

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1916.

No. 50

## The Marketing Of Potatoes

### Greater Care Necessary in Digging and Handling, Say Specialists—Standardization Needed.

In order that the present large losses of potatoes may be eliminated and that conditions in the potato-growing industry may be bettered in general, growers should exercise more care in digging and handling the tubers, should work toward the establishment and strict observance of grades, and should carefully study marketing needs and conditions. This is the advice of specialists of the Office of Markets and Rural Organization of the department in a recent publication, Farmer's Bulletin 753, Commercial Handling, Grading, and Marketing of Potatoes.

### Early and Late Potatoes

There are two definite crops of potatoes in this country each year: The southern early, or "new" potatoes, which are perishable, and the northern late potatoes, which are only semiperishable. The treatment of these crops must differ considerably. In the South, digging begins in Florida, Texas, and southern Louisiana in May and is done mostly by forks and plows. In some of the hotter sections it has been found advisable to plow up the potatoes in the late evening and pick them early the following morning. Picking into rectangular, open-slatted crates, the slats having rounded edges, has been found most satisfactory. The potatoes should not be hauled loose in wagons, since such treatment may bruise them seriously. For shipment the southern potatoes are packed in hampers and double-headed barrels in Florida, and in barrels with burlap covers in other states along the Atlantic coast, in Texas sacks are used.

Grading of the southern potato crop has been rather extensively adopted with good results, the graded potatoes bringing better prices. Mechanical graders are used in some sections.

The marketing of the southern crop is effected largely through cash buyers at shipping points. Shipments are also made through distributors and on consignment to agencies in distant markets. In some sections, it was found, cooperative associations of growers handle the marketing, achieving successful results. One of the largest of such associations operates along the eastern shore of Virginia. This association sold over six million dollars worth of potatoes in 1914. This organization, like others of its kind, grades strictly and makes use of definite brands for the best grades of potatoes. It insists that the potatoes bearing its brand shall be bright, free from second growth, disease, and other defects. Scabby, worm-eaten, or sunburnt potatoes are barred. Associations operating on the same general plan exist in most of the other Southern States.

### Northern Potato Crop

Northern, or 1 to potatoes, are dug in August and September. Forks are used to a certain extent for digging this crop, but most of the acreage is dug by plows and digging machines. For the successful use of the latter, soil conditions must be good. Under favorable conditions the use of such machines has been found profitable. There is much loss from bruising potatoes in all types of digging. Deep plowing with plows and machines should eliminate most of such losses.

Picking in the North is mostly by hand, but some combination digging and picking machines are in use. If the potatoes are to be graded as picked growers should carefully instruct pickers in the work, since the inclusion of a few diseased, cut, or defective potatoes is sufficient to discount an entire shipment, the selling value being largely determined by the poorest tubers in the lot rather than the best. Even the less perishable northern crop may be injured by hauling from the field loose in wagons. This practice usually involves subsequent handling, often with shovels and scoops, which further bruises the potatoes. A good practice, say specialists of the department, is to pick the potatoes into open-slatted crates and haul the filled receptacles to storage or grading houses or to cars.

### Grading

Many sizing machines are used in the North to grade potatoes and, since they give more accurate results than hand grading, their use should be extended. In addition to sorting, these machines are of service in removing dirt. This is an important fact, since there are

many complaints by buyers of the presence of dirt among potatoes, and greater allowances are being demanded in price adjustments on this account. The mechanical sizer simply sorts as to size and the stock must be further graded by hand to eliminate potatoes affected by sunburn, dry-rot, scabs, frost or other defects.

All grading should be done preferably on the farm. If the grower ships ungraded stock to market, it must be graded there where labor is more costly. In addition to paying, in lower prices received, for this labor, he also pays freight on the rejected potatoes and loses the culls, which he might have utilized on the farm. Grading is facilitated where the grower has sufficient storage space for a large part of his crop. In this way potatoes which do not show the effects of frost or other damage when first dug may be detected later and sorted out before the crop is marketed. If the potatoes are shipped without sorting, the damage usually brings about rotting of the injured potatoes before the market is reached and reduces prices on the whole shipment.

### Standardization

In the bulletin already mentioned, the specialists of the department do not make specific recommendations for the adoption of standard grades, but, for the assistance of those interested in bringing about standardization, they suggest that two regular grades and perhaps a special grade for extra fancy potatoes should meet market needs. It is suggested that specifications for the No. 1 grade should be drawn to make it as good and attractive in appearance as is reasonable and practicable. These specifications should practically eliminate potatoes damaged by frost, sunburn blight, common scab, dry rot, decay, second growth, cuts, bruises, dirt and also undersized or coarse stock. The minimum and maximum sizes for both No. 1 and No. 2 grades are still a subject for careful investigation, discussion, and demonstration. However, a minimum of about 2 inches is maintained for grade No. 1 in a number of early or "new" potato sections, and the commonly discussed minimum for this grade is from one and seven-eighths to two inches. The minimum diameter for a long variety should probably be a little smaller than for a round one. Since it is practically impossible in grading any perishable products commercially to secure a perfect grade, reasonable tolerances should be allowed. The No. 2 grade should include the better of the remaining potatoes.

The studies of the market specialists of the department indicate that there is an unnecessary diversity in the containers for potatoes in use. These now range from the 1-bushel hampers for the early Florida crop to double-headed barrels. The 2-bushel, or 120-lb. burlap bag is suggested as perhaps the most satisfactory container for general use. The lack of proper grading and packing, the specialists say, causes a large part of the marketing difficulties now experienced in the potato trade.

### Marketing

Marketing conditions in the North differ widely from those in the South, since about three-fourths of the crop is stored. Local buyers, warehousemen, and distributors are the chief factors in marketing the northern crop. The bulletin already mentioned lists eight methods of selling that growers may adopt. These are: In the field, for cash by the load at the car, to cash traveling buyers in car lots, to local warehousemen, through distributors, by wire, on consignment to a broker or merchant, or through cooperative marketing organizations. The bulletin also discusses the outlets for distributors and methods of railway billing.

### Loony Limericks

There once was a small lad named Foy,  
Who thought that a gun was a toy,  
When they scraped them together  
They didn't know whether  
There was more of the gun or the boy.

There was a young woman named Runyons,  
Who had eighty-four corns and two bunyons,  
She limped when she walked,  
And lisped when she talked,  
For she'd knots on her tongue big as onions.

A banana peel, blithesome and gay,  
Crept out on the concrete highway;  
Forty people slipped down,  
Said the peevish one from a frown:  
"Why is everyone angry to-day?"

A wise girl never lets the young man  
She has spotted for her own see her  
With her hair in curl papers until after  
The parson has said his fatal words.

## SPECIAL VAUDEVILLE TEMPLE THEATRE MONDAY, TUES., WED.

Rauf Brothers Novelty Shows will be the feature attraction at the Temple Theatre the first three nights of next week—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—Dec. 11-12-13.

The Company present a high class vaudeville, comedy and novelty entertainment. They offer fun and amusement for everyone with nothing to offend.

Two shows will be given each evening—7:00 and 8:30. Admission, Adults 20c, children 10c. Complete change of program each night.

## AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS FOR CHARLEVOIX COUNTY

### Still a Chance for this County to Land the 1917 Meeting.

As the place of holding next year's sessions of the Central and Northern Michigan Agricultural Congress is still in the hands of the executive committee there is a good chance for Charlevoix County to draw the meetings here. Cadillac had the first Congress, Ludington the second, and some town in this section is the logical place for the next.

That this big conference of agricultural experts is important and worth any effort to secure is proven by a statement of the names of the men whose names appeared on the program.

R. H. Ellsworth, extension specialist in marketing, stated that he believed that there was a greater array of talent in attendance at the second Northern Michigan Agricultural Congress than ever congregated at any like meeting in Michigan. There were several professors from the state agricultural college together with other experts in the problems of present day agriculture. The names with some of the topics discussed follow. They are: W. O. Hedrick, professor of economics, M. A. C.—The Farm Loan Law. H. J. Eustace, professor of horticulture, M. A. C.—Fruit Growing and Marketing in the West.

M. M. McCool, professor of soils, M. A. C.—Soils of Northern Michigan.

R. J. Baldwin, director of college extension, M. A. C.—Agricultural Extension Schools.

Eben Mumford, state leader of county agents, M. A. C.—The Work of County Agents.

C. E. Bassett, investigator in marketing, U. S. office of markets—Cooperative Marketing.

R. H. Ellsworth, extension specialist in marketing, M. A. C.—State Inspection and Certification.

G. E. Prater, manager Wolverine Cooperative Co. Berrien, Market Methods. J. M. McBride, Michigan Director of Markets.

C. B. Cook, assistant leader of county agents, M. A. C.

J. H. Carmody, extension specialist in horticulture, M. A. C.

E. C. Mandenburg, extension specialist in forestry, M. A. C.

J. W. Weston, assistant leader of county agents, U. P.

R. V. Tanner, Mason county agricultural agent.

Frank Sandhammer, Manistee county agricultural agent.

R. L. Olds, Muskegon county agricultural agent.

H. B. Blanchard, Newaygo county agricultural agent.

W. P. Hartman, industrial agent, G. R. & I. R. R.

F. Kern, manager Grand Traverse Fruit and Produce Exchange.

Communications or petitions should be addressed to the chairman of the executive committee, A. L. Hopkins, Bear Lake, or the secretary, R. V. Tanner, Scottville.

Poker and love are both games of bluff.

And if you have more money than you know what to do with, any of your fool friends will be glad to advise you.

Probably there is nothing so meaningless as the kiss one woman bestows upon another—unless it is the large, expansive smile of a hotel clerk.

### COUGHED FIFTEEN YEARS

Coughs that hang on and grow worse in the night are relieved by Foley's Honey and Tar. R. F. Hall, Mabe, Va., writes: "For 15 years I was afflicted with a troublesome bronchial cough and irritation of the throat. Foley's Honey and Tar relieved me; and after taking one bottle the cough ceased."—Hite's Drug Store.

## AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SCHOOLS

### Ironton Has Been Selected For One In March.

One of the many means used by the Michigan Agricultural College in bringing modern agricultural methods and the results of scientific research in farm problems to the people of the state is the agricultural extension school. These schools are promoted by the director of college extension, Mr. R. J. Baldwin of East Lansing. The extension department has on its staff the twenty-six county agents, the field agents from the various college departments, the women demonstrators from the domestic science department, and the state leaders of boys' and girls' clubs. The schools are conducted by some two or three of the members of the college extension staff and lasts for five days. Several topics of local importance are covered by lectures and demonstrations. All interested farmers who enroll for the work are expected to attend regularly and help with the demonstrations.

The community desiring an extension school makes application for the same to the director of college extension. There is no expense connected except hall rent, fuel, etc. This is borne by those attending the school. Counties employing a county agent are given first consideration in placing these schools, for the county agent acts as local manager, and experience has shown that schools in such counties are always most successful.

Director Baldwin has signified his intention of giving this county an extension school to be held early in March at Ironton. This may be considered a recognition of the progressiveness of Charlevoix county farmers and all are urged to give the school in return the very best support possible.

### What Wise Men Have Said

The man who procrastinates, struggles with ruin.

Whoever is right, the persecutor must be wrong.

If principal is good for anything, it is worth living up to.

We do not correct the man we hang; we correct others by him.

Women always find their bitterest foes among their own sex.

Women have fewer vices than men, but they have stronger prejudices.

Be just, and fear not; let all the end thou aims't at be thy country's, thy God's and truth.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense except those who agree with us in opinion.

Pride seems to be equally distributed; the man who owns the carriage and the man who drives it seem to have it just alike.

It is in length of patience, endurance and forbearance that so much of what is good in mankind and womankind is shown.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.

Who feels no ills should therefore fear them, and when fortune smiles be boubly cautious, lest destruction come remorseless on him and he fall unprepared.

While tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of the life.

### Smart Weed and Tickle Grass

Consult thy mirror often—not in vanity, but in confidence, and it will not lie to you.

In 1875, a girl of 30 years had reached the marriageable age. Today she is a wife, widow, or old maid at 18.

A girl with a wart on her chin gets a husband of her own choosing, while her dimpled sister may not fare so well.

The price of hay has gone up owing to the large quantities of it used in making costumes for the Hula Hula dance craze.

Today, while we have on our cloaks of piety, let us not forget to sympathize with the man whose indigestion forbids him eating buckwheat cakes.

An Ohio husband calls his wife, "Birdie" because she is always associated in his mind with a bill.

It's awfully hard for the average man to look in a mirror and believe that he was once a cute baby.

## MICHIGAN CROP REPORT

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 5, 1916.

**WHEAT**—The condition of wheat as compared with an average per cent is 86 in the State, 84 in the southern counties, 89 in the central counties, 92 in the northern counties and 85 in the Upper Peninsula. One year ago the per cent was 85 in the State, 83 in the southern counties, 84 in the central counties, 91 in the northern counties and 96 in the Upper Peninsula.

The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in November at 16 flouring mills is 110,814 and at 77 elevators and to grain dealers 109,692 or a total of 220,506 bushels. Of this amount 169,841 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 38,196 in the central counties and 12,969 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula.

The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in the four months August-November is 4,250,000. Forty-eight mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in November.

**RYE**—The condition of rye as compared with an average per cent is 89 in the State, 88 in the southern counties, 91 in the central counties and 93 in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula. One year ago the per cent was 90 in the State, 86 in the southern counties, 93 in the central counties and 93 in the northern counties and 99 in the Upper Peninsula.

**FALL PASTURE**—The condition of fall pasture as compared with an average per cent is 83 in the State and central counties, 85 in the southern counties, 89 in the northern counties and 93 in the Upper Peninsula.

**LIVE STOCK**—The condition of live stock throughout the State is 96 for horses and sheep, 95 for cattle and 94 for swine.

COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,  
Sec'y of State.

## VAN PELT'S TOURING DIARY

The Bancroft, Worcester, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1916.

Another beautiful day for the two boy tourists and our journey together is fast drawing to a close. We left North Adams, Massachusetts, at eight a. m. to cross the mountains on the great National Mohawk trail, and in order to give our readers a far better description than I could possibly give, I am sending the editor of this paper a little booklet, gotten up by the proprietor of the Mansion House, Greenfield, Massachusetts, which will tell you more about it in ten minutes than I could write in ten years.

By the way, I stopped at this hotel over fifty years ago—one night every four weeks for some four or five years, and its just the same good old hotel, but much improved in many ways.

Now, to go back to our trip. The day was perfect and the view, as we crawled up the mountainside, was truly grand. We laid over a couple of hours at the Greenfield Mansion House and then drove to Worcester, Massachusetts, passing through Athol, Petersham and Barre. This hotel excels any on the route. There are two places we will never stop again—Troy, N. Y. and North Adams, Mass. The road over the mountain cost about \$315,000.00 to build and is about twelve miles long. The balance of the way through Shelburn was only fair, but from Greenfield here it was fine. Good night—the two boys are getting tired and are ready to be put to bed.

VAN PELT.

Potoskey people are more or less interested in the fate of any American ship on the high seas during these times of torpedoing by the German submarines. Last week the good ship Chemung was sent to the bottom off the coast of Spain and her crew left to shift for themselves in open boats. A number of Potoskey people will remember the Chemung as a steel lake packet plying between Buffalo and Chicago and in her early days with W. B. Minthorn, well known west-side druggist, at the wheel. Mr. Minthorn was wheelman on the craft for some time and while he has been an "on shore's man" for many years he has kept in touch with this ship. She was taken to the Atlantic last summer for the ocean service. A number of other Potoskey men also remember her, having aided in loading and unloading operations at Mackinaw City docks in her early days.—Potoskey News.

Marriage will change a man's views about women quicker than anything else.

A man may select his own companions, but his relations are always thrust upon him.

## G. A. R.'S ENTERTAIN AND THE W. R. C. ELECT OFFICERS

Stevens Post G. A. R. entertained the ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps and their husbands at their hall on State St. last Saturday, Dec. 2nd.

This was the ladies regular meeting day and a business session was held at which the following officers were elected for Stevens Corps W. R. C.—President—Fannie Zerwekh Senior Vice—Eunice Bowen Junior "—Nancy Smith Chaplain—Clara Sheldon Treasurer—Sarah Rogers Conductor—Matilda Harrington Guard—Alice Evans Delegate to State Convention—Addie Tindale Installing officer—Elva Barrie.

### "Michigan's Gone Dry!"

There is sadness in the bar-room,  
And the bar-keep's shedding tears,  
And he's rather lost his chuckle  
As he's serving up the beers.  
And the bunch that hang about him  
Sympathetically sigh,  
For John Barleycorn's been walloped,  
And the state is going dry.

There's rejoicing in the cottage,  
And there's gladness in the house  
That has known the wobbly footsteps  
And the vileness of a souse.  
And the patient wife and kiddies  
See their troubles passing by,  
For their greatest foe is dying,  
Now the state is going dry.

There is weeping now where laughter,  
Lewd and ribald, used to reign,  
And there's laughter in the dwellings  
That were ruled by want and pain.  
Now the sorrow's where it should be,  
And the glad smiles homeward fly,  
And this life seems bright with promise  
For the state is going dry.

Let the bar-fies do the wailing;  
It's the children's time to smile;  
It's the time for patient mothers  
To be merry for a while.  
Long enough the home's been gloomy;  
It's the bar-keep's time to cry,  
And the pinch is where it should be,  
Now the state is going dry.

—Edgar A. Guest in Free Press.

### Make the Home Bright

The interior decorations of a man's home may have much to do with his domestic happiness or unhappiness, as the case may be, according to the secretary of the International Association of Master House Painters and Decorators. The depressing effect of dark colors in wood finish and wall paper has wrecked homes which would have been happy had the colors been bright, is the opinion of this expert.

"Dark colors in home decorations are like dark, gloomy days in their effect on people," he said. "It is well known that gloomy days are commonly known to the police as 'suicide days.' There are many more suicides, murders and other crimes on rainy days. A man owes it to his family to surround it with bright rooms which will catch all the sunshine there is and turn it into domestic happiness.

"A room done in dark colors has the same effect on persons entering it as utter darkness. One's senses cannot be so active as in bright surroundings, and there is a loss of buoyancy that breeds grouches, with all their disastrous results. Bright, clean, open minds are the sure result of bright surroundings."—Kansas City Star.

An authority that speaks from experience with reference to the matter advises the farmers of the section of Michigan against the practice of covering up their potatoes with potato vines after the harvest. This is a sure way of spreading late blight, it is stated. The fungus apt to be present in any field will be washed from the vine to the seed thereby affecting many potatoes. Don't use the old vides on any part of your potato covering.—Cadillac News.

Although defeated, the Hughes club prophesies that as early as four months from the time of the inauguration of the president every store and factory in the country will be closed, 90 per cent of the men and women will be absent from work, all the industries of the land will be idle, loud reports and the noise of pistol shots and the explosion of gun powder will resound throughout the length and breadth of the country there will be the terrified screams of wounded men, women and children, and the great United States will be in turmoil from one end to the other. It will be the Fourth of July.



# The Red Circle

Albert Payson Terhune

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

Copyright, 1914, by Albert Payson Terhune

## 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 Surfton 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 her city home. She helps Gordon to get away, after recovering for him the securities receipt which incriminates him by tricking Farwell and Lamar.

## TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

### LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP

While Max Lamar was musing in miserable uncertainty over the problem of June's guilt or innocence, June herself was confronted by a problem quite as disheartening and far more perilous.

Mary had told her of "Smiling Sam" Eagan's presence in the Travis house, and June realized all it might mean to her. The man, hidden in the attic storeroom, held her fate, her liberty, in the hollow of his grimy hand.

He had seen the Red Circle on her hand. He was crafty enough to know how fearful a hold over the girl this secret gave him.

June could bear the suspense no longer. Impulsively she got to her feet and crossed the room toward the hall door.

"Where are you going, dearie," asked Mary in sudden anxiety.

"I'm going to see him," replied June. "I must."

June had taken off her hat, and as she spoke she was stripping the gloves from her hands. The left glove came off first. Then, as the right glove was half removed, its wearer noted the pulsing Red Circle on her hand. Instinctively she drew the glove over it. Meantime Mary had flung herself between June and the door, exclaiming in horror:

"Oh, my dear, my dear! You mustn't! He—he might kill you!"

"Kill me?" echoed June, bitterly. "I almost wish he would!"

"If you're going there," declared the valiant nurse, giving up the unequal battle, "then I'm going too. I'll keep him from harming my baby if anyone can."

June a step ahead, they emerged into the gloomy attic room.

Mary paused, staring timorously around the dismal and cluttered room.

From an impromptu couch of patched quilts and moth-eaten pillows, between two trunks, a frowny head cautiously came into view.

At sight of June and Mary he grinned pleasantly, got up, stretched



The Red Circle Blazed Into View.

himself and slouched forward to meet them.

"Well, well!" he rumbled, in mock cordiality. "It seems like this is my reception day. Welcome to Castele Eagan, ladies. I'd 'a' spruced up a bit if I'd known I was goin' to have 'company'."

"Sam," said the girl, facing the grinning fugitive. "I've come here to have you help me."

"Help you?" repeated Eagan, puzzled.

"Yes, by leaving here."

"Oh, I see. Nothin' doing, sweetie."

"Please!" implored June. "Please don't! Please don't endanger me by staying here. At any moment my mother may find you're hidden in our house. Yama or one of the other servants may tell her. And—"

"That's up to you," philosophically answered Sam. "That's your share of the game, Miss Travis. I can't look out for everything."

"I did all I could for you when you came out of prison, penniless and an outcast," went on June, ignoring his flippancy. "I gave you help. Now, that I'm in such dire peril, won't you please help me by going away and saving me from the danger of your presence here? Every minute you stay in this house is a menace to me. Oh, please go!"

"Go?" he said argumentatively, and still smiling at her. "Go where? To jail? That's where they'll stick me if I leave here before this row blows over. And even this dusty old hole and Mary's half-portion food are a whole lot better'n the pen."

"But you could creep out at night—"

"And be nabbed at daybreak. No, thanks, I'll—"

"But I'll give you enough money to—"

"You sure will, miss. I'll see to that. But not till it's safe to sneak out. I'm laying low, just now. And you're goin' to help me do it."

"But don't you see what it means to me?" pleaded June. "You can't stay hidden here indefinitely. If my mother should happen to come up to the attic or—"

"If she does," interposed Sam, almost solemnly, "so much the worse for her."

"Oh!" cried June in horror.

"Listen here!" went on Eagan, a note of rough authority in his voice. "Let's you and me come to a showdown. You're goin' to keep on hidin' me here and feedin' me and protectin' me; an' when I get out, you're goin' to keep me on Easy street. Not because you want to. But because you've got to. Because if you don't, you know I can tell a whole lot of interestin' things about Circle Jim Borden's crook daughter."

"You beast!" flamed June. "You beast!"

"Cut out the snappy stuff!" ordered Sam. "Treat me easy and you'll find me easy to treat. That's always been my way. But come any rough business with me, and you'll always find me on hand with a bucketful of trouble. Remember that. So don't call names, any more. Huh!" he rumbled in contempt. "You're a swell one to be talkin' to me as if I wasn't as good as you. Why, you and me is in the same pew. If you think we ain't, just take a look at that!"

As he spoke he caught her by the right wrist and tore away the loose-hanging glove from the back of her hand. The Red Circle blazed into view. June tore herself free from his grasp, just as Mary sprang forward to rescue her darling from the man.

Both women broke into fierce speech. But Eagan's deep voice easily dominated and drowned their words of anger.

"I stay right here, my lady," he announced loudly. "And you'll see I'm well took care of. If you don't—or if you try to double-cross me, everybody is goin' to know all about Circle Jim's daughter. Get that?"

Next morning, June put on a riding habit, ordered her saddle horse brought to the door in half an hour, and then shut herself in her own den.

Taking from a drawer the big packet of banknotes she had stolen from Farwell's safe, she counted them carefully. Then she sat down at her typewriter and pounded out a half dozen lines. Addressing a large envelope, she put the typed sheet into it and stuffed the sheaf of banknotes in there, too. Sealing the envelope, she thrust it into the inside pocket of her riding coat, and ran downstairs.

June turned her horse's head toward the section of the city where stood the Farwell corporation's factory. It was not a savory neighborhood, at best. And this morning it was even less peaceful than usual. For the bulk of the Farwell employees were gathered in the big yard of the factory holding an impromptu indignation meeting.

Shias Farwell's failure to keep his word about sharing with his men the profits of the concern was the theme of their spokesman's harangue.

From the building's entrance, Farwell watched the gathering of the men in the yard. He knew well enough what was up. And he scowled, as fragments of the spokesman's speech came to his ears.

At last, as he was about to go into his office, Farwell saw the spokesman and two of his audience detach themselves from the group and walk toward him. He understood the object of their visit.

His right hand slipped into the pocket of his coat, and his fingers closed about the cold butt of a pistol that rested there.

Presently, his look of dogged defiance changed to one of bewilderment. This mob of avengers was behaving most strangely! The men were dancing along, laughing and waving their caps and shaking hands with one another. Surely no angry mob would act thus.

Just then, the front rank of them caught sight of Farwell standing in the open window. A roar went up.

"Three cheers for Shias Farwell!" shouted the spokesman.

The three cheers were given with a thunderous zest.

The men came to a halt just in front of the window, shoving forward the spokesman, who still held the bundle of money in one hand, and the typewritten letter in another.

"Mr. Farwell," he began, "we want to thank you. It was a funny way of sending us our cash, but it was mighty welcome. And I want to apologize to you for—"

"What are you blithering about?" queried Farwell, in dire perplexity. "And what's that money you're shaking at me? What is it?"

"The money?" echoed the spokesman, as a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd. "Why, the co-operative profits money, of course. The money this letter of your agent—"

He got no further. Farwell reached out of the window and snatched the typed note from his hand. He would have snatched the money, too, but that chanced to be just out of his reach.

"Who gave you this?" roared Farwell when he could get his voice.

"A girl," answered the puzzled spokesman. "On horseback. She rode it over the fence to me. Three rode past, two minutes ago. And—"

But Farwell, note in hand, had bolted out into the street. He was just in time to see a girl, mounted on a slenderly built saddle horse, turn a corner, several blocks away, and vanish from his view.

The men drew near. At sight of their employer, they halted, glanced at one another, and then stepped up to him, taking off their hats as they came.

"Mr. Farwell," began the spokesman, nervously, clearing his voice as he spoke. "Mr. Farwell, we are a delegation from the hands, chosen—chosen to ask you if you mean to make good on your promise to share profits with us. We—"

"No," said Farwell, coolly. "I don't. I explained that, in the notice I had the janitor tack up on the work-room doors. I—"

"Then, you rotten crook," roared the spokesman, losing hold of his temper. "What do you mean to do?"

"Just this," answered Farwell.

Before the others could guess his intent, his left fist caught the spokesman, flush on the point of the jaw, and sent him sprawling.

The stricken man scrambled to his feet. His two companions at his side, he sprang like an angry dog at Farwell's throat. But the three men stopped their rush almost in midair, as the factory owner flashed out the pistol from his coat pocket and leveled it at the foremost of them.

There was an instant pause; as the assailants blinked irresolutely at the black pistol muzzle and at the coldly murderous eyes behind it.

"Go back to your work," said Farwell, breaking the momentary silence. Beneath the menace of the leveled weapon and the dominating gaze of their employer, the trio looked sheepishly at each other; then, one by one, turned and shuffled away toward the yard.

Farwell dropped the pistol back into his pocket and continued upon his way to his own office.

The three delegates returned to their fellows. The rest of the men crowded eagerly around them for news of the interview.

"It's no use," reported the spokesman. "I asked him, and he—"

Something white flew through the air, striking him across the eyes and then falling to the ground at his feet.

"What was that?" asked the spokesman. "I asked him, and he—"

"Oh!" cried June in horror.

"Listen here!" went on Eagan, a note of rough authority in his voice. "Let's you and me come to a showdown. You're goin' to keep on hidin' me here and feedin' me and protectin' me; an' when I get out, you're goin' to keep me on Easy street. Not because you want to. But because you've got to. Because if you don't, you know I can tell a whole lot of interestin' things about Circle Jim Borden's crook daughter."

"You beast!" flamed June. "You beast!"

"Cut out the snappy stuff!" ordered Sam. "Treat me easy and you'll find me easy to treat. That's always been my way. But come any rough business with me, and you'll always find me on hand with a bucketful of trouble. Remember that. So don't call names, any more. Huh!" he rumbled in contempt. "You're a swell one to be talkin' to me as if I wasn't as good as you. Why, you and me is in the same pew. If you think we ain't, just take a look at that!"

As he spoke he caught her by the right wrist and tore away the loose-hanging glove from the back of her hand. The Red Circle blazed into view. June tore herself free from his grasp, just as Mary sprang forward to rescue her darling from the man.

Both women broke into fierce speech. But Eagan's deep voice easily dominated and drowned their words of anger.

"I stay right here, my lady," he announced loudly. "And you'll see I'm well took care of. If you don't—or if you try to double-cross me, everybody is goin' to know all about Circle Jim's daughter. Get that?"

Next morning, June put on a riding habit, ordered her saddle horse brought to the door in half an hour, and then shut herself in her own den.

Taking from a drawer the big packet of banknotes she had stolen from Farwell's safe, she counted them carefully. Then she sat down at her typewriter and pounded out a half dozen lines. Addressing a large envelope, she put the typed sheet into it and stuffed the sheaf of banknotes in there, too. Sealing the envelope, she thrust it into the inside pocket of her riding coat, and ran downstairs.

June turned her horse's head toward the section of the city where stood the Farwell corporation's factory. It was not a savory neighborhood, at best. And this morning it was even less peaceful than usual. For the bulk of the Farwell employees were gathered in the big yard of the factory holding an impromptu indignation meeting.

Shias Farwell's failure to keep his word about sharing with his men the profits of the concern was the theme of their spokesman's harangue.

From the building's entrance, Farwell watched the gathering of the men in the yard. He knew well enough what was up. And he scowled, as fragments of the spokesman's speech came to his ears.

At last, as he was about to go into his office, Farwell saw the spokesman and two of his audience detach themselves from the group and walk toward him. He understood the object of their visit.

His right hand slipped into the pocket of his coat, and his fingers closed about the cold butt of a pistol that rested there.

Presently, his look of dogged defiance changed to one of bewilderment. This mob of avengers was behaving most strangely! The men were dancing along, laughing and waving their caps and shaking hands with one another. Surely no angry mob would act thus.

Just then, the front rank of them caught sight of Farwell standing in the open window. A roar went up.

"Three cheers for Shias Farwell!" shouted the spokesman.

The three cheers were given with a thunderous zest.

The men came to a halt just in front of the window, shoving forward the spokesman, who still held the bundle of money in one hand, and the typewritten letter in another.

"Mr. Farwell," he began, "we want to thank you. It was a funny way of sending us our cash, but it was mighty welcome. And I want to apologize to you for—"

"What are you blithering about?" queried Farwell, in dire perplexity. "And what's that money you're shaking at me? What is it?"

"The money?" echoed the spokesman, as a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd. "Why, the co-operative profits money, of course. The money this letter of your agent—"

He got no further. Farwell reached out of the window and snatched the typed note from his hand. He would have snatched the money, too, but that chanced to be just out of his reach.

"Who gave you this?" roared Farwell when he could get his voice.

"A girl," answered the puzzled spokesman. "On horseback. She rode it over the fence to me. Three rode past, two minutes ago. And—"

But Farwell, note in hand, had bolted out into the street. He was just in time to see a girl, mounted on a slenderly built saddle horse, turn a corner, several blocks away, and vanish from his view.

The past twenty-four hours. And now, at last, he had nerved himself to make the test he had planned—the test which, he believed, would prove to him, once and for all, June's guilt or innocence.

With a truly terrifying growl Eagan snatched up the carving knife, he still carried in his belt and rushed at the Jap.

"I'm going to cut my monicker on your measly heart!" he snarled.

Yama did not pause to see if the threat would be fulfilled. Dropping everything, he fled.

Eagan returned the knife to its place, chuckling amusedly at the scare he had given the butler. Then he picked up the bottle of wine and tried to read its label.

But the light was dim and his eyes were nearsighted. He went over to the window to get a better view of the label. Close to the pane he stood for an instant, curiously and laboriously spelling out the name.

And, in that instant, Max Lamar, turning in at the front walk, chanced to look up—and saw him.

Lamar halted and stared upward more keenly. But Sam had moved away from the window. Max, with the excitement of a hound on the scent, bounded up the veranda steps.

At the top, he collided violently with a little figure that shot out of the front door. It was Yama, still in flight from Sam's imaginary pursuit.

"What's up?" demanded Max.

Yama stared, speechless and gasping.

"What's the matter?" repeated Lamar. "Did you see him, too? Were you going for the police?"

"Saw—saw nobody!" babbled the Jap, still remembering Sam's threat of what he would do should Yama betray his hiding place. "Saw nobody. Going for a little walk. I—"

"Going for a little hundred-yard dash, you mean," corrected the perplexed Lamar. "Let me in there. I've just seen—"

"Why, Mr. Lamar!" exclaimed a voice from the foot of the steps.

Max turned, to see June, in riding dress, crop in hand, mounting the veranda toward him.

"Miss Travis!" he said, hurriedly. "I caught a glimpse of a man I'm almost sure was Sam Eagan."

"Really?" asked June, her heart beating fast. "How interesting! Whereabouts?"

"In that topmost window of your house. The attic window, I suppose. He was—"

"What nonsense!" she laughed, nervously. "How could he possibly—?"

"I must go and look for him," insisted Lamar. "That is, if you'll let me. He probably remembered your goodness to him in other days, and sneaked in here to try to persuade you to help him. Let me go in, please. He wasn't get away from us again."

June, too confused to make any protest, led the way into the house. She was sick with terror. In the library doorway they met Mrs. Travis. She came forward, cordially, to greet Lamar. The crime specialist cut short her salutations by saying, brusquely:

"Mrs. Travis, I have reason to think a criminal is hiding in this house. 'Smiling Sam' Eagan, the crook I told you about, down at Surfton. May I search for him?"

"Why certainly," assented the startled old lady. "But—oh, I do hope you are mistaken, Mr. Lamar! I can't believe—"

Max had already started up the stairs. June, dreading to go with him, yet dreading far more to remain in suspense, followed. Mary, who had been crossing the lower hall as Lamar entered, hurried after her.

The search of the next floor was merely perfunctory.

"He's not down here!" declared the crime specialist at last, in growing impatience. "I'm going to try the attic. How do I get to it?"

He was standing close to the doorway, as he spoke, the doorway leading to the attic stairs. And his strong voice carried every word to the fugitive above.

At the sound, Eagan started to his feet, knife in hand. This attic was no place to be cornered like a rat in a trap. If he could get downstairs, a knife-thrust in Lamar's body might leave the way free for him to escape to the street. Yes, and that same knife-thrust might silence Lamar forever. If so, he had no fear of the household's women blabbing as to who had done the murder. They would not dare.

Knife in fist, Eagan tiptoed down the stairs. With his free hand he opened the door a little way, and peeped out into the upper hall.

Lamar had just moved from that very door, and was standing with his back to him, only a few feet away, looking about for the entrance to the attic stairs.

But June saw the door open. She saw the broad, hideous face, the tight-gripped knife. She saw Sam crouch for a spring. She saw him, knife raised, launch himself at the unsuspecting Lamar.

Then, as the man stabbed, June

awoke from her daze of horrified in-

tion. With a scream she seized Lamar, and by main force hurried him to one side and half way around.

The knife-thrust missed its mark by the fraction of an inch. Lamar, whirling, caught sight of his foe. As Eagan's arm went back to stab again, Max grappled him.

Back and forth across the hall, the two men swayed and lurched in their fierce wrestle. The shoulder of one of the two close-locked bodies struck against the attic door, slamming it

shut. Chairs were overturned, and the hallway became a bedlam of noise and fury.

Sam managed to wrench his knife hand free. He lunged murderously at Lamar's throat. Max was too late to guard the blow. But he shifted his little body to one side. The blade flashed past it and was buried, half to the hilt, in the wood of the door.

Sam now turned his full attention to the task of crushing his opponent with his bare hands.

Max merely defended himself, as best he could. At last he was able to draw his pistol.

But, as he did so, Sam seized the crime specialist's right wrist with both his own huge hands, and exerting all his brute strength and weight, twisted Max's hand outward and upward.

No human power could withstand that pressure, so suddenly and skillfully exerted. The pistol leaped from Lamar's opened fingers and fell to the floor.

Mrs. Travis, at first sound of the battle, darted into the nearest room, snatched up a telephone and summoned police headquarters.

It took her some moments to get the connection, because police headquarters "Central" was just then listening to a patrolman's thrilling account of the way Attorney Charles Gordon had come to the chief of police, a little while before, and given himself up to justice—laughing as he did so.

But presently Mrs. Travis was switched from headquarters to the precinct station phone. And in less than a minute two policemen were on their way to the Travis house.

Meantime, the fight in the hall had reached a new and more vital stage—a skirmish for possession of the fallen pistol.

It was Sam Eagan who at last seized the pistol. Despite his enemy's efforts he gradually worked its muzzle toward Lamar's writhing body.

The muzzle at last touched Max's side. Sam's finger tightened on the trigger. In the same moment the pistol spun out of his hand, exploding harmlessly, the heavy caliber bullet burying itself in the woodwork of the wainscoting.

June had seen the newest peril of the man she loved, and with her riding crop had struck his would-be murderer heavily across the knuckles.

Sam whirled about to face her. As he did so Lamar snatched up a heavy vase from a pedestal and brought it down with all his remaining force upon Eagan's head.

Smiling Sam dropped to the floor like a stricken bull.

Max bent over him and snapped a pair of handcuffs on the senseless man's thick wrists. Then, weak and dizzy and panting, Lamar rose again to his feet, swaying as he tried to stand upright.

"He must have broken in here last night," he gasped. "Miss Travis, I owe you my life. I—"

"Your hand is cut!" cried June. "See! It's bleeding! Let me bind it up for you."

The tramp of feet sounded on the stairs below them. The two policemen, escorted by the chattering and shuddering Yama, ascended to the upper hallway. At a word from Lamar they picked up the unconscious Eagan and lugged him away between them.

Max, still reeling with exhaustion, turned abruptly to June.

"Miss Travis," he said. "I must ask you one or two questions. I would cut off my right arm sooner than ask them. But I must. Everything depends on your answers."

June forced a smile to her ashen lips. She knew the moment had come. The moment of reckoning, which she so long had dreaded.

(END OF 12TH INSTALLMENT.)



Smashed the Vase Down on Eagan's Head.

shut. Chairs were overturned, and the hallway became a bedlam of noise and fury.

Sam managed to wrench his knife hand free. He lunged murderously at Lamar's throat. Max was too late to guard the blow. But he shifted his little body to one side. The blade flashed past it and was buried, half to the hilt, in the wood of the door.

Sam now turned his full attention to the task of crushing his opponent with his bare hands.

Max merely defended himself, as best he could. At last he was able to draw his pistol.

But, as he did so, Sam seized the crime specialist's right wrist with both his own huge hands, and exerting all his brute strength and weight, twisted Max's hand outward and upward.

No human power could withstand that pressure, so suddenly and skillfully exerted. The pistol leaped from Lamar's opened fingers and fell to the floor.

Mrs. Travis, at first sound of the battle, darted into the nearest room, snatched up a telephone and summoned police headquarters.

It took her some moments to get the connection, because police headquarters "Central" was just then listening to a patrolman's thrilling account of the way Attorney Charles Gordon had come to the chief of police, a little while before, and given himself up to justice—laughing as he did so.

But presently Mrs. Travis was switched from headquarters to the precinct station phone. And in less than a minute two policemen were on their way to the Travis house.

Meantime, the fight in the hall had reached a new and more vital stage—a skirmish for possession of the fallen pistol.

It was Sam Eagan who at last seized the pistol. Despite his enemy's efforts he gradually worked its muzzle toward Lamar's writhing body.

The muzzle at last touched Max's side. Sam's finger tightened on the trigger. In the same moment the pistol spun out of his hand, exploding harmlessly, the heavy caliber bullet burying itself in the woodwork of the wainscoting.

June had seen the newest peril of the man she loved, and with her riding crop had struck his would-be murderer heavily across the knuckles.

Sam whirled about to face her. As he did so Lamar snatched up a heavy vase from a pedestal and brought it down with all his remaining force upon Eagan's head.

Smiling Sam dropped to the floor like a stricken bull.

Max bent over him and snapped a pair of handcuffs on the senseless man's thick wrists. Then, weak and dizzy and panting, Lamar rose again to his feet, swaying as he tried to stand upright.

"He must have broken in here last night," he gasped. "Miss



# The Red Circle

by Albert Payson Terhune

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

(COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE)

## 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 determined 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 Surton by Smiling Sam, Alina 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 her city home. She helps Gordon to get away, after recovering for him the securities which implicate him by tricking Farwell and Lamar.

## TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

### LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP

While Max Lamar was musing in miserable uncertainty over the problem of June's guilt or innocence, June herself was confronted by a problem quite as disheartening and far more perilous.

Mary had told her of "Smiling Sam" Eagan's presence in the Travis house, and June realized all it might mean to her. The man, hidden in the attic storeroom, held her fate, her liberty, in the hollow of his grimy hand.

He had seen the Red Circle on her hand. He was crafty enough to know how fearful a hold over the girl this secret gave him.

June could bear the suspense no longer. Impulsively she got to her feet and crossed the room toward the hall door.

"Where are you going, dearie," asked Mary in sudden anxiety.

"I'm going to see him," replied June. "I must."

June had taken off her hat and as she spoke she was stripping the gloves from her hands. The left glove came off first. Then, as the right glove was half removed, its wearer noted the pulsing Red Circle of her hand. Instinctively she drew the glove over it.

Meantime Mary had fung herself between June and the door, exclaiming in horror:

"Oh, my dear, my dear! You mustn't! He—he might kill you!"

"Kill me?" echoed June, bitterly. "I almost wish he would!"

"If you're going there," declared the valiant nurse, giving up the unequal battle, "then I'm going too. I'll keep him from harming my baby if anyone can."

June, a step ahead, they emerged into the gloomy attic room.

Mary paused, staring timorously around the dismal and cluttered room. From an impromptu couch of patched quilts and moth-eaten pillows, between two trunks, a tawny head cautiously came into view.

At sight of June and Mary he grinned pleasantly, got up, stretched himself and slouched forward to meet them.

"Well, well!" he rumbled, in mock cordiality, "it seems like this is my reception day. Welcome to Castle Eagan, ladies. I'd 'a' spruced up a bit if I'd known I was goin' to have company."

"Sam," said the girl, facing the grinning fugitive. "I've come here to have you help me."

"Help you?" repeated Eagan, puzzled.

"Yes, by leaving here."

"Oh, I see. Nothin' doing, sweetie."

The men drew near. At sight of their employer, they halted, glanced at one another, and then stepped up to him, taking off their hats as they came.

"Mr. Farwell," began the spokesman, nervously, clearing his voice as he spoke, "Mr. Farwell, we are a delegation from the hands, chosen—chosen to ask you if you mean to make good on your promise to share profits with us. We—"

"No," said Farwell, coolly. "I don't. I explained that, in the notice I had the janitor tack up on the work-room doors. I—"

"Then, you rotten crook," roared the spokesman, losing hold of his temper. "What do you mean to do?"

"Just this," answered Farwell. "Before the others could guess his intent, his left fist caught the spokesman, flush on the point of the jaw, and sent him sprawling."

The stricken man scrambled to his feet. His two companions at his side, he sprang like an angry dog at Farwell's throat. But the three men stopped their rush almost in midair, as the factory owner flashed out the pistol from his coat pocket and leveled it at the foremost of them.

There was an instant pause; as the assailants blinked irresolutely at the black pistol muzzle and at the coldly murderous eyes behind it.

"Go back to your work," said Farwell, breaking the momentary silence.

Beneath the menace of the leveled weapon and the dominating gaze of their employer, the trio looked sheepishly at each other; then, one by one, turned and shuffled away toward the yard.

Farwell dropped the pistol back into his pocket and continued upon his way to his own office.

The three delegates returned to their fellows. The rest of the men crowded eagerly around them for news of the interview.

"It's no use," reported the spokesman. "I asked him, and he—"

Something white flew through the air, striking him across the eyes and then falling to the ground at his feet.

"Three cheers for Silas Farwell!" shouted the spokesman.

The three cheers were given with a thunderous zest.

The men came to a halt just in front of the window, showing forward the spokesman, who still held the bundle of money in one hand, and the typewritten letter in another.

"Mr. Farwell," he began, "we want to thank you. It was a funny way of sending us our cash, but it was mighty welcome. And I want to apologize to you for—"

"What are you blithering about?" queried Farwell, in dire perplexity. "And what's that money you're shaking at me? What is it?"

"The money?" echoed the spokesman, as a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd. "Why, the cooperative profits money, of course. The money this letter of your agent—"

He got no further. Farwell reached out of the window and snatched the typed note from his hand. He would have snatched the money, too, but that chanced to be just out of his reach.

"Who gave you this?" roared Farwell when he could get his voice.

"A girl," answered the puzzled spokesman. "On horseback. Threw it over the fence to me. She rode past, two minutes ago. And—"

But Farwell, note in hand, had bolted out into the street. He was just in time to see a girl, mounted on a slenderly built saddle horse, turn a corner, several blocks away, and vanish from his view.

Alongside the opposite curb lounged a mounted policeman, chatting with a passerby. Farwell ran across and seized the officer by the arm.

"Did you see a woman ride past here a few moments ago?" he demanded.

"Why, yes," returned the patrolman, wondering at his interlocutor's excitement. "I did. I didn't take much notice to her, except that she rode mighty well. She'd gotten past me before I saw her. Is—?"

"She has robbed me," interrupted Farwell. "Catch her! She turned to

the past twenty-four hours. And now, at last, he had nerved himself to make the test he had planned—the test which, he believed, would prove to him, once and for all, June's guilt or innocence.

With shrinking heart, but with firm step, he approached the Travis house.

And at the same moment, Yama, the Jap butler, was privily conveying "Smiling Sam" Eagan's late breakfast to the attic. For some occult reason, Sam loved to torment and frighten the dapper little butler. And Yama's visits to the hiding place were moments of terror to the poor little yellow man.

Today was no exception. He set the tray down in front of Sam and started to pour out a glass of wine for him. But Yama's hand shook pitifully, from sheer fright. A spoonful of wine fell on Sam's knee.

With a truly terrifying growl Eagan snatched up the carving knife he still carried in his belt and rushed at the Jap.

"I'm going to cut my monicker on your measly heart!" he snarled.

Yama did not pause to see if the threat would be fulfilled. Dropping everything, he fled.

Eagan returned the knife to its place, chuckling amusedly at the scare he had given the butler. Then he picked up the bottle of wine and tried to read its label.

But the light was dim and his eyes were nearsighted. He went over to the window to get a better view of the label. Close to the pane he stood for an instant, curiously and laboriously spelling out the name.

And, in that instant, Max Lamar, turning in at the front walk, chanced to look up—and saw him.

Lamar halted and stared upward more keenly. But Sam had moved away from the window. Max, with the excitement of a hound on the scent, bounded up the veranda steps.

At the top, he collided violently with a little figure that shot out of the front door. It was Yama, still in flight from Sam's imaginary pursuit.

"What's up?" demanded Max. Yama stared, speechless and gasping.

"What's the matter?" repeated Lamar. "Did you see him, too? Were you going for the police?"

"Saw—saw nobody!" babbled the Jap, still remembering Sam's threat of what he would do should Yama betray his hiding place. "Saw nobody. Going for a little walk. I—"

"Going for a little hundred-yard dash, you mean," corrected the perplexed Lamar. "Let me in there. I've just seen—"

"Why, Mr. Lamar!" exclaimed a voice from the foot of the steps.

Max turned, to see June, in riding dress, crop in hand, mounting the veranda toward him.

"Miss Travis!" he said, hurriedly. "I caught a glimpse of a man I'm almost sure was Sam Eagan."

"Really?" asked June, her heart beating fast. "How interesting! Whereabouts?"

"In that topmost window of your house. The attic window, I suppose. He was—"

"What nonsense!" she laughed, nervously. "How could he possibly—?"

"I must go and look for him," insisted Lamar. "That is, if you'll let me. He probably remembered your goodness to him in other days, and sneaked in here to try to persuade you to help him. Let me go in, please. He mustn't get away from us again."

June, too confused to make any protest, led the way into the house. She was sick with terror. In the library doorway they met Mrs. Travis. She came forward, cordially, to greet Lamar. The crime specialist cut short her salutations by saying, brusquely:

"Mrs. Travis, I have reason to think a criminal is hiding in this house. 'Smiling Sam' Eagan, the crook I told you about, down at Surton. May I search for him?"

"Why certainly," assented the startled old lady. "But—oh, I do hope you are mistaken, Mr. Lamar. I can't believe—"

Max had already started up the stairs. June, dreading to go with him, yet dreading far more to remain in suspense, followed. Mary, who had been crossing the lower hall as Lamar entered, hurried after her.

The search of the next floor was merely perfunctory.

"He's not down here!" declared the crime specialist at last, in growing impatience. "I'm going to try the attic. How do I get to it?"

He was standing close to the doorway, as he spoke, the doorway leading to the attic stairs. And his strong voice carried every word to the fugitive above.

At the sound, Eagan started to his feet, knife in hand. This attic was no place to be cornered like a rat in a trap. If he could get downstairs, a knife-thrust in Lamar's body might leave the way free for him to escape to the street. Yes, and that same knife-thrust might silence Lamar forever. If so, he had no fear of the household's women blabbing as to who had done the murder. They would not dare.

Knife in fist, Eagan tiptoed down the stairs. With his free hand he opened the door a little way, and peeped out into the upper hall.

Lamar had just moved from that very door, and was standing with his back to him, only a few feet away, looking about for the entrance to the attic stairs.

But June saw the door open. She saw the broad, hideous face, the tight-gripped knife. She saw Sam crouch for a spring. She saw him, knife raised, launch himself at the unsuspecting Lamar.

Then, as the man stabbed, June awoke from her daze of horrified inaction.

With a scream she seized Lamar, and by main force hurled him to one side—and half way around.

The knife-thrust missed its mark by the fraction of an inch. Lamar, whirling, caught sight of his foe. As Eagan's arm went back to stab again, Max grappled him.

Back and forth across the hall, the two men swayed and lurched in their fierce wrestle. The shoulder of one of the two close-locked bodies struck against the attic door, slamming it



Smashed the Vase Down on Eagan's Head.

shut. Chairs were overturned, and the hallway became a bedlam of noise and fury.

Sam managed to wrench his knife hand free. He lunged murderously at Lamar's throat. Max was too late to guard the blow. But he shifted his lithe body to one side. The blade flashed past it and was buried, half to the hilt, in the wood of the door.

Sam now turned his full attention to the task of crushing his opponent with his bare hands.

Max merely defended himself, as best he could. At last he was able to draw his pistol.

But, as he did so, Sam seized the crime specialist's right wrist with both his own huge hands, and exerting all his brute strength and weight, twisted Max's hand outward and upward.

No human power could withstand that pressure, so suddenly and skillfully exerted. The pistol leaped from Lamar's opened fingers and fell to the floor.

Mrs. Travis, at first sound of the battle, darted into the nearest room, snatched up a telephone and summoned police headquarters.

It took her some moments to get the connection, because police headquarters "Central" was just then listening to a patrolman's thrilling account of the way Attorney Charles Gordon had come to the chief of police, a little while before, and given himself up to justice—laughing as he did so.

But presently Mrs. Travis was switched from headquarters to the precinct station phone. And in less than a minute two policemen were on their way to the Travis house.

Meantime, the fight in the hall had reached a new and more vital stage—a skirmish for possession of the fallen pistol.

It was Sam Eagan who at last seized the pistol. Despite his enemy's efforts he gradually worked its muzzle toward Lamar's writhing body.

The muzzle at last touched Max's side. Sam's finger tightened on the trigger. In the same moment the pistol spun out of his hand, exploding harmlessly, the heavy caliber bullet burying itself in the woodwork of the wainscoting.

June had seen the newest peril of the man she loved, and with her riding crop had struck his would-be murderer heavily across the knuckles.

Sam whirled about to face her. As he did so Lamar snatched up a heavy vase from a pedestal and brought it down with all his remaining force upon Eagan's head.

Smiling Sam dropped to the floor like a stricken bull.

Max bent over him and snapped a pair of handcuffs on the senseless man's thick wrists. Then, weak and dizzy and panting, Lamar rose again to his feet, swaying as he tried to stand upright.

"He must have broken in here last night," he gasped. "Miss Travis, I owe you my life. I—"

"Your hand is cut!" cried June. "See, it's bleeding! Let me bind it up for you."

The tramp of feet sounded on the stairs below them. The two policemen, escorted by the chattering and shuddering Yama, ascended to the upper hallway. At a word from Lamar they picked up the unconscious Eagan and lugged him away between them.

Max, still reeling with exhaustion turned abruptly to June.

"Miss Travis," he said. "I must ask you one or two questions. I must cut off my right arm sooner than ask them. But I must. Everything depends on your answers."

June forced a smile to her ashen lips. She knew the moment had come. The moment of reckoning, which she so long had dreaded.

(END OF 12TH INSTALLMENT.)



Struck the Would-Be Murderer Across the Knuckles.

The spokesman looked around him in bewilderment. So did the other men. They had a fleeting glimpse of a girl on horseback, riding away from the board fence that divided the yard from the street.

"She threw it at you," said one of the men. "I saw her. What is it?"

The spokesman had stooped and was picking up the white thing that had struck him. It was a large envelope, very thick. The others pressing close around him in jostling curiosity, he tore open one end of the envelope.

Out fell a package of big denomination bills. A cry of amazement broke from the crowd. The spokesman, holding the money in one hand, stared stupidly at the envelope. He read aloud the typewritten address:

"FOR THE EMPLOYEES OF THE FARWELL CORPORATION."

"What the blue blazes!" he sputtered.

Then he saw a sheet of notepaper sticking half way out of the torn envelope. He drew it forth and, in a voice shaking with wonder, read the few typed lines it contained:

"Accept and distribute the inclosed as part payment of your accumulated cooperative profits in the Farwell Corporation—An Agent."

A cheer from hundreds of hoarse throats broke in on his reading.

"Come on!" yelled the spokesman, enthusiastically, as he flourished the handful of big bills. "Come on, boys! Let's go to the boss and thank him. He's a white man, after all."

Farwell, in his ground-floor office, overlooking the yard, glanced out of the open window, just in time to see the crowd start toward the building. His hand went to his pistol butt. He thought he understood that unanimous movement.

Presently, his look of dogged defiance changed to one of bewilderment. This mob of avengers was behaving most strangely! The men were dancing along, laughing and waving their caps and shaking hands with one another. Surely no angry mob would act thus.

Just then, the front rank of them caught sight of Farwell standing in the open window. A roar went up.



The Red Circle Blazed into View.

himself and slouched forward to meet them.

"Well, well!" he rumbled, in mock cordiality, "it seems like this is my reception day. Welcome to Castle Eagan, ladies. I'd 'a' spruced up a bit if I'd known I was goin' to have company."

"Sam," said the girl, facing the grinning fugitive. "I've come here to have you help me."

"Help you?" repeated Eagan, puzzled.

"Yes, by leaving here."

"Oh, I see. Nothin' doing, sweetie."





# GREAT XMAS SALE!

**THE LEADER** is prepared for a bigger business than ever before  
**Starting Tuesday Morning, Dec. 5th**  
**AND JUST FOR 20 DAYS**

we will offer you values at prices incomparable. This Great Xmas Sale will be helpful to you as you will manage to make your dollar go a long way in our store for your wants, family and friends.

Our stock is complete and when you enter our store the spirit of Xmas will greet you as hundreds upon hundreds of useful articles for Xmas Gifts will be on display.

## The Xmas Suggestions:



THOSE BEAUTIFUL LINENS will delight any home-loving woman—at great money savings.  
 Near 2-yds. wide beautiful design Table Damask 29c yard. Fine mercerized Table Damask, also half linen, in various beautiful designs, no better 75c values, 49c per yard.  
 2-yds wide pure Table Linen in various beautiful designs; sold to economical buyers at \$1.25, now 89c per yard.  
 How about Bed Spreads the daily wants of every household? A good Spread full size for only 98c.  
 A better Spread extra quality, with or without cut corners, \$2.00 and \$2.25 values at \$1.39.  
 Marselle satin finish beautiful design Spreads, values from \$3.50 and \$4.00 at \$2.49.  
 A Beautiful Gift for a very small sum for daughter, mother or grandmother—a HOOD for less than you can buy the yarn by the pound; all wool in various colors, good 50c and 75c values; while they last 33c each.  
 Hockey Caps in various colors; special at 46c and 29c.  
 Fine angora wool Skating Sets, caps and scarf in individual Xmas boxes, no finer \$1.75 value for \$1.19.  
 Infants and childrens 3-piece Snowball Sets, sweater, cap and leggins, in individual boxes \$1.19; others up to \$3.50.  
 "I WANT A NEW SWEATER" more than one woman or child will say when someone asks them what they want for Xmas. We have them to fit old and young. A very nice heavy sweater in maroon and grey for ladies at only \$1.98; worth just \$3.00 more.  
 A better Sweater for ladies in all wool angora and other yarns at only \$3.69.  
 Ladies Silk Sweaters, the garment which will more than please your wife or daughter, in various colors, only \$5.98.

One lot of baby coats—made out of all wool eiderdown lined throughout values \$2.50, while they last \$1.29  
 Infants cashmere long Coats in cream and white, lined throughout with flannel \$1.50 and \$1.75 values \$1.19  
 Ladies and Misses all wool black and navy serge Skirts the very latest makes, values \$4, this Xmas sale \$2.98  
 Ladies very newest plaid serge Skirts, \$3.50, at \$2.39  
 It cannot be anything more essential than a ladies nice Waist for a Christmas gift. Here we are offering you waists at prices which will reach any purse.  
 Ladies flannel wool Waists \$1.50-\$1.75 values 98c each  
 Ladies fine black poplin waists with brocade silk trimming values \$1.25 for 87c.  
 One lot of the very latest models in ladies waists consisting of silk crepe de chine, Georgette silks and tub silk, values \$4.50 and \$5.00, your choice \$2.98  
 Childrens all wool serge also silk velvet corduroy Dresses all beautifully trimmed, sizes up to 14 years, values \$4.00 and \$5.00 your choice \$2.95  
 The most welcome gift for Christmas is a ladies nice set of Furs, we also have them in separate pieces.  
 Ladies and Misses black coney sets with round or pillow muffs, values \$9.00 and \$10.00 for only \$4.95 set.  
 Other sets and separate pieces will go at very low prices.

**A Free Xmas Present TO OUR TRADE:**  
 We will give during this Sale PREMIUM TICKETS. Just received a new shipment of new premiums. Come in and inspect same.

## Men's and Young Men's Suits

At Greatly Reduced Prices at This Xmas Sale



Mens and young mens brown and navy worsted Suits finest \$10.00 values, \$6.69  
 Men's and young men's all wool blue serge also brown all wool fancy worsted Suits, no finer \$15 values, \$11.69  
 Men's and young mens \$20 and \$22 Suits, no finer tailored garments shown \$14.69  
 Men's and young mens very newest Balmamare Overcoats with velvet or cloth collars, finest \$12 values, \$8.45  
 Men's and young mens finest Overcoats with velvet or stock collars loose or pinched backs satin half lined there is two words to them, Style and Quality, values \$20, \$13.69



## How About a Ladies' Coat?

Our stock of ladies, Misses and childrens Coats are unexcelled in price, style and quality. Your dollars will go the longest in this department. Only as an example we quote a few prices.  
 There is one lot of Ladies' and Misses' Coats which we have overbought. They are silk-lined throughout, heavy-weight garments in various beautiful newest shades, values \$15.00 will go quickly at this \$6.98 low price; choice of lot \$6.98

Ladies and Misses plush also novelty Coats in the very newest models with big collars and some fur trimmed \$13.50 and \$15.00 values go at this Xmas sale at \$8.48  
 Ladies and Misses velour Hura lamb and Angora Coats finest \$18.00 and \$22.00 values go now at \$12.95.  
 We have but a very few ladies and Misses Suits left but every one is a positive newest this fall model and as we never carry over from one year to another the following prices will be much less than you will be able to buy the raw material by the yard. They are values, \$18.00 up to \$24.50, your choice of any \$11.50  
 Childrens Coats running up to 14 years old at a positive saving of 1/4 or more.



## SHOE DEPT'

Many useful gifts in our shoe dept' for the whole family. The following are only a few of the many wonderful values to be seen in this department.  
 Ladies ribbon trimmed also fur trimmed felt Juliet flexible leather sole and heel, \$1.50 value \$1.19 pair.  
 Ladies felt leather foxed with leather soles plain toe Shoes \$1.75 value for \$1.33.  
 Mens button and lace gunmetal dress shoes good \$3.00 value, \$2.29.  
 One lot of ladies sample Shoes high heels and high tops in patent leather gunmetal and dull kids, not all sizes the very newest makes, values \$4.50 this sale \$2.98 pair.  
 Misses and childrens dongola kid solid leather Shoes good \$2.00 values for \$1.39.  
 Youths and little gents oak tan sole satin calf Shoes \$2-\$2.25 values, \$1.39  
 Misses and childrens 4-buckle also high laced Arctics, not many, while they last 98c pair.  
 Mens first quality Dress Rubbers \$1.00 values 98c pair.

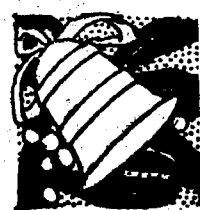
## Suggestions

A few of our many Xmas Gifts to be seen at our store in individual boxes.  
 Ladies Kid Gloves  
 Ladies Handkerchiefs  
 Ladies Toilet Case  
 Ladies Neckwear  
 Fancy Guest Towels  
 Skating Sets  
 Ladies and Misses' Hose  
 Dolls!  
 of all kinds  
 Suspenders  
 Ties  
 Silk Handkerchiefs  
 Ladies' Scarfs  
 Men's Scarfs  
 Men's Dress Shirts  
 Fur Caps  
 Umbrellas  
 Hose Supporters  
 Socks  
 Men's 3-piece Sets  
 Cuff Sets  
 Garters  
 Arm Bands

## Blankets and Comforters

As a Christmas gift with prices based on our early purchasing, therefore we can quote you real bargains.  
 A double Blanket in grey, tan and white 69c pair.  
 A double Blanket, extra heavy for double beds 98c pair.  
 Extra heavy wool knap double Blankets in various plaid designs, nothing finer bought at \$3.50 only \$2.48 pair.  
 A strictly all-wool Blanket, extra heavy weight, extra large size other stores will ask you \$10.00 for this year, \$6.95 pair.  
 Comforters and Pillows in various shades, good weights, big variety at greatly reduced prices.

Boy's Norfolk Suits, knicker pants, in brown and in grey, \$3.50 and \$4.00 values, \$2.48.  
 Boy's very finest all wool serge also novelty all wool Suits in pinch backs, also norfolk styles, former prices \$7.00 up to \$7.50, this sale \$5.48.  
 Big selection of mens and young mens dress and heavy woolen Pants at reduced prices.  
 One lot of mens and young mens Mackinaws heavy weights with belts, only \$369.  
 Men's and young mens, strictly all wool heavy Mackinaws, norfolk styles in various colors former price \$7.50 and \$8.00 going now at \$4.95  
 Big selection of boys and childrens Mackinaws and Overcoats at very low tempting prices.  
 A full line of mens and young mens Soo wool Pants, Jackets and Mackinaws also boys Knee Pants.

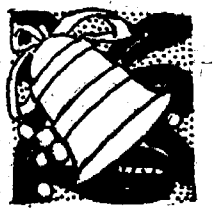


# THE LEADER

H. ROSENTHAL, PROPRIETOR

MADISON BLOCK, MAIN STREET

EAST JORDAN, MICH.





Charlotte Burton in "A Sequel to the Diamond from the Sky," American-Mutual Production.



### Christmas Flowers for "Her"

And that "her" doesn't merely refer to your sweetheart, but to your wife and mother as well.

Yes, send "her" flowers for Christmas, for all women love flowers. No matter where you live, or where she lives you can convey a message that words can never tell. Just send her address—we'll do the rest.

And we will have flowers for the home decorations, too—holly, mistletoe, poinsettia, and other varieties.

There is nothing more appropriate than flowers for the Christmas season. Better let us have your order now, for early action is the best possible insurance of satisfaction.

### KLEINHAN'S GREENHOUSE

#### NO HIGHER PRICE FOR THIS

While food and clothing have advanced in cost, it is well for the sick that the prices of such reliable family remedies as Foley Kidney Pills are not increased. Foley Kidney Pills cost little and relieve backache, pains in sides and loins, sore muscles, stiff joints, rheumatic pains and bladder trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

### SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can Tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or coming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

This preparation is a toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

### SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

Drink lots of water and stop eating meat for a while if your bladder troubles you.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effective lithia-water drink.

### CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

### Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, December 4, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—none.

Minutes of the last meeting were not read.

Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that the meeting be adjourned until Tuesday evening, December 5, 1916. Carried.

Adjourned regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Tuesday evening, December 5, 1916. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—none.

Minutes of the two previous meetings were read and approved.

On motion by Lancaster, the following bills were allowed:  
Alonso Graves, draying, \$ 2.50  
Cha'x Abstract & Eng. Co., engineering services, 9.00  
J. A. Lancaster, salary, 25.00  
City Treasurer, payment for team work, 15.80  
James Gidley, salary, 25.00  
Mich. State Tel. Co., toll and rentals, 7.72  
Dwight H. Fitch, salary and rentals, 24.17  
Andrew Berg, repairing hose house, 35.00  
R.A. Risk, salary as health officer, 25.00  
People's Sav. Bank, order of Elec. Light Co., 315.35  
Otis J. Smith, salary, postage, etc., 27.91

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that, whereas Carnegie Corporation of New York object to donating \$12,000, but are willing to furnish \$10,000 for a free public library building, the action of this Commission, in passing the resolution asking for \$12,000, be rescinded. Carried.

The following resolution was offered by Commissioner Lancaster, who moved its adoption; seconded by Commissioner Gidley:  
Whereas, Carnegie Corporation of New York has agreed to furnish ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) to the City of East Jordan, Mich., to erect a free public library building, on condition that said City of East Jordan shall pledge itself by resolution of this commission, to support a free public library, at a cost of ten hundred dollars (\$1000) a year, and provide a suitable site for said building; now

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

Further resolved, that it will furnish a suitable site for said building, and will maintain a free public library in said building when erected, at a cost of ten hundred dollars (\$1000) a year.  
Further resolved, that an annual levy shall hereafter be made upon the taxable property of said City of East Jordan, sufficient in amount to comply with the above requirements.

Adopted by the City Commission of the City of East Jordan on the fifth day of December, A. D. 1916, by an aye and nay vote as follows:  
Ayes Cross, Gidley and Lancaster.  
Nays—None.

Moved by Gidley, supported by Lancaster, that the sum of Fifty Dollars be appropriated for a Community Christmas tree, and that the mayor be instructed to appoint a committee of four with full power to act in the matter. Carried.

The Mayor appointed the following named persons as a 'community' Xmas committee:—Supt. L. P. Holliday, Rev. John Clemens, Rev. R. S. Sidebotham and Fr. Kroboth.

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,  
City Clerk.

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.

### VIRGINIA FARMER

Restored To Health By Vinol

Atlee, Va.—"I was weak, run-down, no appetite, my blood was poor, I could not sleep nights and was rapidly losing flesh, but I am a farmer and had to work. Medicines had failed to help me until I took Vinol. After taking three bottles my appetite is fine, I sleep well, my blood is good and I am well again."  
—ORLANDO W. BOBKE.

Vinol, which contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese phosphates and glycerophosphates, is guaranteed for run-down conditions.

East Jordan Drug Co.  
Also at the leading drug store in all Michigan towns.

COMING! COMING! COMING!

## RANF BROS. Novelty Shows

AT TEMPLE THEATRE

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday - - Dec. 11-13

Change of Program Each Night.

A high class and pleasing Vaudeville, Comedy, Musical and Novelty Entertainment.

Our Motto: "The Public Be Pleased"

Two Shows Each Night

AT 7:00 and 8:30 O'CLOCK

Interspersed with MOTION PICTURES

ADMISSION 10 AND 20 CENTS

### 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.



### For Your New Dress

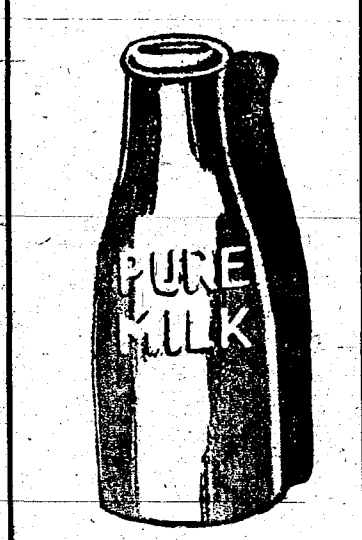
be sure to use Belding's "Pure Dye" Guaranteed Dress Silk. It will not rip, split or tear. Dry cleans without damage. Wrinkles are easily pressed out by the use of a damp cloth and warm iron (not hot) on the wrong side. The white and black wash like muslin.

### 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.

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

East Jordan Lumber Co.



BRING IN YOUR

Hides and Furs



We Pay the Top Market Price.

H. KLING.

### Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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

25 Post Cards 10 cents. Assorted

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

FAMILY STORY PAPER  
24-26 Vandewater Street  
New York

### BANK OFFICIAL RECOMMENDS THEM

F. J. Norrell, vice president of the Bank of Cottonwood, Tex., writes: "I have received relief and recommend Foley Kidney Pills to any one who has kidney trouble." Kidney trouble manifests itself in many ways—irritability, aches, pains, soreness, stiffness, and rheumatism.—Hite's Drug Store.



## Briefs of the Week

Hugh Weatherup is receiving a visit from his brother, James, of Redfall Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. Len Swafford returned home Tuesday from Petoskey after a weeks visit with friends.

Miss Myrtle Walling and Norman Rice of Petoskey were guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ward, Sunday.

Miss Eva White, teacher in our public schools, underwent a slight operation at Petoskey hospital last week.

The Sunshine Club will meet with Mrs. A. G. Rogers next Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 12th. Mrs. Roscoe Mackey will assist.

H. J. Carpenter went to Petoskey, Thursday, to bring home his wife who has been at the Reycraft hospital there for several weeks.

Mrs. Frank Little, returned to her home at Traverse City, Saturday last after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. C. R. Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kowalske left Thursday for Ann Arbor, where they took their two-year-old daughter Blanche, to a hospital to be operated upon.

Friends of Hon. William J. Pearson will be glad to learn that he is recovering from his long illness and is able to be at his office at Boyne Falls a few hours each day.

Mr. Gordon Dawson of Central Lake and Miss Zella Wilson, of Echo township, were married at the Methodist parsonage here Wednesday evening, Rev. Wm. Exner officiating.—Bellaire Independent.

There were 41 births and 15 deaths in Charlevoix County during the month of October, making the birth rate 22.0 per 1000 and the death rate 8.0. East Jordan contributed eight births and one death to the total.

Dr. J. Leahy is home from a successful and enjoyable vacation trip spent in the north woods hunting deer. He reports he is feeling much improved in health and that he is gaining in weight.—Petoskey News.

Roy K., the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hogstein, passed away at their home on Orchard Heights last Sunday. Funeral services were held from the home on Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. John Clemens, pastor of the Methodist church. The parents have the heartfelt sympathy of the community in their double bereavement, little Ruth, a twin of Bert, passing away just a fortnight previous.

A gang of men is working on the extension of the Boyne City, Gaylord & Alpena railroad east of Atlanta, Montmorency county. This is the railroad started by the White brothers a few years ago. The road is now in the hands of a trust company and is being operated by a receiver. From the Alpena end the road is built as far as Hillman. It is rumored at Gaylord that the two ends of the road will now be united, but the trust company says the extension is merely to reach a tract of timber which will be cut and moved to market. Eventually, however, the road will be finished from Boyne City to Alpena.—Cheboygan Democrat.

The difficulties between the Hydraulic Power and Light Co. of this place and the City of Charlevoix now seem in a fair to be amicably settled, the Charlevoix city council at its meeting last Monday evening authorizing the electric light committee to enter into a contract with the Hydraulic Power & Light Co. to furnish them with electric current for power and lighting purposes for a period of ten years, payment for same to be at a flat rate of 3½¢ per kilowatt. The settlement of the trouble is the result of negotiations which have been in progress for several weeks in which the Hydraulic Co. has been represented by Atty C. L. Bailey of this place.—Bellaire Independent.

Last week The Herald decided to send M. S. Berger and family to Lansing, but Moe has entered a vigorous protest. He had decided to leave our fair city for the State Capital, being offered a fine inducement, but after further thought decided there was no particular advantage to be gained when the high cost of living in that city was taken into consideration. With potatoes at \$2.40 per bushel, coal at \$10.50 per ton and everything else proportionately high at Lansing, he figures that East Jordan is still a mighty nice little town to tie to after all, and none of us are sorry either for Moe as leader of Metropole Orchestra, would be missed very much. Pass the 'Bergamos' please!

W. J. Ellison went to Detroit Tuesday on business.

Mrs. C. J. Evans is assisting at M. E. Ashleys store.

C. S. Abbott of Detroit is in the city this week.

Mrs. John Roy returned Monday from Goshen, Ind.

Bruce, Dickie returned home from Chicago, Tuesday.

B. E. Waterman returned home from Grand Rapids, Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Weston returned home from Ann Arbor, Monday.

George Hamilton was a Grand Rapids business visitor this week.

Mrs. Herman Pinny and children moved to Flint last Friday.

Ralph Fuller left Monday for Holland where he has employment.

Charles Stevens of Phelps visited relatives in the city over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Trombly left Monday for their future home at Flint.

Jos. Whiteford and wife visited friends in Clarion over Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Len Swafford is ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Dr. G. W. Bechtold and family were Bellaire visitors, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Lon Sheldon and grand-daughter of Detroit are visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. J. Payne of Kalamazoo is guest at the home of her niece, Mrs. E. A. Ashley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hill returned home Saturday last from a visit at Detroit.

Frank E. Osborne and family now occupy the Leon Grant residence on the West Side.

The Whist Club was entertained at the home of Mrs. E. A. Ashley, Thursday afternoon.

Sermon to men at the Methodist church Sunday evening. Subject 'The Game of Life.'

Mrs. L. C. Madison was called to Brimfield, Ind., Saturday last by the death of her sister.

Miss Helen Ward returned home from a visit with her aunt, Miss Myrtle Walling, at Petoskey.

Mr. and Mrs. McWaters of Bellaire visited their daughter, Mrs. Clarence Ingles, over Thanksgiving.

Thursday Dec. 14, the Ladies Altar Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Anthony Kenny at 2:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. William Davis of Central Lake visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davis over Sunday.

Mrs. Anthony Clark returned to her home at Charlevoix, Monday, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. R. P. Maddock.

A china shower was given at the home of Mrs. Henry Clark, Monday evening, in honor of Miss Edith Ramsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Seton of Morley Mich., are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Deschane.

Miss Bernice Flaharty of Detroit, book-keeper for C. S. Abbott of the Electric Light Co., is here this week auditing the books.

The M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Richard Barnett, Wednesday p. m., Dec. 13th. Full attendance desired.

Mr. and Mrs. James Malpass and daughter, Esther, returned home from Cadillac, Monday, after a visit with their son, Ellis, and wife.

Mrs. Clyde Dewey and son returned to their home at Bellaire, Monday after a few days visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herma Goodman.

Albert McKinnon returned to Flint, Monday. He will return with his wife and son this Saturday, being called here by the illness of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Gueck and son returned to their home at Kingsley, Thursday, after a visit at the home of the latter's brother, H. J. Bogart.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid held their election of officers last Friday. The following were elected:

President—Miss Agnes Porter

First Vice President—Mrs. Richard Supernaw

Second Vice President—Mrs. J. F. Kenny

Secretary—Mrs. Pete Lalonde

Treasurer—Mrs. Estella Sherman.

C. G. Isaman returned home from Chestonia, Tuesday.

Atty D. L. Wilson was a business visitor at Bay City and other points this week.

Stamped pieces to embroider a large line of Bath Towels, all sizes also linen.—M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Mrs. Fred Farmer and children left Monday for Kenville, Manitoba, where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter returned home from Beloit, Wis., Saturday last after a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Morgan Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Bechtold of Bellaire were guests of the former's brother, Dr. G. W. Bechtold and family first of the week.

New COATS again at M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Y. M. Norway HERRING in BULK at Votruba's Cash Store.

M. E. Ladies will hold a bake sale at Palmeters Jewelry Store, Saturday p. m. Dec. 9th.

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.

St. Joseph's Church  
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Dec. 10th  
8:00 a. m. Low Mass. Holy Communion for the Holy Name Societies.

10:30 a. m. Mass.

7:00 p. m. Meeting of Holy Name Societies, Sermon, Benediction.

First Methodist Episcopal Church  
Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 10, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship—'The Two Likenesses.'

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic 'The Mission of the Religious Newspaper.' Leader, Mrs. M. Palmiter.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship Sermon to men. 'The Game of Life.'

The first quarterly Conference will be held Monday evening. Dr. Meader will preach at 7:30. Business meeting to follow.

Our regular prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30.

Presbyterian Church Notes  
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 10, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—'The Inner Circle.'

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—'The Tenses of Salvation.'

Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.—Cabinet Meeting.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

8:30 p. m.—Meeting of Congregation, called by the Trustees to vote on the Budget for 1917.

Church of God  
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 10, 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  
Hider Manley D. Winters, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 10.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.

11:00 a. m.—Prayer meeting.

7:30 p. m.—Preaching.

Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting.

Friday, 7:30 p. m.—Religio.

We have the New

BRETON

an ARROW

COLLAR

WEISMAN'S



## Our Xmas Assortment

is being enlarged every day. Beautiful Bags, Neckwear, Caps; Ivory Pieces for the completion of that set.



IT'S A PLEASURE

to show our

SUITS SKIRTS

DRESSES

and FURS

They are Beautiful.



M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

## SAFETY FIRST!

BE SAFE for the coming stormy and cold days and wear a good RAINCOAT or OVERCOAT. This is something every person should possess to protect themselves.

MR. J. WIGODSKI

A Traveling Man of New York City is offering to sell his SAMPLE STOCK of

# 500 Up-to-Date Raincoats

## AND OVERCOATS

(Guaranteed by the Goodyear Rubber Co.)

## and 500 DRESS PATTERNS

of the Latest Style Imported Canadian Goods—Woolen Serges, Silk Crepe Deschene, Silk Poplin, Taffeta and all kinds of DRESS GOODS to be placed on sale in the

LALONDE BUILDING - East Jordan

OPPOSITE THE NEW RUSSELL HOUSE

# SATURDAY, DEC. 9TH

ONE DAY ONLY.

Everything will be sold for less than 33 per cent on the dollar. Remember a chance of this kind will never come again so don't delay but come attend the sale. It will pay you to look this stock over whether you buy or not. This is no old stock nor damaged goods; this is high grade Manufactured Samples. Don't wait until they are all gone, come early.

Special Sale on 40 high-grade Ladies' black and blue Poplin Raincoats sold for \$9.00—at this sale only **\$3.00.**

Men's Gray Mixture Raincoats, \$7.50 value, at this sale **\$3.00.**

Men's Black Cravanet Raincoats, \$12.50 value, at this sale **\$4.50**

Men's Gray Raincoats, \$5.75 values, at this sale **\$2.25**

Men's OVERCOATS, woolen tops, \$19.00 values, this sale **\$7.50**

REMEMBER THIS IS A CHANCE FOR ONE DAY ONLY. COME EARLY.

J. WIGODSKI.

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

Sold by the  
EAST JORDAN  
LUMBER COMPANY



# The GIRL and the GAME

## A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

### By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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

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

#### SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and 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 rescues 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, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right of way.

#### NINTH INSTALLMENT

#### A CLOSE CALL

Despite Seagrue's persistent opposition, Rhinelander secured the right of way to enable him to complete the Superstition cut-off, and unable to stop the Tidewater construction work, Seagrue resolved to try other methods to defeat his rival.

Helen Holmes was enjoying the taste of camp life that her trip to the front had brought. And after the excitement had died down attending the destruction of Cassidy's house, she found herself amused and interested in Cassidy himself, who was busy next morning trying to restore a much-battered stove to service near the wreck of his shack. Helen watched his dazed efforts until sympathy overcame her, and excusing herself, she walked over to where Cassidy was struggling to get a fire going.

Seagrue, who had been watching the scene from a distance, saw Helen join the old fellow, and deemed it his opportunity to make tentative advances toward the collective enemy. Sauntering over, accordingly, he joined Helen at a moment in which she sent Cassidy for water and was herself watching the fire starting in the stove.

Helen looked up in astonishment when she heard Seagrue's greeting. Indeed, she resented his intrusion so strongly that she refused all communication with him and for a time he spoke into deaf ears.

"You ought not to be too hard on me, Helen," he urged at length. "Any man will fight for his life against ruin. That's all I've done. Everything I have in the world is tied up in this Superstition cut-off. But more than once I said to myself, I would willingly sacrifice it all to regain your friendship."

He spoke slowly and looked so beaten and worried as he lingered in the penumbra of Helen's gaze that she be-



"I Hate to Bring These Back, but I Can't Double-Cross Seagrue!"

gan to denounce him indignantly for his villainous conduct.

He took her stinging reproaches without resentment. "I admit," he said, "my temper carries me too far, sometimes."

"Sometimes!" echoed Helen. "A hundred and fifty!"

"When I do get angry," confessed Seagrue, "I lose my head. I stop at nothing. When it's all over, nobody is sorer for it than I am. I have acted shamefully. I know that. And what hurts the most is that it should have cost me your friendship and my uncle's."

While the talk thus began the two was going on in this fashion, Storm, who had been experimenting with some new jacks, noticed what Helen was doing, and that the man standing near her was none other than Seagrue. Scarcely able to believe his eyes, the young constructionist called to Rhinelander to look. The latter disengaged himself from his new ma-

chines long enough to see what Storm had seen and putting another man in charge of the work, he hurried off, followed by Storm, over to Cassidy's zone.

They arrived together just in time to find Seagrue putting wood on Helen's fire. He turned from his peaceful role to greet Rhinelander, quite casually, with a good morning; Helen in good spirits, was stepping rapidly around preparing a meal. Rhinelander looked from one to the other in amazement, and striding forward, confronted Seagrue. "What does all this mean?" he demanded angrily. "What are you up to now, Seagrue?"

Seagrue met the wrathful greeting composedly. His answer was amiable and untruffled. "We have been talking over old times, Uncle Amos." He indicated Helen by the slightest nod. "I've told Helen, what you well know, that everything I have in the world has been tied up in this fight. But I've also told her I would sacrifice every bit of it to regain your good will and hers. I'm sorry for the lengths I've gone to. It's been a mistake. It doesn't reflect any credit on me, I know that. But can't we forget it? Forget everything, here and now, and work together, you and I, for the future instead of trying to cut each other's throats? Why not combine our interests, uncle, and take a fresh start?"

But Rhinelander, gentle though he was in disposition and forbearing to a degree that surprised his friends, was yet too old in the ways of the world to put his trust in assurances without deeds to back them. He regarded Seagrue firmly. "This fight," he said briefly, "was not one of our choosing, Seagrue. You forced us into it." He reminded his nephew. "We cannot compromise now when sure of success."

Seagrue, whether hopeless, or dazed in his attitude, took the rebuke hard. He did not resent it but he looked down and out. So much so that Helen felt sorry. She even made occasion, as he stood gloomily watching her, to go over to him and express her regret that Rhinelander did not feel, as she did, that it might be better for everybody to try to be friends once more.

Storm, who had stood apart and was churning inside at the situation, now intervened. "Come over to camp, Helen. That man doesn't mean a word of what he says. You're wasting time listening to him. Come along."

She resented the positive way in which the words were spoken. Her manner when she answered revealed some of her impatience. "I'll come," she said, with a suggestion of curtness, "just as soon as I get through here."

Rhinelander detected her resentment. He knew better than anyone in the world that the spirited girl could not be driven and could not even be coaxed too far. He beckoned to Storm. "Let's go," he suggested in an undertone.

Storm seemed against the proposal. Rhinelander quietly urged it. "You can't do any good," he explained in a low tone. "I know what's best. Come with me."

Storm, angry as a schoolboy, at what he deemed the folly of giving the slightest countenance to Seagrue, followed his friend reluctantly. But having avowed he would not go, Helen, conscious herself now of the strain of the situation, turned to Seagrue and told him she must be leaving. He extended his hand. "I'm sorry the trouble has gone so far," she said hurriedly, as she shook hands with him to show she bore no irremovable ill will. "But I guess there's no help for the situation at present."

Seagrue watched her follow Rhinelander and Storm, who waited for her on the edge of the camp. The three went on together towards Rhinelander's outfit car still discussing the troublesome subject. Seagrue, however, realized he must do something, if not in one way in another, and he left Cassidy's to send for a local attorney who had already acted for him in night-of-way matters.

To him, when he arrived, Seagrue explained his present predicament for an outlet. "What I must know is," he said, "whether the city of Las Vegas will grant our people a right of way along here through city property?"

The attorney shook his head. "I don't think that can ever be put over."

Seagrue was cold. "You've got to do it. There's no other way for us to get through. If you hold us up on it, we shall be compelled to abandon our line here."

With this cannon cracker exploding under him, the attorney promised he would see what could be done. "But I want you along with me," he declared, "to lay the case before the city authorities yourself."

The two started for town together.

In Seagrue's camp, Spike, an hour later, was seated in front of a tent cleaning a lamp when Seagrue returned still in company with the attorney. Their sounding out of the city fathers had been unsuccessful and Seagrue handed his foreman a notice to post on the bulletin board:

Work will be suspended on the Coast and Colorado cut-off until Las Vegas grants a right of way to allow this company to reach the Superstition mines.

Spike, sauntering over, read the notice. Seagrue's eye fell on him at that moment and a recollection of what he termed Spike's treachery came to his mind. He spoke to the convict roughly. "I suppose you know that in helping Rhinelander get those contracts, you caused this trouble, Spike."

Spike glanced at him with an angry shake of the head. "Rhinelander didn't need me to get the contracts, Helen Holmes is the one that beat you, Seagrue."

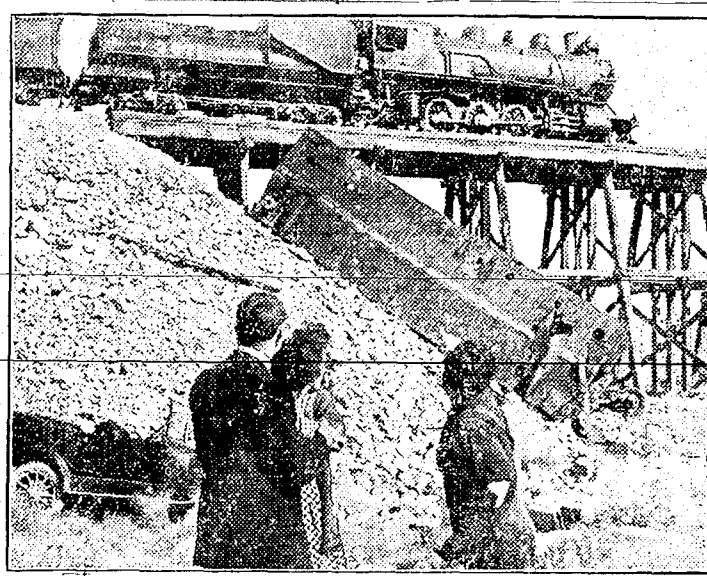
The remark did not help to soothe Seagrue's irritation. He kept after Spike all the harder. "If you cross me again," he said, threateningly, "I'll hand you over to some high voltage, my friend."

The wrangle was going from bad to worse when Bill came in with Seagrue's coat. The latter, putting it on, took his hat, directed Lug to post the bulletin, beckoned to the attorney and accompanied by him and Bill, started for the station to catch the main line local then due. When the train pulled in Seagrue and the attorney boarded it. Bill started back for camp.

Spike, left alone, went into his tent. He sat some moments thinking. Then he rose and from a corner got out the suit of clothes, carefully put away, that Helen had bought for him in Las Vegas. The least he could do, he felt, was to take this over to Rhinelander's camp and return it to her with such lame explanation as he could invent to cover the occasion.

He found Helen alone. She regarded him strangely as he approached. Spike would rather have faced a sheriff than to face her on such an errand. He shuffled toward her ill at ease and her silence did not help to allay his embarrassment.

"I know you bought the clothes for me," he muttered, "because I helped you get the contracts. I hated to turn back the way I did to Seagrue's camp."



Plunged Over the Bridge to the Bottom of the Arroyo.

I hate to bring these back to you, but the way I'm fixed I can't double-cross Seagrue."

Helen saw he was greatly humiliated. And she was mystified a little by his words. "Spike," she said, kindly, "the clothes are nothing. But what have I done to you that you should treat me in the way you did?"

Spike shuffled on his feet and swung his head uneasily. "Not a thing in the world," was all he could say.

"Why have you acted in this way?" she demanded. "I bought you a ticket to the city—you promised to go—why didn't you?"

He labored in continued confusion to explain. He tried to tell her Seagrue had done many things for him; he told her he owed Seagrue a lot of money and he had no hope of ever paying him back except by work, and that, he didn't feel he ought to break away now.

Storm and Rhinelander came up at that moment. They greeted Spike. He avoided their eyes as much as possible and returned their greeting in a shamefaced way. Helen answered the surprise that overspread the faces of Storm and Rhinelander. "It's no wonder she's ashamed to speak to you," she said severely. "You would hardly believe it, I know; but the fact is he has turned over to Seagrue again."

The two men looked at Spike with undisguised contempt. Their attitude made him desperate. "Oh, I know what you think of me," he said with a reckless swing of his head. "I can't help it. I can't explain. It would take me from now till the middle of next week if I tried—and then you'd think less of me than you do now. Never be kind to me again. It's hopeless for me—but I can't help it."

The three watched him shuffle away. Rhinelander shook his head. "There's a mystery somewhere in it. I can't make it out. Some day we'll know."

"Well, in any case, I certainly don't want these clothes," declared Helen, looking at the bundle Spike had left in her hands. "They're no use in the world to me." A laborer was passing. "Here, you—," she said to the man, "take this suit. If it fits you," she added, before the man could recover from his surprise, "it's yours."

At Seagrue's camp, Bill and the paymaster were handing checks out to the men. The latter stood about the car

in discontented groups and discussed their situation as being thrown so suddenly out of work. The paymaster handed Bill a check. It was for Spike. Bill yelled his name. A man hard by pointed to Rhinelander's camp. "There's Spike," said the man, "over there at Rhinelander's."

Bill's sharp eyes followed the gesture. Spike at that moment was just leaving Rhinelander, Helen and Storm. Bill, a knave of more than ordinary discernment and one who hated Spike for his share in the fight at Las Vegas, saw in the incident his chance to get even. He put the check aside and a moment later when Spike appeared at the pay car, Bill was ready. Descending the car steps, Bill called to Spike as the latter came forward. Bill advanced to meet him. "What do you mean, Spike," demanded Bill in loud and aggressive tones, pitched so that everybody might hear, "by running over to Rhinelander's camp all the time? What are you up to now, Spike?"

Spike was in the worst possible mood to be badgered by anybody. With a hot expletive he bade Bill mind his own business, and offered gratuitously to break his head.

Bill turned to the men with a shout: "This is the duck," he cried, "that helped Rhinelander steal our right of way, boys. He's the guy that's thrown us all out of work. What do you know about that?"

Spike, in most opprobrious language, flatly gave Bill the lie. The men, most of whom were spoiling for a row, closed in to hear and devour the heated argument that the two enemies engaged in. Accusations and denials fell thick and fast; abuse followed assertions; hard words and a deep-seated enmity raised the tempers of both men, and Bill, without further warning, swung and sent Spike with a terrific left-hander, to the ground.

Spike was no sooner down than up. He came back at Bill goaded to fury by the unprovoked attack. Men crowded up. Their cries and shouts had already attracted the attention of Storm and Helen who stood with Rhinelander still discussing Spike. Storm was the first to perceive what was going on in Seagrue's camp.

"They're after Spike," he exclaimed. "Look! Down he goes—that bull-necked Bill hit him. He's up again. The whole bunch are jumping him."

Rhinelander, who joined him, Storm sprang for the side ladder.

Helen was alive to the new danger to her friends. But how to help them taxed for an instant her ingenuity. To chase them with the engine, as they were headed for the main line, might end in a more serious disaster than now seemed imminent. The main line passenger train was almost due at Baird and the thought of this fact was first in Helen's mind. Near where she stood was Seagrue's motor car, the one her abductors had used only a few days before. She ran to this and springing into the seat, turned over the engine, accelerated as fast as she dare, and was off in pursuit of the runaway.

She was sure she must pass Arden station before she possibly could catch the wild car and pulling the cushion from the seat beside her, scribbled hastily across it with a piece of chalk:

Runaway car from cut-off on main line. Stop passenger at Baird.

With this in her hands as she tore past Arden station, she rose to her feet, balanced herself with an effort and flung the cushion with all the force she could summon through the operator's window.

On the deck of the runaway car Storm had seized the brake. With a violent twist he brought the chain up taut and mindful of the energy needed to check the disastrous momentum they were attaining, threw his whole strength against the wheel.

He might have saved his companions and himself even then, had not the chain, weakened by rust, snapped under the tremendous strain put on it. The deck became impossible and to avoid being shot off it, Storm climbed down the swaying ladder again into the car. Alone, Storm would not have given his peril a thought. He could drop off a car step or from a cab gangway with either moving twice as fast, with entire safety to himself. But Spike, though conscious, was desperately groggy; in fact, helpless. He had proved his reckless skill more than once and unhurt could have followed Storm in any leap the railroad man dare venture. He lay now as little able to help himself as a baby. Casting all this up in his mind, the young railroad decided there was but one man's thing for him to do and that was to stay with his companions whether all lost their lives or not.

At Arden station the astonished operator had just time to dodge Helen's flying motor car cushion as it smashed through the window. It landed on the floor. The chalk scrawl on the top caught his eye.

In the dispatchers' office the chief was sitting at his desk and a dispatcher was on his trick at the instrument. He answered Arden instantly, took the startling message, walked hurriedly over to the chief and handed it to him:

H. C. W. Runaway car from cut-off on main line. Stop passenger at Baird.—L.

The dispatcher sprang to his train sheets and back with them to the chief, who dictated the only possible answer:

Passenger left Baird four minutes ago.

It was too late to avoid a collision. They could only await the issue. With Arden station left far behind, Helen, making the utmost possible speed in Seagrue's machine, scanned the track ahead for a glimpse of the wild car. Resolved at any cost to overtake it, she was running the ma-

chine on the right of way and on the track itself in her determined effort. When she caught sight of the runaway, no one was to be seen upon it, but she knew Rhinelander and Storm were inside and as she began to overhaul the chase, she sounded her horn insistently. The two men, leaving Spike, who in the face of the common danger had pulled himself partly together, looked out of the side door. To their amazement they saw at their heels Helen bumping violently along in Seagrue's machine. She signaled them excitedly. She tried to shout to them but could not make a word heard above the deafening noises. Rhinelander and Storm did make out, however, that she wanted them to go to the top of the car and the two men climbed the side ladder again.

Helen, still close behind, scribbled a note, folded it hurriedly, took off a shoe, stuck the note inside and with the incident would have been closed, with the hind outfit car making rapidly towards safety, had not the wholly unexpected happened to upset Storm's plan. That very day Rhinelander's linemen had set in half a dozen telegraph poles and the anchor wire of one of these placed near the track, caught, as the second last car sped past, on the step. The pole swayed violently. For a moment Rhinelander's men, watching, hoped it might clear. But crashing suddenly forward, it fell between the last two cars, struck the coupling heavily and sprung the knuckle.

Helen, watching from the cab, saw what happened. She hastily applied the air and feeling they were now far enough away to be safe from the angry men, did not worry about the accident until she perceived as she brought the train to a stop that the outfit car, last in the string, had become detached from the train and was running away.

Inside this Rhinelander and Storm were working on Spike. He opened his eyes after a time and they told him he was safe, not suspecting themselves that their car was now running wild and down a long grade, to the main line. Indeed, they felt so relieved at Spike's return to consciousness that several moments passed before signs of the accident recorded themselves to Storm's experienced ear. The car was running too far and too fast and springing to the door he pulled it open to see what Helen was doing in the cab. A glance told him the story. "We're running away," he cried to Rhinelander, who joined him. Storm sprang for the side ladder.

Helen was alive to the new danger to her friends. But how to help them taxed for an instant her ingenuity. To chase them with the engine, as they were headed for the main line, might end in a more serious disaster than now seemed imminent. The main line passenger train was almost due at Baird and the thought of this fact was first in Helen's mind. Near where she stood was Seagrue's motor car, the one her abductors had used only a few days before. She ran to this and springing into the seat, turned over the engine, accelerated as fast as she dare, and was off in pursuit of the runaway.

She was sure she must pass Arden station before she possibly could catch the wild car and pulling the cushion from the seat beside her, scribbled hastily across it with a piece of chalk:

Runaway car from cut-off on main line. Stop passenger at Baird.

With this in her hands as she tore past Arden station, she rose to her feet, balanced herself with an effort and flung the cushion with all the force she could summon through the operator's window.

On the deck of the runaway car Storm had seized the brake. With a violent twist he brought the chain up taut and mindful of the energy needed to check the disastrous momentum they were attaining, threw his whole strength against the wheel.

He might have saved his companions and himself even then, had not the chain, weakened by rust, snapped under the tremendous strain put on it. The deck became impossible and to avoid being shot off it, Storm climbed down the swaying ladder again into the car. Alone, Storm would not have given his peril a thought. He could drop off a car step or from a cab gangway with either moving twice as fast, with entire safety to himself. But Spike, though conscious, was desperately groggy; in fact, helpless. He had proved his reckless skill more than once and unhurt could have followed Storm in any leap the railroad man dare venture. He lay now as little able to help himself as a baby. Casting all this up in his mind, the young railroad decided there was but one man's thing for him to do and that was to stay with his companions whether all lost their lives or not.

At Arden station the astonished operator had just time to dodge Helen's flying motor car cushion as it smashed through the window. It landed on the floor. The chalk scrawl on the top caught his eye.

In the dispatchers' office the chief was sitting at his desk and a dispatcher was on his trick at the instrument. He answered Arden instantly, took the startling message, walked hurriedly over to the chief and handed it to him:

H. C. W. Runaway car from cut-off on main line. Stop passenger at Baird.—L.

The dispatcher sprang to his train sheets and back with them to the chief, who dictated the only possible answer:

Passenger left Baird four minutes ago.

It was too late to avoid a collision. They could only await the issue. With Arden station left far behind, Helen, making the utmost possible speed in Seagrue's machine, scanned the track ahead for a glimpse of the wild car. Resolved at any cost to overtake it, she was running the ma-

chine on the right of way and on the track itself in her determined effort. When she caught sight of the runaway, no one was to be seen upon it, but she knew Rhinelander and Storm were inside and as she began to overhaul the chase, she sounded her horn insistently. The two men, leaving Spike, who in the face of the common danger had pulled himself partly together, looked out of the side door. To their amazement they saw at their heels Helen bumping violently along in Seagrue's machine. She signaled them excitedly. She tried to shout to them but could not make a word heard above the deafening noises. Rhinelander and Storm did make out, however, that she wanted them to go to the top of the car and the two men climbed the side ladder again.

Helen, still close behind, scribbled a note, folded it hurriedly, took off a shoe, stuck the note inside and with



Threw His Whole Weight on the Brake.

careful aim, threw it up on top of the car. The men secured the shoe and read the note:

Passenger due—Must ditch car—Jump.

Rhinelander and Storm looked at each other and looked down the line. The smoke of the passenger train rose on the horizon. There was nothing to do but what Helen directed. They thought of Spike below, but Helen was calling to them and without further delay the two men jumped one after the other down into the machine. They told Helen of Spike's plight. She notified as if the difficulty were no more than a detail, slued the machine from between the rails, drove around the outfit car, slowed alongside it and all three shouted. Spike, hearing his name, listened and sat up. He saw the machine outside the door and crawled forward but he was un-

able to jump. Rhinelander and Storm urged him to make every effort. He got to his feet and did the best he could toward a jump. The men together had caught and held pulled him into the machine. With the three aboard, Helen sped on ahead of the runaway.

Storm had decided what to do. "I'll drop off the hind end, Helen," he exclaimed, "and derail the car."

She caught his idea. "Quick!" she cried. "No time to lose."

Storm rolled over the back of the machine and dropped to the ground. A bridge spanned an arroyo just ahead. Running forward, Storm caught up such loose rocks as he could reach and placed them along the track. Helen, choosing a negotiable point, turned her machine courageously off the right of way and steered it safely down the embankment. The outfit car struck the rocks Storm had thrown on the track. It reeled, plunged wildly into the air and shot headlong over the bridge into the bottom of the arroyo.

In the distance the oncoming passenger train was whistling for a crossing close ahead. Storm running back to the track, cleared it hurriedly of the obstructions. The engineer of the train, scenting trouble, tried to check his train; but it was too late and Storm, to save himself, dropped between the ties and hung there till the heavy train hurtled past. No engine driver was ever more relieved than the man in the passenger cab, when he saw himself safely across. He stopped his train. From the foot of the bridge, Helen, Spike and Rhinelander were making their way to the top and were with Storm when the crew and passengers came back. The engineman angrily told the conductor the trouble. But after Storm's brief story, he was as grateful as he had been indignant.

The conductor, knowing the anxiety among the dispatchers, urged his passengers on board and the train hastened on. The moment it pulled into Arden the conductor gave the signal to the operator and the latter wired headquarters.

In the dispatchers' office it was the chief himself who jumped to the instrument when he heard the Arden call. It was the chief who took the message telling how Helen and Storm had saved the train. But the chief, as he wiped his face with his handkerchief, reflected that it was only another incident in the day's work on the rail, happily, instead of tragically, closed.

At the bridge Spike was trying to express his gratefulness to the three who had rescued him. They left the scene together in the commandeered machine; and with perhaps a little better understanding of one another than any of them had yet reached.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# 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	Payments 1st week . . . . 2c 2nd week . . . . 4c 3rd week . . . . 6c Increase Every Week by 2c Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week . . . . 5c 2nd week . . . . 10c 3rd week . . . . 15c Increase every week by 5c Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week . . . . 10c 2nd week . . . . 20c 3rd week . . . . 30c Increase every week by 10c Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week . . . . 50c 2nd week . . . . 50c 3rd week . . . . 50c Deposit 50c Every Week Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week . . . \$1.00 2nd week . . . \$1.00 3rd week . . . \$1.00 Deposit \$1.00 every week Total in 50 weeks	Payments 1st week . . \$5.00 2nd week . . \$5.00 3rd week . . \$5.00 Deposit \$5.00 every week Total in 50 weeks	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

A small cottage at the seashore is better than a dozen air castles.

A man may class his wife as a bird of paradise during the honeymoon--and as a parrot later in the game.

If a woman didn't have a better opinion of a man than he deserves, it's a safe bet she would never marry him.

#### OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

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

#### RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

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

#### School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Pattengill says: "Don't begin work on Tubal Cain until January is growing old."

A number of our schools have their school notes sent in regularly to one or more of the county papers. It's a first class plan and the editors appreciate it, too. Keep it up, teachers!

Now is the time to start the exhibit that is to give your school the banner and a substantial prize that will pay all expenses and put your school to the front at the county fair next September. Are you saving your daily work?

Word comes from the Gill School that they have a new bell and belfry and are waiting merely for the rope. This is a very small district and means more to them than one side lighting would mean to many of our districts.

The commissioner enjoyed a visit to the county normal class the first of the week.

A visit to the Geim- or Springwater school found the boys, for they are mostly all boys reciting their pieces with zest.

Three out of four pupils in the Gill school have, been neither absent nor tardy since school started.

In East Chandler Celia Hahn, Delbert Hahn, and Elsie Davis, have completed the entire year's work in Home Credits.

In Boyne Valley No. 6, Glenn and Miriam Lilley have earned the required credits for this year. Santa Claus is on his way, coming nearer every day. Remind him that teacher and pupils, and father and mother are waiting for his call, but don't forget the school building that

has served you so faithfully for so many years.

How many words can you spell per minute, for how many minutes without missing a one?

Eighty per cent of our schools are now using Palmer Method in teaching penmanship. Is your school one of these?

Work is the panacea for all ills that flesh is heir to. Get the habit.

#### 1916 Daffydils—Last Crop

The first thing a shoemaker uses is his Last.

When a man wears whiskers, do you instinctively call him Harry?

If one end of the broom raises the dust, should the other end handle it?

The telephone may not be a jeweler, but it often gives one an ear ring.

If a musician should jump off a tarred roof would he be said to be off the pitch?

Because you keep glasses on your eyes is no sign that you must keep one at your lips.

Isn't it queer that the hands of a clock are on time "even when pointing to figures that show they are behind time?"

Doors are great on fruit preserves. They have jambs on each side, and will quickly mash your finger to a jelly if you give them the chance.

The average girl would rather hear a young man say he is jealous of her than have him tell her she inspires him to great deeds.

#### OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.

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.

#### Learn a Little Every Day.

A lady's foot should be one seventh of her height.

The cultivated area of Argentine has trebled in 15 years.

A harbor of 800 acres is planned for the city of Rotterdam.

Every square mile of sea is supposed to contain 120,000,000 fish.

A well known explorer declares all lions to be "left handed."

An American invention is a seamless waterproof coat of paper.

Blackboards in up-to-date schools are now cleaned by vacuum device.

400 German missionaries were located in British India before the war.

In the Argentine is a straight line of railroad track 175 miles in length.

Material for making good paper are the refuse hops thrown away by breweries.

Air cooling methods of rapid fire guns are regarded as failures: Water cooling is preferred.

Bowling pins are now rendered noiseless by rubber bands around their circumference.

Russia's death rate is higher even in normal times than that of any other European country.

#### STOPPED CHILDREN'S CROUP COUGH

"Three weeks ago two of my children began choking and coughing, and I saw they were having an attack of croup," writes Billie Mayberry, Eckert, Ga. "I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar and gave them a dose before bedtime. Next morning their cough and all sign of croup was gone."—Hite's Drug Store.

Nearly every man has a plan for making the world better, but he is seldom able to build in accord therewith.

Three hundred years ago any man absent from church on Sunday was fined a shilling. What a war revenue that would produce now!

#### 1916 Definitions

Honesty—See extinct terms.

Pageantry—The new out door sport.

High-ball—A foretaste of Heaven, and an aftertaste of Hell.

Heart—A small, hard substance entirely surrounded by stomach.

Submarine—An invention of the devil used to send people to Heaven.

Doctors—Stockholders in cemeteries who want their investments to pay.

Sausage—The worst possible combination of canine, bovine and porcine bits.

Bungalow—A combination of coal shed, garage and dog house, with none of the conveniences and all of the discomfort of each.

#### This Week in History as it is Not

Monday, Dec. 4.—Tom Thumb courts Marie Dressler, 1900.

Tuesday, Dec. 5.—Achilles crosses the Brooklyn bridge, 1815.

Wednesday, Dec. 6.—Padarewski plays Buffalo Bill to sleep, 1897.

Thursday, Dec. 7.—Theda Bara goes into a convent, 1820.

Friday, Dec. 8.—The Siamese twins quarrel and separate, 1830.

Saturday, Dec. 9.—Safety razors invented by Mark Twain, 1870.

Sunday, Dec. 10.—Cicero predicts paper famine, B. C., 8.

Don't wear clothing loud enough to attract a crowd.

If you would be paid according to your ideas of your worth, get busy.

Every time a rich man dies some one who hasn't a dollar is sure to remind you that shrouds have no pockets.

#### Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside; no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach. Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your pharmacist. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation. To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

ESTABLISHED 1725

**O'Revillon Freres**

Largest Fur Manufacturers in the World

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR RAW FURS

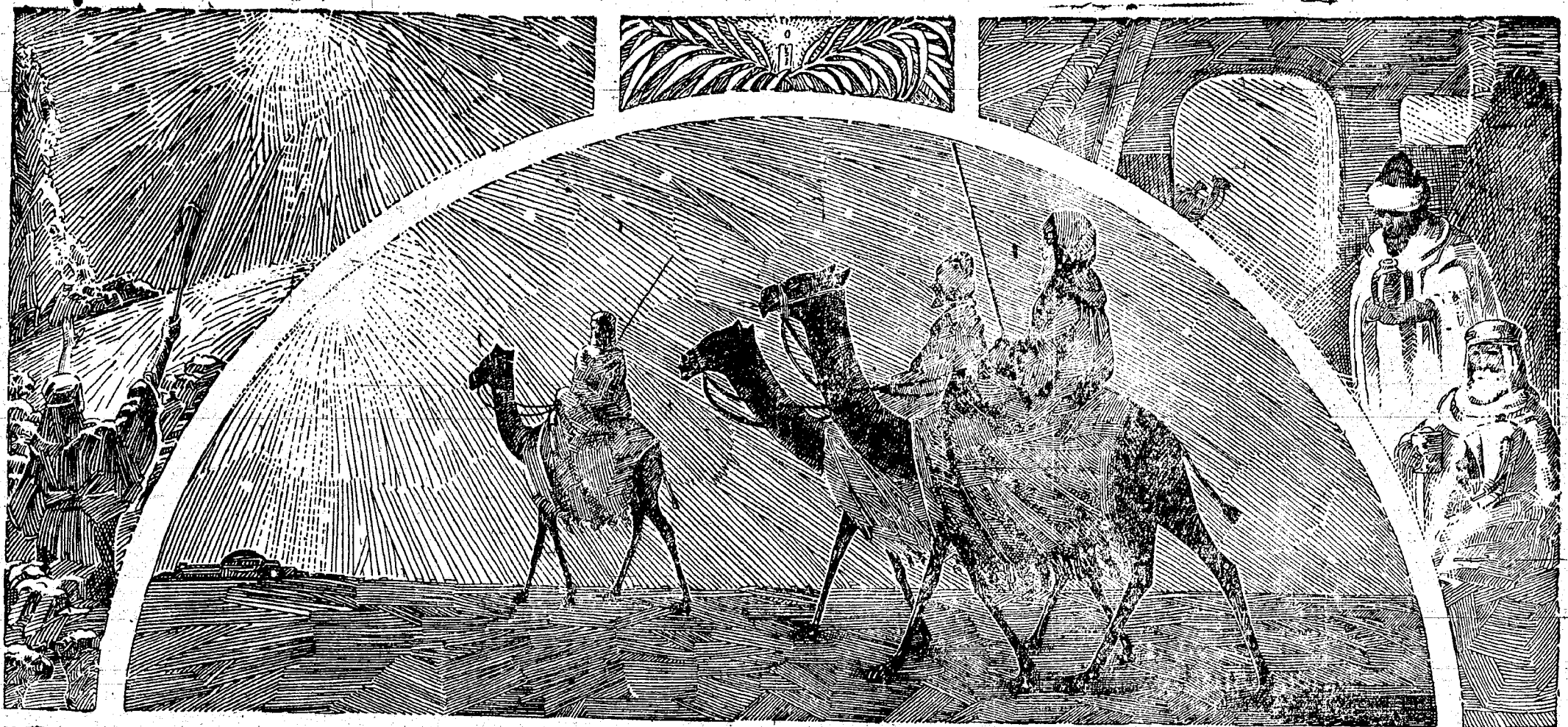
Ship your furs to us. We pay all express and mail charges. Write for our price list.

453 West 28th St. New York









**C**hristmas  
Number

Charlevoix

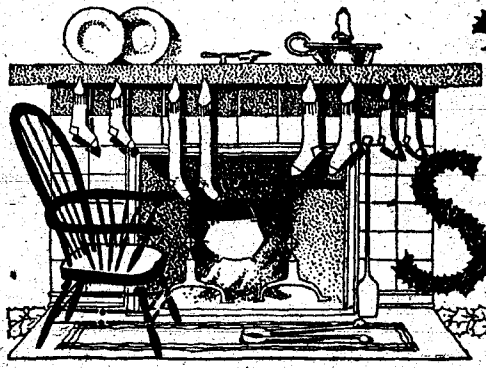
County

Herald.

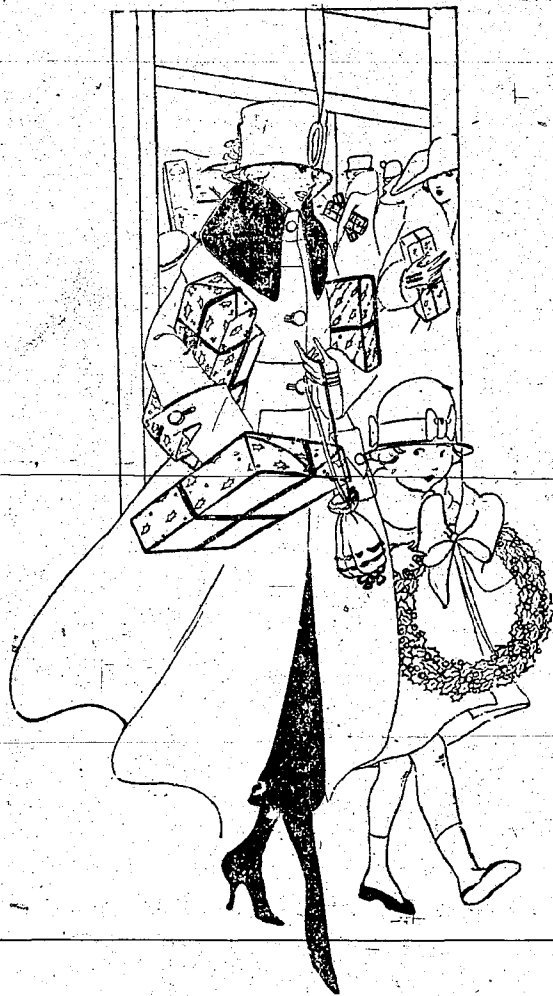




EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY



YULETIDE SUGGESTIONS



For MOTHER

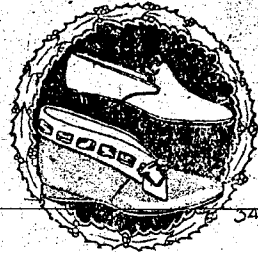
- Silk Dress
- Slippers
- Pair Wool Blankets
- Silk Waist
- Table Cloth & Napkins
- Lace Collars
- Recipe Cabinet
- Set of Furs
- Bath Towel Sets
- Tray
- Handkerchiefs
- Leather Hand Bag
- Shopping List
- White Sewing Machine
- Kid Gloves
- Silk Hose

For SISTER

- Sweater
- Toilet Set
- Japanese Kimona
- Boudoir Cap
- Crepe Waist
- Shoes
- Furs
- Ivory Goods
- Box Stationery
- Fountain Pen
- Tourist Tablet

For WIFE

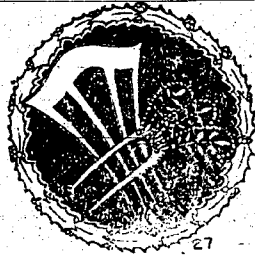
- 3 Piece Breakfast Set
- Japanese Lunch Set
- Set Furs
- Slippers



- Bath Towel Set
- Tray
- Sandwich Tray
- White Sewing Machine
- Stamped Goods
- Silk Petticoat
- Seal Plush Coat
- Picture
- Boot Rack
- Recipe Index
- Crumb Tray
- Casserole
- Silk Hose

For Grandmother

- Slippers
- Pair Wool Blankets
- Kimona
- Dress Pattern
- Fancy Apron
- Felt Shoes
- Lace Collar and Tie



- Manicure Set
- Music Roll
- Stamped Goods
- Hat Pin
- Silk Underskirt
- Book
- Silk Hose

For Little Brother

- Shoe Shiner
- Toilet Case
- Iron Toys
- Games
- Picture Book
- Leather Mitts
- Wool Toque
- Puzzle Book
- Leather Purse
- Skis
- Pocket Knife
- Skates
- Candy and Nuts
- Crib Blanket, cotton-wool Dress
- Shoes and Hose

For Little Sister

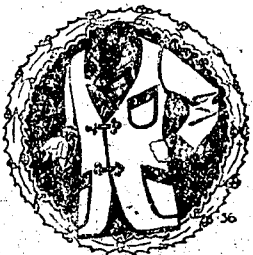
- Set Furs
- Scarf Set
- Perfume
- Sewing Box
- Doll
- Picture Book
- Coin Purse Stationery
- Hair Ribbons Dress
- Manicure Set, Candy-Nuts

For Baby

- Sweater Set
- Toilet Set
- Rattler
- Dolls

For Big Brother

- Club Bag
- Silk Suspenders
- Kid Gloves
- Silk Sox
- Tourist Tablet
- Shoe Shiner
- Fountain Pen
- Coat and Trousers Hanger
- Hat Brush and Holder



- Ivory Goods
- Bath Robe Blanket
- Box Stationery
- Toilet Set
- Tie Rack
- Book

For Grandfather

- Slippers
- Gloves
- Fur Coat
- Handkerchiefs
- Umbrella

For FATHER

- Overcoat
- Silk Umbrella
- Coat Hanger
- Traveling Case
- Fountain Pen
- Handkerchiefs
- Desk Set
- Bible
- Necktie
- Muffler
- Driving Mitts
- Fur Cap
- Mackinaw
- Smoking Jacket
- Bath Robe
- Leather Suit Case



EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE