

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1916.

No. 47

1917 State Legislature

RECORD TASKS WILL HAVE TO BE FACED

Railroad Fares, Wet and Dry Legislation, Tonnage Tax, Anti-Injunction Act All Looming Up

Lansing, Nov. 13.—The 1917 legislature, chosen at the polls last week Tuesday, will face more difficult legislative problems than any of its predecessors, and unless all signs fail, the next session of the solons will be the most important the state has ever seen.

Wet and dry legislation, which is just now engaging the public mind, apparently will be among the least of the legislature's troubles, which include another effort by the railroads to boost passenger rates, efforts by the Grange, real estate dealers and the Michigan Federation of Labor to put through laws started by initiatory petitions, and last but by no means least will come the wrestle with the rising total of appropriations.

THE TONNAGE TAX LAW.

The Grange is getting initiative signatures to a tonnage tax law, the old bone of contention in Michigan legislative politics, which has appeared almost every session as a "bogey man" but which has never faced the music of an open vote on the floor. Officers of the Grange insist that election day they collected what they think are plenty signatures and will have their petitions ready to file with the secretary of state about the middle of December, as prescribed by the constitution.

TORRENS BILL PROPOSED.

The real estate men, in conjunction with the Grange, have petitions out to initiate the Torrens system of land transfers, another law which has been kicked about from pillar to post ever since the advent of what can be termed "progressive" legislation. It got into the legislature last year for a time, but was pulled out again. This time its sponsors insist it will go through and they say they will have the votes to back it up. This bill will receive the condemnation of every title and abstract man in the state, for it practically abolishes their business.

LABOR UNIONS AT WORK.

The Michigan Federation of Labor is at work initiating an anti-injunction bill similar to that passed by the democratic congress at Washington. This promises a real fight between the labor unions and their opponents in the house and the senate. There have been rumors that the required number of signatures were not being secured by this law, but the union officials say otherwise. Tuesday's election, in bringing about the defeat of Marshall Oakley, member of the house from Bay county, deprived the unions of one of their hardest fighters and the man who in all probability would have led the fight for the bill on the floor of the house.

RAILROAD RATE RAISE.

But beyond the promised initiated measures there will be several others which will cause splits, most notable of which is the bill to raise the minimum railroad fare from two cents a mile, either to two and one-half cents or to three cents. This proposition was defeated in 1915 by the bare margin of half a dozen votes, and now that their avowed and arch enemy, Grand Fellows has been placed on the supreme bench, where he cannot direct a legislative fight, the railroads apparently think that they can win. Merlin Wiley, member from Chippewa county, who led the fight in the house against the raise in rates, is returned and is expected to appear in his former role.

RAILROADS "LOOKED 'EM OVER."

On this proposed bill, although there has been no definite statement from the railroads that they were going to make the attempt again, nearly everybody at the capitol is aware that another move is to be made. A sort of co-operative scheme has been in operation since the legislature adjourned, and the candidates before the polls Tuesday were given a good "look over" by the railroads, just as the Michigan anti-saloon league did on the wet and dry question.

LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

On the liquor legislation, there is no apparent plan by either side yet in sight, nor can anyone begin to tell what the complexion of the senate is. The house is known to be dry, but the standing of several of the members of the senate is unknown here, chiefly because of democratic upsets in several districts. While it is thought that the entire legislature will vote to place the

state-wide amendment in operation, and provide the proper laws for so doing, the proposition of making the state dry by a statutory provision before the amendment becomes operative, as has been suggested as a possibility, is another matter. The people at the capitol figure that such a law would throw a legislator's individual opinion into the case too much, and that he would not be bound to follow the votes of his district on the dry side of the fence.

FRATERNAL INSURANCE.

Fraternal insurance, which was one of the features of the 1915 session, is sure to bob up again, while some attempts are going to be made to repeal the anti-discrimination insurance bill passed in 1915. This, from all indications, will be a bitter fight. While the last session passed the bill by a big margin most of the opposition to it has sprung up since its passage. Its constitutional standing is now in review by the courts and by the time the legislature meets it may either have been sustained or killed.

The automobile tax law, too, is going to be the center of many attacks.

All in all, the session of the legislature for 1917 promises to be one of the busiest sessions that ever happened. The fact that there will be almost fifty per cent of new faces in both houses makes for an uncertainty which may not be cleared up until after the solons have been on the job for some time.

MICHIGAN WILL BE "DRY" IN REALITY

With the adoption of the amendment calling for statewide prohibition this state, in eighteen months will enter upon a long period of "dryness" insofar as liquor for beverage purposes is concerned.

The Webb-Kenyon law relative to the importation of liquor into dry states, which attempted to give the dry states authority to shut off the mail-order business through state legislation, is up before the supreme court for decision as to its constitutionality. Should the decision favor the law, as it is predicted it will, Michigan can indeed be made "dry."

To add to the strength of those desiring the driest of dry states, the more rabid liquor interests now assert that they will do all in their power to make the state absolutely dry. They they propose to vent their spite and ally through the false belief that a really dry state will react against prohibition.

CIRCUIT COURT JURORS

List of Petit Jurors for the December term of Court for Charlevoix County.

John Goodman	Boyer	2nd Ward
Clayton Billington	"	3rd "
Wm. Knopp	"	4th "
H. L. Decker	Charlevoix	1st Ward
John Macey	"	2nd "
Merritt Miller	"	3rd "
David Whiteford	East Jordan	1st Ward
Fred Richards	"	2nd "
Frank Brown	"	3rd "
Val Gibson	Bay	Twp
Plynn Robinson	Boyer Valley	"
Charles D. Wilson	Chandler	"
George Durance	Charlevoix	"
Cyrus Kent	Evangeline	"
John McLean	Eveline	"
Geo. Medsker	Hayes	"
Frank Cummings	Hudson	"
Alex Kerr	Marion	"
D. H. Geyer	Meerose	"
Wm. Wiles, Sr.	Norwood	"
Anthony Green	Peaine	"
Frank Miller	St. James	"
Lewis Kowalski	South Arm	"
Wilbert McGeorge	Wilson	"

SHERIFF NABS MEN GUILTY OF ILLEGAL FISHING IN PINE LAKE

Charlevoix Courier—Rumors of illegal fishing on Pine Lake have stirred the hearts of true lovers of clean sport and fair play for several years, but it remained for these rumors to be substantiated last Thursday evening, when the depredators were caught, almost red handed.

Two members of the Charlevoix Rod and Gun club received a quiet tip Sunday that certain persons had been netting on Pine Lake for several nights past and that on the evening in question they were about to again lift their nets. The two promptly went to look up the skipper of the game warden's boat then lying in this port and found the boat tied to the wharf and the captain, Charles Smith, absent at his home near Wajloon Lake. Positive from the accuracy of their information that the offenders might be rounded up then and there if quick action were taken, they got Sheriff Charles Novak to take the case and Charley promptly started for the scene of action with Sam Hamilton and George Swales, Hamilton and Swales running the game boat and Charley towing behind in a rowboat. After lying in the channel near the Pere Marquette bridge for some time a boat came to view on Pine Lake, and Novak and his party watched its operations for some little time. Finally the poachers headed for shore, upon which Novak slipped his tow line and crept quietly upon them with the row boat, taking care to keep in the shadows as much as possible. When they docked their boat, Charley flashed his pocket light and discovered William Duba and a companion. When asked they vigorously denied having any fish, but by this time the others had come up with the warden's boat and boarding the poachers' craft discovered about 200 lbs of fish—many undersized whitefish with a liberal sprinkling of rainbow and steelhead trout.

So completely had the two been taken by surprise that they had no time to dump their catch overboard as the sheriff feared they might. The boat and its crew were taken into custody to be turned over to Deputy Warden Smith on his return. Duba, when questioned, told conflicting stories, saying that he had brought the fish with him from East Jordan, then reversing himself to say that he was taking the fish to that place. Young Potter, a fisherman who had accompanied Duba on a previous expedition in Lake Michigan the preceding Saturday, claimed that their entire catch on that occasion had been turned over to him as wages.

Sleeper Tells Of His Plans

TO ENFORCE PROHIBITION REGULATIONS

Self-Supporting Prisoners, More Orphanages, Goods Roads And Farm Schools

Mr. Sleeper is discussing his gubernatorial policies declared that he would bend every energy to assist the law makers and law enforcers of Michigan to enforce the provisions of the prohibition amendment.

He dwelt upon his policies which he hopes to carry out while at Lansing. These policies summarized, are:

Not more laws but more law enforcement is needed.

A budget system and energetic enforcement of its provisions.

Self-supporting prisons. Reformatories for youths between sixteen and twenty-one and careful classification of prisoners in all penal institutions.

More orphanages for children between eight and twelve years old.

Good roads, to be repaired by the state which would charge the upkeep to the townships.

District schools for farmers to study scientific farming.

Discussing his campaign Mr. Sleeper declared that he did not make a single set political speech and that most of his efforts were talks which lasted only a few minutes.

VAN PELT'S TOURING DIARY

Rutland, Vermont, Saturday, Sept. 30, 1916.

The week's touring has come to an end where we are in one of the places where I sold flour as a travelling salesman over fifty years ago. It's the same high license town it used to be. I guess it has always been so. A drunken man was going out the door as I was going in. This beats our town, because he could go to a place where it was publicly sold. Although this is one of the original "Maine Liquor Law" states, I think there is more rum drunk here than any I know of, unless it is Maine. This a. m. we rested, wrote postal cards and saw a little of Burlington. It's one of the prettiest towns in the state. After dinner, we took a short drive of seventy miles to Rutland. It seemed to me that the clouds were never more beautiful, a sort of a dark lavender, the sky in the east showing the cold, gray steely autumn cast which enveloped the mountains on the east, contrasting with the bright clouds in the west with the edges cut clear and distinct, permitting the sun to cast his rays here and there on the mountains in the west. I cannot imagine why anyone should leave this part of the country for another—Fred Meech, for instance. I passed his old home this p. m. and all along the road the views were beautiful. Whole Steine cattle—I mean not stein of beer—were grazing peacefully in the fields and gave us a quiet feeling for ourselves, and a wish for the same for fellow man.

It's Saturday night, and that means tub night. We have had a very pleasant day. The expense of a trip of this kind staggers me. Hotels on the American plan and from \$4.00 to \$5.00 per day. Gasoline, 25c. We average fifteen miles per gallon of gas. We use the Goodyear tires—firsts only, when we can get them. With these, we have already reeled off 6195 miles and one has the original air that we started with still in it. So far, in Vermont, we have had only gravel roads and we of Charlevoix County know that when new they are good. They use a scraper a good deal and keep the sides of the road smooth and the ruts filled. This can be done by frequent use and one man and a team can keep a long stretch in order—going from his home up one side and returning on the opposite side. In this country, efficiency is the order of the day.

Trusting you are all as well and as happy as I am, I still remain a true and loyal member of the Charlevoix County Booster Club.

VAN PELT.

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.

HEARD AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Washington, Nov. 15. (Special Correspondence) Whatever explanations may be made by those interested, the fact is indisputable that the army preparedness act of the Wilson administration has been a miserable failure. Under the old law the maximum authorized strength of the army was 113,564, and there was then an actual strength of 86,607. The new law authorized an emergency increase of 20,000 and made changes in the law which were designed to increase enlistments. In the last thirteen months only 12,650 men have enlisted and the strength is now placed at 99,257, or 14,307 below the authorized strength of the old law and more than 34,000 below the maximum of the new law. The fact probably is that in spite of the strenuous efforts made by the administration to persuade men to enlist, there has been such general lack of confidence in the Wilson management of military affairs that comparatively few men cared to enlist, even when they had the inducement of active service.

In his last speech of the campaign, President Wilson made one admission which received no public attention but which is of vast importance, in view of the tendency toward government ownership. Discussing the enlargement of the service of the Department of Agriculture, he said that "the whole process has illustrated a very note worthy and interesting fact, the stimulation and development come from outside the government rather than from inside the departments." This is one of the most serious objections to government ownership. In the government service there is no encouragement for individual effort. This has been especially true under the Wilson administration. Men in the ranks in the different departments see no incentive to extra effort and no reward for specially valuable service, for the higher positions are frequently filled by men of no experience and with no claim to recognition except the political service they have rendered in the past.

Because there is little prospect of reward for real merit in government service, under the policies pursued by an administration such as this, men who are really ambitious to serve the country effectively, soon lose their interest and fall into ruts. As President Wilson admits, the development and the stimulation come from outside the departments. And so it will be under government ownership of telephone, telegraph, and railroad systems, if the government ever commits itself to the ownership and operation of these utilities.

Southern Democrats are not at all pleased with the manner in which Attorney General Gregory issued statements regarding intimidation of voters, just before election. This was designed, of course, to create the impression that the intimidation existed in Republican circles, and in Northern States. Mr. Gregory declared his intention to vigorously prosecute infractions of the law against intimidation. He overlooked the fact that the only part of the country where there is open and whole sale intimidation is in the South where practically half the voting population does not dare go near the polls on election day. It is quite evident that when Mr. Gregory begins his prosecutions, he will be impressively reminded of conditions in the section of the country from which he hails, and he will be reminded of his official obligation to enforce the law impartially.

It is reported in army circles that strong recommendations will be made in the forthcoming annual reports for the abandonment of the army horse and mule and the substitution of the motor tractor for the hauling of heavy artillery. It is claimed that the cost of maintenance will be much less, as the motor requires little expense when not in use, while the horse must be fed and stabled at all times. Moreover, it is asserted that a tractor will turn a heavy gun in a shorter space than the teams necessary in handling heavy guns.

A quiet wedding may be but the calm before the storm.

It isn't at all likely that a woman will ever discover that she's beautiful if she waits for another woman to tell her.

Men may be as deceitful as women in some things, but no man ever pretended to be having a good time when he wasn't.

"Contentment abides with the truth" says the old adage, but very few men are in a position to vouch for the truth of it.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

M. S. T. A. in Grand Rapids the best yet!

Just think we have been blaming it all to the teachers because 50 per cent of the eighth graders fail to pass the eighth grade examination and the assistant state superintendent says part of this is due to the poorly lighted school rooms from which the students come.

Study the school plant, teachers, work it wisely and well. If the system is right you may need advice but keep the right track.

One of the state supervisors asks, "Are you following a system found in the course of study or one original with yourself? Are you following a system with ways and means or just ways and means?"

And the big plea was for proper and hygienic seating, for adequate ventilation, and for workable interiors.

A fine compliment was paid to one of our county teachers by the assistant state superintendent in his address to the county normal principals, when he stated that we had here a man who preferred to teach but one year in a place but to leave that school much better than he found it. He condemned all who took things as they found them and let well enough alone but found a notable exception to this in the teacher who is worth while.

Mr. Munson, deputy superintendent, called for specimens of penmanship from every county normal class last spring. I wonder if this would be a good plan to follow out in the rural schools.

Miss Kerry sends word that the Pleasant Valley School has received its prize money from the Fair Association and will buy a drinking fountain.

Miss Johnson sends word that the Deer Lake School is sure going to have some fine new seats.

Miss Benson writes that the Miles School raised \$12 in a social and will get a new desk and chair for teacher. Surely needed for there was neither in existence. I wonder, do little children ever get tired when their feet dangle five inches from the floor?

A little black cat brought an invitation to this office to a Halloween Social at the Mountain School, admission one cent. Sorry that the institute interfered.

If you had a basement furnace in your school house and it sent the same air up to the children reheated and reheated fifty times each day, say, what would you do?

The Hume Work idea will be studied by the commissioners of the state this winter and reported on at a later meeting for possible state wide adoption. A University professor gave a splendid paper on this subject which met with universal favor among the educators.

Character in Reading.

The Youth's Companion does more than entertain: it affords the reader a mental and moral tonic. Its stories are not only well told, contributed by the best writers of stories, but they maintain the standards, reflect the ideals of the best homes. They do not throw a false glamour over the tawdry things of life. Rather do they depict the courageous, the healthful, the simple—the true life of the greater number with their adventures, their conflicts of temperament, their failures and successes. In 1917 The Companion will print 12 serials and story groups besides fully 250 single stories and sketches, all for \$2.00. The Forecast for 1917, which we will send on request, tells all about the great features of the coming volume.

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.

It would take seventeen guardian angels and half a dozen policemen to keep some men out of trouble.

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS"

By Berton Braley

"Business is business," but men are men,
Loving and working, dreaming,
Tolling with pencil or spade or pen,
Roistering, planning, scheming.

"Business is business,"—but he's a fool
Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the golden rule,
His love for a friend and brother.

"Business is business," but life is life;
Though we're all in the game to win it
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife
And try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades now, and then,
And slip from our golden tether;
"Business is business," but men are men,
And we're all good pals together!

GLASSES FITTED
CONSULT
J. LEAHY
Optometrist
Expert on Eye Strain

Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and all other symptoms of Eye Strain cured.

Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty.

Difficult Cases Solicited.

Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.

Date, Wednesday, Nov. 29TH will remain two days
Office with Drs. Vardon & Parks

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.

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Dentist

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

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DRS. VARDON & PARKS
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 158-4 rings
Office hours; 1:00 to 4:00 p. m.
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.

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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.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.

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

Good resolutions may be classified as self-binders.

Tightening the strings of a violin is a musical strain.

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 catalogue and premium list. Enclose 10c stamps for return postage, etc.

FAMILY STORY PAPER
24-26 Vandewater Street
New York

DOG BURIES STOLEN MUFF
While Owner Seeks It, Pointer Digs Hole for Fur Piece She Picked Up in Yard.

Winsted, Conn.—Bess, a black and white pointer, owned by Col. F. M. Chapin of Pine Meadow, entered the yard of Wilbur Deming of that village where a black muff 15 inches square was out for an airing after being taken out from a cedar chest. The dog carried the muff into Frank Holmes' yard and partly concealed it under the leaves when search was being made by members of the Deming family, Bess took the muff home and, after digging a hole in newly-plowed land, covered the muff with dirt.

The searching party finally reached the Chapin premises and recovered the muff, which was undamaged.

BOY GETS A HOODOO DEER
California Lad Shoots Old Buck That Dodged Bullets of Other Hunters.

Salinas, Cal.—Monterey county, which usually has more deer killed in it than any other county in California, tops all the local records with a forked-horn buck that weighed 231 pounds, dressed. The buck was killed in the last day of the season by William Casey, Jr., near his home at San Lucas. The deer was an old one, and hunters have been trying for years to get it, but the wily buck always managed to escape the bullets and was called "the hoodoo."

Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

Gives a brilliant glossy shine that does not rub off or dust off—that stands to the test of time—lasts four times as long as any other.

Black Silk Stove Polish

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

Try it on your parlor stove, your kitchen stove, your range, your ironing board, your hardware or grocery store. It's guaranteed to refund your money.

There's "A Shine in Every Drop"

Get a Can TODAY

And the hand that displays an engagement ring never forgets its cunning.

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.

The "war of the union" began shortly after the marriage ceremony ended. The less some women have to say the more difficult it is for them not to say it.

And some men who are short on hair imagine they are exceptionally long on brains.

TOOK THE HURT OUT OF HER BACK

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

GRANDMA NEVER LET HER HAIR GET GRAY

She Kept Her Locks Dark and Glossy, with Sage Tea and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." 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 hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound and look years younger. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and not a medicine. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

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

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

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, November 19, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—"The Efficient Church."
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.
6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.
6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.
7:00 p. m.—"God's Call for Loyalty."
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

Last Sunday 20 of the Boyne City Presbyterian C. E. Society attended the evening meetings here. At 5:30 p. m. the two Endeavor Societies held a union meeting led by the Social Committee of Boyne City Society. About 100 were present. After the evening preaching service, a lunch was served. Every one has felt greatly pleased with the visit.

Thursday, Nov. 23, an Efficiency Institute is to be held in the Presbyterian church at Petoskey. The speakers are to be Dr. B. F. Fullerton, Sec'y of the Home Mission Board; Dr. Ira Landrith, Sec'y of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and Dr. G. W. Benn, Supt. of Home Missions Presbyterian Church of Michigan. Both Drs. Fullerton and Landrith are former Moderators of the General Assembly. Dr. Landrith has just finished touring the country as Prohibition Vice Presidential Candidate. All men and women interested in greater Church efficiency are urged to attend.

The first Sunday of the Go-to-Church Campaign was ushered in by a snow storm. In spite of this, we were glad to see many people at the services. Next Sunday we are expecting many more. The choir is planning special music. The sermons are to be in line with the Campaign. The Sabbath School and Endeavor Societies are making special preparations. All not attending elsewhere we invite to worship at the Presbyterian Church.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 19, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—"The Way to Win."
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic "Why Join the Church." Leaders, Misses Goleman and Thomas.
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. Special to Young Men—"The Modern Knight." This is the first of the evening series of sermons on Character. The three following are:
To Young Women:
"The Queen on Her Throne
The Queen off Her Throne."
To Women—"The Song of Life."
To Men—"The Game of Life."
Very many responded to the "Go-to-Church" appeal. We hope there will be a still more hearty response this week.
Mid-week prayer service Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Nov. 19.
8:00 a. m.—Low mass. Holy Communion for the Ladies Altar Society.

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1916.
10:00 a. m. Sunday School.
11:00 a. m. Divine Worship and Sermon.
2:30 p. m. Services at Three Bell School House.
7:30 p. m. Divine Worship and Sermon.
Wednesday evening at 7:30 prayer meeting.
Friday evening cottage meeting.

Latter Day Saints Church
Elder Manley D. Winters, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 19th.
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.

We have the New **BRETON** an **ARROW COLLAR**

WEISMAN'S

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

THE Palmer GARMENT



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

Dress Silks

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

Belding's Guaranteed Dress Silks

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

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

For Your New Dress

It Won't Tear

East Jordan Lumber Co.



PRINCE ALBERT

TOBACCO IS PREPARED FOR SMOKERS UNDER THE PROCESS DISCOVERED IN MAKING EXPERIMENTS TO PRODUCE THE MOST DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME TOBACCO FOR CIGARETTES AND PIPE SMOKERS.

PROCESS PATENTED JULY 30, 1907

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY WILSON, N. C. U. S. A.

DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE

P. A. puts new joy into the sport of smoking!

YOU may live to be 110 and never feel old enough to vote, but it's certain-sure you'll not know the joy and contentment of a friendly old jimmy pipe or a hand rolled cigarette unless you get on talking terms with Prince Albert tobacco!

P. A. comes to you with a real reason for all the goodness and satisfaction it offers. It is made by a patented process that removes bite and parch! You can smoke it long and hard without a come-back! Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

Prince Albert affords the keenest pipe and cigarette enjoyment! And that flavor and fragrance and coolness is as good as that sounds. P. A. just answers the universal demand for tobacco without bite, parch or kick-back!

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THE RED CIRCLE

By Albert Payson Terhune

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

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, 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 family. 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 "Toad Drew" and sinks them in the sea with her boy's clothes. Sent to Surftown by Smiling Sam, Alma La Salle paints the Red Circle on her hand and robs the guests at a ball. Mary sees her wash off the mark and points her out to Lamar who follows her back to town, captures her with the jewels and goes after "Smiling Sam." On the edge of a cliff pursuer and pursued engage in deadly combat.

NINTH INSTALLMENT "DODGING THE LAW"

The beach comber was shuffling along the sands, like some furtively uncouth night animal. He was a forlorn spectacle—unshaven, ill clad. For a week, now, he had dwelt in a tumble-down shack at the far end of Surftown beach.

Only after dark did he venture forth in search of food or firewood. The few people who had seen him on these night prowls thought him a mere tramp and nicknamed him "Mike."

This evening Mike was scouring the shore for driftwood. His gaze was caught and gripped by something that swayed and reeled eccentrically on the verge of the cliff, far above him.

He looked more closely. There, silhouetted against the brightness of the midnight sky, he could make out two close-locked bodies, fighting for very life on the cliff edge. Mike stared upward, spellbound. Then he shouted. The night wind carried away his cry of warning. Galvanized into feverish activity, he cast aside his carefully hoarded armful of wood and ran to the base of the cliff.

Forgetful of his own safety, Mike began to swarm up the steep trail, toward the summit.

Max Lamar was yielding, inch by inch, to the fearful pressure of his foe. With every ounce of his 240

far of the two jaw-blows, lurched forward to peer down at his vanished foe. But at the first uncertain step, he paused. Over the side of the cliff, some ten feet beyond, appeared the head and shoulders of a man. A moment later the lean body of Mike scrambled to its feet on the summit.

Panting and exhausted from his steep climb, the beach comber moved forward uncertainly. Sam, seeing him approach, fancied the whole man hunt was upon him, and that a dozen or more pursuers might be at hand. He snarled like a wild beast cornered. With one smash of his beefy fist he knocked the panting beach comber half senseless to the ground; then made off at top speed along the summit of the bluff.

As Mike blinked uncertainly about him, he heard a muffled cry that seemed to come from the ground beneath his feet. He jumped to one side, in superstitious dread.

"Who's—who's there?" he mumbled.

Six feet below him, and hanging over a sheer three-hundred foot drop, clung a man—a man who had broken his fall by seizing an outcropping jut of stone.

To the stone the unfortunate Lamar was clinging with both hands.

Mike drew back from the edge, yanked off his ragged coat, twisted it, ropewise, and tied one end firmly around his thin waist. He wound both his spindling legs around an upcropping rock near the edge and once more leaned over.

The collar of the coat brushed against Lamar's face. Max seized it. The weight nearly tore the tramp loose from his impromptu anchorage. But he set his teeth and hauled upward.

After what seemed a century of agonized effort, Max rolled over the edge on to the crisp grass of the summit. There, side by side, he and his rescuer lay, for a space—panting.

Max was in horrible condition. His evening clothes were torn to ribbons. His face was bloodstained and bruised. His palms were raw and bleeding.

"Where shall I take you?" asked the beach comber.

"To the Surftown hotel, please," answered Max, "if you can."

Slowly, Lamar leaning heavily on his new-found friend, they set off toward the hotel. Ten minutes later, they were in Max's own room; and Mike was easing the injured man carefully down into a chair. As he did so, their eyes met full in the glare of the electric light above them.

The beach comber started violently; his pallid face turned battleship color. He turned and made as though to leave the room.

"Wait!" panted Lamar. "I can't let you go like this, old man. You've done me a mighty big service—bigger than I can ever repay. What can I do for you in return?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Lamar," was the beach comber's reply. "I'm glad to have been of service to you."

"You know my name!" ejaculated Lamar.

"I—I have seen you several times," evaded the other.

"If you won't let me try to repay you now," urged Lamar, "at least let me be of use to you if ever you need help. Here."

Shakily, he drew out one of his cards, from his torn vest pocket, scrawled a word or two on it and handed it to Mike. The latter took the card, pocketed it and—uneasy under the increasing curiosity in Max's gaze—shuffled hurriedly from the room.

Lamar stared after him; bewilderment momentarily making him forget his pain and fatigue.

"I know I've seen him before," he murmured aloud. "But where and when? It wasn't with that tall, white face and hunted look and two-weeks' stubble of beard. I know that. But—but—who is he?"

The morning sun was blazing on the waves and turning Surftown beach into a vista of glittering silver.

From a half-hidden cave-mouth near the base of the bluffs peered forth a puffy and bruised face.

"Smiling Sam" Eagan had blundered upon this cave in the course of his fight, after his battle with Lamar.

He looked up and down the gleaming beach, wondering if he might dare venture forth to appease his goading hunger, but, even as he took a step forward, he halted and shrank back again.

Along the shore, a turling distant, two men were strolling, and to Sam's keen eyes their faces were clearly visible.

"Jacobs!" he sputtered wrathfully. "And Boyle! The two fly central office detectives that used to work with Lamar. Gee! The police haven't wasted much time in hitting my trail."

He drew back into his cave, pausing only for an instant to peer down the beach in the opposite direction from that whence he had seen the two detectives. There, in the distance, two

women were sitting on a rock, in the sunshine; and toward them a man was hurrying. The man's back was toward Sam; but the watcher recognized the two women as June Travis and Mary. June and her old nurse had set forth on their morning walk along the sands and had paused at the rock to pick out a site for the picnic lunch the girl had planned for later in the day. As they sat in the sunshine, June pointed to a flat-topped boulder, farther in-shore, as an ideal natural lunch-table. They were about to go over and investigate it when a quick step behind them in the sand made them turn. Max Lamar was coming toward them. Mary shuddered, involuntarily, and shrank back. But June, with a smile of genuine welcome, held out her hand in greeting to him.

Suddenly, her arms still extended, and before her fingers could touch his, she exclaimed in quick sympathy: "You're hurt! You're badly hurt! What is it?"

Mary, at the girl's alarmed exclamation, glanced at Lamar. His right hand was bandaged. His under lip was cut.

"What is it?" repeated June, anxiously. "How are you hurt, Mr. Lamar? Tell me."

"That?" said Lamar lightly, as he held up his bandaged hand. "Oh, that's just a little souvenir from your dear old friend, 'Smiling Sam' Eagan."

"Tell me!" urged June.

Briefly—and still treating the theme in jest rather than seriousness—Max told her the story.

"Last night, when this tramp took me home," he ended, "I was so rattled I let him get away without half thanking him."

"Excuse me, Mr. Lamar," said a voice behind Max. "They told us at the hotel that you'd started for the beach. May we interrupt you for a minute?"

Lamar got up from the rock, glancing not overfriendly at the two men who had broken in on his talk. Then as he recognized the interlopers his face cleared.

"Hello, Boyle!" he said cordially. "Hello, Jacobs! Miss Travis, will you excuse me? I sha'n't be long. I'll be back in five minutes."

He moved away, the two detectives walking one on either side of him. "Sorry to butt in," Mr. Lamar. Chief's orders. Here's a letter from him. If you don't want to read all of it, I'll give you the gist now. We're down here looking for Charles Gordon—you remember? The lawyer who embezzled \$75,000 worth of Farwell corporation securities and then got away from a couple of our men? Well, we've traced him down here. Got a pretty good line on him, too. And we've run down to gather him in. Chief wants to know if you'll help us out. Not that there's any need. But—"

"Gordon!" exclaimed Max, a light of memory leaping into his face. "Gordon! Charles Gordon, the crooked lawyer! That's the man!"

"We have a tip that he's living in a hut, down below here, on the shore. Just beyond that point-over-there. We were on our way there and we were keeping a lookout for you at the same time. What's the matter with your hand?" he broke off.

"Your lip's cut, too," put in Boyle. "How does the other fellow look after the scrimmage? Is he in the hospital or buying a championship medal?"

"He's at large," replied Lamar, eagerly grasping the change of subject. "And he's 'Smiling Sam' Eagan."

"What?" cried both men in a breath. "I saw him last night, and I gave chase. I caught up with him at the top of the bluff over there. We had a tussle and—"

"And what?" demanded Boyle.

"And he got away," finished Max, lamely. "Now, if you want a real capture, why not start in after Eagan?"

"Our guns are loaded for runaway lawyers," returned Jacobs—"not for Sam Eagan. When we've got Gordon neatly caught we can take a whirl at Smiling Sam."

He left them and walked hastily back to where June and Mary sat. His face was clouded and sad. June at once read the trouble in his alert eyes.

"Bad news?" she asked.

"The worst sort of bad news—for me," he made worried answer. "And for the 'tramp' who saved my life. The 'tramp,' by the way, is Charles Gordon, an embezzling lawyer. He's in hiding here. Those two men are central office detectives and—"

"They are looking for him?" queried June, excited. "They've traced him to Surftown?"

"Worse. They've traced him to his hut. They're on the way there. At least, they were. See, they're starting back, now, to meet a boy who is going to guide them. And—Chief Allen writes asking me to help them. I—"

"But," urged June, "you can't. You can't! Why, he saved your life. He—"

"Do you suppose I've forgotten that?" retorted Lamar, miserably. "That's why I tried to delay them. I'd give my left arm to be able to get there ahead of them and warn him. But how can I? I'm a sworn officer of the law and—"

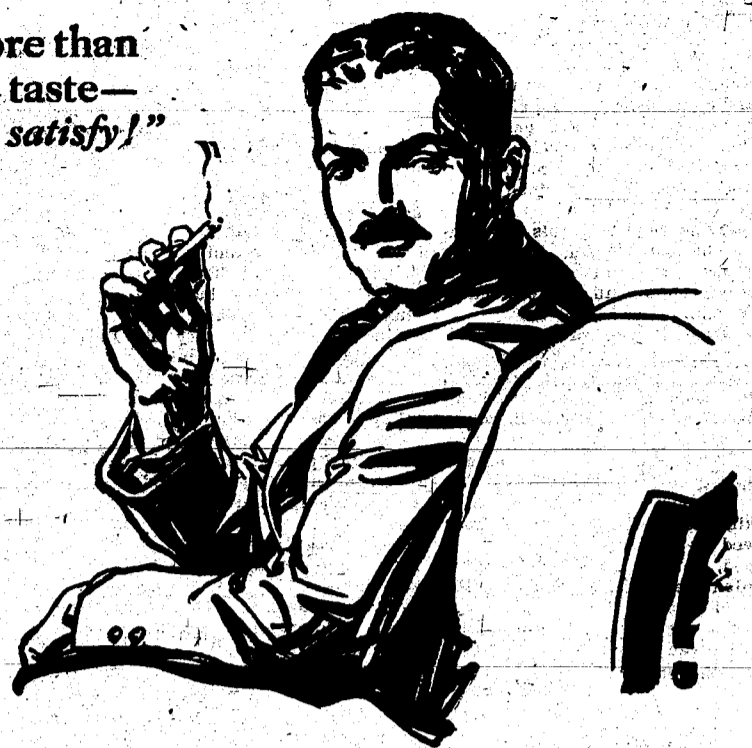
"But I'm not!" cried June, springing to her feet. "And I'm going to warn him!"

Around the headland she vanished, just as the two detectives met the boy who was to guide them and started off at a fast walk toward the point. They did not see June. But she, glancing over her shoulder as she rounded the headland, saw them advancing. And she quickened her own run.

Before her was the shack—closed, seemingly deserted. She reached it in a few seconds. She noted that while the door was apparently locked a window at the rear was not. With-

(Continued on Next Page)

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That's why Chesterfields are like a good cup of coffee—they taste fine and, in addition, they satisfy!

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QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY

Take tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder bothers—Drink lots of water.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent little-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.

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.

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The fool with money to burn may drive an ash cart in after years.

When the star-boarder marries his landlady he becomes a fixed star.

Two women like to start a fuss and then leave their husbands to fight it out.

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

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

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

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

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

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

"The Red Circle"

(Continued from Page Three)

out hesitation, she swung open the window and climbed over the sill.

June found herself in a cubbyhole of a room whose only articles of furniture were a tumbledown cot bed and a rickety table, on which stood an oil lamp.

A crazy door led from this tiny bedroom to the room beyond. June threw wide the door—and confronted a scared, crouching man, who blinked at her in dumb terror.

"Mr. Gordon!" she said, incisively, as if talking to a delirium victim. "The police are after you. Get out of that bedroom window and make for the rocks. I'll hold them till you're out of reach. Go!"

She seized him by the arm, as she spoke, drawing him toward the window. As she did so, a thunderous knocking sounded at the outer door followed by a sharp summons of: "Open, in the name of the law!"

Gordon hesitated no longer. He bent and kissed June's hand. Then, he bolted out through the rear window and ran like a chased rabbit toward the shelter of the headland rocks.

"He'll never make it," she muttered, "unless—"

She slammed shut the door leading from the bedroom to the front room. Picking up one of a handful of scattered matches on the bedroom table, she lighted the dirty little kerosene lamp.

At the same moment the two detectives burst open the outer door and pilled into the front room. There, for a second, they halted in wonder. Before them was the slightly open door of the bedroom. Through the crack between door jamb and doorway, appeared a white hand—a woman's hand—and part of an arm.

The hand grasped a burning kerosene lamp whose smoky chimney wobbled dangerously. Yes, and on the back of the white hand shone a circle of scarlet.

"The Red Circle!" ejaculated Boyle; and started forward—a human hound upon the scent.

"Back!" shrieked a woman's voice from behind the half-shut door—a voice that echoed through the bare shack like a silver bugle's call. "Back! If you take another step forward I'll throw this lamp."

"Rush her!" yelled Boyle. "We'll get 'em both. Gordon and the Red Circle woman! Rush her!"

He bounded forward as he spoke, Jacobs at his heels. And, across the little room, like a flaming meteor, whizzed the lamp.

The blazing lamp crashed to the floor at Jacob's feet. There was a flare, an explosion, and the room was thick with blinding smoke.

Jacobs reeled back, gasping; his lungs bursting agonized with the kerosene fumes he had swallowed.

He fell prostrate across the wooden flooring which the burning kerosene had already begun to ignite.

Boyle stooped and groped through the smoke for the swooning man, found him and dragged him through the choking fumes to the outer door.

Meanwhile, as soon as she had launched the lamp at her antagonists, June had wheeled about and leaped through the bedroom window.

"A fire?" echoed Lamar, looking toward the smudge of smoke that began to crawl upward over the jutting shoulder of the point. "I should say so. And, look how everyone is running! Let's go to see it."

Lamar reached the scene of the blaze to find a crowd already there. The fire shared public attention with two men, one of whom held the other's head on his knee.

Max shouldered his way through the group that hemmed in these two. Boyle looked up and recognized him.

"He's coming 'round, all right, Mr. Lamar," he said. "Smoke was too much for him. Gee, but we had one queer time in that shack!"

"In the shack?" repeated Lamar. "You surely never went into that blazing hovel to look for your man?"

"We sure did," responded Boyle. "Only it wasn't blazing then. We hust in the door and started for an inner door. And then a woman's hand stuck out through the opening and—it had a lighted lamp. Threw the lamp at us and—"

"A woman?" questioned the amazed Lamar. "A woman—threw a lamp at you?"

"It was a woman, all right," insisted Boyle. "No man ever had such a little white hand. Besides—"

"Besides," gasped Jacobs feebly, "the hand had a Red Circle on the back."

"No!" gasped Lamar, dumfounded, incredulous. "No! It couldn't have been! Not—"

"It was, though," declared Boyle. "We both saw it. We—"

"Miss Travis!" broke in Lamar, as he caught sight of June, who had just come up. "Do you hear this? These men say a woman was in that shack—that she threw a lamp at them—that there was a Red Circle on her hand."

"No, really?" exclaimed June. "A woman—with the Red Circle—?"

She checked herself abruptly. Lamar's gaze was fixed on her own right hand, carelessly displayed to his view. Her guilty glance fell to the back of her hand. It was snowy, velvety, shapely. No sign of the Red Circle was visible on its smooth surface.

"Can—can you explain it?" she faltered. "Can you explain how a woman—with the Red Circle—could have—?"

"No," he said brusquely, as he fought to shake off a feeling of strange mistrust that encompassed him. "No, I can't. I—I can't!"

Then, with an effort, changing the subject, he went on:

"My letter from Chief Allen begs me to come back to town and consult with him on the Gordon case. I must catch the noon train, if I can. Good-by."

Abruptly he turned away, ignoring the girl's pretty gesture of farewell.

Mrs. Travis came down to the beach at noontide, in her car. On the front seat, beside the chauffeur, rode Yama. The tonneau was half filled with hampers and baskets.

From the table boulder they had chosen for their luncheon board earlier in the morning June and Mary waved to Mrs. Travis.

"Here," directed June, as the Jap came plodding up, "here is the rock. Yama. Spread the lunch there, and put the car cushions on those rows of stones to each side. Call us when you're ready. And be ready as soon as you can. I'm starved. Mrs. Travis wants to see where the fire was this morning. We will be back in five minutes. Try to have everything on the

just below him a dapper little Jap engaged in setting a picnic table. He saw—heavenly sight!—a great basket of food just behind the busy Jap.

No hale man who has gone hungry for thirty hours will blame the fugitive for laying aside his armor of prudence at sight and smell of the feast that filled the big lunch basket.

Noiselessly he crept from his hiding place. On tiptoe he made his way toward the table. Yama was stooping forward, arranging a handful of silver at one of the three plates.

Sam leaned over him, and with lightning motion caught up the edges of the tablecloth and swathed the Jap's meager body in them.

Knocking the cloth-ends firmly behind the back of the squealing and vainly struggling little butler, Sam made a rush for the food basket, snatched it up and bounded lumberingly off among the rocks, seeking a safe place where he might hide and devour his fragrant prize.

Eagan had sense enough not to go back to his cave with his plunder. That was much too near the scene of his theft. Possible searchers would see the cavern-mouth and explore it. He must get far enough away to dodge pursuit, before settling down to the delights of his stolen banquet.

Ahead of him was a hillock made up of broken boulders in whose niches a man could elude a whole cordon of police. And toward this hillock, Eagan ran.

His way took him along a rocky bit of beach, where he most needs jump from stone to stone. The tide was in. The water swirled thirstily among the rocks as he rushed onward.

He came to a place where he could not stride from boulder to boulder to

He set His Teeth and Hauled Upward, boulder, but must jump from one to the next. He gathered himself for the leap, and he made it in safety. But the rock on which his two hundred and forty pounds landed was slimy with wet sea moss.

Sam's feet slipped. Instinctively, he threw out both arms to steady himself. The basket of food slipped from his outflung arms, struck the rock and caromed off into three feet of water; where a mischievous wave promptly washed it out of sight.

Droop-jawed, goggled-eyed, Sam watched his treasure vanish. For a moment, he was dumb. Then came a rush of words. Up and down on the slippery rock, Sam Eagan danced. He threw his fists aloft. He cursed in a way that would have been a liberal education to an audience of longshoremen and lumberjacks and canal-boat men.

At last, his vocabulary and his voice failed him. And he tried to remember whether or not there had been more than one basket of food in that picnic lunch. On careful—and ravenous—reflection, he—rather thought there had been a second basket. And he turned hungrily back toward the spot he had so nimbly quitted a few minutes earlier.

Yama, meantime, had at last freed himself of his tablecloth winding-sheet, clearing away the last folds of it from his head and face, just as the three women returned. Loudly and dramatically, he told them what had befallen him. And, at discovery that the food basket was gone, his voluble indignation redoubled.

"Someone has played a silly practical joke on you," decided Mrs. Travis. "I am going to the coastguard station below here to ask if anyone there did it. Yama," she continued, "Go back to the car, and ask if Gavroche saw anybody run in that direction with the basket."

Left alone, June and Mary stared at each other in dumb astonishment. Then, all at once, the funny side of the mishap struck June. She threw back her head and laughed.

The daring cleverness of the thief appealed to the newly awakened criminality in her nature. And, as she laughed, the Red Circle began to throb and glow on the back of her hand.

Sam Eagan, having crawled as near as he dared, to the spot where he still hoped to find food, caught sight of June and heard her gay laughter. He paused, hesitant, behind a rock, debating whether or not it would be safe to come out and throw himself upon her mercy.

He had harnessed a winning speech of penitence for her benefit, when, of a sudden, the girl clapped her right hand across her mouth to stop her hysterical laugh.

Clear as noonday sun could make it, the scarlet sign on her hand-back flashed forth.

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At last, his vocabulary and his voice failed him. And he tried to remember whether or not there had been more than one basket of food in that picnic lunch. On careful—and ravenous—reflection, he—rather thought there had been a second basket. And he turned hungrily back toward the spot he had so nimbly quitted a few minutes earlier.

Yama, meantime, had at last freed himself of his tablecloth winding-sheet, clearing away the last folds of it from his head and face, just as the three women returned. Loudly and dramatically, he told them what had befallen him. And, at discovery that the food basket was gone, his voluble indignation redoubled.

"Someone has played a silly practical joke on you," decided Mrs. Travis. "I am going to the coastguard station below here to ask if anyone there did it. Yama," she continued, "Go back to the car, and ask if Gavroche saw anybody run in that direction with the basket."

Left alone, June and Mary stared at each other in dumb astonishment. Then, all at once, the funny side of the mishap struck June. She threw back her head and laughed.

Snow! Snow! Beautiful Snow. The Winter Is Here

and we are here with a stock of warm clothing and footwear for the entire family at prices that will reach the purse of every economical shopper.

THE LEADER stands for "We Lead in Economy and Quality."

These are only a few of the many Bargains to be seen at **THE LEADER** Now:

Men's best \$1.00 first quality Rubbers at 59c pair.

Men's best quality four-buckle Arctics \$2.19 pair.

Men's good quality one-buckle Arctics \$1.19 pair.

Ladies two-buckle heavy and medium weight Arctics \$1.39 pair.

Men's extra-heavy red rolled sole pure gum Rubbers, \$1.50 values, \$1.19.

Misses and childrens high legging and arctics attached, also four-buckle arctics, a bargain, \$1.29 pair.

One lot of men's 8-in top felt Shoes, sheepskin lined, with felt or leather soles, \$3.50 values with or without rubber heels, \$2.48 pair.

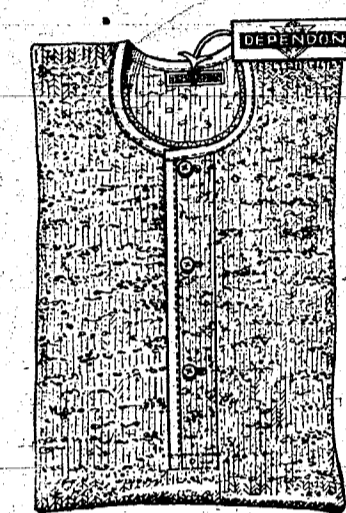
One lot of men's German Socks, all wool and extra heavy, best \$1.25 values 75c pair.

One lot of boy's German Socks, heavy tufted lined 75c value, 43c pair.

One lot of men's Mackinaw lined duck Coats, special, \$1.29 each.

Men's extra heavy corduroy Coats, Mackinaw lined, with high storm collars, good \$3.50 value, \$2.69.

One lot of men's heavy wool Pants, \$2.50 values for \$1.79 pair.



Men's extra heavy fleeced Union Suits \$1.25 value, 89c each.

We carry a full line of mens and boys Soo wool Mackinaws, Pants, Shirts and Jumpers, prices always a little less.

THE LEADER

H. ROSENTHAL, Prop'r. Madison Block, Main-St., East Jordan



Lamar's Gaze Was Fixed on Her Own Right Hand.

While Boyle was seeking to get Jacobs out of the burning shack, she was speeding along the sand toward the rock where she had left Lamar and Mary.

Gordon, too, had profited mightily by her delay. From the rocks he made his way to the highroad that led from Surtoon to the city. An auto, truck, city-bound, chugged past, just as he reached the road. With a lithe spring, he swung himself up to a precarious seat at its tailboard.

As she ran, June looked backward. The shack was a pillar of flame.

Presently, as she rounded the point, she dropped to a sedate walk. Mary and Lamar were coming forward from the rock, to meet her. She forced her labored breathing into some sort of regularity and answered the eager question in their eyes by calling out to them:

"I was too late. He had gotten away. But I saw the detectives going toward the shack. It seemed to be on fire—or—something."

table by that time."

The three women strolled away.

Yama, as they left him, set to work with a will to get the luncheon-ready within the brief five minutes allotted him.

As the Jap was not gifted with eyes in his back, he did not see a trower head-emerge from a cave-mouth in the lower part of the bluff, a few yards behind him.

Sam Eagan had tried to sleep his hunger away, until such time as it might be safe to venture out on the open beach without fear of meeting the police. Suddenly his nostrils had been tickled by the smell of food.

Then, at once, his whole starved system clamored ravenously for something to eat. His craving for food had redoubled since morning. Now it drove away caution and common sense. He must eat, though he go to prison for life, in payment for his meal.

Eagan thrust out his head from the cave. He saw Mrs. Travis walking away with June and Mary. He saw

"The—the Red Circle!" gurgled Eagan, in stark amaze, "The—the Red Circle!—June Travis!"

A gleam of wolfish cunning began to replace the blank wonder on his face. (END OF NINTH INSTALLMENT.)

SEVERE BRONCHIAL COLD

Yields To Delicious Vinol

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Last fall I was troubled with a very severe bronchial cold, headaches, backache, and sick to my stomach. I was so bad I became alarmed and tried several medicines also a doctor, but did not get any relief. A friend asked me to try Vinol and it brought the relief which I craved, so now I am enjoying perfect health."—JACK C. SINGLETON.

We guarantee Vinol for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.

Sold by East Jordan Drug Co.

Bravery is reckoned by what we do, not by what we threaten.

He who borrows money of a relative never hears the last of it.

Fortunate is the man whose tastes are similar to those of his cook.

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.

A man with a small mind seldom has occasion to change it.

Coffee is a bad thing for a man's temper—especially if his wife doesn't know how to make it.

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.



PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache; no hawking, sniffling, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it, seep through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly.

It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

A jeweler says pearls are like women—they require a lot of attention.

It's easier to approach luxuries than it is to back away from them again.

Marriage is seldom a failure if neither party to the contract has any relations to interfere.

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried, some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness.

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexions we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

Just as necessary as it is to clean the ashes from the furnace each day, before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins. Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material, waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much at the drug store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.

Briefs of the Week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Rogers a son, Nov. 13th.

George Meyer of Cheaning is now employed at Spencer's plumbing shop.

The Electa Club will meet with Mrs. G. W. Kitman next Thursday afternoon, Nov. 23rd.

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

A can fruit shower was given Miss Verschel Lorraine Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Charles Crowell.

WANTED—Experienced girl for general house work, five dollars per week. No washing. Apply to Mrs. Weismann.

South Lake Lodge No. 180, Knights of Pythias now occupy their new lodge hall on the second floor of the new Monroe block.

Many citizens have commented favorably on the Mayor's Go-to-Church Proclamation. The best way to show approval is for each citizen to Go-to-Church next Sunday.

Parents who stay away from Church want their children to go to Sunday School. Children like to go where their parents go. Now is the time to start. The special Go-to-Church Campaign is Nov. 12-28. Attend the Church of your choice.

Supt. M. C. Coyle of the M. C. R. R. system north of Jackson, passed away at Bay City, Tuesday, where he had undergone an operation. Mr. Coyle was well-known in our city, being a frequent visitor here on business connected with the D. & C. R. R.

Frank Shepard and Miss Ella Kitman, two well-known young people of this city, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents at Standish on Sunday, Nov. 12th. They returned to East Jordan, Wednesday evening accompanied by the bride's sister, Miss Mary Kitman.

East Jordan Churches have done a good work. No one will deny this. But they could do far more if more people were interested. Every one wants the church to grow, and be of more service to the community. Then every one should help in this work. Choose the church where you will feel most at home. Go next Sunday.

Frank D. Scott, Alpena's re-elected congressman, left Sunday night for Washington, D. C., where he will be engaged for the next three weeks in preparations for the opening of his second congress, the short term which takes place on Dec. 4. This session of congress is the last of Mr. Scott's first term. He will not start the term for which he has just been selected until the 4th of next March.—Alpena News.

Boyer City high school football team, victors over Cadillac, plays Traverse City next Saturday and the game should be as closely contested as was the Boyne-Cadillac and the Traverse City-Cadillac contests. Should Boyne win from Traverse then it will be undisputed champions of that section of the state lying north of Grand Rapids. If Traverse wins there will be a "three cornered" tie with Cadillac, Boyne and Traverse having an equal claim on the title.

Alex McColman, Sr., passed away at the Traverse City hospital last Saturday, aged 59 years. The remains were brought to his home here in East Jordan, Monday, and funeral services were held from the Church of God Chapel Tuesday afternoon conducted by the pastor, Rev. James Ruehle. Deceased had been slowly falling with dropsy for some time past, and a few weeks ago his mind became unbalanced necessitating his removal to Traverse City. Mr. McColman was an exemplary citizen, beloved by those who knew him, and his bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of the community in their loss of a kind husband and father.

The Student Council of the high school will hold a County Fair at the Temple Theatre and Armory on Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th. The Fair is given for the purpose of raising money for the benefit of the athletic and debating teams. A large number of booths have been arranged for to be conducted in the Armory where most of the celebration will take place. A minstrel sketch and several other acts have been planned for the show which will be given in the theatre at the same time. The fair held at the high school building last year was a very successful affair and plans are being made for a much better entertainment this time.

Dell Carson left Monday for Detroit. George Crozier left Wednesday for Flint.

Ruth Atkinson is home from Detroit.

David Wiggins, left Monday for Muskegon.

Ruth Gregory returned home from Flint, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Berger and son are visiting friends at Lansing.

W. J. Ellison left Monday for the north wood on a hunting trip.

Gus Burney left Thursday for Flint where he will seek employment.

The Study Club met at the home of Mrs. W. H. Sloan Tuesday evening.

Miss Selma Oleson returned home from Grand Rapids, Saturday last.

Last Sunday was stormy. But the Churches report a good attendance.

Ed. Nachazel and Guy Graff were here from Rogers City over Sunday.

R. T. McDonald is now employed at the East Jordan Lumber Co's office.

Frank Phillips and family are now living in their home on Upper Main-St.

Miss Carrie Porter is visiting friends at Leland and Suttons Bay this week.

Mrs. Geo. Miles is seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Ramsey.

Mrs. D. H. Fitch entertained the Womens' Improvement Club Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Sam Kearney of Frederic visited her brother, Wm. Bodrie from Saturday until Tuesday.

The Electa Club were entertained at the home of Mrs. Geo. Hayner, Thursday afternoon.

D. C. Loveday and daughter, Miss Louise left Tuesday for St. Petersburg, Fla., to spend the winter.

Miss Sarah Layn of Paw Paw, Mich., is the new stenographer at the East Jordan Lumber Co's office.

A. Severy returned home from the Petoskey hospital Wednesday where he underwent an operation.

Miss Margaret Fortune returned from Ludington, Wednesday and is now employed at the E. J. & S. Depot.

Mrs. Wm. Moore and Mrs. Archie Kowalske returned home Tuesday last from a visit at Saginaw and Morrice.

Misses Alice Sedgeman and Leona Donaldson gave a skating and dancing party at the rink Wednesday evening.

Miss Mary Zoulek has returned home from Detroit, called here by the serious illness of her father, John Zoulek.

Many who usually spend Sunday at home, responded to the Mayor's Proclamation and went to Church last Sunday.

Why don't the Churches pay taxes? No churches in East Jordan, would mean higher taxes, heavier insurance premiums.

A miscellaneous shower was given at the home of Miss Ethel Crowell last Saturday evening in honor of Miss Flora Porter.

Thos. Shepard and J. M. Warden returned home from their hunting trip Tuesday evening. They each having secured a deer.

Misses Emily and Harriet Malpass left Tuesday for a short visit with their brother at Cadillac, from there they leave for Florida for the winter.

Miss Kate Carpenter and Miss Ruby Grant went to Petoskey, Wednesday, to visit the formers mother, Mrs. H. J. Carpenter who is in the Reycraft hospital for treatment.

No man would want to raise his family in East Jordan if we had no Church here. Then each should show his support of the Church, by next Sunday attending the Church of his choice.

The officers and members of the Pythian Sisters lodge will please take notice of the change in the meeting night. We will meet Tuesday, Nov. 21st at the Armory. At this meeting we will nominate our officers for next year. All members are urged to be present.

At the Methodist church a series of sermons on Character begin next Sunday evening. The topics are:

"The Modern Knight,"

"The Queen on Her Throne,"

"The Queen off Her Throne,"

"The Song of Life,"

"The Game of Life."

The first is to young Men; 2nd To young Women; 3rd To Women; 4th To Men.

John Hockstad returned home from Detroit the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Smith moved Wednesday onto their farm in Afton.

Att'y and Mrs. D. L. Wilson visited relatives at Boyne City over Sunday.

Mrs. Jack Weikel of Charlevoix is visiting relatives in the city this week.

Mrs. Sidney Sedgeman and daughter returned to their home at Deward, Monday.

Miss Verschel Lorraine had the misfortune to fracture her left wrist in a fall Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert Grossett went to Boyne City, Wednesday, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Robt. Conway.

Mrs. Orrin Bartlett went to Central Lake, this Friday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. R. Burr.

Methodist Ladies will hold a Pantry Sale at Palmers Jewelry Store, Saturday p. m., Nov. 18th.

Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Sidebotham are receiving a visit from the latter's mother, Mrs. R. L. Cox of Minneapolis.

H. Rosenthal left Thursday for Traverse City to attend the Jewish Memorial Services. He will return home Friday.

Mrs. Albert Kile returned home from Detroit, Thursday last where she has been taking treatments at a hospital there.

The Presbyterian choir gave a dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Fitch on Wednesday evening in honor of Misses Flora Porter and Verschel Lorraine.

The Public School is largely an outgrowth of the Sunday School. The Sunday School is a branch of the church. All citizens who believe in the Public School should remember this connection. Go-to-Church next Sunday.

The regular monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Friday, Nov. 17th, 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. E. E. Hall. This is our Thanksgiving meeting and everyone interested is invited to be present. Report of District Convention also Mrs. Howard's (District President) address given at that meeting will be read. Visitors always welcome.

Ex-Mayor W. D. C. Germaine of Traverse City, recently acquitted of an arson charge, and still more recently divorced from Ola W. Hull by Judge Mayne of the circuit court, has filed suit against his former father-in-law, H. S. Hull, head of the Oval Wood and Dish company for \$100,000 damages for alleged alienation of his wife's affections and other causes.

Charles Newton was again arrested last week charged with keeping a place where liquors are sold, generally known as a "blind pig." He waived examination and was bound over to the circuit court for trial. He is out on \$500 bail awaiting trial at the next term of court.

Central Lake Torch. Newton has been an offense to the county for many years as all the older residents of Elk Rapids can testify.—Progress.

During the six months from July to December, 1915, Japanese firms are said to have realized a profit of \$60,000,000 from Chinese brass cash bought in the northern provinces of the republic.

This cash is the old-fashioned Chinese money with square holes in the center. Much of it is very old and its value as a circulating medium is so far below the market value of the metal it contains that there is a profit of at least 200 per cent in buying the old coin and melting it down.

Although this section of the state is well settled it is still possible for a first class hunter to kill a fox, a deer, a bear or two, and even a panther. And, it is said, one doesn't need to travel very far from Cadillac to find panther tracks.

There is a large one in Cherry Grove township, farmers in that section say, and the animal recently escaped from a trap. An automobile party enroute to Manton a few days ago almost ran over a red fox. Reynard skipped into the field beside the road and turned and gazed with interest at the brightly lighted car. One Cadillac man recently killed a fox not far from the city.

The state game wardens say foxes are killing many partridges this fall and that the cold weather has driven the birds into logs and brush, where they become easy victims for Reynard. Deer are probably more plentiful this year than in recent years due to the one deer law. Two McBain hunters report seeing six in Lake county and a number have been sighted in the south west corner of Wexford, in the vicinity of Eleanor and Hoxeyville. There are probably a half dozen bears in the townships adjacent to Cadillac. The bears are of the brown variety. There are two kinds of foxes in this region—the red fox and the woods gray.—Cadillac News.

Our COAT Department has just the style you are looking for.



BEAUTIFUL PLUSHES, Wool Velour and Novelty Weaves, \$16.50.

Some Good Coats in many styles—FOR THE WEEK—\$10. Coats worth \$15 to \$25.

Ask to see the NEW FURS.

SERGES for dresses—all colors—65c.

A few Ladies' Suits

reduced in price for the week of Nov. 20th. Broadcloth Suits in green and plush with seal trimming, worth \$40. Now \$32.50.



WHIPCORDS and GABERDINES—worth \$30—Now \$22.50. Be Sure and See Them During The Week.

Get Fitted with a GOSSARD FRONT LACE CORSET and you will be comfortable and well served. See them Now On Display.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

The Store That Sells Wooltex.

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

Mrs. T. B. McCutcheon and children of Birmingham, Mich., were guests at the home of her brother, Dr. G. W. Bechtold, Thursday.

Mrs. Guy LaForge and daughter of Union Bridge, Maryland are expected here this Saturday for a visit at the home of her brother, Dr. G. W. Bechtold.

Misses May Stewart and Ethel Crowell with Mrs. G. W. Bechtold will give a crystal shower at the home of the latter this Friday evening in honor of Miss Verschel Lorraine.

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

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

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of TIMBER LAND three miles from Boyne Falls. Inquire of MAY SPENCER, Boyne City Mich.

WANTED—Tag alder in carload lots. Write for prices and specifications.—E. K. 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.

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.

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.

MEN ARE YOU GETTING Shirt Satisfaction?

Have you on your back at the present time a shirt that is tailored throughout so as to conform with the natural body lines, or have you one that bunches around the shoulders, draws under the arms and is scant in length?

Drop in today that we may demonstrate to you how you can obtain SHIRT SATISFACTION.

Just Received

Some very fine Neckwear in bows and four-in-hand shapes. Excellent Ties at 50c and \$1.00.

WEISMAN'S SERVICE QUALITY



Helen Holmes, heroine of "A Lass of the Lumberlands."

Dorothy Dodd SHOES

Have You a Dorothy Dodd Foot?

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

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

CHAS. A. HUDSON

For Sewing That's Right You Will Need the "White"

Sold by the EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends Amos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blue print. Storm, employed by Rhineland, wins a fight with Seagrue's men for possession of a consignment of railroad ties.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT HELEN'S WILD RIDE

Helen spied him the minute she stepped inside Rhineland's hut to deliver the telegram—a small, duffy bundle of black and white, lying curled up tightly on Rhineland's cot, as if this was the haven of warmth and refuge so long sought. "Where," demanded Helen of Rhineland, and emphasizing each word in amazement, "did you get that dear, little dog?"

"That dear, little dog," explained Rhineland, with corresponding emphasis, "is the last addition to my already overburdened pay roll."

"What's his name? Who," demanded Helen in delight, "put him on?"

"He just got hold with his teeth and hung on. He blew into camp the other day, the tired, earnest, hungriest-looking cur you ever saw. Some motoring party lost him, probably."

Rhineland reread his telegram. Signal: Monthly pay roll on No. 4.

"Say, this is news; best I've had this week. The pay roll is overdue three days and these Greeks and Mexicans are a suspicious bunch. What's your hurry?" he asked as Helen made ready to go.

"I must run," said Helen. "I'm alone this morning."

"Don't be in a rush; I'm going over that way myself," returned Rhineland, picking up his hat. "The pup will keep house a few minutes."

Leaving the hut door open, Rhineland, accompanied by Helen, started for the station. Two good comrades, as well as devoted friends, Helen and he laughed and joked along their way.

When No. 4 pulled into Signal next morning three men dropped off the hind end. They made up the criminal gang that Spike had endeavored to rob Rhineland, and, knowing the loot was expected on the train that carried them, two of the men kept the front end of the train well in view until they had watched Lyons and Helen take the package of money from the express messenger, and after receiving for it, walk with Rhineland into the station. Inside of the office Rhineland examined the shipment of currency.

"I have no safe at the camp, Lyons," explained Rhineland, when the agent asked him to receipt for the package. "Keep it here for me in your safe until tomorrow." He pushed the open package of bills back through the wicket of the counter, but in doing this he accidentally overturned a bottle of ink.

Helen screamed a little, and jumping aside, caught up a piece of cloth from the letter-press stand, wiped the ink off the bills as best she could and turned them over to Lyons, who took the big package within his charge and placed it carefully in the safe. Not, however, without having been observed by two of the Oceanside criminals who were loitering just then outside the office window.

Turning away before they were discovered, these men—Sykes and Dan—were joined by the third member of their expedition, and the three headed for Rhineland's camp to hunt up Spike. They encountered him on the way over to the station to look for them. A consultation was held in the woods. The four were now assured that the money had come, and they knew where it had been put. To the safe expert was left the details, and when these had been arranged to suit him, the quartet scattered. That evening they might have been seen hovering around the station about the time that Helen and Lyons were closing up for the night. Indeed, the latter had hardly locked the station door before Spike, watching his opportunity, signaled his assistants to the freighthouse window. This, without ceremony, they broke open and entering the telegraph office from the freightroom, took possession of the premises.

The man known as The Bat, the master mind of the visiting trio, at once got down in front of the safe for

dropped from his mouth almost at the convict's feet, and idly picking the paper up Spike opened and read it.

Rhineland, Signal: Monthly pay roll on No. 4. Brief though the message was, it contained enough news to arouse Spike.

Casting only a glance in the direction of the fleeing dog, Spike, clutching his find, hurried toward Seagrue's camp and lost no time in covertly showing him the message, without explaining how it had fallen into his hands.

Seagrue, reading the telegram, saw the moment he looked at Spike, what was in the convict's mind.

Seagrue studied the message. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to get hold of the stuff a while, anyway," he mused. "It's behind time now, I understand; and I hear the men over there are getting restless about not getting their money. If you could hold it up on Rhineland a few days you might work up a strike."

"How far do you want to go with this thing?" demanded Spike, casting a vicious eye on his employer.

"I don't care how far you go," said Seagrue, "provided you hold up that pay roll."

Spike left the camp. No more than a moment's reflection was needed to suggest an idea to him. Returning to the station, he got a long distance telephone wire and called up two of his friends at Oceanside—Sykes, a convict acquaintance, and a chum of Sykes, who, in various encounters with the law, had lost all of his name but "Dan."

In jailbird Jason Spike explained to Sykes, who answered the telephone, the possibilities of a haul at Signal. Dan, standing near Sykes in the room they occupied together, asked questions and prompted his companion, who tried to get from Spike reluctant to talk much on the wire a description of the lay of the land. Spike bluntly told them in the end to stew it and take the job or leave it, as they liked. However, the two criminals got enough from him to decide that a third man was indicated, and they called into their confederate crooked safe expert, known only by his nickname of "The Bat." To him they confided their plot. Nothing loath, Bat consented to join in the enterprise, and following Spike's hints, the trio made arrangements to leave for Signal on the train that should carry Rhineland's pay roll.

When No. 4 pulled into Signal next morning three men dropped off the hind end. They made up the criminal gang that Spike had endeavored to rob Rhineland, and, knowing the loot was expected on the train that carried them, two of the men kept the front end of the train well in view until they had watched Lyons and Helen take the package of money from the express messenger, and after receiving for it, walk with Rhineland into the station. Inside of the office Rhineland examined the shipment of currency.

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Turning away before they were discovered, these men—Sykes and Dan—were joined by the third member of their expedition, and the three headed for Rhineland's camp to hunt up Spike. They encountered him on the way over to the station to look for them. A consultation was held in the woods. The four were now assured that the money had come, and they knew where it had been put. To the safe expert was left the details, and when these had been arranged to suit him, the quartet scattered. That evening they might have been seen hovering around the station about the time that Helen and Lyons were closing up for the night. Indeed, the latter had hardly locked the station door before Spike, watching his opportunity, signaled his assistants to the freighthouse window. This, without ceremony, they broke open and entering the telegraph office from the freightroom, took possession of the premises.

The man known as The Bat, the master mind of the visiting trio, at once got down in front of the safe for

an examination. It took him only a moment to examine and tabulate in his mind the kind of safe he had to do with. In another moment he threw back the bolts and swung the door open.

They took the pay roll package out just as Lyons had placed it within the safe. But the easy triumph of the expert and the congratulations of his friends did not seem enough to satisfy him. To make the job artistic, he directed his assistants to get together some brown paper, and after they had taken the bills from the package, he filled it with waste paper, rewrapped the package carefully and replaced it just as he had found it in the safe.

Leaving by the same way they had entered, the quartet took their way to Seagrue's camp. Seagrue was asleep, and Spike woke him and muttered they had the money. Seagrue, somewhat upset by the size of the company of thieves with which he was now tied up, kept his own counsel. He listened to all that Spike had to say, and at once advised sending the three safe-blowers back to the city. This, however, it was decided, after a brief conference, would not do, as Spike needed somebody to help him foment a disturbance next day. In the end, a compromise was effected, by which The Bat was sent to town while Sykes and Dan were kept over night to aid in stirring up Rhineland's men.

The following day had already been announced in Rhineland's camp as pay day. When Helen and Lyons arrived at the office in the morning for duty they found Rhineland waiting to take the money. Lyons, very willing to be rid of his responsibility, opened the safe and unsuspectingly turned over to Rhineland the package he had placed in it the afternoon before.

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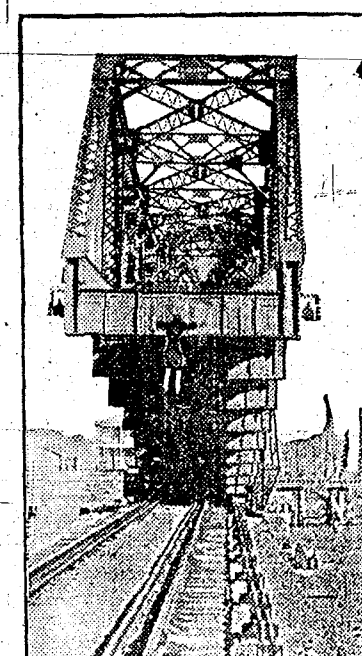
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