

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1916.

No. 46

Election Is In Doubt

Presidential Race Narrowing To Close Margins

Entire Republican—State and County Ticket Is Elected

State Goes "Dry" and Buries "Home Rule."

As the returns keep coming in slowly the presidential race between Wilson and Hughes seems narrowing to closer points and the final electoral vote is going to be small whichever way it goes. In fact it may be necessary for a recount in some of the close states before either side will be satisfied. At the headquarters of both the big political parties rather wild claims are made, and it might be well to remember that anything going over the wires these days is from campaign headquarters and will naturally be more or less biased.

STATE TICKET WINS

The entire Republican State, Legislative and County Ticket was elected a comfortable majorities. Sleeper for Governor will receive over 50,000 majority with returns only partially in. In spite of strenuous efforts to defeat him, Congressman Frank Scott was re-elected by a good majority. In the county everything went Republican.

STATE GOES DRY

While it was freely predicted that Michigan would go "Dry" and "Home Rule" would be defeated, no one was prepared for the landslide in favor of state-wide prohibition. In supposed-to-be wet centers like Wayne and Kent counties, the voters left no doubts in the minds of anyone their desire for the banishment of the saloon, and practically every county in the state declared itself emphatically in favor of state-wide prohibition and hit "Home Rule" a solar plexus blow.

County Returns Incomplete

For some reason no efforts were made to get full reports of the election from the twenty-five precincts in Charlevoix County so that any kind of a report would be far from satisfactory. In a number of precincts, the three in East Jordan included, the election boards completed their work and the reports were sealed before a tally of the votes were made for publication. No definite figures will be available until the County Canvassing Board meets next week and makes the final returns on the votes cast.



OUR NEXT GOVERNOR.

Do you want to make a clear saving of \$25.00 to \$50.00 on your expenses between now and the first day of next January? You can do it and this is the way you can do it. You will be making many purchases for yourself and your family for fall and winter purposes and for the Christmas time. There is always some merchant in town who will do a little better by you than anybody else. When a merchant is able to do this he is keen to advertise and let the people know just what he can and will do. Your own cue is to read carefully each week the advertisements in this paper. They tell the story and the name of the merchant who makes the story. Read the ads.

The man who does not take his home paper misses three-fourths of what is going on in his home community. He must either borrow the paper from his neighbor and be considered a tight wad and a nuisance, or he must be content to learn a little and know less.

Richards Escapes From Ionia

Was Serving Sentence for Attempting Wife Murder.

Oscar Richards, who was serving a sentence of from five to fifteen years at Ionia, escaped from the State Reformatory last Thursday afternoon and is still at large. With him was Asa Mahoney sentenced from Charlevoix for rape. The two were "trusties" and were working on the prison farm. The crime for which Richards was serving sentence was committed at East Jordan on Friday night, March 10th, last, when he attempted to kill his wife by shooting her with a revolver and then turning the weapon on himself inflicting serious wounds.

A reward of \$25.00 each is offered by Warden Fuller for their apprehension.

RICHARD'S DESCRIPTION

Age, 24; height, 5 ft. 7.3-8 inches; weight, 163 lbs.; build, medium stout; complexion, fair; hair, chestnut; eyes, blue; forehead, medium low, slightly receding; nose, short, base slightly elevated; beard, dark and thin; smooth shaven; occupation, laborer.

Scars: Diagonal scar 3-4 in. long on right temple; circular scar 1-2 inches long commencing at lower end of above described scar extending up over right eye, both scars caused by gunshot wound, bullet supposed to be lodged near root of nose. Sentenced from Charlevoix county, May 1, 1916, for assault with intent to commit murder. He wore a hickory shirt with No. 8443 stamped on flap, heavy dark colored cap, probably blue overalls and gray coat, shoes or rubber boots. If he wears seoes there is a V cut in heels.

Bertillon: Ht. 1.71.0; out arm 1.73; trunk 90.0; hd. lgt. 19.4; wdt. 15.0; R. ear 6.4; L. foot 26.1; L. mid. finger 11.6; L. little fing. 8.7; L. forearm 45.7; nose lgt. 4.5; wdt. 3.4.

MAHONEY'S DESCRIPTION

Age, 28; height, 5 ft. 6.3-4 inches; weight, 142 1-2 lbs.; build, medium; complexion, fair; hair, chestnut; eyes, light maroon; forehead, medium low, slightly receding; nose, medium large, base elevated; lips, medium thin, protruding; chin, medium; beard, dark and thin, smooth shaven; gold tooth upper left front; occupation, farmer and teamster; residence, Charlevoix, Mich.

Scars: Small scar crotch of left thumb and first finger, 3-4 in. scar top of left hand, one inch above the knuckle joint of second finger, dim scar left upper lip, copper colored mole 2 1-2 inches below right nipple, copper colored mole 1 3-4 inches below right armpit, dim scar 4 1-2 inches long left forearm outer extending down 3 1-2 inches below elbow. Sentenced from Charlevoix county, September 1, 1916, 1 to 10 years for Rape. Formerly resided at Rushville and Hartford City, Ind. Wore blue overalls and hickory shirt with No. 8536 on flap; rubber boots or leather shoes. If he wore shoes there is a V cut in heels.

Bertillon: Ht. 1.69.6; outer arm 1.74; trunk 91.3; hd. lgt. 18.9; wdt. 15.4; R. ear 6.2; L. foot 26.4; L. mid. finger 11.8; L. little finger 8.8; L. forearm 45.9; nose lgt. 5.0; wdt. 3.8.

MARKET CONDITIONS.

East Lansing, Mich. Oct. 30th.—The Markets Office desires to study some reported inadequacies of market conditions and services in the Northern Counties especially north of the P. M. Railway from Saginaw to Ludington—and provide such advices and remedies as is possible. Attention will be given and advices relating to the work necessary to secure loans under the new Federal Mortgage Loan law, for capital is an essential aid in marketing. It is requested that Agricultural Organizations and individuals write this office so that a comprehensive covering of the territory may be made later, and especially during the period of the Farmer's Institute season.

JAMES N. MCBRIDE,
Michigan Director of Markets.

Every merchant in this town wants to sell you goods. You want to trade with the merchant who will do the best by you, who will sell you the best goods at the least price. It is up to you to read the ads in this paper, and it is up to the merchant to see that you read his ad. When you both do this you both win.

There's something wrong when a bride on her wedding tour doesn't write home that she has the best husband in the world.

"GO-TO-CHURCH"

A PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.

TO THE PEOPLE OF EAST JORDAN:

The great problem of civic government is always in the last analysis a question of public morals and ideals. And every agency of the community which tends to develop a greater moral consciousness, and to teach a higher moral standard, is a positive help to the community as a whole, and should be encouraged in every way. And among these many forces, none has exerted a more wholesome influence than the Church.

In our national history its influence has been untold. In aiding the public schools, in inspiring and sustaining all charitable institutions, in teaching old and young—it has continually been a benefactor.

Every good citizen will therefore, I am confident, agree with the purpose of this letter. All thru the country attention is being called to the Church, and men and women are everywhere being urged to show their support and sympathy with the Church.

Therefore, as Mayor of this City, I do designate November 12-26 as a GO-TO-CHURCH Month for the City of East Jordan, and I do urge all citizens to participate in this Movement, by making a special effort during these weeks to aid the Churches perform a better service for the community as a whole. On each Sunday, let each one attend the Church of his choice.

A. E. CROSS, Mayor.

Nov. 8th, 1916.

Grange Contest

Premium List

Ironton Grange Corn and Potato Contest, Nov. 17th.

CORN—Best ten ears:

	First	Second
Yellow Dent	\$1.00	\$0.50
White Dent	1.00	.50
White Cap Dent	1.00	.50
Sweet Corn	.50	.25
Pop Corn	.50	.25
Plum Corn	.50	.25

Special Prizes:

Best single ear Yellow Dent—Sargent Hand saw by Charlevoix Hardware Co. Best single ear White Dent—Nicked Finishing Hammer by Blanchard Hardware Co. Best single ear White Cap Dent—1/2 barrel Iron Duke Flour by Argo Milling Co.

POTATOES—Best peck named variety: Early Variety—Sack Blatchford's Milk Mash—\$1.00.

Late Varieties:

	First	Second	Third
Russets	\$2.00	1.00	.50
Whites	2.00	1.00	.50

(Prize money on potatoes contributed by Charlevoix County Bank, Charlevoix State Savings Bank, and Breezy Point Farm. Milk Mash contributed by Argo Milling Co.)

SHOT AT RANDOM

If you can't speak well of this town, at least don't speak at all.

Latest reports from the European front contain the same old stuff served up under a new name.

Carranza will and he won't and he won't and he will, and darned if even Carranza knows what he will do.

The fellow who thinks he knows it all usually knows less than the one who admits that he knows nothing.

Silence is golden, especially when your alibi is not satisfactory to your wife.

If one-half the mean things that are said of candidates were true we would be better off with no officers at all.

A Boston scientist predicts 75 cent eggs. Don't like 'em anyway.

Yes, it's a fact that many a great man never breaks into history. We know from experience.

There's at least one satisfaction in the European war. All sides are victorious.

The latest recruit in the sea of blood is the University of Chicago. It has declared a relentless war on sparrows.

That new diamond mine discovered in the Transvaal is eighteen miles from Pretoria and a million miles from this office.

It is estimated that at 200 years of age an oak tree is full grown. At that it is a few hundred per cent ahead of some people.

Of the people who buy goods on credit 40 per cent never pay in full, 7 per cent never pay at all, and we don't know how many wish they could get out of paying.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

What are you doing for this town? What are you doing to justify your citizenship in this town?

You can not sit down, criticize, let others do the work that makes a town or community, and still call yourself a good citizen.

The good citizen never thinks only of self. He must necessarily think of self or he would not survive, but good citizenship requires more than that—much more.

It requires that you keep in mind that there are others who have rights and are entitled to have those rights respected by others—by you. On the same basis you are entitled to have your rights equally respected by them. That is good citizenship—partially.

In addition, the good citizens remembers that his town is entitled to his best efforts in its behalf, to the end that the interests of the community may be advanced by all legitimate means.

This means, too, that in advancing the interests you are advancing your own, which is the ultimate aim of the human race.

What, then, are you doing to constitute yourself a good citizen?

The Best of the Bargain.

You get a bargain when you get The Youth's Companion for 1917 for \$2.00—52 issues crowded from cover to cover with the reading you most enjoy. But you get the best of the bargain if you subscribe the minute you read this, for then you will get free every number of The Companion issued between the time you subscribe and New Year's. If you send your \$2.00 at once that means a lot of reading for which you won't have to pay a cent. And then the long glorious 52 weeks of Companion reading to come after! Let us send you the Forecast for 1917, which tells all about what is in store for Companion readers in 1917.

By special arrangement new subscribers for The Youth's Companion can have also McCall's Magazine for 1917—both publications for \$2.10.

Our two-at-one-price offer includes:

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues of 1917.
2. All the remaining issues of 1916.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1917.
4. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers of 1917.
5. One 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern—your choice from your first number of the magazine—if you send a 2-cent stamp with your selection.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

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.

Beans, Corn and Potatoes Short

Production Figures for the Year Of 1916.

Lansing, Nov. 6.—Fully twenty-five per cent of the bean, corn and potato crops were not harvested this year on account of total or partial failure of the crop, says the crop report of the state department today. Coupled with this bit of discouraging information the state report adds that a considerable percentage of the corn and potato crop cannot be marketed, being too soft and too small.

For the ten years, 1906-1915, the average yield in bushels of corn per acre was 32 per cent with an average crop of 53,585,455 bushels. This year the yield per acre is only 21.05 and a crop of 31,373,183 bushels. Potatoes which in years have averaged 86 bushels per acre are reduced to 45.22 this year and the yield from 28,776,634 to 22,266,664 bushels.

Beans are even worse, with an average yield of 6.71 bushels this year per acre as compared with 12 bushels for the ten year average, the crop this year is estimated at only 2,181,862 bushels, while the ten year average has been 4,965,692. The report gives the estimated yield of wheat in the state as 16-18 bushels per acre with a harvested crop of 12,404,710 bushels. It is estimated that 3,500,000 of this harvest was marketed during the past three months.

Oats yielded 30.57 bushels per acre with an estimated harvest yield of 52,673,474 bushels. Other crop yields are: Barley, 1,968,684 bushels; rye, 6,009,952; buckwheat, 666,152; peas, 1,002,073; clover seed, 267,270. Fruit yield are: Apples, 17,231,059 bushels; peaches, 2,125,648; pears, 1,007,394; plums, 396,431; cherries, 1,388,349; strawberries, 437,575; raspberries and blackberries, 625,571.

PEOPLE YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

There are many people in this town you ought to know, for your own sake. Some of them you may not know, but you should.

You should know the banker. He is the one who supplies you with money, when you need it, and cares for your money when you have it. No town can conduct modern business without him.

You should know each merchant. They have the goods you want, and if you know each one personally you also know something of the wares they sell. This enables you to buy judiciously and saves you many a lost penny.

You should know the mechanic. Every time an improvement is made you must call him in. If you know them all you likewise know the one who is most likely to give you the best service.

You should know the school teacher. He is responsible to a great degree for the moulding of the character of your children, for the lessons they learn while under his care are not forgotten even unto the brink of the grave. Know him, and help him.

You should know the farmer. He holds the world in the hollow of his hand. To him we look for the production of the sustenance of life, and without him we could not live.

You should know the minister. He is interested in you, though you may give little thought to him. He does not supply you with the bread you eat, or the clothes you wear, but he does beckon you along the road to a better life beyond. Know him, and hear him, and heed him.

And, brother, you should know the sheriff. When the devil gets under your hide the sheriff is a good man to know. If you are inclined to kick up a little dust your knowledge of him may cause you to pause before you kick. Yes, brother, know the sheriff, for while you are a good citizen he is your friend, and when you cease to be good he puts you where you can be nothing but good.

CURFEW ORDINANCE TO BE ENFORCED

All persons interested are warned that according to the provisions of Ordinance No. 36, all children under 14 years of age found contrary to those provisions on the streets of East Jordan after the curfew bell at 8:00 p. m., will be dealt with as provided in said ordinance.

HENRY COOK,
Chief of Police.

Farmers Get Big Profits

Phenomenal Prices for all Farm Crops.

Washington, Nov. 7.—In this high-cost-of-living era, about the only person who can sit back and chuckle loud is the man on the farm. The extent to which the producer may find genuine satisfaction is the steadily advancing price of table necessities is clearly shown by the latest official complications of the government.

The profits reaped by producers of the United States in the last twelve months have been more phenomenal than were ever recorded in a similar period. Thousands of correspondents of the bureau of crop estimates submitted reports, and on these are based the high averages announced.

The index figure of prices Oct. 1, for principal crops was about 27.6 per cent higher than a year ago. The level of prices for the principal crops in September alone increased about 1.3 per cent.

Meat animals—hogs, cattle, sheep and chickens—brought the producers on Sept. 15 prices that were 23.7 per cent more than they received a year ago. The index figure of prices for such products was declared to be higher by 22.5 per cent than the average for the past six years. In the thirty days between Aug. 15 and Sept. 15 the prices soared 4.1 per cent.

The price of hogs Sept. 15 was unusually high, averaging for the United States \$9.22 per hundred pounds, as compared with \$8.61 a month before, and \$6.79 a year ago.

Beef cattle averaged \$6.55 per hundred pounds, compared with \$6.51 a month ago, and \$6.06 a year ago. Sheep averaged \$6.25 per hundred pounds, compared with \$6.22 the previous month, and \$4.49 a year ago.

Official estimates of the farm value of important products besides those mentioned, Sept. 15, last, with comparative figures that obtained on the same day the preceding year, are as follows:

Veal calves \$8.77 per hundred pounds, formerly \$7.80; lambs, \$8.22 per hundred pounds, formerly \$6.71; milk cows \$61.41 per head, formerly \$58.38; chickens 14 cents per pound, formerly 12 cents; eggs 25 cents per dozen, formerly 20 cents; apples \$2.30 per barrel, formerly \$1.80; peaches \$1.48 per bushel, formerly \$0.81; beans \$4.60 per bushel, formerly \$2.70; tomatoes 76 cents per bushel, formerly 57 cents; onions \$1.23 per bushel, formerly 83 cents; cabbage \$2.17 per hundred pounds, formerly \$1.24; wheat \$1.36 per bushel, formerly 90 cents; corn 82 cents per bushel, formerly 70 cents; oats 44 cents per bushel, formerly 34 cents; potatoes \$1.12 per bushel, formerly 48 cents; cotton 15 cents per pound, formerly 11 cents.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, November 6, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—none.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Lancaster, the following bills were allowed:

E. W. Giles, cleaning streets	\$27.00
D. H. Fitch, salary, tax roll, etc.	155.17
G. A. Lisk, printing	35.40
E. J. Hise Co., Brown and Hayes fires and practice	51.00
James B. Clow & Sons, water pipe	79.36
E. R. Kleinhaus, labor at cemetery	9.00
Baker Mfg Co., grader blade	5.00
Doubleday-Hunt-Dolan Co., books	7.50
Mich. State Tel. Co., rentals	6.25
Standard Oil Co., engine oil	9.68
Enterprise Pub. Co., printing	34.35
J. A. Lancaster, salary and repair work	38.95

C. B. Crowell, labor at cemetery 26.10
James Gidley, salary 25.00
Orrin Bartlett, labor and material 2.47
Elec. Light Co., pumping-lighting 304.98

The Mayor appointed Dwight H. Fitch as City Assessor, and on Motion by Lancaster, the appointment was confirmed.

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster that the Chief of Police be instructed to enforce the curfew ordinance on and after Monday, November 13, 1916. Carried.

On motion by Gidley, meeting was adjourned.
OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

CAMP ENLIVENED BY SCOUT TALES

Soldier Life Dull Now That Picturesque Guides Have Gone Away.

TELL OF WEIRD EXPLOITS

Considerable Swift and Accurate Shooting Seems to Have Been Experience of Most of Them—Call Villa by First Name.

Field Headquarters, American Punitive Expedition, in Mexico.—There are not so many scouts now as there were in the first days of the punitive expedition.

One by one, with many a scoutlike whoop and much business of twirling six-shooters on the fingers, the greater number of them have departed in a cloud of dust and a great clattering of hoofs.

That they were allowed to depart may lay the commanders of this expedition open to some criticism. It is difficult to entertain an army in camp and those earlier scouts were entertaining. Those that are left devote an awful lot of time to scouting and very little to conversation.

For instance, Jack Boyd, scout chief, was in this tent but a few minutes ago and an effort was made to draw him out on his experience with the rifle.

"Shucks!" said Jack Boyd, glancing in embarrassment at the gold watch on his wrist. "I'm not a good shot. It just happens when we're out for game I'm lucky."

Strong on Spotlight.

What can one do with a scout like that? Now the earlier scouts were just the other way around. Take the chap they called "Mail Order." The name was given him by the soldiers, who seemed to feel that his wide-brimmed hat, vivid neckerchief, embossed holsters and other "props" had been acquired by the system invented in Chicago.

Mail Order had been detailing a killing in which he had played the spotlight a good deal. There had been considerable swift and accurate shooting, it seems, and Mail Order had come out of the blue smoke with two hot revolvers and three dead men on his conscience.

"In course, I had to shoot," said Mail Order. "Cause these here hombres were fixin' to wipe me out. But I don't care none fer killin' men. Every time I kill a man it gives me the shivers." Nearly all those early scouts seemed to be personally acquainted with Pancho Villa and referred to him almost exclusively by first name. One of these sighed heartily upon hearing an official report of the expedition's engagement with a band of outlaws.

"That ain't really no fun," he yawned. "When I was with Pancho some of them greasers tried to run off my cattle over to Sonora. I gets up and, while my breakfast coffee is a-cookin', I goes out and kills fourteen of 'em."

Dressed in Trophies. Another claimed to be dressed entirely in trophies and relics. He was forever glancing at an enormous silver watch.

"See that watch?" he would then ask. "Took that off Silerro the Sutchter after I killed him." Then he would call attention to his boots, claiming that they were the mementoes of another bloody encounter. His pistol was highly prized, inasmuch as he declared it was a gift from Pancho Villa on the occasion of the scout's assassination of eight personal enemies of Villa.

Thus ran the stories of the scouts who have departed. Their tales are sadly missed in camp. Reviewing some of them the writer questioned Jack Boyd closely.

"You must have a remarkable shooting story somewhere about you," he was urged.

"Yes," said Jack. "I have. Day before yesterday Lieutenant Patton and I were out shooting and we ran into a herd of 75 antelope. We got one, apiece."

Jack Boyd is a very discouraging sort of scout.

HAS HERD OF WILD ANGORAS

Farmer's Pet Goats Forget Domesticity in Oregon Mountain Home.

Hood River, Ore.—For the last several weeks mountaineers who have made the ascent of Mount Hood have been contradicting the statements of authorities on Northwestern natural history by reports of having sighted wild sheep or goats high on the snowfields of the peak.

A drove of the animals near the summit of the snowpeak, huddled under the shelf of a glacial precipice, was recently seen by Hans and Paul Hoerlein, William Marshall, W. B. Arens and Ned Crawford.

The mystery was explained by P. H. Mohr, a young upper valley homesteader, who was in the city on business.

"It's my herd of Angoras run wild," said Mr. Mohr.

Catches the "Hugger." Bethlehem, Pa.—Dressed as a woman, Walter Lilly caught this town's "Jack the Hugger," when the latter accosted him in a dark street. The hugger will recover.

AVIATION SCHOOL IN EGYPT

British Forces Are Establishing Big Institution for Instruction of Pilots.

Cairo, Egypt.—At a place which can be designated only as "somewhere in Egypt" the British forces are establishing what will be one of the largest and most completely equipped aviation schools in the world. An Associated Press correspondent who recently visited the site found the school near completion, and he was told that at least seven thoroughly qualified pupils in the art of flying will be graduated each week so long as the war lasts, for service not only with the British forces in Egypt, but elsewhere if demanded.

This part of the world was chosen for the school mainly because it is adapted climatically to flying the whole year round, and because it is handy to the various theaters of war. Incidentally an observer here might remark that the sands of the desert also furnish a soft bed for the inexperienced to fall upon.

The school will accommodate, in addition to the pupils, 50 officers and 500 mechanics and other workers. Each student will require from four to six weeks' training. A large number are already receiving instruction.

VISITS BLOND ESKIMOS

White Man Sees Strange Tribe on Coronation Bluff in Arctic Zone.

Saskatoon, Sask.—The tribe of blond Eskimos which Harry V. Radford of New York, the murdered explorer, reported he had found on Coronation Bluff, far in the arctic zone, have again been visited by a white man.

In a letter received from Rev. H. Girling of Emmanuel college by Reverend Doctor Carpenter, principal of the college, the missionary announced he reached the tribe October 10, 1915, and remained with them some time.

He asserts he is the first white man to dwell among the new-found people, who since their discovery have constituted an ethnological mystery and formed the goal of unsuccessful expeditions.

The letter was dated last December from "Camp Necessity," ten miles from the blond tribe, the first of whom the missionary said he found about ten miles east of Cockburn Point. Girling said the language of the fair-skinned race has only a dialectic difference from that of the Mackenzie river Eskimos.

CHINESE WOMAN REGISTERS



Mrs. See Tong King Chong is shown here registering in San Francisco primaries. She is the widow of the late Senator Chong, the first senator of the Chinese colonies of the United States to the Chinese republic. Mrs. Chong has long been denied the privilege of voting on account of her husband's Chinese birth. He was the first Chinese boy to enter the public schools of San Francisco.

PRINTING INSIDE AN EGG

Massachusetts Woman Finds Small Piece of Newspaper in Boiled Hen Fruit.

Quincy, Mass.—Rivalling at least, if not transcending in importance, the famous question asked by a former king of England as to how the apple got inside the dumpling, is the question that Mrs. Sarah C. Williams of Cross street would like to have scientists, ornithologists or anybody else answer.

Mrs. Williams broke open an egg, after the egg had been boiled. Inside she found a piece of newspaper about half an inch long and an eighth of an inch wide. There were a few lines of print on the paper, and Mrs. Williams could make out the three words, "To be known," and, underneath, "go to." The egg was in good condition.

Frog in Ice Cake.

York, Pa.—Edmund Senft found a frog recently frozen in a cake of ice. When taken out and placed in a bucket of water the frog was revived, and is now apparently healthy. It is believed that the frog was frozen in the ice many months ago.



Like a "boost" from the boss when you're anxious—they satisfy!

When things are going hard and along comes the boss with a good, cheering word—say, doesn't that satisfy?

That's the very thing Chesterfields do for your smoking—they satisfy!

And yet Chesterfields are MILD!

No cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend. They're the ONLY mild cigarette that satisfies. This blend is an entirely new combination of tobaccos—the biggest new thing in cigarette making in 20 years.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES



20 for 10c

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.

DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat and take Salts for Backache or Bladder trouble—Neutralizes acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad. Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clear clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

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.

When a lazy man can't make a living at anything else he tries to get a political job. A man who boasts he never did a foolish act in his life doesn't know what truth is.

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER 24-26 Vandewater Street New York

"Give us the man who sings at his work," says Carlyle. Yea, verily! deliver him into our hands and we'll do the rest.

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.

LADIES! SECRET TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Bring Back its Color and Lustre with Grandma's Sage Tea Recipe.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use preparation improved, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger. Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

HINDUS WED WITH BRAHMIN RITES

Strange Ceremony in New York Marks Romance Begun in Faraway India.

BOTH ARE COLLEGE STUDENTS

Incense and Flowers Are Most Important Feature of the Ceremony—Instead of Ring, Bride and Groom Exchange Garlands.

New York.—A romance which began in faraway India culminated here in the marriage of two young members of the Hindu priestly caste, both students at Columbia university. The bride was Miss Radhabal Pawar, a Brahmin, who lives at Whittier hall, and the bridegroom was Shankar M. Pagar, a Brahmin, both sent to this country by the government of Baroda to complete their education.

The ceremony was celebrated at the Vedanta society's meeting place, 236 Central Park West, and lasted about 20 minutes. A formal Brahmin ceremony takes up three days, but Mr. Pagar and his bride have adopted many of the American customs and they welcomed the shorter ceremony.

To be married in an orthodox Brahmin temple they would have been obliged to travel to Boston or to San Francisco, so they decided to be wedded by a member of the Vedanta society.

About 50 persons were present, including some of the bride's classmates, and a group of young Hindu students who are finishing their education at Columbia and New York university, all friends of the bridegroom.

The ceremony was impressive, and for a short time it seemed as if the mysticism of India, the spirit of Veda, had settled upon this quiet corner in Central Park West.

Wear Native Costumes.

The couple wore their native bridal costumes. The bride, who is twenty-six years old, was dressed in a white silk sari, while the bridegroom, her senior by one year, wore a turban, shawl, and dhoti.

It was a ceremony of love, of flowers, of incense. In all East Indian ceremonies incense is a most necessary thing, and it hung in purplish clouds over the young couple who sat while the priest, Swami Bodhaanda, read verses from the sacred books of India, the Mantras of the Vedas. Instead of the ring ceremony, the bride and bridegroom exchanged garlands of flowers. There were flowers everywhere, it seemed.

Hindus have married American women, but this is the first marriage on record in this country where a Hindu youth married a Hindu maid.

After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom, followed by their intimate friends, were whisked off in American style to the Hindustan Association of America, which occupies a plain brown-stone house at 364 West 120th street, where a supper of Indian dishes was served.

But before the wedding feast the guests assembled in the large meeting room and blessed the bride with speeches. There also the mysticism of India and the materialism of America intermingled.

On a small table, a soft golden light fell from a Buddha lamp, and in another corner an electric light glowed through an urn of alabaster, casting a white light upon the bride. She was surrounded by fragrant flowers, and upon her ears fell the songs of her native land, mostly love songs. And some of them came from a phonograph, and other love melodies were sung, accompanied by a parlor organ.

Feast of Indian Dishes.

All sorts of rare and highly spiced dishes relished by the Hindus were prepared by a Hindu chef for the feast. The bride and bridegroom sat at the head of the table, the bridegroom, meantime, having changed the robes of his land for American dress.

Later the newlyweds left on their honeymoon, and like other American bridal couples, they tried to keep their destination a secret.

The bride took the degree of Bachelor of Science last year, and is now trying for the degree of Master of Arts. She is specializing in pedagogy. Mr. Pagar is a graduate of Wisconsin university, and has already taken the degree of Master of Arts at Columbia. This year he expects to take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Both were born in the state of Baroda, India, and they have known each other since childhood. Their childish friendship ripened into love, and four years of separation did not lessen their affection. Mr. Pagar came here six years ago after winning a scholarship at the University of Bombay, and his bride has been a student at Columbia for two years. They plan to return to Baroda next summer, and will take up educational service for the government.

To the uninformed in a wedding in Sanskrit, it was impossible to determine whether the word "obey" was a part of the ceremony. One of the Hindu students present at the wedding, however, explained that the sacredness in which the ceremony was held by the Hindus obviated any emphasis on this point. So sacred is the ceremony, in fact, that only to those for whom the ceremony is being performed are its secret canons revealed.

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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

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

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SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railway by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood Helen makes a spectacular double rescue of Storm, now a freight fireman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Safe-breakers 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 Capelle. Storm and Helen close the matter on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to inform Seagrue where they are hidden. Her father's estate had been 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. Helen re-opens the survey plans from Seagrue, and through the accident made proof of the survey blue print.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

THE FIGHT AT SIGNAL STATION

The operator at Signal station could hardly have been more peacefully engaged than she was at the moment George Storm threw open the office door and paused on the threshold.

"What are you doing over here this morning?" demanded Helen.

"Looking for a job."

"You might take mine," suggested Helen, lifting her eyebrows in a profession of sympathy.

"Whereabouts is that man Rhinelander?" asked Storm lazily. "Hasn't he got some kind of a construction camp around this joint?"

"Why, how stupid of me not to have thought of Uncle Amos myself," exclaimed Helen. "Of course he has. Add he's sure to have a job for you."

"He is sure," drawled Storm, "either to have a job for me or the best chance he ever had in his life to get licked. I give him his choice."

"Kind of you," retorted Helen, "he wouldn't mind getting licked, of course, but he is short of men—and happens to know that."

"Maybe I'd better go over and give him a chance to hire me."

"Suppose I go with you."

Helen and Storm found Rhinelander hard at work. It was the first time he had seen Storm since the night on the engine and he greeted his visitors with a hearty laugh. "Licked?" He echoed, after Helen had repeated her companion's threats. "Why, George, I could whip my weight in wildcats this morning. I'll have steel half way up the pass if I can get hold of a few cars of ties this week. And something always happens when I feel this way. I'll tell you right now," he pointed a stubby finger at Storm. "It's up to you,



Helen Attached Her Instrument and Sent a Hurry-Up Message.

young fellow. Either go to work here or take a dressing down yourself."

"My hands are up," said Storm. "I'll go to work. What have you got?"

Rhinelander turned to his foreman. They took only a minute to confer. "Wood has a job for you right now," announced Rhinelander to Storm. "You are assistant foreman. Get busy."

That particular day was to prove a busy one for the whole camp. Help returned to the station and Storm went out with Wood—himself a veteran engineman. The mailman came in presently with a letter for Rhinelander, advising him that a bid he had made for a large quantity of ties had been ac-

cepted. The first shipment was promised for Thursday.

Rhinelander called in Wood to hear the news. "Have the flying gang here tomorrow early, to the last man jack," directed Rhinelander. "Now that we've got a chance, let's make a killing."

Wood summoned Storm. "Put up the bulletin, George," directed Wood.

At Oceanside, the directors of the road were in session. Capelle, representative of Seagrue, leader of the enemy camp in the cut-off race, learned from them that morning of the new construction credits granted to Rhinelander. In the directors' room there had been a stormy scene when Capelle denounced the action they had taken. But his angry protest came too late and he was forced to carry his wrath and the bad news out to Seagrue.

Storm lost no time in posting the bulletin. While he wrote it out men gathered about and one, in especial, read the announcement with keen, snaky eyes.

"Flying gang will be at Signal station at 9 a. m. to unload ties."

This one was Spike, Seagrue's spy in the Rhinelander camp. Restless, conscienceless, teeming with crooked instincts, as devoted to mischief as the devil to men, Spike printed the substance of the bulletin on his memory, and turning from the men around him left the scene. By a circuitous route which he habitually used in sneaking from one camp to the other, Spike made his way to Seagrue's hut and reported what he had just read on the bulletin board.

Seagrue regarded him with amusement. "There are no more ties coming to Rhinelander," he explained patiently. "His supplies are cut off."

Before Seagrue could say more, there was a knock at the door and his foreman, Bill Delaney, appeared with Capelle. Seagrue lost no time in asking the news and Capelle, with the best face he could summon, told him how they had lost out on stopping Rhinelander's credit. Men that had known Seagrue a long time could never remember seeing him as angry as he was at that moment.

"Why wasn't the credit stopped?" he demanded furiously, "as you said it was?"

Capelle answered bluntly. "Rhinelander's new credit was granted during my absence."

No explanation served to allay Seagrue's rage. He pointed wrathfully at Spike. "Tell him what you saw about ties."

While Capelle, humiliated, listened, Spike repeated once more the bulletin board message.

"Had you followed my instructions," cried Seagrue, regarding Capelle scornfully, "the ties would not have been furnished."

Capelle turned sullenly away, refusing to talk further. "I did the best I could," was all he would say.

Seagrue, himself, was in no mood to listen to excuses had there been any more to offer. Paying no more attention to Capelle's presence he whirled angrily on Spike. Few words were ever needed or exchanged between these two men. "Those ties!"—Seagrue looked significantly at his tool—"must never reach Rhinelander."

With a great deal of thought and very brief expressions, the two conferred apart. What they worked out no one knew. But a few moments later Seagrue gave Spike a liberal supply of money and Spike left the hut. Calling to Capelle, Seagrue resumed his abuse.

Spike, without delay, hastened to Signal station, bought a ticket from Helen and took the local passenger train for Oceanside. He had the day and the night before him to figure out schemes to prevent the delivery of the ties to Rhinelander, and by morning he had more than one ready.

The easiest one he tried first, and he might have been seen in the morning, early, in the out-freight yards at Oceanside watching the make-up of the freight train that was to take the four cars of ties to Signal. He kept in the background every moment, but had continually within his eye the preparations to get the train under way. When at length the brakeman entered the caboose to place the waybills on the desk, Spike watched him closely, only taking care to get away before he was observed himself. Sneaking up toward the head end he caught sight of the conductor, and to avoid him dodged in between two box cars. But the conductor had seen him and sending a knave summoned a yard policeman. The two descended on Spike with scant ceremony. The detective dragged him from his hiding place, questioned him, warned him, and marching him off shot him out of the yards on a goose step. But Spike, as strong for resources as a cat for lives, had only begun to work when he was ordered to "beat it." He did beat it, but to such good purpose that he got down to the bridge ahead of the

freight train. When the train drew near, Spike handily boarded the head end.

Some moments later the hind-end brakeman, sitting on the caboose, saw a tramp in the door of a box car. The brakeman started forward to investigate and had he been able to see all that occurred just a moment later, he would also have seen the tramp clinging to the side of a car of ties removing Rhinelander's name from the billing card and substituting therefor the name of Seagrue.

One after another of the billing cards on the four cars of ties Spike manipulated in the same way. In the meantime the two brakemen, one of whom had caught a glimpse of him, were consulting as to how to get him. But by the time they had made their plans and were ready for a forcible laying on of hands Spike's work was done.

Watching the trainmen walk forward, he dropped lightly from the last car and waiting for the caboose, which was empty, swung up by the hand rail and went inside the car. He grabbed the waybills from the rack box and examined them. Finding those for the cars of ties, he carefully erased Rhinelander's name from each of them and taking his time inserted Seagrue's. Having done what struck him as an artistic job on these, he replaced the bills and climbing into the cupola looked outside.

It was then by good fortune that the conductor and one of the two brakemen spotted him. To get back quick they flagged the engineer—the train was going at a pretty good clip—and started for the side. But this suited Spike's own game, for as the train slowed he dropped off and the crew, thinking themselves well rid of a nuisance, signaled their engineman ahead.

The train was running not far from Beaman when Spike left it, and slinking into the woods adjoining the right of way he made his way as fast as he could up to the Beaman telegraph



Rapped the Convict Over the Head.

pole, where he sent this message to Seagrue:

Changed the two ties you thought Rhinelander wears for two that suit Seagrue.

"Say, where's the nearest livery stable in this place, mister," Spike asked the agent.

He hardly waited to hear the answer given him before he was on his way out of the office. And without losing a minute he got a horse where he had been directed for one and rode hastily away on it.

Helen, a few moments later, took Spike's message to Seagrue. When she handed it to Lyons she said he would deliver it. Placing the duplicate on file, Helen resumed her crocheting work.

Passing the Tidewater camp, Lyons saw Rhinelander, Storm and Wood in conference over unloading the expected ties.

"You don't need me, over at the station," said Wood to Rhinelander. "I'll send Storm with the men to look after the unloading. I'll stay here with these lazy graders."

Seagrue himself took the message from Lyons. He read it with secret satisfaction. The moment Lyons had left, Seagrue called Delaney, his foreman, told him to get the gang together to unload four cars of ties the instant the local freight pulled in.

But in the interval the Tidewater camp leaders, Rhinelander and Storm, were not losing any time in looking after the shipment themselves, and they appeared together at the station to get track of it. Lyons, in response to Rhinelander's inquiries, said he did not know what the local freight was carrying.

"You find out, will you, Helen?" asked Rhinelander. And as he made the request he showed her his letter advising him the ties would be on the local.

While Rhinelander, Storm, Helen and Lyons were thus engaged, Seagrue and his foreman, Delaney, entered the office. Seagrue seemed at his best, very affable and friendly with everybody and was soon asking questions as to what ties were coming for him that morning. Helen took his inquiries and Rhinelander, overhearing, explained that the ties coming in on the local freight train that morning were for the Tidewater work, not for Seagrue. Seagrue declared him mistaken. A dispute flared up, which in a moment involved practically every-

body in the room. Of these, the opposition bosses for the unloading jobs, Delaney and Storm, became the most heated and seemed about to come to blows. But Rhinelander, checking Storm's indignation, advised restraint and referred the whole thing to Helen, asking her to find the real fact out from the dispatcher. Helen sent a hurry-up message and the answer came from the dispatcher's office within a few minutes:

"Local will set out four cars ties at Signal for Rhinelander's construction gang."

Lyons, without comment, passed the message to Rhinelander, who read it and showed it triumphantly to Seagrue. Seagrue entered an emphatic dissent. "I don't care what those boobies at Oceanside say," he snapped. "Those ties are for me and you'll find out I know what I'm talking about."

Fast words followed. Storm and Delaney again eyed each other fiercely. Then the sound of a freight train pulling in started everybody in the room out for the platform. The moment the train stopped the disputants crowded forward, each side eager to reach the conductor first. The conductor, a man of peace, listened unmoved to the violent contentions addressed to him. At length he produced the waybills for the property in dispute. Seagrue got hold of them first. To his delight he saw that, as expected, they read to him as consignee, and he showed them with an injured air to Lyons. Rhinelander, reading the doctored bills over Lyons' shoulder, was confounded.

Seagrue meant to let nothing of his advantage slip for lack of action. He whirled on Delaney. "Get out of those cars, Bill, and do it quick."

Storm took a hand in. He felt his side was beaten, but would not quit. "Hold on," he said gruffly. "Not yet. This thing is in dispute. Take your time," he added to Delaney, and a significant look lent strength to his words.

Again Rhinelander quieted Storm down. Delaney began giving orders to

those ties don't belong to you. It's some trickery and thievery your gang has put up on us. This way, Lyons!"

Accompanied by the agent, Helen following, Rhinelander entered the station. Helen went to her desk to wire for a confirmation of the dispatcher's message. As she did this, her eyes fell on the clip on which had been filed the duplicate of Spike's message to Seagrue. Across it she had thrown her crocheting work and her eye was now met by the words of the cipher message as Spike had meant the secret message to be read by Seagrue:

"Changed ties Rhinelander to Seagrue."

Startled, she called to Rhinelander. With Lyons, the latter read the message as she now pointed it out to them. The two men saw the import at once. But outside the station Spike and Seagrue were listening. "You see you're caught," muttered Seagrue to Spike. "They'll wire for confirmation and help. We're in for trouble."

"No trouble at all," declared Spike coolly. "I'll save them the work of wiring."

"How?"

"By clipping their wire. Just keep cool, Seagrue. I'll get you through."

Spike, without delay, climbed a pole and with a pair of clippers made good his threat.

Helen, sitting at the instrument, was trying to call. She stopped. "The wires are cut," she exclaimed.

Seagrue and Spike on the platform passed the window. Storm, at this juncture, ran in from the field of battle. "There's too many of them," he said in disgust. "Every time you knock one dago down, two Greeks come in to take his place. The way to wind this thing up, Mr. Rhinelander, quick and dean, is to capture Seagrue and lock him up. We can do it. Stick him in the freighthouse here and pile a couple of dozen bags of cement on him. No? I say, yes!!! Something's got to be done."

"Can't you get a message through somehow?" asked Rhinelander of Helen in agitation.

"Yes," she answered, unhesitatingly, "I can. I'll get one through for you." So saying, she caught up an extra instrument, ran out on the platform and climbed the pole Spike had climbed, to cut in with her pony above the break.

Storm called into conference the handiest of his men—men who cared neither for the law nor the devil—and giving brief and hurried instructions, ran from the station at the moment that Seagrue with his outfit were rushing the outnumbered Tidewater gang.

Pushing straight through his own demoralized forces to the thick of the scrimmage, knocking men right and left when he had to and dodging in between when he could, Storm, his two trusties at his elbows, struck, shoved and jumped his way straight to where Seagrue was urging his fighting men. The latter, busy with the main encounter, saw Storm too late. The engineman catching him by the collar whirled him unceremoniously around, pinioned him before a blow could be struck and with his helpers dragged him victoriously off.

Bedlam was let loose. Seagrue's men, seeing the trick too late, ran in with a yell to rescue him. Back and forth the fight swayed, while Helen, above at the depot, attached her instrument and sent to the dispatcher her hurry-up message.

"Seagrue has the ties. Send Help, H."

But whoever had the ties, Storm had Seagrue, and his men were now easily standing off the onslaughts of Seagrue's men on the platform. The latter, needing help, sent for reinforcements, and a moment later the entire gang, leaving the unloading of the tie cars ran down the track to join in the fight. The train was left deserted. Storm, seeing this, turned his prisoner over to his men and chose a moment when he could break away to run to the engine. Gaining the cab, he immediately started to back the train up to Rhinelander's camp, where the main body of their men still were. As the train drew past the station, Helen, having finished, sprang recklessly from the pole to the top of a box car and running forward met Storm, who had started back, and showed him a message from the dispatcher:

"Will send sheriff to Signal."

While the men were still fighting in front of the station, Spike managed to tear himself loose from the fray in time to see the freight train backing up the hill. He knew what this meant and realized the move must be stopped. Running to his horse he mounted and spurred after the receding train. But his intervention had turned the fighting in favor of Seagrue's men, and they were fast beating Rhinelander's gang off. By a sudden rush on the freighthouse they even recaptured and released Seagrue himself.

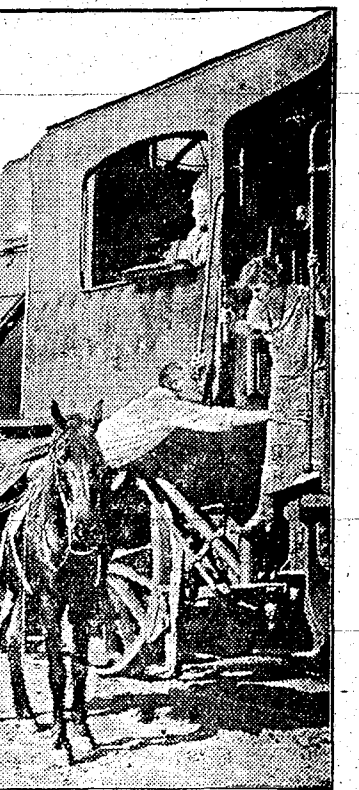
The latter, covering the situation at a glance, saw, as Spike had seen, the real danger: Storm now in possession of the ties was running away with them.

Yelling to his men, Seagrue bade them drop the fight and follow. Spike on his horse was fast overtaking the train.

Running his horse close to the moving train, Spike sprang from the saddle to the engine itself and started back. As he came over the top of the cab, Storm on the tender confronted him and the two grappled. Helen had at once taken the throttle, but Spike, fighting Storm back into the coal quickly put him at a disadvantage. He was, in fact, overpowering him when Helen came to the rescue and rapped the convict smartly over the head. She jumped back to

the engineer's seat in time to halt the train opposite Rhinelander's camp, and without losing a moment she ran over to headquarters, where she gave the alarm to Wood and asked him to hurry the remainder of the construction gang over to the train, before the cars should be stolen again by their active enemies. Wood, who would rather fight than eat, responded like a whirlwind, and heading his men, started them across the fields on the run for the kidnaped train.

Storm had, meantime, dropped a rope around Spike's neck. He tied him to the engine cab just as Helen, with her reinforcements, reached



Sprang From the Saddle to the Engine.

the tie cars and the men hurriedly began the unloading.

They were not to have an easy time of it. Seagrue, with his rioters, had already climbed the hill and was urging them forward. Not a soul on the engine had a weapon, and as Seagrue's men came on it looked as if the train would be taken then and there by force of numbers. Helen, however, was not without reserves.

"Give them the live steam, George, and a lot of it, quick," she cried. "Don't let them capture us."

Storm needed no more than the hint. Turning on the valve he let loose a hot cloud that drove Seagrue and his gang gasping from the engine. The foremost of the men caught in the white fog were glad to get away unhurt, and halting at a safe distance rallied for orders.

Delaney, whose fighting blood was just getting warmed up, saw a further chance and called to his men to follow him around the cut. The gang divided and Delaney's part of it, starting over the hill, met Rhinelander's men. For a time there was a hot mix-up. As the enemy came on in ever increasing numbers, Wood and his men were soon getting the worst of it, but fresh shouts were heard down the hill and at the moment the sheriff's posse—now arrived—running in, took the side of Rhinelander's men and helped them beat Seagrue's gang back.

Outnumbered, driven from their vantage ground and disheartened at the unexpected diversion of the enemy, Seagrue's men sullenly gave way; even Bill Delaney's fiercest efforts failed to rally them. It was only a few minutes before the sheriff's men were making prisoners right and left, rounding up the stragglers and marching them down the cut. The hill had been won and lost, but the ties had been firmly held and were safely in Rhinelander's possession.

The moment the fight was decided, Storm, with Helen, went back to the engine to get their personal prisoner, the redoubtable Spike. They took him back to where the sheriff was giving his orders for the disposition of those under arrest. Helen explained to the sheriff very forcibly just what Spike had done.

"Well," demanded the official jocularly, "what'll we do with him? String him up right here in a box car?"

"No," exclaimed Helen, indignantly. "You can do better than that." She pointed to Seagrue, now also under arrest. "Put those two men at work unloading these ties for our camp. They are the ringleaders in the whole affair. If they had their deserts, they would both be in the penitentiary. Make them work, sheriff. That's the last thing that pair want to do." Rhinelander came up with his men as she finished.

"You're right," declared the sheriff, good humored over the outcome. "From the look of 'em, what those guys need is a dose of good, hard work." He turned to his deputies and pointed to the ties. "Get those fellows up on the flat cars and see they both work every minute till the last tie is unloaded."

"Suppose they refuse to work," suggested a deputy.

"Refuse?" echoed the sheriff, savagely. "If they do, find a pump that will work and give 'em the cold water."

But Seagrue and Spike did work. When Helen, Rhinelander and Storm left the scene the two, beading with sweat, were pitching ties in record time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET



A.E. SLEEPER, Governor

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND, U.S. Senator



L.D. DICKINSON, Lieut. Governor

C.C. VAUGHAN, Secretary of State

A.J. GROESBECK, Attorney General



SAMUEL ODELL, State Treasurer

GRANT FELLOWS, Supreme Court Justice

O.B. FULLER, Auditor General

Our New State Officials.



Helen Holtes in "A Lass of the Lumberlands."

It's always a big bore for a burglar if the safe is locked.
A postage stamp is on the tip of many a man's tongue who never talks about it.

MILLIONAIRE FISH MERCHANT.

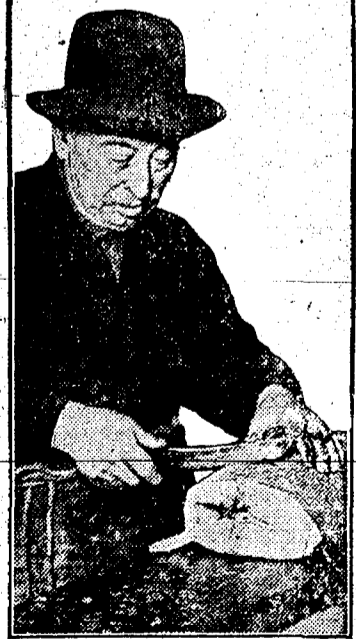
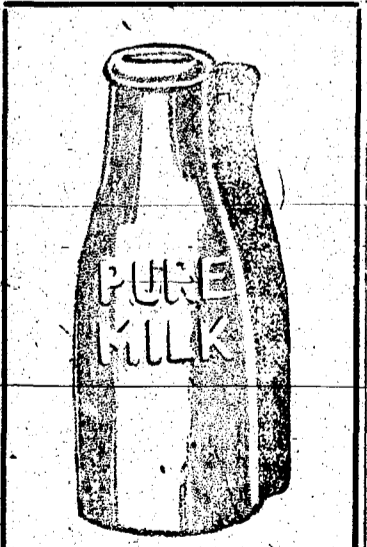


Photo shows Alexander Paladini, the oldest fish merchant on the Pacific coast. He has been in the fish business for nearly 65 years, and during all this time he has bucked the fish trust and worked without vacation until he is known among his many acquaintances as the millionaire fishman. Life would not be worth living to Paladini if he could not do his rough rags and work in the fishery with the seven younger Paladins.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

VAN PELT'S TOURING DIARY

Burlington, Vt. Friday, Sept. 29, 1916. This has been our big day for motor-ing—171 miles, from nine a. m. to five p. m. and at nine o'clock we took our farewell look at the majestic mountains and the beautiful Lake Placid and Mirror Lake, between which our hotel is located—I don't like to mention the name, as our bill was ten dollars for three of us for supper, breakfast and lodging. We gradually left the mountains behind and passed the State of New York's preserve, where they have been and now are setting out Pines of various kinds. We saw some Scotch pines, ten, twelve and fourteen feet high, that were set out in 1905. You will see the same in Mr. Waller's farm, just north of Charlevoix. This stretch was many miles—twenty-five, I should judge. Then we came to a level country and quite, if not very barren. This continued through Saranac by Saranac Lake to Malone, N. Y. From Malone to Chazy we struck the best road we have found for that distance—*thirty-eight miles*. We still had nine and a half miles to go when we phoned the landing to hold the ferry boat for us to take us across the narrow neck of Lake Champlain to Vermont, that we would be there in fifteen minutes and we made it all O. K. In fact it was about our average drive—thirty-five to forty miles per hour from Malone, but we struck a different proposition when we started for Burlington, over a clay road and in a hard rain storm; the first real one we have as yet encountered. We skid and we skid, we skidded and we skidded, but the ride was pleasant along the shores of grand old Lake Champlain. In the evening, dined on the Misses Kate and Jessie Meech, sisters of our old settler friend and companion, Fred J. Meech, and, of course, had a very pleasant evening.

Eugene Van Pelt and an Irishman were standing on the top of Bald Mountain, situated near my old home, near Troy, in Rensselaer County, N. Y. from the top of which the country for many miles around could be plainly seen and after enjoying the scenery for a short time, Eugene turned to the Irishman and remarked, "Dan, isn't that a beautiful landscape?" Dan looked in the direction Eugene pointed for a short time and turning to him, he said "Where is it, boss? I don't see him, where is he?" Evidently, Dan did not know the meaning of the word, "Landscape."

Now, we have many people in Charlevoix County who are just like Dan O'Connor. They have never been outside enough to know that the beauty of Charlevoix County far exceeds any other county in our State and they think the whole world is just like it, but, friends, it is not and when the good roads are built that we are going to build and the outside world knows it, we will have to build hotels galore by the dozen to take care of the tourists that will flock to us. No lake is prettier than Pine Lake—some have more rugged shores and beautiful forests, as they have in the Adirondacks. There, all along the route, are numerous little hotels that can take care of from twenty five to one hundred, and they are all full. I have paid \$1.50 for a chicken dinner, which consisted of one half a small chicken, a few vegetables and pie—and good pie too and a cup of coffee and have seen this same man buy twenty-five chickens at 45c each. Also saw farmers peddling sweet corn at twenty-five cents a dozen and it was the genuine Fred Meech sweet corn too, or they would not have gotten that price for it. Every few miles and some times every few rods, nice new houses (no, excuse me, I should say cottages) have been built. Still others are being built and real estate is improving in price all along the route and nearly every part of Pine Lake frontage will sell in your time and mine for from \$100.00 to \$300.00 per acre and with a corresponding value for the land farther back from the shore drive.

Now, come, "boys", let's roll up our sleeves and all pull together and each help to make Charlevoix County one of the great resorts of the United States. It surely will pay us all. Naturally, some will be benefited more than others, but all will get a share and because you will not get as much as your neighbor a few miles away, don't try to spoil the game. Let's all be for Charlevoix County, first, last and all the time.

A man who doesn't talk has less rep-enting to do than the garrulous individual.

You can tell when a woman is interested in some man by the way she can pretend that she isn't.

A lady writer says that sleep is con-ductive to beauty. Perhaps it is, but there are a lot of hopely policemen.

IS CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

Experience Related by Pennsylvania Farmer Is, to Say the Least, Unusual.

Altoona, Pa.—A chapter of corre-lated accidents is told by Henry Weaver, a Baird Eagle Valley farmer, in Tyrone. Weaver says he decided to pick some pears from a large tree one Sunday. The limb broke and in his descent he passed through the roof of a hog pen. He fell on the back of a fat porker, which was so badly in-jured that it died.

In the barnyard adjoining the pigsty was a colt. It was so frightened by the noise that it jumped over a fence and ran into a clothesline, one end of which was fastened to a post. The post was hurled through the kitchen window of the farmhouse, narrowly missing the baby sitting in the high-chair.

The colt leaped over another fence and collided with a barbed wire fence, lacerating its legs and breast. When the veterinarian came next day to sew up the cuts he ran over Weaver's dog, which had to be shot.

HORSE DIGS UP A PURSE

Clears Up Theft That Has Been a Mystery for More Than a Year.

Beaver Falls, Pa.—A mystery of a year's standing has been cleared up. Recently Justice of the Peace W. H. McElvaney of New-Galliee received a pocketbook containing checks and rail-road tickets from Mayor Christopher of Lisbon, O.

Last year Justice McElvaney attend-ed the Columbiana county fair in Lis-bon and reported to the authorities that his pocketbook had been stolen from his pocket.

Mrs. McElvaney and a woman friend saw the thief take the pocketbook and the following day, the man was arrested in Smith's Ferry, Pa., Mrs. McEl-vaney identifying him. The grand jury released the prisoner for lack of evi-dence.

A few days ago J. B. Lyther of Lis-bon tied his horse to a post in the fair grounds. The horse dug up the pocket-book.

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 comfort-able and fashionable every day. We fit them scientifically and with the idea of making a customer rather than a sale.

CHAS. A. HUDSON

WEAK, AILING CHILD

Made Strong By Delicious Vinol

Lakeport, N. H.—"Our little girl 8 years of age was in a debilitated, run-down condition and had a stubborn cough so she was weak and ailing all the time. Nothing helped her until we tried Vinol. Then her appetite increased and she is strong and well, and I wish other parents of weak, delicate children would try Vinol."—Geo. A. COLLINS.

This is because Vinol contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptonates and glyco-phosphates which she needed.

Sold by East Jordan Drug Co.

"By their works ye shall know them" said the watchmaker.

It's better for a man to do a little kicking than to become a human foot-ball.

TOOK THE HURT OUT OF HER BACK

Mrs. Anna Byrd, Tuscombua, Ala., writes: "I was down with my back so I could not stand up more than half th 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.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



THE Palmer GARMENT



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

Dress Silks

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

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 dam-age. Wrinkles are easily pressed out by the use of a damp cloth and warm iron (not hot) on the wrong side. The white and black wash like muslin.

Belding's Guaranteed Dress Silks

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

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Snow Storm—Friday. Thanksgiving three weeks away. It is a good thing to "Go-to-Church." Stewart Carr is a Grand Rapids visitor this week.

Mrs. M. Muma of Detroit is here visiting relatives.

Miss Hazel Cummins left Tuesday for a visit at Ypsilanti.

James Gidley and family spent Sunday at Central Lake.

"Brace up," take wife and family and "Go-to-Church."

L. A. Hoyt was confined to his home by illness this week.

Many people are going to Church next Sunday, are you?

The Electa Club met with Mrs. Geo. Hamilton, Thursday afternoon.

The brick work on the new Carnegie Library at Mancelona is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miles returned home from Gagetown, last Thursday.

The Improvement Club met at the home of Mrs. E. J. Crossman, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. H. H. Cummings and Mrs. J. H. Mollard were Traverse City visitors, Thursday.

Miss Agnes Svoboda of Cedar is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Nachazel.

John Green and family moved this week into the Burdick tenant residence on Second-st.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Malpass and E. A. Lewis and wife were Boyne City visitors, Wednesday.

Miss Fay Suffern entertained a number of her friends with a dancing party Thursday evening.

Misses Norma Johnson and Sidney Lumpey will spend the week end with the formers parents.

Paul Gage of Hamilton, Mich., was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ramsey last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stanford of Boyne City were guests at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. D. L. Wilson, Tuesday.

Mrs. Clyde Hunsberger left Monday for Flint where she joins her husband who has a position in a jewelry store there.

Mrs. M. Ruddock and granddaughter Margaret Ruddock returned to their home at Boyne City, Wednesday, after spending a few days with relatives.

The Everett B. Clark Seed Co., commenced operations for seed sorting with a full crew on Wednesday. Robert Spence is foreman of the crew this year.

The Cemetery Improvement Ass'n will meet with Mrs. C. H. Whittington next Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 15th. A pot luck supper will be served.

A hunting party consisting of Dr. H. W. Dicken, H. B. Hipp, Roscoe Mackey, A. Cameron, Archie Craig, with Harry Saxton as Cook, left Tuesday for Newberry where they journey inland about fifty miles before making camp.

Ole Erickson died at an early hour Tuesday morning at the home of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Arnston, at Orchard Heights. Mr. Erickson was 81 years of age and was here from his home at Elk Rapids for a visit with relatives. Heart failure was the cause of his death. The remains were taken to Elk Rapids for interment, Thursday.

Our local Woman's Relief Corps entertained Baxter Corps of Charlevoix last Saturday at their hall on State-st. A fine dinner was served and covers were laid for fifty-three. Seventeen members of the Charlevoix Corps were present. The Corps at this meeting raised a new American flag in honor of our Company "I" who are in Texas, and intend to keep this flying until their return home.

Farmers around Grand Rapids admit that they do not know beans when the bag is open. Six months ago a fat stranger, who said he was a government expert, visited a half dozen western Michigan counties and offered the farmers "The New Creation" bean at the ridiculously low price of 10c per package. No farmer could buy more than \$2 worth, he said, as the government wanted wide distribution. He promised a yield of 80 bushels to the acre. Many farmers bought and had their employes buy. Recently the beans were harvested and did not average more than usual and were the identical beans farmers are selling for \$5 per bushel. Farmers who weighed their packages of beans say they paid at the rate of \$125 per bushel for them. Government detectives are seeking the stranger.—Harrison Cleaver.

John Zoulek is reported quite ill at present.

A. K. Hill left Thursday for a visit at Detroit.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bisnett, a son, Nov. 7th.

Thos. Joynt is at Suttons Bay on business this week.

Miss Eva Ribble is now assisting at Brabant's store.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mather a son, Nov. 2nd.

Rev. Wm. Haskins of Mesick was in the city first of the week.

Supt. F. A. Kenyon is here from Mackinac Island, this week.

Rev. Arthur Starks of Gaylord visited friends in the city, Wednesday.

Mrs. W. P. Squier left Monday for her home at San Antonio, Texas.

Ford P. Robbins of Boyne Falls was in the city on business, Wednesday.

Robt. Morrow of Central Lake was in the city on business, Wednesday.

Misses Emily and Harriet Malpass expect to leave Monday for Florida.

Miss Mae Kimball of Boyne City spent Sunday with relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter and daughter, Flora, left Wednesday for Chicago.

Everybody read Mayor Cross' Go-to-Church Proclamation for November.

Chas. Carson is carrying mail on Route 4, during the absence of A. K. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bogart now occupy the M. Muma residence on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe left Tuesday by auto to spend the winter at Florida.

Mrs. Harold Boyd entertained a number of her friends at her home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. H. W. Dicken entertained the Whist Club at her home Wednesday afternoon.

I. W. Bartlett, with sons, Ira and Orrin left Monday for Newberry on a hunting trip.

Roy Gregory is at Pinconning this week in the interest of the Everett B. Clark Seed Co.

Mrs. Roland Archer entertained the Golden Rule Club at her home Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Sidney Sedgeman of Deward spent the latter part of the week with relatives in the city.

After the sweeping "dry" victory, what! Let all "Go-to-Church" with thankfulness to God.

Mrs. Pearl McHale entertained a number of her friends with a party at her home Saturday evening.

Frank Heinzelman returned from Gaylord, Friday last and re-opened the skating rink last Saturday.

James M. Isaman went to Perkinsville N. Y., on Thursday last to visit his brother and other relatives.

Mrs. H. J. Carpenter was taken to the Petoskey hospital Wednesday, where she will take treatments.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman and John Waterman left Tuesday for the Upper Peninsula on a hunting trip.

Mrs. M. Winters and Mrs. E. Denno and son, Harold, attended the L. D. S. conference at Boyne City, Sunday.

Miss Belle Roy gave a miscellaneous shower at her home Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Verschel Lorraine.

D. C. Loveday and daughter, Miss Louise, will leave Monday for their winter home at St. Petersburg, Florida.

There will be a Dance given at the Ironton Grange Hall on Friday, Nov. 17th. Everybody is invited to attend.

Mrs. Frank Gorman and children of Boyne City are visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Eliza Flynn, this week.

Miss Flora Porter and Mrs. R. O. Bisbee gave a breakfast party Saturday morning in honor of Miss Verschel Lorraine.

C. V. Trumbull left Tuesday for Mackinaw City, from there he will go on a hunting trip with his father-in-law Oscar Smith.

Parents? If the boys and girls are not in school and church Sundays, where are they? Begin now, bring them with you, "Go-to-Church."

Mrs. Howard Porter and Mrs. R. O. Bisbee gave a dinner party Monday evening at the formers home. The engagement of Miss Flora Porter to Morgan Lewis was announced.

Mrs. O. F. Scott is quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. E. Goodman.

"Go-to-Church" the church of your choice, a warm welcome awaits you there.

R. T. McDonald has purchased the H. J. Bogart home on State-St., and with his family now occupy same.

Why is next Sunday an important day? Because it is the first Sunday of the "Go-to-Church" campaign.

The Sunshine Club will be entertained at the home of Mrs. L. C. Madison next Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 14th. Mrs. Pearl McHale will assist in entertaining. Each member bring a friend.

A shipment of SPRING FLOWERING BULBS received from Holland assures you of the choicest flowers for the home this winter of the flower garden next spring.—At KLEINHAN'S Greenhouse.

E. J. H. S. NOTES

There was no school in the four upper grades of the high school last Thursday and Friday because of the State Teachers meeting at Grand Rapids. Miss Coleman, Miss Sprague, B. J. Holcomb and Supt. Holiday were in attendance from the local school.

Fire drill in the Central school was accomplished last week in 1 minute and 25 seconds. The time was considerably slower this time as the upper grades were sent down the east fire escape.

All of the grades of the schools are doing excellent work in the Palmer penmanship system. The pupil's work is being graded by the Thorndike scale published by Teacher's College, New York City.

The West Side school was forced to lower its colors recently when the flag staff was blown down in a heavy wind storm.

The English 9 class of the high school is studying George Eliot's Silas Marner.

The class in Soil Physics made a field trip last week Monday and located nine different varieties of soil within a mile of the school building.

The Civics 12 class conducted a general election in the high school on Tuesday, following as nearly as possible the legal plan for such elections. All students were required to register previous to the election, the high school being divided into three wards and a registration board sitting in each ward. In the election on Tuesday regulation instruction ballots were used, the vote being taken on the national and state ticket and on the prohibition and home rule amendments. There were 180 votes cast.

Plans are being made for a big county fair to be held late in the Month under the control of the Student Council. The money raised is to be used for the athletic and debating teams.

The Student Council has arranged for a triangular debate between Charlevoix, Boyne City and East Jordan to take place before the Christmas vacation.

The year's supply of magazines has been ordered and will begin appearing on the reading table next week.

The third grade of the Central school is enjoying the use of a fine new set of supplementary readers.

The first and second grades of the West Side school have on display some very attractive handwork.

Several of the grades in the Central school had Halloween parties in their rooms last week.

The latest forward step that the high school has made is the organization of the Student Council, which was completed last week. This Council has been formed for the purpose of taking charge of student affairs and helping in student government. The council consists of two students from each class, one elected by the class and one appointed by the faculty, and three members of the faculty. The officers are: President, Walter Fowler; Secretary, Basil Cummins; Treasurer, Dick Dicken.

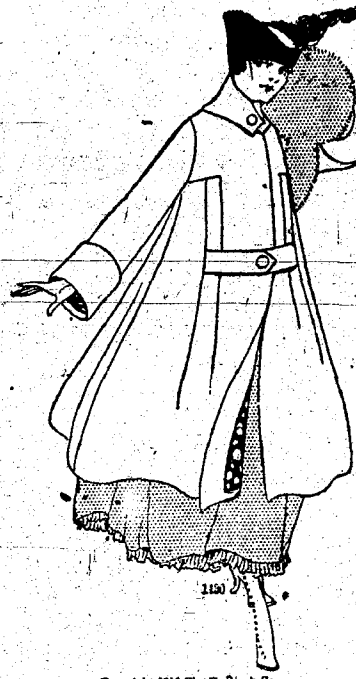
The boys of the foot ball team are wearing handsome new red and black toques, the gift of Mose Weisman.

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

Get your FLOWERING BULBS now for fall planting at KLEINHAN'S Greenhouse. A complete assortment to select from.

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.

Chilly Days Call For These Smart, New Coats



In the smartness, the good taste, of these Wooltex tailored coats there is a subtle compliment to the American Woman and her intuitive understanding of dress.

A splendid individuality characterizes each model, a feeling for youth and grace that is altogether charming—and American.

In keeping with what the American Woman wants today they give her an opportunity for smarter dressing at moderate price.

And what a range of models, fabrics, prices to choose from: semi-belted, and full-belted models, graceful, loose-back designs, semi-fitted types, raglan sleeves, set-in-sleeves, lustre worsted, broadcloths, wool velours, vicunas, bolivias, silk velours—in balsam green, seal brown, taupe, blue and dozens of other shades.

Such a showing as this makes a woman feel that she has a real opportunity for distinction in dress. Call while your choice is unlimited—NOW! Prices \$12.50, \$15.00, \$16.50, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$30.00, and up.

A NEW LOT OF STRAIGHT LINE DRESSES JUST IN—\$12.50 to \$20. See Them.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

THE STORE THAT SELLS WOOLTEX.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, November 12, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—"What the Church Service Aims to do."
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.
5:30 p. m.—Union meeting of Senior and Junior Endeavor Societies with the C. E. from Boyne City.
7:00 p. m.—The Christian Race.
2-4 p. m.—Visitation Day.
In accordance with the Mayor's proclamation, we observe this Go-To-Church month. We plan to visit Sunday afternoon all families who have expressed a Presbyterian preference.
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Nov. 12.
8:00 a. m.—Mass. Holy Communion for the Holy Name Societies.
10:30 a. m.—Mass.
7:00 p. m.—Holy Name meeting, Sermon, Benediction.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 12, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—"Jesus, Our Savior."
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic "If They Cannot Believe in us, Will They Believe in Our Christ." Leaders L. P. Holliday and Harry Kleinhaus.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. Rev. L. P. Manning of Albion, Mich., will preach.
Mr. Manning is the Field Secretary of the Supply Pastor's Endowment Fund. Three weeks ago he was with us and preached to the delight of all who heard him. We are sure you will be pleased, take advantage of hearing him once more.
We call attention to the "Go-to-Church" Proclamation by our Mayor. Sunday is visitation day. We want to make it a day of delight. Prayer Meeting hour is at 7:30 Thursday evening.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 12th, 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.
Agency for Traverse City Steam Laundry, Klon Smith, Agent, under the Post-Office.

Every citizen of this town is interested directly in its welfare, for his own welfare depends upon the prosperity of the town. For that reason, if for no other, we should do as much as possible of our buying at home this winter and Christmas, and let the mail order houses bleed some other place. Let's keep our money in circulation at home this Christmas. Better still, let's keep it moving around here all of the time. We will make its acquaintance oftener ourselves.

Who constitutes "the best citizens of a city" is a subject for discussion. We have in mind a fearlessly edited newspaper in a neighboring city that has waged a relentless war upon wholesale and retail liquor dealers, whomongers prostitutes, tin-horn gamblers and "porch climbers," yet the editor in question is accused by a contemporary of having constantly assailed the most prominent citizens of the city ever since he has been publishing a newspaper there.—Manistique Tribune.

This reminds us that a man died not many years ago in this county, who was one of its most notorious saloon-keepers, even running his place for months without a license, and then a certain news (?) paper called him a "prominent citizen" when he passed to no one knows where.—Mancelona Herald.

Blunt men often make the most cutting remarks.

All the world's a stage, but some prefer automobiles.

Some men are hard drinkers, but others find it easy.

There is nothing a man in love dislikes so much as a crowd.

A woman will forgive a man anything but the fact that he doesn't admire her.

One of the unsolved mysteries is how two men can exchange umbrellas in the dark and each invariably get the worst of it.



Latter Day Saints Church

Elder Manley D. Winters, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 12th.
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.

Knocking does a fellow no good, does the town a lot of harm, and disgusts nearly everybody who hears it.

WEISMAN'S Distinctive SHIRTS For Critical Men.

Our line of Dress Shirts comprise not only the popular percales etc. but new and distinctive weaves such as fancy Madras, Russian Madras, Reppo, French Piques, and Silks.

Prices Range From \$1.00 to \$4.00.
Our Shirts Make Excellent Gifts.

Weisman's

Quality Service

For Sewing That's Right You Will Need the "White" Sold by the EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

FOOD 65 PER CENT HIGHER

General Cost of Living in England 45 Per Cent Greater Than Year Ago.

London.—The average increase of retail prices for the principal articles of food between July, 1914, and September, 1916, has been 65 per cent. Including rent, clothing, fuel and light the rise in the cost of living has been found by the food prices committee to be 45 per cent. In comparison with a year ago it shows an average increase of 20 per cent.

\$300 From Six Beehives. Hlawatha, Kan.—J. W. Admire of Hlawatha, during the season just closed, got 1,540 pounds of honey from six hives of bees. His profit on the bees will be close to \$300.

WEAK, AILING CHILD
Made Strong By Delicious Vinol
 Lakeport, N. H.—"Our little girl 9 years of age was in a debilitated, run-down condition and had a stubborn cough so she was weak and ailing all the time. Nothing helped her until we tried Vinol. Then her appetite increased and she is strong and well, and I wish other parents of weak, delicate children would try Vinol."—Geo. A. Collins.
 This is because Vinol contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones and glycerophosphates which she needed.
 Sold by East Jordan Drug Co.

When pride turns a man's head he's sure to look the wrong way.
 It hurts some folks more to be lied about than to lie about others.
 Old Noah was not a promoter, but he managed to float a lot of stock.
 Dying in poverty is dead easy; it's living in poverty that bothers a man.

NO DOUBT ABOUT THIS
 Foley 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.

Be honest if you can—otherwise your patrons will buy their canned goods elsewhere.

Ordinarily men get better obituary notices than they are entitled to—but who envies them?

WANTED—Tag alder in carload 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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

HOMESICK FOR FROZEN NORTH AND ICE PACKS

Veteran Arctic Explorer to Drift Five Years Across Top of Continent.

TAKE COLLEGE MEN ALONG

Captain Robert A. Bartlett Tires of New York and is Arranging to Gather Scientific Data in the Million Miles Yet Untouched by White Men.

New York.—Capt. Robert A. Bartlett, who has been in arctic exploration for 18 years of his life, who has been farther north than any other white man with the exception of Peary, who has suffered hardships in the frozen regions, is afflicted with arctic nostalgia. He is homesick for ice peaks, frozen seas, polar bear and seal meat, blubber and rights that last six months. He wants to go to the far, far north again, get frozen up in the arctic ocean, and drift wherever the currents may carry, the ice pack and his ship.

Captain Bartlett, who is an American of English birth, forty years old, tall, and straight as an arrow, but soft spoken and almost diffident in his manner, explained in detail his latest project for arctic exploration when I saw him the other day at the Explorers' club, says a writer in the New York Herald.

"My idea," he said, "is to superintend the construction of a wooden vessel of about 350 tons, especially designed for arctic work; start in May, 1918, northward through Bering strait; go eastward off the northern coast of Alaska to about 130 west longitude, and latitude 74 or 75, or even farther north; let the vessel freeze up and go with the ice drift through the great unexplored arctic regions. There are more than a million square miles of unexplored territory in the Arctic ocean."

"I would take only eight men with me on the trip, preferably young college men, not too scientific, but with sufficient knowledge and brains to do the scientific work necessary. While we drifted we would take soundings and use a deep-sea dredge to gather the flora and fauna from the floor of the ocean and keep a careful record as well as specimens of what we found. This work would be of the same character as that undertaken by the prince of Monaco, the late Sir John Murray, and to some extent, by Nansen."

"I believe that such an expedition, while having little of the spectacular about it, would add greatly to the world's scientific and geographical knowledge. It has the moral support of the National Geographic society, at Washington; the Philadelphia Geographical society; Admirals Pillsbury, Chester and Peary, the United States coast and geodetic survey, the Explorers' club and many other societies, and individuals of note."

Financial Assistance Pledged.
 "I have pledged of financial assistance to the extent of \$85,000 already, and I will require about as much more. I am encouraged to believe that the full amount can be obtained without a great deal of trouble, for there are many public-spirited men who will subscribe to the project when they understand its nature and value."

"Instead of regular steam engines and boilers, requiring the consumption of coal, I will install a Bollinger crude oil engine, this doing away with the necessity of engineers and firemen. "From my knowledge of the arctic regions and the currents and general drift of the ice I should say that we would drift about five years before reaching civilization again, but we might do it in three years. I would provision the ship for five or six years, and that would be easy with only nine men to provide for. The general drift would be to the west, and I should say that we would eventually come out either between Greenland and Spitzbergen, or between Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land."

"It is possible that we would discover new land during our travels. We would take about a hundred dogs and what sledges we required for exploration. The dogs would be fed on bear meat and fish, of both of which we would have no difficulty in getting all we required. Our own principal meat diet would be bear and seal. Of course, we would have canned meats with our provisions, but I have never cared much for them in arctic work. Seal meat is delicious, and the polar bear meat is good, too—very like pork."

"I have not the slightest doubt that we would find many new fishes, shell fish and sea plants with our deep-sea dredges, and would add greatly to the scientific knowledge of the world. As I said, there will be nothing spectacular about the trip, like hunting for the North Pole, but it will have a scientific value, and may add greatly to geographical knowledge. I am pretty sure that there is land somewhere in the unexplored regions, and I see no reason why we should not find it and explore it on such a trip."

Captain Bartlett ran away to sea when a boy, and has lived most of his life since on sealers, whalers and in arctic exploration. He was first with Peary on the Windward in 1897 and

1898. He went on another expedition to Hudson straits and was captain of a sealing vessel off Newfoundland. In 1905 he was preparing to go north again, and planned the Roosevelt after the manner of the Fram. He superintended the vessel's construction, and as skipper piloted her in 1905 through Kane basin, Kennedy channel, Robeson channel, and finally to Cape Sheridan on the northeast corner of Grant Land.

An Epic of the North.
 In the summer of 1906 Peary and Bartlett started over the polar ice to reach the North Pole. They attained latitude 87 degrees 6 minutes, the farthest north ever reached by a white man previous to the discovery of the Pole. Captain Bartlett was in charge of the supporting parties, and was on the ice 120 days. The ice broke up and the Roosevelt was started on her home voyage, but encountered a hurricane near Cape Union, between Greenland and Grant Land. The ice piled up and drove the Roosevelt ashore. Her rudder was torn out, two of her four propeller blades were broken and she leaked badly. It took three months to patch up the vessel, and fuel and provisions were running low.

Crossing the Cumberland gulf in October, she was hit by another gale, and her jury rudder was carried away. Captain Bartlett swung a beam from the boom to steer by and ran before the gale four days, finally making the northern tip of Labrador, where coal, provisions, water and wood were obtained. The vessel got to Hebrun, a Moravian settlement, where enough supplies were obtained to take her to Nain. There food was obtained. And so, getting small supplies of food and fuel, the vessel finally reached Nova Scotia.

Again the Roosevelt, with Captain Bartlett in command, went to Cape Sheridan in 1908, and Peary and Bartlett started for the North Pole. Captain Bartlett was taken to the 88th parallel, and ordered to remain there while Peary went on with Matt Hensen, a negro. That was when Peary discovered the North Pole.

In 1913 Captain Bartlett was captain of the Karluk, in which Vilhjalmur Stefansson went to the Arctic ocean through Bering strait. After Stefansson was landed the vessel was caught in the ice and carried from Point Barrow toward the Siberian shore. On January 12, 1914, when the Karluk was about 125 miles off Wrangell island, near which is Herald island, she was crushed in the ice. Captain Bartlett had foreseen such a disaster and had put provisions for two years on the ice. Eight of his men insisted upon going in what they thought would be a shorter direction to reach land. They were lost.

The Rescue From Wrangell Island.
 Captain Bartlett, with 17 men of the expedition, two Eskimo men, one Eskimo woman and two children, reached Wrangell island March 18. There he established a camp, and then with an Eskimo boy eighteen years old, one sledge and seven dogs started over the ice to the Siberian coast, more than one hundred miles away. He traveled over broken ice, ferried open lanes on pieces of ice and reached the coast in the first week in April. He followed the coast for a thousand miles, and finally received assistance from Baron Kleist at Emma harbor. The baron sent him to St. Michael's, Alaska, where he found the United States revenue cutter Bear, and went north in her to Wrangell island for his men. He found them all safe, and they were brought back to the United States.

That was Captain Bartlett's last trip to the arctic regions. Now he wants to go back again and see a little more excitement. The life here falls upon him. He became so disgusted in October, 1915, with inaction that he went to work as a stevedore at Pier No. 7, Hudson river. He did not have to make a living that way, but he liked active work.

Dr. R. A. Harris of the United States coast and geodetic survey, Washington, is enthusiastic over Captain Bartlett's proposed expedition, and has suggested that the following subjects will indicate the nature of the work of such a project:

The distribution of land and water, including the extent and character of land yet undiscovered; depths or soundings of the waters; tidal observations; currents and ice drifting; ice conditions; temperature, salinity and chemical composition of water at various depths; character of the sea bottom; marine life in the Arctic ocean; other arctic life; geology of arctic land; arctic meteorology, temperature, atmospheric pressure, winds, precipitation, etc.; magnetic observations; pendulum observations; feasibility of the Northwest passage; feasibility of other possible routes.

Scientific Value of Trip.
 "From these items," says Doctor Harris, "it is evident that certain physical sciences must remain incomplete until observations have been made in the regions now designated as unexplored, viz: meteorology, ocean circulation, the tides, terrestrial magnetism and geodesy."

"The probable value of a drifting in arctic ice depends upon the length of time for which the projector of the expedition has made provision. A long period of drifting generally means long distances covered and so unknown waters traversed, new positions attained and greater likelihood of making geographical discoveries. For instance, the drifting of the Jeannette proved that very shallow water, less than 100 fathoms in depth, extends 300 geographical miles northward from the coast of eastern Siberia, while the drifting of the Fram upset the previously entertained notions by proving

that ocean depths occurred in high latitudes where the waters were supposed to be comparatively shallow."

Some idea of the estimation in which Captain Bartlett is held by geographers may be obtained from the fact that he has received medals from geographic societies in America, England and Italy. But he is too modest to talk about such things. He cares nothing about past performances now. All he wants is a chance to get far into the Arctic circle again and live the life he knows so well and enjoys so thoroughly.

GIVES \$3,000 TO RED CROSS



Rita Kohler, daughter of the late Charles M. Kohler, millionaire manufacturer and horseman. Rita and her older sister, Vera, recently assisted at the Red Cross bazaar given on their mother's estate at Suffern, N. Y. Each of the girls donated \$3,000 to the fund of the Red Cross to be used in the relief of the wounded on the battlefield.

FEMALE SPIES IN ITALY

Police Statistics Disclose Fact That They Are Much More Numerous Than Men.

Rome.—According to recent statistics compiled by the police about the enemy residents in Italy, the number of women greatly exceeds that of men. There are hundreds of Bulgarians and Turkish women in Italy despite the well-known fact that in times of peace female immigration from these two countries does not exist. German and Austrian women are exceedingly numerous, and strangely enough Swiss women of German origin have been steadily coming to Italy since the outbreak of the war.

All these enemy women are well supplied with money. Most of them are of doubtful morals. Their presence in Italy cannot be attributed to any reason other than espionage, which they can carry on better than men mainly owing to the fact that as a rule all foreign males of military age are interned.

It is probable that before very long all neutral women will be expelled from Italy unless they have resided here since before the war, and all enemy women without distinction will be given the option between internment or expulsion.

FIGHT HOOKWORM IN MINES

California Health Board Takes Action in Response to Request of Owners.

San Francisco.—Dr. J. G. Cumming, director of the bureau of communicable diseases of the state board of health, will soon begin an investigation of hookworm in the mines of Amador county, with a view to eradicating the disease in California. Other mining sections of the state will also be investigated.

Doctor Cumming's investigation will be made at the request of the mine owners of Amador, who are anxious to get rid of hookworm cases on the ground that the efficiency of every miner so affected is cut down to 25 per cent. of his normal working capacity.

HEN FASTS FOR 22 DAYS

Accidentally Discovered in Buggy Where it Had Been Placed Without Knowledge of Owner.

Indiana, Pa.—Twenty-two days without food or water and still living is the remarkable record of a Plymouth Rock hen at Georville.

One day someone put a hen in the back of J. H. Stewart's buggy and closed the flap. Stewart drove home, put the buggy away and did not use it until 22 days later, when he accidentally discovered the chicken. The fowl, reduced to a skeleton, is recovering rapidly.

LOCAL INFECTION EXPLAINS ILLS

Baffling Eye Affections, Joint Afflictions, and Even Appendicitis Accounted For.

DOCTORS ADMIT LAY WISDOM

High Priests of Medicine No Longer Regard Patient's Diagnosis as Mere Superstition—Tonsils and Teeth at Bottom of Trouble.

New York.—Recent experiments, investigations, and experimental treatment in the domains of medicine and surgery have led to a solution of many of the hitherto puzzling problems of medical science. Physicians are beginning to realize that many general constitutional disturbances which baffled their skill are still due to small local foci of infection. When these are removed their patients soon recover, sometimes, indeed, with astonishing rapidity.

How recent the realization of the real solution of these medical mysteries is may be judged from the following editorial comment in the New York Medical Journal:

"For many years it was thought that we were well acquainted with bacteria and their vagaries, but recently we have discovered that there remains much to be learned. Of the various activities of bacteria the most interesting at present is that of the so-called focal infection. By this is meant a small, more or less quiescent point of disease, which, although it causes no local disturbance, gives rise to symptoms elsewhere in the body."

Most Important Manifestation.
 "Probably the most important of these manifestations is the involvement of the various joints of the body. If we pick up our textbooks to read about arthritis, the chances are that we shall be much discouraged, not only by the unfavorable prognosis, but also by our inability to determine the cause."

"Since the work of Rosenow and others, however, we are fast realizing that a small collection of bacteria may be responsible for the joint condition, and we are also discovering the fact that the only way to accomplish much good is to attack the primary focus."

"At present the capable physician is no longer content to give antipyretics in expectation of a marvelous cure. If a patient now gives a history of chronic and painful joints, the first thought of his physician should be focal infection. To determine the presence or absence of such a condition is not always an easy task, and outside aid, particularly the Roentgen ray, will have to be called upon."

Tonsils and Teeth.

"The tonsils may be diseased, or what is very common, there may be infection at the roots of the teeth. This last is a frequent condition and may be present without local indications. It is also interesting to note that many inflammatory conditions of the eye are directly referable to dental infections. This has long been recognized by the laity, but the idea was considered to be mere superstition by the medical high priests."

"After removal of the focal infection the patient's rapid recovery, in many instances, is little short of marvelous. In most cases no further treatment seems to be necessary, the joints cease to be painful, and the convalescent goes on his way rejoicing."

"That bacteria in the focal cause the distant lesion has been proved so many times that there can now be no doubt as to the causal relation. The isolated organisms, when injected into experimental animals, show a special affinity for tissues similar to those involved in the original instance. A joint will be attacked, an eye become involved, even the appendix will succumb, according to the affinity shown in the first case."

"The more thoroughly the matter is investigated, the clearer it becomes that focal infection seems to explain satisfactorily certain of the hitherto unsolved problems of medicine."

STOP WAR DRAFT "DOPING"

British Government to Punish Men Who Drug Themselves to Escape Army Service.

London.—It will now be an offense to injure oneself in order to escape military service.

An amendment has been made to the defense of the realm regulations, stating that any man in the reserve forces who, when ordered to report for medical examination, feigns any disease or infirmity shall be guilty of an offense.

The amendment in effect states that if a man produces any disease or infirmity or maims or injures himself, or takes any drug likely to render him temporarily or permanently unfit for military service, he is guilty of an offense.

Placed Belfry on Wrong End.

St. Clairsville, O.—The carpenters erecting the new Florence Methodist Episcopal church in Finch Run placed the belfry on the rear instead of the front of the building. Members are peeved. The mistake may be rectified before the dedication, which will be the latter end of the month.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use
 IT'S different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.
Black Silk Stove Polish
 Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shiniest of all. Use on your ordinary stove polish. Used on sample stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.
 All we ask is that you use on your cook stove, your parlor stove or your gas range. If you see the difference in the best stove you ever used, your doctor is authorized to refund your money. Inquire at Black Silk Stove Polish.
 Made in liquid or paste—one quality.
Black Silk Stove Polish Works
 Sterling, Illinois
 Use Black Silk All-Drying Iron Enamel on heating registers, radiators, etc. It is the best. The Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for safe automobile use.
"A Shine in Every Drop"

HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!
 Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning one week.
 Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it as a harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.
 A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, also those whose skin is sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside-bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!
 Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teaspoon full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking up a cold.
 Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

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

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH
 Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.
 Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.
 Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid!

The Red Circle

by Albert Payson Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CONOVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

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SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, 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 Borden line. 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, marked with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary, June's nurse, discovers her theft and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary tricks Lamar, June, dressed as a boy, recovers Mary's coat from the police. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam," Jim's old crime partner. At the seaside June steals war invention plans from Todd Drew and sinks them in the sea with her boy's clothes. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam, Alms La Salle paints the Red Circle on her hand and robs the guests at a ball. Mary sees her wash on the mark and points her out to Lamar, who follows her back to town, captures her with the jewels and goes after "Smiling Sam."

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

"PEACE AT ANY PRICE."

Inch by inch, the door began to give. Under the smashing blows of the two men the gap widened. A jagged rent appeared across the surface of the panel. One more mighty crash of the improvised battering ram, and the paneled door burst in.

There was a hole in the secret door big enough for a slender man to wriggle through. Lamar dived head first into the breach, closely followed by his companion.

Into the inner room they plunged, and across it, guided by the noise of fighting outside.

The low door leading to the yard was ajar. Through the doorway hurried Lamar, bending double to clear its top. Across the yard he raced and out of the gate into the alley, arriving just as the two policemen were putting the finishing touches upon the subjugation of Mr. Thomas Dunn.

A crack on the head had momentarily dazed that industrious young brawler, and before his cigarette-sodden brain could clear from the impact one of the policemen had snapped a pair of handcuffs around the prisoner's unwashed wrists.

"Now, then!" said Lamar, briskly, "where's your boss?"

"Huh?" grunted Dunn.

"I say, where's your boss? Where's Sam Eagan? Where is he hiding?"

"Tom looked duly bewildered.

"I don't know no Sam Eagan."

"One of you take him to headquarters," Max ordered. "The chief will find a way to make him talk. You two others go through the building, cellar to roof. I'm going back for another look around the shop. It'll be worth while, if I can find what I want."

A minute later Lamar was back in the wrecked cobbler shop. He had remembered the shoe that had rattled when he so idly played with it on his visit to Sam the previous day. And he set to work looking for it.

One disreputable piece of footgear after another, he picked up from the heap in the corner of the room. And at last he found the shoe he sought.

With an awl he pried loose the run-down heel. It was hollow. Empty though the hollow now was, it corresponded in every way with that in the



Thrust the Hat into It and Piled the Sand Over It.

shoe Alma La Salle had been carrying under her arm when she was arrested.

No sign of Eagan, either in this building or the next, reported a policeman, coming in as Max stood examining the hollow heel.

"Plenty of signs of him here, though," answered Lamar, holding up the shoe. "I've found what I was looking for. It's the link I needed to connect Smiling Sam Eagan with the jewel thefts that have been bothering you people."

Ten minutes later Chief Allen was listening attentively to Max Lamar's story. Fifteen minutes later the following message was on its way to

every town in the state:

Wanted for Burglary and for "Fence" Work: Samuel Eagan, Alias "Smiling Sam."

"We'll have the city scraped for him, too, of course," added the chief, turning back to Lamar, "but there's not much use in that. He's too slick to hang around here. He'll beat it for the nearest out-of-town hiding place and lie low there till it's safe to travel farther."

And in "Smiling Sam's" case, the chief had diagnosed the procedure with the skill of a mind reader.

Sam, hastening through the yard at Tom Dunn's heels, had prudently allowed his "lookout," to pass through the gate into the alley in front of him. He himself had lingered for a moment, so that Dunn might prove for him whether or not the coast was clear.

At first sound of the scuffle, Sam had darted back from the half-closed gate and across the yard through the rear doorway of the tumble-down house that adjoined his own.

Always prepared for emergencies he had snatched up his hat and coat as he had left the shop, on the approach of Lamar and the officers.

Now, in the hallway of the house he shed his apron, threw it down a coal-hole, put on the coat and hat, and very sedately walked out of the front door, just beyond the entrance to his own shop and thence down the street to the railroad yards.

Presently his route took him past a line of freight cars. When he came to an "empty," he clambered inside and shut the big reddish door behind him.

Late that night his car was coupled with thirty others and puffed out of the yard. Early next day the freight train rumbled slowly past a suburban station and on into the sand-swept waste beyond.

Sam, through a crack in his "side-door pullman," had kept rigid tabs on the train's general direction. And now he knew just where he was. He had caught a glimpse of the station's sign:

"Surfton-by-the-Sea."

A brilliant idea struck him. An idea that brought him to his feet with a bound and, tugging open the sliding door of the car, he leaped out.

"This'll be worth a dozen regular hide-out places to me," he chuckled. "Just let me find June Travis and spring the right sort of hard luck whine, and she'll help me out, all right, all right!"

Meanwhile, at Surfton, June Travis had just done what Mary characterized as "a foolish, dangerous thing, if ever there was one."

The girl had sent the following telegram to Lamar—first showing it mischievously to the scandalized and protesting Mary:

Mr. Max Lamar, 512 Blank Building: As your assistant in "Red Circle" cases, I report monkey stolen from Italian organ grinder by girl with Red Circle on hand. Mary saw her; gives description of red hair and blue eyes. Better come down and investigate.

JUNE TRAVIS.

"You're never going to send that crazy message?" Mary gasped, as June, pausing in their morning walk, at the local telegraph office, scribbled the dispatch and laughingly showed it to her.

For reply June handed the telegram to the desk clerk.

Left alone on the veranda, later June beguiled the time for a half hour or so in jotting down notes on bits of scratch-pad paper—notes for Lamar's guidance in his hunt for the pseudo-red-haired girl with blue eyes.

Then, growing restless, she set out for a walk along the sand at the base of the cliffs, beyond the village.

June, full of the glory of the sky, strode along the beach with the tread of a young goddess.

Midway in her walk she stopped to watch a queer tableau on the shore, a few yards away from her. A young man and a girl were standing facing each other, angry of eye, sharp of voice, quarreling violently. The man was clad in blue serge, and a camera was slung from his shoulder. The woman was in white. She carried a white parasol with which she was making impatient gestures. Her sailor hat was adorned by an enormous bird of paradise plume.

At second glance June recognized the couple. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Lake, newlyweds. The bride was an old school friend of June's.

June went forward. The bride recognized her and greeted her eagerly.

"Oh, June Travis!" exclaimed the bride. "I'm so glad to see you! Harry is being perfectly abominable. What do you think he has the nerve to want me to do? He actually wants me to throw away this gorgeous bunch of 'paradise feathers' in my hat."

"Can you blame me, Miss Travis?" put in the groom. "I belong to the Bird Protection society, and I'm not going to allow my wife to bring criticism on me."

"Mercy!" exclaimed June in mock terror. "The man who put his hand between the upper and nether mill-

stones was a sage, compared to the reckless person who interferes in a quarrel between husband and wife! This is no place for me!"

Disregarding their protests, she raced on, leaving them. She did not pause until she reached the foot of the cliffs, fully a furlong away. There she looked back. She was just in time to see Lake dig his hands deep into his trousers pockets, shrug his shoulders peevishly, and stalk away. He did not once look back, but strode on until he reached a disused boathouse farther down the beach. He walked around this and seated himself gloomily upon a keg at the side most distant from his wife.

She turned to observe the bride. Mrs. Lake had seated herself on the sands, raised her parasol and laid her hat on the beach at her side.

It was the bride who surrendered. Presently she sighed, got to her feet and, leaving the parasol and hat on the sand, began to walk slowly toward the boathouse. June watched her go—watched her until a corner of the boathouse hid her from view.

Then, as her own gaze strayed back to the place where the bride had been sitting, June was aware of a throbbing and burning at the back of her right hand. She looked down at the hand. The Red Circle glowed vividly against the snowy flesh. At the same instant, an impulse seized and mastered her.

Darting forward from the base of the cliffs, June sped to where the hat lay forgotten on the beach. A little nearer to the water was a cavity, a foot or so deep, that some child with a pail and shovel had that morning dug in the soft sand.

June picked up the hat, priceless bird of paradise plumes and all, went to the hole in the beach, thrust the hat into it and piled the sand over it.

Then she glanced furtively along the shore. The bride was still hidden from view by the boathouse. A very devil of mischief danced in June's eyes. She caught up a seashell and wrote with it, on the sand, these words:

"That there may be peace, the Red Circle lady has destroyed the offending hat."

She neatly traced a border around this queer message, stuck up the parasol alongside it and ran guiltily back to the shelter of the cliff.

Meanwhile, the bride, rounding the corner of the boathouse, had beheld her newly-espoused lord and master



Nature's Pitying Hand Had Sponged Out the Tell-Tale Handwriting.

sitting glumly on the keg, with his back to her. She took a step toward him, hesitated, waited a few moments in the hope that he might turn around, and then murmured indignantly to herself:

"No! I won't give in!"

She turned on her heel and started back to where she had been sitting. But she could not see the hat and parasol where she had left them. Her first thought was that someone had stolen them. Then, some distance down the beach, she caught sight of the parasol, standing upright in the sand; the marks of small feet leading to and from it.

Puzzled, the bride went to recover her lost possession. As she reached the parasol, she saw the writing in the sand—saw and read it. With a scream—her quarrel quite forgotten in this newer and greater tragedy—she ran wildly in search of her husband.

June waited no longer. With a sigh, she turned to retrace her steps homeward. Already, the Red Circle had faded again from her hand. Already she was repentant and disgusted at her insane prank.

Wondering how best she could make good the loss to Mrs. Lake, she reached her own cottage. In the garden, talking to Mrs. Travis and Mary was Max Lamar, who had just arrived at Surfton, in answer to June's telegram, and who had come directly from the station to the Travis cottage.

June came in upon the group as Harry, very red-faced and uncomfortable, was finishing a right untruthful version of the monkey-theft. June came to her relief.

"Good morning, Mr. Lamar," she said, taking his eagerly outstretched hand. "You didn't waste any time, did you? Come down to the beach and I'll show you where the monkey was stolen. I have some notes to show you, too. Note I took on the case."

As she spoke, she led the way toward the garden gate. Lamar gladly hurried along at her side. Mary, with

a worried look after them and a muttered excuse to Mrs. Travis, followed slowly and at a distance.

As June and Lamar went toward the pier, the girl drew from her belt the notes she had scribbled and handed them to Lamar.

"These are very, very interesting, Miss Travis," he lied, "and they'll be a great help to me. Thank you for writing them out. I'll study them carefully, after I've—"

"Here is the pier," interrupted June. "The Italian was leaning against that stringpiece asleep, Mary says, when the woman—"

"Oh, June! June Travis!" broke in a voice just behind them. "What do you suppose has just happened?"

June turned to see Mr. and Mrs. Lake hurrying toward them. Scarce waiting to acknowledge June's introduction of Lamar, the newlyweds burst into an incoherent joint recital of the lost hat mystery.

Lamar listened with scant interest, annoyed at this breaking up of his tete-a-tete with June—until the bride added:

"And the sign said, 'That there may be peace, the Red Circle lady has destroyed the offending hat!' Think of that! It—"

"What?" ejaculated Lamar, sharply, "Red Circle lady? You're sure?"

"Positive!" declared the groom. "We both saw it. She had written—"

"Come!" ordered Lamar. "Show me the place. Give me your camera. We'll photograph what she wrote. Then we'll have a specimen of her handwriting, anyhow."

He hastened off, guided by the Lakes. June stood transfixed with sudden panic. A light touch on her arm made her start violently. Mary stood at his side.

"Mary!" panted the terror-stricken girl. "Listen! I'm in fearful trouble!"

In a half dozen sentences she told her story, ending with the scared whisper:

"She's going to photograph it. And—she has specimens of my handwriting—those silly notes on the case—in his pocket. Oh, what are we to do?"

"To do?" echoed the valorous old woman, breaking into a run. "We're to get there first and rub out that writing in the sand. That's what we're to do. Run! There'll be time enough to scold you afterward."

Along the shore they raced. But the distance between them and the

er until his lips rested lightly for an instant on the curls. June, looking in the opposite oval of mirror, saw everything.

At the almost imperceptible touch of his lips to her hair she felt her breath come and go quickly. Something strange—something terrifying yet blissfully happy—dawned all at once in her soul.

"June!" he breathed, tensely, bending over until his face was close to hers. "June! My—"

There was a step in the hallway. Mary appeared; loitering, as if without purpose, just outside the open library doors. The spell was broken. June came to herself with a start, as though from some wonderful dream.

"I am afraid it is rather late," said Lamar, forcing a commonplace tone into his agitated voice. "Good night, Miss Travis. I am glad to have been able to get back your pendant for you. And I'm sorry to have had to tell you your 'reformed' friend, Sam Eagan, is still a crook and is a fugitive from justice. Good night."

Patrolman O'Hara—newest member of Surfton's diminutive police force—was walking his beat in a disconsolate frame of mind. Patrolman O'Hara was in love. The brilliant summer moon, tonight, brought him momentary visions of the girl he wanted to marry. But common sense brought him far more clear visions of her obdurate old father who would not hear of such a marriage until Patrolman O'Hara should win promotion.

Patrolman O'Hara sighed. Luck was dodging him. That was certain. Yet he was forever looking for chances to distinguish himself. For instance, only this very evening, a circular about a famous metropolitan crook had arrived at the Surfton police station. O'Hara had read it six times. He had studied the picture of the crook's face until he felt he would know it a mile away.

Patrolman O'Hara turned a corner and came to a standstill as abruptly as if he had run into a stone wall. Fifty feet ahead of him was an all-night lunchroom—the only place on the block whose window lights were still burning.

In front of the lunchroom was a blackboard menu, setting forth the delights of various stodge dainties at a comfortably low price.

And, in the full flare of the window light, his hat pushed back on his forehead, stood a man, hungrily reading the menu.

Patrolman O'Hara had not studied that police circular for nothing. At a glance he recognized the man beside the blackboard menu. It was the crook whose rogue's gallery photograph was reproduced on the circular. It was "Smiling Sam" Eagan.

Patrolman O'Hara had visions again—this time visions of swift promotion. His chance had come! He stepped forward.

At sight of him Eagan wheeled and began to shuffle away into the comparative darkness of the moonlit street. That was quite enough for Patrolman O'Hara. With a shout, he gave chase.

Sam, at sound of the quickened steps behind him, broke into a run. Patrolman O'Hara's last doubt vanished.

Long legs must ever win a race against short. Speedily Patrolman O'Hara gained upon his quarry, as Sam dashed aimlessly up one street and down another. Presently he was almost within an arm's length of the puffing fugitive. Another ten seconds and his hand would be on Eagan's collar.

"Halt!" bawled O'Hara. "Halt, or I'll shoot!"

Sam turned in at the entrance of an alley and, with a final spurt of speed ran up the alleyway, O'Hara close behind. The policeman's finger was on the trigger. He lacked the patience to run his wounded man down. Instead, he made good his threat by firing again. Purposely he aimed high, but he was no marksman, and the effect of his bullet filled him with the wildest consternation.

For "Smiling Sam" swerved sharply in his run, gave a coughing cry, staggered forward upon his knees, half rose, then tumbled prone upon his face in the mud of the alley.

"Good Lord!" groaned Patrolman O'Hara, suddenly unnerved and shaken with nausea; "I've killed him! I've—I've murdered a man!"

He stuck the pistol into his belt and went forward to where the inert body lay. Hesitatingly he turned the huge, lifeless bulk over on its back and stopped to feel the heart.

And in the very same moment the murdered man came to life.

Patrolman O'Hara felt himself clutched by a sinewy, thick hand, whose fingers dug deep into his throat. Eagan, with his other hand, wrenched the pistol from O'Hara's belt and transferred it to his own pocket. Then, with both hands and arms and legs, he proceeded to grip the dumfounded officer and lay him flat and helpless on his back.

In a few seconds Eagan was standing above his beaten opponent, pistol leveled.

"Get up!" commanded Eagan, menacing him with the revolver. "So! Now just you run around that corner, Mr. Officer, and run around it double quick! Run, and keep on running!"

Patrolman O'Hara, in sudden fright, did as he was bidden. He bolted down the alleyway.

Eagan set off in the opposite direction to that taken by Patrolman O'Hara. Clearly there was no time to squander in dreamy idleness. O'Hara, at the alley's mouth, collided with a man who was walking along the street from the beach. The officer, as he recoiled back from the collision, recognized Max Lamar—the great crime

specialist, who had been pointed out to him one day in the city.

"Quick!" bargled O'Hara, pointing up the alley. "Smiling Sam Eagan's there. He got my gun and—"

Lamar did not wait for the rest of the sorry confession. At a bound he was in the alley. At its far end the moonlight showed him the squat body of Eagan vanishing around a house corner.

"Halt!" shouted Lamar, drawing his revolver and pursuing with all the skilled speed of a college sprinter.

Around the alley corner he ran. Eagan, a bare thirty yards ahead, heard him coming. Halting, Sam hid himself behind the jutting edge of a house and fired. The bullet flew wide.

Lamar answered with two shots. One bullet grazed Sam's ear. The other flattened itself against a stone just above his head.

Sam, steadying his arm against the house-edge, fired again. This time his



She Felt Her Breath Come and Go Quickly.

shot found a mark, but not that at which he had fired. Patrolman O'Hara, charging along the alley to re-encircle Lamar, was so unfortunate as to catch the ball in the calf of the leg. He sprawled headlong.

Most decidedly this was not O'Hara's lucky night.

Sam, aiming with better judgment, pulled the trigger again. The hammer fell with a click upon an exploded cartridge. The pistol was empty. Throwing it away, he took to his heels.

Lamar followed at racing speed, halting only now and then to fire.

Up the alley came a second patrolman and several civilians. They halted at sight of the wounded O'Hara. The latter raised himself on his hands, stammered out the gist of the story, pointed in the direction whither Lamar and Eagan had disappeared, then slumped to earth in a dead faint.

The hue and cry reached the street at the alley's far end, looked up and down, saw no one in either direction, then ran valiantly to westward. Lamar and his quarry had turned east.

Lamar, more than once, in the vague moonlight and black shadows, missed sight of the man he followed. Once he completely lost him, and was about to give up the chase, when a glimpse of something black, silhouetted against the skyline and moving heavily, like a wounded bull, set him off in hot chase again.

By this time they had left the village behind them. Sam, running with no sense of direction, found himself at the shoreward base of the ridge that culminated in the ocean-side cliffs.

Up the ridge he scrambled, grunting and heaving with fatigue. It was then that Lamar, two hundred yards behind, caught sight of the broad, squat body against the skyline.

Up the ridge toiled Eagan, seeking some cavern or rift of rock wherein to hide until morning. Ever upward he worked his way.

Clambering as nimbly as a cat, Lamar swarmed up the steep slope behind him. Once only he paused. That was, when Sam, gaining the summit, halted and stared dazedly around. Lamar, resting his pistol barrel on a ledge of rock, pulled trigger. The revolver was empty. He dropped it and continued his swift climb.

Sam, gradually recovering his breath, heard a stone rattle just beneath him. He wheeled about, as Lamar bounded up to the flat summit-rock beside him.

No word was spoken. Breath was too scant and too precious for that. The two men sprang at each other.

Unarmed, forced to rely on nature's primal weapons, they came together with a thudding shock that sent them both to the ground.

Gripping each other in murderous fury, they regained their feet, and, on the slippery edge of the cliff, with a sheer drop of 300 feet to the sea that thundered below them, they fought.

To and fro they reeled, on the perilous verge of the precipice—there, on the black cliff in the white moonlight, battling, wrestling, struggling, they hitting, tiny specks of living and vibrant hatred suspended between sea and sky.

Inch by inch Sam began to drag his lighter foe toward the brink of the precipice.

(END OF EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.)

SOLDIERS CAME WITHIN ACE OF GETTING VILLA

Bandit Was Isolated When Order for Movement to North Was Given.

MOST OF RAIDERS ARE DEAD

Of the 485 Men Who Invaded Columbus 400 Are Dead, Wounded or Captured—Record Marches Made by Troops—Story of Hard Luck.

Field Headquarters, American Punitive Expedition in Mexico.—Regimental narratives of the cavalry regiments that participated in the search for Villa, which have just been brought up to date and submitted to headquarters, show in detail how near the American troopers came to accomplishing the full purpose of their expedition. They show that just after the Parral fight, on April 12, less than a month after the expedition had entered Mexico and immediately prior to the order to withdraw northward from the Parral district, the Americans had run Villa, sorely wounded, to earth, and had cut off every avenue of his escape to the south into Durango.

When Maj. Frank Tompkins' hundred men were attacked at Parral, Villa, disabled, had hidden at Santa Cruz. Maj. E. L. Howze, with his hard-riding squadron of the Eleventh cavalry, close on the bandit's trail, had run by his quarry. General Pershing was at Satevo, directing operations. Col. W. O. Brown, with five troops of the Tenth cavalry; Col. H. T. Allen, with two picked troops of the Eleventh cavalry; Major Tompkins and Major Howze, four cavalry columns in all, were between Villa and the haven of safety he was seeking in the Sierra Madre, ready to beat the brush for him. Wounded, virtually alone, he apparently had little chance to evade capture or death. Orders for withdrawal came, however, after Parral, and the highwater mark of the expedition passed.

From the beginning of the border trouble it was to the cavalry that fell the responsibility of dispersing the Columbus raiders. That this task was accomplished is evidenced by figures showing that of the 485 men who raided Columbus four hundred have been killed, wounded or captured. Full credit is given in the narratives for the co-operation of other branches of the service, notably in establishing advanced bases and maintaining the line of communication, but the fact remains that it was the cavalry that drove Villa in head-long, panic-stricken flight into Durango, five hundred miles from the American border, scattered his band to the four winds and set new records for marches under terrific handicaps. It also fought the four engagements that had an important bearing on the campaign:—Dodd at Guerrero, March 28; Tompkins at Parral, April 12; Dodd at Tomoche, April 21, and Howze at Ojos Azules, May 4. It was the victim, too, in the tragedy of April 21 at Carrizal.

Marches of the Troopers.—Two of the five cavalry regiments now in Mexico, the Seventh and Tenth, crossed the line at Culberson's ranch early in the morning of March 16. Their dash to Colonia Dublan has been told and retold. The Thirteenth, which already had spent three and a half years on the border, crossed March 15 at Columbus, where it had been attacked March 9 by Villa. Two squadrons of the Fifth left Columbus on March 29 and were joined by the third squadron April 10 at the Mormon lakes, near Dublin. The first detachment of the Eleventh entered Mexico March 17, via Columbus.

The marches of the Fifth may be summarized as follows:—Namiquipa, April 16; San Geronimo, April 23; Lake Itasca, April 24; San Antonio, May 3. About the time of the Scott-Oregon conference the regiment was given a district, with Satevo as headquarters, which it was ordered to search intensively for bandits. Each cavalry regiment was allotted a similar sector of southern Chihuahua. The beating of the brush for Villistas, however, was never fully done. The Fifth, on May 10, was made part of a provisional cavalry brigade to cover the withdrawal of the expedition northward at a time when 4,500 Carranzistas were reported to be within 30 miles of the Americans. Since Carrizal it has been encamped at El Valle.

The Seventh, after completing its dash to Colonia Dublan with General Pershing's column, proceeded post haste to San Miguel, where Villa was reported. Poor guides caused delay and the bandit escaped. It then started toward Guerrero. That town was reached by forced marches 12 days out from the border, with a daily average of 32½ miles. The longest day's march was on March 17, when 58 miles were covered. The route chart shows that the regiment and detachments on reconnaissances covered 5,500 miles.

trial, for their shoes had worn out. Officers and men lent their own money to buy food and forage, but it was not until the end of April that clothing could be obtained. By that time the men were in a pitiable state. Two fights stand to the record of the Seventh—Guerrero and Tomoche.

The Thirteenth, which arrived at Colonia Dublan on March 17, furnished the two picked troops which Major Tompkins commanded in his dash after Villa and which were halted at Guerrero. The itinerary of the remainder of the regiment embraced El Valle, Las Cruces, Namiquipa, San Geronimo, Lake Itasca and El Rubio, where it made its headquarters May 1 to seek bandits in the district to which it had been assigned. It was concentrated at San Antonio on May 10 and later went into permanent camp at Colonia Dublan.

Story of Hard Luck.
The history of the Tenth cavalry is a record of hard marching and hard luck. Short two troops when it was made part of the column that entered Mexico from Culberson's ranch, it was divided on reaching Colonia Dublan. The first squadron, sent south on the Mexican northwestern, lost a number of men by injuries when their ramshackle train was wrecked. The third squadron participated in the vain march to San Miguel. It was joined March 24 by the first, and both reached Namiquipa March 25. With the first squadron at San Diego del Monte, the second engaged in its first clash with the enemy at Aguascalientes on April 1. Three of the 50 Villistas were killed. On April 3 this squadron reached San Antonio, and on April 6 it was at Cusi. Ordered on April 10 toward Parral as a flanking force, it arrived at a point 20 miles from that city just in time to re-enforce Major Tompkins' squadron, which had retreated from that city. The regiment was concentrated during the retreat and camped at Colonia Dublan on May 19.

The regiment on May 5 lost its commander when Colonel Brown, ill, left for home. Brief mention only is made of the hardships the only negro cavalry in the expedition endured. It received no clothes until May 13. The horses began to suffer early in the campaign from lack of forage and on March 25 they were further disabled when their shoes began to wear out. The first supply of coffee, hard bread and bacon received since March 18 was furnished the men on April 20. During that time the command subsided almost entirely on beef killed on the range and corn ground in small hand mills. No details are given concerning the scouting expeditions in which Troop C, from Ojo Federico, and Troop K, from Dublin, were engaged when cut up at Carrizal.

WEAR "Y" ON STOCKINGS



Not to be outdone by the fair Misses of Harvard, Yale's fair rooters have decided on a Y for their stockings. In this way Yale hopes to offset the effect of the Harvard brand of rooting in the big game. When the big game opens the two rival teams will be represented by fair rooters with hosiery adorned with emblems. These new college stockings which originated at Harvard threaten to be taken up by girl rooters of all the colleges. The effect of the girl rooters urging their team on to victory in the big game promises to cause a sensation.

FINDS BABY PARALYSIS GERM

Medical Achievement Is Attributed to Dr. E. C. Rosenow of Mayo Foundation at Rochester, Minn.

New York.—Medical men showed keen interest when word reached this city that Dr. Edward C. Rosenow, head of the bacteriological department of the Mayo foundation at Rochester, Minn., had finally succeeded in isolating the germ which, judging from the invariable results of many experiments, is the cause of infantile paralysis.

One important result of Doctor Rosenow's work here during the summer—he went back to Minnesota only a few days ago—was the discovery that invariably the germ which he has isolated was found in the tonsils of children suffering from infantile paralysis. Doctor Rosenow's experiments here showed that children suffering from poliomyelitis who were not making a good recovery showed striking improvement after the tonsils had been removed.

NITROGEN FROM AIR TOO COSTLY

Dr. H. O. Porter Asserts United States Can Produce Enough From Coal.

CASE NOT LIKE GERMANY'S

Chemist Believes There Will Be No Scarcity of Product in This Country in Case of War—Ammonia Production.

New York.—Among the papers prepared by well-known chemists and read at the sessions of the American Chemical Society during its annual meeting for 1916, held during the second annual chemical exposition at Grand Central palace, was one by Dr. Horace O. Porter, an industrial chemist of Pittsburgh, in which he predicted that nitrogen would be extracted from the atmosphere in this country. Doctor Porter, however, told of other sources from which nitrogen could be produced in the United States at the present time, more cheaply than from the atmosphere, in such large quantities that there would be no danger of a dearth of nitrogen here in the event of war, such as was threatened in Germany when her sources of outside supply were cut off in the present war.

"The fixation of nitrogen from the atmosphere for application in agriculture and the arts is an industrial development now thoroughly well established in several foreign countries. In Better Shape Than Germany. Whether in America, in the emergency of a great war and the shutting off of our foreign supply of nitrate, we should be obliged to meet the situation in the same way as Germany has done is very doubtful. Atmospheric nitrogen fixation will without question eventually be established in this country. This will be when its costs, including capital charges, shall have become low enough to admit of profitable expansion of the industry. It will be welcome as an additional and unlimited source of fixed nitrogen independent of the uncertainties of foreign importation.

"At present, however, owing to conditions affecting the cost of power in this country, fixed nitrogen can commercially be had more cheaply from coal. If the supply, therefore, is adequate from the latter source for an emergency of war, there is no need of government subsidy for atmospheric nitrogen fixation. As to prices of fixed nitrogen to the farmer in times of peace, the producers' prices of coal by-product nitrogen are on a par with those in foreign countries and with those of other forms of fertilizer nitrogen in this or other countries.

"The available supply of fixed nitrogen from coal is adequate to this country's military needs in any reasonable contingency. By-product ammonia is being produced in rapidly increasing quantities. The crux of America's situation as compared to Germany's is that we are not called upon to reserve our entire by-product ammonia supply for agriculture; ample food crops for domestic consumption in time of war are assured us without the use of fertilizer, while Germany, on the other hand, is absolutely dependent on such use, especially of nitrogenous fertilizer, and has had even to increase her use of ammonium sulphate in this way since the beginning of the war. Government Plant Insufficient.

"The by-product coking and coal gas industries of the United States have today a capacity of making 70,000 tons of ammonia per year. Within eighteen months they will increase this capacity to 110,000 tons. From 35 per cent to 40 per cent of this capacity is for ammonia in the form of liquor, and, with slight adjustment of those plants making sulphate, this capacity for liquor can be increased to 55 per cent or more, that is, to 60,000 tons of ammonia. The recent appropriation by congress of \$20,000,000 for a government nitrate plant will, if devoted to a water-power-cyanamide process installation, yield not over 20,000 tons of ammonia per year, and the probable needs of the government in the event of war have been estimated at 180,000 tons of nitric acid, corresponding to about 60,000 tons of ammonia.

"Germany makes all of her coke by the by-product process and therefore is unable to increase her ammonia output from coke ovens without increase in coke production; America, however, by turning still more from beehive to by-product coking, can more than double her ammonia production without an increase of coke. Furthermore, the production and use of coke in America have every prospect of material increase, giving still larger ammonia production.

"The nitrogen reserves in the mineable coal of the United States (not including peat) amount to 30,000,000,000 tons. The amount recoverable by present industrial methods of carbonization in ovens or gasifying in by-product producers is at least 8,000,000 tons. From the bituminous coal mined in the United States in 1915, 1,000,000 tons of nitrogen were thus recoverable, if all such coal had been coked or gasified.

"The apparatus and processes for recovery of fixed nitrogen from coal are not complicated, expensive, or impractical. Purification of the ammonia to any degree is practicable and not costly."

SATURDAY NIGHT, Nov. 11th

IS THE TIME SET FOR OUR

UNLOADING SALE!

TO COME TO AN END.

Why not make haste—and avoid waste of your extra money by taking advantage of the few last days of this sale.

There is money savings in every Department of our Store to you.

HOW ABOUT THE FOLLOWING FEW OUT OF THE MANY HUNDREDS TO BE SEEN AT OUR STORE FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS.

One lot of men's American first quality Rubbers, best \$1.00 values, 59c pair. Men's heavy, plain toe, Work Shoes, Sale price \$1.69.

SAMPLES! SAMPLES!
50 pairs Ladies' High Top Button and Lace SHOES in patent, colt skin, gun metals and kid, some shoes cloth top and others leather tops. All hand trimmed and welts. Not a pair worth less than \$4.50; this sale \$2.79.

Ladies' button and lace cloth top Kid Shoes, medium and low heels, \$2.25 and \$2.50 values, \$1.69 pair.

Youths' satin calf oak sole Shoes, \$2.00 value for \$1.33 pair.

JUST RECEIVED
New shipment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats at a positive saving to you of One-Third. Come in and be convinced.

One lot of Men's heavy wool Sweaters \$2.50 and \$3.00 values for \$1.69.

Underwear & Hosiery

Extra heavy boys and girls black Hose 25c value 19c a pair

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

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

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

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

Little gent's and youth's solid high top Shoes with straps and buckles oak tan soles—\$2.75 val at \$1.98.

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

THE LEADER

H. ROSENTHAL, PROP'R

Madison Block, Main-St., East Jordan

AGED PERSONS ARE MARRIED

Romance That Began Nearly Half a Century Ago Is Happily Ended.

Cleveland, O.—A romance which had its birth a half century ago in the public schools of Niles, but which was broken by a lovers' quarrel, culminated Monday night at eight o'clock at the parsonage of Rev. T. Alfred Fleming at No. 9515 Pratt avenue, when Mrs. Emma Davis of No. 10720 Massie avenue and David Armstrong of No. 10521 Grantwood avenue were married.

Mrs. Armstrong is fifty-eight years old, her husband is sixty-two. Armstrong and his bride were playmates in Niles 50 years ago. Almost constant association brought their two hearts together, and as years passed, plans were made for their marriage. Armstrong was then twenty-one.

Then came the lovers' quarrel—a trivial disagreement—and the twain drifted apart. Armstrong married; so did his first love, and then nearly 40 years passed away.

Death left them single again, and fate drew them together. Both settled in Cleveland scarcely a thousand yards apart. Their love dream of youth was resumed. And they began courting anew! The aged "newly weds" will make their home at 10720 Massie avenue.

HAS \$50,000, CHOPS WOOD

Wisconsin Farmer Would Rather Do That Than Stay in Jail, He Says.

Racine, Wis.—Herman Isfriding of Burlington is chopping wood for Police Chief Baker at \$2 a day. The chief is glad to have the work done, because he has just put in a cement floor, and couldn't find anyone to chop the old one into firewood till he hit on Isfriding. Herman says he is only too glad to work ten hours a day at the job, although he is reputed worth \$50,000 and hasn't been doing much hard labor of late years.

Mrs. Isfriding had him brought to court a few days ago and sentenced to 90 days in jail on a charge of abusing her while drunk. Isfriding was taken in charge by the sheriff and has been serving his time. When he overheard the police chief asking the sheriff for a prisoner to do the work, he jumped

at the chance.

Isfriding has one of the best stock farms near Burlington, 117 acres, a two-acre homestead in the city, an automobile, and money in the bank.

FIND A SNAKE IN BANANAS

Attacked by Whole Office Force, Serpent Is Cornered and Commits Suicide.

Tacoma, Wash.—A well behaved, beautifully-colored, five-foot Porto Rican snake, species unknown, which had smuggled his way some 5,000 miles in a bunch of bananas from his tropic home, arrived in Tacoma.

Bill Hall, driver for Hammond & Co., packed a bunch of bananas to the scales. After weighing them he saw something that looked like a peculiar leaf in the top of the bunch. Bill struck his finger down and the leaf turned into a big, red, hungry mouth. Bill let out a yell that sounded like a steamboat whistle and ran.

The whole office force, armed with various weapons, advanced to the attack and the snake dropped on the floor and headed for the wharf. When surrounded he coiled and was ready for battle.

Seeing his chance for escape cut off the snake plunged his fangs into his own body, gave a final wriggle and turned over stone dead.

OLD MINE WON AT CARDS

Thirty Years Later Claim Shows Prospects of Producing a Large Fortune.

Helena, Mont.—One wintry night some thirty years ago a group of men sat about a card table in Helena. It was late when one man shoved in his last "white"—and lost. Demanding one more try, he offered a mining claim. Not a gambler in the house would give the desperate stranger so much as a chip for his claim—none but "Swede Sam" Wallin. The miner lost. The land which became Wallin's as a result of the night at cards lay in the Blossburg mining district, near Helena. As the years of three decades passed, its dirt remained unnoticed.

Lately Wallin's claim may have grown to be worth \$100,000. A prospector struck a rich vein of ore in the Blossburg district, running into Wallin's claim.

ECHO BRIEFS

(Delayed Correspondence)

Plenty of rain at present.

The farmers of this section are very busy digging potatoes at the present writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murray were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Mackey and children took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bartholomew on Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Benzer visited relatives last week in this vicinity and East Jordan. Benzer still remains for a more extended visit.

A few of the young people of this neighborhood attended a party at Mrs. A. Kiles residence in East Jordan, on Saturday evening.

The Bennett school attended a Hallows'en program and social given at the Vance school house on Friday evening.

Miss Ethel Murray spent the week end at her home near the intermediate.

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.

Clothes do not make the man, but the better they are the more attention he is apt to receive.

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.