-off, as we know he cannot produce survey. CAPELLE."

In Seagrue's hat a party of newspaper men from Oceanside were waiting to be taken on an inspection trip over the construction.

"I'm ready for you, boys," said Seagrue, in high spirits, to the journalists. "We'll look over the work near here first," he announced, ripping open a box of cigars.

"Hold it, Mr. Seagrue," cried a camera man, focussing on the manager. "We want you, first, right there where you are, at your desk. Hold it!"

The picture was taken, a copy promised to Seagrue within an hour and the party started out. Had he left his hat two minutes earlier, he might have seen Amos Rhineland, followed by Seagrue's own Spike with Rhineland's bags, entering the waiting room door of Signal station.

Helen, looking up from her table, perceived Rhineland's anxiety reflected in his manner. "Bad news, Helen," he said, plunging at once into the unpleasant subject. "I am on my way to Oceanside," he added, when she had read Bowers' note. "The directors meet tonight. Someone is trying to undermine us. But whether I succeed in changing their views or not, I'm going to fight if I have to fight all night."

Helen was too upset to speak for a minute. For her, so much depended on the success of her own road in reaching the mountains with a cut-off first. Rhineland, worried though he was, tried to cheer her up. Spike outside, listening, gathered that Rhineland was on his way to the city. He hung around the platform till the local passenger pulled in, watched Rhineland board it, and, mingling with Seagrue's men, walked unobserved over to the latter's camp. He found his boss with the journalists.

"What is it?" demanded Seagrue, scenting news in Spike's appearance. "Rhineland has just gone to Oceanside."

Seagrue smiled. "Did he get a letter this morning?"

"He did."

His confab was broken in on by one of the newspaper men who had a print of the photo he had taken of Seagrue at his desk. Seagrue inspected this with the greatest pleasure. "Fine!" he exclaimed. "Good picture!"

A whimsical idea seized him. He wrote a word or two across the back of the print and recalled Spike. "Take this over to Helen Holmes. Give it to her with my compliments." So saying he turned to the photographer. Spike's reception at the station was always a chilly one. This time Helen took his message and dismissed him before she opened the envelope. When she saw what Seagrue had sent she was angry. Her first impulse was to tear the hateful print in two. Instead, she contemptuously impaled it on a steel file near at hand. A moment later, removing the print to file a message, she looked at the picture again. Her attention was attracted to a paper lying on Seagrue's desk. It had been caught by the camera lens. The longer she looked the more carefully her eyes fixed on this object revealed in the photograph. Very curious now, Helen opened a drawer, took from it a reading glass and studied the contents of Seagrue's desk. Her heart almost stopped beating as she realized that her suspicions must be correct. With the aid of the ordinary glass she could plainly see the survey that had been stolen from her father's library.

Helen looked toward Seagrue's camp. It was there even now, and if she could recover the precious find it was not too late to save her own interests as well as those of her own good friend, Amos Rhineland.

How could she recover it? With fast kindling hatred of its dishonest possessor, a dozen projects for regaining her own flashed across her mind. The more she thought the more impossible it seemed to devise any scheme that could be carried out in time to help Rhineland's fight that night at Oceanside.

But what Helen could not devise herself, was being already devised for her. Following up what Spike—an unconscionable liar—had declared a flattering reception of the picture, Seagrue resolved to seize a moment while the going was good to forward himself with Helen. She was studying the telltale print when she heard footsteps and, startled, looked out. Seagrue was coming up the platform. She felt frightened. Could he possibly have realized his blunder and come to demand the return of the picture? She was resolved she would not surrender it in any event. For she was hopeless of as a possible aid in her difficulty. Stratagem and a woman's weapons alone remained to her.

Where could the survey be, now? was the question recurring always to Helen's mind. Toward the close of the dinner, Seagrue, rising, unlocked his desk for a flask of Chartreuse. There, lying in the corner exactly where she had seen it, Helen again beheld the survey, a blue print beside it. Seagrue was pawky enough to close and lock the desk after he had taken the flask out. How, she asked herself, was she to get that desk open again?

Seagrue dismissed his serving man, and this did not allay Helen's uneasiness for herself. She did not want to be left alone a minute with him now; things were getting too complicated. But could she in some way get into the desk?

Rising, she said she would clear the table a little. Taking hold of the flask he had just taken from the desk and holding out her hand with a smile she asked him for his keys. Seagrue was in no position to refuse so intimate a request. With an air of camaraderie he handed them over and Helen pushed back the cover of the desk. But as she did so Seagrue threw his arms around her. She struggled indignantly, but could not get away. For a moment there was a fierce struggle. Then, with a superhuman effort she tore herself free, caught up the first thing she could lay her hand on—it happened to be a bronze metal tray—and struck Seagrue across the forehead.

He went completely over, leaving Helen horror-stricken at what she had done. She listened. Outside she heard no sound. Seizing the blue print that lay under her hand, she gained the door and ran out just as Seagrue regained his feet. She had resolved to flag the Limited. Hardly touching the earth, she dashed to the station, hurried to the key and telegraphed Rhineland:

"Have blue print of survey. Will be on Limited. HELEN."

It was not too soon. Through the window she saw Seagrue rushing down the platform. She slammed the office door, shut, and locked it. Seagrue



1—Seagrue and the Engineer Glared at Each Other. 2—His Wines Show Persistently Declined. 3—"Rhineland Has Just Gone to Oceanside." 4—Storm is Discharged.

in the tone of her explanation and glanced around. "No one here, you know."

"Well, but what time do you get off?" asked Seagrue feverishly. "Oh, not for a long time yet." His hopes were burgeoning fast. "See here, Helen; come over and take a camp dinner with me. Come, do. I'll show you what can be done, without preparation."

She regarded him with an expression that indicated how completely such a proposal shocked her. She struggled an instant with the thought of it. Then she rejected the invitation; yet with enough indecision to invite a renewal. For the moment Helen was a heartless angler, and Seagrue deluded by vanity was unsuspectingly playing fish. Before he left—in the highest spirits he had known for many a day—he had, to his astonishment, secured Helen's promise to dine with him that night in camp. And at the appointed time she was ready.

The night was warm and a moon, rising full and into a clear sky, flooded the landscape. And after Helen's uneasiness at the strangeness of her situation had worn off, she was able throughout the trying hour with Seagrue in his hut to wear her mask of languid interest successfully. The table was served with surprising delicacies and a plentiful array of wines was in evidence. Yet, to an innocent intriguer, a whole hour never went so slowly, nor was appetite ever more reluctant than that of Seagrue's guest. Though she went through the form of eating and assumed a carefree air, his food choked her. His wines she persistently declined; but that did not dismay Seagrue, who drank quite enough for two.

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Rhea Mitchell or "Ginger."



Mary Miles Minter, American Mutual Star.

MEMORIAL TO LAFAYETTE



This bronze statue of Lafayette was unveiled in Fall River, Mass., during a recent celebration in memory of the great Frenchman.

Don't keep a leap year girl waiting for an answer. She may have another engagement in view.

AGED FARMER

Made Strong and Well by Vinol
This letter proves there is nothing equal to Vinol to create strength for weak, run-down conditions.
Vestal Centre, N. Y.—"I am a farmer 74 years of age and got into a weak, run-down condition as a result of the Grippe. Our druggist suggested Vinol to build me up and I noticed an improvement soon after taking it, and it has restored my strength so I can now do a good day's work. My wife has also taken Vinol for a run-down condition with splendid results."
—H. W. LESYER.
Sold by East Jordan Drug Co.

THIS—AND FIVE CENTS!

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

A good business qualification is the ability to attend to your own.

The factory hand that sings at his work lets up with the whistle.

It takes more than a wooden head to produce thoughts that will burn.

Nothing pleases a fat woman more than to have some man call her his little girl.

TOOK THE HURT OUT OF HER BACK

Mrs. Anna Byrd, Tusculum, Ala., writes: "I was down with my back so I could not stand up more than half the time. Foley Kidney Pills took all the hurt out." Rheumatic pains, swollen ankles, backache, stiff joints and sleep disturbing bladder ailments indicate disordered kidneys and bladder trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry and leave a sticky film. It does not run off in streaks. It does not leave a greasy film. It does not leave a sticky film. It does not leave a sticky film.

Black Silk Stove Polish

It not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant shine. It does not dry and leave a sticky film. It does not run off in streaks. It does not leave a greasy film. It does not leave a sticky film. It does not leave a sticky film.

Get it TODAY

An Inside Bath Makes You Look and Feel Fresh

Says a glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast keeps illness away.

This excellent, common-sense health measure being adopted by millions.

Physicians the world over recommend the inside bath, claiming this is of vastly more importance than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing ill health, while the pores in the ten yards of bowels do. Men and women are urged to drink each morning, before breakfast a glass of hot water, with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of helping to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. Just as soap and hot water cleanse and freshen the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the eliminative organs. Those who wake up with bad breath, coated tongue, nasty taste or have a dull, aching head, sallow complexion, acid stomach; others who are subject to bilious attacks or constipation, should obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to demonstrate the value of inside bathing. Those who continue it each morning are assured of pronounced results, both in regard to health and appearance.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Eat less meat if you feel Backache or have Bladder trouble—Salts fine for Kidneys.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating wastes and flush of the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head—and Nose—are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

HUGHES PITILESS ON MEXICAN DISGRACE

In His Mind and on His Tongue More Than Any Other Single Problem With Which Mr. Wilson Has Pattered.

CRAZY CHAPTER OF BLUNDERS

No One Can Hear Him Speak Without Seeing the Reality of His Indignation Over the Heartless Policy of the Democratic Administration Toward American Men, Women and Children, American Citizens, Soldiers and Sailors Along and Across the Rio Grande.

Soon after Mr. Hughes was nominated a friend said to him: "Governor, if the American people forget the Mexican disgrace they do not deserve to have you for President." Quick as a flash he replied: "The candidate who dodges the Mexican disgrace does not deserve to be President." He did not pass around his address of acceptance for compliment or criticism in advance of its delivery but the amount of space he devoted to the Mexican disgrace—that confused chapter of blunders—surprised no one who had talked with him since his nomination. It has been in his mind and on his mind more than any other single problem with which Mr. Wilson has pattered. To talk with him is to see at once the reality of his indignation over the heartless manner in which American men, women and children, American citizens, soldiers and sailors have been abandoned by the Administration along and across the Rio Grande, the victims of Mexican armed forces, outfitted with American ammunition and American rifles, Mexicans whom Mr. Wilson has coddled one day as patriots only to chase the next as bandits.

It is apparently the belief of Mr. Wilson that the people of the United States are not interested in Mexico. His defenders have declared that it was an "old story and out of date." Mr. Hughes has a better opinion of his fellow countrymen. He has proved himself a better judge of their feelings. He has made "the Mexican disgrace" a foremost issue of his campaign. He has assailed the record of the Administration in that respect in almost every speech he has made. He has never failed to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of his audience, whether speaking in Carnegie Hall, New York, from the platform of his train at Grand Forks, North Dakota, to a vast audience at Portland, at the Exposition at San Diego or in the prairie states of the Middle West. He has refuted the slander, sometimes heard in the effete East, that the people of the great West do not care what happens to their fellow citizens in Mexico or to the flag beyond the border. No man born in the West has a firmer faith in the fundamental patriotism and "dominant Americanism" of the people of that section than Mr. Hughes. He holds them responsible in large measure for the encouragement and support he received while Governor of New York in his war upon political graft and political bossism. He thinks they had much to do with conscripting him as the champion of nationalism in the current campaign. He showed his confidence in their practical idealism when he made "the Mexican disgrace" an uppermost issue of his campaign. He has been vindicated by the response his arraignment of the Administration on this score has everywhere evoked. From Maine to California "the Mexican disgrace" is a sore subject with red-blooded Americans today. But nowhere between the oceans are the outrages inflicted in Mexico upon American honor, life and property more keenly resented than around the fire-sides of the great West. Mr. Hughes is no stranger to the West. His straightforward talk on Mexico proves it.

HUGHES OR WILSON? ROOSEVELT'S ANSWER

"Against Mr. Wilson's combination of grace in elocution with facility in action; against his record of words unbacked by deeds or betrayed by deeds, we see Mr. Hughes' rugged and uncompromising straightforwardness of character and action in every office he has held. We put the man who thinks and speaks directly, and whose words have always been made good, against the man whose adroit and facile elocution is used to conceal his plans or his want of plans. The next four years may well be years of tremendous national strain. Which of the two men do you, the American people, wish at the helm during these four years; the man who has been actually tried and found wanting, or the man whose whole career in public office is a guarantee of his power and good faith? But one answer is possible; and it must be given by the American people through the election of Charles Evans Hughes as President of the United States."—Roosevelt in Maine Speech.

HE KEPT US OUT OF WHAT WAR?

Disingenuous to Boast That It's Through Any Act of Wilson We Are Out of the European Contest.

RATHER SHOULD BE BLAMED FOR MEXICAN BELLIGERENCY

During the Present Administration We Have Seized a Mexican Port and Sent Our Entire Army and Militia to Fight Mexicans While Armed Mexican Forces Have Invaded American Soil and Fought Battles Against Our People.

Sometimes you hear men, sensible men, too, say, "I'm going to vote for Wilson this year because he kept us out of war." Ask such men a short question. Ask them, "Out of what war?" Did Mr. Wilson keep us out of the European War? No. He has himself in a formal address to congress spoken of the European war as "a war with which we have nothing to do, a war whose causes do not touch us." How could Mr. Wilson keep us out of a war with which we have nothing to do and whose causes do not touch us?

Did he keep the rest of the western hemisphere out of the European war? No independent nation on this side of the world is involved in it; the only people in it are the colonies of European powers and they had no voice in their fate, for they were automatically at war when their mother governments went to war. Who kept Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, out of the European war? Did Mr. Wilson?

Did Mr. Wilson keep us out of war with Mexico? No. In his term more Americans have been killed by Mexicans and more American property has been destroyed by Mexicans than by Spaniards during the whole Spanish war. In his term we have seized a Mexican port and have sent our entire regular army and militia to fight Mexicans. In his term Mexican armed forces have invaded American soil and fought battles against our people within our boundaries.

President Taft went through two Mexican revolutions during his term, the revolution against Diaz and the revolution against Madero. American lives were safe in Mexico during that time. No Mexican cities were seized by Americans and no armed Mexicans invaded the United States while Mr. Taft was in the White House. Yet Mr. Taft never thought of asking the American people to vote for him because he kept us out of war with Mexico. He put an embargo on arms so that American weapons would not be sent across the boundary, and he refused to interfere in Mexican affairs. When he left office Mexicans liked Americans and Americans were safe in Mexico. Since he left office Mexicans hate Americans and Americans dare not remain in Mexico. Did Mr. Wilson keep us out of war with Mexico? Not if words mean anything.

Mr. Wilson did not keep us out of the European war and he did not keep us out of war with Mexico.

Out of what war, then?—Detroit Free Press.

HUGHES' LABOR RECORD.

When Mr. Gompers, remembering only that he is a Democrat and forgetting that he is a leader of organized labor, ventured to assert that Mr. Hughes is unfriendly to labor because he concurred in the unanimous decision in the Danbury haters' case, he ventured on very thin ice. The Chicago Tribune promptly reminds him that an honest judge must apply the law as he thinks it is, not as he thinks it ought to be; and asks him to tell those who look to him for political advice something about the record of Mr. Hughes as Governor. Read what the Legislative Labor News, the official organ of the New York Federation of Labor, said editorially when Mr. Hughes left the Governor's chair at Albany for his place on the supreme court. Here it is:

"Now that Gov. Hughes has retired from politics and ascended to a place on the highest judicial tribunal in the world, the fact can be acknowledged without hurting anybody's political corns that he was the greatest friend of labor laws that ever occupied the Governor's chair at Albany. During his two terms he has signed fifty-six labor laws, including among them the best labor laws ever enacted in this or any state.

"He also urged the enactment of labor laws in his messages to the Legislature, even going so far as to place the demand for a labor law in one of his messages to an extra session of the Legislature.

"Only 162 labor laws have been enacted in this state since its erection in 1777—in 133 years. One-third of these, exceeding in quality all of the others, have been enacted and signed during Gov. Hughes' term of three years and nine months."

Let organized labor take to heart what the Chicago Tribune says on this point: "Mr. Hughes is no demagogue and no visionary. He is a man of courage and conscience, and if labor cannot confide its cause to his rock-bottom Americanism there is something wrong with its cause."—Boston Herald.

FAMILIES SPLIT ON CAMPAIGN

Wives of Wilson Supporters Will Take Stump For Gov. Hughes.

DIVERTING CAMPAIGN PHASE

Washington.—Families are being divided by the present political issues. Here are a few examples. J. A. E. Hopkins of New Jersey is treasurer of the Progressive (genuine) national committee, and has announced that he personally favors the re-election of Wilson. Mrs. Hopkins is a member of the Woman's party and will take the stump and do all she can to prevent the election of Wilson.

Gifford Pinchot is for Hughes and all the militarism Hughes and his backing can secure. Amos Pinchot, his brother, is a member of the American Union Against Militarism and will support Wilson—as the lesser of two evils. Rep. William Kent of California is a wild-eyed enthusiast for Wilson and is heading a Wilson non-partisan league, while Mrs. Kent is a member of the Woman's party and will stump for the defeat of Wilson.

George Middleton has allied himself with the group of writers who have announced themselves for Wilson, while his wife, Fola La Follette, is one of the members of the Congressional union who will hold Wilson responsible for the defeat of the Susan B. Anthony amendment. Meredith Nicholson is a Wilson supporter, but Mrs. Nicholson will write and stump against Wilson on account of his attitude toward the federal suffrage amendment. Mrs. Louis F. Post is a member of the Woman's Peace party and an ardent Tolstoyan pacifist. Louis F. Post, assistant secretary of labor, is for the Administration's "reasonable" program of preparedness.

POPULAR-HUGHES CAMPAIGN FUND.

The plan adopted by Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., treasurer of the Republican National Committee, to raise money for the campaign and increase the force of active workers for the election of Charles Evans Hughes to the presidency has peculiar merit. Mr. Bliss asks every one who favors the election of Mr. Hughes and wishes him to have the support of a Republican Senate and House to contribute \$10 and become a sustaining member of the Republican party. All such will receive a certificate of membership. That the money will prove a good investment is patent. It will help to secure for the country a more efficient administration of our national affairs, which is necessary if the prosperity and influence of the nation is to continue.

"There are at least 8,000,000 Republicans, but how many of them have any evidence they are, beyond the consciousness that they have voted or will vote the Republican ticket? The work is done by a few and the money ordinarily is provided by fewer. Mr. Bliss' plan offers a cure for that condition. Help the cause and get a certificate of membership that will establish your party affiliation. It is not expected that all the 8,000,000 Republicans will give \$10 each, but if a goodly number who can afford it do so there will be a great many more able to give much more than \$10 next time because Republican success will mean to the country in fullest measure preparedness, protection and permanent prosperity.

Mr. Hughes is seeing how big the West is, and the West is seeing how big Mr. Hughes is. It is a happy arrangement.

Friends of Wilson are still trying to explain what he meant by "too proud to fight." But can they tell us what he meant by "strict accountability?"

"Eminent Judges," says Colonel Henry Watterson, "have ever proved disappointing candidates." He is right. Alton B. Parker was a big disappointment to the Democrats. And so is Charles Evans Hughes.—Toledo Blade.

President Wilson appears to have been keenly alive to the expediency of accepting several invitations to make speeches in the West. Nobody knows any better than he that it will take considerable shoveling to fill up the holes that have been dug in that locality by Justice Hughes.

It was John P. St. John of Kansas, one time Prohibitionist candidate for president of the United States, who said that Americans vote as they cheer. If so, there is mighty little consolation for the Democratic party in this campaign, for the Democratic Administration in three years has given us nothing to cheer over. On the contrary, as Mr. Hughes has said, these last three years have been years of humiliation and embarrassment.

Mr. Wilson says his mind is progressive, but those who try to follow his progress can never tell the direction it is taking. It is just as likely to be progressing backward as forward.

At Princeton Mr. Wilson used to confer honors upon D. Ds. He couldn't break the habit when it came to Deserting Democrats.

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

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

Editorial Comment

Bryan butts, Wilson tuts.

Watchful waiting maketh woeful waiting.

Candidate Hughes doesn't talk like a tut-tutter.

Hughes is hammering and the Democrats are yammering.

The Wilson Administration stands for taxes, and more taxes.

The Hughes trail will be cold by the time the Democrats strike it.

As a party leader, would it be fair to refer to J. Ham Lewis as J. "Pork" Lewis?

Bryan says Mr. Hughes' talks aren't judicial. No. The people can understand 'em perfectly.

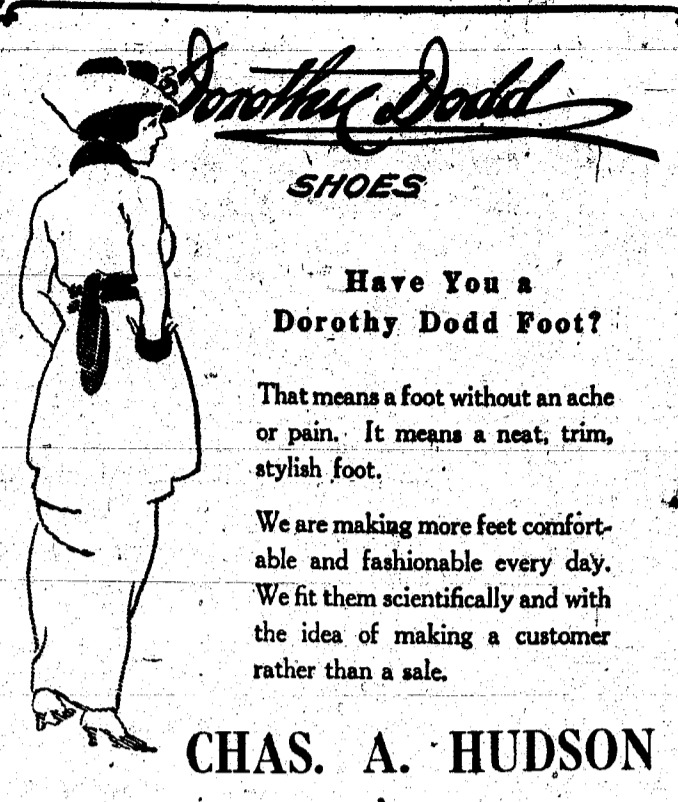
Can the folks on the Democratic band wagon continue to play by the President's notes?

Hughes says the country can't be saved by letting it drift. That's where he and W. Wilson differ.

Washington reports that a new apology has been sent to First Chief Carranza. Looks like a habit.

Mr. Bryan is mistaken when he says Hughes is "vitrilic." The candidate is merely applying the acid test.

A messenger of President Wilson found out that Colorado women were



Dorothy Dodd
SHOES

Have You a Dorothy Dodd Foot?

That means a foot without an ache or pain. It means a neat, trim, stylish foot.

We are making more feet comfortable and fashionable every day. We fit them scientifically and with the idea of making a customer rather than a sale.

CHAS. A. HUDSON

for the administration. No messenger, of course, can be blamed for making good.

Political opponents are beginning to find that why Mr. Hughes kept silence so long wasn't because he had lost his tongue.

Another encouraging feature about our new navy is that when it is completed, Mr. Daniels will not be Secretary of it.

Having discovered that the Democrats don't like what he is saying, Mr. Hughes doubtless is convinced that he is on the right track.

TOOK THE HURT OUT OF HER BACK
Mrs. Anna Byrd, Tusculumbia, Ala., writes: "I was down with my back so I could not stand up more than half the time. Foley Kidney Pills took all of the hurt out." Rheumatic pains, swollen ankles, backache, stiff joints and steep disturbing bladder ailments indicate disordered kidneys and bladder trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

What singular contradictions there are throughout nature and life. For example: Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce coolness.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE




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.

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.

"It Won't Tear"

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.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

C. C. Mack is having his store re-decorated.

R. O. Bisbee was a Saginaw business visitor, Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Moore left Tuesday for a visit at Saginaw.

Arthur Gidley was over from Central Lake, Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Denstone a daughter, Oct. 29th.

Mrs. Lasira Kenyon is reported slowly improving in health.

Att'y F. R. Williams was a Charlevoix visitor, Wednesday.

Miss Ellagene French is home from Ypsilanti for a few days.

Clyde Hunsberger left Monday for Flint, where he has a position.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter left Thursday on a business trip to Chicago.

John Porter returned home Wednesday from Detroit and other points.

Misses Eunice Liskum and Agatha Kenny are home from Charlevoix this week.

John Cutler and family of Bellaire have moved their household effects to this city.

Miss Phyllis Weisman gave a Halloween party at her home Tuesday evening.

Rev. J. M. Gleason of Boyne City spent Sunday at the home of Rev. R. S. Sidebotham.

Miss Cleo Stanford of Boyne City is guest at the home of Att'y and Mrs. D. L. Wilson, this week.

MEN! You should have a new SUIT or Turkey Day. Order now and avoid the rush.—Weismans.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Brabant and Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Goodman were Traverse City visitors, Thursday.

Mrs. A. W. Clark gave a Halloween party at her home Wednesday evening for the local telephone girls.

Mr. and Mrs. D. DeVires of Grand Rapids are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman this week.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman returned home Monday from Galesburg, where she was called by the death of her sister.

E. V. Hudkins returned to his home at Kewanna, Ind., Monday, after a visit at the home of his nephew, Chas. Hudkins.

Mrs. E. L. Burdick returned home from Harbor Springs, Wednesday after spending a few days there with her sister.

Miss Gwendolyn Boyd entertained a few of her friends at a six o'clock dinner Sunday evening, in honor of her birthday anniversary.

Miss Fannie Bliss will return to her home at Brimfield, Ind., this Saturday, after a few week's visit at the home of her aunt, Mrs. L. C. Madison.

Misses Martha Lorraine, Ruth Wood and Bernice McGowan entertained a party of their friends with a Halloween party at the home of the former on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Leonard Dudley, Mrs. Robert Grossett and Mrs. D. E. Housknecht with two children will go to Boyne City Friday to attend the Latter Day Saints Conference over Sunday.

Mrs. C. H. Whittington entertained the Sunshine Club at her home Wednesday evening with a masquerade party. About forty were present. Refreshments were served and all reported a fine time.

The music teacher for St. Joseph's school arrived on Wednesday. Music students may now apply in person or call 88F3. She will also take pupils who do not attend St. Joseph's school, for private instruction in music and for vocal training.

The increased price in the cost of paper paper is raising havoc with newspaper prices and combinations. Many papers have been forced to reduce the size of their issues, cancel their combinations with other papers, and raise their subscription rates. The Boyne Citizen recently announced it had discontinued its connection with another daily paper.

On Wednesday, October 18th, at the Methodist parsonage the Rev. Quinton Walker performed a double wedding ceremony. The contracting parties were Jay A. Bailey, of Flint, and Charlevoix May Faust, of East Jordan, and Elmer Faust and Ruth Hayden both of East Jordan. The young people are all well and favorably known and have the best wishes of their many friends for a happy and prosperous life.—Charlevoix Courier.

George Spencer was at Midland on business this week.

Mrs. L. G. Balch returned home, Tuesday from a visit at Grand Rapids.

W. J. Ellison left Wednesday on a business trip to Chicago and other points.

Mrs. A. L. Hilliard returned Saturday last from a visit with friends at Grand Rapids.

W. R. Carter was here from Toronto, Ont., this week, guest at the home of L. A. Hoyt.

James H. St. John and son, Ed, left this week for Flint, where they have employment.

Rev. R. S. Sidebotham returned home from Omena, Wednesday, after spending a few days there.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society meets with Mrs. A. L. Hilliard next Friday afternoon, Nov. 10th.

Com'r May L. Stewart is at Grand Rapids this week attending the Michigan State Teacher's Ass'n annual meet.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Priest and child of London, Ont., are guest at the home of the latter's aunt, Mrs. Will Howard.

A pleasant surprise party was tendered Miss Bliss, who is visiting at the home of Mrs. L. C. Madison, on Tuesday evening.

Miss Daisy Bryant and her mother has opened dress-making parlors in the Richardson building, over Boswell's Millinery store.

Mesdames C. L. and Bert L. Lorraine with the latter's children, returned home last Friday from a visit at Stewartville, Minn.

M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained on Wednesday, Nov. 8th by Mrs. H. Milford at her home on the west side. Members please attend.

Supt. L. P. Holliday, Principal, Miss Ada M. Coleman, B. J. Holcomb and Miss Edith M. Sprague are attending the annual meeting of the State Teacher's Ass'n at Grand Rapids this week.

J. A. Lancaster, who received injuries to his back a couple of weeks ago while shoeing a horse, is still unable to resume his blacksmith shop work. He is in hopes of securing a competent man to assist him in the near future.

Applications for 1917 registration under the Motor Vehicle Law will be received after November 1st. Blanks will not be sent to those registered this year. A large list of dealers and garages covering the entire state has been formulated and a supply of blanks has already been sent them. The County Clerks have also been furnished with a supply. Blanks will be sent from the State Department upon request.

The Boyne City High School brought their steam roller over to East Jordan last Friday and exemplified the third degree of football to our local grid team. For safety first reasons we won't record the score. And the sad, sad part of it all was that we really had a notion that our boys were going to win that game. As it is, we'll have to content ourselves with trimming up Charlevoix and some of the other teams and let Boyne play with the "Aggies" or U. of M.

The Michigan Central railroad has issued a circular to all their ticket agents notifying them that after Nov. 1 the Detroit and Charlevoix railroad running between Frederic and East Jordan, will be taken over by the Michigan Central and thereafter will be known as the East Jordan branch. The road will be under the supervision of M. C. Coyle. The passenger rates on this road was three cents a mile but now that it will become a part of the Michigan Central system the rate will be two cents a mile.—Cheboygan Tribune.

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

Time is money—to the man who is working out a fine.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN wish to secure the spare time of a man or woman to act as local representative in East Jordan and vicinity, looking after the renewals of their many subscriptions in this section, and introducing these publications to new readers. Payment will be made in salary and commission. Previous experience is desirable but not essential. For details address, with references, Box 654, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, November 5, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"A Neglected Problem."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—Union Mass Meeting in Opera House.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 5, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—"The Problem of Salvation."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic "On A Still Hunt for Souls."

7:00 p. m.—No Service. Everybody attend Opera house Dry Lecture.

Prayer Service Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Nov. 5, 1916.

10:30 a. m. High Mass.

7:00 p. m. Benediction.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 5th, 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, Nov. 5th.

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.

Liquor Bars Efficiency

High Catholic Churchman Says Country Suffers From Use of Intoxicants.

Washington, D. C.—The work of "identifying religion and sobriety," in the words of the Very Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, formerly a resident of Chicago, was continued here with the opening of the forty-sixth convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence union, with 600 delegates in attendance. The chief address of the day was that of Archbishop Keane of Dubuque.

"The country is suffering from inefficiency induced by intoxicants," he said. "We have too much crime, poverty, misery, and sin as the consequence of liquor. The per capita consumption of alcoholic liquors steadily increases notwithstanding all our efforts."

"We know that if every man in America would become a total abstainer the most serious social problem would be no more. Then the most threatening menace to our posterity would be almost negligible. This is not rhetoric it is cold truth."

WHAT DO THE WETS MEAN?

There Seems to Be a Diversity of Opinion Among Them.

"Does prohibition prohibit?" It seems to, according to the wets, says the American issue, and quotes:

"Many small order houses say that they will retire from business if the Webb-Kenyon law is declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. These men say there is no money selling liquors under the drastic limitation laws that many of the states have adopted and that others will adopt—they think—if the Webb-Kenyon law is valid."

"It is our opinion that the drastic limitation laws will cause a return to the license system, and we hope that they will be made more drastic than at present."—Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular.

The above is a sample of wet logic which shows how hard it is to please the liquor interests. On one page of almost any liquor journal we find some official of the liquor interests exulting over increased dry territory and drastic prohibition law, because "it means increased sales." We turn over a page or two and find some other liquor publicity man complaining because "Prohibition laws are so drastic that liquor men can no longer make a living."

It has been suggested that these fellows get together and agree on one line of argument to be used in explaining the decline of the liquor trade.

FLASHES FROM HUGHES' DETROIT TALKS.

AMERICAN RIGHTS.

"No one could successfully present to an American audience that an American citizen's rights stopped with the coast line."

"There is not a particle of militarism in my composition, but there is Americanism in its place, and if elected, I am going to see that American rights are protected."

LABOR.

"The working man is not asking anything he should not have. All he wants is a square deal."

"No such thing as prosperity exists for just one class in America, unless it exists for all."

"The Republican party does not stand for the prosperity produced by the war, but for a prosperity produced by sound American policies and these are what we propose to have."

PREPAREDNESS.

"Do not let us get this country into a low patriotic plane so that we are content with disesteem, with the scoff of the world."

"I am an American citizen, ought to be the proudest title in the world."

CIVIL SERVICE.

"We had in the coast and geodetic survey an eminent scientist. He was displaced to make room for an excellent stock breeder."

"It is the most unworthy thing an administration can do to take public business and pay political debts with it."

BEST EVIDENCE.

New York "World" accuses Mr. Hughes of being pro-German.

"The Fatherland," the organ of those who would have the United States violate its neutrality for Germany's benefit, asks Mr. Hughes ten questions which are designed to carry the accusation that he is pro-British.

These directly conflicting charges against him will be regarded as the best evidence that he is just plain American, without bias toward either side.—Albany Journal.

Flower Bulbs

For Autumn Planting

We have just received a large consignment of Flower Bulbs direct from Holland and can offer you for a limited time a complete selection of

Hyacinths

**Tulips Narcissus
Crocus Daffodils
Lilies etc.**

If you want beautiful bulbous flowers in your house this winter or in your garden next spring, secure them now.

E. R. Kleinmans

FLORIST

Phone 174 East Jordan.

PETTICOAT DAY

AT ASHLEY'S

Next MONDAY, Nov. 6th

Full Black Satteen Petticoats, worth \$1.50, for Monday only **98c.**

Good Cotton Serge Petticoats, \$1.00 and \$1.25 values, on Monday only **89c.**

A few \$3 to \$5 Silk Petticoats **\$1.29.**

MONDAY ONLY---COME IN.

Some COAT Bargains

Beautiful Silk Seal Plush
72 in. sweep, beaver trim, **\$18.50**

Silk Seal Plush
all black **\$16.50**

Salts Seal Plush suitable for large figures, full sweep, 48 in. long **\$22.50**

On Tuesday
and Wednesday

With Every \$25.00 Coat purchased we will GIVE YOU YOUR CHOICE OF SEVERAL DRESSES.



See the New Satin Skirts, \$6.00 to \$12.00

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

The Store That Sells Wooltex
Coats Hats Skirts

White service 'tis plain
Is assured by the name.

Sold by the
**EAST JORDAN
LUMBER COMPANY**

THE GIRL and THE GAME

(Continued from Third Page)

close behind, and with the distance steadily lessening between her and certain capture. Brought at last to bay, she darted down the cliffs to find a hiding place. Not a nook or cranny offered a hope of concealment, and a misstep where she trod meant certain death. Fainting and bewildered, she heard Seagruie climbing down the ledge on which she had found a narrow foothold. Her escape was cut off, and Seagruie descended triumphantly toward her. She warned him back.

"Give me that blue print!" he shouted with an oath.

"Keep away from me," Helen panted. "You're a wretch. I'll never give it to you. I'll die first. Don't you dare come down here. I'll drag you over the cliff if I have to go over myself."

Nothing daunted, he came on. There was but one chance left to get away and, unhesitating, she took it. Turning, just as he thought he had her in his power, she sprang from where she stood on the edge of the precipice far out over the ocean below. He stood spellbound. She struck with a great splash. He saw her come up, strike out and sink again, as if helpless. But he knew her unquenchable determination, her resource and her daring, and was shrewd enough to watch the surface of the bay closely. Sure enough, in a little while he could see her, after swimming a distance under water, regain the surface and with long, powerful strokes swim away.

At no great distance from where she had plunged into the bay a speed launch lay at anchor. Helen recognized the boat; it had, in truth, once been her own, and she had named it The Spiderwater. It belonged now to the owners of her father's estate, but she believed she might borrow it once more. Seagruie, impotent with rage, and following her down the shore, saw her reach the launch and climb resolutely up over the gunwale into the cockpit.

Shaking herself like a duck, and without losing a minute, Helen spread the wet blue print out on the deck, broke the motor lock on the ignition switch, and turned the engine over. She knew the motor well; it was a powerful Loew Victor, and after her second effort it hummed like a dynamo. While it was warming up she cut the mooring line. Seagruie easily

suspected she meant to get to Rhinelander at Oceanside. He looked at his watch. If he could catch the Limited he could still reach the city ahead of her. Exasperated, and out of breath, he hastened back to camp, routed out his chauffeur and took his racing car for the station. Hardly a minute was left to him, and his hope of reaching a point where he could flag the through train vanished when he heard its whistle and saw the gleam of its headlight coming down the Signal grade.

But he would not give up. Urging his man to speed, he gained the highway paralleling the railroad track, and as the Limited shot by, Seagruie, with all the power that could be got out of his motor, actually held for a time abreast of it. He yelled and shouted as one sleeper after another drew slowly past—both the train and the motor car were running very fast—but he could attract no attention. Helpless with rage, he saw the last car pulling gradually past, and furious at being balked, he stood up on the seat and as the car drew past him, he jumped over the rail and landed on the observation platform.

Helen was pushing the launch toward Oceanside. The ocean below the bay laps almost the edge of the railroad track, but her heart sank as she looked back and saw the night train tearing up the track and rapidly overhauling her. Instinct told her that Seagruie would somehow board that train in an effort to get to the city first. As the engine drew nearer, she picked up a pair of glasses and leveling them on the cab, discovered George Storm on the right side. She waved a signal flag at him, but his eyes were glued on the track ahead. Then, as if by an inspiration, she seized the cord of the air whistle at her hand and in the Morse code signalled for help. Storm turned his head and looked back questioning along his train; then up at his own whistle. The whistling continued, and his attention was finally drawn to the launch, now dropping behind the train. Helen caught up her signal flag again. In a flash he recognized her, and calling his fireman over they listened to her appeal.

"Give me paper, pencil," shouted Storm, as he shut off the throttle and listened to the long and short toots that re-echoed in jerky succession from the surface of the sea against the towering cliffs and through the flying cab. On a leaf, torn from a pad, Storm scratched out the signals:

"Have survey. Seagruie on your train. Delay so I can reach Oceanside first. HELEN."

The engine whistle shrieked his answer to her eager ears.

"Something wrong with engine all ready."

The fireman, learning the truth from Storm, tried to persuade him, whatever happened, not to delay the train. It would cost Storm, he urged, his job. "What's the job to me?" demanded Storm, applying the air and bringing up the train with a jolt. So saying, he snatched a small handful of tools from the box and prepared to get down.

Seagruie had made his way into the coach. He summoned the conductor, and being known was accorded every courtesy. But the race was now first on his mind, and when he heard the brakes grinding, and running back on the platform saw fire screaming from the wheels, he called the conductor, demanding to know the cause of the stop. Going forward together for an explanation, the two men found Storm under his engine with wrench and hammer, while in the distance Seagruie could see the Spiderwater cutting the waves like foaming glass and slipping away to where a stormy directors' meeting was in session at Oceanside, and Rhinelander was in the fight of his life to prevent summary action being taken to stop the cut-off work. In vain he showed Helen's telegram, which had come in time to rescue him from complete defeat. But Seagruie's venchman, Capelle, conniving with the unaffected element in the directorate, was pushing to a vote with every prospect of success the resolution to stop work.

"What have we got to go on?" he demanded, facing Rhinelander down. "You know as well as I do we are throwing hundreds of thousands into a project absolutely uncertain. You offer a telegram. What good is the telegram? Where can Helen Holmes be would justify us in keeping on?"

Beside the engine of the Limited the conductor and Seagruie were volleying sharp and suspicious questions at the fireman. He told, reluctantly, of the mysterious launch and of Storm's exchange of signals. No more was needed to infuriate Seagruie, who now understood the connivance. Storm crawled out from under the engine and Seagruie met him with an abusive epithet. The stalwart engineer promptly knocked him down. The crew dragged the two men apart and the conductor ordered the fireman to take the limited in, Storm, with folded arms, refusing to lend further assistance. But despite his stubbornness the big train pulled into Oceanside just after Helen stepped from the deck of the speed launch to the dock. She ran all the way up the esplanade, survey in hand, to where she could catch a taxicab and drove hard for the Tidewater building. There she alight-

ed only to be confronted by two men—Seagruie and an officer. Seagruie pointed to Helen: "There she is! There are the documents she stole—in her hand. Arrest her!"

Before Helen could collect her senses, the officer had seized her and Seagruie had snatched the survey. "Stop," she cried, "that is my property, stolen from my father. I, not he, am its rightful owner!"

While she protested, stormed and wept tears of humiliation and anger, Seagruie was producing papers to convince the slow-witted official that the survey belonged to him and that Helen was the thief. In spite of all she could say, he won out. Indeed, the guardian of the law was ready to take Helen to the station when Seagruie magnanimously intervened, told him to let her go and said he was satisfied to recover his property.

Upstairs the directors were closing their protracted session, Rhinelander vainly trying to hold them together until his ally should appear. The sound of an opening door raised his hopes. Helen rushed into the room and hastened to his side.

"The survey—where is it?" he cried, reading bad news in her face.

She told him of her battle—of how she had been robbed at the very foot of what were once her father's stairs. Everyone listened. Then half a dozen men began talking—some for, some against crediting what they had just heard.

Rhinelander put his arm around the despairing girl. "No matter. We know now who has our property, gentlemen. We'll get it yet."

Capelle, laughing furtively, left the room to report to Seagruie. The chairman rapped for order. Rhinelander, trying to comfort Helen, took her to her taxicab and they drove back to the launch together. Dazed, furious at her misfortune, Helen met another surprise at the pier. Storm, awaiting her return there, helped her to alight from the taxicab. She could only regard him breathlessly. He laughed in his reassuring way: "It's really I," he said to her, offering his hand. "I'm discharged—but I told the superintendent I might yet live long enough to discharge him. What do you think he threw back at me? 'I hope if I ever deserve it as much as you do, you will discharge me.' I guess it was coming," concluded Storm good naturedly. "But I've got a marine license and I'm going to run your launch to Signal bay for you. Got plenty of gas in the old tub, Helen?"

His robust humor was infectious. With Storm at the driver's wheel, they soon reached the office in the launch and were discussing the exciting events of the night when Helen's eyes

fixed on the canvas covering the deck of the boat. It was on this she had laid the blue print to dry and the impression had been definitely transferred. She seized her uncle's arm, pointed and explained. Rhinelander, jerking a knife from his pocket, cut the canvas from the deck and showed it to Storm, who headed the launch in a great foaming circle back toward Oceanside.

The directors were preparing to go home when three half-crazed people dashed into their room. Rhinelander, Helen and Storm told their story and showed their find. Excited in spite of themselves, the listeners crowded about the table. They inspected, objected and argued. The evidence was indisputable and the chairman called the meeting to order and asked its sense. Sympathy for the plucky daughter of their old president was perhaps not wanting in influencing their action; at all events, almost before Helen could realize it was being done, a resolution declaring their support should not be withdrawn, was put and carried. Bowers, the chairman, clinched his own feelings by catching Helen's hands and congratulating her.

Seagruie, pleased with what he believed his escape from a serious complication—was bound for his camp on a returning train.

Helen, with Rhinelander and Storm, was again aboard the launch. They were speeding contentedly back to Signal bay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A successful financier is a man who can separate other men from their money without the aid of a sandbag.

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

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

Will pay \$4.00 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur Compound

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your crown. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur Compound enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wetley's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application of two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wetley's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

Truth is mighty—and mighty inconquerable for some people.

When a young man is intoxicated with love he has his own ideas as to what makes the world go round.

Occasionally riches fly away from an honest man and roost on the perch erected by the other fellow.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER
24-26 Vandewater Street
New York

VOTE NOV. 7
MICHIGAN DRY
"YES" FOR PROHIBITION
"NO" ON HOME RULE

Vote for a Square Deal and Defeat "Home Rule"

VOTE NOV. 7
MICHIGAN DRY
"YES" FOR PROHIBITION
"NO" ON HOME RULE

On Nov. 7 every voter will receive ballots for four Constitutional Amendments. Two of these relate to the liquor traffic and two do not. Your special attention is called to the two amendments relating to the liquor traffic.

Every voter must vote twice on the liquor traffic. Every enemy of the saloon must vote "YES" on the Dry State-wide Amendment to Article XVI, Section 11, for prohibition. Every voter, wet or dry, who believes in the square deal, will vote "NO" on the "wet" or so-called "Home Rule" Amendment to Article VIII, Section 30.

What is the so-called "home rule" amendment? It is a plan to change the Michigan Local Option Law so that the voting unit will be the city, village or township instead of the county, as at present. It is distinctly a wet measure, advocated by the Michigan Home Rule League, which is the anti-prohibition organization of the Michigan saloons who are backed by the brewers and distillers in many other states than Michigan.

Who wants the so-called "home rule" amendment? The saloon crowd, brewers and distillers. Who are fighting the "home rule" amendment? The United Dry Federation of Michigan, including the Michigan Anti-Saloon League, Michigan Grange, Michigan Gleaners, Michigan State Sunday School Association, The Trade Union Dry League, W. C. T. U., and other great organizations, both Catholic and Protestant.

What the "wets" want in Michigan is to defeat state-wide prohibition and nullify county local option—and to do this they hope to deceive enough dry voters so as to get a majority, November 7.

If the state-wide dry amendment is defeated and the wet "home rule" amendment is adopted, the county local option law of Michigan will be destroyed and the state will be as wet legally as it was before Van Buren County went dry in 1890.

MICHIGAN DRY CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

Lansing - Michigan

Study These Two Ballots } TO MAKE MICHIGAN DRY
Vote on Both
NOVEMBER 7.

(This is the ballot that will drive the saloons from Detroit and Michigan.)

VOTE ON PROPOSED

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

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.

Amendment to 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, chemical, scientific or sacramental purposes.

Section 11. The manufacture, sale, keeping for sale, giving away, bartering or furnishing of any vinous, malt brewed, fermented, spirituous or intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, chemical, scientific or sacramental purposes shall be after April 30th, 1918, prohibited in the state forever. The legislature shall by law provide regulations for the sale of such liquors for medicinal, mechanical, chemical, scientific and sacramental purposes.

YES
NO

To vote Dry put a cross after YES

(This is the dangerous "Home Rule" ballot the liquor trust wants so the lawless saloon can be kept in Michigan.)

VOTE ON PROPOSED

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION

Providing that every incorporated city and village, and organized township shall 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.

Amendment to 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.

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

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

YES
NO

If you don't want the saloon put a cross after NO
(Notice—Each of these ballots will be separate on white paper when handed you in the booth. Be sure and pick them out, study carefully and mark as shown above.)

THE RED CIRCLE

By Albert Payson Terhune

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

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 Bordenes. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed 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, married 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 invention plans from Todd Drew and sinks them in the sea with her boy's clothes. Sent to Surftown by Smiling Sam, Alma La Salle paints the Red Circle on her hand and robs the guests at a ball. Mary sees her wash of the mark and points her out to Lamar who follows her back to town.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT THE THIRD DEGREE

Far out on the horizon a sloop veered to the wind and bent its graceful sails as if to scoop the crest of a frothy little wave.

Mary and June were sitting on the observation porch of the Travis home, looking out over the beach.

"It's almost deserted," June said with some amusement. "At this hour, other morning, the beach would be crowded. The dance must have played havoc."

"I think you should have slept longer, too," Mary smoothed back the girl's hair. "A young person like you needs all the sleep she can get."

"Why, I'm as fresh as a daisy," retorted June. "If I stay in bed too long I get all stupid and loggy. And, just think how terrible it would be if I had been lazy this morning! That Woman in Black would have gotten away safely. As long as I'm a real sleuth now, I can't afford to sleep, overhours, you know."

Mary looked up at the mischievous, smiling face. A shadow of fear crept into her eyes.

"I wish you wouldn't have anything more to do with this," she begged gently. "You are so young, so impulsive. Don't you know if you play with fire you must be burned?"

"But I'm not playing with fire," objected June. "And, besides, don't you see that I've taken out the safest sort of an insurance policy by joining forces with Mr. Lamar in tracking the Red Circle?"

"I don't like it—I don't like anything about it," Mary clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. "You have become so headstrong, dear. Ever since this mark came on your hand, you're so different."

"Oh, look!" June exclaimed, glad of an excuse to change the subject. "Look at the monkey, Mary. Isn't he perfectly adorable? Oh, you're not looking in the right place. He's doing all sorts of tricks. Isn't he wonderful?"

"I think he's an awful looking thing. I'm going into the house. I don't want to look at him any more."

"All right; you go in. I'll stay out here."

June leaned out over the porch rail, keeping her eyes fastened on the organ grinder. Mary watched the girl bite her lips and frown. The signs were alarming. The old woman looked down at the hand on the rail, with



Started to Cut the Monkey's Rope.

fear and trembling. Her worst suspicions were realized. A faint red ring appeared. Mary put out her hand as if to stop its growing more vivid. Slowly the color came into it. It blazed forth in all its strength just as June exclaimed angrily:

"Oh, why does he mistreat that poor, captive animal? A defenseless mite like that! It's outrageous the way he pulls that rope—just look, he's even kicking him! I'm going down there to stop him."

"You're going to do no such thing! The idea of getting so worked up over a monkey!"

"It isn't because it's a monkey. It's because it's heartless cruelty to a dumb animal."

"Anyhow, you're coming right in, the house with me."

"No, I'm not."

"Look at your hand," said Mary tersely.

Startled, June obeyed. The Red Circle glared back at her with malevolent intensity. Just for a second her face clouded. Then the same, queer, mischievous smile returned.

"Well, what of it?" she challenged.

"You know," Mary answered, simply. "Come into the house with me before you get into any trouble, dear."

"I don't want to."

"Please, I'm so worried, pet."

"Oh, all right. Only don't look so distressed."

Upstairs, June entered her room and ran to the window. The organ grinder had moved out of sight. A strange, sickening sensation came over her as she thought of him and his treatment of the monkey.

On a little table near the window a small pair of scissors caught the sun and reflected the light, so that it dazzled the eyes. June caught sight of them. She picked them up quickly and slipped them, almost involuntarily, into the pocket of her dress. Then she reached for a small sport hat that was lying on a chair and ran out of the room, closing the door behind her.

On the sand, leaning against a pile, under the pier, sat the Italian organ grinder sound asleep—his old, battered organ propped up beside him. The monkey, sitting on his lap, pulled restlessly at his coat.

The man waked stupidly for the fraction of a second, cuffed the monkey over the head, forced him down on his lap again and went back to sleep.

June crept around, under the pier, keeping well behind him until she made sure that he was really asleep—not shamming. Very cautiously she dropped to her knees and crawled toward the organ.

With remarkable rapidity she unbuckled the broad, tough strap that was attached to it and got on her feet. Then she listened to the Italian's loud breathing, before she moved forward quietly until she stood directly behind the pile against which he was leaning.

There was no fear on her face. Only caution and a certain cunning boldness. Stealthily, she slipped the strap around the sleeping man's body, drawing it back behind the pile. She put the eyelet end through the buckle, but did not fasten it. Then she put the scissors on the sand beside her.

Having proceeded so far successfully, she thought for an instant, trying to determine what her next move would be. Picking up the scissors she slipped her right hand around the pile and started to cut the monkey's rope, close to the Italian's hand. The monkey, sensing that a deliverer had come, laid his little face against her hand, softly.

June pushed him back gently. The scissors were dull. The rope was tough. The effort to cut it brought the blood to her hand. Slowly, the Italian blinked his eyes and opened them.

Immediately under his nose was a strong young hand wielding a glittering weapon. Half-conscious, he shuddered inwardly. In his nightmare, someone was working out a vendetta—successfully. His eyes closed. The vividness of the dream was too much for him, however. He opened them again. This time all he could see was a ring of scarlet—an omen of eternal bloodshed.

Stupid with sleep, he made a half attempt to sit erect. On the instant June pulled the strap tight with her left hand, buckled it, seized the monkey with the right and sped off down the beach, the cut rope trailing behind her.

On the edge of the sand, an old woman in black, ghastly pale and petrified with fear, watched her go.

Strapped to the pile, the Italian was kicking up an awful row.

In the distance, June ran into the entrance to Surftown park and found a spot girdled by shrubbery. In the midst of it stood a giant tree with an absurdly thick trunk.

The monkey sniffed affectionately at her chin and raised his little paw. June hugged him up to her, cut the rope close to his collar, and started to take off his ludicrous little hat and coat. All undressed, as he was meant to be, the monkey reverted to type and gazed longingly at an overhanging branch. June looked up at the low-lying foliage.

"Of course you want to get up there, you poor, ill-treated little beastie," she whispered to him. "That's what I stole you for. To set you free. Say 'thank you' to the lady and shake hands."

She reached up and pulled the branch down to her. Then she waited to see what he would do. With just one regretful look, as though to say, "I'm not ungrateful—but oh, you tree!" he leaped from her arms and

scampered up the tree. On a high branch he sat down and looked at her. June waved her hand.

Back on the beach, Mary watched the struggling Pietro, and tried desperately to decide what the wisest move would be. His awful cries would attract a larger crowd in a few minutes.

It flashed upon her, suddenly, that there was a way of protecting June, even now. With the wrap still on her arm she ran toward the screaming Italian. Indicating that she was going to release him, Mary unbuckled the strap, just as a policeman came running up.

Pietro scrambled to his feet, choking with rage. A torrent of sound poured from his thick oily lips.

"My monk gone—stole girl—woman—gotta round on hand! Stole! Cut a rope! Swipes monk! Beat it!"

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"It seems that someone stole his monkey. He's showing you the cut rope in his hand."

The patrolman raised his cap.

"I didn't see you at first, Miss Mary," he said pleasantly. "Yes, I understood that someone had copped the monkey; but what's he getting at, drawing things on the back of his hand and moving his fingers like he was cutting paper?"

"As near as I can make out," Mary answered slowly, "the person who stole the animal cut the rope with scissors and had a mark of some kind on the back of her hand."

"A mark!" the policeman jumped eagerly at the word. "Say, was it a red mark—a Red Circle?" he asked Pietro excitedly.

Seeing that at last someone was beginning to understand, Pietro went back into Italian hysteria. The policeman turned again to Mary.

"You've been on the beach sometime, haven't you? Do you remember seeing anyone go past with a monkey?"

"Certainly," the old woman replied promptly. "I remember distinctly seeing a young woman on the beach with a monkey."

"Do you remember which way she went?" he asked.

Mary, apparently thought deeply for a moment.

"Yes," she said at last, very deliberately, "she went down the beach in that direction."

Her finger pointed directly opposite to the way June had gone.

"Thank you," said the policeman. Motioning to Pietro, he started on



"You Don't Know Anything About Red Circles?"

a run down the sand, the other spectators following closely.

Leaning up against the pillar of the house where "The Woman in Black" lived, Lamar, blowing rings of cigarette smoke skyward, mused:

"I wonder what June is doing. I wonder if she is thinking of me."

His dreams were pleasant. Knowing that his quarry was safe in the house and that she seemed unsuspecting of being trailed, Lamar did not see the use for any extra trick work.

"When in doubt, pump the elevator boy," had always been Lamar's motto.

He turned to enter the house. A thick rubber mat, bound in metal, tripped him. He stumbled through the doorway and collided with a woman. Bent over as he was, he couldn't see her face. His gaze fell upon a black leather handbag and a paper parcel that could have contained anything from a picnic lunch to a pair of shoes. Bracing himself against the sides of the entrance he tried to get his balance.

"Perhaps you'll allow me to pass," a cold, sarcastic voice broke in upon his distress.

"Why certainly, madam, certainly," gasped poor Lamar, again threatened with a fall as he tried to be courtly. Then he raised his face. One look at the dark, slightly aquiline features and he was very erect and very cool.

"On second thoughts," he said calmly, "I don't think I will. You're under arrest."

"Under arrest? Me?" she tossed her head, boldly. "I'd like to see you try to arrest me!"

"You're seeing it now," said Lamar simply.

"Oh, so you think you can bully me into submitting to arrest, do you?"

Just for an instant he flashed a pair of handcuffs by a chain. They clanked ominously as he dropped them back into his pocket.

"Do you come—or don't you?" he inquired politely.

"Oh, I'll go," she answered after a minute's thought.

Ten minutes later, when she rebelled, outside the entrance to the police station, he seized her arm and hustled her in, bringing her up before the sergeant's desk.

"Well, Mr. Lamar," said the desk man, leaning over the edge to shake hands, "what can I do for you?"

"I have just arrested this—or this lady on suspicion, sergeant."

"Indeed!" The round-faced, gray-haired officer looked over his glasses, sharply. "Name, please."

The woman raised her eyebrows. "Name, I said!" thundered the sergeant.

"Oh, I don't know that I have to give it," she said contemptuously.

"Oh, yes you do," Lamar broke in, "a word to the wise, you know. I advise you to make as little trouble as possible. And let me relieve you of your parcel and hand bag."

"La Salle. Alma La Salle," she almost spat the name at the sergeant.

Lamar opened the paper parcel, disclosing a pair of old shoes evidently on their way to the cobbler's to be soled and heeled. He threw them to one side, disappointed. Then with a caustic "May I?" he opened the handbag and dumped its contents on the sergeant's desk.

Lamar rapidly searched the mass and found nothing of importance.

"Well, what're you going to do about it?" she inquired with a smile.

"I'm going to have you searched," said Lamar quietly. "Sergeant, will you have someone search Miss La Salle, please?"

The sergeant pressed the buzzer at his right hand. A door in the back of the room opened almost instantly. A portly woman in a blue-and-white striped dress, partly covered with a white apron, stood at the threshold for a second, then came swiftly into the room.

"Mrs. Murphy," said the sergeant, briefly, "will you please search this woman and make your report on what you find?"

"Oh, Mrs. Murphy, would you mind making your report to me in the chief's office? I'm going in there now," Lamar called after her.

Lamar entered Chief Allen's office, shook hands and dropped wearily into a chair beside the desk.

"What's up? You look beat out," was the chief's greeting.

"Oh, I'm not beat out," the Crime Specialist squared his shoulders significantly. "I'm not beat out by a

"That's right. Now will you go back and bring her into this office in five minutes? I'll be ready for her then. What's her name?" he asked Lamar as the matron left the room. "And her address. I'll send two men over to her home."

He took the blank from his secretary and tried the point of his fountain pen.

"Alma La Salle," he repeated after Lamar, "301 Quincy street. Holt; send Quinn and Mulligan over. Tell them to do a good job—rush it—and beat it back here as quickly as they can."

There was a knock on the door, a few minutes later. It was opened in obedience to the chief's "Come in."

Alma stood framed in the doorway, her face still as insolently haughty as when Lamar had first spoken to her.

The chief eyed her steadily. It was a type he knew well. Very difficult to shake in giving testimony, very sharp-tongued. The only salvation lay in getting this woman furiously angry. He had found that rage loosens the tongues of most women.

"Name?" he said before she had a chance to collect herself.

"Oh, you know my name," she answered viciously. "What do you suppose I think you two have been doing in here all this time—having a kaffee klatsch?"

Lamar moved forward to intervene, but Allen waved him back.

"I think I can handle this young woman," he said easily. "If I can make her understand, in the first place, that I'll jail her immediately unless she answers my questions straight and as soon as I put them. Name?" he repeated, significantly.

"Alma La Salle."

"I've seen you here before, haven't I?"

"You have not," this very emphatically.

"No? I may be mistaken. I thought I had. What were you doing at Surftown?"

"Wasn't at Surftown. Never heard of the place."

"Well, of course the transfer that you have in your bag, punched 'Surftown,' may be part of a collection. I hardly thought so," drawled Lamar.

"I tell you I've never been there," she maintained with angry persistence.

"Well, we'll let that go as it is," said the chief suavely. "You're an attractive woman, Miss La Salle. How is it that you are not married?"

"Who says I'm not?"

"Oh, so you are. Then why are you living alone in an apartment where you're known as 'Miss La Salle'?"

"Is that anyone's business?"

"I choose to make it mine. How do you get your living, Miss La Salle?"

"I have an income."

"From what sort of investments? Bonds—stocks—mortgages?"

"Er—mortgages."

"Ah, the safest sort of an investment—providing they are first mortgages. So that's where your income comes from?"

"You two think you're putting me through the third degree, don't you? Why you're a bunch of amateurs. Make me break down? Lord! You haven't even got my goat!"

"Oh, I think we have that, all right," Lamar remarked with aggravating calm. "Now, I'm going to tell you a few things. We've had you trailed for forty-eight hours. Yes, that gets under the skin, eh? And all we want to know is why you take the trouble to paint red circles on your hand when you operate so cleverly without them. What's the use of doing things that'll help spot you—eh?"

Alma looked at him with an amused smile.

"You may be talking sense," she remarked contemptuously. "But to me it sounds like they'd just let you out of a fat factory."

"You don't know anything about Red Circles?"

"I do not."

The door opened suddenly. Two men, one in uniform, entered and placed a suitcase on the chief's desk. Alma started forward in her chair.

"Yes, it's yours," soothed Lamar. "We won't injure any of your things. We just want to take a look. They've just brought it from your rooms."

Lamar opened the suitcase. He pulled out soft piles of silk lingerie and tossed them on the desk.

"Say, have a heart the way you handle those things," Alma said sharply. "They cost money."

"You bet they do," Lamar answered the command. "Those first mortgages are certainly good to you."

His hand closed on something smooth and cold. He dragged it out from between the folds of an embroidered kimono. It was a paint box! He fumbled as he opened it, because he did not want to take his eyes off Alma's face. He was surprised to find that there was not a quiver of an eyelash.

Once open, he held up the box so the light hit the surface of the little tabs of paint.

"Just as I thought," he exclaimed, gleefully. "Oh, you're not such a clever little Raffles after all, Alma! You see, chief, only the red paint has been used. Wait a minute. I'll find the sponge."

He plunged his hand into the suitcase again and held up the tiny sponge, then bent over Alma solicitously.

"You see, if you'd been really smart," he told her, "you'd have smeared up the other paints too. Then you could say that you were just an amateur artist who went to Surftown to do seascapes."

"Say, you think you're a wonder, don't you?" she scoffed.

Suddenly the door burst open and slammed back against the wall so that the whole room shook. The sergeant, two-pid shoes swinging from his left hand, rushed in, his face scarlet with excitement.

"Look at the swag! Look at the swag!" he shouted.

Unclosing his right hand, he dropped a painful of jeweled ornaments on the chief's desk. Alma jumped to her feet. Terror blanched her cheeks. Her eyes were wild. With sudden cunning she



"It's Almost Deserted," Said June.

bent, ducked under Lamar's arm and made for the window. The chief swung around and grabbed the sleeve of her waist. It cracked at the shoulder seam. He put her, struggling, back in the chair, and stood in front of her.

"Where'd you get it, sergeant?" Lamar asked, holding up a string of pearls and a diamond lavalliere.

"In the heel of the shoe. I was ticketing the articles taken from the different prisoners today, before I sent them into the other room, and all of a sudden I catch sight of this split heel. It looks queer. So I take my penknife out, just for fun, and start picking at it. And the thing comes off and there lays the swag!"

"Give me the other one," said Lamar.

He struck it against the palm of his hand. It rattled. Suddenly a similar incident came to his mind. He dropped the shoe and seized the chief's arm.

"Yesterday when I was in 'Smiling Sam's' shop," he exclaimed suddenly, "I—"

Alma uttered a short, sharp sound, then pressed her hand over her mouth.

"Ah—that's the one—eh? 'Smiling Sam?' Good girl—good girl! You screamed at just the right time. You couldn't have done better if you'd been rehearsed. Chief, will you give me a raiding squad? I'm coming down on that old smelter today—now! You hold the woman."

Lamar darted from the office. "Lock her up," Allen told the sergeant.

Out in the street Lamar was coaching his men:

"There's an alleyway back of this joint. I don't know how you get to it through the shop, but take my word it's a very important means of exit to 'Smiling Sam.' I want you two officers to get into that alleyway and wait there for whatever happens. Vaughan, here, will go into the store with me."

The two men started off down a side street, Lamar and Vaughan walked quickly until they got to the corner of "Smiling Sam's" street. There they stopped deliberately and lighted cigarettes. They saw a man, who was hanging around outside, dive inside the shop.

"A lookout!" muttered Lamar. "Come on, Vaughan! We'll get in there double quick, before they have a chance to make a getaway. Anyhow, the boys in the alley will get them."

Lamar and Vaughan dashed across the street and through the ramshackle entrance to the store. At the back wall they saw a stout man trying to hurl himself through an opening that seemed less like a door than an earthquake gap. A sudden jerk from the other side of the wall yanked him through. A row of shelves slid into view. The opening was closed.

"Open it! Open it!" howled Lamar to Vaughan. "Wait; I'll find the spring! It's a secret door."

He passed his finger tips over the entire wall surface. He swept shelves of shoe boxes to the floor. He got on his knees and tested the floor. His rapid, excited search was unsuccessful.

"Get a bench!" Max told Vaughan. "Get that heavy bench over there and batter it down. Hammer it, man! Give me one end of it. Now! Together!"

A long, crackling sound tore out through the heavy banging. A crack that showed yellowish white appeared. One leg of the bench crashed through the wood and stuck. The door began to give.

From the yard, somewhere to the rear of them, arose the din of fierce battle.

END OF SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

THE RED CIRCLE

Albert Payson Terhune

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



SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One of each Borden generation always a criminal, he bears the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted are the only known living of the Borden line. Max Lambert, a detective, is detailed to look after Jim. June Travis and her mother, Mrs. Jim, as he is released, Jim and Ted are killed. Next day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outside a certain automobile. June, married with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a bank 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 identification papers from Fred Brown and slips them in the sea with her own clothes. Sent to Surftown by "Smiling Sam," Alma La Salle, a girl in a Red Circle on her hand and also the possessor of a bill, Mary sees her wish of the mark and points her out to Lamar who follows her back to town.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

THE THIRD DEGREE

Far out on the horizon a sloop veered to the wind and beat its graceful sails as if to scoop the crest of a frothy little wave.

Mary and June were sitting on the observation perch of the Travis home, looking out over the beach.

"It's almost deserted," June said in some amazement. "At this hour, after morning, the beach would be crowded. The dance must have played havoc."

"I wish you should have slept longer," Mary smoothed back the girl's hair. "A young person like you needs all the sleep she can get."

"What I'm as fresh as a daisy," retorted June. "If I stay in bed too long I get all scraggy and lanky. And, just think how terrible it would be if I had been lazy this morning! That woman in black would have gotten away easily. As long as I'm a real slouch, I can't afford to sleep, overflows you know."

Mary looked up at the mischievous, smiling face. A shadow of fear crept into her eyes.

"I wish you wouldn't have anything more to do with this," she begged gently. "You're so young, so impulsive. Don't you know if you play with fire you must be burned?"

"I'm not playing with fire," objected June. "And besides, don't you see that I've taken out the safest sort of an insurance policy by joining forces with Mr. Lamar in tracking the Red Circle?"

"I don't like it—I don't like anything about it," Mary clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. "You have become so headstrong, dear. Ever since this mark came on your hand, you're so different."

"Oh, look!" June exclaimed, glad of an excuse to change the subject. "Look at the monkey, Mary. Isn't he perfectly adorable? Oh, you're not looking in the right place. He's doing all sorts of tricks. Isn't he wonderful?"

"I think he's an awful looking thing, in going into the house. I don't want to look at him any more."

"All right, you go in. I'll stay out here."

June leaned out over the porch rail, keeping her eyes fastened on the organ grinder. Mary watched the girl bite her lips and frown. The signs were alarming. The old woman looked down at the hand on the rail, with



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feared and trembling. Her worst suspicions were realized. A faint red ring appeared. Mary put out her hand as if to stop its growing more vivid. Slowly the color came into it. It blazed forth in all its strength just as June exclaimed angrily:

"Oh, why does he mistreat that poor, captive animal? A defenseless mite like that! It's outrageous the way he pulls that rope—just look, he's even kicking him! I'm going down there to stop him."

"You're going to do no such thing! The idea of getting so worked up over a monkey!"

"It isn't because it's a monkey. It's because it's heartless cruelty to a dumb animal."

"Anyhow, you're coming right in the house with me."

"No, I'm not."

"Look at your hand," said Mary tersely.

Startled, June obeyed. The Red Circle glared back at her with malevolent intensity. Just for a second her face clouded. Then the same, queer, mischievous smile returned.

"Well, what of it?" she challenged.

"You know," Mary answered, simply.

"Come into the house with me before you get into any trouble, dear."

"I don't want to."

"Please, I'm so worried, pet."

"Oh, all right. Only don't look so distressed."

Upstairs, June entered her room and ran to the window. The organ grinder had moved out of sight. A strange, sickening sensation came over her as she thought of him and his treatment of the monkey.

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Her finger pointed directly opposite to the way June had gone.

"Thank you," said the policeman. Motioning to Pietro, he started on

a run down the sand, the other spectators following closely.

Leaving up against the pillar of the house where "The Woman in Black" lived, Lamar, blowing rings of cigarette smoke skyward, mused:

"I wonder what June is doing. I wonder if she is thinking of me."

His dreams were pleasant. Knowing that his quarry was safe in the house and that she seemed unsuspecting of being trailed, Lamar did not see the use for any extra trick work.

"When in doubt, pump the elevator boy," had always been Lamar's motto.

He turned to enter the house. A thick rubber mat, bound in metal, tripped him. He stumbled through the doorway and collided with a woman.

Bent over as he was, he couldn't see her face. His gaze fell upon a black leather handbag and a paper parcel that could have contained anything from a picnic lunch to a pair of shoes. Bracing himself against the sides of the entrance he tried to get his balance.

"Perhaps you'll allow me to pass," a cold, sarcastic voice broke in upon his distress.

"Why certainly, madam, certainly," gasped poor Lamar, again threatened with a fall as he tried to be courteous.

Then he raised his face. One look at the dark, slightly aquiline features and he was very erect and very cool.

"On second thoughts," he said calmly, "I don't think I will. You're under arrest."

"Under arrest? Me? You tossed her head, boldly. 'I'd like to see you try to arrest me!'"

"You're seeing it now," said Lamar simply.

"Oh, so you think you can bully me into submitting to arrest, do you?"

Just for an instant he flashed a pair of handcuffs by a chain. They clanked ominously as he dropped them back into his pocket.

"Do you come—or don't you?" he inquired politely.

"Oh, I'll go," she answered after a minute's thought.

Ten minutes later, when she rebelled, outside the entrance to the police station, he seized her arm and hustled her in, bringing her up before the sergeant's desk.

"Well, Mr. Lamar," said the desk man, leaning over the edge to shake hands, "what can I do for you?"

"I have just arrested this—er—this lady on suspicion, sergeant."

"Indeed!" The round-faced, gray-haired officer looked over his glasses, sharply. "Name, please."

The woman raised her eyebrows. "Name, I said!" thundered the sergeant.

"Oh, I don't know that I have to give it," she said contemptuously.

"Oh, yes you do," Lamar broke in, "a word to the wise—you know. I advise you to make as little trouble as possible. And let me relieve you of your parcel and hand bag."

"La Salle! Anna La Salle," she almost spat the name at the sergeant.

Lamar opened the paper parcel, disclosing a pair of old shoes evidently on their way to the cobbler's to be soled and heeled. He threw them to one side, disappointed. Then with a gasp "May I?" he opened the handbag and dumped its contents on the sergeant's desk.

Lamar rapidly searched the mass and found nothing of importance.

"Well, what're you going to do about it?" she inquired with a smile.

"I'm going to have you searched," said Lamar quietly. "Sergeant, will you have someone search Miss La Salle, please?"

The sergeant pressed the buzzer at his right hand. A door in the back of the room opened almost instantly. A portly woman in a blue-and-white striped dress, partly covered with a white apron, stood at the threshold for a second, then came swiftly into the room.

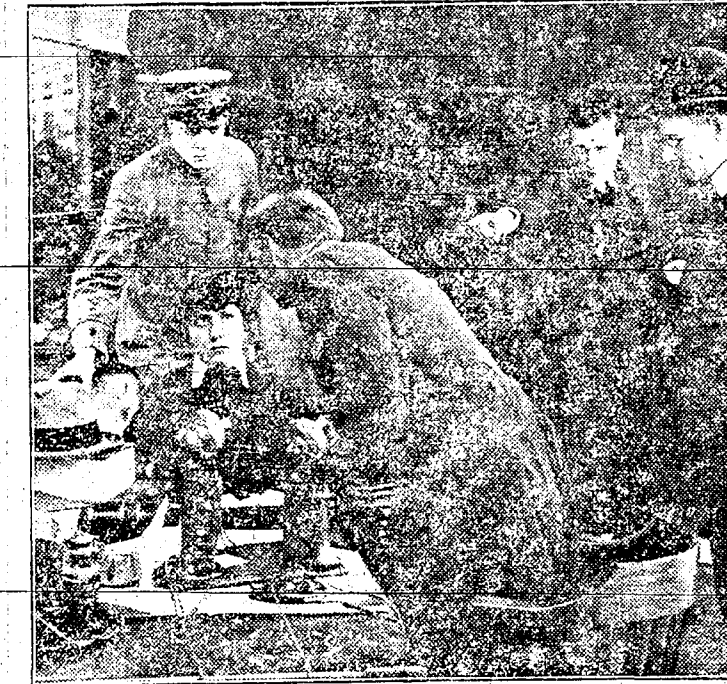
"Mrs. Murphy," said the sergeant, briefly, "will you please search this woman and make your report on what you find?"

"Oh, Mrs. Murphy, would you mind making your report to me in the chief's office? I'm going in there now," Lamar called after her.

Lamar entered Chief Allen's office, shook hands and dropped wearily into a chair beside the desk.

"What's up? You look beat out," was the chief's greeting.

"Oh, I'm not beat out," the Crime Specialist squared his shoulders significantly. "I'm not beat out by a



"You Don't Know Anything About Red Circles?"

long shot, but I'm up a tree. I phoned you some of the preliminaries of the Red Circle chase—in fact, I told you about them pretty fully over long-distance today. Well, there's a new phase on deck and it's got me going. I have the woman here in the matron's room being searched. I arrested her on suspicion after trailing her from Surftown. I have every reason on God's earth to suspect her; and yet there's a sneaking thought at the back of my brain that I'm not going to get anything on her. I want your help."

"Count on that, all right," said Allen quickly. "What happened down at Surftown, after you phoned me about the—?"

"Theft of jewels at the hotel ball? An old woman in hiding, in a big chair, saw this woman rub a red circle on the back of her hand with a wet sponge."

"Here's Mrs. Murphy, now," Lamar got up and went toward the matron eagerly. "Well, what did you find?"

The matron shook her head. "I didn't find a trace of the jewelry you are looking for, Mr. Lamar. The woman had on a cheap gold-plated bangle and an imitation pearl bar pin. There was nothing suspicious about her clothing."

"Didn't I tell you?" Lamar rushed back to the chief's desk under the greatest excitement. "Didn't I tell you that I had a hunch that I wouldn't get anything on this woman? And I know she's guilty. I haven't the slightest doubt about it now."

"Just a minute."

Allen pressed an electric buzzer. His secretary came in from the outer office.

"Please bring me a warrant-to-search blank, Mr. Holt," said the chief. "I want to fill it out. Where did you leave the woman, Mrs. Murphy?"

"I locked her in the detention room, sir."

"That's right. Now will you go back and bring her into this office in five minutes? I'll be ready for her then. What's her name?" he asked Lamar as the matron left the room.

"And her address. I'll send two men over to her home."

He took the blank from his secretary and tried the point of his fountain pen.

"Alma La Salle," he repeated after Lamar. "301 Quincy street. Holt, send Quinn and Mulligan over. Tell them to do a good job—rush it—and beat it back here as quickly as they can."

There was a knock on the door, a few minutes later. It was opened in obedience to the chief's "Come in."

Alma stood framed in the doorway, her face still as insolently haughty as when Lamar had first spoken to her.

The chief eyed her steadily. It was a type he knew well. Very difficult to shake in giving testimony, very sharp-tongued. The only salvation lay in getting this woman furiously angry. He had found that rage loosens the tongues of most women.

"Name?" he said before she had a chance to collect herself.

"Oh, you know my name," she answered viciously. "What do you suppose I think you two have been doing in here all this time—having a kaffee klatsch?"

Lamar moved forward to intervene, but Allen waved him back.

"I think I can handle this young woman," he said easily. "If I can make her understand, in the first place, that I'll jail her immediately unless she answers my questions straight and as soon as I put them. Name?" he repeated, significantly.

"Alma La Salle."

"I've seen you here before, haven't I?"

"You have not," this very emphatically.

"No? I may be mistaken. I thought I had. What were you doing at Surftown?"

"Wasn't at Surftown. Never heard of the place."

"Well, of course the transfer that you have in your bag, punched 'Surftown,' may be part of a collection. I hardly thought so," drawled Lamar.

"I tell you I've never been there."

"Well, we'll let that go as it is," said the chief suavely. "You're an attractive woman, Miss La Salle. How is it that you are not married?"

"Who says I'm not?"

"Oh, so you are. Then why are you living alone in an apartment where you're known as 'Miss La Salle'?"

"Is that anyone's business?"

"I choose to make it mine. How do you get your living, Miss La Salle?"

"I have an income."

"From what sort of investments? Bonds—stocks—mortgages?"

"Er—mortgages."

"Ah, the safest sort of an investment—providing they are first mortgages. So that's where your income comes from?"

"You two think you're putting me through the third degree, don't you? Why you're a bunch of amateurs. Make me break down? Lord, I've haven't even got my goat!"

"Oh, I think we have that, all right," Lamar remarked with aggravating calm. "Now, I'm going to tell you a few things. We've had you trailed for forty-eight hours. Yes, that gets under the skin, eh? And all we want to know is why you take the trouble to paint red circles on your hand when you operate so cleverly without them. What's the use of doing things that'll help spot you—eh?"

Alma looked at him with an amused smile.

"You may be talking sense," she remarked contemptuously. "But to be it sounds like they'd just let you out of a bat factory."

"You don't know anything about Red Circles?"

"I do not."

The door opened suddenly. Two men, one in uniform, entered and placed a suitcase on the chief's desk. Alma started forward in her chair.

"Yes, it's yours," soothed Lamar. "We won't injure any of your things. We just want to take a look. 'They've just brought it from your rooms.'"

Lamar opened the suitcase. He pulled out soft piles of silk lingerie and tossed them on the desk.

"Say, have a heart the way you handle those things," Alma said sharply. "They cost money."

"You bet they do," Lamar answered the command. "Those first mortgages are certainly good to you."

His hand closed on something smooth and cold. He dragged it out from between the folds of an embroidered kimono. It was a paint box! He fumbled as he opened it, because he did not want to take his eyes off Alma's face. He was surprised to find that there was not a quiver of an eyelash.

Once open, he held up the box so the light hit the surface of the little tabs of paint.

"Just as I thought," he exclaimed, gleefully. "Oh, you're not such a clever little Raffles after all, Alma! You see, chief, only the red paint has been used. Wait a minute. I'll find the sponge."

He plunged his hand into the suitcase again and held up the tiny sponge, then bent over Alma solicitously.

"You see, if you'd been really smart," he told her, "you'd have smeared up the other paints too. Then you could say that you were just an amateur artist who went to Surftown to do seascapes."

"Say, you think you're a wonder, don't you?" she scoffed.

Suddenly the door burst open and slammed back against the wall so that the whole room shook. The sergeant, two old shoes swinging from his left hand, rushed in, his face scarlet with excitement.

"Look at the swag! Look at the swag!" he shouted.

Unclosing his right hand, he dropped a painful of jeweled ornaments on the chief's desk. Alma jumped to her feet. Terror blanched her cheeks. Her eyes were wild. With sudden cunning she

climbed under Lamar's arm and made for the window. The chief swung around and grabbed the sleeve of her waist. It cracked at the shoulder seam. He put her, struggling, back in the chair, and stood in front of her.

"Where'd you get it, sergeant?" Lamar asked, holding up a string of pearls and a diamond lavalliere.

"In the heel of the shoe. I was tickling the articles taken from the different prisoners today, before I sent them into the other room, and all of a sudden I catch sight of this split heel. It looks queer. So I take my penknife out, just for fun, and start pecking at it. And the thing comes off and there lays the swag!"

"Give me the other one," said Lamar.

He struck it against the palm of his hand. It rattled. Suddenly a similar incident came to his mind. He dropped the shoe and seized the chief's arm.

"Yesterday when I was in 'Smiling Sam's' shop," he exclaimed suddenly,

Alma uttered a short, sharp sound, then pressed her hand over her mouth.

"Ah, that's the one—eh? 'Smiling Sam.' Good girl—good girl! You screamed at just the right time. You couldn't have done better if you'd been rehearsed. Chief, will you give me a reading squad? I'm coming down on that old smiler today—now! You told the woman."

Lamar darted from the office.

"Lock her up," Allen told the sergeant.

Out in the street Lamar was coaching his men:

"There's an alleyway back of this joint. I don't know how you get to it through the shop, but take my word it's a very important means of exit to 'Smiling Sam.' I want you two officers to get into that alleyway and wait there for whatever happens. Vaughan, here, will go into the store with me."

The two men started off down a side street. Lamar and Vaughan walked quickly until they got to the corner of "Smiling Sam's" street. There they stopped deliberately, and lit their cigarettes. They saw a man who was hanging around outside, dive inside the shop.

"A lookout!" muttered Lamar. "Come on, Vaughan! We'll get in there double quick, before they have a chance to make a getaway. Anyhow, the boys in the alley will get them."

Lamar and Vaughan dashed across the street and through the ramshackle entrance to the store. At the back wall they saw a stout man trying to hurl himself through an opening that seemed less like a door than an earthquake gap. A sudden jerk from the other side of the wall yanked him through. A row of shelves slid into view. The opening was closed.

"Open it! Open it!" howled Lamar to Vaughan. "Wait, I'll find the spring! It's a secret door."

He passed his finger tips over the entire wall surface. He swept shelves of shoe boxes to the floor. He got on his knees and tested the floor. His rapid, excited search was unsuccessful.

"Get a bench!" Max told Vaughan. "Get that heavy bench over there and batter it down. Hammer it, man! Give me one end of it. Now! Together!"

A long, crackling sound tore out through the heavy banging. A crack that showed yellowish white appeared. One leg of the bench crashed through the wood and stuck. The door began to give.

From the yard, somewhere to the rear of them, arose the din of fierce battle.

END OF SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

For the City of East Jordan for the Month of August, 1916.

General Fund RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 9253.31
17 City Clerk, mortgage fees 6.00
17 City Clerk, pool licenses 20.00
17 City Clerk, pasture rental 18.00
17 City Clerk, show licenses 10.00
17 City Clerk, town hall rental 4.00
17 City Clerk, acc't F. Calkins 3.00
Tax Roll, city taxes 469.20
Tax Roll, penalties 18.94
Total \$ 9802.45

DISBURSEMENTS

5 Otis J. Smith, salary (July) 25.00
8 State Bank E. J., order Elec. Light Co. 178.85
8 Hershey Mfg. Co., meters and bottoms 636.00
8 J. A. Lancaster, salary 25.00
8 Henry Cook, salary 75.00
8 Enterprise Pub. Co., printing 24.80
8 Dwight H. Fitch, salary and rental 24.16
8 Chas. A. Hudson, mds. 85
8 Reid-Graff Co. labor and material 180.13
8 E. J. Hose Co., Cabinet Co. fire 55.50
8 Stroebel Bros., mds. 16.68
8 A. E. Cross, salary 50.00
8 Agt. Am. Surety Co., surety bonds 8.50
11 Mich. Tel. Co., rentals 6.25
28 Otis J. Smith, salary express postage 28.00
28 R. Bingham, fire team 25.00
31 Balance on hand 8448.73
Total \$ 9802.45

Street and Sewer Fund RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 3828.26
Tax Roll, city taxes 117.30
Total \$ 3945.56

DISBURSEMENTS

8 Roscoe Mackey, rebate on walk 74.24
12 E. W. Giles, cleaning streets 27.00
12 City Treas., payment of labor 115.15
15 City Treas., payment of labor 102.75
26 E. W. Giles, cleaning streets 27.00
26 City Treas., payment of labor 151.50
31 Balance on hand 3447.92
Total \$ 3945.56

Water Works Fund RECEIPTS

August
Balance on hand \$ 452.77
Water Taxes 49.17
Total \$ 501.94

DISBURSEMENTS

8 State Bank E. J., order Elec. Light Co. 197.10
8 Standard Oil Co., mds. 60
8 Gr'd Rapids' Supply Co., valves, etc. 29.08
8 E. J. Iron W'ks, labor and material 16.22
8 D. E. Goodman, mds. 24.27
31 Balance on hand 234.72
Total \$ 501.94

Interest and Sinking Fund RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 2409.79
Tax Roll, city taxes 195.62
Total \$ 2605.41

DISBURSEMENT

31 Balance on hand \$ 2605.41
Total \$ 2605.41

Sewer Fund, No. 1 RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 224.94
Total \$ 224.94

DISBURSEMENTS

31 Balance on hand \$ 224.94
Total \$ 224.94

Bridge Fund RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 2413.92
Tax Roll, city taxes 117.30
Total \$ 2531.22

DISBURSEMENTS

8 L. C. Monroe, labor-material 3.60
31 Balance on hand 2527.62
Total \$ 2531.22

Paving Fund, Dist. No. 1 RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 1439.53
Total \$ 1439.53

DISBURSEMENT

31 Balance on hand \$ 1439.53
Total \$ 1439.53

Paving Fund, Dist. No. 2 RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 387.25
Tax Roll, paving taxes 20.72
Tax Roll, interest 2.48
Total \$ 410.45

DISBURSEMENT

31 Balance on hand \$ 410.45
Total \$ 410.45

Paving Fund, Dist. No. 3 RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 138.65
Total \$ 138.65

DISBURSEMENTS

31 Balance on hand \$ 138.65
Total \$ 138.65

Cemetery Fund RECEIPTS

August
1 Balance on hand \$ 227.51
17 City Clerk, cemetery lots 51.00
Total \$ 278.51

DISBURSEMENTS

31 Balance on hand \$ 278.51
Total \$ 278.51

Sewer Fund, Dist. No. 4 RECEIPTS

August
Tax Roll, sewer taxes \$ 20.84
Tax Roll, interest 3.72
31 Overdrawn 404.97
Total \$ 429.33

DISBURSEMENTS

1 Overdrawn \$ 429.33
Total \$ 429.33

Summary

General Fund \$ 8446.73
Street Fund 3447.92
Water Works Fund 234.72
Interest and Sinking Fund 2605.41
Sewer Fund, Dist. No. 1 224.94
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 1 1439.53
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 2 410.45
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 3 138.66
Cemetery Fund 278.51
Bridge Fund 2527.62
Sewer Dist. No. 4 404.97
\$19754.48
Less Overdraft 404.97
Total \$19349.51
Outstanding Orders 26.00
Cash on hand at end of Month, \$19375.51

OTIS J. SMITH, City Clerk.

WILSON KISSED THE HAND RED WITH AMERICAN BLOOD.

President Wilson explicitly shows that the Carranzistas, not once but repeatedly, made attacks on American towns, and killed American citizens, and mutilated them in September, 1915. Yet on October 19th, 1915, less than a month later, this same President Wilson, through his own Secretary of State, formally announced to Carranza's agent that it was his "pleasure" to take the opportunity of extending recognition to the de facto government of Mexico, of which General Venustiano Carranza is the chief executive.

President Wilson thus recognized the government which, his own Secretary of State declares, had been less than a month previously engaged in repeated assaults upon Americans, and in the invasion of American soil, the government at whose head was General Carranza, who, less than two months previously, on August 2nd, 1915, had contemptuously refused to pay any heed to any representations of President Wilson on behalf of mediation, saying that "under no consideration would I permit interference in the internal affairs of Mexico." President Wilson did not merely kiss the hand that slapped him in the face. He kissed that hand when it was red with the blood of American men, women and children, who had been murdered and mutilated with, as President Wilson, through his Secretary of State, says, "ruthless brutality."—From the speech of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, delivered at Lewiston, Maine, in behalf of Charles E. Hughes.

(N. Y.) SUN STROKES.
Roger Sullivan steps aside.—News-paper headline.
Students of Democratic politics know what a thin line divides stepping aside and sidestepping.

The Democrats seem to realize, to their dismay, that if they can't persuade Mr. Hughes to change from plaintiff to defendant the case is lost.

The President "will not take the stump," but "will accept invitations to speak at different places." Chairman Vance McCormick is as Machiavellian as a muskmelon.

VILLA AIDED BY WILSON'S FAVOR AND BACKING.

In March last, Villa made a raid into American territory. He was a bandit leader whose career of successful infamy had been greatly aided by Mr. Wilson's favor and backing. He was at the head of Mexican soldiers, whose arms and munitions had been supplied to them in consequence of Mr. Wilson's reversing Mr. Taft's policy and lifting the embargo against arms and munitions into Mexico. They attacked Columbus, New Mexico, and killed a number of civilians and a number of United States troops. On the next day the president issued an announcement that adequate forces would be sent in pursuit of Villa "with the single object of capturing him." On April 8th, the announcement was made from the White House that the troops would remain in Mexico until Villa was captured. It was furthermore announced in the press despatches from Washington that he was to be taken "dead or alive." Fine words! Only—they meant nothing. He is not dead. He has not been taken alive.—From speech of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, delivered at Lewiston, Maine, in behalf of Charles E. Hughes.

MR. HUGHES ANSWERS.

Those Who Clamored for His Views Are Hearing Them.

Those friends of Democracy who clamored so loudly for Mr. Hughes' opinions upon current issues while he still held the high office of justice of the supreme court, are now fully answered by the private citizen, who surrendered his judicial position to accede to the wishes of a majority of the people as expressed through their instructions to their delegates to the Republican national convention.

Mr. Hughes has not disappointed those who have reposed confidence in his character and judgment. In his speech of acceptance he has clearly set forth the vital issues upon which the Republican party proposes to conduct the campaign this fall. On the platform he is telling the nation wherein the present administration has been at fault and what is necessary to be done to restore the United States to the place of respect and honor to which it is entitled in the eyes of the world.

MR. HUGHES HAS EXPLODED THE "KEPT-US-OUT-OF-WAR" ARGUMENT.

Mr. Hughes' attack upon the "Kept-us-out-of-war" argument has aroused a story of enthusiasm. "Kept us out of war?" he demands. "Why, there were nineteen men—good American soldiers, shot down at Vera Cruz, and many Mexicans were killed by our men. That was war. Moreover, it was a very ignoble war. I have heard three explanations of the Vera Cruz move.

"First, it was explained that it was made in order to compel somebody to salute the flag—somebody who had insulted us. But the flag was not saluted and has not been to this day. Then it was said that the salute was not what we sought, but to prevent the landing of a boatload of ammunition intended for Huerta. The ammunition, landed, however, and it has been shown that it reached Huerta in due season without interference on our part.

"When that reason was shown to be untenable, a third one—and possibly the real one—finally was advanced. It was said that our seizure of Vera Cruz was a move to compel the retirement of Huerta. It seems possible that this is true, although we had promised the Mexicans that we would not interfere in their affairs and told them more than once that we wanted them to handle their own affairs.

"That is why the Mexicans could not understand us and that is why they show little faith in our promises."

WE WANT THE AMERICAN FLAG UNSULLIED.

"Now, my friends, we want not only American efficiency in business, in efficiency in the organization of business, in the protection of the factors of human industry and commerce, we want the American flag unsullied and the American name honored throughout the world."

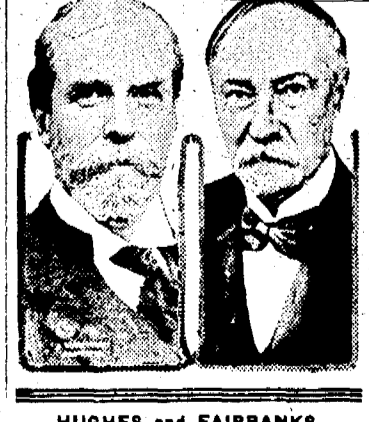
—From Mr. Hughes' speech at Chicago.

MANANA

Manana, which is Mexican for "watchful waiting," is the Democratic keynote in the campaign. The Wilson drive is to begin "sometime" after September 1; but no definite engagements have been made. It is announced, for him to commence making political speeches. He has tentative engagements to make some Western visits about the middle of September but nothing positive. Plans are being formulated for carrying on a campaign to "capture the woman vote of the country, but who will make the speeches on this phase of the controversy has not been determined. It had been expected that Mr. Bryan would speak in the Maine campaign, but it is now believed he cannot do so, but will make some speeches later. And so it goes. Watchful waiting will prevail while, in the meantime, Mr. Hughes is carrying on a positive campaign and arousing the entire Western country.

WILSON'S POLICIES BLOWN UP.

Charles Evans Hughes did have explosives with him when his motor car was searched by a Canadian soldier, but they were under the candidate's hat. Mr. Hughes will set them off on his Western tour and some of Mr. Wilson's policies will be blown up.—New York Sun.



HUGHES and FAIRBANKS.

SEEK PROGRESSIVE AND LABOR VOTES ON FALSE CLAIMS

Democrats Posing as the Enactors of Legislation Which the Indisputable Facts Show to Be of Republican Origin.

AUTHORITY ON SOUND SOCIAL LAW CITES 11 GLARING CASES

Organized Labor Resents This Deception and Running True to Form Will in November as at Many Previous Elections Indignantly Smite Those Who Without Justice Lay Claim to Its Gratitude—Even the Much-Touted Federal Reserve Law is Based Entirely on the Statistical Research of a Republican Administration.

That "No class is more instant than labor to condemn and punish those who without foundation lay claim to its gratitude" is the assertion of John Williams, ex-commissioner of labor, apropos of certain false claims set forth by Vance McCormick, Democratic National Chairman, in behalf of his party.

Chairman McCormick caused to be published in the New York Times, on July 31, an appeal for Progressive and Labor support, based on "twenty measures enacted by Congress while President Wilson has been in the White House," and for which he claims credit for the Wilson administration and asks Progressive approbation. Commenting on this statement, the former Commissioner of Labor says:

"Students and promoters of sound social legislation will do well to examine this list for it contains a number of items of unusual interest."

"We may well believe that it was with a great deal of pride that Mr. McCormick contemplated the record of his party and that he drew a vivid mental picture of Progressives flocking to the support of Mr. Wilson because of the things claimed on behalf of this administration.

"It is a pity that in the interest of truth, which knows neither Democrat, Progressive nor Republican, we must mar this remarkable statement. Nevertheless, it is our duty to call attention to the fact that his effort to induce support for Mr. Wilson the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee has fallen into a glaring error. We have no desire to disparage the achievements of the Wilson administration, but we must enter emphatic protest against any attempt to pad the record.

"Mr. McCormick claims 'twenty measures enacted by Congress while President Wilson has been in the White House.' This claim we dispute. More than one-half are measures enacted under a Republican administration and were approved by ex-President Taft, and for others the Democratic administration deserves no credit.

"Least anyone think that this is a groundless assertion we herewith furnish the record which can easily be verified:

From among the twenty pieces of legislation cited by Chairman McCormick, I select the following:

- (1) Eight hour law on government work. In effect March 1, 1913. Signed by Mr. Taft.
 - (2) Eight hour provision for post office clerks. In effect generally August 24, 1912.
 - (3) Eight hour provision applicable to the manufacture of ordinance for the government. In effect January 1, 1913. Signed by Mr. Taft.
 - (4) Children's Bureau. In effect April 9, 1912. Signed by Mr. Taft.
 - (5) Industrial Commission Law to investigate industrial relations. In effect August 23, 1912. Signed by Mr. Taft.
 - (6) The phosphorous match law. Enacted in 1912, effective as to the importation of white phosphorous matches January 1, 1913, and as to the manufacture of such matches July 1, 1913. Signed by Mr. Taft.
 - (7) The Department of Labor Law creating a department with a secretary who shall be a member of the President's Cabinet. In effect March 4, 1913. Signed by Mr. Taft.
 - (8) The Parcel Post Law. In effect January 1, 1913. Signed by Mr. Taft.
 - (9) The Federal Reserve Law which, while passed during this administration, is based entirely on the vast work of investigation and compilation done by the Monetary Commission, during the Taft Administration, and closely follows, except in certain details, the legislation recommended by that commission.
 - (10) The eight-hour law for the District of Columbia, was fathered and put through by a Republican, Senator La Follette.
- The anti-trust law antedates the Cleveland Administration—although President Cleveland never enforced it. From time to time, as with all great legislative acts, it has been necessary to amend or add to it, and the anti-trust law of the Wilson Administration was merely such an amendment, a logical development of the original act.



Helen Holmes, Lass of the Lumberlands, Brings Down Her First Buck with Three Shots, Using a 22-Caliber Rifle and McGowan is Peevish.

SAFETY FIRST!

Ex-Gov. Osborne was right when he called the liquor business a Social Sapprophyte. Our remedy must be Radium, not Resewater, to cure this physical leprosy, moral meningitis, mental hydrophobia, and criminal excrement, all in one; conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity, born bastardy, nurtured upon impurity, wedded to harlotry, and mother anarchy.

Theodore Roosevelt says it is a business that tends to lawlessness on the part of the one who conducts it, and to criminality on the part of those who patronize it. This is evident from the lies that have been told to bolster it up.—Let us look at the facts as taken from the government reports in regard to our neighboring state, Kansas:

	Michigan	Kansas
Population	2,810,173	1,690,949
Total Wealth	\$2,765,439,636	\$2,884,624,540
Total wealth per capita	\$91	1,703
State tax rate per \$1,000	3.40	1.20
Paupers per 100,000 population	105.7	43.5
Insane per 100,000 population	238.4	182.5
Percent of children in school	71.5	79.5
Blind Pigs (including Drug Stores)	3,956	384

"The amount of money spent in Kansas during the year 1915 for drunk per capita was \$1.20. In Michigan during the same period the amount per capita was \$30.00. Kansas has had Prohibition for 33 years. Let us sum up the results: Speaking of wealth, Kansas has about two times the per capita wealth that Michigan has. Michigan's tax rate is almost three times that of Kansas. Michigan has almost two and one half times as many paupers and twice as many insane as Kansas. Michigan has TEN TIMES as many Blind Pigs as Prohibition Kansas. If you want peace, progress, and prosperity, vote Michigan dry.

To vote Michigan dry, vote YES on Article XVI providing for Statewide Prohibition, and vote NO on Article VIII which destroys county local option. VOTE ON BOTH AMENDMENTS.

DRY CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE,
QUINTON WALKER, Manager.



Richard Bennett, American-Mutual, who has been prevailed upon to give to the public some new ideas on motion pictures.