

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1916.

No. 51

Community Christmas

Committee in Charge Announces Number of Committees for the Work.

The committee appointed by the city commission to have general charge of the Community Christmas observance has made plans for careful attention to every part of the work by a competent committee.

The same general plan as was used last year will be followed again. The tree will be erected on the band stand opposite the State Bank and a short program will be given on Saturday evening, Dec. 23, at 8 o'clock, the lights of the tree being turned on first at that time. There will be a small gift for each child under ten years of age and it is rumored that Santa Claus will try to be present for this part of the program.

The tree will be lighted up every evening from Saturday to New Year's Eve.

The most important part of the work in connection with this Community Christmas celebration is the relief of the poor of the city. On and after next Monday gifts of clothing, canned fruit, potatoes, toys or cash will be very acceptable for the use of the committee and may be left at Stroebel Bros. store, or cash may be handed to the treasurer of the committee, Rev. John Clemens, or put into the Christmas boxes, left at the different business places. All money received will be used for the aid of the poor as the expenses of the tree, etc., are cared for by the city.

These in charge of the general arrangements have asked the following persons to act on the Committee on Relief: Mrs. Chas. Brabant, chairman; Mrs. John Lalonde, Mrs. Katherine Fitzgibbons, Mrs. Clark Barrie, Miss Lela Clink, Miss Martha Freiberg, Frank E. Osborne. The Community Christmas headquarters will be at the Lalonde Building and the committee may be found there on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22nd and 23rd.

The people of the city should remember that a large amount of clothing, food and toys is required for the use of this committee and should respond liberally. Last year the committee was able to buy a large amount of clothing for children with the money contributed.

Other committees have been appointed as follows: To aid the Committee on Relief in distribution: Agnes Kenny, Ruth Gregory, Leanne Kenny, Bruce Cross, Lawrence Lalonde and Merle Jones.

To bring in and erect a tree: John Kenny, Donald Porter, Basil Cummins and Dick Dicken.

Committee on program: Fr. Kroboth, Rev. John Clemens and Rev. R. S. Sidebotham.

Committee on music: R. O. Bisbee, Eva Waterman.

Committee on lighting tree: L. G. Balch, Harold Nachazel, Glen Snyder.

Committee on preparing candy and nuts for children: Mrs. W. L. Peck, chairman; Virginia Pray, Julia Supernaw, Margaret Supernaw, Leona Hipp, Ethel Carey and Iva Dewy.

Learn a Little Every Day.

Salt water is a better fire extinguisher than fresh water.

The Chinese government is about to open its first aviation school.

The Osage orange is the toughest wood grown in the United States.

Flowers will turn toward an artificial light just as they do toward the sun.

The public vehicles plying the streets of London are decreasing by degrees.

Eggs are incubated in China, by burying them in warm rice, which is heated daily.

A method of plating aluminum on iron has been announced by a French inventor.

Four million tons of herring are used in Japan every year, for fertilizing the rice fields.

A house without a chimney has just been completed at Hood River, Ore. It is operated electrically.

In 1679 a French missionary made a record of the discovery of coal in what is now the United States.

A new disinfectant, a by-product of turpentine, is four times as powerful as carbolic acid for disinfecting purposes.

The U. S. Government purchases 1,250,000 electric lamps every year.

It's useless to advertise for lost opportunities.

Only a man who is wise doubts his own wisdom.

TWO NEW SUPERVISORS ON THE BOARD

When the Board of Supervisors of Charlevoix County meet next month there will be two new members on the Board.

Jacob E. Chew having been elected State Representative, resigned as Supervisor of South A. in Township and at a meeting of the Township board last Saturday, Charles Murphy was appointed to fill the vacancy.

In Eveline township, Supervisor, Malcom A. McDonald resigned as he has been elected Register of Deeds. The township board met last week and appointed Hon. D. S. Payton to fill the vacancy.

MYSTIC LODGE, F. & A. M. ELECT OFFICERS

Mystic Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M. elected the following officers for the ensuing year at their regular meeting last Saturday evening:

W. M.—C. V. Trumbull
S. W.—Martin Ruhling
J. W.—G. W. Bechtold
Treasurer—Anton Walstad
Secretary—Wm. L. Aldrich
S. D.—Wm. H. Sfoan
J. D.—Orrin T. Stone
Stewards—Peter Lalonde and Bert L. Danforth
Tiler—C. B. Crowell
Installation will be held Dec. 27th—St. John's Day.

SOUTH LAKE LODGE, K. of P. ELECT OFFICERS

At their regular meeting held Wednesday evening, Dec. 7th, South Lake Lodge No. 180 Knights of Pythias, elected the following officers for ensuing year:

Chancellor—A. E. Cross
Vice-Chancellor—A. E. Bowen
Prelate—C. H. Whittington
Master of Work—G. H. Bulow
Keeper of Record and Seal—Merle H. Crowell
Master of Finance—Geo. W. Bechtold
Master at Arms—Glenn W. Burton
Inner Guard—John H. Hawkins
Outer Guard—John T. Tooley
Trustee—L. C. Madison
Delegate to Grand Lodge—Ira D. Bartlett
Alternate—A. E. Cross
Hunt Captains—John Mollard and G. H. Bulow.

Pythian Sisters Elect Officers

At the meeting of Lodge No. 65, Pythian Sisters, held Tuesday evening, Dec. 5th the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Most Excellent Chief—Reta Lalonde
Past Chief—Alice Kimball
Excellent Senior—Jessie Hiatt
Excellent Junior—Estella Sherman
Manager—Mae Ward
Mistress of Records and Correspondence—Eva Kenny
Mistress of Finances—Gladys Bechtold
Protector—Elvina Benson
Guard—Ida Price

Lady Maccabees Elect Officers

Sororian Hive, No. 452, L. O. T. M. M. elected the following officers for the ensuing year, at their meeting Monday evening:

Commander—Nellie Goodman
Past Commander—Alice Kimball
Lieut. Commander—Lillian Brabant
Record-Keeper—Effie Alexander
Finance-Keeper—Carrie DeWitt
Chaplain—Elva Barrie
Mistress-at-arms—Mrs. Gothro
Sergeant—Minnie Jones
Sentinel—Grace Lanway
Picket—Anna Brown
Pianist—Mary R. Smith
Great Installing Officer—Eva Kenny.

Loony Limericks

A beautiful woman named Kate,
Was always an hour too late,
When she went to be wed,
She was so late that Fred
Had taken her bridesmaid to mate.

A querulous fellow named Claude,
Wed a fifty year maiden named Maude;
They quarreled next day,
Which caused Claude to say:
"I find wedded life a great fraud!"

He Preached a Sermon

I don't know who the brains belonged to, but they certainly were hitting on all six cylinders when he wrote, "The chains of habit are to weak to be felt until they are too strong to be broken."

Famous Lecturer Coming Monday

Dr. John M. Driver Will Appear on Entertainment Course.

The second number of the high school entertainment course will be a lecture by Dr. John Merritte Driver of Chicago one of the most popular lecturers in lyceum work. It was only by a fortunate chance that Dr. Driver was secured for the local date. Intending to leave for Europe early in the fall his foreign passport was held up by the state department so that all engagements with the bureau for this season he was secured independently for this lecture.

Dr. Driver is not a lecturer with a reputation in printer's ink only. Gov. W. N. Ferris says of him: "He is the one lecturer whose compensation is never equal to the service he renders." Other well known men who have heard him have spoken highly of his ability. W. J. Bryan said, "I take pleasure in commending Dr. Driver." Leslie M. Shaw, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, "I thank you personally for your splendid address." A Redpath manager says of him, "We have no lecturer who gets as many return dates as Dr. Driver." He has been in every European country, has seen all the kings and armies, tells of great dynastic platings and ambitions and brings to his audience a thrilling and instructive message. A great lawyer said of this lecture: "It is the most comprehensive and eloquent presentation of European conditions today, most fascinatingly told in a single lecture—in itself a liberal education."

Every progressive, up-to-date, public spirited man and woman should hear this lecture. It will begin promptly at 8:30, at the Temple Theatre, Monday evening, Dec. 18. The admission for adults will be 35 cents, for children 25 cents. The reserved seat board will be open at Mack's store Friday morning.

There are still five good numbers on the course and course tickets may be secured of members of the senior class, at Mack's or at the box office.

And Now, Here's Something Else to Worry About

Investigations by the geological survey have disclosed the fact that the surface of the United States is being worn away at the rate of about one inch in every seven hundred and sixty years.

Testimonial

Dear Doctor: Your nerve tonic is working wonders with my wife. She sleeps almost all the time and talks but little. Please rush six more bottles. (Signed) O. Happyday.

A Poetical Lie

If I were wealthy, like some men
I'd end a lot of woes—
I'd seek and find the needy, then
I'd give them food and clothes.

Improving Nicely

An exchange reports that a prominent citizen, who has been seriously ill for some time, is now able to sit on his veranda.



JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER

At Temple Theatre Monday, Dec. 18th
Admission, 35c Reserve Seat Board at Mack's

GLOWING TALES OF WESTERN ORCHARDS ARE FAR-FETCHED

Marketing Problems Greater in West Today Than in Mich.

Ludington, Nov. 29.—President A. L. Hopkins opened the morning session of the Northern Michigan Agricultural congress with introduction of Prof. H. J. Eustace of the M. A. C., stating as he did so that he thought it well for us to know something of what people are doing in other localities. We are prone to imagine that far fields are greenest until we are disillusioned by a closer view.

Prof. Eustace gave a very interesting description of conditions in Oregon, Washington, and Montana as he found them on a recent trip thru those states, but it was anything but the glowing account of the fabulous profits and harmonious co-operation that we are used to hearing of the fruit growers in the west.

In one region in Washington where ten years ago there were 50,000 acres in apples there are now but 23,000. One reason for this shrinkage is that many of these orchards were set out by promoters and sold to people unacquainted with the business and who were induced to pay too high a price for the land and then compelled to pay usurious rates of interest.

Many of trees, too, were set out with the idea that irrigation would be unnecessary. They grew very well without water until large enough to bear but now have to be irrigated at great expense.

Western growers have to contend with all the pests and diseases known to Michigan growers and many more. Mr. Eustace said that he had never seen such a scourge of blight on pear and apple trees as he saw in that section.

The days of fabulous prices for western fruit are past and growers of fancy fruit in Michigan, many of them, are getting better prices at home than are paid for the famous western fruit after the expense of getting it to a far away market.

Young orchards, valued a few years ago at a thousand dollars per acre, have dropped to six hundred.

The lands generally have been so starved that the application of a few pounds of nitrate of soda around a group of trees has an effect immediately noticeable.

Some of the land was no good to begin with and thousands of dollars have been lost thru ignorance of this fact. Growers of the west must smudge, must irrigate, must spray seven or eight times in a season, and in addition must grade with extreme care with no market for culls. All this means much added expense over that borne by Michigan orchardists.

Around Salem, Oregon, where the world-famous cherry orchards are, the brown rot was so bad last year that the fruit brought next to nothing and not a cherry was shipped from there this year. All were sent to the canneries at a nominal price.

The same story, with slight variations was repeated at nearly every point visited, and Prof. Eustace returned convinced that the Michigan orchardist would do well to take care of his trees and to set out more if he has good land. He believes that conditions will grow worse with the apple-growers in the

west and better in the east.

Near Salem six of seven thousand acres have been set to prunes and the promoters of this project will have a marketing problem on their hands when these come into bearing.

One of the most promising fruit prospects was in the Logan-berry vineyards near Salem. The growers of this fruit were having some difficulty in educating the public to its use, but when the state went dry a large brewery there turned its extensive equipment over to the manufacture of Logan berry juice. This commodity made a great hit as a soft drink and both growers and brewers are rejoicing.

A fruit association built up in Washington by Paul Haven has adopted the novel plan of carrying \$100,000 insurance on his life in the fear that something might happen to him and the association go to pieces.

There are great fruit undertakings in the west, but the expense of carrying them on is tremendous. The boasted co-operative associations fight each other and altogether the prospect was not one to lure the Michigan fruit grower from his own orchards.

A CONVERTED SUPERVISOR

When the question of securing a county agricultural agent was first submitted to the farmers of Mason County one of the strongest opponents of the proposition was S. D. Squire, Supervisor of Sherman township. No smart guy from the agricultural college could tell Mason county farmers anything about farming he said. His vigorous protests were made to all who would listen and he used the columns of the Daily News to spread his views over the county. Supporters of the proposition came back at Mr. Squire and the contest went merrily on for several weeks, or until the Supervisor made a business trip to White Cloud in Newaygo county, where his conversion occurred.

While waiting for a train to return home, the Supervisor entered into conversation with a bystander who explained some changes which had taken place during the year in the methods of producing, packing, and marketing Newaygo fruit and farm produce. The men continued their conversation in a fruit packing shed where the stranger showed Mr. Squire how the farmers were profiting by the changes which he, the stranger, had introduced. Thoroughly interested by this time, Mr. Squire inquired who the stranger was, and was informed that he was talking with H. B. Blandford, the county agricultural agent of Newaygo county.

Unlike some men, Mr. Squire was open to conviction. He had seen the light, and he was not ashamed to admit that he had been wrong in his estimation of the value of a county agent. On returning to Ludington he had printed a retraction of his views, and he began to work for the cause with as much enthusiasm as he had formerly opposed it. At the present time Mr. R. V. Tanner has been county agent in Nason county for nearly a year and his warmest friend and supporter is the converted Supervisor.

If Charlevoix county farmers and business men are not willing to prove or disprove our need of a county agent by giving the plan a trial for one year, there are twenty-six counties in the state now employing a man where the working of the system may be studied. However, the cost of a county agent for one year would tax the average farmer 29.7 cents which is 12.5 cents on the thousand dollars valuation, and this small amount would barely pay his car fare to the nearest county. Part of the state tax which we pay goes to support county agents in other counties. Isn't it about time we began to ask for the return of some of this money for our own benefit? This state pays \$600 and the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture pays \$600 to any county employing a county agent.

The good Samaritan didn't wait to be introduced to the man who had fallen among thieves.

Knowledge is power—and if a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him.

Dying in poverty is dead easy. It's living in poverty that hurts us.

One woman rarely expresses her true opinion of another woman until their children quarrel.

What some people live on does not puzzle us nearly so much as why they live on.

Time is a worker that accomplishes much.

E. J. H. S. NOTES

Vacation will begin Tuesday, Dec. 19. Watch for the exhibits of the manual training and domestic art departments. They will be on display in some of the business places next week.

The Botany 9 class made a field trip during the nice weather last week.

Dicken's Christmas Carol is being studied by the English 9 class.

The basket ball team will open the season at Petoskey on the evening of Dec. 22nd.

Some new windows will be placed in the upper east room of the West Side school during the Xmas vacation. All of the rooms of this school are insufficiently lighted.

The county teacher's institute will be held at the high school building on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 9-10.

The high school orchestra has been reorganized with the following instrumentation: Violins, I, Lemieux; Chas. Danto, L. P. Holliday; Cornet, Conrad Hughes; Clarinets, Basil Cummins, Hilton Milford; Trombones, Bruce Cross; Bass, Donald Porter; Drums, A. E. Wells; Piano, Emma Lou Hoyt.

At assembly on Tuesday morning the members of the football team were presented with their letters. Those who received them were Milford, Cross, Porter, Jepsen, Giffin, Cummins, Jones, Fowler, Dicken and Woods.

The General Science class were treated to a demonstration of the X-ray machine at Dr. Dicken's office on Monday evening.

An excellent program was presented by the pupils of the West Side school on the day before Thanksgiving. The entire program was a credit to the pupils and was much enjoyed by the thirty visitors present.

An honor list of students has been established in the high school and will include each month the names of all students who have not received a mark less than B in any of their academic subjects. The list for November includes the following students: 11th grade, Marie Smith, Aurora Stewart, Lucille Haggitt, Sylvia Hall; 10th grade, Theresa Flagg, Mary Severance; 9th grade, Elsie Johnson; 8th grade, Paul Franseth, Martha Lorraine, Bernice McGowan; 7th grade, Grace Atkinson, Francis Cook, Maude Chapman, Hermina DeWitt, Rosabelle Danto, Hugh Dicken, Sina Franseth, Dorothy Glenn, Christa Hoover, Borgild Hastad, Emil Hegerberg, Beryl Milford, Alice Malpass, Gladys McGowan, Virginia Pray, Lona Swofford, Helen Stroebel, Julia Supernaw. The seventh grade has established a record for good scholarship and has nearly twice as many honor students this time as all the other grades together.

VAN PELT'S TOURING DIARY

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts
October 7, 1916.

We arrived here the morning of the 4th inst, and have been busy ever since seeing Boston and one day we went to the Brockton fair. It is supposed to be really the best fair in the United States. The day we were there, the attendance on paid tickets was 66,000, and it surely was a corking good fair.

The best time made at the races was 2:09, and it was not to me one bit more interesting than our Charlevoix county fair at East Jordan last month. Speaking of fairs reminds me that our fair there is not patronized as it should be, as I look at it.

We should show up our big pumpkins, apples, etc., and bring more people there—even if some of us have to put up some money for special prizes and attractions.

The weather continues fine, quite like summer and the country is beautiful to drive through. But Hubert says, "Oh, I don't see how the people live here and make any money, its so rough and stony." The only thing I could think of at the moment was that when our Pilgrim fathers landed here at Plymouth, they found it so rugged, rough and stony that they at once concluded it would be a good place to bring up a hardy race of people and people who have to work hard we know do not get into so much mischief as those who are idle. He replied, "Well, I'd rather be a little more idle and have more than to work so hard and have so little." So I let him off with telling him he could be more idle and work more and get all there was in it. He said he didn't understand and I said neither did I.

Yours,
VAN PELT.

THE RED CIRCLE

By Albert Payson Terhune

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

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One of each Borden generation, always a criminal, has borne the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted, the only known living of the Borden, 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, Alma La Salle robs the guests at a ball. Lamar 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 "Pat" well and Lamar. Lamar suspects June. He captures Smiling Sam. Gordon gives himself up.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT BRANDED AS A THIEF

Lamar, in the midst of the sentence reeled dizzily. He would have fallen; but for June's restraining arm. He collapsed into the nearest chair.

In a few minutes he opened his eyes and sat up straight, still somewhat weak and shaky, but himself again.

And then he noticed that June was standing above him once more, looking down at his haggard face with all her soul in her big eyes.

The sight of her brought back to Max the purpose of his visit to the Travis house that day—a purpose that his life-and-death struggle with "Smiling Sam" Eagan had driven momentarily from his mind.

He found it strangely hard to say to June what he had come to say.

Taking hold of his faltering resolution, Max prepared to get through with the cruel ordeal as quickly as possible.

He looked from Mrs. Travis to Mary; then, hesitatingly, said:

"I should very much like to speak with Miss Travis alone for a few minutes, if you don't mind. You'll pardon me, won't you, for asking it? It's very important."

Mrs. Travis went through to the veranda. But Mary lingered just outside the library door and crouched there, tremblingly listening.

Lamar, for an instant, gazed half-frowningly at the girl who awaited the ordeal.

"What's the use?" he blurted out, incoherently. "You can't know anything about the Farwell theft—or any of the rest of the Red Circle crookedness. I know you don't. And I won't insult you by asking you. Besides—you saved my life. June, dear!"

"Still too weak to trust himself on his feet, he reached forward impulsively and caught her hand in his as she stood, startled, before him.

June did not try to draw away the hand he held prisoner. She found herself sinking to her knees beside Lamar's chair. She no longer dared meet the glow in his eyes lest she lose all hold over her reserve and tell him of her love.

"I love you!" Lamar was saying, over and over. "I love you, June, my sweetheart. Oh, I love you!"

The girl's heart was beating madly. "He loves me! He loves me! The man I love loves me!"

She could not stir, she could not speak. Kneeling there, her breath



Tried With All Her Might to Snatch Away the Incriminating Hand.

coming quick and irregularly, she listened.

"If you will try to care for me—just a little, little bit," he was urging. "I'll spend my whole life trying to be worthy of you; trying to make you happy. June—my darling—tell me you love me! Tell me—"

His imploring words fell silent in the very midst of a sentence. He had started to raise her little white hand to his lips. As he did so, his eyes for the first time left her face.

He glanced down lovingly at the unresisting hand he had lifted.

And there, on its satiny surface blazed and throbbled the hideous Red Circle!

His mouth open, his eyes glazed with horror, his body frozen into motionlessness, the man stared dully, unbelievably, at the frightful scarlet stain.

The Red Circle was on June Travis' hand. She was the mysterious woman—the woman in black—the veiled woman—the Red Circle lady—the inheritor of Jim Borden's crime-curse!

She—June Travis! It could not be. Yet—it was!

June had listened spellbound to his ardent love-avowal.

But she found he was no longer looking at her face. It was her right hand at which he was staring with such dumb fixedness. Her own gaze—dreamy with unspoken love—followed the direction of his.

She looked down at her hand that his cold fingers still grasped. And she saw the Red Circle.

With a wordless cry she shrank back and tried with all her might to snatch away the incriminating hand from his clasp. But his grip on it was too strong.

Slowly, Lamar raised his head. And now, at last, their eyes met.

"The—the Red Circle!" he croaked. "You?"

She strove to speak. But her parched lips refused their duty.

"You!" he gasped, hoarsely. "You! A—a thief? And you've played with me—tricked me—used me as a cat's-paw!"

"No!" she wailed. "No! Oh, you don't understand! I—I can't explain—I didn't mean to—I—I couldn't help it. I couldn't. Oh, Max, for God's sake, don't look at me like that! I can't stand it! Don't—Max!"

She was on her knees now, groveling at his feet; pouring out broken entreaties, hysterical pleas.

"You tricked me!" he raged. "You betrayed my trust!"

"No! No!" she wept convulsively. "Oh, Max! I'm not what you think I am! Or, if I am, it isn't because I want to be. God knows how I've fought against it. But it's too strong for me. If I could make you understand—"

Her voice was strangled with sobs. Just outside the arch of the library doorway crouched Mary—shuddering, aghast, dreading to go, fearing to stay.

Pearing cautiously around the edge of the arch the old woman saw the two stricken lovers. She saw Lamar's white, drawn countenance staring blankly into nothingness. She saw the set look on his face soften to utter wretchedness.

Then, as his eyes fell on June's crushed figure, the former love crept back, unbidden, into the man's visage.

And Mary drew a long breath of relief. This man would not betray her darling's secret.

Inch by inch his hand crept out until it rested on June's.

"Don't be unhappy, little girl," he said, very gently. "I am going to shield you. Because I love you, dear."

His voice choked. June's hand stole into his. At her appealing pressure he found words again.

"I want you to marry me, my sweetheart," he went on. "Marry me and we'll fight this curse together. Side by side, with our love to help us, we'll win the victory over it."

"Max!" she cried, a world of gratitude and longing in her sob-shaken voice. "Max! You want me to be your wife, after—after—?"

"Yes," he made answer, very simply. "Will you marry me?"

She averted toward him, her tear-stained face glorified by the love that shone from it. But before his arms could close around her, she started back, pulling her hand away from him.

"No, dear," she said. "No. It can't be."

"You don't love me?"

"Love you?" she breathed. "Why, Max, I didn't think there was anything on earth so strong as this love of mine for you. I do love you. You know I do. I love you too much to be your wife. I can't marry you with this black taint on my life—with this vile Red Circle burning on my hand."

"But June!" he pleaded, "we will fight it together. We—"

"I must fight it alone," she answered with sad firmness. "And now I want to go, please, while I am still strong enough to help you save yourself. Go, dear."

"No!" he denied, doggedly.

"Best go, Mr. Lamar," advised Mary, gliding forward into the room and slipping her arm around June's heaving shoulders. "Best go now. She is right. She knows. And, anyway, you'll gain nothing by staying. Give her time to think."

Max looked from one woman to the other in puzzled irresolution. Then—"I will go," he said, briefly, "but I'm coming back. And I'm going to keep on coming back until I get the answer I want."

glared around the ward. In the doorway stood a nurse. Chatting with her was one of the policemen who had carried Eagan to the hospital and who had remained to get a report on the disabled prisoner's condition.

Sam feebly beckoned to the nurse. She came toward him. He muttered disjointedly:

"I want to—see the chief of police. Tell him—important. Red Circle!"

He slumped back on the cot again, groggy with headache.

Chief Allen had had a busy morning. Charles Gordon, the fugitive attorney, had voluntarily given himself up to justice. The chief had at once sent word to Farwell, who had come in haste to police headquarters, to confront the captive.

Gordon had been searched in Farwell's presence. But no trace of the incriminating receipt could be found on him. And, perforce, he had been released for lack of evidence to hold him.

The chief and Farwell were still sitting in the former's office at headquarters discussing the case when the telephone buzzed.

"This is queer," remarked Allen as he put back the receiver on the hook. "Smiling Sam" Eagan was captured by Lamar today at the Travis house. Knocked out. He was taken to the hospital. And now he sends word he wants to see me. Says it's something important about the Red Circle case. I'll step over there and—"

"Red Circle!" exclaimed Farwell. "That concerns me as much as anyone in town. I'm going to the hospital with you, if you don't mind."

They found "Smiling Sam" Eagan propped up among a heap of pillows in his hospital cot.

"What did you want to see me about?" asked the chief.

"What did I want?" echoed Eagan. "Oh, nothin' much. Only to tell you who the Red Circle woman is. That's all."

"If it's a joke—" began Allen.

"A joke?" Sam caught him up viciously. "Oh, it's a joke, all right. And it's on her. On June Travis."

"June Travis!" repeated Allen, incredulously.

"June Travis," cried Farwell, in the same breath. "I knew it! I was sure of it. But Lamar kept insisting she—"

"June Travis," declared Sam, speaking slowly, venomously. "June Travis is the Red Circle woman."

"I don't believe you," said the chief. "June Travis is the Red Circle woman," doggedly insisted Sam. "Do you want me to tell you about it or don't you?"

"Go ahead," assented Allen, after a quick glance at the excited Farwell.

Sam was "hiding out" down at Surton," began Sam. "In a cave on the edge of the beach. She was standing right near the cave the other day and I saw the circle on her hand."

"Your eyes fooled you," scoffed the chief. "In the glare of sunlight—"

"My eyes didn't fool me," reiterated Sam. "I saw it, I tell you. The same-shaped mark that used to be on 'Circle Jim' Borden's hand. I'm givin' you straight goods. Go and see the circle on her hand if you don't believe me. Yes, and as I was watchin' it that day I heard her nurse say the girl was 'Circle Jim's' daughter."

The chief, still partly unconvinced, turned again to Farwell.

"The man's telling the truth!" ejaculated Farwell. "It all fits in. She's the Red Circle woman, I tell you. I knew it all along. I'd have sworn to it. But Lamar kept putting me off and putting me off. Chief, I'm going to the Travis house. I'm going to have a look at June Travis' hand for myself."

He stamped out of the ward. The chief reluctantly followed.

He paused only to order the waiting policeman to remain on guard over Eagan. Then he hurried on, catching up with Farwell on the sidewalk in front of the hospital.

Eagan, his work of vengeance done, leaned back on the pillows with a placid smile. His bright little eyes roved dreamily around the ward where he chanced to be the only patient. His glance took in the figure of the guardian policeman and then moved on to the shut door of a clothes-closet. He noted a key in the door's lock.

"Say, old playmate," he addressed the policeman, "I wish you'd stake me to another pillow if you can get hold of one. My back's half-broken. Don't bother to call the nurse. I sure do hate to have women-folks pawin' around me when I'm sick. There's a lot of pillows in that closet. I saw her take some from there. Toss me one, just for luck."

Godnaturally, the policeman crossed the room to obey the request. He unlocked and opened the closet door.

"Why," he began, "there's no pillows in here, man. The—"

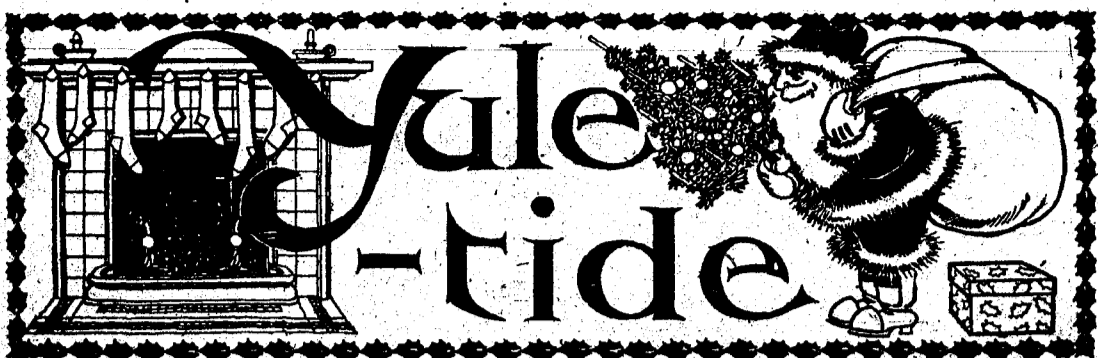
He got no further. A mighty shove in the small of the back sent him headlong into the closet. Before he could turn, Sam had slammed the closet door shut and locked it.

Headless of the policeman's frenzied pounding on the panels, Eagan thrust his bare feet into his shoes, drew on his trousers and bolted for the corridor.

In the doorway he collided with a doctor and an orderly, who were entering the ward, the nurse at their heels. Taken unprepared the two men were not quick enough to stop the fugitive. He dashed past them, scattering them to left and to right, and gained the corridor.

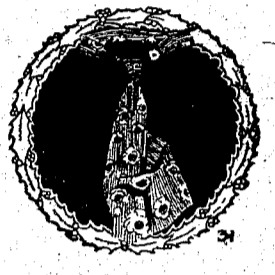
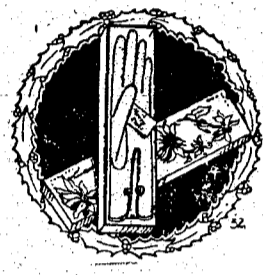
And there—unfamiliar with his surroundings—Eagan started in the wrong direction. Instead of going toward the stairway, he ran the opposite way. And presently he found himself

(Continued to Next Page)



SALE AT THE LEADER

Sales may come and sales may go, but there is now ONLY ONE XMAS SALE in East Jordan and that is at THE LEADER. Stop and consider what it means to YOU—East Jordan and vicinity Xmas Shoppers. There's so many little and big Gifts for every member of the family which THE LEADER will make your dollar go a long way in Xmas Shopping. A visit to our store will convince you as there are hundreds upon hundreds of useful Gifts in each and every department for your inspection.



Ladies' Coats and Suits



There is one lot Ladies' and Misses' Coats which we have overbought. They are silk-lined throughout, heavy weight garments in various beautiful newest shades, values \$15, will go quickly at this 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 values, Xmas sale **\$8.48**

Ladies and Misses velour Hura lamb and Angora coats finest \$18 and \$22 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 up to \$24.50, **\$11.50**

Childrens Coats running in sizes up to 14 years at a positive saving of 1/4 or more.

SHOES

Ladies ribbon trimmed also fur-trimmed felt Juilets flexible leather sole and heel, \$1.50 value, **\$1.19 pair.**

Ladies felt leather foxed with leather soles plain toe Shoes \$1.75, 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 values, **\$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 values **59c pair.**

Men's and Young Men's Suits

At greatly Reduced Prices at this Xmas Sale

Men's and young men's brown and navy worsted Suits \$10 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**

Mens and young mens \$20 and \$22 Suits, no finer tailored garments shown **\$14.69**

Mens and young mens very newest Balmamare Overcoats with velvet or cloth collars finest \$12 values **\$8.45**

Mens 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**

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 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, **\$3.69**

Men's and young mens strictly all wool heavy Mackinaws, norfolk styles in various colors former price \$7.50 and \$8 going now at **\$4.95**

Big selection of boys and childrens Mackinaws and Overcoats at very low tempting prices.

Suggestions

A few of our many Xmas Gifts to be seen at our store in individual boxes.

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| Ladies Kid Gloves | Ladies Toilet Case | Ladies Handkerchiefs |
| Purses | Ladies Neckwear | Combs |
| Skating Sets | Fancy Guest Towels | |
| Handkerchiefs | Dolls! Dolls! Dolls! | Ladies' nd Misses' Hose |
| Suspenders | Silk Handkerchiefs | Ties |
| Gloves | Men's Dress Shirts | Fur Caps |
| Umbrellas | Hose Supporters | Sweaters |
| Socks | Men's 3-piece Sets | Purses |
| | Garters | Arm Bands |

Blankets-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
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.

THE LEADER

H. ROSENTHAL, Prop'r

Madison Block, Main-st, East Jordan

at the corridor's farther end with an open window behind him and with no other means of escape.

Before he could look outward through the open casement to learn at what height he might be from the ground, the two pursuing men bore down upon him. They seized him, roughly, and at once they found they had tackled a man they could not subdue.

Sam, tearing free, glanced about for some weapon with whose aid he could hammer his way past them and to the distant stairs.

Close beside him on a desk was the hall telephone. He caught up the heavy instrument, wrenched it loose from its green cord and swung it menacingly above his head.

The doctor and the orderly recoiled before the wordless threat. But just then a new actor appeared on the scene.

The pounding on the closet door had attracted the nurse and she had released the imprisoned policeman. And he came forward, at high speed, yearning to recapture the crook who had so easily fooled him.

The patrolman was a born fighter; and, moreover, he was smarting for revenge. Without a second's hesitation he sprang at Eagan. Down went the telephone instrument, swung with all the brute strength of Sam's right arm. The blow, fairly landing, would have meant a fractured skull at the very least.

But the patrolman had spent his boyhood on the water-front. He knew every move in a rough-and-tumble bar-room fight. And he was not to be felled like a stupid ox.

He charged at Eagan. Down crashed the telephone. And, almost in midair, the policeman checked his own advance; stepping swiftly backward. The weapon, its distance miscalculated, whizzed harmlessly through the air, cutting a path fully six inches in front of the bluecoat's face.

Before Sam could recover from that swishing blow the policeman dived in and grappled him. The doctor and the orderly crowded forward to re-enforce the officer's attack. The nurse's screams were bringing other men on the run from all parts of the building.

Sam, with the true battling instinct, realized his peril. There was but one chance of escape. And he must take that chance, without stopping to calculate its percentage.

Putting all his strength into one tremendous heave of body and arms he wriggled free from the policeman. As the latter instantly darted at him again, Sam wheeled around and sprang out through the open window just behind him.

The window was one hundred and thirty-two feet above the ground. And beneath it was a cement pavement.

"Smiling Sam" Eagan had fought his last fight.

He was stone dead before the first gaping attendant could reach the street and bend above him.

Among those who gathered around the shapeless heap was Max Lamar who, returning from June's home, had decided to stop at the hospital for a word with the prisoner. The word was never spoken.

The patrolman, recognizing Lamar, hastened to tell him the tale of the battle; omitting merely his own imprisonment in the closet.

"The chief had just been here, too," finished the officer. "Sam had sent for him. Told him about the Red Circle woman and—"

Max waited to hear no more. Leaving the policeman in the middle of a sentence he set off at a swinging stride for the Travis home. Clearly, no time was to be lost.

Mary had persuaded June to leave the library where everything spoke so eloquently of the bitter scene with Lamar. The nurse had led the weeping girl out into the garden. There, seated beside her on a light rustic bench, Mary was trying vainly to comfort her.

And there Mrs. Travis joined them, eager to talk over the capture of Sam and to ask what Lamar had had to say to June in the library. She attributed the girl's tears to excitement and reaction after the fight in the hall above.

Mary, as best she could, sought to save June from answering the torrent of questions and to turn the tide of Mrs. Travis' conversation. Presently something occurred to make this kindly effort no longer necessary.

Yama was ushering two men into the garden. June recognized them as Chief Allen and Farwell. And her heart stood still.

"Good day, Miss Travis," began the chief, awkwardly holding out his hand as he spoke. "You'll excuse us for intruding won't you? You see, we—"

He paused. June had accepted his proffered hand. He held her fingers in his for a moment peering down at the back of the little hand that lay in his own. Farwell also stared wolfishly at her hand.

But no circle rewarded their keen examination. The back of June's hand was white and unmarked.

"What can I do for you, chief?" asked June, struggling to keep her voice steady and pretending not to notice the double inspection of her hands.

"Well," stammered the chief, woefully at ease, "you see, it's this way, Miss Travis: 'Smiling Sam' Eagan wanted me to see you about—the Red Circle."



"June Travis Is the Red Circle Woman."

glee. "Look there, chief! Look!" When Allen had released June's right hand the girl had allowed it to drop, carelessly, on the back of the bench. Farwell was pointing, excitedly, at it. The chief's gaze followed the direction of the stubby forefinger.

June, with a cry, thrust her hand behind her. But not before both men had seen the Red Circle begin to gleam through the soft whiteness of its flesh.

"The Red Circle!" exclaimed Chief Allen.

He took a step toward the girl. Her nerve going to pieces, she screamed and fled into the house. At the chief's next step he found himself confronted by Mary.

The old woman, eyes ablaze, had snatched up the light bench and was brandishing it wildly.

"You lay one finger on my precious baby, Mr. Chief," she snarled, like an angry cat, "and I'll brain you with this!"

The men, unheeding, made as though to push past her toward the house. She flung the bench straight across their path. And, in their onward scramble, they stumbled over it.

As they gathered themselves up they saw Mary vanish into the house in the wake of June. The chief—yelling to Farwell to watch the house from the outside—ran in pursuit.

June had fled upstairs. And, halfway up the stairway, Mary was holding aloft a wicker chair.

"You keep back!" she shrieked fiercely to the chief. "Keep back or—"

She hurled the chair full at him as he started to ascend the stairs. And she fled to the upper landing. There, again, with her bare hands this time, she attacked him. He gently thrust to one side the scratching, buffeting old woman and contigued his pursuit.

Fighting every step of the way Mary dogged the chief's steps as he burst into the suite of rooms that were June's. They were empty. A window leading out on a balcony stood open. Allen reached it at a bound.

June, fifteen seconds earlier, had fled out upon that balcony and thence down a lattice to the ground. At the very bottom of the lattice Farwell seized her.

"I got her, chief!" he called up, exultantly.

Allen and Mary, descending the stairs again, had just reached the garden when Lamar arrived at the house. A glance told Max his very direst fears were justified. He had reached the Travis' house three minutes too late to save the girl he loved.

For one wild moment Lamar pondered on the idea of covering both her persecutors with his pistol while June escaped. But at once he realized the suicidal folly of such an act. No, his

one way to help her now was by his wits. The time for force had passed. He advanced calmly toward the group in the garden. At sight of him Chief Allen shouted:

"We've tracked her down at last, Max, my boy. We've—"

"What is it? What does it all mean?" demanded the bewildered Mrs. Travis, finding voice for the first time.

"It means, madam," replied the chief, "that this young woman isn't your child. She's a slick crook. The daughter of old 'Circle Jim' Borden, Max!" he added, turning to Lamar.

"You've worked hard enough on this case. You ought to have some kind of reward. I'm going to give you the honor of making the arrest. Go to it, son."

Max Lamar moved to June's side and touched her on the arm.

"Come, sweetheart," he whispered, "there's nothing else we can do now. But I'm going to get you out of this if it takes my last dollar and my last breath."

As they passed Mrs. Travis on their way to the street June paused and held out her arms. Mrs. Travis recoiled from her as from a snake.

With bent head the girl moved on at her lover's side. The world—her world—seemed at an end. She had not the power to suffer any more. Her brain and heart and body were numb. She walked as if in her sleep.

Next morning as Charles Gordon picked up his newspaper he read, in big headlines, that the mysterious "Red Circle lady" was at last captured; that she was a society girl known as "June Travis," but that she was really the daughter of "Circle Jim" Borden.

Silas Farwell, so ran the story, brought a charge of grand larceny against her and Mrs. Travis refused to help the girl or to have anything to do with her. June's old nurse Mary had used her own savings to provide bail and had taken June away with her to a little apartment in the lower part of the city.

The newspaper account was correct in every detail. Twenty hours earlier June Travis had been one of the most popular girls and one of the richest heiresses in the city. Now, accused of crime, and homeless, she found no friend to help her except the old woman who had nursed and petted her from babyhood.

Max Lamar, it is true, had done all that a mortal man could do; yet he was but a helpless atom in face of the law's iron power. He had arranged that June's detention should be as brief and as little humiliating as possible. Then he had scurried out for bail. But before he could return Mary had provided the needful bond and had spirited June away.

Now, in the tiny apartment to which Mary had brought her, the stricken girl sat alone. The nurse had gone out for supplies. And June, in her squalid little living room, had no companionship but her own tragic thoughts.

She was still stunned and apathetic from the terrific blows fate had dealt her. She sat gazing stonily in front of her, self-hypnotized by her dreary musings.

And, as she sat thus, alone, brooding—a strange thing happened. Or it did not happen, the dazed girl was at least certain that it did.

Through the closed door of the room emerged a shadowy figure—a formless, vague something, that seemed to gather shape and features as it crept toward her chair.

Gradually bending down above her, the shape became recognizable. It was a thickset man, broad of shoulder, deep of chest. The wraith of a man with leonine head and a shaggy mane of white hair—with a rugged, hopeless face in which smoldered deep, fiery eyes.

On the shadowy right hand that reached out toward the girl glimmered a Red Circle.

The ghost—if ghost it was—was the ghost of "Circle Jim" Borden! June sat motionless, staring with wide, bewildered eyes.

(END OF 13TH INSTALLMENT.)

GIFT LIST

We herewith submit for your convenience gift lists for the whole family. Just cut out the lists, check the items that would be likely to interest you and bring same to us.

GIFTS FOR WOMEN

- FUR SETS
- UMBRELLAS
- FANCY APRONS
- HAND BAGS
- SILKS
- HANDKERCHIEFS
- HOSE
- BLANKETS
- ROBES
- SHOES
- MUFFS
- NECKWEAR
- GLOVES
- FANCY HAND WORK
- BOUDOIR CAPS
- SEWING SETS
- WAISTS
- DRESSES
- LINENS
- NAPKINS

GIFTS FOR CHILDREN

- SWEATERS
- SHOES
- KNITTED SETS
- KNITTED CAPS
- HANDKERCHIEFS
- NECKWEAR
- RIBBONS
- IVORY MIRRORS
- IVORY RATTLES
- SLIPPERS
- FURS
- HOSE
- BLANKETS

GIFTS FOR MEN

- SILK MUFFLERS
- NECKTIES
- GLOVES
- COLLARS
- SHIRTS
- SLIPPERS
- SWEATERS
- JEWELRY
- SOX
- BATHROBES
- PAJAMAS
- HATS OR CAPS
- TRAVELLING GOODS
- HANDKERCHIEFS
- SUSPENDER SETS
- BELTS

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LEAD ZINC, etc.

We Pay the Top Market Price.
H. KLING.

The Seventh Standard School Hopyard, Hayes No. 2.

Hayes, Dec. 7th.—"We're putting Hopyard on the map, while our neighbors take a nap." This was the yell which the pupils yelled in the presence of fathers, mothers and visitors from three neighboring districts, when their school house stood a second inspection and was found to meet all the health requirements laid down by W. L. Coffey of Lansing in his visit to the district last spring.

This school has four 4 by 8 windows at the left of the pupils, one side lighting in ideal arrangement, approved shades in wall tinting, warm cloak rooms, narrow hallway, single adjustable seats—everything that is required of course and then the recommended as well. Just a simple little country school from without but within you will find a workshop fully and carefully equipped to produce the efficiency required by the age and reflecting the spirit of the parents and school board to do and to dare.

The teacher, Earnest Peaslee, had invited the county normal class to be the guests of the district on this occasion and they favored all with one of their school songs, boys and girls recited, sang and yelled with energy and vim. Supt. Holliday of East Jordan delivered the address of the occasion and took the opportunity to point out rural ideals for years to come, charging the district not to stop here but to progress and to continue to progress.

This is the third Standard School built by Mr. Peaslee in the past year and he may well be proud of his record. The school board, Messrs. O'Brien, Howe and Strigley were represented on the program by Mr. Strigley who stated that the district would express its thanks and joy by serving ice cream and cake to everybody present. Thus everyone rejoiced with the district when the plate was presented to the district from the state department and the new room was dedicated to Worelo—representing the Camp Fire aim of Work, Health and Love.

You can't push ahead by patting yourself on the back.

The man who tries to lengthen his nights is apt to shorten his days.

It's useless to advertise for lost opportunities.

Only a man who is wise doubts his own wisdom.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach.

Says inside-bathing makes any one look and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside. This is vastly more important because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste material is not eliminated day by day it quickly ferments and generates poisons, gases and toxins which are absorbed or sucked into the blood stream, through the lymph ducts which should suck only nourishment to sustain the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash these poisons, gases and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs but very little at the drug store but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on inside-bathing. Men and women who are accustomed to wake up with a dull aching head or have furred tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, sallow complexion, others who have bilious attacks, acid stomach or constipation are assured of pronounced improvement in both health and appearance shortly.

OPEN NOSTRILS END A COLD OR CATARRH

How To Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more sneezing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.



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

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

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

Will pay \$4.00 delivered at Mill B.
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East Jordan, Mich.
Phone No. 196.

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DENTIST
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a. m.
1:00 to 5:00 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment.
Office, Second Floor of Kimball Block.

Dr. C. H. Pray

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

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Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

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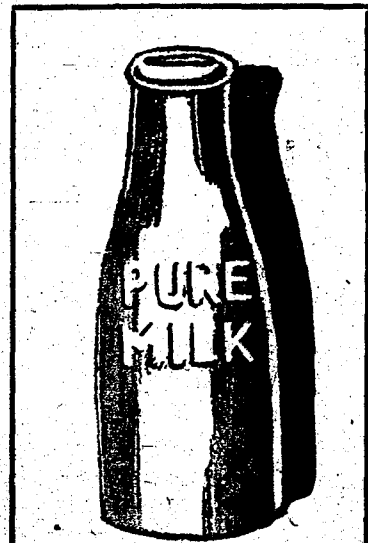
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Home Office Petoskey, Mich.



CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE BEGINS RAILWAY INQUIRY

Proposed by President to Better Condition of Carriers.

MAY CHANGE PRESENT SYSTEM

Officials of Roads Prepared to Advocate Federal Incorporation, Supervision of Securities and Extension of Authority of Interstate Commerce Commission.

Washington, Nov. 20.—Ten members of Congress, five Senators and five members of the House of Representatives, began here today an inquiry into the subject of public control and supervision of railroads that may lead to the revolutionizing of the whole scheme of governmental regulation of the country's transportation lines. Incidentally the committee is to look into the question of government ownership of railroads, telephone and telegraph lines and express companies.

The members of the committee which will conduct this important investigation are Senator Newlands of Nevada, chairman; Senators Robinson of Arkansas, Underwood of Alabama, Cummins of Iowa and Brandegee of Connecticut, and Representatives Adair of Georgia, Sims of Tennessee, Cullip of Indiana, Esch of Wisconsin and Hamilton of Michigan. The inquiry was recommended by President Wilson in his message to Congress in December of last year. He described as its purpose to determine what could be done "for bettering the conditions under which the railroads are operated and for making them more useful servants of the country as a whole."

Prominent Men as Witnesses.
In order to obtain the views of all interests affected by the operations of the transportation lines the committee has invited prominent shippers, bankers, representatives of commercial organizations, railway executives, economists and others to appear before them.

The first to be heard are railroad commissioners of various states who began their evidence today. Their testimony is directed chiefly to opposing any enlargement of the federal authority over commerce that would detract from the powers now exercised by state bodies. They will be followed shortly by officials of railway labor organizations who are expected to register their opposition to the increase of governmental authority over wages and conditions of labor.

Chief interest in the hearings centers in the proposals that will be put forward by representatives of the railroads, for it is reported that they will advocate an extension of federal authority over rates and securities to the practical exclusion of state control of these matters. It is understood also that they will go on record in favor of federal incorporation of all railroad lines.

Legislative Program of Railroads.

From an authoritative source is obtained the following outline of the legislative program which the railroads will ask the committee to consider in its investigation: They will endeavor to demonstrate to the commission that one of the principal defects in the present system of railroad regulation is the lack of coordination resulting from the simultaneous and conflicting regulation by the federal government and by the 48 states. They will, therefore, ask that entire governmental control of the rates and practices of interstate carriers, except purely local matters, be placed in the hands of a federal body so that interstate traffic may be regulated without reference to state lines, leaving to the state commissions jurisdiction only over local matters and local public utilities. As a part of this plan, a compulsory system of federal incorporation is to be recommended, accompanied by federal supervision of railroad stock and bond issues.

A reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission will be asked, in order to enable the commission prop-

erty to exercise its increased powers. It is also proposed that the preparation and prosecution of cases against the railroads shall be delegated to some other agency of the government, possibly the Department of Justice, so that the commission may devote its energies to its administrative functions.

With the commission thus relieved of some of its present duties and equipped to handle its business more promptly, the railroads will urge that the period during which the commission may now suspend proposed increases in rates be reduced from ten months to 60 days, with provision for reparation to be paid to the shippers if the advance shall be declared unreasonable.

They will also ask that the commission be given the power to prescribe minimum as well as maximum rates so that in meeting complaints of discrimination the commission may order the advance of a rate which it considers too low.

One of the most important recommendations for which the railroads will ask favorable consideration is that the commission be specifically authorized to take into account in rate regulation the effect of rates upon total earnings in the light of expenses.

While the Newlands Committee is required, under the resolution creating it, to submit a report by January 2 next, it is not anticipated that the committee will have come anywhere near completing its labors then.

The man who tries to lengthen his nights is apt to shorten his days.

It's useless to advertise for lost opportunities.

AN AGED WOMAN

Tells How Vinol Made Her Strong

In her eighty-second year Mrs. John Wickersham, of Russellville, Pa., says: "I was in a run-down, feeble condition and had lost flesh. A neighbor asked me to try Vinol, and after taking two bottles my strength returned; I am gaining in flesh, it has built up my health and I am feeling fine for a woman of my age, so I get around and do my housework."

The reason Vinol was so successful in Mrs. Wickersham's case was because it contains the very elements needed to build her up.

WRITE DRUG CO.
Also at the leading drug store in all Michigan towns.

IRONTON

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. Munson Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Barnum and Mr. and Mrs. Will Bird attended the Gleaner banquet in Charlevoix, Thursday evening.

The masquerade dance was attended by a large crowd.

Eight dollars and twenty-five cents were the net proceeds of the chicken pie social given by the Ladies Aid Society, Tuesday evening.

The L. B. Bible Class met with Oral Lewis, Wednesday evening.

Ross Alexander was a Charlevoix caller Thursday evening.

A farewell party was given Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Saunders Monday evening. They will move into the 'Nowland' neighborhood this week.

The Sunday School Class will give a Penny Social in the Grange Hall Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hammond went to Lansing Monday as Grange delegates.

Officers of Peninsula Grange

At their last regular meeting Peninsula Grange elected the following officers for the coming year:

- Worthy Master—John McLean
- Overseer—Fred Heller
- Lecturer—Frank H. Wangerman
- Steward—Ira Lee
- Ass't Steward—Faye Heller
- Chaplain—Mrs. Sam Persons
- Treasurer—Will Looze
- Secretary—R. W. Meade
- Gate-keeper—John Gunsolus
- Ceres—Mrs. John McCalman
- Pomona—Irene Gunsolus
- Flora—Mrs. Will Looze
- Lady Ass't Steward—Gladys Meade

Frank Phillips

Tonsorial Artist.

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



Come In --- We'll Relieve that Worried Feeling

WORRYING over what you are going to get this good friend or that good member of your family for Christmas doesn't help you solve the problem but only adds to your troubles.

You can not only relieve your worry but get just the gifts you want here. There is no better place in the world than a jewelry store to get suggestions for Holiday Gifts.

Come in now while the selection is at its best—we shall take pleasure in showing and pricing and making suggestions.

C. C. MACK
JEWELER OPTOMETRIST

WEISMAN'S WONDER SALE!

Beginning This Saturday

Ending Next Saturday

Knowing that it is not necessary for us to go into long descriptions of the why and wherefore of this sale and of the quality of the merchandise offered, we simply state this:— This opportunity will not come again soon.

A chance to Save Money on Ready-to-wear Clothing

BELOW WE QUOTE A FEW PRICES:

Men's Suits

Including Serges, Plain and Fancy Worsteds, New Styles, All Sizes and Guaranteed Colors.

- \$22.50 and \$25.00 values
Wonder Sale..... \$16.50
- \$18.00 and \$20.00 values
Wonder Sale..... \$14.50
- \$15.00 and \$18.00 values
Wonder Sale..... \$12.50

All marked in plain figures.

Special Lot Men's Suits 1-2 off

BOY'S SUITS

At Reduced Prices

You'll Open Your Eyes and Wonder How We Do It

Ladies' Coats and Suits

This season's coats and suits at 1-4 off

Last season's coats and suits at 1-2 off

This is all that need be said, you'll know the garments

Ladies' DRESSES

SERGES, MESSALINE and TAFFETA at 1-4 to 1-2 off

All New Styles. We're bound to make you wonder how we can do it.

Misses' and Children's COATS at reduced prices:

THIS SALE IS ON READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING ONLY

WEISMAN'S
QUALITY SERVICE

We have the New

BRETON

an **ARROW** COLLAR

WEISMAN'S

Briefs of the Week

Father Camirand of Elk Rapids visits friends in this city, Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Spencer and Mrs. M. Swafford were Bellaire visitors Wednesday.

Miss Winnie Mollard is assisting at Weisman's store during the holiday rush.

J. Leahy, the Optometrist will be here again Dec. 27th. See his ad. in this issue.

Mrs. Carl Stroebel entertained the White Club at her home Wednesday afternoon.

Cantata "Santa Claus Advice" at St. Joseph's school, Thursday evening, Dec. 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stewart left Thursday for Flint, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Will Barkley and daughter now occupy rooms in the Passenger building on the West Side.

A linen shower was given Miss Louise Renard at the home of Mrs. F. P. Ramsey, Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thumb of Elmira visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wood a few days this week.

The Peoples State Savings Bank have a quantity of new \$1.00, \$2.00, and \$5.00 bills for the Christmas trade.

Arthur Steintrof of California, nephew of Mrs. Geo. Glenn, has accepted a position at the East Jordan Lumber Co's office.

O. J. Evans and Harry Doerr of Traverse City, brother-in-law and nephew of Mrs. John Whiteford visited at her home, Thursday.

Mrs. John Maurer returned to her home at Cadillac this Friday after spending the week with her sister, Mrs. D. L. Wilson.

Robert Gunsolus and wife are at Lansing this week attending the State Grange meeting as delegates from Charlevoix County.

A surprise party was given Miss Leanne Kenny at her home Wednesday evening, the occasion being her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Henry Winters left Wednesday for El Paso, Texas, where she will spend several weeks with her husband, Captain Winters of Co. "I."

Mrs. E. N. Clink and Mrs. C. L. Lorraine gave a kitchen shower at the home of the latter, Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Minnie Freiberg.

Miss Florence Brooks, formerly of this city was recently united in marriage to C. M. Hungertford at Bay City. They are making their home at Flint.

C. L. Arnold of Traverse City visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waterman over Sunday. He left Monday on a business trip to the Upper Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Maddock were at Phelps, Sunday to attend the funeral of the latter's father, Charles Stevens who died suddenly of heart failure last Thursday at the age of 65 years.

Our acknowledgments are due F. A. Kenyon, Supt. of Mackinac Island State Park, for a copy of bulletin No. 7 of the Michigan Historical Commission. This bulletin is an account of Lewis Cass Day held at the Island Aug. 28, 1915.

The W. C. T. U. will hold its next regular meeting with Mrs. Heston on Friday, Dec. 15th at 2:30 p. m. Every member is requested to be present, as this is the annual meeting and important business is to be transacted. Visitors welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Handy are enjoying a visit from George W. Keffer of the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids. Mr. Keffer is an old comrade of the Civil War and he and Mr. Handy have not seen each other since the close of the war—fifty-four years ago.

Practically every store in the city has now about completed its decorations for the holiday season and this year these decorations are even more attractive and elaborate than ever before. The use of very attractive merchandise plainly marked with the selling price, seems to be more extensively used this season.

A fine crowd of East Jordan and Boyne City skaters were present at the roller rink last Tuesday night. Miss Elsie Gunsolus was the lucky one to have the right number and won the 21 jewel Gold Watch. Another similar contest will take place next Wednesday evening, Dec. 20th. The skater holding the lucky number will win a 21 jewel Gold Watch. Numbers will be given on next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Mrs. John Hockstad is visiting her mother at Traverse City this week.

Mrs. W. S. Ritter and son visited friends at Deward the first of the week.

Mrs. Lon Sheldon and granddaughter returned to their home at Detroit, Wednesday.

Miss Myrtle Joynt is expected home this Saturday from Mt. Pleasant for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Joynt.

Mrs. M. Follmer and granddaughter, Laura Lorraine of Palo Alto, Cal., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lorraine.

Mrs. R. N. Spence and mother, Mrs. Sophia Johnson are at Mackinaw City this week visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilkes.

Mrs. Charles Ribble and Mrs. Lillian Sogge and daughter of Leland were guests at the home of the former's son, Henry Ribble over Sunday.

Miss Leila Clink and Mrs. Wm. Moore gave a miscellaneous shower at the home of the former, Monday afternoon for Miss Minnie Freiberg.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter who has been visiting her sister at Buffalo, N. Y., returned here Thursday and is guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Smatts.

Mrs. John O'Connor, sister of Mrs. J. H. Milford, who underwent an operation at the Petoskey hospital a few weeks ago was able to return to her home at Boyne Falls, Tuesday.

There will be seven eclipses next year, four of the sun and three of the moon. Of this number, however, only two will be visible in this country and both of these will be eclipses of the moon. On the night of Sunday, Jan. 7, will be a total eclipse of the moon, and the last month of the year, three days after Christmas, Dec. 28th, there will be another eclipse of the moon.

Scores of travelers coming into the Soo within the past month report that side tracks, mill spurs and even lumber roads are filled with train loads of coal, and express their surprise at this state of affairs in the face of the fact that a coal shortage is claimed and a coal famine threatened. A month ago our telegraph service reported from Cleveland that the Big Four Railway company had seized for its own use 150 tons of coal consigned to manufacturers, taking advantage of the interstate commerce law which allows such action when necessary to keep a railroad in operation. This week we were informed that there was danger of the car ferries at the straits being tied up unless they got more coal for operating the boats. The railroads own and operate the coal mines of the country. What would you think of a baker who informed you that his own family was starving for bread while he marketed his product at 25 cents a loaf.—The Soo Times.

CHRISTMAS CANTATA Santa Claus' Advice

Annual Christmas Tree and Entertainment at St. Joseph's School, Thursday Evening, Dec. 21st, 8:15 p. m.

Price 25c. This includes admission to Program and a present from the Christmas Tree.

PROGRAM

Opening March
Welcome Song—James, Tom, Will, Sam, May, Mildred, Madge, Tillie, Dora
Ask Santa's Advice..... Song by James
The Glooms' Chorus
Duet } The Ragged Man
 } and The Storm King
The Joys' Chorus
Solo, They Call Me Uncle Sam..... Uncle Sam
Solo, An Evening Prayer..... Mildred
Chorus, Spring Time in the Heart
Solo, So Do I..... Sam
Solo, I'm the Foe of Santa Claus..... The Queer Old Man
Solo, I'm a Queer Old Woman..... The Queer Old Woman
Fairies Chorus..... Fairies
Chorus, Singing Gaily..... Girls
Solo, Let's Pretend..... Tillie
Solo, The Sweetest Theme..... Dora
The Grand Ensemble
Chorus, Happy Time
Solo, I'm Here Again..... Santa Claus
Chorus, Good Night.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Santa Claus—H. Nachazel
Ragged Man—Leo Phillips
Queer Old Man—H. Nachazel
Mildred—Helen Nachazel
Madge—Eileen Farmer
Dora—Leona Hipp
James—Stanley McKenny
Will—Fredrick Kenny
Chorus of Glooms—Edward LaLonde, Archie LaLonde, Cornelius Coykendall, Francis Coykendall, Francis Nachazel, Fred Bishaw, Elmer Merchant, Casimer Quinn, Francis Shearer, Victor LaPeer.
Chorus of Joys—Ruth Johnson, Kathrine Budnik, Minnie Telfelski, Sophia Tafelski, Anna Bodrie.
Fairies—Genevieve LeMeux, Marie Brennan, Josephine Blowski, Beatrice LaLonde, Silvia Korbanek, Vera Hipp.
Uncle Sam—L. LaLonde
Storm King—L. LaLonde
Queer Old Woman—Agnes Kenny
May—Agnes Nachazel
Tillie—Gladys Johnson
Fairy Queen—Mary Green
Tom—Norbort Hart
Sam—Roy Merchant

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 17, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—"The Song of the Traveler."
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.
6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.
8:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.
7:00 p. m.—"First Things First."
Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 17, 1916.
10:30 a. m.—Worship—"The True Test."
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic "The Conditions of Answered Prayers." Leader, Miss Leone Donaldson.
7:00 p. m.—Worship, "The Dynamic Gospel."
Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 17, 1916.
9:30 a. m. Sunday School.
10:30 a. m. Morning Worship.
6:30 p. m. Evening Worship.
Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Prayer Service.
Friday 7:00 p. m. Cottage meeting.
Revival meetings are now in progress at the Three Bell School House, beginning each evening at 7:00 p. m. Two evangelists are present to assist the pastor and congregation.
Elder Thiehl will be in attendance at the Chapel Sunday morning.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Dec. 17, 1916.
8:00 a. m. Low Mass, Holy Communion for the Ladies' Altar Society, Benediction.

Latter Day Saints Church

Elder Manley D. Winters, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 17.
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.

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

Perhaps the firm that offered enough silk for a woman's petticoat for a dime, was not so far out of the way considering the latest fashions.

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.

The time is getting short for those who wish to make a Holiday Gift of McCall's Magazine. The ladies of the Presbyterian Aid will appreciate your placing your subscription with any of its members, or handing same to Miss Porter at the Lumber Co. store.

THE REAL WAY TO GET RICH QUICK

The People's State Savings Bank is now offering to everybody in this community—men and women, girls and boys—a real way to get rich quick.

This is how you do it: You can join their Christmas Banking Club with only a dime. You make your deposits every week. The second week you put in twenty cents; the third week you deposit thirty cents—and so on, putting in only ten cents more each week than you did the week before.

At the end of fifty weeks—just before Christmas of next year when you will feel the need of money—you will have saved a great big juicy \$127.50.

You want believe this until you go into the People's Bank and get them to give you a Christmas Banking Club book. They will cheerfully do so without cost.

You will also see how you can begin a bank account with only a nickel and at the end of fifty weeks have \$63.75.

The bank looks out for little folks too. A boy or a girl can start an account with only one or two cents and at the end of fifty weeks have \$12.75 or \$25.50.

This is a good thing for our community and the People's State Savings Bank is to be commended for putting in this Christmas Banking Club system. The best feature of the plan is—that it will get the club members into the banking habit and make them all open permanent bank accounts which they will "feed" regularly and make grow into a nice fat sum before they hardly know it. They will never miss the money. This is the sure way to get rich quick. Are you not going to try it?

Assistant State Fire Marshal Robinson, following an investigation made by local officers in his department, has made a complaint in which W. L. McManus Sr., one of the prominent and well-known residents of Petoskey, is charged with having, on the night of Oct. 28, set fire to a dwelling with intent to defraud the insurance companies. Insurance of \$5,500 in which McManus was interested, was carried on the property, and \$2,500 insurance written in his name, was carried upon the household goods.

An exchange reports that a prominent citizen, who has been seriously ill for some time, is now able to sit on his veranda.




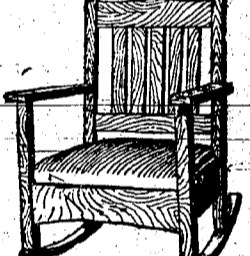
A Merry Xmas for His Feet

If you are looking for a present for a man, young or old or middle-aged, take it from us that you can give him nothing that will please him more than a selection from our stock of house slippers.

Comfort at home is the one thing that appeals most strongly to the male sex.

We have slippers for mother, too, and a wide selection of fancy footwear for the daughter.

HUDSON THE SHOE MAN

The REAL place to buy a REAL Christmas Present is at

C. H. WHITTINGTON'S

THE RUG MAN

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

RUGS ROCKING CHAIRS BUFFETS




RUGS BUFFETS

DRESSERS KITCHEN CABINETS

LIBRARY TABLES COUCHES

In fact nearly everything found in a first-class Furniture Store.



C. H. WHITTINGTON'S

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

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

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safety checkers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the Tidewater, fatally wounding the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in 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. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men.

TENTH INSTALLMENT

"A DASH THROUGH FLAMES"

While the fight was going on in the two camps, Seagrue, ignorant of what was taking place, urged his claims before the city council in Las Vegas for a right of way through their city property.

The council listened coldly to his demands. And the chairman of the ordinance committee, after a conference with its members, informed Seagrue that what he asked was unreasonable. "The Copper Range & Tidewater railroad has one right of way through the city property. We cannot grant another."

Seagrue took the rebuff calmly. Without abandoning further effort to induce favorable action in behalf of his road, he stopped a passing messenger boy, wrote a telegram and handed it to him for dispatch. What the councilmen thought of the situation did not seem to disturb Seagrue materially, for having done this, he turned again to the committee and renewed his argument.

Helen, with Rhinelander, Storm and Spike, was heading, in Seagrue's machine, for the bridge on which they had just derailed the outfit car toward camp. Storm, looking back, discovered that the ditched car had caught fire and was burning up.

"It's small loss," said Storm. "And, anyway, it would cost more time and money to get it on track again than the car is worth."

"But," exclaimed Rhinelander, urging haste as he suddenly bethought himself of the contents of the burning car, "my most important deeds are in that car."

"What do you mean?" demanded Storm.

"I mean what I say," explained Rhinelander. "The right of way deeds for a lot of our property around here

were in my desk. And with Seagrue on the job every minute, trying to hold us up, and disputing our title for every piece of land we acquire, this will put us in a bad fix."

All haste was made to get back to the bridge, but they reached it too late to do anything. A hurried conference brought no relief to Rhinelander's view of the situation until Helen suggested a way out. "Uncle Amos, we can get copies of those deeds from the county recorder in Las Vegas."

"Right!" exclaimed Rhinelander, "we can. I hate to lose the originals, but since they are recorded, we're safe. The thing to do now," he said in haste to his companions, "is to get back to Las Vegas without loss of time and have certified copies made before any of our friends discover our loss."

In Seagrue's camp, the fight over,

idle men hung around in discontented groups. The scrimmage had not added any to their good temper and the loss of work continued to irritate. A man from the outfit car brought a telegram to Seagrue's foreman, the man known only as "Bill." Bill opened the message. His experience deciphering telegraphese was not wide and he stumbled over the penning for some time before he finally made out the contents:

LAS VEGAS REFUSES RIGHT OF WAY. BRING OUTFIT INTO TOWN. —SEAGRUE.

Bill studied the message in dismay. It meant good-by to all hope of patching up Seagrue's difficulties, and the abandonment of the construction. Without much of an effort to break the fall of the unpleasant intelligence, Bill told the men the orders and though they were greatly disgruntled and disinclined to do anything, he hurried them along to the job of striking camp.

Helen, with her companions in the commandeered machine, was approaching Seagrue's camp when the men with her discovered that the headquarters of the enemy looked deserted. Not a man was anywhere in sight around Seagrue's place. The machinery had disappeared and the outfit train was gone. Everywhere were marks of a hurried departure.

"Now what the blazes—does that mean?" asked Rhinelander, gazing astonished at the deserted village.

"No one could answer. 'You don't suppose they've quit?' mused Rhinelander, speaking to no one in particular.

Storm scanned the abandoned camp. "Good riddance, anyway," he muttered.

"Not for me," declared Spike, dumfounded as the others were, as he got out of the car. "Not for me," he repeated, looking in every direction for a sight of Seagrue's missing equipment. "Those guys, wherever they are, have got my kit. And just now," he added dryly, "it's the only one I happen to be carrying around with me."

A native son, who had been watching the cleaning up of Seagrue's camp, sauntered past the group. From him they learned that the men had gone with his train to town. Spike appeared disconcerted about the loss of his belongings.

"Don't worry," said Helen, lightly. "I can arrange that for you. I am going to return the machine to Seagrue in Las Vegas. You can get your kit there at the same time."

"Then you go with Helen," directed Rhinelander, speaking to Storm.

He drew a pad from his pocket and wrote a note to the county recorder, asking him to deliver the certified copies of the deeds desired, to Helen. She had, meantime, gone over to their own camp with Storm, where both changed for the ride into town. When Helen reappeared Rhinelander gave her the order:

THE COUNTY RECORDER: ORIGINAL DEEDS COVERING OUR RIGHT OF WAY THROUGH LAS VEGAS WERE DESTROYED BY FIRE. PLEASE ISSUE CERTIFIED COPIES TO BEARER, MISS HELEN HOLMES.—AMOS RHINELANDER.

Helen read the note and handed it over to Storm for safekeeping. The two got into the motor car, called Spike, and the party started for Las Vegas.

Seagrue, whose persistence was proverbial among those that knew him, still stuck to his arguments before the council committee. They had again refused his requests and the scene had degenerated into a kind of wrangle with Seagrue walking up and down the room in a rage while the discussion went forward. It was only after the chairman had told him for the last time there was no chance of their changing their minds that Seagrue gave up.

Seagrue took his hat and left the room. Outside, he met his friend, the sheriff, and into his sympathetic ears Seagrue poured his troubles. His equipment train pulled into the Las Vegas terminal about the same time with an angry gang of men on board.

Helen, driving into Las Vegas, stopped the machine near the station. Spike's eye fell at once on the missing equipment train, away from which Bill, in no very pleasant mood, was walking when Spike stepped out of the machine. As Spike advanced, Bill looked him over contemptuously, eyeing him from head to foot, to express his sentiments before he spoke. Helen and Storm came forward. Bill, with a lowering glance, faced them. "What're you doing with Seagrue's machine?" he demanded with insolent bluntness.

"I took it," returned Helen, "to save the lives of three men."

"You mean you stole it!" exclaimed Bill.

"Look here," interposed Storm, "mind your words, you hobo, or you'll be in trouble before you know it."

Helen restrained her companion. As they left Bill directed Spike to stay there to watch the train. He,

himself, hastened to Seagrue, whom he found at the moment the sheriff was leaving him. Bill told his employer the machine story and the two went back to the outfit train to see what condition the motor car had been left in.

Spike came forward as Seagrue and Bill appeared and while the latter two examined the machine.

"The girl and Storm came up with this crook in the machine," Bill said, nodding toward Spike.

"Where are they now?" demanded Seagrue of the convict.

"Up town getting something to eat," answered Spike.

In the restaurant, to which Storm had taken Helen for lunch before they should go up to the courthouse, Storm, while Helen was ordering, took from his pocket the note for the recorder and gave it to her. Helen opened, read and laid the note on the table with her pocketbook. She and Storm were just enjoying the prospect of a substantial meal, when Seagrue, walking in, approached their table. He spoke to them unconcernedly and, without waiting for an invitation, pulled up a chair and sat down with them.

As tactfully as she could, she made her explanations to Seagrue about commandeering his motor car. Seagrue affected truculence and declined to accept her apologies. But he drew a pencil from his pocket, at length, and using the note lying beside Helen's pocketbook for a pad, wrote on it an exorbitant figure. Showing this to Helen, he said dogmatically. "That's what it will cost, if you want this thing settled without-trouble for you."

Helen flushed a little with indignation when she saw what he demanded but she was resolved not to quarrel. "All right," she answered simply, "Mr. Rhinelander will send you a check."

The luncheon Storm had ordered was just coming in and while Helen and Storm watched the waitress, Seagrue, leaning forward, looked again at Rhinelander's note still lying on the table. He began to read it. Storm saw the impertinence and leaning over, coolly picked the note from under Seagrue's eyes and folding it, put it in Helen's pocketbook.

Seagrue, somewhat disconcerted at being caught, rose and left the table

without further words. By the time he gained the street he had chafed the situation, imprudently revealed through Helen's carelessness in guarding the instructions, pretty clearly in his mind.

Returning to the train he found Bill, Spike and Lug. Taking Bill aside, Seagrue called Lug over and told the two about Rhinelander's loss of the deeds and the effort Helen would make to secure certified copies of them. While he was talking he looked at his watch. "In five minutes," said Seagrue, "the men in the recorder's office will start for dinner. You two fellows take Spike and go quietly up to the courthouse. When the office is empty get the book of deeds and bring it to my room. Bill, can you trust Spike?"

Bill answered he thought he could.

"Don't lose any time," directed Seagrue. "You may have to hunt around a little up there. Report to me down at the room."

Bill and his companions stepped over to the train for a jimmie. Spike watched them disappear and hurried up street himself. He now made himself responsible for a further interruption to the lunch that Helen and Storm were just beginning to relish.

"Seagrue," he whispered, "is up to some work."

"What work?" demanded Helen in alarm.

"Don't know yet," answered Spike, "but I'll find out."

"Do Spike!" she murmured, hurriedly. "Don't let him make any more trouble for us, will you?"

Spike nodded to reassure her, and trotted away. When he got back to the train Bill and Lug came from one of the cars. Bill had a revolver in his hand.

"Bill, where's my kit?" demanded Spike.

"Stow it," muttered Bill, "and follow me."

When the three shambled up to the courthouse square, the clerks were leaving the building and the last man out closed the front door. Bill resolved to get in through a convenient side entrance and dispatched Lug around the building to force a back window.

By the time the street was clear, Lug had effected his entrance and opened the door for his companions. With Spike, Bill made his way to the recorder's office and began a search among the books. It was not until he had tossed one book after another aside and when, finding the lost book of deeds, he consulted the index book and threw open the pages containing Rhinelander's right-of-way deeds, that Spike got the least inkling of what he was after.

But the moment Bill found the page he was looking for, he slapped his hand down on it exultantly. "That's the book we want," he exclaimed huskily.

Spike stretched his eagle neck forward. "Fine!" he muttered, grinning. "Hold on! What's that?" he whispered in alarm, grabbing Bill's arm with a start.

Bill, alarmed, looked around. "Somebody's coming," cried Spike, under his breath. "See if Lug's there."

Bill unsuspectingly ran out to see if their lookout had been disturbed. The instant he left the room Spike, watching his chance, ripped the two leaves recording Rhinelander's deeds forcibly from the book and stowed them into the breast of his shirt just as Bill returned.

Bill grabbed up the book and going

CHRISTMAS

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Aeroplanes, Etc.

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GEO. SPENCER



The Crowd, Angry at Spike, Surged Forward.

to an open window, dropped the book where Lug stood waiting. The moment the latter caught the heavy volume he made hurriedly away with it for Seagrue's room.

Spike and Bill were less fortunate in their escape. They walked into the hallway and had reached the head of the stairs when they were seen by the day watchman. With a shout he hailed them.

Bill, without hesitating, whipped out his revolver and fired. Spike angrily caught his companion's arm, wrestled the gun from his hand and stuck it in his own pocket. The watchman, pulling his own pistol, dropped back into a doorway. Bill dashed down the corridor one way, while Spike made a record sprint down the stairs the other. The watchman chased Bill, and Bill reaching a window, sprang through it to the ground. Getting on his feet, he ran for safety down the street.

The one shot fired in the courthouse had already made a commotion. Spike gaining the foot of the stairs hid himself just as clerks, coming in at the front, ran upstairs to see what was wrong. And when the coast below was clear Spike slipped out of the open door and walked away.

Seagrue, at his window, had been watching his men in Main street. After what seemed an interminable time, he heard steps on the hall stairs and the next moment Lug, hurrying into the room as Seagrue opened the door for him, threw the book of records on the table.

Seagrue opened it in haste and looked for what he wanted, but while the index sheets indicated the registry of the deeds, he failed to find the pages where they should be. While he was searching Bill ran in.

"Well," exclaimed Bill, "you got what you want. We came mighty near getting pinched."

Seagrue answered testily. "I don't see how I've got what I want. Rhinelander's deeds are not in this book. Where are the pages that belong here?"

"Go find Spike," directed Seagrue, wrathfully. "And bring him in quick."

"Suppose he won't come?" parried Bill.

"Kill him," returned Seagrue without hesitation. "Bring him anyway."

The men, loitering along Main street and drinking, had worked themselves into an ugly mood even before Spike, walking through the crowd, was recognized by one and accosted. The man, who was quarrelsome, caught the convict by the coat collar. Spike shook himself loose and was walking away when Bill hurried on the scene.

"Where are the pages you tore out of that book?" he demanded angrily of Spike.

Spike regarded him with assumed astonishment. "What do you mean, telling me I tore anything out of your book?" he asked. "You carried the book out, didn't you? I know I didn't."

Abuse from Bill followed. It was returned by Spike with usury.

Across the street on a vacant lot the owner of an adjoining house, while burning some rubbish, was cleaning his rifle. As he jerked the shells from the magazine, one fell into the fire. Picking up those that he could find of the cartridges he returned to his house with the gun. Spike and Bill were in the midst of their heated argument a moment later when the report of a rifle startled them. Both men, as a bullet sung past, instinctively dodged.

In doing so Bill unluckily struck a projecting awning hook with his head. The blow was sharp and the end of the hook penetrated his temple. Bill sank to the pavement unconscious.

Some of the idle laborers who had been alarmed at the shot, seeing Bill go down, came forward. Bill, bleeding at the temple, lay while Spike, wondering what had happened, stood by. The sheriff came up.

"There he is," said one of Seagrue's men, pointing to Spike. "There's the man that did the shooting."

The crowd worked in and the sheriff, despite Spike's protests, laid his hand on Spike's shoulder and told him that he was under arrest, turning him over to a deputy as he did so, with orders to search him. In a moment they found on Spike the revolver he had taken from Bill at the courthouse. The sheriff opened the gun. It contained five loaded shells; the sixth had been discharged.

The crowd, angry at Spike, surged forward, the sheriff holding them back as best he could while he directed his deputy to take the prisoner away.

Helen and Storm, finishing their

lunch, had gone to the courthouse and were busy with the recorder who was trying to find the missing book, when a clerk coming in told about the fight down street, and of a prisoner, named Spike, the crowd was trying to take from the sheriff.

Storm and Helen, not waiting to pursue their search, left the room to ascertain what the disturbance was about.

By this time the sheriff and his deputies had succeeded in getting Spike to the calaboose where they pushed him inside. But the crowd, now a mob, had followed hard on their heels. It was growing larger every moment and the feeling was running higher. In fact, Storm and Helen had hardly reached the street when they were told there was a good prospect of the city jail being raised and Spike being dragged out and hanged to the first pole.

Seagrue had sent Lug out to look for Bill, whose disappearance disturbed him. And Lug, finding his partner lying deserted on the sidewalk, tried hard to bring him around. He stopped a man running past and with his help propped Bill up.

Helen and Storm, reaching the edge of the crowd in front of the jail, saw and heard enough to make them realize the seriousness of the situation. They looked at each other.

"What do you think?" asked Helen of her companion anxiously.

Storm shook his head. "We've got to get help, Helen, and get it quick."

"The only place it can come from is the camp, then," responded Helen with decision. "And we must go after it, George."

They hastened to the station and told the story to the agent. Storm wrote a message, directing a boy to rush upstairs with it and get it off.

When Rhinelander opened the telegram a few moments later, he read:

SPIKE WORKING IN OUR BEHALF IN TROUBLE WITH SEAGRUE'S GANG. THEY ARE STORMING JAIL TO LYNCH HIM. ON ENGINE. HAVE HELP READY AS SOON AS WE ARRIVE—STORM.

Rhinelander, without loss of time, assembled his men, told them of the trouble at Las Vegas and asked if they were willing to help rescue Spike. They answered with an affirmative yell and he ordered them to climb aboard a flat car.

In front of the jail a man was haranguing the crowd and urging them to get the murderer. And his listeners were already in a humor to rush the place. Within, the sheriff and his men were anxiously watching developments.

The sheriff ordered a deputy to slip quietly out the back way and get hold of a car. The moment the machine appeared the sheriff smuggled Spike out, meaning to take him to the county jail for safe keeping. Unfortunately, an alert rioter saw the move. He gave the alarm.

Before Spike's captors could get him away the crowd headed the machine off. It was then a case of any port in a storm and the officer with his little party took refuge in the city council chambers, handcuffing Spike to the floor in order to have everyone free to hold the rioters at bay.

Helen and Storm had boarded a switch engine in the yards and run it down to camp where the flat car filled with men was coupled to it and with Rhinelander in charge, headed again for Las Vegas.

The sheriff in the council chamber found himself surrounded. He went to the door and addressed the mob. He told them he would defend the prisoner with his life. The officer went inside, fastening the door behind him, and his men made a barricade of desks to protect themselves from occasional bullets that now whistled through the big windows opening on Main street. But though the men made themselves safe for the time being, a stray shot struck the wires leading from the telephone and in contact with a scratch pad. Unobserved by anyone in the excitement of the moment the paper caught by the short circuit began to smoke. In a moment it blazed up; little tongues of fire began to lick the wall beside which the pad lay. At this juncture Rhinelander with his men eager for a fray pulled into the station.

Scrambling from the flat car they hastened, led by Rhinelander, up Main street. The sheriff perceiving timely aid in sight, bunched his men and charged out into the street. Taken front and rear, the mob scattered and the sheriff dividing the new arrivals into poses under his deputies, pursued the rioters as they dispersed.

Desultory shooting went on for a few minutes. Rhinelander with Helen and Storm, had joined the sheriff and explanations had just begun when Helen, looking down street, called the attention of her companions to smoke issuing from the front windows of the city hall.

"By jingo," cried the sheriff, dashing away, "I've got a prisoner chained in there—Spike."

With exclamations of horror, Helen and her companions followed the officer on the run. The fire in the council chamber was making headway fast. Helen, going as close as she dared to the open window, called loudly for Spike. There was no answer. Followed



Struggling to Tear Loose From His Shackles.

lowed by Storm she rushed for the door. But the sheriff caught the young engineman and held him back. Helen had already passed through the doorway and amid the smoke and flame saw Spike, chained to the floor, struggling with superhuman strength to tear loose from his shackles.

Outside, Storm, hurling off the hands of the restraining sheriff, ran in after Helen. He found her vainly endeavoring to release Spike. The heavy black smoke billowing from the rear wall threatened to suffocate them. But Storm, Helen and Spike, helping, seized the heavy chains in his hands and, ripped the boards in which the staples were embedded, completely cut of the floor. Then pushing Spike with loud shouts ahead, dragged the boards after him, Helen and Storm, half choked, hurried from the burning room into the street.

Firemen coming up took charge of the conflagration. But the sheriff detained Spike again, telling him he was a prisoner.

In Seagrue's room, not far away, Doctor Torpy was examining Bill's head. He discovered almost at once that the foreman had not been shot at all.

"You're not hurt," said the doctor, laughing. "But they're trying to hang one of your men down street right now for shooting you. Better notify your gang to call things off." The doctor turned to the window, threw up the sash and called out into the street.

The sheriff, below, was turning Spike over to a deputy when, hearing his name called, he looked up and saw Torpy at the window. The doctor beckoned. "Bring that man up here, sheriff," he cried.

In walked the sheriff, followed by Spike, Helen, Storm and Rhinelander. Bill sheepishly submitted to being made an exhibit and the surgeon showed to the sheriff the wound made on his temple by the awning hook. There was nothing to do but release Spike with apologies which the latter received with a dry grunt.

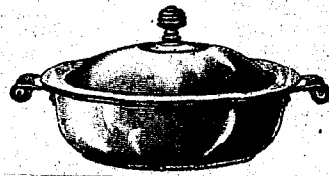
Helen could not restrain her satisfaction but more good luck was in store for her. She saw on the table the missing book of deeds. "There!" she cried to the sheriff, "is your real explanation." She pointed to Seagrue. "Arrest that man, not Spike!"

Seagrue, knowing the sheriff was his friend, boldly denied all knowledge of the book. "These people," he pointed to Storm and his companions, "probably planted this here in my absence. You ought to arrest them!"

Spike smiled grimly as the sheriff looked from one to the other of the contending parties and listened to the angry accusations. The bald-headed convict drew from his blouse the two sheets missing from the book of deeds and quietly handed them to Rhinelander. "I thought it just as well," he said, dryly, "to make sure these didn't get away."

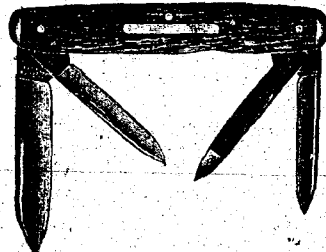
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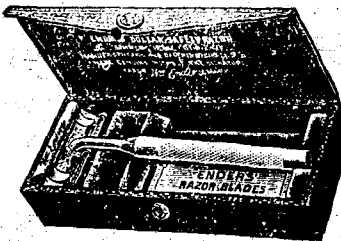
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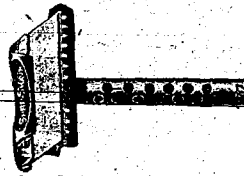
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Christmas Candies in every conceivable form for presents and general use.

The most delicious, the purest and best chocolates, creams, sugared fruits, etc., specially prepared for the festive season are here. If you desire to give them as gifts, we've the finest line of Box Candy to be found anywhere.

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The Sugar Bowl

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In these days of high living costs, everybody will appreciate an article of practical value, something which the recipient can use and thus save an expenditure which they might have to make on their own account, and your gift will be doubly appreciated. At Ashley's you can make no mistake as all our merchandise is of a practical character. And yet beauty has not been neglected. There is ample choice here for you to display your skill in choosing and your good taste, which should be a credit to you as well as the recipient. Note these carefully:—

Never has our Silk Department been so complete as now

36-inch Taffetas in all colors \$1.50. We give you the benefit of our early buying.



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Rare opportunity to supply your needs at lowest price. Some handsome Taffeta Gowns at \$15.00.

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We have crochet cottons in all colors and numbers at 10c

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at any price you wish.

Handsome GREY FOX SET—
\$30.00

Never were Furs so popular as this season. We invite you to inspect the line before buying and we assure you satisfaction.

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in Georgette Crepe and Silks— all colors—\$3.50 to \$6.50.

Silk

Hose

in all colors

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if purchased before January 1st. Call in and see the fine display of Coats at special prices. All below the cost of manufacture.

Silk Skirts in plaids & stripes \$6.50 to \$12.

CHILDREN'S Sweater Suits in brown and red, all wool, \$3.50

Blankets

All wool Blankets, \$3.50 up.
Bath Robe Blankets, \$2.00 up.
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in Guest sizes, 25c. 30c. 50c
All-linen towels to embroider, 25c to 50c.

FANCY COLLARS in net and broadcloth, 25c and 50c.

BUNGALOW APRONS, and BREAKFAST SETS, 50c to \$1.39



M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

SAFETY DEMANDS FEDERAL CONTROL OF THE RAILROADS

Only Way to Meet Emergencies
of Nation, Says A. P. Thom.

STATES' RIGHTS PRESERVED

Principles Which Railways Hold Should Govern Regulatory System in Interests of Public and the Roads—Compulsory System of Federal Incorporation Favored.

Washington, Dec. 4.—That the interests of national defense require that control of railway lines should rest with the federal government and not with the states was the claim advanced by Alfred P. Thom, counsel to the Railway Executives' Advisory Committee, in concluding his preliminary statement of the case for the railways before the Newlands Joint Committee on Interstate Commerce.

"We must be efficient as a nation if we are to deal successfully with our national emergencies," said Mr. Thom, "and we must appreciate that efficient transportation is an essential condition of national efficiency. If we are to halt and weaken our transportation systems by state lines, by the permanent imposition of burdens by unwise regulation, we will make national efficiency impossible."

States' Rights Would Not Suffer.

Mr. Thom cited many instances in which shippers in one state were injuriously affected by selfish regulations imposed on the railroads by neighboring states. He pointed out that federal regulation would be no invasion of the rights of the states but would be the means of preserving the rights which they acquired when they entered the Union, one of which was the right to the free movement of their products across state boundaries.

What the Railroads Advocate.

The principles which the railroads believe should be incorporated in any just system of regulation were summarized by Mr. Thom as follows:

The entire power and duty of regulation should be in the hands of the national government, except as to matters so essentially local and incidental that they cannot be used to interfere

with the efficiency of the service or the just rights of the carriers.

2. As one of the means of accomplishing this, a system of compulsory federal incorporation should be adopted, into which should be brought all railroad corporations engaged in interstate or foreign commerce.

3. The Interstate Commerce Commission under existing laws has too much to do and is charged with conflicting functions, including the investigation, prosecution and decision of cases. The latter duties should be placed in the hands of a new body which might be called the Federal Railroad Commission. Regional Commissions should be established in different parts of the country to assist the Interstate Commerce Commission by handling local cases.

4. The power of the Commission should be extended to enable it to prescribe minimum rates and not merely maximum rates as at present. This would increase their power to prevent unjust discriminations.

Justice to Public and Roads.

5. It should be made the duty of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in the exercise of its powers to fix rea-

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Take a glass of Salts before breakfast if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid, which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night, if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism, when the weather is bad, 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 flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

sonable rates, to so adjust these rates that they shall be just at once to the public and to the carriers. To this end the Commission, in determining rates, should consider the necessity of maintaining efficient transportation and extensions of facilities, the relation of expenses to rates and the rights of shippers, stockholders and creditors of the roads.

6. The Interstate Commerce Commission should be invested with the power to fix the rates for carrying mails.

7. The federal government should have exclusive power to supervise the issue of stocks and bonds by railroad carriers engaged in interstate and foreign commerce.

8. The law should recognize the essential difference between things which restrain trade in the case of ordinary mercantile concerns and those which restrain trade in the case of common carriers. The question of competition is not the only fair criterion.

9. The law should expressly provide for the meeting and agreement of traffic or other officers of railroads in respect of rates or practices. This should, however, be safeguarded by requiring the agreements to be filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission and to be subject to be disapproved by it.

"My legal proposition," Mr. Thom said, "is that the Constitution as it now is gives full authority to Congress to regulate the instrumentalities of interstate commerce in all their parts. If the power of regulation is to reach the public requirements, it must be co-extensive with the instrumentalities of commerce."

Mr. Thom explained that the roads are not asking either of the Committee or of Congress any increase in revenues, but that they are merely asking the perfection of a system which will be responsible to any need that may arise.

OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co. 2335 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.

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.

About the only time a man leads a woman is when he leads her to the marriage altar. After that, he becomes a follower.



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TAE SANTA CLAUS MAN has already sent in the biggest line of Holiday Goods ever brought to this section and we are ready to supply your Xmas wants.

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All kinds of Toys, Games, Books, Railways, Drums, Pianos, Horses, Hook and Ladders, Trains, Harmonicas, Air Guns, Tool Chests, Brooms, Desks, Boats, Chairs, Sleds, Dolls and Doll Furniture, etc.

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Toilet Sets, Jewel Boxes, Hair Receivers, Fancy Pin Cushions, Purses, Box Stationery, Perfumes, Pins, Mirrors, Combs, Comb and Brush Sets.

Pictures of every size and description both framed and unframed.

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Dinner and Tea Sets, Salad Dishes, Sugar and Cream Sets, Cake Plates, Celery Trays, Spoon Trays, Baby Plates, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Fancy Plates, Shaving Mugs.

The Bazaar Store

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MAIN STREET.

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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.

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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.

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You can take out memberships for your family and your friends.

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

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

THE REASONS FOR THE CLUB

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

FOR OLD AND YOUNG

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

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

WE PAY FOUR PER CENT INTEREST IN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB

PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK

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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.

TO THE MAN WHO WANTS A HOME

Why buy a Lot for a home when you can buy an acre or two for less money just as conveniently located and grow your potatoes, vegetables, corn and have room for the chickens, thereby helping home to many comforts. On easy terms. Apply to W. F. EMPEY.

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 signs of croup was gone."—Hite's Drug Store.

School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

A brim full joyful week. Seven schools visited in Chandler, previously quarantined for infantile paralysis. Township teacher's meeting with every teacher present. Two little short calls in Melrose. Report work straightened up in Evangeline. Two schools in Bay visited that were formerly passed by because of potato vacation. Bay number 3 has a school house newly plastered and has improved the seating conditions, to some extent. They have eleven new books for their library. Horton Bay's new seats were described in a previous issue of this paper. They are worthy of second notice. Odds and ends cared for in Boyne City. Cleanings in Advance. Standard Plate presented to Hayes No. 2. And a district vegetable display in the Mountain School to round up the week.

Maple Grove School was dismissed on Thursday afternoon in order that their teacher might witness the presenting of the Standard Plate to the Hopyard School.

A worthwhile week spent with the girls and boys and fathers and mothers. Walloon Lake primary room has exchanged the prize money won at the county fair last fall for a pencil sharpener, bookcase and little folks reading material. Everything going nicely at Clarion. The Forest Hill school earned \$9.60 at a X'mas social with a purpose of making the little souls happy when Santa Claus comes. The parents in this neighborhood surprised the teacher with a Thanksgiving dinner on Wednesday the 29th, and the school feels so encouraged at the active, hearty interest thus shown, that their eyes continue to shine with joy and anticipa-

tion. During the summer the school board had the wood shed repaired, lowered the black boards, built new steps, remodeled the halls to provide warm, separate cloak rooms, installed two chemical toilets, and bought new adjustable, single seats. This is the school formerly known as the Camp 23 school, technically Chandler No. 6, and is composed largely of waste, cut over lands and slashings. Maybe this district is far from the post office, but the school spirit and thoughtful activities are enough to make some of our larger and more prosperous districts sit up and take notice.

Chandler No. 5, the old Blaine School has all new adjustable seats now. Sorry not to have known it sooner, for this is another bit of worthy activity from the wooded hills of Charlevoix County. Next time you go by old Camp 29, stop in and visit the school. The artist visited the Mackey school and left on its walls, four of his masterpieces. The Schneider School in east Chandler report a new fountain, book case, maps and dictionary stand, and the water supply problem still unsolved. The Gill school, Chandler No. 4, let us know about their new belfry and school bell some time ago, but it seemed good to rejoice with them at the sound of the bell. Miss Blanchard in Hudson No. 5 netted \$12.50 at a pie social purpose of which was to buy Xmas presents for the girls and boys.

Mrs. MacIntosh reports unusual success in the selling of tuberculosis seals throughout the entire country. 4000 on Wednesday sold in Boyne City alone, and some of the rural teachers have asked for a second supply.

See the story of the Hopyard school in another column of this paper. It is the story of a community soul if you read between the lines.

Miss Katherine Lalonde held the first annual corn and vegetable show at the Mountain school, Friday afternoon.

Few prizes in money were offered and many special prizes were offered by the Boyne City merchants. It is a good movement with the farm life ideal as its central motive.

The director of the Walker school reports that the long delayed shipment of seats and black boards arrived at the school in good condition and that it makes a great deal of difference in the looks of their schoolroom. We agree with him knowing further that it would make a big difference anywhere.

Pilgrim social in the German Settlement and a clear gain of \$30.50 in one fell swoop. This means that they have ordered a new organ and that the teacher can pay half towards a drinking fountain and the school board will furnish the rest. They are rejoicing also over a large order of library books including many for the little folks.

New kindergarten chairs in the Ironton primary room, purchased with the prize money won at the county fair in September.

There are two cement block school houses in the county. One confronts daily the heating problem, how to keep warm. The other is confronted with a second serious problem, how to keep dry. Uncle Obidiah would like to learn the sure solution and to see that solution effectively applied.

"At the first of the week there had been but 15 children reported who had gained the necessary 500 or 1000 home credits for the school year. And now at the close of the week we find the following wonderful records awaiting us. 4 complete from the Curfew school 1 from the Tainter school, 4 from the Clark school, 3 from the Harmon school 3 from the Sand Bay or Green Town school, and three from the Three Bells school. Space forbids our publishing the names this week.

Printed for the 3rd time but by request.—The 6th grade reading examination

will be based on Tubal Cain, published in classic form by Miss Lucy A. Sloan and sold at 10c plus postage per copy, by D. A. Wright, state agent, Lansing, Mich. Best not to start studying it before February.

And the half has not been said.

1916 Daffydils—Last Crop

Are trousers bought on credit, breeches of trust?

Could a ready made scarf be called a tie? I should say Knöt?

Even though they are paid for, most watches are bought on tick.

Is it the paper famine that at times causes the shortage of news?

An apparatus for weighing fish might rightly and wrongly be called a fish scale.

The most impolite part of the house is the flight of steps in the front hall, because they stair so.

Even if you had never passed your hands over your derby, it would still be called a felt hat.

Sometimes the hammer doesn't know which one is meant, when the brain directs it to hit the nail on the head.

"In the midst of our gigantic Christmas preparation. We pronounce it Christ-Mass, but after it is over we'll call it Christ-Muss."

Troubles are like babies; they grow larger by nursing.

Some men either have to be on the water wagon or on the tank.

TO STOP SELF-POISONING

For furred and coated tongue, biliousness, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation and other results of a fermenting and poisoning mass of undigested food in the stomach and bowels, there is nothing better than that old-fashioned physic—Foley Cathartic Tablets. Do not gripe nor sicken; act promptly.—Hite's Drug Store.

BANK OFFICIAL RECOMMENDS THEM
T. 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—in worry, in aches, pains, soreness, stiffness, and rheumatism.—Hite's Drug Store.

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

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

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

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless, and doesn't burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sitting and lame back misery so promptly!

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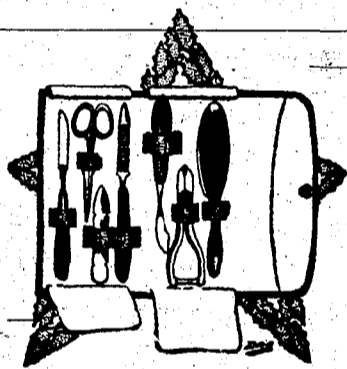
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