

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1916.

No. 48

Entertainment Course Planned By High School

Six Fine Attractions Booked For This Season Beginning On December 5th.

The High School has taken charge of the Lecture Course for this season and has arranged for a series of exceptionally fine entertainments. Several of these attractions have been booked independently of any bureau so that a better quality of talent has been secured than can usually be afforded. Also because of the better rate received, there will be six fine attractions instead of the five usually booked. The price of the course tickets however, will remain the same.

Manager Adams of the Temple Theatre has booked no big attractions for the winter and a Lecture Course is almost a necessity to furnish high class entertainment for the public. It is a benefit to any community and everyone interested in a better town ought to get behind it and boost.

On Tuesday, Dec. 5th, the Course will be opened by the Chicago Orchestral Sextette, a strong company of experienced musicians, giving a high class popular concert, of great variety. The company includes a male quartet, soprano soloist, contralto, reader and in the orchestral numbers uses the violin, saxophones, cello, trombone and piano. No other company can surpass it in playing either classical or popular music and the vocal numbers never fail to please the most critical. This one number is worth the one dollar which the entire course ticket will cost.

Dr. John Merritte Driver, whose lecture is usually secured only on payment of a fee of \$150 will be the attraction on Dec. 18th. Dr. Driver is the successor of the famous Dr. Frank Crane of the People's Church, Chicago, and has degrees from several large universities in this country and abroad. He returns to Europe on the tenth of January for a study of the war conditions and we are fortunate to get him for this number.

On January 9th we have a return engagement with Byron W. King, the veteran lecturer who made such a hit on the course last season and who is better known than any man on the lecture platform today. He can entertain with humorous as well as serious thoughts and is famous as a reader of humorous verse. He never fails to leave an impression of being a master in his art and a keen and witty philosopher of life. Many East Jordan people would pay a dollar just to hear King again.

The attraction on Jan. 18 will be the Kuehn Concert Company, a party of four artists giving a program of instrumental and vocal. Mr. Kuehn, leader of the company, was for many years the first violinist for the Thomas Orchestra of Chicago. He is a native of Germany and was for some years the concertmaster of the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. The cellist with the company is Mr. Nicolai Zedeler who will be remembered here as having appeared with the Schumann Quintet two years ago. He has been solo cellist with the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. The vocalist of the party was characterized by Ople Read, the author, in these words: "There is no sweeter voice on the American platform, which means the platform of the world."

On February 28th we will have the Operatic Quintette, representing a program of selections from standard operas and operettas. The five people making up this company are sent out by the Ithica Conservatory of Music and have pleased large audiences all over the country. It is of the same high class as the other concert numbers.

The course will be closed on March 14th with a lecture by Frank Dixon, one of the Redpath Bureau's most able and most popular men, a man of long platform experience. Mr. Dixon has a special message along the line of civic pride which should be heard by every citizen. He is a brother of Thomas Dixon, author of the Birth of a Nation and other great plays and novels. Mr. Dixon has as great a reputation as a lecturer as his brother has as an author and we are fortunate to secure him for the number.

The price for season tickets for the entire six numbers is only \$1.00 for adults and 75c for pupils of the schools. This is the biggest bargain that lecture course patrons were ever offered and the attendance should be larger than ever. Don't fail to buy when called upon by the students of the high school.

Carnegie Library Is Assured East Jordan

After Years of Debating, East Jordan is to Finally Have a Public Library

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but East Jordan has been slower yet in reaching a decision on the public library proposition. Without question a majority of our citizen tax payers were in favor of a library but for years we had a small percentage who were opposed to the proposition and it has taken years to have these people see things in their proper light. For the past six or eight years W. P. Porter of the East Jordan Lumber Co., has generously offered to donate a fine building lot on the corner of Main and Williams street as a site for a library building. In addition to this, A. H. Frost of the East Jordan Lumber Co., has recently come forward with an offer to donate Five Hundred Dollars per year for a period of five years for the maintenance of such an institution.

The Carnegie Corporation make us a liberal proposition and easy to meet. They will furnish the City of East Jordan \$12,000 to erect a free public library providing the city will pledge ten per cent of this amount per year for maintenance. With a building donated, a site donated, and \$500 per year for five years donated for maintenance, East Jordan could not afford to pass the opportunity by. A petition to our City Commission asking them to accept the offer, was presented that body, signed by practically all of our tax-payers. As will be seen in the proceedings of the Commission published elsewhere in this issue, the matter was taken up and passed. East Jordan will undoubtedly have its long-needed public library within a year.

LEWIS-PORTER NUPTIALS

The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter was the scene of wedding festivities Wednesday evening when their daughter, Flora M., became the bride of Morgan J. Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis of this city.

The ceremony took place in the presence of a number of invited friends and relatives at eight o'clock. Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian church, was the officiating clergyman, using the ring service. The couple were attended by John and Miss Esther Porter—brother and sister of the bride. Miss Marjorie Hoyt presided at the piano, rendering the wedding march.

The home was beautifully decorated with roses, carnations and chrysanthemums, and the bride carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley.

Following the ceremony the young couple left on a wedding trip and after this will be "At Home" at Beloit, Wis., where the groom has a fine position as head of one of the departments of a large manufacturing concern.

Among the out-of-town guests at the wedding were Bert Lewis of Atlantic City, N. J., Miss Eva Lewis of Bad Axe, Miss Pearl Lewis of Grand Rapids, and Miss Esther Porter who is attending Oberlin College.

MRS. GEORGE MILES PASSES AWAY.

Mrs. George Miles, who has been seriously ill from a complication of diseases for a number of years, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Ramsey, in this city on Friday last, Nov. 17th.

Mrs. Margaret Miles was born in Canada, June 18th, 1839, her parents being Robert and Jane Nelson. On Sept. 25, 1856, she was united in marriage to George Miles at Elizere, Ont. They came to Michigan 48 years ago, residing at Traverse City and Elk Rapids, coming to East Jordan in 1886—just thirty years—where they have since resided. Seven children were born to the union, three of whom—Mrs. Samuel Ramsey, John and Robert Miles—survive together with the bereaved husband. The deceased children were Edward, Lillian, Margaret and Birdie. Mrs. Miles was a member of the Episcopal church since childhood.

Funeral services were held from her late home on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19th, conducted by Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Interment at the East Jordan cemetery.

East Jordan Responds

THE "GO-TO-CHURCH" CAMPAIGN FRAUGHT WITH GRATIFYING RESULTS.

[Contributed]

We believe the full value of churches to any community receives its share of recognition by the people of East Jordan. During the "Go-to-Church" campaign which was ushered in by a Proclamation from Mayor Cross, pleasing results are reported by our local churches and we are sure that if everybody reasoned this matter of church-going to its logical conclusion there would not be many vacant pews anywhere. By the way now that we pause a moment to think about it who would want to live in a churchless town anyway. Children wouldn't be safe outside the home, business would go to smash, moral and religious matters would exist at its lowest ebb, the respectable people would all move away and the name of the town would become a joke.

A church-attending people make a town the opposite to a churchless town. Nearly everybody believes that the Christian church is absolutely necessary to our civilization. If its existence were threatened, the great mass of the people would fight for it, but every non-attendant upon religious services virtually votes for the elimination of the institution from society. Kindred failures in ones duty to society is absenteeism from the ballot-box and absenteeism from church. The church stands for the best things. The church-goer lines up with the forces which make for righteousness and we would suggest that an increasing enthusiasm be shown our local churches from now on by every family establishing a "Go-to-Church" principle in continuous action the year through.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, November 20, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Lancaster the following bills were allowed:

R. Bingham, freight, draying, etc. \$14.33
John Tooley, labor 2.40
C. A. Brabant, wood 1.25
Giles & Hawkins, supper for elec. boards 8.25

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that the chief of police, as street commissioner, be instructed to clean out the water course crossing Lot 20, of Bowen's second addition to the City of East Jordan, and to serve notice on all parties concerned to desist from further depositing rubbish on the same under penalty of the law. Carried.

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

Whereas, Carnegie Corporation of New York has agreed to furnish twelve thousand dollars (\$12000) to the City of East Jordan, Mich., to erect a free public library building, on condition that said City of East Jordan shall pledge itself by resolution of this commission, to support a free public library, at a cost of twelve hundred dollars (\$1200) a year, and provide a suitable site for said building; now therefore

Be it resolved by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan that said city accept said donation, and does hereby pledge itself to comply with the requirements of said Carnegie Corporation of New York.

Further resolved, that it will furnish a suitable site for said building, and will maintain a free public library in said building when erected, at a cost of twelve hundred dollars (\$1200) a year.

Further resolved, that an annual levy shall hereafter be made upon the taxable property of said City of East Jordan, sufficient in amount to comply with the above requirements.

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

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

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

CURFEW ORDINANCE TO BE ENFORCED

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

HENRY COOK,
Chief of Police.

PRIZE WINNERS IN IRONTON CORN AND POTATO SHOW

In spite of the unfavorable weather, the corn and potato show at Ironton Grange hall, Nov. 17th, was well attended and much interest was aroused by the contests. Members of the Charlevoix Commercial Ass'n attended in a body, coming up the lake by boat. Mr. R. O. Bisbee of East Jordan drove up thru the storm and declared that the show was well worth coming to see.

There were thirty-one entries in the corn contest and ten entries in the potato contest. The entries, as a rule, were very good. Many of the contestants, however, were boys and girls with no experience in preparing exhibits for show. As the judges explained the reasons for awarding the prizes as they did, these young farmers will be in a much better position to select prize-winning samples another year. The educational value of contests of this sort is the best reason for promoting and supporting them. Parents who took no part in this contest, nor encouraged their children to compete, missed a fine opportunity for interesting the boys and girls in the world's biggest business—the big business of modern farming.

In the corn contest Breezy Point farm won first place in the yellow dent class with Minn. 13. Emil Nason second with Reid's yellow dent. Mrs. Earl Clark won the special prize for the best single ear with a fine sample of Early Rochester.

In the white dent class Edward Hammond won first place. Mary Weldy second. Oakley Saunders showed the best single ear.

Ole Lyngklip won first prize in the white cap dent class. Joe Courier took second place and also showed the best single ear.

In the pop corn class Willard Bird won first with White Rice and Harold MacMulkin second. Lillas Flanders took first prize with black pop corn and Oral Lewis second.

In the potato contest, early varieties, Jerry Saunders took the first prize with Early Six Weeks and Geo. MacMulkin second with Early White Rose.

With late varieties, russet class, Breezy Point farm won first place with Petoskey Russets and Lillas Flanders second with same variety. In the white potatoes, Edward Hammond easily won first prize with Rural New Yorker No. 4 and Vaughan Orvis got second with Noxall.

The corn was judged by B. J. Holcomb of East Jordan. Messrs. Joe Courier, John Nason and Ole Lyngklip awarded the prizes on potatoes.

Testimonial

Dear Doctor: I am truly grateful for the results your most wonderful medicine brought to me. My kidneys had so weakened my back that I was unable to climb the stairs to my bedroom, but after taking three bottles of your splendid preparation my husband put in an elevator.

(Signed) Mrs. I. R. Well.

Annual High School Fair Monday Night

Big Celebration Planned by the Student Council Should Be a Winner.

The annual county fair of the high school will take place next Monday evening, Nov. 27th, at the Armory and Temple Theatre. This Fair is given by the Student Council of the school for the purpose of raising money to support the athletic and debating teams.

The fair will be held in the Armory and there will be many attractions to lure the elusive nickle from the crowd. All kinds of refreshments will be on sale in booths conducted by the different classes of the school and there will be a number of side shows furnishing plenty of excitement. Admission to the fair will be entirely free.

Preceding the opening of the fair there will be a fifteen minute band concert in front of the Theatre by the High School Band. A six piece orchestra will furnish music during the Fair.

There will be two performances in the Theatre, beginning at 8:30 and 9:30, these performances including a forty minute minstrel show, a gypsy dance, solos by a boy soprano and moving pictures of the Ford factory. This entertainment will be well worth 50c but the admission will be only 15c for adults and 10c for children. If you like to hear good music with lots of life you should at least attend this show. Then you should not fail to go up to the Armory and share in the fun that is sure to be going on there. The students of the high school do not very often ask the patronage of the public and this attraction is worthy of a crowded house. Next Monday, Nov. 27th.

GOOD GRUB

Boys of Company "T" are Being Well Fed.

That our boys of Company "T", 33rd Mich. Inf'y, are not wanting for good grub down at Camp Ootton, Texas, is evidenced from the below menu, sent us by one of the boys.

MENU
Nov. 12, 1916. Co. "T" 33 Mich.

BREAKFAST
Oatmeal Milk Sugar
Fried Potatoes Beefsteak
Bread Butter Coffee
Friedcakes
DINNER
Mashed Potatoes Brown Gravy
Pork Steak
Butter Tea
Beet Pickles Pumpkin Pie

SUPPER
Bean Soup
Butter Coffee
Tapioca Pudding.
DeWitt Patterson, Mess Sgt.
Approved, Capt. H. L. Winters

Definitions for 1916

Food—A modern luxury.
Christmas—The exchange station of the year.

Electricity—The only juice that is more deadly than whiskey.

Political Discussions—Earthquakes that are set in motion by a chance word.

Education—Learning to become ashamed of father, mother and the old home.

War—The new name for excavating. Surgical Operation—A means of making doctors wealthy in a short time.

1916 Daffydils

After an illicit still has paid its revenue, is it illicit still?

It's singular that there are no autumn leaves when autumn leaves.

When Adam's sons grew up, was he able to Cain either one of them?

Some clothes have more ginger than others, but not the salt and pepper suit.

Matches are made between boxes because they have striking personalities. The button-holes complain that the little round things are always button in.

When the proboscis smells out a secret, it nose enough to keep still about it.

If the laths and plaster put up at a hotel, where would the weather-board?

About Thanksgiving time we are more interested in Turkey in Greece, than Turkey in Asia.

Dependents of Guards Get Aid

Federal Help Will Start This Month Says Head of the War Department

Washington, Nov. 21.—Dependent families of all soldiers who are doing patriotic duty on the Mexican border ought to be receiving federal aid from Uncle Sam before the end of this month according to Major H. M. Lord of the quartermaster's depot of the war department. After weeks of delay, occasioned by neglect and red tape at both ends of the line, the families are to receive the assistance to which they have been entitled under the law since Sept. 8, and by right since last June.

The applications of many men have been received and placed on file, which means that their families soon will be receiving support. The final step that remains before these checks are sent out is a verification of the applications with the records of enlistment in the service. Any families which need aid and are left out, either have made improper applications which have been sent back for correction or have neglected entirely to make the necessary applications. The news that Uncle Sam's relief machinery is finally working will be a big relief to the local organization of citizens which undertook to furnish aid up to the time the government funds were available. It means that they can disband and that contributions from citizens will no longer be necessary.

"Thanksgiving"

A PROCLAMATION: BY THE GOVERNOR

"No Man Liveth to Himself Alone." This declaration is so simple that a child can understand it. The whole world frequently contributes to the ingredients of a simple morning meal. The every-day comforts of life are the contribution of many minds and many hands. Literature, science, art, schools, colleges, universities and churches are the gifts of the people. Our own United States, the greatest and noblest nation on earth, is of the people, as proclaimed in that matchless document, the Declaration of Independence. This charter of human rights recognizes the divine in the human. If it were adopted by the nations of the earth, it would bring abiding world-peace, prosperity, and happiness. God has given man the earth and its manifold riches.

This year, of all the years of this great Republic, is a fitting time for thanksgiving. No nation liveth to itself alone. May we on Thanksgiving Day remember in our prayers and acts, the millions of widows and orphans, the millions of maimed and dying, the millions of prisoners of war in other lands. They are our kindred. May America become a beacon light of liberty to all the world.

Therefore, I, Woodbridge N. Ferris, Governor of the State of Michigan, do hereby join the President of the United States in designating Thursday, the thirtieth of November as a day for all of the people of this Commonwealth to celebrate in thanksgiving and prayer.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State this twenty-fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen, and of the Commonwealth the eighth.

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS,
Governor.

By the Governor:
COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,
Secretary of State.

Making Things Hum in Rome.

The Romans had three recognized methods of applauding—the bombus, the imbrices and the testate. The word bombus did not carry any allusion to explosives. On the contrary, this form of applause was the most decorous, inasmuch as it consisted merely of a humming or buzzing noise. Thus in a way the Romans were the first "to make things hum" in a public assembly. The bombus was not the chief feature the Romans had to offer in the way of applause. The imbrices meant a demonstration made with the hollow of the hands. From this we may conclude that the Romans clapped, but there is no certainty on this point.

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.

Dr. C. H. Pray
Dentist

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.
And Evenings.
Phone No. 223.

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

Dr. F. P. Ramsey
Physician and Surgeon.

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

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East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

BRING IN YOUR
Hides and Furs

**Scrap Iron
Brass
Copper
Rags Rubber
Wool Bought
LEAD ZINC ETC.**

We Pay the Top Market Price.
H. KLING.

LATH BOLTS
Wanted At Once!

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

Will pay \$4.00 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

VANPELT'S TOURING DIARY

Springfield, Vt., October 1, 1916.

Another day has come and gone and with it a day of our greatest pleasure. We left Rutland, Vt. at nine a. m. and drove over the Green Mountains to Woodstock. It was a charming sunshiny day, not a cloud in the sky and the sides of the mountains had more different colors than any rainbow I ever saw. The side that was facing the sun just glowed with scarlet, brown and with the different greens of the pines, spruces and hemlocks, all intermingled, which made a blanket of color that no pen can properly describe and the continual changes and angles made the day one of surpassing beauty.

On the shady side, where the sun only reached the tops of the trees, with the balance left in dark shadows, made a scene of like beauty which rendered the decision as to the relative grandeur of the opposite sides one of extreme difficulty. Taken all in all, we think this the most pleasing and satisfactory day of our drive.

We dined at White River Junction and had a very pleasant visit with Mr. Rob Meech, brother of the two sisters I called on in Burlington. From there, we drove south along the Connecticut River to Cleremont, N. H., where we left the valley and proceeded up the Black River to this busy little town, where I also sold flour over fifty years ago. This hotel is a jim dandy—neat and clean and oh, what a pretty place it is to stop at. I'll now go and try the sleep which comes to a poor, weary soul, filled and well satisfied with the days doings and enjoyments. Come and go with me tomorrow over the mountains again. Good night.

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.

Two Christmas Presents for the Price of One.

The best family paper and the best fashion magazine—The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine, both for \$2.10. The Youth's Companion (\$2.00 by itself) has for years been one of the best, most entertaining, most useful of Christmas presents, crowded with stories, articles, humor, science, and the progress of the world week by week. McCall's Magazine (50 cents by itself) is the most widely circulated fashion magazine in America.

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.

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.

PURE MILK

McCull & Mather
FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK
EAST JORDAN

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Liak, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

School Commissioner's Notes
May L. Stewart, Commissioner

During the past ten days every report in the office has been checked over. It was discovered that almost every teacher in the county had reports complete to date.

Miss Hale of Clarion reports two who have completed the 500 credits required of primary pupils for the entire year of Home Work. Miss Grownink of Undine reports one girl who has earned the 1000 credits required of grammar grade students. Sure proof that it didn't need to be required in her case. Miss Ruth Stroud, the industrious girl, is in the eighth grade and has never been absent or tardy.

The large diplomas will be ready for distribution very soon now.

Noted in the Pleasant Valley items: The teacher, Miss Kerry is serving one warm food each noon. The children furnish themselves and it is cooked at the school house, something different every day. Miss Kerry says that the grange furnished the oil stove for her, that she has a small kitchen; covered table and one shelf for the dishes. This is a splendid little plan in more ways than one, don't you think so?

Mr. Coffey and Mr. Munson of the state department were in the county on business recently.

If children are slow in bringing in their Home Work reports, it would probably be fair for all alike to grant 5 extra credits to every child bringing the card back on the required day, and to deduct one credit for every day behind time.

Ironton school, was dismissed early on Friday, the 17th, to attend the corn exhibit at the Grange Hall. The judges explained the points on which their decisions were based and the affair proved very educational for both young and younger.

At the advice of the state department the Star school is doing a little remodeling preparatory to installing Wolverine toilets.—Due to the kindness and careful supervision of the assistant state superintendent, Mr. Otwell, they will have the best possible results attainable under existing conditions.

The eighth grade reading test in May will be based on Mackay's Tubal Cain. The Lucy A. Sloan edition of this classic may be secured from the state agent, Mr. D. A. Wright, Lansing, Mich for ten cents per copy, one cent extra for postage. These texts are not only illustrated but contain music and directions for staging.

The mid-year test for every rural school in the county, December 20-21. Questions based on the work mapped out in the State Course of Study.

A number of schools have prepared some splendid Thanksgiving songs and sing their praises in anthems of joy.

The rough Notes Co., says that it pays to kick if in so doing you bruise your toe and have to sit down to think.

It is rather late to tell that a number of schools in the county had the pupils go to the polls to learn how to vote and to inspire dry votes? This was entirely the idea of the school officers and teachers but word comes that Ironton had enough enthusiasm left over to last a week. They tell of auto rides and treats, and then speaking seriously state that they are looking out for the future welfare of the state.

The state secretary of the Anti-tuberculosis Society is calling for the help of the rural teachers in selling seals and offers Health Buttons for champion salesman. The commissioner has taken the matter up with Mrs. McIntosh of Boyne City and it is understood that if a nurse is obtained for the county thru the efforts of our young boys and girls, the nurse will also give lectures and do crusade work in the rural districts during the time which she spends in the county.

The Ironton Mother's Club has elected Mrs. Lottie Tumath as president, Mrs. Louise Saunders as vice-president Mrs. Geo. McMullin as secretary and Mrs. C. J. T. Ogden as lecturer.

The address and demonstration work done by Mrs. Curtis of New England in Boyne City last Saturday was thoroughly practicable. She not only taught two classes to illustrate the Aldine Method but gave many pertinent pointers in general pedagogy. About 25 teachers gathered to hear the morning program and a number returned for the afternoon session.

Do the sash curtains in your school house answer a real purpose, or are they just there?

Joy Riding

Come on, fellers, all pile in—just a little pleasure spin. Out of neutral in to low, second and back and off we go. Yep, we took that corner fast; nearly hit the guy we passed. See that look he gave to us? Cranky, old, slow-speed-in' cuss. Anyway, we're out of town, where you have to creep aroun'. Now, old gal, come take your juice, limber up and put'er loose. Aint she hittin' fine, though boys? Slips along without a noise. See me hit that farmer's dog? Felt like it might been a log. Dogs should keep themselves inside when a feller wants to ride. Clip-pin' now at sixty-two. Think it's fast enough for you? Gosh, we almost hit that car; bet he thinks we're going far. Wonder how he likes to eat dust kicked up by this gal's feet. There's another piggie dead; caught him right behind the head. See that bunch of Teathers fly? Well, a chicken's got to die. What! You are a nurse, you say? Then where am I, anyway? Hospital? We had a wreck? Lost my head, but saved my neck.

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 26th, 1916.
9:30 a. m. Sunday School.
10:30 a. m. Preaching.
2:00 p. m. Services at Three Bell School House.
6:30 p. m. Preaching.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Cottage meeting, Friday evening.

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

Sunday, Nov. 26th.
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.

The man who marries a widow seldom says anything about his wife's first husband, but there are times when he regrets his demise.

IRONTON

Gerald Brok has entered the primary room, making thirty-five pupils on roll. Goldie Schneider was a Charlevoix business caller Saturday.

Mary Weldy spent the week end with her parents near East Jordan.

May L. Stewart visited the primary room Friday afternoon.

Ask a certain East Jordan fellow how he likes to walk from Ironton to Eveline Orchards.

The school received its "First Place" banner, from the "Athletic Club" Friday.

A large crowd attended the corn show Friday. The following people received prizes on corn and vegetables: Mrs. Clark, Edward Hammond, Oakley Saunders, Mary Weldy, Harold McMullin, Breezy Point farm, Willard Bird, Lilus Flanders, Oral Lewis and Mr. Lynklop.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

All persons liable for taxes in the City of East Jordan are hereby notified that the tax roll for the year 1916, for State, County, County Road and School District taxes in said city is in my hands for collection, and the taxes can be paid on and after December 10, 1916. If paid on or before January 9th, 1917, there will be no extra penalty, but on January 10th 1917, four per cent penalty will be added to all unpaid taxes.

Dated November 22d, 1916.
WM. A. PICKARD, City Treasurer.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our heartfelt appreciation for the many acts of kindness extended by friends and neighbors during the illness and death of our wife and mother.

George Miles
Robert Miles
John Miles
Mrs. Samuel Ramsey.

Be careful of your thoughts, for they are liable to break into words at any time.

The man who owes money usually worries less than the man to whom he owes it.

Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright

Black Silk Stove Polish

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

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

There's "A Shine In Every Drop"

Get a Can TODAY

MRS. MELTON'S LETTER

To Tired Worn-out Mothers

Jackson, Miss.—"I shall feel repaid for writing this letter if I can help any tired, worn-out mother or housekeeper to find health and strength as I have.

"I have a family of five, sew, cook and do my housework and I became very much run-down in health. A friend asked me to try Vinol. I did so and now I am well and strong and my old time energy has been restored. Vinol has no superior as a tonic for worn-out, run-down, tired mothers or housekeepers."

—Mrs J. M. MELTON, Jackson, Miss.

Sold by East Jordan Drug Co.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.

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

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

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

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

Belding's Guaranteed Dress Silks
are full yard wide and made in all the latest colors, plain and novelty designs. We have a most complete line of Messaline, Taffetas, Satin de Chines, Satin Charmeuse. Come in and see them.

Belding's Dress Silk Guit

"It Won't Tear"

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

East Jordan Lumber Co.

The Red Circle

Albert Payson Terhune

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

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birdmark 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. 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. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam," Jim's old crime partner. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam, Almie Lee, sells robs the guests at a ball. Mary 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. Gordon, a fugitive, rescues Lamar and June in turn saves Gordon from arrest. Smiling Sam sees the Red Circle on June's hand.

TENTH INSTALLMENT

EXCESS BAGGAGE

Leaning against a rock, near the cave entrance, "Smiling Sam" rubbed a big, knotted hand over the bristly stubble on his chin.

"A Red Circle on June Travis' hand!" he muttered over and over. "How in blazes can that be? What?"

He crept from the protection of the cavern-mouth and peered around the edge of the jutting rock, nearer to Mary and June. Their excited conversation was carried on in high-pitched tones that easily reached the hidden listener's ears.

"Of all the queer things that keep happening!" Mary was saying impatiently. "I do declare it gets on a body's nerves."

"If you let it get on your nerves," laughed June, "it's rather fun—anything mysterious is fun."

"Look!" June raised her right hand and pointed down the beach.

"Is that a man carrying a basket, or do my eyes deceive me?"

Expecting an indignant retort and receiving none at all, made her glance roguishly, from the corner of her eyes. She found Mary's horrified gaze fixed on her raised hand. The light left her face suddenly.

"Is it there?" she asked, dreading to look.

Mary took hold of the cold finger tips and pressed the marked hand against her breast.

"Yes, it's there," she answered sadly. "Well, daughter of 'Circle Jim,' what new mischief are you planning now?"

"Smiling Sam" uttered a quick, gasping sound and ducked behind the rock as the two women looked in his direction. Crouched there, gripping the smoothly worn surface for support, he grinned.

"Circle Jim!"

June Travis—"Circle Jim's" child! They turned and started to walk up the beach toward the Travis cottage. "Smiling Sam" crept stealthily from behind the huge pile of rocks and looked around for possible pur-



"Now Lock Me In!"

suers. Finding the coast clear, he jumped boldly into the open and followed them as rapidly as he considered prudent.

As June neared the second rocky point he called to her.

"Sam! Sam Eagan!" she gasped, clutching Mary's arm. "What does he want me for?"

By this time "Smiling Sam" was standing before them. He bowed over-courteously. When he stood erect, there was a strange light in his beady eyes.

"Sam!" June began reproachfully, "after all your promises to me! After all you—"

"What've I done, Miss Travis?" he whined.

"What have you done?" repeated June, moving a step nearer him. "Don't you feel the least bit of shame, stand-

ing there, before me, and asking me that?"

Sam threw back his head and roared aloud with genuine laughter. Mary ran to June and put her arms around her.

He stepped before them and blocked their way. Then he pointed a stubby, gray-smirched forefinger at June's lightly clasped hands.

"Not so quick!" he repeated sharply. "I've got your pedigree, and it's a peach."

Cold fear crept into June's heart. She made a spasmodic attempt to hide her hands behind her back. Sam laughed triumphantly.

"Who would 'a' thought it," he purred at her. "Miss June Travis—prison worker, savior of souls, a little angel of the cells—a crook—daughter of 'Circle Jim,' the slickest thing I ever chummed with."

"Come to the house with me!" Mary implored piteously.

"Didn't I tell you not so quick, old lady? She ain't going to the house with you and leave me cold. Get me?" he snarled.

"What do you want?" asked June, looking straight into his vicious little eyes.

"Oh, going to be nasty about it, eh? Well, now look here, you—cut it. They're after me. And 'Circle Jim's' daughter will get me food and protection, or I'll squeal good and plenty and trade her secret to the police, see?"

June shrank into Mary's arms—all her bravado gone.

"Oh, maybe ma would like to know the glad news!" he sneered. "Well, here goes."

"Stop!" June caught at his dirty, wrinkled coat sleeve. "Hide! Hide quickly, before they see you! Tonight I'll leave a basket of food for you at the corner of our garage—you know the place! Now, hide!"

Sam cast a last threatening look at the two figures in the distance, then dodged deftly behind a convenient boulder.

June swayed toward Mary.

"Your mother is coming, lamb," she warned. "She mustn't know—she mustn't suspect. Pull yourself together. And keep your hand hidden."

June nodded wearily.

"I will," she said. "She won't know. I won't let her know."

"Have you found any trace of it?"

Mrs. Travis called to her, a minute later.

"Not a trace. Mary and I have looked all over this part of the beach."

Once inside her room June and Mary dropped pretense.

"You ought to hate me, dear," June said at last. "Your life is a misery to you now. But you must know that I wouldn't cause you sorrow or worry, if I could help it—don't you know it, Mary? When these spells come on, I—"

"There, there!" interrupted the old woman, drawing her into the circle of her arms. "Hate you? I love you better than anything in this wide world. And I'm going to stay by and shield you as long as there's life in me. Now, we won't say any more about that—ever. What we've got to think of now is this latest danger. We have to get away from Surfton, dear—right away. Tell your mother you want to go back to the city."

"I don't think it will work, but I'll try," she said meekly.

Her courage ebbed even further when she entered the library a moment later and saw the expression of impatience on her mother's usually smooth brow. Evidently the irritation of the stolen lunch had not worn off.

June went up to her chair and put her arms over her mother's shoulders. Mrs. Travis looked up. The touch was not that of impetuous June at all. It was unnaturally meek and gentle. A look at the wan face alarmed her.

"What is it—what is it, darling?" she asked hurriedly. "Do you feel ill?"

June nodded.

"Yes," she said, shuddering slightly as the thought of "Smiling Sam" came back to her. "I feel ill. Mother, I want to go home—to the city—I mean, I want to go tonight, mother."

June had worked herself up to the verge of nervous hysteria. Mrs. Travis saw, with alarm, that she was under some great mental strain.

"But I think you will get well so much more quickly down here, dear." Her determination was weakening. June felt it. It gave her new courage.

"So many queer things have happened since we've been here," Mary put in quickly. "The child's nerves have been upset for several days. She didn't want to worry you, so she hasn't said anything about it. But I've known, and it has scared me."

"Do you think it's as good for her in the city as it is here?" Mrs. Travis asked, in surprise.

"I think the best place for her, just now is the place she wants to be," said Mary quickly.

"All right. If you think it's advis-

able, we'll try it, although it's very much against my will."

"And we can go this evening?" June asked eagerly.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Travis with some reluctance.

The girl jumped up from her chair and hugged her rapturously.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Thank you so much, mother dear. You'll see how quickly I get well in the city. Come on, Mary."

Upstairs, June was throwing armfuls of fluffy petticoats and dance frocks from the depths of a clothes closet, faster than Mary could pile them up of the bed.

There was a subdued knock at the door. Mary opened it. Yama stood in the hall. He had the two trunks on a small hand truck.

"Put them anywhere," June sang out, "and open them."

June's face clouded suddenly. She came close to Mary and spoke in a whisper.

"We will have dinner early tonight and we start for the city in the car right after. We have to manage to get that basket of food to Sam, Mary. I'm afraid not. Afraid!"

"Oh, I'll arrange that all right," soothed the old nurse. "I'll have the basket fixed long before. Then right after we've finished dinner you and I can slip out on some pretext or other and put it at the side of the garage."

At seven o'clock that evening a bulky, crouching figure slid along in the shadow of the hedge skirting the Travis grounds. It made for a small gate, looked cautiously to the left and right, then darted through, toward the rear of the garage.

A huge touring car, rolled half through the open doorway, reflected the light of a low moon from its highly polished hood.

The man sneaked around in the shadows, saw and dodged back, fearful lest there might be someone in it.

He peered around the corner of the garage and grinned mockingly as he saw Mary and June steal down the steps of the little back porch and run down the driveway in his direction.

Sam crept along the outside of the garage, keeping well within the shadow. The fierce hunger that gnawed within him almost overcame his caution. As the women drew near he darted toward them, snatched the basket from Mary's arm, and plunged an eager, dirty hand into it.

"Go out of the grounds and eat it, please!" begged June. "Someone may come at any minute."

June tried to force him around the garage.

"Say, quit pushing me!" he grumbled indignantly. "There ain't a soul here. I don't see what you're getting all fussed up about."

"I tell you, someone may come any minute."

Mary looked toward the house. A shadow crossed a lighted window. She added her entreaties to June's.

"If you expect to be fed and protected you'll have to do as we say."

"Say, you people talk like you were doing me a favor!" he observed in heavy sarcasm, "when all the time it's me that's keeping 'Circle Jim's' daughter from a little uniform and a tin cup!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" June's voice was shrill with terror. "All I ask you to do is to leave the grounds. Now will you go, or won't you?"

"Oh, well, when you're decent about it, like that, I suppose I'll go," and "Smiling Sam" allowed himself to be urged around the garage into the darkness.

He reached the rear gate, still munching. And then a thought struck him. Those two women had seemed desperately anxious to be rid of him.

A heavy step crunched the gravel of the driveway. Sam dropped into the shadow and waited. He saw the chauffeur approach the car, carrying an armful of motor robes and two heavy suitcases. He heard the thud as they were slid along the floor of the tonneau. Then there was a sudden snorting, a whir and a sharp little explosion, as the car shot forward and rolled down the drive toward the house. In the protection of the shrubbery, "Smiling Sam" groaned out a string of oaths.

Double crossed! So that was their game. Well he'd show them. He took handfuls of sandwiches from the basket and stuffed them into his greasy trouser pockets, kicked the basket outside the grounds and started for the back of the house. Then, step by step, he crept toward a long open window, from which a yellow band of light streamed out across the lawn.

Having reached it, he tried to stifle his rapid breathing. Inside there was a clink of china and tableware.

He saw Yama pick up a small carrying set and open a shallow drawer in the buffet. But, before the little Jap had a chance to put the knife and work away June called to him from the hall.

Instantaneously obedient, Yama dropped the implements on the table and started for the door, where he collided with June as she ran in swathed in chiffon veils and motor coat.

"Oh, there you are!" She smiled at his evident embarrassment. "Yama, here's the key of my large trunk—the one with the trays, you know. It's so jammed full we can't close it. Will you close and lock it after we've gone! The baggageman will be here soon."

"Of a certain, Miss June," assented the grave little man.

"Thank you. Now will you come out and tuck us in the car? There's no one who can fix an automobile robe as snugly as you can, Yama. Somehow or other it always stays put."

Flattened against the house, Sam heard Mrs. Travis give final instructions about locking up the place. Then June's musical young voice called out:

(Continued on Next Page)

They let you know you've been smoking—and yet they're MILD

In other words, Chesterfield Cigarettes are MILD—and yet they satisfy. This is something totally new to cigarettes. It goes further than pleasing your taste—satisfy does for your smoking what a juicy slice of hot roast beef does for your appetite.

Chesterfields satisfy—they let you know you've been smoking.

But they're MILD, too—Chesterfields are!

If you want this new cigarette delight (satisfy, yet mild) you've got to get Chesterfields, because no cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend. This blend is an entirely new combination of tobaccos and the biggest discovery in cigarette blending in 20 years.

Leggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Give me a package of those cigarettes that SATISFY"

Chesterfield CIGARETTES



They SATISFY!
—and yet they're MILD

20 for 10¢

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

The cow gives her milk—but the dairyman sells it.

People who tell the truth at all times have but few friends.

When compared with the patience of a mother, all other brands of patience are counterfeit.

You can generally tell false teeth from real ones because they are more perfect than natural teeth.

BABY HAD WHOOPING COUGH

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

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief.

Ah! how good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more hawking, sniffling, blowing, no more headache, dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.

We have the New **BRETON** an **ARROW COLLAR** WEISMAN'S

"The Red Circle"

(Continued from Third Page)

"Don't forget to give the express man the right address, Yama."

A dull rage burned in Eagan's heart; the malignant, virulent rage of the duped crook who has never before doubted his own craft. Braving the light, the possibility of capture—everything—he stepped boldly through the open window and walked to the center of the room. His hand closed on the ugly knife lying on the table, with a savageness that was foreign to his usual suave methods.

Overhead he heard the floor respond almost imperceptibly to Yama's light steps. That must be the room the trunks were in, he decided. He bent down and crept along the floor, so that his body could not be seen from the outside.

Once in the darkened hall, he stood erect and felt his way to the stairs. They creaked faintly under his bulky weight—too faintly to attract attention. In the upper corridor a half-opened door showed a lighted room.

Yama, his back toward the door, was trying to persuade a bulging trunk that his slight weight was sufficient to end the argument. "Smiling Sam" slowly and silently opened the door. Incent upon the stubborn job before him, Yama heard nothing—sensed nothing.

Sam stood over him, brandishing the knife, snarling, swearing, threatening. The delicious fright of the little man before him fired his blood.

"Take the trays out of that trunk and dump the things in that closet over there," he commanded.

"You're going to lock me in, ship me to the city as baggage and keep your gab muzzled. If you breathe a word to anybody,"—here Sam drew an aeroplane road map with his knife—"I'll run this little lawn mower down your throat, but out your vocal cords and string 'em on my zither! Get me? Now lock me in!"

The ashen, shaken Jap clicked the key in the lock and adjusted the straps. Downstairs, he heard the baggageman tramp up on the back porch and knock loudly on the door.

Yama led the two men back into the room and showed them the trunks. Between them they hoisted the trunk containing "Smiling Sam" and carried it downstairs.

In his office, surrounded by his stuffy old records and science books, Lamar had been struggling all day to rid himself of the vision of a pair of challenging eyes, laughing lips and a crown of adorable curls.

In utter disgust he slammed down a book on "The Defective Cerebellum," took his hat and came from the rack, and strolled over to the office of the chief of police.

The chief came out to greet him. "Hello—what's up?" he inquired tersely, at first sight of him. "Look all gone to pieces. What is it? Stomach, liver—or heart?"

"Oh, I'm worked out!" explained Max impatiently. "These 'Red Circle' cases

threshold. "Must have had a pal down there who warned him."

"And we were coming back to town, disgusted with our luck," intercepted Jacobs, "when all of a sudden I look out of the window and see this fellow Gordon, standing plumb on the sidewalk, as bold as you please. Of course Bill and I got off that car in double-quick time; but before we could steal up on him Gordon sighted us and—"

"And made for an alleyway," the first detective broke in, jealously. "We chased him down the alleyway—it was one running alongside a lumber yard. We got a patrolman to stand guard over the entrance to the yard while we investigated farther down the alley—but nothing doing."

"Did you search the yard?" asked Lamar quietly.

"Aw, how can you search a lumber yard?" scoffed Jacobs. "A guy could have you playing hide-and-seek all week in one of those things. We put the patrolman there so he couldn't make a getaway."

The chief looked at Lamar.

"Well," he asked slyly, "does it change your mind?"

Max shook his head.

"Sorry. But it doesn't. Good-by. I'm not going back to the office just yet. I'm going to take a brisk walk. Maybe when I get back some of these cobwebs will be cleared out of my head. I'm not going to walk past any lumber yards, either," he added as a parting shot.

The four men—all interested in the man hunt for the little embezzler, Gordon—laughed heartily. If only one of them had looked out of the window of the chief's office at that minute he would have seen a weary, bedraggled creature holding a small, white card in his hand, wander past, looking for an address.

The weary, bedraggled creature was Charles Gordon, fugitive attorney, who, after a night spent on a damp park lawn, was seeking Max Lamar to throw himself on his mercy.

The sight of a blue uniform with brass buttons on the street corner ahead of him made him dodge rapidly into a convenient doorway. Heavy, regular footsteps approached his hiding place—the measured pacing of the patrolman on his beat, known so well to evaders of embarrassing situations. The blue, well-fed figure got abreast of the spot—passed it, unseeing. The coast was clear.

Gordon jumped from the doorway, skirted the building, keeping close to the wall, and turned the corner. There he drew a free breath and pushed his hat back on his forehead.

The second large doorway from the corner had "Black Building" carved in the stone up over the arch. Gordon looked at the card in his hand.

The penciled line under Lamar's name read, "512 Black Building." He walked through the huge glass door and started to mount the stairs. A man sneaking from the law's hands does not trust himself to elevators—or rather people who run them.

At the top of the fourth flight he turned down the hallway to his left and looked for the door with that

"I wonder if that's a call," she whispered, dimpling with mischief. "If it is, I'm going to answer it. Suppose it's some big crime case? A murder! Wouldn't it be exciting?"

She took the receiver from the book.

"Hello," she said, as brisk and businesslike as could be.

"Hello," came back over the wire, in a short, frightened gasp. "Mr. Lamar?"

There was a sharp click, a buzzing, then utter silence. June moved the hook up and down impatiently. There



"Why Did You Come Here?"

was no answer. She became quite excited about it—and persisted. Suddenly a bored voice broke in:

"Number, please?"

"You cut me off!" June answered sharply.

"What number were you talking to?"

"I don't know. They called me."

"If I can locate the party, I'll call you again. Hang up, please."

"Oh bother!"

June put the receiver back on the hook and turned to Gordon.

"The reason I'm so put out and irritated about it," she explained, "is because I thought it sounded like my nurse's voice. It was so like hers—as though she were terribly frightened! It couldn't have been, though," she added meditatively. "She didn't know I was coming here—I didn't want her to. And she hadn't any reason to call up Mr. Lamar. In fact I know she'd avoid him. I suppose it was only my imagination."

At the Travis house Mary shrank away from the telephone and covered her face with her hands, in terror. June at Lamar's office! Why? And secretly, too. Horrors were piling up.

It had been a wild, unreasoning fear that drew her to the telephone to communicate with Lamar. A sense of desperation and complete helplessness. She knew, as soon as the central repeated the number after her, that she had done a foolish thing. And then June had answered!

Mary crept to the foot of the stairway leading up to the attic and listened. She thought she heard a slow, measured breathing. Then the sound of something heavy being dragged over the floor made her fly to her own room in instant terror.

There, sitting erect and tense in the comfortable old chair where she was accustomed to take her afternoon nap, she went over the happenings of the past hour.

"Hour! Had it been only an hour! It was incredible to suppose that so much disaster could accumulate in sixty short minutes. She looked at the little silver boudoir clock, one of June's gifts. Just an hour since, she had looked from the window to see Yama coming up the walk, carrying his suitcase.

Only an hour since he had put the grip on the front porch and handed her the key to June's big trunk. Mary ticked off the dreadful events in a sort of morbid tabulation—the events that had followed:

When she had gone into June's room to get the rest of the unpacking finished Yama had followed her closely. His face must have been unnaturally ghastly at the time. She had not noticed until afterward, when his pallor was hideous.

Then the trunk! A slight difficulty in opening it, on account of the key sticking—the lid flying up suddenly, and a squat, ugly, grinning face, with cracked lips parted over ugly snags of teeth, shoved close to her own!

Mary now caught her reflection in the mirror over the bureau of her room. There were blue hollows around her eyes and a pinched, starved look clinging about her nostrils.

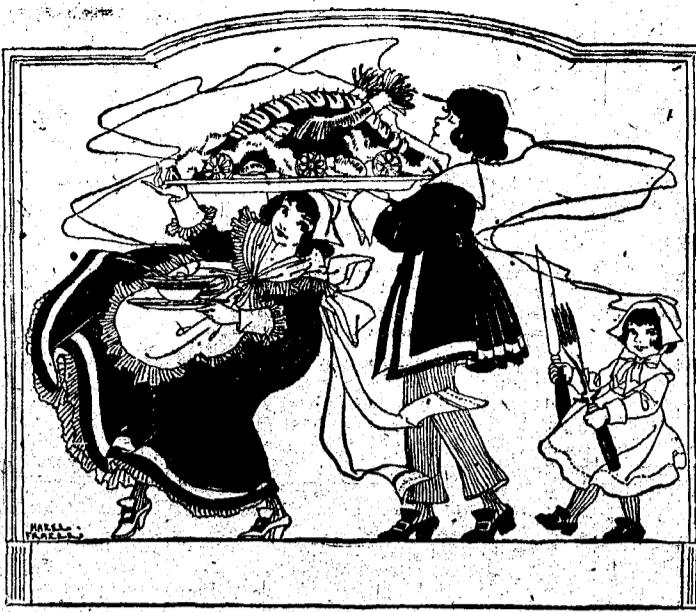
"Smiling Sam's" threat rang in her ears.

"Thought you'd shake me, eh? Well, you've got to hide me now, or by—, I'll—"

She had hidden him—aided by Yama—the coward who had made this fearsome situation possible. Together they had urged Sam up the steps into the attic. He had gone, snarling at them, mouthing gutter oaths and dire threats. Just before he had closed the attic door he had flourished a knife with a menacing gesture. It was an indelible warning to Mary, as she sat alone, recalling the scene.

Suddenly, with a smothered scream, the old woman jumped to her feet and caught at the edge of the bureau to keep from falling. Upstairs from the attic there was a crash that shook the walls of the room, then a stifled moan!

(END OF TENTH INSTALLMENT.)



Our Thanksgiving Offerings

SKATING SETS

in all the new colors for Misses and Women.

LINENS at 50c, 75c and up.

NEW SERGE CHEMISE DRESSES in navy, black, and plum, \$15 to \$20. All up-to-date.

One Lot of Misses' and Women's COATS—For the Week at \$10. All worth from \$15 to \$25.

Several Broadcloth SUITS in green, plum and navy at 1-3 off the regular price.



Furs

in Grey, Fox, Hudson Seal, Beaver, Coney
Now On Display. See Them.

One Lot of HATS and TAMS to close out at 59c.



COME IN during the week and look around.

NEW GOODS. ARRIVING DAILY.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.



"I've Got Your Pedigree; and it's a Peach."

have got me going. They make me see what a dub I am."

"I don't want to speak to you about the 'Red Circle,' Allen told him.

"Come on into the office and have a smoke. I want you to drop these cases for a while and go to work on the Gordon affair. The Farwell corporation will pay heavy blood money to get him back. You're the man I want on it."

"I'd like to do anything you ask me to, chief," he declared, sincerely, "but I can't handle this Gordon case. Because I'm going to stick to the 'Red Circle' until I solve it."

There was a knock at the door. The chief's secretary came in from the outside office.

"The two men you sent down to Surfton on the Gordon case are outside. They'd like to see you at once—very important."

Lamar reached for his hat. The chief interposed.

"No, I want you to stay and hear what they have to say. Maybe it will arouse your interest sufficiently to make you change your mind. Send them in, Harry."

The two detectives rushed into the doorway, each desperately anxious to tell the exciting story.

"Didn't get a trace of him down at Surfton," Boyle, the taller of the two, burst out as he crossed the

number" on it. He found it—the door slightly ajar.

Very cautiously Gordon pushed it wider.

A graceful woman, prettily gowned, was seated in a chair beside the desk, with her back to him. The click of the closing door made her jump up and face him.

Gordon gasped. It was June Travis! "Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed, looking around nervously. "Why did you come here? How foolish of you to take the chance! I've had such a splendid opportunity to get away! Why didn't you take advantage of it?"

"Get away!" Gordon laughed bitterly. "Miss Travis, everyone thinks that 'getting away' is mere child's play until they try to do it. There is nothing so difficult. There is nothing in the torture line that can come up to it—this dodging the police when you don't know how. I'm tired and cold and hungry. I've spent the night on a lawn in the park. I haven't had a morsel of food. I'm sick and discouraged—ready to give up. Mr. Lamar is my last hope. I thought I'd try him. If he turns me down it's all over."

"Maybe, if you can tell somebody what has happened, it will make it easier for you," said June.

The telephone on the desk, at June's elbow, tinkled.

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.

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.

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers you—Meat forms uric acid.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless, inexpensive, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now, and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications. A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.



Juliet Musidora in "The Vampires."

A man is known by his lawyer; a woman is known by her doctor.

Spite enables a fool to believe he's happy in his unhappiness.

TOOK THE HURT OUT OF HER BACK

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

When a girl under 15 is ambitious to become an actress it's up to her mother to do a movie stunt with her slipper.

Too many people in this miserable old world are never happy unless they are bubbling over with unhappiness.

DRINK A GLASS OF REAL HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Says we will both look and feel clean, sweet and fresh and avoid illness.

Sanitary science has of late made rapid strides with results that are of untold blessing to humanity. The latest application of its untiring research is the recommendation that it is as necessary to attend to internal sanitation of the drainage system of the human body as it is to the drains of the house.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the phosphated hot water is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatic stiffness, others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Briefs of the Week

Geo. Ward has been confined to the house by illness.

Vern Flanders and family will occupy Geo. Pringle's residence.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sloan of Sidney, Ohio, a daughter, Nov. 12th.

Miss Eva Lewis of Bad Axe, and Miss Pearl of Grand Rapids are home this week.

C. G. Isaman went to Alba on Thursday, to work for the East Jordan Lumber Co.

Walter Thompson and C. Randall of Manistee are visiting Louis Kowalske and family.

Jim Miles and mother have moved on the farm recently occupied by Orvie G. Walus, west of town.

Mrs. Carl Whiteford and children of Deward, visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wisler, over Sunday.

Mrs. Earl Blair returned from Minnesota on Saturday, where she was called by the death of her father.

Archie Wilson of this city and Miss Lena Holden of Boyne City were united in marriage Tuesday by Justice Blount.

Mrs. C. Walsh left Monday for a visit with relatives at Mancelona. From there she plans to go to Florida to spend the winter months.

Miss Nellie Carman, who has been guest at the home of her cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin McGowan, returned to her home at Norwood, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Price of Aberdeen Wash., are expected here this Thursday for a visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price and other relatives.

Nathan Shaw and Miss Winifred Fraser, both of Boyne City were united in marriage Saturday, Nov. 18th, at the Church of God parsonage, the pastor J. W. Ruehle officiating.

Rev. John Clemens will be in attendance at the District Convention of the Methodist Episcopal church held at Harbor Springs next Monday and Tuesday. He expects to return Wednesday morning.

Our thanks are due Capt. H. L. Winters of Co. "I" 33rd Mich. Inf'y, now at El Paso, Texas, for contributing Five Dollars toward The Herald's mess fund. The money is Mexican—but we presume of course that its bankable. It ought to be for there are two photo steel engravings on the bill—one of them looks like Hughes and the other like Bill Spring.

The Steamer Neff loaded with pig iron at the East Jordan Furnace Co. dock this week and is ready to clear for Buffalo. On Thursday, with a heavy fog prevailing, Capt. Doker noticed that the barometer was badly stirred up, and decided to lay by. It is well he did for at this writing the wind is blowing a gale from the north-west, accompanied by a sleet snow.

A special Thanksgiving program and entertainment will be given at St. Joseph's school on Tuesday evening November 28th, for the benefit of St. Joseph's school. Besides the fine program there will be various booths, games and amusements—and lunch also will be served. Everyone is most cordially invited to come and partake of these Thanksgiving festivities.

Masque Skate Carnival at the Roller Rink Nov. 30th. A prize of two dollars each to the lady and gentlemen having the neatest and most attractive costumes. Skating from 7:00 until 10:30 p. m. No unmasked skaters allowed on the floor until after nine o'clock. General admission ten cents. Skates 25c. There will also be an afternoon skating session on Thanksgiving day. Skates, 15c.

Little Ruth, three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hogstein passed away Monday morning, the cause of her death being inflammation of the bowels. Funeral services were held from the parents home on Orchard Heights, Wednesday afternoon conducted by Rev. John Clemens. The little girl was one of twins and we understand the other child is seriously ill with the same trouble.

Two former East Jordan young people, Fred Kowalske and Miss Eva Mackey were united in marriage at Detroit last Wednesday evening, Nov. 15th. They came to East Jordan Saturday last for a visit with friends and relatives. From here they go to Lansing where they will make their home for a while, Mr. Kowalske having charge of the Mason work for Contractor Ed. Price. The bride has been a resident of California for several years, being located at Long Beach the past few months.

Mrs. Mort Tyner is reported ill.

Mrs. A. Danto is confined to her home by illness.

A. W. Wells is receiving a visit from his mother of Muskegon.

Mrs. Carl Johnson visited her parents at Elk Rapids over Sunday.

Mrs. John Roy leaves this Saturday for her home at Goshen, Ind.

Mrs. Orrin Bartlett returned home from Central Lake, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Berger and son returned home from Lansing, Monday.

Mrs. W. H. White of Boyne City spent Sunday in the city visiting friends.

W. J. Ellison returned home Monday from his hunting trip and he secured a deer.

Mrs. Sophia Johnson of Green River is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. N. Spence.

Com'r May L. Stewart and Mrs. Geo. Chapman were Boyne City visitors, Tuesday.

Mrs. R. A. Risk entertained the Whist Club at her home Wednesday afternoon.

Bruce Flannery returned home from Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday, on the Steamer Neff.

Be sure to hear those funny minstrels at the high school show Monday evening. Only 15c.

Mrs. Murphy of Ludington is guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Quinn.

Charles Stevens of Phelps visited at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. P. Maddock, over Sunday.

Bert Lewis of Atlantic City, N. J., is home for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis.

Misses Aimee St. John left Wednesday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Oral Misenar, at Northville.

Mrs. Walter Davis entertained a number of her friends with a party at her home Wednesday evening.

Miss Gertie St. John was taken to the Reycraft hospital at Petoskey, Tuesday for an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. T. B. McCutcheon and children of Birmingham are guests at the home of her brother, Dr. G. W. Béchold.

Wm. Miles was taken to the Reycraft hospital, at Petoskey, Thursday, where he will take treatments for neuritis.

Mrs. Hector McKinnon, Sr., was taken to the Reycraft hospital at Petoskey, Thursday where she will take treatment for cancer.

Mrs. Lavins VanHorn and son, Harold, of Petoskey are visiting at the home of her father, Geo. Anderson and family, for a few days.

Miss Esther Porter returned to Oberlin, Thursday, after spending a few days here and attending the wedding of her sister, Miss Flora.

Mrs. Robt. Spence, Chas. R. Johnson J. Flannery and Mrs. C. G. Isaman and son attended the auction sale given by Mrs. Johnson at Green River on Monday.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. A. L. Hilliard next Friday afternoon, Dec. 1st. There will be election of officers. All members are requested to be present.

Did you ever visit the big Ford factory, the most famous factory in the world? If not you can't afford to miss seeing the pictures at the Temple Theatre Monday evening. Two shows, 8:30 and 9:30.

Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Sidebotham, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Peck were at Petoskey, Thursday afternoon and evening attending the Presbyterian "Church Efficiency Conference."

The second of the series of talks on Character will be given Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal church. Subject, "The Young Woman or The Queen on Her Throne, The Queen off Her Throne." Good music. Good interest. Plan to come.

Miss Mary Lamport, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Lamport, was recently married to Henning H. Wallen of Calumet. Miss Lamport has been engaged in teaching in the public schools of that city for several years. Mr. and Mrs. Wallen will make their home in Rock Island, Ill.—Mancelona Herald.

Two parties of East Jordan deer hunters returned home, Thursday noon, every member bringing home a substantial souvenir—seven deer in all. Those returning were, Dr. H. W. Dicken, Roscoe Mackey, A. Cameron and Horace Hipp; I. W. Bartlett and sons, Ira and Orrin. They were located about 55 miles out of Newberry on the river, and on part of their way out had to break a four-inch coating of ice.

Mrs. W. R. Stewart was confined to her home by illness the past week.

The new overture played by the High School Cadet Band at the show on Monday evening will be worth the price of admission.

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

Those desiring Fresh Roasted and Salted PEANUTS in quantities can secure the same by telephoning No. 24 or leaving orders at CLARK'S Pop Corn and Peanut Stand.

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.

Contracts are signed by the Presbyterian and Methodist churches with the Loose Evangelistic Party to wage a tabernacle campaign with us next April and May. Let much earnest prayer be offered for God's richest blessings be poured out on them.

What is nicer for a Xmas present than one that comes twelve times a year. Twelve reminders. That is what the McCall's Magazine will be if you send it to your friends. No midnight oil burned, no trouble shopping. Simply give some member of the Presbyterian Ladies Aid fifty cents they will do the rest.

A forty minute minstrel show and many other acts at the Temple Theatre Monday evening.

St. Joseph's Church Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Nov. 26.

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

10:30 a. m. High Mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions, Benediction.

Friday Dec. 1, First Friday.

5:00 and 6:00 a. m. Holy Communion.

8:00 a. m. Mass.

7:00 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions.

7:30 p. m. Meeting of Holy Name Society.

First Methodist Episcopal Church Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Nov. 26, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—

"Three Unusual Descriptions of God."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic

"Cultivating the Thanksgiving Habit."

Leaders—Pearl Snyder and Mrs. L. Ellis.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship.

Special sermon to young women. Subject,

"The Young Women or The Queen on Her Throne, The Queen off Her Throne."

This is the second of the series of talks on character.

Thanksgiving Day service at the Presbyterian church. See program under Presbyterian notes.

Our regular prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30.

The District Convention at Harbor Springs Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 27 and 28. Bishop Theodore S. Henderson will be present and give three addresses on Tuesday.

Presbyterian Church Notes Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, November 26, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—The Principles of Conduct.

7 p. m.—Choir Special Service.

The Program of the evening service follows:

Organ Prelude.

'Awakening Chorus.'

Chorus Choir.

Scripture Lesson.

Prayer.

'My Only Hope'—Mr. and Mrs. Bretz.

'My Anchor Holds'—Male Chorus.

'I'm a Pilgrim'—Misses Kenny and Berg, and Chorus.

'He Brightens the Shadows'—Mr. Holliday and Chorus.

Offeratory.

'I Walk with the King'—Mr. Bisbee.

'Wandering Child, O Come Home'—Male Chorus.

'He is Mine'—Chorus Choir.

Hymn by Congregation—I love to tell the Story.

Organ Postlude.

The selections are all from 'Songs for Service' the book used recently in the Billy Sunday meetings at Detroit. Mrs. W. E. Moore is to be the organist. This program is carried out under the guidance of the music committee, Mrs. Fitch and Mrs. Bretz, and the choir leader, Mr. Bisbee.

Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.—Monthly meeting of trustees.

Thursday 10:30 a. m.—Union Thanksgiving service in the Presbyterian church. The Rev. John Clemens will preach.

A man has sight; a woman insight. And a miss may be better than a male.

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

Men are like wagons—they rattle most when there is nothing in them.

A real old fashioned Midway at the high school fair next Monday evening in the Armory.

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

No doubt more young men would be able to earn their own living if they did not have rich and foolish fathers to support them.

PULPWOOD WANTED—Spruce, Balsam. For particulars and prices write to E. F. WILSON, 602 Bearinger Bldg., Saginaw, Mich.

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

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

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money, by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

HIGH SCHOOL County FAIR

—AT THE—
ARMORY and THEATRE

Monday Evening
NOV. 27TH

A Big Time for a Little Price.

MINSTREL SHOW—at 8:30 and 9:30
Admission 15c Admission to Fair FREE

A FEW TIMELY SUGGESTIONS FOR THANKSGIVING.

A wonderful showing of Men's Suits.

You are going to need a New Suit for the Holidays and you ought to have one for Thanksgiving. As an inducement for you to buy early we have specially priced all our Suits. You'll find among the assortment Serges, Cashmeres, Worsteds, and all the most desirable weaves for winter wear. Good, snappy styles for the young fellows and more conservative models for the older man.

BIG VALUES IN BOY'S SUITS

That boy of yours wants to look nice and he wants a suit that will stand lots of hard wear and still have that air of manliness about them that will make him a leader among his chums. NORFOLKS and PINCH BACKS. SPECIAL PRICES until after Thanksgiving.

HABERDASHERY

As ever—a wonderful line of SHIRTS.



SILK MUFFLERS

Just what you want A large variety of patterns. \$1.25 to \$3.00. Knit Mufflers, 50c.

TIES

in rich shades and subdued tones. Large openend four-in-hands. Bat Wines—new, 50c to \$1.

CAPS—they can't be beat at 50c to \$2.00.

A Thanks- giving Dress

A few suggestions in popular materials in which we have a very large and beautiful assortment. Taffetas \$1.00 to \$1.75. Silk Poplins \$1.25 to \$1.50. Liberty Satin, \$2.00.

All 40-in. width. You'll like the showing

GEORGETTE CREPES

All colors. 40-in. width. \$1.50 to \$2.00



SHOES for Everyone We can Save You Money

Just received—some very pretty Misses' low heel high top shoes. Dull leather. A winner at \$3.75. All sizes.

Some Very Pretty LEATHER Hand Bags Just Received.



FURS of All Kinds

Ladies' and Children's Sets. COLLARETTES—the new thing in Furs. Remarkable values.

BEAUTIFUL Table Linens

Richly designed—special finish—a large assortment of patterns and at prices far below their present market value.

LINENS FOR FANCY WORK Stamped and by the yard.

QUALITY WEISMAN'S SERVICE

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

Sold by the
EAST JORDAN
LUMBER COMPANY

WEISMAN'S WEISMAN'S WEISMAN'S WEISMAN'S WEISMAN'S WEISMAN'S WEISMAN'S WEISMAN'S WEISMAN'S

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright 1915 by Frank H. Spearman
Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the Signal Film Corporation.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safecrackers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, finally wound the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagrue uses Spike to set fire to a powder train hauled by Storm's engine. 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 blueprint. Storm, employed by Rhinelander, wins a fight with Seagrue's men for possession of a consignment of railroad ties. Spike and his confederate safe-breakers steal Rhinelander's pay-roll money. Helen pursues and, with a policeman's aid, captures two of them and recovers the money.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

"SPIKE'S AWAKENING"

Resolved to get completely away from the constant interruptions in his work, Amos Rhinelander replaced his burned camp with outfit cars and moved at once to the end of his construction work, now well advanced on the desert.

The new equipment was as complete as money and energy could suggest. And no sooner were the cars out on a spur at Baird—near the end of the new line—than linemen were busy making telegraphic connections for help with the Tidewater system. The moment the wiring was done Storm suggested the first message over the new line ought to go to Helen, who had now been transferred from Signal to Las Vegas, a division station below Baird. Rhinelander was pleased with the suggestion and Storm wrote out a telegram. The operator sounded Helen's call, and after a moment announced she was on the wire taking Storm's message. It read:

Rhinelander says contracts on Number Nineteen. Bring them up Sunday. Storm will meet train here and drive you over to camp.

Seagrue, during this time, had already made counter-dispositions to meet Rhinelander's arrangements and had established a secondary headquarters at Las Vegas, where he controlled an icing concession.

Spike had been laggard in following Seagrue up the line as directed, and he later sent as many unpleasant messages as he could to Oceanside, where Spike was in retreat. But as Seagrue's continuing summons grew more and more peremptory Spike was obliged to take notice and get under way for the desert himself.

Leaving Oceanside the night after a rouse, he woke next morning as the train was pulling into a desert town strange to his eyes. Somewhat mystified, anyway, and being unable to recognize his surroundings, he asked a fellow passenger the name of the place; but he forgot it the moment he



Helen Was Overpowered.

heard it. However, on scanning closely the appearance of the block of crude buildings facing the station, he reached the conclusion it would be a good place to supply at least one of his needs, and forthwith hastened from the coach to the nearest corner grocery. Once inside the place, his attention was held for a moment by a rambling discussion carried on by a group of early morning loafers. Spike, never happy outside a wrangle, struck unhesitatingly into the talk, which was concerning how loud Caruso could sing, and disputed practically every statement advanced by anybody. After prolonged loss of sleep in the city and with nerves none too amiable at best, now shattered by drink, he was in an exceptionally surly state, and before he knew it had a fist fight on his hands. The brawl was short. The three or four whom he had angered set on him together and, making a job of it, threw him bodily out on the sidewalk. One of the party proved Samaritan enough to follow him out and hand him his cap and a letter he had stuck inside it before leaving Oceanside to read at his leisure. After putting the note away he had forgotten all about it,

shortly. A feeble grin overspread Spike's battered features.

Seagrue had brought to the desert with him from his camp two rogues whose names had gradually been reduced by bad spelling and hard knocks to "Bill" and "Lug." The pair were in his rooms with him when he asked whether Spike had come on the passenger train.

Bill was looking from the window at the moment and answered, "That looks like Spike down street, now."

In a few moments more Spike had found his way to the rendezvous. Seagrue, impatient as always, demanded to know as soon as he entered the room what had kept him. Spike told his story, or at least such part of it as he deemed it wise to tell, and, turning the tables on Seagrue, asked what was up. Seagrue told him of the right-of-way contracts expected the following day by Rhinelander.

"What of it?" demanded Spike.

"We must get them," announced Seagrue, bluntly.

"Who's we?" inquired Spike, impudently.

"You!" returned Seagrue with as much insolence as he could throw into one word. Spike's sullenness angered him and he continued to explain, but in no very amiable tones: "It means the big end of the job for Rhinelander if those contracts reach him; whereas, if I get hold of them, we can tangle him up worse than ever."

Spike spoke up with a new and sudden energy: "You can't get those contracts. The girl is taking them to Rhinelander tomorrow."

"How do you know that?"

"I saw the package in her hands, not ten minutes ago."

Seagrue knit his brows for a moment. "I guess there's one way to get them," he said, looking hard at Spike and from him to the two lesser lights. "We'll have to get Helen."

"Then I can tell you," blazed Spike, "you don't get them." Seagrue looked at his tool in amazement. The convict's face darkened. "The man that carries that girl," he raised his voice contemptuously—"Fechous with me." He registered an oath with his throat. "I'll tear his head from his shoulders!"

"You'll get your head," Seagrue said, "if you don't take the contracts from



"I'll Brain the One That Lays a Hand on Me!"

her. When the thing blows over we'll get her go."

"Leave me out of the job," growled Spike, bluntly.

Seagrue spring to his feet—he was a powerful man—and grappled with the convict. The two struggled. Not a word was spoken. Only the grunting and gasping of a life-and-death grapple, the stamping, gripping and swilling of two enraged men, with Lug and Bill looking on in the silence of the room. Spike gradually bore his heavy backward and downward. Lug and Bill jumped in to help Seagrue. Spike, shaking himself free from the three, whirled into a corner and caught in a chair. Lug bumped for a gun. Spike, with the strength of a giant, dashed the heavy chair across the public, shattering it to splinters and, raising a piece of it as a club, sprang for the door. "I'll brain the one that lays a hand on me," he cried. "Stand back!"

Helen, next morning in her office, was getting ready to take the train. Seagrue overnight had outlined his scheme to his two men, and, directing them how to work, told them that after they had secured Helen he would pick them up with his automobile at Mile Post 149. With this understanding, he drove away in his car. The two men went to the train.

Had they been more alert as they walked down the street, they might have seen Spike lounging in a corner. Reaching the station, where the train had already arrived, they decided to make the head end of the observation car. But as the train started a party of people came out on the observation platform, and the two men slunk around to the other side of the train.

As soon as they had got their bearings, Lug, taking a coil of rope that Bill had brought, threw it over the top of the car, where it caught and hung on one of the gas cocks. Testing the rope carefully, the two became satisfied it would hold and, one following the other, they climbed from below to the top of the train. When the train reached Arden station they were relieved to see the people at the end of the car leave, and when the train was once more under way and the station disappeared from view, Seagrue's roadster appeared on the ledge.

Lug lowered himself down the side

of the car. Inside, Helen was reading quietly when Lug's hand, holding a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, was thrust through the window and despite her struggles Helen soon was overpowered.

With a quick word to Bill, above, Lug scrambled into the car. He placed Helen, now unconscious, in a sitting position and ran to the hind end to look for the machine. It had overhauled the train and was speeding beside it along the highway. Lug waved to the driver to come on. Returning to the car, he motioned to Bill to help him carry Helen out. The two men picked her up and took her to the platform. How to transfer her to the motorcar was a problem that might have given pause to more clever men. Lug intended at first to throw the helpless girl from the platform into the machine, but this he discovered would never do—the distance was too great. Bill, an old sailor, came to the rescue with another arrangement. In a jiffy he had lashed Helen into a kind of cradle in the middle of the long rope, and, throwing one end to the driver, shouted to him to make it fast. The latter, when he caught the line, hitched it to the side of his car, and with the motor and the train still at high speed, Lug, on the rope, went hand over hand down to the motorcar. Loosening the hitch, he then drew in the rope, while Bill, on the platform, carefully paid out and Helen was transferred, uninjured, from the train to the machine.

Once within the motorcar, Helen was unconsciously dropped to the bottom and left there, while the machine was turned around and her captors whisked back for Las Vegas with her.

Storm, by this time, had left the construction camp and was waiting at Baird for the train bearing Helen. The train drew in and stopped. To Storm's surprise and disappointment, not a solitary passenger got off. He accosted the conductor: "Helen Holmes was coming up today. Where is she?"

The conductor looked down the platform. "She certainly was on the train," he declared, puzzled. "I saw her just before we got to Arden."

Storm, the trainman following, walked hastily through the coaches. Helen was not to be found. A freight

train going to Las Vegas was standing on the passenger track. Storm ran to the caboose and explained his anxiety to the train crew, who were prompt to make ready to aid him. They pulled out with Storm in the cab to scan the right of way.

In Seagrue's machine Lug and Bill opened Helen's satchel. They found a big package of letters, and believed they had in them the contracts.

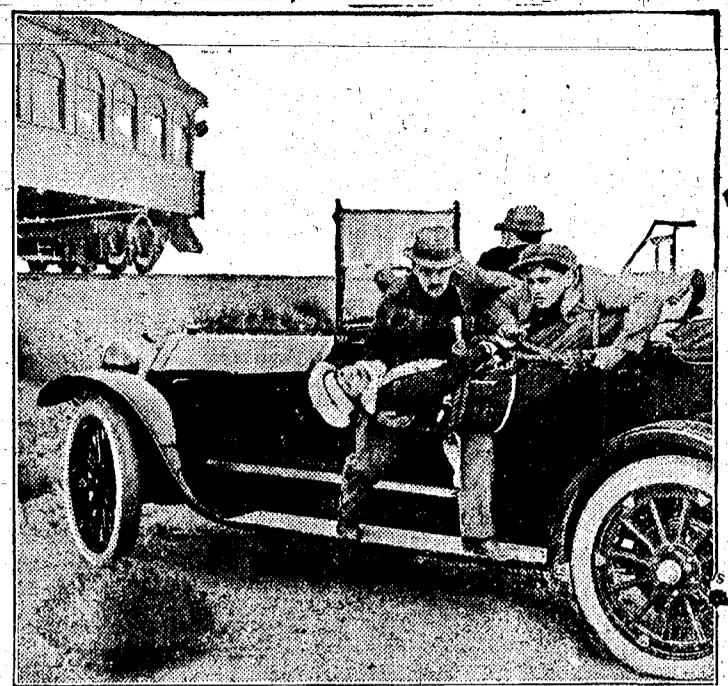
Helen, in the rush of cold air, had begun to revive. As a precaution to prevent her giving any alarm—though medicines were sufficiently scarce on the desert—Lug took Helen's handkerchief from her satchel, tied it roughly

over her mouth, laid her on the seat, cautioned her harshly and covered her with a steamer rug.

Traveling at a breakneck pace over the broad expanse of sand, the car was entering Las Vegas, when, crossing one of the village streets without lessening speed, the driver almost knocked a man down. Indeed, but for a smart jump, the pedestrian would have been killed. He turned with a suppressed curse and looked angrily after the car that had so nearly struck him. "The occupants he did not recognize; they shot by too fast. But a handkerchief had chanced to fall from the car at his feet. Spike never neglected investigating anything that fell in his way. He picked the handkerchief up and walked on, still at intervals looking back.

Seagrue was in his rooms, waiting impatiently for the return of the car. When it did at last skid wildly around the corner traveling at a reckless pace, Seagrue ran downstairs and hurried the men to get Helen quickly inside. Spike at this juncture was crossing a vacant lot. He looked again at the handkerchief in his hand, and his eyes turned once more in the direction of the machine. He saw that the party had stopped before a building appearing to Spike's eyes somewhat familiar. The next moment the men lifted what seemed a heavy burden from the machine. Helen had been gagged again and was helpless. But despite her being wrapped in the rug, Spike got from what he saw, the whole story—they had Helen. A sudden rage stirred him, and, throwing caution to the winds, he dashed across the open lot toward the alley.

The freight train bearing Storm was nearing Las Vegas, but nowhere had



Helen Was Transferred to the Machine.

been able to discover a trace of Helen. Seagrue and his men were carrying her upstairs. They left the driver as a guard at the lower door, and Spike, running hard, had neared the building. When the engine stopped, Storm, with a look of worry, got hurriedly down. The first man his eyes chanced to fall on was Spike. The sight of him to Storm was like red to a bull. Gaining Spike's vicinity stealthily, Storm made at him. "What are you fellows up to now?" he cried angrily, throttling Spike with the words against the building.

"Where's Helen Holmes, you blamed crook?"

"Upstairs, I tell you. Listen! She's upstairs. Instead of choking me, get busy to get her out of Seagrue's clutches—that's what I'm here for."

In the fewest possible words he told Storm of how Helen had shamed him with kindness, and how he had sworn to her he would make good. Storm experienced an acute revulsion of feeling. "Then we're friends!" he exclaimed.

"I didn't say that," returned Spike, feeling his crumpled windpipe. "I'm Helen Holmes' friend."

Storm eyed him keenly. "If you mean it, I'll forgive what's gone before, Spike. If you don't, I'll choke you next time for keeps."

"I mean it," snapped Spike. "Stow the gab." He pointed to the door behind him. "Seagrue's kidnaped her. They carried her up those stairs not two minutes ago."

Storm's eyes burned black. Seagrue at that moment could have seen murder in them. Storm compressed his lips. "How many are there, Spike?" was all he muttered.

"Three."

Storm pointed. "Watch that door," he directed. "I'll go to the roof."

In the room to which they had carried her, on the second floor, Helen, partly recovered, resolutely faced Seagrue and her captors. Lug handed Seagrue the stolen letters. He examined them impatiently and tossed one after another contemptuously aside. "Is this all you've got?" he demanded in disgust. The contracts were not there.

Seagrue glared at Helen. Alive to her serious danger, her quick perceptions took in every feature of her surroundings and almost the first thing her glance fell on was a stack of iron cylinders in a corner of the room labeled "High Explosives." From outside the room she heard, without knowing what they signified, sounds of a fierce altercation. Spike, at the door below, with a gentle knock, had attracted the attention of the machine driver, stationed as watchman. The scout opened cautiously to see who knocked. But cautious though he was, he was no match in trickery for the adept Spike, whose arm shot like a flash through the opening as he threw himself against the door. In a fraction of a second—before the chauffeur actually knew what had happened—Spike had the astonished sentry by the neck, jerked him outside, flung him into the gutter and dashed up the stairs.

Seagrue, unmoved by the fighting outside, turned threateningly on Helen. "You've got those contracts. I want them. Will you hand them over without force?" Helen stood mute.

"Shall I take them from you?" Neither warnings nor threats moved her to a single word.

"Won't talk, eh?" snapped Seagrue. "No matter—I'll do the talking. Stand her out here, boys, and I'll search her."

He started forward. She backed away with a cry. "Don't come near me," she exclaimed. "You shan't search me! I'll kill you first!"

A knock at the door interrupted Seagrue's threatening advance; his confederates looked alarmed. "That's only the watchman, boys," cried Seagrue. "Pay no attention. Catch her and hold her."

The words were not out of his mouth when the one door of the room was flung violently open behind them. "Hands off, there!" shouted a heavy voice. The three men whirled on the intruder. Seagrue, in his amazement, found himself confronted by Spike. The convict raised a threatening hand. "Don't touch that girl," he said hoarsely. "The man that does"—he muttered a fearful imprecation—"will answer to me with his life."

Lug and Bill shrank back. They knew Spike's blood-stained hands too well to want to rouse his wrath. But

Seagrue was not for an instant to be swerved from his purpose. "Get that whelp," he shouted, pointing at Spike. "I'll look out for the girl."

Albeit with the poor stomach, Lug and Bill attacked the powerful outlaw. Helen, looking distractedly for a weapon of defense, saw the explosive cylinders. A blow struck by Lug from behind had stunned Spike. He lay helpless and the three men turned to secure Helen. Stooping swiftly, she picked up a cylinder and stood at bay. "Come another foot and I'll smash this if it kills every one of us," she cried, reckless of consequence.

Lug and Bill halted in terror—they knew if she carried out her threat it meant death to them all. Seagrue's was the harder nature. "Throw it if you dare," he cried, tauntingly. "I knew she would not commit suicide. Together, boys," he shouted, "rush her."

"Seagrue," cried a voice from the window behind Helen, "get back!" Storm had gained a hip of the roof commanding the room and thrusting his hand through the window covered the men inside with a revolver.

Helen laid her dangerous cylinder down. Storm handed her the pistol. "Keep them covered till I get in, Helen!"

The window proved difficult to negotiate. Storm tried to drop inside from it, and Helen turned to help him, in doing so, she left the three an instant uncovered. They sprang through the door and down the stairs. Lug and Bill made for the car. "No," shouted Seagrue, "hide!"

Helen and Storm bent over Spike. He lay dazed. When he was able to help himself a little and with their aid could rise to his feet, they supported him downstairs.

Their enemies were nowhere to be seen. But in the roadway stood Seagrue's machine. No member of the party had scruple about consulting it. Spike and Storm, together, soon had the engine turning and they put Helen in on the seat where she had so lately lain helpless, and drove back with her to Rhinelander's camp, where they found him anxiously awaiting news of his endangered protégée.

He greeted the sight of Helen with rejoicing, but his features darkened when his eyes fell on the redoubtable Spike. Helen and Storm, enjoying the amazement on Rhinelander's face to grow, as he looked from them to Spike, and from Spike to Helen and Storm for an explanation.

"Yes," cried Helen, laughing at her foster uncle, "I know it looks strange, to see us three in friendly company, doesn't it? But we're friends—aren't we, Spike?"

Spike looked at her. "You're my friend, sure," he muttered.

Rhinelander, incredulous, pointed at Spike. "Have you brought him here to hang him?" he exclaimed. "If that fellow had anything to do with stealing you from the train, I'll help pull the rope myself!"

"No," cried Helen, whose eyes sparkled with the fun of the puzzle. "We didn't bring him here to hang him. We brought him here to eat the best Sunday dinner you ever served in a construction camp."

"You're to carve the roast for him yourself," interposed Storm.

"You've both gone crazy," declared Rhinelander, weakening.

"No," persisted Helen, "instead of Spike's being to blame for my disappearance, I'm afraid I should never have lived to see you again, Uncle Amos, if he hadn't been my friend in need today." And she and Storm, each constantly breaking in on the other, told the day's story.

"By George!" cried Rhinelander, holding his hand ungrudgingly out to Spike, "I believe there's something decent in your worthless carcass after all, Spike. You are entitled to a good dinner. And you shall eat it with me, you blamed rascal. Go clean yourself up and report at my car within an hour," he said roughly. "By the way, Helen," he turned suddenly on his foster niece. "Those right-of-way contracts?"

"Here, Uncle Amos," she exclaimed. She drew from her blouse the registered package. "But the Christmas mail for the camp was stolen by those brutes! It's lost."

"Not quite," interposed Storm, pulling bunches of letters from each of his pockets. "I picked 'em up before we left the room."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)