

Charlevoix County Herald.

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What Good Roads Do

Increase School Attendance, Improve Social Conditions, and Enlarge Business Transactions.

A 15 per cent increase in the proportion of the available children attending schools took place following the construction of good roads in 8 counties studied by the Office of Public Roads and Rural Engineering of the department. It is shown in a recent publication of the office, Department Bulletin No. 393. The improvement in roads was followed also in several of the counties, the report shows, by consolidation of a number of the little "one-room" schools into graded schools, which give the pupils better educational advantages; by a development of various industries and by social improvements due to easier intercourse. These improvements are related closely to increase in land values and decrease in hauling costs, effects also traced to the construction of improved roads. The studies were made in Spotsylvania, Dinwiddie, Lee, and Wise Counties, Va. Franklin County, N. Y.; Dallas County, Ala.; Lauderdale County, Miss.; and Manatee County, Fla.

In Spotsylvania County, Va., the average daily school attendance increased from 57 per cent of the enrollment before the roads were improved to 77 per cent after. Several small schools were consolidated. Between 1909, the year preceding the building of good roads, and 1913, the year following their completion, the shipment of forest products, the principal products of the county, increased more than 78 per cent. The increase during this period in the poultry business in the county was 77 per cent, and in dairying 110 per cent. In Dinwiddie County, Va., the average attendance for children for 13 schools on the improved roads was 63.4 per cent of the enrollment in 1912-13, while the average attendance for all other schools in the county was 56 per cent. Several school consolidations have been effected, larger school buildings have been constructed, and pupils have been transported to school at the expense of the educational system since the road improvements were made. Truck gardening and dairying, which were profitable only within 3 miles of the principal market town of the county before the road improvement, are now carried on profitably within a 7-mile radius.

In Lee County, Va., a considerable industry has been built up following the road improvements in the shipment of tan bark, extract wood, and pulp wood, products which could not be profitably hauled over the unimproved roads. The improved highway system has attracted buyers of farm products who travel from farm to farm and furnish a new cash market for the farmers. There has been a 25 per cent increase in buggies sold by a county vehicle factory.

In Wise County, Va., social conditions have been bettered since the good roads were constructed, many farmers along the improved highways having built new homes or improved old ones, adding sanitary conveniences. School attendance has increased materially, but since compulsory attendance regulations went into effect, about the time the improved roads were completed, the influence of the two factors could not be determined separately. Several school consolidations have been made. Automobile registrations in Franklin County, N. Y., increased from 371 before the road improvement in 1912 to 853 after road improvement in 1914, and two automobile bus lines connecting distant towns in the county were established as soon as the improved roads were opened.

There has been a notable stimulation of dairying and general diversification on the farms of Dallas County, Ala., since the improvement of the roads of that county. In the section of Lauderdale County, Miss., where most of the roads have been improved, the school attendance increased from 72 per cent of the enrollment in 1912, just after the road work started, to 81 per cent in 1913 after the completion of the work. Several school consolidations have been effected.

In Manatee County, Fla., which produces chiefly fruits and vegetables, these products could not be hauled over the sandy roads before the improvement was made, except at prohibitive cost. In the one year, 1912-13,

following the completion of the good roads, the area in vegetables increased about 1,500 acres. The products of the county, the study shows, are now hauled to railway points much more cheaply than formerly.

PROHIBITION CAMPAIGNERS HAVE FOUND NEW DUTIES

Discuss New Issues At Banquet Held At Boyne City Friday Last

[From Boyne Citizen.]

The Charlevoix County Prohibition Banquet, given at the Wolverine hotel Friday evening, was not as largely attended as it would have been had the storm of that date delayed its appearance. As it was Charlevoix was represented by Rev. Walker, Dr. Wilkinson and the male quartet. Marion, the township which gave the largest proportionate dry vote of the county, was well represented by the man responsible. East Jordan was without representation, the storm preventing that delegation from driving over. Boyne Falls was represented by Road Commissioner F. M. House and Boyne City by several dry workers.

The tables were set in the grill room and beautifully decorated with cut flowers and candles. The shaded lights playing upon the white cloths and shining tableware, with the flowers supplying the needed dashes of color, made a beautiful scene which was caught by R. C. Leavenworth taking a flashlight photo.

The menu served was one to grace the table of titled hosts, the Wolverine management being highly complimented upon the service rendered.

Over one table W. H. White, chairman of the county committee, presided while Toastmaster Wilkinson presided at the other. Immediately following the serving of the coffee Chairman White introduced the toastmaster who took charge during the program.

Owing to the East Jordan contingent being absent their places upon the program were filled on short notice by E. A. Rueggger and C. T. Sherman.

Rev. M. M. Duffey presented Rev. Walker, manager of the campaign for the county, a purse containing five twenty dollar gold pieces as a reward for his efficient and faithful services.

Upon completion of the program the meeting was again turned over to Chairman White and the discussion of new legislation and law enforcement taken up. A motion was carried to empower the present county executive committee to draft plans for an organization of the voters of the county which would permit the dry forces to exert a powerful influence towards enforcing and electing officers who would do their entire duty towards that enforcement.

A general meeting will be called later when the report will be given and such steps taken as the representatives of the various parts of the county deem necessary.

One of the main issues which the proposed organization will take up will be the enforcement of the law concerning slot machines and all games of chance.

AUTOMOBILES

The automobile is a pop-eyed, mechanical quadruped found in almost all parts of the earth. They are of various sizes, shapes, and colors, and feed on oils and gasoline. Some of them live to be five years old.

They are largely nocturnal in their habits, seeming to delight in tearing over the country by night and leaving a lot of mortuary matter in their wake. The eyes of an automobile are so bright that when they look upon a person at night he is absolutely blinded. They seem to enjoy the annoyance they are able to inflict upon people in this way, but a monkey wrench or two piloted into their face generally breaks them of this nasty habit.

The speed of an automobile is unknown. Lovers of racing have paid enormous sums for well-bred cars and driven them at what they thought sure would prove to be the world's record. Then another car would whiz by the first one and make it feel like a hearse in a funeral procession. No, the speed possibilities of the automobile are not known. But next to gossip, it is said to be the fastest thing on earth.

A Poetical Lie

I don't see why some people think
An auto is such fun.
Why! If I had a world of wealth
I wouldn't care for one.

To Re-Adjust Postal Rates

Coming Session of Congress Will Take Up Problem

Washington, Nov. 28th.—The ways are now being greased for the launching of the movement for the re-adjustment of postal rates in the next session of Congress. This problem was to have been taken up in the last session but had to be deferred on account of the consideration required by railway mail pay. Since this has been disposed of the committees are prepared to take up the matter of placing the various postal rates on a more equitable basis.

A zone system of rates for second class matter is being prominently urged to take the place of the present flat rate which was adopted nearly forty years ago. The present rate has for some time been regarded as a discrimination against the newspapers in favor of the great national magazines. Like the parcel post the proposed zone rates would be based on the length of the haul.

The postal committees have been besieged by petitions bearing millions of names and several hundred thousand letters from individuals urging a re-adjustment of postal rates with a view of making possible one cent letter postage. A survey of the situation indicates that sufficient changes will be made in the various rates to permit the granting of a one cent rate on local delivery letters in the next session of Congress.

Chairman Moon of the House Postal Committee, today said: "I think that the Committee will take up this second class mail matter at the next session and press it to a conclusion at once. While I cannot speak for the Committee, this is my desire in the matter. I do not know what kind of a bill we will pass, whether it will have a zone feature attached to it or not. This view has been presented frequently in years past, and sometimes received favor and sometimes not. As to what shape the legislation will be in I am not able to say, but I am sure the Committee will give it the best possible shape in the public interest."

Senator Townsend, of Michigan, prominent member of the Senate Postal Committee could not be reached today but it is generally understood that he is in favor of remodeling the postal laws so as to place the rates of postage on a more equitable basis. He is understood to have stated recently that if such a readjustment were made it would be possible to reduce letter postage even below 1 cent per ounce.

Congressman Frank D. Scott, of Michigan, says: "The Post-office Department was created to offer the very best possible service to the public at a minimum cost and is not supposed to produce any more revenue than is actually needed to pay the running expenses. Legislation needed to create a 1 cent rate on drop letters should be passed without further delay; it will cost the Government no money and it will act as a much needed stimulant to business. With every reduction in the letter rate there has immediately followed a tremendous increase in the volume of mail thereby taking care of any possible loss in revenue."

Some Modern Versions of Old Proverbs

"The foolish alchemist sought to make gold of iron, but made iron of gold."

Modern Version: Leave the carburetor alone.

"Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but it remains only in the heart of the fool."

Modern Version: Forget it.

"Good company shortens the miles."

M. V.: Leave the wife at home.

"Some men are born anvils and some are born hammers; the anvils last longer than the hammers."

M. V.: Don't be a knocker.

"Better ask twice than to lose your way once."

Can't be improved.

"Labor sweetens rest."

Bosh.

Testimonial

Dear Doctor: It required but six bottles of your remarkable nerve tonic to restore me to normal condition after I had been a nervous wreck for more than a year. My dear husband bought the car just before I had finished the sixth bottle. I feel like a new woman. (Signed) Mrs. Otto Bugg.

TRIBUTE TO FLAG BY U. S. TROOPS

Pershing's Men Daily Give Silent Salute.

Field Headquarters, Punitive Expedition, Mexico, by motor truck train to Columbus, N. M., Nov. 27.—At a certain moment every day the 5,000 soldiers and officers in this camp simultaneously stop talking and cease moving. For perhaps forty seconds, not a man speaks or changes position. Heels together and body poised rigidly at "attention," all face toward the parade ground where the Stars and Stripes are flying.

If they are inside a tent or adobe hut, they step out and face the flag. At the end of the forty seconds 5,000 right hands come to hat brims in snappy salute. The only sound throughout the camp at this moment is "music—'The Star Spangled Banner,' played by a regimental band. Rain or shine, Sunday or week-day, this takes place at 5:30 in the evening.

"Retreat," as this ceremony is known in the army, is a moment when reverence for the flag is tangibly shown. While the national anthem is being played with solemn sweetness, the banner is slowly brought down from the staff where it has floated during the day. It does not wave at night. Wherever American troops are stationed, "retreat" or "colors" is part of the daily routine of military ceremonies. It is by far the most impressive of the ceremonies to civilian eyes, and to army men themselves.

Two minutes before 5:30 a dozen buglers appear on the parade ground "Assembly," a short clear call, is sounded and the camp becomes hushed. The band is at an instant's pause while the echoes die away, then the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" crash out. Only one verse is played.

Singly, in groups of two or three and in company and troop formations, the men in camp stand silent, with their eyes on the flag, until the music is done. Then they salute and return to their tasks. This is the only time during the day when all action, all talking, cases completely. It is the angelus of the army.

Gen. Pershing never fails to make this daily tribute to the red, white and blue. He is usually the first officer out of his tent when the bugles call "assembly." And woe to the officer or man who loafs in his tent while the flag is being taken down for the night if the general knows about it.

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, 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.

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.

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.

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.

Michigan Men May Be Home

If Carranza Signs Pact They Are To Return.

Washington, Nov. 27.—If Gen. Carranza signs immediately the protocol providing for the withdrawal of the Pershing expedition from Mexico, at least two regiments of Michigan militia are likely to eat their New Year's dinner at home, army officers declared today.

The Mexican-American commission has set Dec. 8, to reconvene and it is hoped before that date to have Carranza's signature to the agreement, which President Wilson has already tacitly approved. The agreement requires the withdrawal of the 12,000 regular troops in the Pershing expedition within forty days and it will require about all of that time, officers declare, to return them. The return of militia from the border, they believe, however, will begin as soon as Gen. Pershing's soldiers turn their faces northward.

MICHIGAN'S TURN COMING

It was announced some time ago that the national guards regiments would be withdrawn in about the same order that they went to the border. The Thirty-first Michigan reached El Paso on July 14th and the Thirty-second left the state camp at Grayling on the same day. Of the more than 100,000 militia still on the border, approximately 30,000 reached their stations ahead of the first two Michigan regiments. Of these early troops approximately one-half are from New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania. The militia of New Jersey, Massachusetts and California also sent out early, has been returned home and mustered out.

Other states which sent troops down ahead of Michigan were Idaho, Indiana, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, Utah, Nebraska, Oregon, Virginia, Washington and Wisconsin.

The Thirty-third Michigan regiment departed for the border Oct. 11; batteries A and B, Oct. 5; the engineering company and signal corps, Oct. 9, and troops A and B of cavalry, Oct. 11.

42,000 REGULARS THERE

In addition to 12,000 regular soldiers now in Mexico there are about 42,000 regulars on the border. For some time the regular officers have been transferring militiamen to the regular army. Wherever they could find a man willing to stay in the service. It is hoped that regular recruits from the militia regiments will go a long way toward pulling the regular regiments up to their full quota about 70,000 men.

Even the 54,000 regular troops now in Mexican service, officials say, will be ample to protect the border, unless Mexican conditions become much worse than at present. The present large force has been maintained on the border because of the existence of the Peishing line, extending 200 miles into Mexico, to come quickly to the aid of the expeditionary force in event of a serious attack by Mexicans.

Health Notice

It is easier on the system to accept two insults than to stop one flying fist.

A dead sure thing is often dead enough to interest an undertaker.

Love may not be a disease, but it is frequently of a rash nature.

Some men who live by their wits have to get along on very small capital.

Some magazine poetry should be used as ammunition in a magazine gun.

An old bachelor says a woman's heart is like a honeycomb—full of sells.

Women always think they mean what they say—at the time they let it out.

No matter how hungry a man may be, a single taste of defeat satisfies him.

Adam had his foibles, but the records fail to indicate that he was ever guilty of telling fish stories.

There are higher things in life for a woman than a good complexion—a pretty bonnet, for instance.

Even when a leap-year girl gets turned down she can't help but admire the young man's judgment.

Thursday was the day when one-half of the turkey world didn't know how the other half died.

His first love and his first shave are two episodes in every young man's career that he never forgets.

If a man succeeds the world envies him; if he fails it openly sympathizes with him—and secretly rejoices.

PINE LAKE GRANGE

Whereas, Our beloved Brother, John Westley McShea, having finished his labor here, has been called by the Great Master, to more important duties.

Now therefore be it resolved:

First—"That in the death of our beloved Brother, Charlevoix County, and particularly Pine Lake Grange, has suffered a severe loss. We shall miss his cheery salutations, and words of wisdom, the memories of which will always remain with us, though his form is missing from his customary place.

Second—"That as a slight token of our love and esteem, the Grange drape its Charter, for a period of thirty days. That these resolutions be entered in our records, and a copy be sent to all the papers of Charlevoix County. The Michigan Patron of Adrien, and to members of his family.

Lonely and old in the dusk I am waiting,

Till the dark boatman, with soft muffled oar,

Glides o're the waves, and I hear the keel grating, and see the dim,

becking hand, on the shore,

Wooing me over the welcome river—

To Gardens and Homes that are ahing—

ing forever."

E. W. Abbott
Mrs. Ed. Lorch
Mrs. James McNeil
Com. on resolutions.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 3, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"Paul's Defiant Challenge."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"The Works of a Pharisee."

Tuesday at 7:45 p. m.—Meeting of Session.

Wednesday afternoon and evening—

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid will hold their Annual Bazaar and Fair in the old Weisman store building.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

Friday at 2:30 p. m.—Missions Society meets with Mrs. James Malpass.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehke, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 3rd, 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, Dec. 3rd.

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.

After Thanksgiving the next stop will be Christmas.

If you sit in a draft the doctor may cash it for you.

Many a good-looking woman isn't as good as she looks.

Few of us believe in luck—unless we happen to be unlucky.

This is a lucky nation to have so many reasons for thankfulness.

At least the Thanksgiving turkey may be grateful that it cannot also serve for Christmas.

The man who starts out to look for trouble usually ends by having it thrust upon him.

The father who is always repeating the bright sayings of his children may be good-natured, but he is tedious.

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

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

A shower bath is a mighty fine thing, but there are better ways of taking one than by being caught out in an automobile during a rain storm.

Still, no pumpkin pie has ever yet lived up to the gorgeous, golden, glittering promise of a ripe pumpkin in the field on a frosty morning.

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.

JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB

and HAVE MONEY



PLAN OF THE CLUB

The Plan Is Simple: You begin with a certain amount, 1c, 2c, 5c, or 10c, and increase your deposit the same amount each week. Or, you can begin with a certain amount, 50c, \$1.00, \$5.00, or any amount, and deposit the same amount each week.

HOW TO JOIN

Look at the different Clubs in table below and select the one you wish to join, the 1c, 2c, 5c, 10c, 50c, \$1.00, \$5.00, or any of the clubs; then come to our Bank with the first weekly payment. We will make you a member of the Club and give you a Christmas Banking Club Book showing the Club you have joined.

EVERYBODY CAN JOIN---Men, Women, Boys, Girls, Little Children, The Baby

You can take out memberships for your family and your friends. An employer can take out membership for his employees. We Will Welcome Everyone.

WHAT THE DIFFERENT CLUBS WILL PAY YOU

1c Club	2c Club	5c Club	10c Club	50c Club	\$1 Club	\$5 Club	X Club
Payments 1st week ... 1c 2nd week ... 2c 3rd week ... 3c Increase every week by 1c. Total in 50 weeks \$12.75	Payments 1st week ... 2c 2nd week ... 4c 3rd week ... 6c Increase Every Week by 2c. Total in 50 weeks \$25.50	Payments 1st week ... 5c 2nd week ... 10c 3rd week ... 15c Increase every week by 5c. Total in 50 weeks \$63.75	Payments 1st week ... 10c 2nd week ... 20c 3rd week ... 30c Increase every week by 10c. Total in 50 weeks \$127.50	Payments 1st week ... 50c 2nd week ... 50c 3rd week ... 50c Deposit 50c Every Week Total in 50 weeks \$25.00	Payments 1st week ... \$1.00 2nd week ... \$1.00 3rd week ... \$1.00 Deposit \$1.00 every week Total in 50 weeks \$50.00	Payments 1st week ... \$5.00 2nd week ... \$5.00 3rd week ... \$5.00 Deposit \$5.00 every week Total in 50 weeks \$250.00	FOR \$2. \$3. \$4 \$10 or any amount

YOU CAN BEGIN WITH THE LARGEST PAYMENT FIRST AND DECREASE YOUR PAYMENTS EACH WEEK

THE REASONS FOR THE CLUB

- To provide a way for those of moderate and even small means to bank their money.
- To teach "the saving habit" to those who never learned it.
- It makes your pennies, nickels and dimes, often foolishly spent grow into dollars; dollars grow into a fortune. Start your fortune today.
- To give you a Bank connection and show you how our Bank can be of service to you.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG

The sensible thing for all parents to do is to join our Christmas Banking Club and also put every member of their family into it. This will teach them the value of money and how to bank and HAVE MONEY. Maybe this little start you give them now may some day set them up in business or buy them a home.

How often have you wished that your parents had taught you early the value of banking your money. You would be well-off today. Don't make the same mistake with YOUR children.

WE PAY FOUR PER CENT INTEREST IN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB

PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK

Smart Weed and Tickle Grass

Whenever I see a restless man in church, I always wonder whether his corns or his conscience.

An exchange has a department, "Canning Difficulties." Just as though one might care to preserve them.

Every town has a blustering egoist who, in reality, is about as important and fully as popular as the letter X in the alphabet.

When a woman in a neighboring city went home one evening last week and found her husband hugging his mother-in-law, the wife declared he was insane and the courts agreed with her.

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.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

Some porch chairs from a foreign clime—I think they are Hawaiian wove; are offered at a bargain, or will trade for good small heating stove. I have a reel of garden hose, as good as new, but then I would give anyone a bargain now and trade it for a load of wood.—I also have some garden tools—a weeder, plow, and one good rake; will sell for cash and very cheap, or trade them for a furnace grate. I have a lawn swing, just like new, a bicycle, and one row boat; make offer on them, one or all; what have you in an overcoat?—A lot of tackle, rods and reels, a tennis net just slightly torn; would trade for anything can use—some coal hods, if not badly worn. A lawn swing and a croquet set are in among the things to go; would like a self-propelling broom, or something that will shovel snow. A lot of balls, some bats and gloves, a mask or two, a bathing suit; will swap for almost anything—if necessary give some boot. Some reader can procure a lot of bargains that will make him glad if he is first to call on me and take advantage of this Ad.

Loony Limericks

There was a young lady named Annie,
Whose voice was both cracked and tin-panny;
But she'd sing and she'd play,
Many hours every day,
Though the sound that she made was uncanny.

A maiden whose first name was Bess,
Weighed two hundred pounds we should guess,
And to offset her size,
The hat o'er her eyes,
Was the size of a pill-box—or less!

Even the buckwheat cake has to wait its turn.
Every time a wise man falls it teaches him something.

Life's a game of give and take—with more takers than givers.

Do you earn a living you don't get—or do you get a living you don't earn?

Many a man on the road to fortune doesn't know at what station to get off.

DRINK HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST

Says you really feel clean, sweet and fresh inside, and are seldom ill.

If you are accustomed to wake up with a coated tongue, foul breath or a dull, dizzy headache; or, if your meals sour and turn into gas and acids, you have a real surprise awaiting you.

To-morrow morning, immediately upon arising, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is intended to first neutralize and then wash out of your stomach, liver, kidneys and thirty feet of intestines all the indigestible waste, poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal.

Those subject to sick headaches, backache, bilious attacks, constipation or any form of stomach trouble, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store and begin enjoying this morning inside-bath. It is said that men and women who try this become enthusiastic and keep it up daily. It is a splendid health measure for it is more important to keep clean and pure on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing disease, while the bowel pores do.

The principle of bathing inside is not new, as millions of people practice it. Just as hot water and soap cleanse, purify and freshen the skin, so hot water and a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Limestone phosphate is an inexpensive white powder and almost tasteless.

Learn a Little Every Day.

The Brazilian coconut palm lives from 600 to 700 years.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a pressure of 534 pounds.

In California there are 130 mountain peaks 13,000 feet high.

To read intelligently a man must have a vocabulary of 2,000 words.

A gold coin loses 5 per cent. of its value during 16 years of use.

The health is generally greatly improved after an attack of gout.

A sparrow for a short distance, can go at the rate of 80 miles an hour.

Camels bred especially for speed can travel at the rate of 90 miles per day.

The Thames carries to the sea, 1,865,903 cubic feet of sediment every year.

Forty-one women out of every hundred marry between the ages of 20 and 25.

Mexico's chief exports are gold, silver, copper, coffee, rubber, hides and skins.

The wreck record of the Baltic sea is greater than that of any other part of the world.

A sheep may be sheared in four and a half minutes by machine, or fifteen minutes by hand.

The greatest crater in the world is that of the Japanese mountain Asoan. It is 14 miles across.

The women of Capri have for ages acted as porters, while the men dive for and sell coral specimens.

A new dust laying preparation, made largely of molasses, has been introduced in South African mines.

A Poetical Lie.
Why boys dislike to go to school
Is truly strange to me.
When I was young the school bell filled
My heart with bounding glee.

Why Birds Migrate

The habit of birds in migrating South when winter comes on is influenced by the need of finding a sufficient supply of food. Their return evidences their "homing" instinct.

The environment in which a bird or human being is brought up generally becomes a permanent part of its nature. Ornithologists have not yet made it clear just what enables the bird to find its way back and forth to the same spot every year.

After they mate and build their first nest and bring up their first family, birds cherish a fondness for that spot as does a man.

More failures are due to lack of will than to lack of strength.

Some men would be awfully lonesome were it not for the visits of bill collectors.

Many a man who is apparently a deep thinker merely has a new kind of pain and is wondering what caused it.

Worry acts as a provoker at times. It makes a fat girl fatter and a thin girl thinner.

MEN FEEL TIRED, TOO

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

We have the New

BRETON

an

ARROW COLLAR

WEISMAN'S



THE RED CIRCLE

Albert Payson Terhune

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

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One 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 Suriton by Smiling Sam, Alma La Salle 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, tells her he knows her secret and follows her to the city.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

SEEDS OF SUSPICION

In Lamar's office, Gordon stood with his back to the locked door; white-faced, gasping. For the moment, at least, he was safe—and his eyes never left the face of the girl.

"Now," cried June under her breath, "tell me everything—won't you?"

Gordon shook his head.

"I can't," he said. "I'm more grateful to you than I can ever make you know—you've saved my life; or rather, my liberty, that counts for more; but—honestly, I mustn't tell you why they're after me—not now, anyway!"

"But why not?" interrupted June. "Every minute is precious. Mr. Lamar is my friend—he calls me his first assistant. I'm anxious to help you—I can help you—if you'll tell me everything; but how can I be of use at all when you keep me in the dark like this?"

Her earnest eyes were full of pleading, and reluctantly Gordon found himself weakening.

"You're a brick," he said, "to be interested in me at all, and I'm terribly grateful."

"Then do as I say—begin at the beginning and tell me."

"How do we know but that someone is in that next room? Do you know where the other door leads to?"

"Wait a minute," said June quickly. "I'll look in the outer office. Mr. Lamar's confidential clerk may be there. Don't move till I come back."

On her way to the door, June hurriedly laid her gloves and wrist bag on Lamar's desk, half-subconsciously noting, at the same time, a pair of handcuffs that lay there. With a little shudder she passed them by, and, slowly opening the office door, peered cautiously out.

There, with his back to her, sat Gage, the confidential clerk, busily writing and serenely unconscious that anyone was looking at him. June softly closed and locked the door.

Gordon gave a nervous glance around, then began:

"The whole thing, in a nutshell, is this:

"The Farwell corporation retained me so that they might 'legally' defraud their employees of co-operative profits. When I found what they were up to, I rebelled and tried to expose the



Deftly Snapped on the Handcuffs.

crooked deal—so of course they've had it in for me ever since.

"There was only one thing to do—to tell the workers about it—the men who had expected to be profit-sharers and were duped instead. So I got a crowd of them in the courtyard one day and told them the whole thing.

"Some of 'em believed me, most of them didn't—or at least, were doubtful. In the middle of it, the watchman and a patrolman or two came to see what it was all about, broke up the crowd with night sticks, and pushed

me off, threatening me with arrest for 'starting a riot.' You see, I was helpless. The corporation blocked me," muttered "Gordon," bitterly. "Then, not content with that, they ruined me financially.

"One day, I was in my office, when Farwell rang me up. 'I want to see you at once,' he said. 'We are wrong and we'll surrender.'

"It didn't take me long to hang up the receiver, get my hat and hurry over to his office. There he was, the grinning hypocrite, greeting me as if I were a long lost friend. He waved me to a chair, and then took a paper and placed it airily on a desk leaf, and told me to read it. All the time he kept one hand on the thing, but I, like a fool, thought nothing of that—I was idiot enough to believe he was acting in good faith!

"This is what the hound told me to read," went on Gordon: "The Farwell corporation, through its attorney, Charles Gordon, hereby rescinds its recent action of withholding co-operative profits."

"There was a blank space left for me to sign, and, like a dolt, I signed it. Farwell picked it up and looked at it. Then the smiling mask dropped from his face. It grew all hard and cold.

"For a minute, I didn't understand the change. Then I saw the trick. Farwell had two pieces of paper, cleverly fastened, one above the other, just leaving room at the foot of the under one for my signature. While I thought I was signing the upper one, it was really the lower paper I was signing my name to—irrevocably!

Farwell crumpled the upper paper—the one I had thought I was signing—put it in his ash tray, and set fire to it. He held the other paper out for me to read and at the same time he demanded that I produce the 'securities' entrusted to me! This is what I had signed my name to:

"July 1. Received from the Farwell corporation this date, \$75,000 of said corporation's bonds, to be held in trust by the undersigned until called for by the said corporation. Signed Charles Gordon. Witnessed by Silas Farwell!"

"For a minute I was too dazed to do anything. But Farwell wasn't. He rang his bell, and in came a plain-clothes man and a policeman.

"Farwell promptly ordered them to arrest me, on an embezzlement charge."

"I think I went mad. I snatched at the paper, but I couldn't get it for Farwell jammed it into the inside pocket of his coat. I grabbed him. I was bound I would get the paper or choke him. We had it hot and heavy for a few minutes. But of course I hadn't a show—three against one—I was a rat in a trap, nothing more."

"The miserable sneak!" said June.

"I was facing a charge of embezzlement through that double-paper trick of Farwell's, and I knew it. But the police were decent enough to let me go to my office for a moment. Luckily, they hadn't handcuffed me. I went to my desk, and the men stayed at the back of the room.

"While I was fuming about my desk I hit upon an idea. With one eye on the men, I slowly unscrewed the incandescent globe from my desk lamp, and tossed it against the rear wall—their backs were toward it. It smashed, of course, and at the smash they both turned to see what caused the noise. In that instant I leaped out of the open window, jammed it shut, and ran up the fire escape to the roof."

"Great!" applauded June, her right hand a throb.

"In a second, the men were after me, though, firing their guns, as they came.

"I cut across the roofs until I found an open scuttle door. I ran inside and closed it. From that on it was an easy matter to cover my tracks; until at last I got away clean and found a hiding place in the shack at Suriton."

June said nothing, but her eyes were luminous and thoughtful. Her fingers were toying with the pair of handcuffs on the desk, and suddenly she picked them up and looked at them. Then, as her gaze took in her own hand, her face was suffused with a rush of color. There was the dreaded Red Circle, burning all too clearly against the white flesh.

At that moment someone turned the handle of the door leading to the outer office.

At the sound Gordon raised his head and met the frightened look in June's eyes.

"I'm going to give myself up, anyway," he said indifferently.

"No! NO!" whispered June vehemently. "You mustn't give yourself up now! I'm going to help you!"

Then the knock came a second time, followed by a little pause, and after that the sound of retreating footsteps. June moved quickly to the hall door and Gordon followed. June opened the door and looked out into the hall—then suddenly drew back, shutting and locking the door.

"It's Gage!" she whispered breathlessly. "And he's making for this door, now!"

Before the words were fairly out of

her mouth, the hall door was tried. A moment later there was a crash of splintered glass and Gage peered into the office through the jagged opening his determined elbow had made. He saw no one, however, for the very good reason that June and Gordon were flattening themselves against the wall on the side nearest the door.

Gage then decided to reach through the opening and unlock the door from the inside. June, catching a glimpse of his entering arm, slipped quickly to the desk and picked up the handcuffs, then tiptoed hurriedly to the door as Gage's hand groped for the key. An instant more and she had deftly snapped one of the handcuffs around Gage's wrist and with trembling fingers snapped the other on the door knob.

June caught her wrist bag and gloves from the desk and, signaling to Gordon to follow her, unlocked the outer office door and slipped into the corridor.

As they hurried on—with Gordon a bit in the rear—June nervously thrust her right hand into its glove; she didn't intend to have Gordon or anyone else see that throbbing Red Circle.

Outside the office building June halted and locked up and down the street in search of a taxicab. Presently one appeared and she held up her hand to stop it. As it drew alongside the curb she and Gordon got in and drove away.

"All right, so far," said June. "Now for our next move."

"Look!" exclaimed Gordon, clutching June's hand, unconsciously pressing its Red Circle. "Look! There's Farwell! Farwell, just ahead of us! Good Lord! He's with Lamar!"

"Don't worry," whispered June, returning the pressure of his hand reassuringly. "It's going to be all right—couldn't have happened better! I'll get them both, now! I'm going to jump out and join them, and I want you to stay in the cab and wait for me a little way up the street. Or, no, the park is better."

Lamar and Farwell, deep in conversation, did not notice the sound of footsteps behind them, and so had no



"We Had It Hot and Heavy for a Few Minutes."

idea of June's approach until she came abreast of them as they reached the entrance door of Farwell's office building. June nodded and smiled at Lamar, who shook hands eagerly, his face radiant. Then he turned to Farwell and introduced him to June.

"How do you do, Mr. Farwell?" said June—in her most innocent manner. "I wish you'd come in with us, Miss Travis," Lamar said. "Farwell is going to show me the Gordon papers—I want your advice."

As they entered the office anteroom Lamar turned to June.

"Can you make yourself comfortable here for a few minutes?" he asked, offering a chair. "Farwell and I will go over the preliminaries by ourselves, in the inner office—we won't bore you with unimportant details."

June was alone, save for a very young secretary who was seated at a desk stamping letters.

"If only that miserable secretary would go away!" she thought.

Presently he did that very thing. June jumped up at once. Getting a chair from the corner of the room, she carried it to the door, jumped lightly up and applied a pair of very pretty but very curious eyes to the transom.

Lamar and Farwell were seated at a table. Papers were strewn everywhere; but Farwell had separated Gordon's securities receipt from the others and was just in the act of handing it to Lamar.

"There's the receipt," June heard him say. "It means prison if we can capture him."

Lamar let the paper drop to the table before him. He hated the business in hand.

June, who loved him, read all this in his face.

"Here is where I come in again," she said to herself.

In a flash she saw how it could all be done. Jumping lightly down, she landed on the floor on the tips of her toes and slipped out into the hallway. With a quick look up and down, she

tossed her wrist bag into the farthest corner on the hall floor. Then she hurried back to the anteroom, tore her hat off and pulled her hair away. Next she overturned two chairs, one after the other with a bang, and staggered wildly into the private office, gasping:

"Mr. Lamar! Mr. Lamar! Quick!"

"What is it?" cried Lamar and Farwell in chorus, jumping up and running toward her.

"A man came in," panted June. "He snatched my handbag—threw me off! He's gone!"

Farwell was already in full pursuit of the imaginary thief, and at June's insistence Lamar promptly joined him. This was just what June was waiting for. She ran to the paper-strewn desk, seized the coveted receipt, gave it a quick, keen glance, and hid it in her dress.

Then her eyes on the door, she hurried to the safe. Its door was open, as Farwell had left it, when he took out the Gordon papers to show to Lamar. With trembling fingers she snatched up a bundle of bank notes, stuck those in her dress also, and started back to her place.

Then she was scourged on by still another mad impulse. Going to the table she picked up a couple of sheets of plain letter paper, folded them together and tore them into rude circles. Her eyes gleamed oddly as she picked up a pen and, sitting down, began to print something on one of the circles.

Looking over her shoulder at every other letter, she finished her printing. Then she put the plain white circle on the dark blotting pad, got up, ran to the safe and hung the printed circle on the knob. With a sigh of satisfaction, she went back to the anteroom and collapsed into a chair, resuming her air of fright and exhaustion.

During their wild-goose chase Lamar and Farwell met the returning secretary and they all came down the hall together, talking excitedly.

While they were talking, Lamar, true to his trade, was looking; so it was he who found June's bag in the dark corner of the hall.

"Here's the bag, anyhow!" he ex-

claimed. "The man must have dropped it when he ran! See what Santa Claus brought for a good little girl!" he called to June, waving the bag before her as he entered the office.

"Oh—thank you, Mr. Lamar! I knew you would find it for me if any mortal could! I'm a million times grateful to you!"

"Let me go home with you," pleaded Lamar.

"Oh, no, really—I'll be perfectly all right by myself, answered June.

"Anyway, I shall insist on taking you down to the door."

"All right," said June, reluctantly. Lamar stood looking tenderly after June for a moment, and then he went back to rejoin Farwell.

As he entered the door he collided with Farwell, who, wild-eyed and panting, gripped him by the arm and half-dragged him to the table of the inner office.

"The Gordon receipt's gone!" he gasped.

At the same moment, Lamar saw the white circle—it startled him most unpleasantly. Then Farwell pushed him toward the safe.

"See," he cried, "I'm robbed! They've taken a bundle of bank notes! Read this thing!" As he spoke he pulled the printed circle off the safe knob and thrust it into Lamar's hands.

What Lamar read was this:

"The money will be put to a good use by the Circle Lady."

He was speechless, and could only stare, wide-eyed, at the paper.

Speaking dazedly to himself, rather than to Farwell:

"Suspicion points to Miss Travis—but that's impossible! Impossible!"

He sat down and pulled the telephone toward him. He gave the number of his own office.

As soon as Gage recognized his voice, the clerk began pouring forth his tale about the mysterious woman who handcuffed him to the door; where he might still have been if two clerks from other offices, hearing his

cries for help, had not come running in.

"Wait a minute," called Lamar over his end of the wire. "Could you see who it was that snapped the cuffs on you?"

"No," yelled Gage. "I couldn't see a thing except a woman's hand—with a Red Circle on the back of it."

Lamar turned white. Then he asked sharply:

"Any other clue?"

Gage's voice came hesitatingly over the wire.

"Well," he mumbled, "Miss Travis called. I showed her into your office to wait—and then she disappeared."

Lamar slowly hung up the receiver. Just as slowly he got up. He stood thinking a moment, then turned to Farwell and said, curtly:

"Keep this absolutely quiet until I investigate. I'll do all I can—good day."

Meanwhile, June, oblivious to all the trouble she had caused, made her way to the park, the coveted receipt, and the banknotes hugged tight to her breast.

Gordon was still there, though the chauffeur had wandered onto the grass somewhere.

As she neared the cab, Gordon leaned out eagerly.

"What luck?" he said uneasily.

"If I looked as happy as I feel, you surely wouldn't have to ask," smiled June, holding out the receipt.

"Hooray!" cried Gordon, opening the paper and reading it.

Then he looked at June and the tears came into his eyes.

"You are a wonder," he said in a low voice. "I can never repay you, you marvelous girl! How did you ever get the paper?"

The happy light died out of June's eyes.

"Don't ask me how I got it," she murmured. "The only thanks I wish, is your silence. You do not know what I am. Now, you must go, and so must I; but first, I want you to accept this little roll of money—it may come in handy." As she spoke, she opened her wrist bag, and handed him some bank notes—not those she had taken from the safe.

"I can't take this," stammered Gordon. "You have done too much for me already!"

"You can, and you must," answered June firmly. "You don't know how much you may need it, nor how soon."

"Since you insist, we'll call it a loan," said Gordon, reluctantly pocketing the money—and thank you a million times."

With a hurried handshake and good-bye June disappeared. Gordon looked about for his driver, who presently slouched into view, half asleep. Evidently he had found the grass very soothing and comfortable to his rheumatic old bones.

"Time to drive on, my son," said Gordon.

"All right, boss," yawned the driver. "Jes' soon's I crank 'er up."

Then he ambled around to the front of the cab and began to turn the crank. As the engine started to buzz hopefully, Gordon, still nervous and on the lookout, saw and recognized a plain-clothes detective, who was running toward the cab.

It took Gordon barely a second to leap to the steering wheel, knock the sleepy driver to one side and send the car forward.

The plain-clothes man was just too quick for him, however, and managed to leap onto the running board as the machine moved off.

Gordon put the car at full speed, and thanked his stars that he was ambidextrous. Steering a bit wildly with his left hand, he suddenly leaned out on the other side and struck the scrambling policeman fiercely in the stomach. The officer doubled up, but held on like a mountain goat.

It was a more or less even fight, as each man had but one arm free, and neither could use his legs to any advantage.

There was no chance for science; none for a clean, effective blow. The fighters beat at each other in futile, awkward fury.

The cab swirled and cavorted; but there were no park policemen to be seen; and the plain-clothes man could not take time to draw out his whistle.

But he did get out his revolver, presently, and was about to level it at his quarry, when Gordon feinted and drove his clenched fist into his foe's throat just below the point of the jaw.

It was the first good blow of the whole scuffle. And it did its work. The detective reeled backward, trod on thin air and catapulted into the road, where he landed on his head and one shoulder.

There Gordon left him, with never a look back. His whole thought was centered upon getting far enough away so that he might safely leave the cab without fear of being tracked down.

Finally, nearing a park entrance, he slowed to a normal pace, and then stopped. No one seemed to notice him; so he got out quickly, and leaving the park, made for the downtown district.

He still had his hard-won "receipt," and he felt that as long as it was in existence, even though it was in his own possession, his liberty was more or less in danger.

Just then he passed by a vacant lot, and he saw what he needed most—a bonfire!

Tearing the receipt into tiny pieces, he threw them on the fire and watched them burn until every scrap had vanished into unrecognizable ashes.

Then he gave a long sigh of relief, squared his shoulders to the world, and continued on his way.

Is it strange that his thoughts

should turn to June, the girl who had done so much for him? He would have been less jubilant if he could have guessed the new complications in which she was just then entangled.

After leaving Gordon in the park, June had gone straight home and upstairs to her boudoir. There were still signs of the hurried return to town—an empty trunk, and some articles of clothing lying around; and she wondered idly what Mary had been about, not to put the room in better shape.

June never liked a messy room, so she went right on into her "den," before taking off her hat.

With a sigh of relief, and a smile, she took the package of bank notes



"His Old Cunning, Sneaking Face Grinning at Me."

out of her dress. A dreamy look—a very sweet look—came into her eyes as she thought how much good that money was going to do. In her mind was a vivid picture of the hard-working men in Farwell's foundry, whose "co-operative profits" had been taken away from them.

"They shall have their money, just the same," she said to herself. "If I was stealing when I took it, it was in a good cause."

With the dreamy smile still lighting her face, June stood lost in happy thought, when suddenly she heard Mary's familiar footsteps, and her look changed to one of alarm.

She thrust the papers into the nearest hiding place—a table drawer; and just managed to get it shut as Mary came in from her own room with horror written in every line of her face.

"Why Mary," cried June, "what on earth is the matter with you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"I have, dearie—I have! It's worse'n that! Oh!—wringing her hands and crumpling her face up into a mask of tragedy. 'What will we ever do now, my lamb! We're in such a lot of trouble.'

"Now, Mary darling, be calm," she bade the nurse, "and tell me all about it—I'm sure it isn't as bad as you think—"

"It is, baby, it's worse! It's that awful man!"

"What awful man?" June's face went white. "You can't mean—"

"Yes," went on Mary huskily, "it's him! That 'Smiling Sam' Eagan we thought we was rid of for good'n' all!"

"Not here?" panted June in stark terror.

"He's right here in this house—we brought him with us! He made Yama put him into the big wardrobe trunk—and when I started to unpack it, there he was, with his old cunning sneaking face grinning at me as sassy as could be!"

"Good heavens!" cried June, at her wits' end. "Will trouble never end? Where is he now?"

"Up in the attic," said Mary. "And I've had to feed him and make him comfortable. I was so 'fraid he'd start a rumpus."

"What about mother," queried June fearfully.

"Mrs. Travis don't know a thing, as yet. But it's only a question of time, unless we can get him away from here right off. He isn't disposed to make things any easier for us than he can help, either. I heard a big noise up there just now. I guess he stumbled over something. Then I heard him moan—or, maybe, swear!"

"There! Hear that?" cried June and Mary simultaneously. Then they clung to each other, expecting, they knew not what.

At that moment, unconscious of all that was going on inside the house, Lamar slowly passed by; his head bent, his face haggard and drawn. He had to come there intending to see June; to face her with the facts; and to ask her to tell him what she knew about all the wretched business. But when he reached the house he somehow found that he loved her too much to put her to the test.

"Oh, it can't be—it can't be," he said aloud. "She is as holy as—my own mother. She is above suspicion. As far above suspicion as a saint in a cathedral. And yet—and yet—every circumstance points to her as—"

An idea flashed into his mind, electrifying him to quick decision.

"Tomorrow!" he muttered, half in dread, half in triumph. "Yes, that is it. Tomorrow will—"

Tomorrow will prove the truth!

(END OF 11TH INSTALLMENT.)

THE RED CIRCLE

By Albert Payson Terhune



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

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Gordon, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One by each Borden generation, always a criminal, has borne the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted are the only known living of the Bordenes. Max Lamar, a detective, is detailed to keep an eye on Jim. June Travis and her mother meet Jim as he is released. Jim and Ted are killed. Next day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outside a curtained automobile. June, marked with the Red Circle, tells Lamar she is Mary, June's nurse. Lamar 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 Surfont by Smiling Sam, Alma La Salle, 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, Lamar and Smiling Sam are in a deadly combat. Gordon, a fugitive, sees Lamar and takes in the Red Circle from a car. Smiling Sam sees the Red Circle on Lamar's hand, tells her he knows her secret and follows her to liberty.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT SEEDS OF SUSPICION

In Lamar's office, Gordon stood with his back to the locked door; white-faced, gasping. For the moment, at least, he was safe—and his eyes never left the face of the girl.

"Now," cried June under her breath, "tell me everything you've got!"

Gordon took his head.

"What?" he said. "I'm more grateful to you than I can ever make you feel. You've saved my life, or rather, by honesty that counts for more, but—honestly, I mustn't tell you why I do. He's after me—not now, anyway!"

"But why not?" interrupted June.

"Every minute is precious. Mr. Lamar is my friend; he calls me his first assistant. He's anxious to help you—I can't help you if you'll tell me everything you know, can I be of use at all when you keep me in the dark like this?"

His eyes were full of pleading and Gordon found himself nodding.

"Yes, a trick," he said, "to be in the dark at all, and I'm terribly grateful."

"Then, as I say—begin at the beginning and tell me."

"How do you know but that someone is in that next room? Do you know where the other door leads to?"

"For a minute," said June quickly, "I thought I was in the outer office. Mr. Lamar's confidential clerk may be there. Don't know if I come back."

"The way to the door," June hurriedly led her to the door and wrist bag on Lamar's desk, half-subconsciously noticed at the same time, a pair of hands—dark, hairy, there. With a little shudder she passed them by, and, slowly opening the office door, peered cautiously out.

Facing with his back to her, sat Gage's confidential clerk, busily writing and seemingly unconscious that anyone was looking at him. June softly closed and locked the door.

Gordon gave a nervous glance around the room.

"The whole thing in a nutshell, is this:—

"The Farwell corporation retained the services of my legal firm to defraud their employees of co-operative profits. When I found what they were up to, I rebelled and tried to expose the

me off, threatening me with arrest for starting a riot. You see, I was helpless. The corporation blocked me," muttered Gordon, bitterly. "Then, not content with that, they ruined me financially."

"One day, I was in my office, when Farwell rang me up. 'I want to see you at once,' he said. 'We are wrong and we'll surrender.'

"It didn't take me long to hang up the receiver, get my hat and hurry over to his office. There he was, the grinning hypocrite, greeting me as if I were a long lost friend. He waved me to a chair, and then took out a paper and placed it on my desk. He told me to read it. All the time he kept one hand on the thing, but I, like a fool, thought nothing of that—I was idiot enough to believe he was acting in good faith!

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"Farwell promptly ordered them to arrest me, on an embezzlement charge."

"I think I went mad. I snatched at the paper, but I couldn't get it for Farwell jammed it into the inside pocket of his coat. I grabbed him. I was bound I would get the paper or choke him. We had it hot and heavy for a few minutes. But of course I hadn't a snow-three against one—I was a rat in a trap, nothing more."

"The miserable sneak!" said June.

"I was facing a charge of embezzlement through that double-paper trick of Farwell's, and I knew it. But the police were decent enough to let me go to my office for a moment. Luckily, they hadn't handcuffed me. I went to my desk, and the men stayed at the back of the room."

"While I was fussing about my desk I hit upon an idea. With one eye on the men, I slowly unscrewed the incandescent globe from my desk lamp, and tossed it against the rear wall—their backs were toward it. It smashed, of course, and at the smash they both turned to see what caused the noise. In that instant I leaped out of the open window, jammed it shut, and ran up the fire escape to the roof."

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June said nothing, but her eyes were luminous and thoughtful. Her fingers were toying with the pair of handcuffs on the desk, and suddenly she picked them up and looked at them. Then, as her gaze took in her own hand, her face was suffused with a rush of color. There was the dreaded Red Circle, burning all too clearly against the white flesh.

At that moment someone turned the handle of the door leading to the outer office.

At the sound Gordon raised his head and met the frightened look in June's eyes.

"I'm going to give myself up, anyway," he said indifferently.

"No! NO!" whispered June vehemently. "You mustn't give yourself up now! I'm going to help you!"

Then the knock came a second time, followed by a little pause, and after that the sound of retreating footsteps. June moved quickly to the hall door and Gordon followed. June opened the door and looked out into the hall—then suddenly drew back, shutting and locking the door.

"It's Gage!" she whispered breathlessly. "And he's making for this door, now!"

Before the words were fairly out of

her mouth, the hall door was tried. A moment later there was a crash of splintered glass and Gage peered into the office through the jagged opening his determined elbow had made. He saw no one, however, for the very good reason that June and Gordon were flattening themselves against the wall on the side nearest the door.

Gage then decided to reach through the opening and unlock the door from the inside. June, catching a glimpse of his entering arm, slipped quickly to the desk and picked up the handcuffs, then tiptoed hurriedly to the door as Gage's hand groped for the key. An instant more and she had deftly snatched one of the handcuffs around Gage's wrist and with trembling fingers snapped the other on the door knob.

June caught her wrist bag and gloves from the desk and, signaling Gordon to follow her, unlocked the outer office door and slipped into the corridor.

As they hurried on with Gordon a bit in the rear—June nervously thrust her right hand into its glove; she didn't intend to have Gordon or anyone else see that throbbing Red Circle.

Outside the office building June halted and looked up and down the street in search of a taxicab. Presently one appeared and she held up her hand to stop it. As it drew alongside the curb she and Gordon got in and drove away.

"All right, so far," said June. "Now for our next move."

"Look!" exclaimed Gordon, catching June's hand, unconsciously pressing its Red Circle. "Look! The red's Farwell! Farwell, just ahead of us! Good Lord! He's with Lamar!"

"Don't worry," whispered June, returning the pressure of his hand reassuringly. "It's going to be all right—couldn't have happened better! I'll get them both now! I'm going to jump out and join them, and I want you to stay in the cab and wait for me a little way up the street. Or, no, the park is better."

Lamar and Farwell, deep in conversation, did not notice the sound of footsteps behind them, and so had no

tossed her wrist bag into the farthest corner on the hall floor. Then she hurried back to the anteroom, tore her hat off and pulled her hair away. Next she overturned two chairs, one after the other with a bang, and staggered wildly into the private office, gasping:

"Mr. Lamar! Mr. Lamar! Quick!"

"What is it?" cried Lamar and Farwell in chorus, jumping up and running toward her.

"A man came in," panted June. "He snatched my handbag—throw me off! He's gone!"

Farwell was already in full pursuit of the imaginary thief, and at June's insistence Lamar promptly joined him.

This was just what June was waiting for. She ran to the paper-strewn desk, seized the coveted receipt, gave it a quick, keen glance, and hid it in her dress.

Then her eyes on the door, she hurried to the safe. Its door was open, as Farwell had left it, when he took out the Gordon—papers to show to Lamar. With trembling fingers she snatched up a bundle of bank notes, stuck those in her dress also, and started back to her place.

Then she was scourged on by still another mad impulse: Going to the table she picked up a couple of sheets of plain letter paper, folded them together and tore them into rude circles. Her eyes gleamed coldly as she picked up a pen and, sitting down, began to print something on one of the circles.

Looking over her shoulder at every other letter she snatched her printing. Then she put the plain white circle on the dark blotting pad, got up, ran to the safe and hung the printed circle on the knob. With a sigh of satisfaction, she went back to the anteroom and collapsed into a chair, resuming her air of fright and exhaustion.

During their wild goose chase Lamar and Farwell met the returning secretary and they all came down the hall together, talking excitedly.

While they were talking, Lamar, true to his trade, was looking; so it was he who found June's bag in the dark corner of the hall.

"Here's the bag, anyhow!" he ex-

claimed. "The man must have dropped it when he ran! See what Santa Claus brought for a good little girl!" he called to June, waving the bag before her as he entered the office.

"Oh—thank you, Mr. Lamar! I knew you would find it for me if any mortal could! I'm a million times grateful to you!"

"Let me go home with you," pleaded Lamar.

"Oh, no, really—I'll be perfectly all right by myself, answered June.

"Anyway, I shall insist on taking you down to the door."

"All right," said June, reluctantly.

Lamar stood looking tenderly after June for a moment, and then he went back to rejoin Farwell.

As he entered the door he collided with Farwell, who, wild-eyed and panting, gripped him by the arm and half-dragged him to the table of the inner office.

"The Gordon receipt's gone!" he gasped.

At the same moment, Lamar saw the white circle—it startled him most unpleasantly. Then Farwell pushed him toward the safe.

"See," he cried, "I'm robbed! They've taken a bundle of bank notes! Read this thing!" As he spoke he pulled the printed circle off the safe knob and thrust it into Lamar's hands.

What Lamar read was this:

"The money will be put to a good use by the Circle Lady."

He was speechless, and could only stare, wide-eyed, at the paper.

Speaking dazedly to himself, rather than to Farwell:

"Suspicion points to Miss Travis—but that's impossible! Impossible!"

He sat down and pulled the telephone toward him. He gave the number of his own office.

As soon as Gage recognized his voice, the clerk began pouring forth his tale about the mysterious woman who handcuffed him to the door; where he might still have been if two clerks from other offices, hearing his

cries for help, had not come running in.

"Wait a minute," called Lamar over his end of the wire. "Could you see who it was that snapped the cuffs on you?"

"No," yelled Gage. "I couldn't see a thing except a woman's hand—with a Red Circle on the back of it."

Lamar turned white. Then he asked sharply:

"Any other clue?"

Gage's voice came hesitatingly over the wire.

"Well," he mumbled, "Miss Travis called. I showed her into your office to wait—and then she disappeared."

Lamar slowly hung up the receiver. Just as slowly he got up. He stood thinking a moment, then turned to Farwell and said, curtly:

"Keep this absolutely quiet until I investigate. I'll do all I can—good day."

Meanwhile, June, oblivious to all the trouble she had caused, made her way to the park, the coveted receipt and the banknotes hugged tight to her breast.

Gordon was still there, though the chauffeur had wandered onto the grass somewhere.

As she neared the cab, Gordon leaned out eagerly.

"What luck?" he said uneasily.

"If I looked as happy as I feel, you surely wouldn't have to ask," smiled June, holding out the receipt.

"Hooray!" cried Gordon, opening the paper and reading it.

Then he looked at June and the tears came into his eyes.

"You are a wonder," he said in a low voice. "I can never repay you, you marvelous girl! How did you ever get the paper?"

"The happy light died out of June's eyes.

"Don't ask me how I got it," she murmured. "The only thanks I wish is your silence. You do not know what I am. Now, you must go, and so must I; but first, I want you to accept this little roll of money—it may come in handy." As she spoke, she opened her wrist bag, and handed him some bank notes—not those she had taken from the safe.

"I can't take this," stammered Gordon. "You have done too much for me already."

"You can, and you must," answered June firmly. "You don't know how much you may need it, nor how soon."

"Since you insist, we'll call it a loan," said Gordon, reluctantly pocketing the money—and thank you it was a million times.

With a hurried handshake and good-bye June disappeared. Gordon looked out his driver, who presently slouched into view, half asleep. Evidently he had found the grass very soothing and comfortable to his rheumatic old bones.

"Time to drive on, my son," said Gordon.

"All right, boss," yawned the driver. "Jes' soon's I crank 'er up."

Then he ambled around to the front of the cab and began to turn the crank. As the engine started to buzz, suddenly, Gordon still nervous as on the lookout, saw and recognized a plain-clothes detective, who was running toward the cab.

It took Gordon barely a second to leap to the steering wheel, knock the sleepy driver to one side and send the car forward.

The plain-clothes man was just too quick for him, however, and managed to leap onto the running board as the machine moved off.

Gordon put the car at full speed, and thanked his stars that he was ambidextrous. Steering a bit wildly with his left hand, he suddenly leaned out on the other side and struck the scrambling policeman fiercely in the stomach. The officer doubled up, but held on like a mountain goat.

It was a more or less even fight, as each man had but one arm free, and neither could use his legs to any advantage.

There was no chance for science; none for a clean, effective blow. The fighters beat at each other in futile, awkward fury.

The cab swirled and cavorted; but there were no park policemen to be seen, and the plain-clothes man could not take time to draw out his whistle.

But he did get out his revolver, presently, and was about to level it at his quarry, when Gordon feinted and drove his clenched fist into his foe's throat just below the point of the jaw.

That was the first good blow of the whole scrimmage. And it did its work. The detective reeled backward, trod on thin air and catapulted into the road, where he landed on his head and one shoulder.

There Gordon left him, with never a look back. His whole thought was centered upon getting far enough away so that he might safely leave the cab without fear of being tracked down.

Finally, nearing a park entrance, he slowed to a normal pace, and then stopped. No one seemed to notice him, so he got out quickly, and leaving the park, made for the downtown district.

He still had his hard-won receipt, and he felt that as long as it was in existence, even though it was in his own possession, his liberty was more or less in danger.

Just then he passed by a vacant lot, and he saw what he needed most—a bonfire!

Tearing the receipt into tiny pieces, he threw them on the fire and watched them burn until every scrap had vanished into unrecognizable ashes.

Then he gave a long sigh of relief, squared his shoulders to the world, and continued on his way.

Is it strange that his thoughts

should turn to June, the girl who had done so much for him? He would have guessed the new complications in which she was just then entangled.

After leaving Gordon in the park, June had gone straight home and upstairs to her boudoir. There were still signs of the hurried return to town—an empty trunk, and some articles of clothing lying around; and she wondered idly what Mary had been about, not to put the room in better shape.

June never liked a messy room, so she went right on into her "den," before taking off her hat.

With a sigh of relief, and a smile, she took the package of bank notes

out of her dress. A dreamy look—a very sweet look—came into her eyes as she thought how much good that money was going to do. In her mind was a vivid picture of the hard-working men in Farwell's laundry, whose "co-operative profits" had been taken away from them.

"They shall have their money, just the same," she said to herself. "If I was stinking when I took it, it was in a good cause."

With the dreamy smile still lighting her face June stood lost in happy thought, when suddenly she heard Mary's familiar footsteps, and her look changed to one of alarm.

She thrust the papers into the nearest hiding place—a table drawer, and just managed to get it shut as Mary came in from her own room with horror written in every line of her face.

"Why Mary," cried June, "what on earth is this matter with you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"I have, dearie—I have! It's worse'n that! Oh! wringing her hands and crumpling her face up into a mask of tragedy. "What will we ever do now, my lamb! We're in such a lot of trouble."

"Now, Mary, darling, be calm," she bade the nurse, "and tell me all about it—I'm sure it isn't as bad as you think."

"It is, baby, it's worse! It's that awful man!"

"What awful man?" June's face went white. "You can't mean—"

"Yes," went on Mary huskily, "it's him! That 'Smiling Sam' Gage we thought was rid of for good'n' all!"

"Not here?" panted June in stark terror.

"He's right here in this house—we brought him with us! He made Yama put him into the big wardrobe trunk—and when I started to unpack it, there he was, with his old cunning sneaking face grinning at me as sassy as could be!"

"Good heavens!" cried June, at her wits' end. "Will trouble never end? Where is he now?"

"Up in the attic," said Mary. "And I've had to feed him and make him comfortable. I was so 'fraid he'd start a rumpus."

"What about mother," queried June fearfully.

"Mrs. Travis don't know a thing, as yet. But it's only a question of time, unless we can get him away from here right off. He isn't disposed to make things any easier for us than he can help, either. I heard a big noise up there just now. I guess he stumbled over something. Then I heard him moan—or, maybe, swear!"

"There! Hear that?" cried June and Mary simultaneously. Then they clung to each other, expecting, they knew not what.

At that moment, unconscious of all that was going on inside the house, Lamar slowly passed by; his head bent, his face haggard and drawn. He had to come there intending to see June; to face her with the facts; and to ask her to tell him what she knew about all the wretched business. But when he reached the house he somehow found that he loved her too much to put her to the test.

"Oh, it can't be—it can't be," he said aloud. "She is as holy as—as my own mother. She is above suspicion. As far above suspicion as a saint in a cathedral. And yet—and yet—every circumstance points to her—as—"

An idea flashed into his mind, electrifying him to quick decision.

"Tomorrow!" he muttered, half in dread, half in triumph, "yes, that is it. Tomorrow will tell! Tomorrow will prove the truth!"

(END OF 11TH INSTALLMENT.)



"We Had It Hot and Heavy for a Few Minutes."

idea of June's approach until she came abreast of them as they reached the entrance door of Farwell's office building. June nodded and smiled at Lamar, who shook hands eagerly, his face radiant. Then he turned to Farwell and introduced him to June.

"How do you do, Mr. Farwell?" said June in her most innocent manner.

"I wish you'd come in with us, Miss Travis," Lamar said. "Farwell is going to show me the Gordon papers—I want your advice."

As they entered the office anteroom Lamar turned to June.

"Can you make yourself comfortable here for a few minutes?" he asked, offering a chair. "Farwell and I will go over the preliminaries by ourselves, in the inner office—we won't bore you with unnecessary details."

June was alone, save for a very young secretary who was seated at a desk stamping letters.

"It only that miserable secretary would go away!" she thought.

Presently he did that very thing.

June jumped up at once. Getting a chair from the corner of the room, she carried it to the door, jumped lightly up and applied a pair of very pretty but very curious eyes to the transom.

Lamar and Farwell were seated at a table. Papers were strewn everywhere; but Farwell had separated Gordon's securities receipt from the others and was just in the act of handing it to Lamar.

"There's the receipt," June heard him say. "It means prison if we can capture him."

Lamar let the paper drop to the table before him. He hated the business in hand.

June, who loved him, read all this in his face.

"Here is where I come in again," she said to herself.

In a flash she saw how it could all be done. Jumping lightly down, she landed on the floor on the tips of her toes and slipped out into the hallway. With a quick look up and down, she



Deftly Snapped on the Manacuffs.

crooked deal—so of course they've had it in for me ever since.

There was only one thing to do—to tell the workers about it—the men who had expected to be profit-sharers and were dupes instead. So I got a crowd of them in the courtyard one day and told them the whole thing.

Some of 'em believed me, most of them didn't—or at least, were doubtful. In the middle of it, the watchman and a patrolman or two came to see what it was all about, broke up the crowd with night sticks, and pushed

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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.

Frank Phillips
Tonsorial Artist.

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AVIATION SCHOOL IN EGYPT

British Forces Are Establishing Big Institution for Instruction of Pilots.

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

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

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

VISITS BLOND ESKIMOS

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

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

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

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

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

CHINESE WOMAN REGISTERS



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

PRINTING INSIDE AN EGG

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

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

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

Even the buckwheat cake has to wait its turn.
Every time a wise man falls it teaches him something.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, 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

A number of schools have started their Christmas programs. The Ranney school is to have a Christmas play.

The Chaddock school had a box social on Friday night. Unique invitations were sent out.

Three second visits were made during the past week.

Otelia Schultz, Thomas Hitchcock, Walter and Charles Cooper are reported as having completed the required amount of Home Work for the entire year. Orville Boyer and Walter Kemp did a half year's work in one month.

It was a rainy day when the commissioner visited Rock Elm and recess was so unique and appropriate that it was a relief compared to most rainy day programs. The boys played the Chinese game of Skin the Snake, the girls played Head and Tail, and then the commissioner became so interested that she taught the school how to run a Japanese Crab Race. They were given three minutes of out door exercise.

Pictures of the Standard Schools of the county have at last been collected and the directory will soon be on its way to the long expectant officers and teachers.

The Household editor of the Michigan Farmer has become very interested in the Home Work idea and has asked several questions during the past two weeks.

"Experience proves the Home Credit plan full of promise," Prof. Davis, Wisconsin University.

What is the grandest question in the world? The education of our boys and girls.

The Rock Elm school board have ordered 22 new single adjustable seats and 100 square feet of hyllo plate blackboard. We may not say yet that they are a Standard School but we shall say that they will be two thirds ideal when present plans are completed.

Mr. Dewey reports 21 not absent the first month and 20 the second month.

Has your district a library established by a vote at a district meeting? No? Then your neighboring district gets your share of the penal fine money to invest in workable books for the school equipment shelf, that's all. And your teacher is longing for tools with which to cultivate the garden of your children's thought growth.



In Chapter Six of "A Lass of the Lumbarlands" Helen Holmes makes a sensational leap.



A Scene from Gaumont's "The Vampires."

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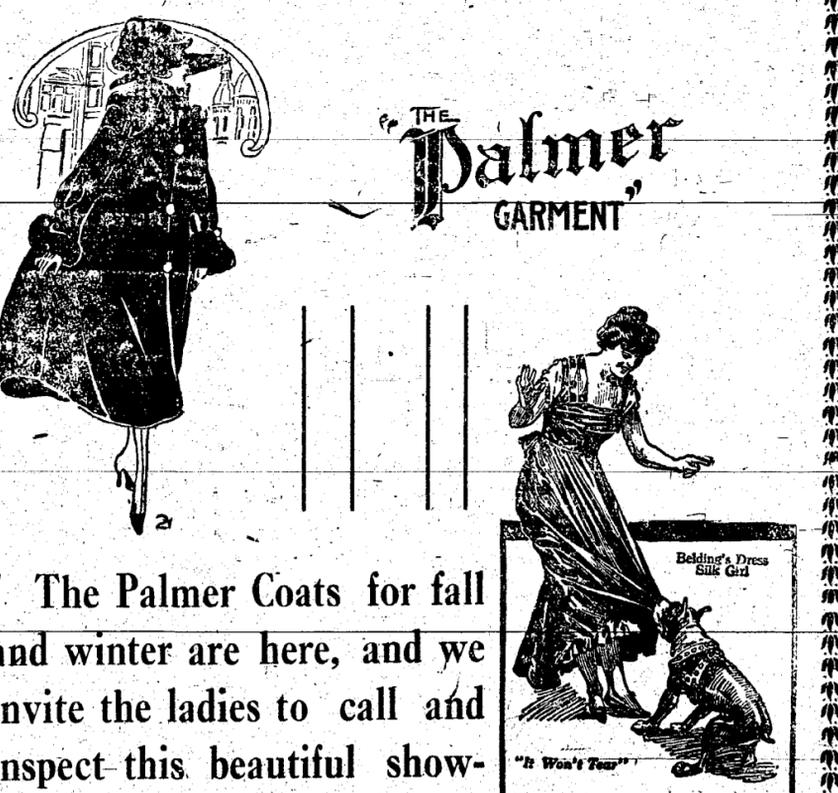
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SINGLE ADMISSION, - - FIFTY CENTS
RESERVED SEAT BOARD NOW OPEN AT MACK'S.

Secure your course tickets now and enjoy the series of entertainments this winter.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE



THE Palmer GARMENT

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

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

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

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"It Won't Tear"

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

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Mrs. Jos. Montroy is reported quite ill.

Miss Lydia Malpass is spending the week end at Petoskey.

B. E. Waterman left Thursday on a business trip to Grand Rapids.

Mrs. May Spencer of Boyne City was in the city on business, Monday.

Miss Mattie VanTiffin is spending the week at her home in Imlay City.

Miss Lou Huber of Elk Rapids is visiting friends in the city this week.

Nelson R. Torrey of Cadillac was in the city on business first of the week.

Donald Roxburgh of Traverse City is guest at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Roy Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. James Malpass are visiting their son, Ellis, and wife at Cadillac this week.

Mrs. Frank Little of Traverse City is visiting at the home of Mrs. C. R. Alexander.

Mrs. W. S. Carr received word Wednesday of the illness of her little grandson at Boyne City.

Mrs. Wells, who has been visiting her son, A. E., returned to her home at Muskegon, Tuesday.

Carl Heinzelman will return to Midland this Saturday, after spending a few days with his family here.

The Sunshine Club met and gave a party in their new hall in the Monroe building Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Anthony Clark of Charlevoix is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. P. Maddock, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman and John Waterman returned home from their hunting trip Friday last.

Miss Kate Carpenter was at Petoskey Wednesday, to visit her mother, who is at the Reycraft hospital there.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter left Wednesday for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Morgan Lewis, at Beloit, Wis.

Miss Ruth Weston left Wednesday for Ann Arbor to visit her brother, who was injured in a foot-ball game there.

Rev. Leonard Dudley of the L. D. S. church will hold services at the Robert Miles home on Bowen's Addition next Sunday at 3:00.

Mrs. Clyde Dewey and son of Bellaire visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman, over Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kowalski will leave this Saturday for their home at Lansing, after a few weeks visit with relatives here.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bechtold and daughter will go to Bellaire this Saturday to attend the wedding of the former's brother.

Mrs. Fannie Tillotson and daughter, Mrs. Effie Johnson left Wednesday for Grand Rapids, to visit the winter with the former's son, Walter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Waterman left Wednesday for a short visit at Grand Rapids, from there they will go to Miami, Florida, for the winter.

Mrs. H. McKinnon returned home Tuesday from the Reycraft hospital at Petoskey. She is seriously ill at her home on the West Side at this writing.

Mrs. Geo. Weiley of Rosebush and granddaughter, Miss Vera Taylor of Beaverton are guests at the home of the former's daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, who recently moved here from Bellaire are now located in the residence on Main-st. recently vacated by G. W. Kitsman and family.

J. H. Milford and family drove to Petoskey, Thursday, to visit Mrs. Milford's sister, Mrs. John O'Connor, of Boyne Falls, who underwent an operation at a hospital there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Steenburg, of near Ironton, left Monday for Big Rapids, Paris and Grand Rapids on a short visit after which they will go to Detroit where they will make their future home.

On Thursday morning in St. John's church in Jordan Township Miss Jennie Brezina was united in Holy Matrimony to Albert Scheid of Detroit. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brezina and for some time has held a good position as stenographer for the Detroit Wheel Company. The groom is a resident of Detroit. Miss Mary Brezina, a sister of the bride was bridesmaid and Mr. Charles Zitka was best man. The young couple will reside in Detroit.

Mrs. A. S. Hammond is reported ill.

A. G. Rogers is home from Flint this week.

Miss Mary Zulek has returned to Detroit.

Bruce Dickie is visiting at Chicago this week.

Miss Blanche Zulek left Saturday last for Chicago.

Thos. Joynt was an Elk Rapids business visitor, this week.

Mrs. Samuel Ramsey suffered a slight stroke, Thursday.

Mrs. Verne Flanders is visiting her parents at Pleasant Valley.

Miss Norma Johnson spent Thanksgiving with her parents here.

Supt. F. A. Kenyon of Mackinac Island is in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Pratt of Flint are visiting her mother, Mrs. James Joslin.

A surprise party was given Arthur Shay at his home Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Etta Simaneau of Charlevoix is visiting her mother, Mrs. Samuel Whiteford.

Mrs. Len Swafford is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shurtz at Petoskey.

Miss Lillian Hockridge of Elk Rapids is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Carl Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Welkel of Charlevoix visited relatives in the city over Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hunsberger are spending the week at the home of their son, Guy, at Petoskey.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lueck and son of Kingsley are visiting at the home of the latter's brother, Henry Bogart.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Goodman and daughter, Mrs. Clyde Dewey, and son were Boyne City visitors, Friday.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. James Malpass next Friday afternoon, Dec. 8th.

V. D. and Paige Phroop of Vestaburg are visiting their sister, Mrs. O. Scott, and niece, Mrs. D. E. Goodman.

Henry Danno of Niles, who has been visiting his brother, Edward, for the past week, returned home Friday.

Misses Agatha Kenny, Eunice Liskum and Florence Maddaugh are home from the normal at Charlevoix, this week.

Hugh Murphy has opened a tobacco stand in the Loveday building—at one time used as an office by W. A. Loveday.

Albert McKinnon returned home from Flint, Thursday, called here by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. H. McKinnon.

Verne Whiteford was at the Reycraft hospital at Petoskey, Tuesday, and had his tonsils and adenoids removed. He returned home Wednesday.

Miss Mina Hite and Mrs. Pearl McHale will give a miscellaneous shower this Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Hite, in honor of Miss Edith Ramsey.

Roy Hulbert of this city and Miss Nettie Cihak of Jordan township were united in marriage last Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Freckie. They will make their home in this city.

After spending a week at the parental home of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lewis, their son, Bert, returned to his home at Atlanta City, N. J., on Monday; Miss Pearl to Grand Rapids, and Miss Eva to Bad Axe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Carver and son of Elk Rapids; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brotherton and daughter, Gwendolyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Boyd and son spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bell.

The millinery shop of Mrs. G. E. Boswell, located in the Richardson building, was destroyed by fire last Saturday noon. Miss Boswell was away from the shop and the fire evidently originated from a stove. The entire contents were destroyed, and the building damaged somewhat. Mrs. Boswell carried \$500 insurance, which partially covers her loss.

M. S. Berger has secured a fine position at his old home—Lansing—and with his family plan to leave East Jordan in the near future for their new-old home. For several years Mr. Berger has been director of Metropole Orchestra and, through his efforts has made it one of the best orchestras in this part of the state. In connection with this he conducted a cigar manufactory.

Arthur Gidley is over from Central Lake, this week.

W. S. Ritter of Deward spent Thursday with his family here.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Donaldson, a daughter, Nov. 30th.

Mrs. Wm. Malpass will visit relatives at Traverse City over Sunday.

Miss Grace Howard is home from her school duties at the Slaughter school.

Clarence Clark left Friday for Lansing to visit his brother, who is seriously ill.

Miss Hazel Houste of Kalkaska is guest of Miss Winnie Mollard, this week.

Mrs. J. E. Weisman gave a kitchen shower at her home Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Edith Ramsey.

Roy Gregory was home from West Branch over Thanksgiving. He is there in the interest of the Everett B. Clark Seed Co.

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.

TROMBLY—LORRAINE

Popular Young People United in Marriage, Wednesday.

Miss Verchel X. Lorraine, youngest daughter of Editor and Mrs. C. L. Lorraine, was united in marriage to Jay J. Trombly of Flint, at the home of the bride's parents, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th.

The ceremony took place at eight o'clock, Rev. R. S. Sidebotham, pastor of the Presbyterian church, conducting the ring service. Miss Ethel Crowell acted as maid-of-honor and Mrs. G. W. Bechtold presided at the piano rendering the wedding march. The bride wore a beautiful gown of maize crepe-de-chene, and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The maid-of-honor wore blue crepe-de-chene, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The groom was unattended.

The home was prettily decorated with chrysanthemums and evergreen, and the ceremony took place under a center arch.

About thirty-five guests were present for the occasion and following the service dainty refreshments were served.

Mrs. J. D. Langland of Chicago, sister of the groom, was the only out-of-town guest.

The young couple are at present stopping at the home of the bride's parents, and plan to leave first of the coming week for Flint where the groom has a fine business as plumbing contractor and where a newly-furnished home awaits them.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 3, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—"The Secret Place."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic "What Missions Do for Childhood."

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. "The Song of Life to Women."

Our regular prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Dec. 3rd.

10:30 a. m. High Mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions, Benediction.

Friday, Dec. 8, Feast of The Immaculate Conception, a Holy Day of Obligation.

5:00 a. m. Mass, Holy Communion.

9:00 a. m. High Mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions, Benediction.

Women always think they mean what they say—at the time they let it out.

No matter how hungry a man may be, a single taste of defeat satisfies him.

Adam had his foibles, but the records fail to indicate that he was ever guilty of telling fish stories.

There are higher things in life for a woman than a good complexion—a pretty bonnet, for instance.

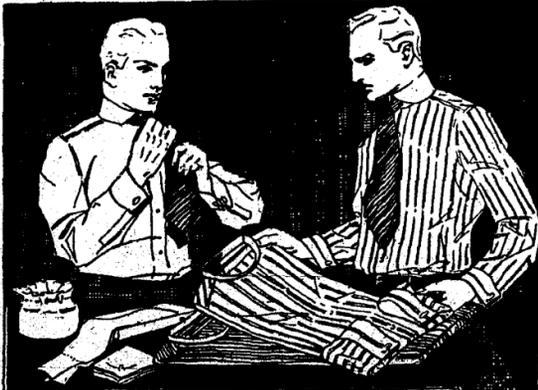
Even when a leap-year girl gets turned down she can't help but admire the young man's judgment.

Thursday was the day when one-half of the turkey world didn't know how the other half died.

His first love and his first shave are two episodes in every young man's career that he never forgets.

If a man succeeds the world envies him; if he fails it openly sympathizes with him—and secretly rejoices.

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



Men's Dep't

More New SHIRTS at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
MACKINAWs of the better sort, \$6.75 up
Classy English SHOES—some with Neolin soles—\$4.00 and up.
Heavy Fleece-lined UNDERWEAR—Union-suits \$1.00
Shirts 50c Drawers 50c
Plush Wool, Shirts and Drawers, \$1.00 per garment.
High-grade Union-suits, heavy and medium weights, \$1.50 and up.
DRESS SHIRTS—Special Lot—sizes 16 and 16½—at 79c.

FINAL CLEAN-UP Ladies' Coats

\$10.75 \$14.75 \$18.75
Coat values from \$12.00 up to \$22.00 will be grouped and sold at above prices, regardless of cost, until disposed of.

LADIES:

How would you like to design your Shoes? That is just what you can do now. Simply describe or draw out the kind of a shoe you want and we will have it made for you. Come in and let us quote you a few prices. You'll be surprised at the reasonableness of the proposition.

Stunning BATH-ROBE Blankets

Beautiful Shades Luxurious Textures
\$2.75 and \$3.75

Hand-Work RIBBONS

Table Covers
Dollies
Guest Towels
Crocheted Bags
Collars, Sets, Yokes

An unusually large assortment of high-grade ribbons suitable for making Christmas gifts where a Quality ribbon is required.



Men's Suits Tailored to your own measurement

We have satisfied the most critical men in town; men who know real clothes value when they see it, men who know that it isn't every day that you can get quality, style and perfect fit for the little money we charge for our tailored suits.

We would like to have you come in and see the list of our satisfied customers.



QUALITY WEISMAN'S SERVICE

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

Watch the columns of THE HERALD for

Holiday Advertisers

The Live Merchants of our city will use every means of advertising their Holiday Offerings.

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

Sold by the EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if Bladder bothers you—Drink lots of water.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

There are many lovely women, but no perfect ones.

Few are so wicked as to take delight in crimes unprofitable.

Theory looks well on paper, but it does not amount to anything without practice.

Quick witted men, remarkable for repartee, are after all, rarely men of much solidity of character or ability.

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.

SAGE AND SULPHUR DARKENS GRAY HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Restore Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

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

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

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

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

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

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

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

FROM A REGULAR TO A VOLUNTEER

(The below letter, recently published in the Central Lake Torch, contains so much good advice that we are republishing it in full.—Ed.)

A letter from a "regular" in Uncle Sam's army to a friend just enlisted in the Militia, Co. "I," 33rd Mich. Infantry, has been sent to the Torch for publication, and will doubtless be of interest to our readers, as both parties are well known boys from this section of Antrim county.

Friend—

Through the folks at home I've heard of you as a soldier. Through a newspaper clipping I see you rated as a good one. It didn't mention you personally, but said Company I had a clean camp record and was one of the few civilized companies there. Not a man reported absent or disorderly during the pay-day riot. That does me good, because I believe they raise better men mentally, morally and physically, around our neck of the woods than anywhere. So I'm glad you helped to prove it, and keep it up; you may have a chance to show your superiority in many, more ways later on.

Anyway, when I went to school (that's a long time ago) I had a teacher named Martha Briggs. Among other good things she taught me was a quotation about as follows: "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Think it over and see what a lot of good common sense advice it contains. She was a good teacher, though she once gave me a licking.

I'm a soldier by profession, while you probably came in for a better purpose. But just the same, doesn't it look like good policy, as long as you are "in," to do the very best you can? Learn all you can, and as a piece of advice let me tell you a general iron-clad rule for all good soldiers. Obey orders and ask no questions! That means that an order is to be carried out without any other reason than because it is an order. Don't doubt if it is right or wrong or necessary. It is the most important thing you have to learn.

Everyone makes mistakes sometimes, no matter if in or out of the army. Your officers and non-coms make them, but no matter; if you carry out their orders, you have done that much right. So obey orders.

Another thing I'm thinking of. Some folks think a soldier is a "hard nut," a "tough guy," a swearing, fighting, drinking "rough neck." Not on your life! They don't know a soldier. We have men like that in the army, but they are not good soldiers. They are a poor imitation and a hindrance. It's the fellow that "tends to business, keeps cool at all times and level headed that does the work and is the real U. S. soldier. You will find it out if you have the chance. The fellow spoiling for a Mexican to kill so he can show how real "hard" he is; spoiling for it so much that doesn't want to stick around and do his "cooks-police" and fatigue and drill but just wants to go where he can grab a gun and shoot, is ignorant. If he was here now, he would growl because it is so hot and dry and so much work and drill and so little fighting. If he and you ever get after any Mexicans the chances are he will be surprised to find they shoot lead and steel too, and he will wish he was back in Camp Ferris, which probably would be the most sensible thing he'd wished in a long while.

I've never been under an enemy fire, though I expected to be at any time on an occasion or two, but I've "ducked" when I heard our own crack or sing, and it's nothing to hanker after. And I've heard men—veterans of the Spanish-American and Philippine Insurrection—say they don't care to campaign unless it is necessary.

The fighting isn't the worst of the war. If war is necessary it is all right and then the better trained we are, the better we are prepared. Then the more head-work we use and the harder we fight the easier we win. War is an art. It is a game at which a skilled player can beat a novice any time he isn't handicapped too much. He can win against odds. Probably you have not had target practice yet to show you what can be done with a Springfield Army Rifle at long ranges. But no doubt you have seen the bayonet used in bayonet exercise by men you would not care to meet in a battle for life with that weapon. It shows that skill is the winning factor, all else being equal. As this is with the individual, so it is with the Company, the Regiment, the Brigade, Division and Corps. Only the larger the body, the more complicated the problem and the greater skill is required. For an efficient organization we want one that can send one man out alone on his own resources and win or that can go out as a whole and win by its skill. If it wins merely by its nerve or force of numbers it will some time meet an equal foe and in superior numbers and defeat will be inevitable. Therefore it must be trained from the private to the commanding officer, individually and collectively. To accomplish this we must have first of all discipline. I heard a militiaman get a "bawling

out" and later make the remark that he didn't mind discipline but wouldn't stand bullying. From his action and general appearance I don't think he knew what discipline was. And let me tell you, you're liable to mistake it when you meet it sometimes. But discipline is imperative. If you get an order and carry it out right and prompt your chances for being either disciplined or bullied are small. If not, or you commit yourself, your chances for getting it are good. There you get a good test, in the way you take your punishment. If you take it like a man, make up your mind to try harder and do better, you are learning. You know in dealing with friends we have to give and take; give as little as you can and take as well as you can. Sometimes you get "rough stuff" from your Officer or Non-Com, and it seems uncalled for. Remember he makes mistakes and perhaps you don't know all his troubles. Try to help him by taking it and forget.

In dealing with the enemy we can change our policy. Give them all the Hell you can, and take no more than you have to.

Now I've been "preaching" a lot, eh? Well, maybe it won't hurt you even if it doesn't do any good. I wish you luck and expect you to do well.

Your friend,

The Zoology of Love.

When adolescent youth with love is stricken,

He starts a Zoo d'Amour with a chicken If she's selected from the footlights' glare,

This youth is right in calling her a bear. When intimacy ripens you will hear, Him lovingly address her as, 'My Deer' But after marriage, when her old friends chaff,

She'll call him (at his back) a silly calf. In course of time, though hardly ever bid,

There comes another specimen—a kid. Sometimes, when love has struck a jarring note, Divorce and alimony make this youth a goat.

The more one judges, the less one loves.

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.

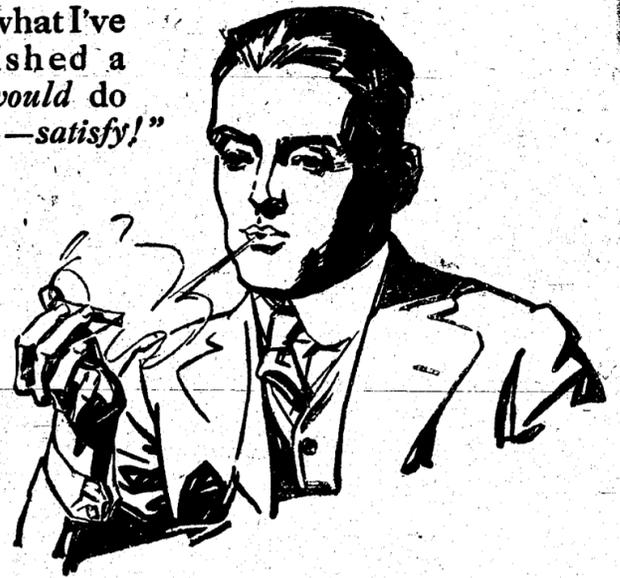


Linda A. Griffith in "Charity"



Margarita Fischer in Her Naughty, Naughty Bathing Suit

"That's just what I've always wished a cigarette would do —satisfy!"



The feature of Chesterfields is that they begin where other cigarettes leave off.

In other words, besides pleasing the taste, Chesterfields go further—they satisfy! Just like a long drink of cold water satisfies when you're thirsty.

And yet, Chesterfields are MILD!

It's Chesterfields or nothing if you want this new cigarette delight, because no cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend—an entirely new combination of tobaccos and the biggest discovery in cigarette blending in 20 years.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

They SATISFY!
and yet they're MILD

20 for 10¢

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.

Unless you know as much about other people's affairs as they do themselves it is not very safe to laugh at them or to find fault with them.

TOOK THE HURT OUT OF HER BACK

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

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, sniffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

To make light of philosophy is to be a true philosopher.

As to the pure, all things are pure, so the common mind sees far more vulgarity in others than the mind developed in genuine refinement.

There are some professed Christians who would gladly burn their enemies, but yet who forgive them merely because it is heaping coals of fire on their heads.

Of all the paths that lead to a woman's heart, pity is the straightest.

Take my word for it, the saddest thing under the sun is a soul incapable of sadness.

Every man is promoted by the love of himself to imagine that he possesses some qualities superior, either in kind or degree, to those which he is allotted to the rest of the world.

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 GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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

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

SYNOPSIS

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a freeman, her father, and his friends Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wounding the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike and his confederate safebreakers steal Rhinelander's pay roll money. Helen purges and, with a policeman's aid, captures two of them and recovers the money. Spike, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

THE RACE FOR RIGHT OF WAY

What to do with Spike after he had turned over his first leaf in the book of gratitude proved a difficulty for Helen. But it seemed to her the first thing to be attempted was to get him well away from Seagrue's influence. Seagrue, with the ample backing at his disposal, had established an elaborate construction camp well out on the desert, where he coupled with his railroad building enterprise as much of fraudulent deceit and force as he dare display toward Rhinelander and the men in the Copper Range & Tidewater construction work. The prize for which both roads were playing in the tremendous effort of each to get ahead of the other was a substantial one, and Seagrue was never called to account at his headquarters for his strategy in the construction trenches.

On the morning that Helen took Spike down street to a Las Vegas clothing store, had him fitted out with new clothes and provided him with some pocket money, Seagrue was on his way over to his camp, accompanied by the two strong-arms, known by no more respectable names than Bill and Lug. He saw Helen on the street with Spike and watched the two for a moment. Dispatching Bill then to the garage for his motor car and bidding Lug, on his life, not to lose sight of Spike, Seagrue, himself, hastened to the office of the local sheriff.

Explaining to this official, already made complacent by generous offerings, that he had on his hands a contract laborer who was trying to jump his job, he engaged his promise of vigorous co-operation to bring Spike to time.

Seagrue led the way with him to the machine, which Bill had brought up, and getting in with the sheriff, Bill drove toward the station. Helen had returned with Spike to the office, she had paid for a railroad ticket which was to carry him to the city, where, she believed, freed from Seagrue's contaminating influence, Spike would have a chance to get back on his feet.

Spike, in a comfortable frame of mind, was looking down at the ticket in his hand and reflecting what an extraordinary friend Helen had been, and how considerably she had treated him, when a quiet voice at his elbow spoke just two words into his ear: "Hello, Spike!"

Spike, who lived, as it were, at all times over a powder magazine of the unexpected, started a little as he turned to look into the composed gray eyes of Seagrue. He stood a moment bound by their spell.

Seagrue's face was lighted only by a pleasant smile. "Where you going, Spike?" he asked in friendly fashion.

He looked about him with indecision, and as his eyes wandered he saw Seagrue beckoning to the sheriff to come over from the machine.

Seagrue, meantime, put his hand in his pocket. From it he drew a worn little pamphlet, and affecting careful deliberation, held it in his hand before Spike's wavering eyes. In the black-faced type on the cover a name and description were printed, but what Spike saw staring at him were the figures and the words:

"\$500.00 REWARD!"

But to Spike that one line of type meant infinitely more than it could mean to any other man.

Seagrue watched closely the changing expressions on the hunted criminal's face; he was even quiet and pleasant in his demeanor as he muttered: "You shouldn't try to leave me, Spike. At least, not until I say you may go."

"Seagrue," Spike almost hissed, "I can send you to the chair; man—do you know that?"

they'll lift you in for the next shock, Spike. When you're ready to commit suicide, I'm ready to go to the straps ahead of you or after you—that's as the sheriff may prefer. But until that moment comes, Spike—a threatening intonation made itself felt within the studied pitter-pan—until that moment, Spike, you will take your orders from me—understand?"

Spike looked gloomily down at the ticket he held in his hand. He realized he was utterly helpless. "All right," he said gruffly.

Seagrue shook hands with the sheriff as he followed Spike across the platform. "I don't think I'll have any more trouble with him," he said in an undertone. "Thank you just the same, sheriff."

With the rival construction crews, matters were reaching a somewhat critical stage in their race. Both the Colorado & Coast and the Copper Range & Tidewater companies had reached the limits of the city of Las Vegas, where, owing to the topography of the country as well as to the difficulties of getting through the town, possible rights of way were exceedingly scarce. A section almost immediately in front now of both construction gangs was occupied by a



Helen Understood the Necessity for Prompt Action.

weather-beaten pioneer who bore the name of Cassidy, and his comfortable cottage obstructed both surveys.

The advent of two railroads building neck and neck across the desert through the little town had naturally stirred every inhabitant of it to a high pitch of excitement. Small wonder that Cassidy's head had become in some degree confused as to values, and by the time Rhinelander got around to see the bronzed pioneer with a check for two thousand dollars—the price first put upon the property by its veteran owner—valuations had risen and Cassidy declared that he would sell for ten thousand dollars and not a cent less.

Rhinelander, considerably taken aback, impatiently assented to the exorbitant sum named, and going inside the cottage, wrote out his check for it. In exchange he received Cassidy's rather uncertain signature, on the customary legal form, granting to the Copper Range & Tidewater Railway company privileges over the Cassidy land as a freehold owner.

Seagrue, arriving from town, learned from his foreman of the status of the insignificant plot of ground, adverse possession of which might frustrate their persistent plans for obstructing Rhinelander. With his surveyors Seagrue hurried to the end of the work, and reached the ground just in time to encounter Rhinelander coming out of Cassidy's house and the agreement duly signed, and delivered in his hand. And behind Rhinelander came George Storm ready to bring the men up to take possession of the Cassidy demesne.

Seagrue and his followers halted them and Rhinelander, feeling the victory all his own, explained the situation to Seagrue, while Storm, amiably, but firmly, ordered Seagrue's men to get off the Copper Range property.

Seagrue, without saying anything to controvert what he had heard, walked straight into Cassidy's house. "I'm sorry to be a little late, Cassidy," he began, bluntly. "You know we want your property. And we're prepared to pay you a reasonable price for it—not an extravagant price," declared Seagrue, impressively, "nothing of that kind, but—" he asked, buttonholing the old man with friendly emphasis, "just what is right and fair. I don't know what you consider your property worth," he continued, talking so fast the old man could not get a word in edgewise, "but I have written out a check here for fifteen thousand dol-

lars. And if you will give me your signature to this right of way contract the check, old boy, is yours."

"But—" sputtered Cassidy, with difficulty, "I've sold this place this minute, Mr. Seagrue, to this man Rhinelander here for ten thousand dollars."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Seagrue, impressively, "that you don't consider your property worth fifteen thousand dollars?"

"Sure, I do," agreed Mike, his eyes blinking with astonishment.

"Then," exclaimed Seagrue, solemnly, "this man has fraudulently imposed on you."

Cassidy, bewildered, looked to his friendly adviser for a suggestion. "Phwat the divvie 'm I to do?"

"Do!" thundered Seagrue, seeing now that he had his victim coming. "Tear up your fraudulent contract here and now and sign an honest one."

The sturdy pioneer, with a show of indignation, tore up his copy of Rhinelander's contract, signed a more equitable one for the obliging Seagrue and put another un-tainted check for fifteen thousand dollars into his pocket.

Seagrue beckoned to his posse of men and, headed by Cassidy, they told Rhinelander and his companions to get off the premises before they were put off.

Rhinelander, familiar with the bullying tactics of his enemies, saw the situation he faced. But he stood his ground before Seagrue and Cassidy, listening patiently to what the victimized old man had to say, but absolutely firm in his resolve to stand on his rights.

"My right of way is legal," he said to both men. "And I'll bring the law here right now to enforce it."

Hastening to the telegraph office inside one of his outfit cars, he telegraphed to Helen:

Seagrue is using force to protest my right of way. Have attorney meet me at the depot at 11 o'clock. Arrange for a special to bring deputies up here.

RHINELANDER.

The move was not lost on Seagrue. When he saw Rhinelander board the car containing the telegraph outfit, he summoned his own operator and dispatched him to a spot between Rhinelander's car and the main line with instructions to "tap in" and take whatever messages passed. Rhinelander thus sat in his own car watching the operator tick off his message to Helen, and her reply came promptly:

Attorney will meet you on arrival. Special will be ready to leave any time after eleven.

HELEN.

But Seagrue's operator industriously copied both message and answer and turned them in to his employer.

Storm, in the meantime, was making the most of his opportunity, and with his men on Cassidy's place was preparing to push possession as far as possible.

"Run the steel cables around the house, George, and we will swing it in later."

After giving this order, Rhinelander had hastened to the station to meet the local train when it came in. So swift, however, had been Seagrue's dispositions that his redoubtable scouts, Bill and Lug, were already at the station with instructions from Seagrue to delay the special until nightfall; by which time he reckoned he could make his possession secure on the Cassidy place.

These worthies had already reached the special and boarded it. On the platform, Rhinelander met Helen and the attorney she had summoned, and with him, Rhinelander hastened uptown to get armed deputies—Bill and Lug now trailing behind to keep track of every move.

At Cassidy's, Storm was urging his men to speed on with their track laying. Seagrue's gang was almost abreast of them and setting a pace, too, that it was difficult to cope with—Seagrue, himself, directing the operations. The house, so long the peaceful abode of old man Cassidy, now became the very storm center of an extraordinary disturbance. Seagrue racked his brain for an idea that would hamper the advance of Storm and his energetic crew. And when the inspiration struck him, he put it instantly into effect.

"They're beating us," he said to his foreman; "that's flat. But I can stop them. Bring up the wrecker!"

The word was passed and the ponderous wrecking car, its huge crane thrust threateningly forward, was pushed alongside Cassidy's house and surrounded by a swarming gang of men. Seagrue's order to throw out the whips was instantly executed and almost within a minute, it seemed, after the huge machine had been brought into play the house was enveloped in a network of steel. There was a sharp word of command; a rattle of pistons; the old house quivered for an instant in the grip of the mysterious monster—then it rose like a mad aeroplane from its foundations; hung and swung a moment doubtfully in the air, pitched headlong toward the other end of the lot and settled with a heavy bang down to earth exactly in the path of Storm and his perspiring men.

Rhinelander, the moment he secured the deputies, hastened back to the station and boarded the special train. A large engine coupled to one coach, stood in waiting, and as they pulled out, Helen wished him good luck. Unfortunately, Seagrue's two worthies, Bill and Lug, unobserved by anybody, hid on the head end of the coach, and as soon as the town was left behind, the two climbed over the tender and held up the fireman and engineer. The engine crew, taken thus unawares, could offer no resistance whatever and the two were forced over the tender to the head end of the coach.

Cutting off the engine as soon as they had accomplished this, Seagrue's men pulled away with the stolen locomotive and left the coach just where it abruptly stopped when the air went on, with the intention of putting as many miles as possible between the coachload of deputies and Rhinelander's chances for defending the right of way.

The conductor of the marooned coach did not lose a moment in getting into action. An emergency telephone was snatched from its bracket, connected up with the main line wires and the conductor called up Helen in the office at Las Vegas. In a few words he told her what had happened, and while Rhinelander and the deputies listened around him, he asked what she could do to help them out of their predicament.

Helen understood the necessity for prompt action. But how, she asked herself as she looked anxiously from the office window up and down the yards, to help them quickly? Her eye lighted on the little roundhouse away down at the lower end of the yard.

Resting within the friendly shade of its north wall she espied the crazy old yard switch engine, known reverently among the switchmen as "Soda Water Sal." Soda Water Sal took her disreputable nickname from the fact of her misfortune in being crushed white a good part of the time with alkali.

The excited girl dashed at the top of her speed down the platform and across the yard to rouse the crew and get them to carry her to Rhinelander. But though Soda Water Sal stood as peaceful as an old Dobbin munching her noonday repast, the switching crew was nowhere to be found. Beyond a doubt, Helen felt, they were all down town, eating their dinners, and to find them quickly was out of the question. She called out a few times, hardly hoping for a response, and none met her ears. There was steam up, and without loss of time Helen climbed into the cab, and opening the throttle, gave Sal steam.

A venerable mare, struck in the midst of her lunch, with a whip, could not have been more startled than the old engine at Helen's summons. Soda Water Sal started—and trembled. Helen touched her heels again.

No such sight as she made was ever before seen on the main line of the Copper Range & Tidewater. If Soda Water Sal had been dancing a two-step on the rails, she could not have plunged and cavorted more wildly than she did as Helen, pushing her to a pace undreamed of in her long and peaceful yard career, achieved a miracle of speed with her.

Up the line, Rhinelander, the deputies, the train crew and the engineer and fireman of the stolen engine surrounding the marooned coach, searched the horizon vainly for a sign of assistance. The conductor, the moment after he had raised Helen on the wire and told of their plight out between stations on the main line, had not been able to get another word from Las Vegas office. In his impatience and excitement, Rhinelander had taken over the telephone and used his best endeavors to make himself heard by Helen. The suspicion came to him that Seagrue, with some unsuspected devilry, had succeeded in cutting off even wire communication from the helpless rescue party.

But as he dropped the receiver in despair, a shout arose among the deputies, and looking down the far perspective of the long tangent that separated them from Las Vegas, Rhinelander's men saw a faint line of smoke on the horizon. It grew rapidly more distinct and spread blacker and heavier. An engine was bearing down on them. The railroad men were non-plused. None of them could recognize in the distance the shambling gait of



"They're Beating Us, but I Can Stop Them!"

the queer flyer, and Soda Water Sal was well upon them before they realized it was she. None the less hearty, however, was her welcome, and when the expectant throng made out Helen's face at the cab window a chorus of shouts went up to greet her.

With her hair in the wind and her eyes burning with excitement, the white-faced girl brought the astonished old machine to a stop close to the coach. Rhinelander and the conductor ran to greet her. Few words were needed in explanation, few were lost. Coupling the coach ahead of the switch engine and hustling the dep-

uties aboard, the conductor from the rear platform gave Helen her signal. Helen opened the throttle again and away went Soda Water Sal, pushing the loaded coach up the line ahead. To Soda Water Sal a coach was a mere toy—a plaything; indeed, she felt as if she were only now coming into her own when she had something in her hands to push. And without showing the slightest appearance of strain, Soda Water Sal ate up the miles ahead of her like city blocks and got within sight of Seagrue's two stalwart tools, who were trying to run away with the engine of the special. Indeed, the pair in the stolen cab felt quite secure in their quick get-away until Bill, acting as driver, looking back, saw a train behind and an ominous cloud of smoke pouring from the stack of Soda Water Sal—the conductor was firing for Helen and he understood his job.

In spite of everything the two outlaws could do, Helen closed up the gap that separated the coach from them, and on the front end of the latter the fleeing rascals could make out the armed deputies. Had there been any doubt in their minds as to the temper of the men pursuing them, little puffs of white smoke rising from the coach front, and the whine of rifle bullets about their ears would have convinced Lug and Bill of the danger threatening them. Safety first was a household word with the two. Nothing of the disposition of martyrs had place in their make-up, and abandoning the engine, Lug, with a word to Bill to ease the pace, descended the steps of the tender and tumbled down a soft bank to the right of way; his companion followed; a few minutes later Soda Water Sal, rounding the curve behind, shot past them with her reeling coach.

Overtaking the abandoned engine on a grade, a few miles ahead, the coach was again coupled to it by the Rhinelander party, and when the queer-looking combination reached the first passing track, the engine of the special, almost dead, was vigorously kicked by Soda Water Sal, together with the car, out into the clear. And Helen, with the more venturesous of her legal lights clinging to the footboard and running boards of Soda Water Sal and others swarming in her tender and crowding the cab, again rushed the posse on to the scene of the trouble.

At the camp Rhinelander's forces were in trouble. Seagrue's strategy had completely blocked them—everybody was stumped by Seagrue's audacity. And while the leaders were trying to pull themselves together, Seagrue's men were rapidly extending their possession of the disputed ground.

Storm, realizing that at any cost the situation must somehow be recouped, ran over to where Wood was watching the enemy and whispered to him. Whatever the proposal, the old man was startled when George Storm made it.

Wood looked toward the camp dubiously. "I don't know," he said finally. "That's pretty radical medicine. But Rhinelander isn't here and I suppose we've got to do something. It's a cinch they've got us beat out of three months' time in another hour, for if they once get hold of this section, we've got to drag them into court. If you think the old man will stand for it, George, slam away. You know as well as I do. But I can't take the responsibility."

"I will," cried Storm emphatically. He turned to the foreman of their switching crew, who stood near, and pointed to the engine puffing at some little distance. "Couple on to that outfit car, Carty, as quick as the Lord will let you, and get ready for a run."

Carty hurried down the track. Storm, giving orders right and left, asked Wood to send a crew of men

into the blazing sunshine convinced Seagrue that something was up. Rhinelander's laborers and track layers under Storm's directions parted and stood expectant at each side of the run of track on which Cassidy's house had been so unceremoniously dropped. Seagrue saw, too late, what Storm's radical move in the fight meant.

Storm, scent of battle in his nostrils, stood on the footboard as the sturdy switch engine started. On it came, accelerating fast from one, two, ten, twenty miles an hour up to thirty. With the safety valve popping and smoke streaming in a cloud from the



Climbed into the Cab and Opened the Throttle.

stack, the engine with Rhinelander's movable hotel in front of it, bore down on Cassidy's house. Cassidy, himself, sunning on a pile of Seagrue's ties, with his pipe in his mouth and his two checks in his pocket, little suspected what was coming. But Rhinelander's men saw and understood it all. A mighty yell rose from the delighted gang as the engine and car sped on. Storm, bareheaded, his black hair streaming in the sun—clinging with one hand for safety as he swung from the end of the footboard and stretched his left arm far out as a semaphore—signaled the cab.

The engineer checked heavily. A stream of fire ground from the driving wheels; the engine jumped in the grip of the brakes and the outfit car, released, headed like a catapult straight at Cassidy's house. Men jumped back as it hurtled past. The next instant, crashing and smashing ahead, it tore completely through Cassidy's house. A great cloud of dust and timbers rose as from an explosion and the next moment what had been a house lay torn into a thousand pieces along the right of way.

Like a spent cannon ball the outfit car drove on; men, amazed, watching its wild flight. It struck the end of the rails, hung for a moment poised, trembled and toppled headlong from the embankment into a borrow pit.

Storm sprang from the footboard of the engine, and before the dust of the crash had settled; called his men forward. Rhinelander's gang responded with fresh hope and energy. Seagrue saw with wrath how completely he had been outplayed. He called his men together to rush the Copper Range forces for possession of the Cassidy yard. They ran forward with picks and shovels, and it looked to Storm as if blood might be shed in spite of everything, when the long, shrill whistle of Soda Water Sal was heard down the line, and within a few moments Helen brought the old engine to a stop at the end of the steel.

The deputies, followed by Rhinelander and his attorney, poured out of the gangway. Storm met his boss. Just what view Amos would take of the summary measures he had adopted to clear their right of way the young man felt now a little uncertain about. Rhinelander looked ahead for the familiar landmark which he had just acquired at the rather extravagant price of ten thousand dollars and asked where the Cassidy house was. "Ahl gahn t' hell!" interposed Cassidy (who stood listening), pathetically.

Storm pointed to the wreckage littering the right of way—and told the story of what had been done by Seagrue and how his play had been defeated. Rhinelander's face lighted with enthusiasm and Helen's eyes danced with sheer joy. Seagrue, disgruntled and beaten, had seated himself on his own right of way on the pile of ties vacated in excitement by Cassidy. In another hour Rhinelander's men had made their title to the disputed property good.

Cassidy, bewildered by the extraordinary turn things had taken, started to walk back to where Seagrue was, but on reflection, he changed his mind and, lighting his pipe, sat quietly down on a part of the roof that had for many years given him a peaceful shelter, to view the vengeance so swiftly taken on his former abode. He had less than Seagrue had to worry about. With both checks in his pocket, he felt sure he must realize on at least one, and he sat on the same long after the men had quit work, thoughtfully smoking his pipe and reflecting on the queer things that may happen in a real railroad war.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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**THIS INJUSTICE
MUST BE CORRECTED.**

It is necessary for the good of the country that the Republican party continue to exist. There are many issues with the Republican party, if brave enough, can take a hand in setting. If there had been free voting even among the white men of the south President Wilson would not have been reelected. No law prevents a white from voting the Republican ticket in the south, but public opinion restrains him. The old rebel cause has considerable to do with the south as a voting proposition. But under the present conditions there is no more freedom of ballot in the south than there was in Poland.

President Wilson started in the present campaign with the solid south assured. He had 120 electoral votes. It was scarcely necessary to count the ballots from the south. Nobody has been reading the returns from the solid south. In the face of this supporters of the president have been glorifying him as a new discovery in high power manhood.

This country has continued this injustice for over fifty years.

You can make a campaign in Dakota or in Montana or Kansas, but you cannot make a campaign in the old south, in the confederate states as they were. One of two things ought to be done. These southern states ought to be deprived of a large number of electoral votes. They have disfranchised the Negro by one process or another; yet the Negro is counted as a voter and a man in the distribution of members of congress and members of the electoral college. The south ought not to have the benefit of the Negro in making up their representation in congress, or else they ought not have power to disfranchise him.

The entire civilized world knows of these conditions and knows that the American people have not had the courage to straighten the matter out by doing justice.

If the south disfranchises the Negro the south ought to bear the consequence of his loss in representation.

Every injustice which is tolerated and not settled as soon as it is discovered becomes a danger to the republic.—From the Des Moines Capital.

VAN PELT'S TOURING DIARY

North Adams, Mass.,
The Berkshire.
Monday, Oct. 2, 1916.

This has been a hard day—110 miles and over only dirt roads. We left Springfield, Vermont, feeling that we were leaving behind us one of the best places we have stopped at. Our trip over another range of the Green Mountains was very pleasant and we reached Manchester, thirty miles in three hrs. This valley is very fertile and all the farmhouses were painted white. The barns were extra large and also painted. We dined at Bennington, Vt., and then drove over into "York State."

We went about fifteen miles out of our way in order that I might see my grandfather's old house. Seventy-three years ago I was put up on the top of a gate post and told to say "Down with the rent," as a motley crowd of farmers passed by, some carrying guns, some clubs, etc. They were trying to get tired of ground rent to the old Dutch patroons, who held little to large tracts of land which they leased for so many bushels of wheat, cords of wood, chickens, etc., and a certain number of days work. These men were called anti-renters. The house was in good condition and still painted, same as when first built. The family are all gone and the place is gone into other hands, the same as all other homes in this part of the country. The old stock is fast disappearing and may we hope the coming crop may be an improvement on the old, and yet, sometimes I think they are not so—bad as they might be.

Good night,
VAN PELT.

The grave is a narrow escape from life.

The only satisfaction some married women have is that they are not spinsters.

A married man seldom gets the last word, because of his inability to remain awake.

It makes no difference whose name is on the safe provided you hold the combination.

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A Glance from Helen Holmes as She Looks in "A Loss of the Lumberlands."

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You swing on this say-so like it was a tip to a thousand-dollar bill! It's worth that in happiness and contentment to you, to every man who knows what can be gotten out of a chummy, jimmy pipe or a makin's cigarette with Prince Albert for "packing"!

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