

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 20

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1916.

No. 52

## Little Child Horribly Burned

Clothes Ignited while Playing Around Stove.

Arlene Gee, the five-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gee—who reside near the West Side School house—was badly if not fatally burned while playing around the kitchen stove Thursday morning about seven o'clock.

Mrs. Gee had been burning some papers, and left the child in the room while she went out into the yard to feed some chickens. The little girl evidently tried to imitate her mother and the burning paper ignited her clothing. The upper part of her back and right side was badly burned before her mother could extinguish the blaze. Dr. Parks was immediately summoned and administered all the aid he could to relieve the little sufferer. It will probably be a day or so before the extent of the injuries are really known.

## POTATO GROWERS SHOULD ORGANIZE

Scheme to Improve the Industry in Charlevoix County.

Charlevoix county has the right soil and climatic conditions for successful potato production. This section of Michigan is also better located with respect to markets than the famous potato growing regions of Maine and Colorado. With our good soil, favorable climate, and easy marketing advantages, there is needed only united effort on the part of the growers to put Charlevoix county in the same class with Aroostook county, Maine, known the world over for its potato crop. An organization of growers would also pave the way for a marketing company or produce exchange, and thus with the production and marketing of the crop handled according to the best known methods, the growers of our county would prosper whether the crop was big or small or the price high or low.

The following outline is the form of constitution for growers' associations which has been worked out by the secretary of the state potato growers' association. The six objects of the association as set forth in the constitution are well worth careful consideration. This proposition ought to appeal strongly to all potato growers. To make sure, however, that there is sufficient interest to warrant calling a meeting for the purpose of organization and the election of officers, every person who will agree to take part in such a movement is requested to send a post card before Jan. 1 to H. L. Barnum, Ironton, who will set a date and place of meeting, also arrange to have the secretary of the state association present to assist in the organization.

### CONSTITUTION.

#### Article I.—Name.

The name of the organization shall be the \_\_\_\_\_ County Potato Association.

#### Article II.—Object.

It shall be the object of the association:

Sec. 1.—To promote the community plan of advancing the potato industry in \_\_\_\_\_ county.

Sec. 2.—To encourage the raising of pure varieties and the elimination of undesirable types for commercial purposes.

Sec. 3.—To give special attention to seed improvement and dissemination.

Sec. 4.—To encourage correct cultural methods.

Sec. 5.—To assist in guarding against the introduction and dissemination of serious potato diseases.

Sec. 6.—To promote better sorting and grading.

#### Article III.—Membership.

Any resident of \_\_\_\_\_ county who is interested in the advancement of the potato industry is eligible to membership in the Association.

#### Article IV.—Officers.

The officers of the Association shall be a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer.

#### Article V.—Duties of Officers.

The duties of the officers shall be such as usually devolve upon the respective offices.

#### By-Laws.

Sec. 1.—The annual meeting shall be held in January at the call of the president.

Sec. 2.—The election of officers shall be held at the annual meeting.

Sec. 3.—Seven members shall constitute a quorum.

Sec. 4.—The dues of the association shall be 50 cents per annum, 25 cents of which shall be for the purpose of affiliating with the Michigan State Potato Association.

Sec. 5.—The Constitution or By-Laws may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at the annual meeting.

## From Our Boys On Borderland

Good Grub, Plenty of Drilling, And Plans for Xmas.

Camp Cotton, El Paso, Texas, Dec. 15, 1916.

The people of East Jordan who are interested in the boys of Company I may wonder when they will be sent home. But to the boys on the border there is no question for no one really expects to see home again before next spring. That this is more than a surmise is proven by statements sent from Division Headquarters to the Michigan Troops warning them to be prepared for at least seven months more border service. If Company I sees East Jordan again by next June every one may consider themselves lucky. From time to time Michigan papers print sob stories about the hard life of the men on the border but there is no truth whatever in those reports. In Co. I most of the men are away from home for the first time and add to that the fact that the average age of the men is only twenty two one may expect a few home sick stories to leak out.

Good food is one hobby in the army and the visitors at Camp Ferris who sat on the ground to eat their "slum gullion" would be much surprised at the change. Here is the Thanksgiving Menu cooked and served by Cooks Jack Mahar and "Billum" LaVatney. Oyster stew to begin with, then seven big turkeys stuffed with dressing; the kind mother used to make; following that came mashed potatoes with brown gravy, cranberry sauce, fruit salad, coffee, tea, and to finish pumpkin and cranberry pie and chocolate cake. After the meal those who could still yell gave three hearty cheers for the Cooks, the Mess Sergeant "Ditt" Patterson and the Officers. Then to settle their dinner the men who wanted to climb into motor trucks for a ten mile ride to the school of mines where the 33rd Inf. met the 20th in a game of football. Of course that is not a sample of every day. But on the whole the men are better fed by far than at Grayling. Sunday there is always pie and generally chicken may be found on the bill of fare. And all of this is done on thirty cents for each man, for that is all the government allows.

The first part of December a Review of the 11th Division was held at Fort Bliss. Nearly twelve thousand troops passed before the Commanding Officer Gen. George Bell on that occasion. Among the units passing before the stand were nearly four hundred automobile trucks, any number of wagons driven four abreast each with its four mules and the driver or skinner as he is called, one Regiment of Artillery with its thousand men and horses, a like number of cavalry, many machine gun companies with their armored cars and Fords or Flivvers as they are called and with each unit appeared a band. The entire parade extended ten miles and, when one thinks that these were only one fifth of the soldiers in El Paso he may get an idea how thick they really are.

It is the plan to make this Division one that can be moved on wheels. Such a thing has never been done in the U. S. Army so it will be quite a distinction for the troops in the command.

To an onlooker a drill now on the border is more than interesting. Every morning the men march four miles to the Mesa or Desert and drill until noon. To a Michigander the sand, cactus and sage brush was at first a decided novelty but now the only interest in the scenery is shown by dodging cactus needles or chasing rabbits. On one day the Ohio and Michigan troops each armed with blank ammunition were pitted against each other in a sham battle. Ten thousand men charging each other on an open field furnishes a sight worth seeing. Even to see Lelut Spring lead a charge up a sand hill is worth something.

Xmas week the soldiers get a seven days vacation. And now every man in the Company from the Captain down is planning a great time. Every man in M Company received as a present from the people of the Soo a laundry bag with at least a dozen useful articles in it. This with the news that the people of El Paso are going to give each man a piece of pie and cake makes the holiday seem very near. And after payday on the 15th of Dec. when each man receives his few gold coins the money will go first not for a good time but for presents to send the folks at home. And East Jordan will have two Xmas trees this year one on the corner near the Post Office and the other in the Mess Hall of Company I two hundred yards from the Mexican Border.

## Farmers' Institutes

Dates and Places of the One-Day Institutes for Charlevoix County.

The one-day farmers' institutes for Charlevoix County will be held during the first week in January. Mr. R. D. Bailey of Gaylord will be the state speaker. Among other things Mr. Bailey will discuss soil problems, farm fertilizers, alfalfa, bacterial life in the soil, potato culture, dairying, farm accounts, farm management and the application of science in modern farming. Mr. Bailey is a very pleasing speaker and all who attend the meetings will enjoy his practical and interesting talks.

The local managers at the various places are planning for some small but interesting exhibits of farm produce. It is expected that these exhibits will serve to start discussions and give the institutes a more practical turn. Farmers are invited to bring small samples of corn, potatoes, grain, etc.

The dates, places of meeting, and local managers as follows:

Jan. 2, Barnard Grange Hall, James Willis.

Jan. 3, Horton's Bay, I. O. O. F. Hall, Conrad Schneider.

Jan. 4, Clarion, K. O. T. M. Hall, Clyde Kent.

Jan. 5, Springvale, James Milford.

Jan. 6, Boyne Falls, Frank House.

Jan. 8, South Arm Grange Hall, Nathan Liskum.

The county round-up institute will be held at Deer Lake Grange Hall, but the date has not been announced.

## A ROSY FUTURE FOR GOOD ROADS

Van Pelt sends us the following clipping from the Chicago Tribune, showing plainly that his plan for Charlevoix County, using our own share of the \$75,000,000, appropriated by Congress for building good roads throughout the United States, is the right and proper thing to do, instead of going ahead and spending it without utilizing our part of the appropriation.

"A rosy future for good roads throughout the United States as a result of the passage of the federal land aid bill was predicted at Hotel Sherman yesterday by speakers who addressed the third annual session of the northwestern road congress. The new law brings the building of state trunk lines to a point that meets the wants of state traffic, said F. A. Cannon, executive secretary of the Wisconsin Good Roads Ass'n. Its whole spirit will result in each state planning a comprehensive highway system, built and operated under state supervision and constructed with federal funds."

Joe L. Long, of Moline, Ill., secretary of the congress, told his hearers the hardest job he knew of was convincing city dwellers that good roads are as vital a matter to them as to the farmers. Automobiles want good roads, of course, he said, but that phase of the question is the merest trifle. As a matter of fact, the Chicago laboring man is the highest taxed person in Illinois, simply because bad roads make his food products cost more.

Eight times more tonnage is supposed to go over our roads than over the railroads. When bad roads handicap the farmer and make him pay railroad fare, prices go up.

Much of the interest at the evening session centered in an illustrated description of the work of a manufacturing concern which makes a specialty of 'good roads trucks' and their operation in road building."

Surely, some one in Charlevoix County ought to be sufficiently interested in saving themselves some money and, especially so, when we all know that our present system is simply a very foolish expenditure of money and the unkeep of these roads means a lot of money out of every taxpayer's pocket.

Why not now get together and build a good cement road on our West Michigan Pike and Dixie Highway from Antrim County to Emmett County—the entire length? This is the time to do it before the portion assigned the State of Michigan by the United States Government is all gone. Somebody is surely going to get it and it is up to you workers to get it now.

VAN PELT.

One trouble with reform is that every man wants to apply it to the other fellow.

SECOND ANNUAL

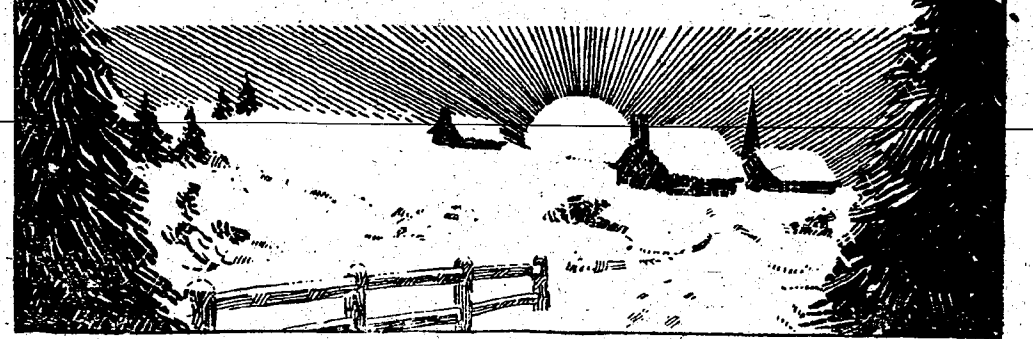
## Community Christmas

SATURDAY Evening, Dec. 23rd, at 8:00 O'clock  
CORNER MAIN AND ESTERLY STREETS

1916 EAST JORDAN 1916

### PROGRAM

BUGLE CALL . . . . . E. HIATT  
"JOY TO THE WORLD" . . . . . UNITED CHORUS  
INVOCATION  
"HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING"—UNITED CHORUS  
"IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR"—UNITED CHORUS  
"A CHRISTMAS CAROL," (Lowell) . . . . . R. A. BRINTNALL  
"AT LAST THOU ART COME"—ST. JOSEPH'S YOUNG PEOPLES' CHORUS  
"DEAR LITTLE ONE"—ST. JOSEPH'S YOUNG PEOPLES' CHORUS  
CORNET DUET . . . . . E. HIATT AND R. E. WEBSTER  
"THERE IS A SONG IN THE AIR" . . . . . UNITED CHORUS  
"SILENT NIGHT" . . . . . UNITED CHORUS  
"AMERICA" . . . . . CHORUS AND AUDIENCE  
DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS TO CHILDREN—SANTA CLAUS  
(Gifts are for Children under 10 only.)



## Charlevoix County Needs Our Undivided Loyalty

Loyalty to one's country is a natural inborn duty. That should need no defence. We have three cities in our county, each one governed by a mayor and councilmen, who all have civic pride, civic duty and civic patriotism. At least, unless such be the case, they should not represent the people. The man who looks upon our cities and county as simply a place in which to live and to make money is not worthy the name of citizen, unless he is willing to spend a portion of his gains for the betterment and enrichment of the county. Every man in our county should not only be a real citizen, but he, too, should be an asset. The future reputation of our county depends entirely upon the loyalty and the course which we adopt, as citizens, in our business towards each other and to tourists.

We want a Charlevoix County spirit. We grow good fruit. Stamp the boxes the fruit is packed in "Grown in Charlevoix County," and then see that every apple is worthy the wrapper (bearing the same stamp).

We have great possibilities in Charlevoix County. New bills are to be introduced into the legislature this winter in order to distribute the Federal Roads money. Under this plan, the federal government will pay fifty per cent, the state fifteen per cent and the county thirty-five per cent of the total cost of construction, which may be called National value. This means the West Michigan Pike from Miami, Fla., to Mackinaw City, and if the state pays the sum of \$3,500,000 additional on this road, which it is safe to say it will, just see what a very small sum it would cost our county to build this sixteen foot concrete road. It can be built a good deal cheaper—no, I mean it will

cost the county a good deal less for this road than a gravel road has cost and it will draw thousands of people to our beautiful county. Just think of it. A good concrete road from the north side of Antrim county to the south side of Emmett County.

VAN PELT.

## WILL MONEY TAKE ROOT?

If you want to see how money will take root and grow just go to the Peoples State Savings Bank and "plant" a dime in the new Christmas Banking Club they just opened to accommodate the people of this community who want to start to save money.

This time will grow in fifty weeks—before Christmas next year when you will feel the need of ready money—into \$127.50.

You only need to "water" the dime you plant regularly every week for forty-nine more weeks. The way you do this is to put in twenty cents the second week, thirty cents the third week and so on, increasing your deposit only a dime each week.

The little Christmas Banking Club book which the Peoples State Savings Bank will give you or any of your friends free will show you when to make your weekly deposit and how much you put in in order to get, in fifty weeks, the \$127.50.

Whole families are joining this Christmas Banking Club. It's the best thing that ever struck town to show us all how to really save money and get ahead. It gets us into the banking habit—the best habit anyone can learn. Money planted in the bank will surely grow if we let stay in the bank what we put in, and keep on adding to it. Every little bit added to what you've got makes a little bit more."

First thing you know, if you only START to banking your money, you will become rich.

Christmas Banking Club and in fifty weeks have \$63.75. You must put in ten cents the second week, fifteen cents the third week and so on, increasing the amount you deposit only a nickel each week. The biggest sum you put in at one time is only \$2.50. You will hardly believe this until you look into the little Christmas Banking Club book which the Peoples State Savings Bank will furnish you and every member of your family free.

The "kiddies" can join the one-cent or the two-cent club and in fifty weeks have \$12.75 or \$26.50.

Every boy and girl and man and woman in our community should join this Christmas Banking Club. It's a good thing. Thanks to the Peoples State Savings Bank.

## The Potato Crop a Mortgage Litter in Western Michigan.

The average debt of mortgaged farms in the entire state, increased in the 20 years, from 1890 to 1900, from \$90 to \$1,107, or 24.4 per cent, while the average value of such farms rose from \$2,748 to \$3,654, or 33 per cent. Thus the owners' equity increased from \$1,658 to \$2,547, or 53.7 per cent. As a result of the greater relative increase in farm value than in farm debt, the mortgage indebtedness, which was 32.4 per cent of the value of the mortgaged farms in 1890, had decreased to 30.3 per cent of that value in 1910.

The returns from the potato crop this season in many Western Michigan counties, has enabled a large number of farmers to pay off and reduce their mortgages, so that, according to a recent estimate, the mortgage indebtedness has been further decreased about 10 per cent, making the mortgage indebtedness on these farms at the present time only 20 per cent of the value of the mortgaged farms, which is a splendid showing.

You can "plant" only a nickel in the



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

**THE INCREASE IN THE COST OF LIVING**

Nothing today is of greater interest and importance to the American public than the enormous increase in the cost of living. Nearly every article that enters into the daily consumption of the household is from twenty to fifty per cent, even one hundred per cent, in some instances, dearer than it was a few months ago, and unfortunately there is no assurance that the upward movement has reached its maximum or that any early decline from the existing high levels can be expected.

While the advance has been the greatest and the most severely felt in the case of food, there is scarcely one among the commodities which constitute the necessities of life whose price has not been enhanced, and the result is that in thousands, yes, in millions of homes the perennial problem of how to make both ends meet, which, often under normal circumstances, is one of perplexing difficulty, threatens to become insoluble.

Here we are on the edge of winter and the talk is that within another three months, flour, which used to be five dollars a barrel and is now ten, will go to fifteen, and that coal will be selling at ten dollars a ton.

What is the explanation of this distressing, even calamitous, situation, a situation which has had few precedents in all our history and which is cause enough for the gravest concern?

Well, if comfort could be found in a plenitude of explanation there would be no lack of it. Six years ago the cost of living had already increased to a point that made it a political issue, and at the Congressional elections of 1910 the Democrats secured a majority in the House of Representatives upon the ground that prices were high because the tariff was high, and that if they were placed in power they would bring prices down with a run by revising the tariff along free trade lines.

At the first opportunity the people took them at their word. In 1912 they carried Congress and the Presidency, and they then lost no time in placing the Wilson-Underwood near free trade bill upon the statute book. But as the cost of living is today greater than ever it is evident that the Republicans were right in their insistence that the tariff had nothing to do with it.

Other explanations attribute the prevailing dearth of everything to the partial failure of the crops in this and other countries; to the expansion of the currency; to the enormous influx of gold, which is said to have impaired the purchasing power of that metal, and to the immense exportations of meat and breadstuffs to the belligerent countries.

There is a measure of reasonableness and probably of truth in each of these conjectures, but it is to the last named that the greater importance must be attached. And if excessive exportations are putting up the price of food to the present intolerable levels, it becomes a question whether in justice to our own people those exportations ought not to be restricted or forbidden.

Uncle Sam is almost afraid to hang up his stocking lest a peevish and over-worked congressional Santa Claus put a cocklebur in it.

**New York on Fire!**

One touch of the button and a mansion burns—another pressure and the biggest bank in the city bursts into flames. It's only a question of minutes before all New York will be on fire—Manhattan is at the mercy of a fiend.

Read the engrossing details in Arthur Stringer's "The Iron Claw," the startling motion picture serial story about to be published in this newspaper.

Things happen at the rate of sixty to every second in "The Iron Claw." The reader who misses it will always regret it.

**Read the Story**  
Then See the Pathe Pictures at the Theater

**RIGHT NOW IS THE TIME TO JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB**



Have every member of your family join our

**Christmas Banking Club**

Come in, ask about it.

**JOIN TODAY**  
It costs NOTHING to Join

All you need to do is to come into our bank with 10c, 5c, 2c or 1c, or 50c, \$1.00 or \$5.00 and tell us which Club you wish to join. We will make you a member of the Club and give you a BANK BOOK showing the Club you have joined.

We want every MAN, WOMAN and CHILD in this city to join our Christmas Banking Club and we extend to all a cordial invitation to come into our Bank and join this Club.

Come in NOW!



Come in, ask about it.

**\$63.75**

is what you will have if you join our

**Christmas Banking Club.**

**WHAT THE DIFFERENT CLUBS WILL PAY YOU**

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

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

**It Means Success and Happiness to You**

Money spent is money GONE; Money banked is money SAVED. The systematic method of saving money in our Christmas Banking Club makes it easy for all to SAVE and HAVE money. The "saving habit" is one of the best habits anyone can have. Children should be taught it early. Ask any wealthy man how he "got his start" and he will tell you that he saved and banked his money. Get your start. Get it TODAY! Join our Christmas Banking Club TODAY.

**The Best Gift of All**

When you give the members of your family a membership in our Christmas Banking Club you give them something worth having; something of value and something that will benefit them in the future. For not only will they have the money they have banked, but they will also have learned how to bank and HAVE MONEY.

Every parent knows this is good sense. Come in and enter every one of your family in our Christmas Banking Club.

YOU WILL RECEIVE FOUR PER CENT INTEREST ON YOUR CHRISTMAS SAVINGS

**PEOPLES STATE SAVINGS BANK**

**DECEMBER 22 SHORTEST DAY OF THE YEAR CALLED THE WINTER "SOLSTACE"**

On the 22nd of this month the sun stands still! The 22nd of December is called the winter "solstice"—a word derived from two Latin words, "Sol," meaning sun, and "Sistere," to stand. It was not intended that we should understand that Old Sol would check down his engines to full stop, and pause in his customary trip across the sky from east to west. They meant merely that he would stop falling toward the horizon, to which, as we all know, he has been dropping a little bit closer each day ever since the 22nd day of June—the longest day of the year. But on the 22nd of December he hesitates and on the following day he begins to climb up toward the zenith again.

In other words, December 22, the shortest of the year, ought theoretically to be the coldest of the year. Various conditions of clouds, winds and precipitation, however, make the fact otherwise, and some of our coldest weather comes along in January and February when the northern continents don't turn their faces so far away from the sun as they do December 22.

**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.

Most women keep a lot of sympathy on tap. Even experience is unable to teach a fool anything. Talk less and think more. This is good advice to give but hard to take.

**NO HIGHER PRICE FOR THIS**  
While food and clothing have advanced in cost, it is well for the sick that the prices of such reliable family remedies as Foley Kidney Pills are not increased. Foley Kidney Pills cost little and relieve backache, pains in sides and loins, sore muscles, stiff joints, rheumatic pains and bladder trouble.—Hite's Drug Store.

**LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!**

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

Will pay \$4.00 delivered at Mill B.

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**

Paradox—To become, round eat plenty of square meals.

In contemplating what he has done for others, the average man is prone to forget what the others have done for him.

**OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.**  
DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co. 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

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

**WRITES STIRRING FICTION**

Arthur Stringer, Author of "The Iron Claw," Also a Post, Scientist and Deductive Detective.

Readers of magazines are familiar with the name of Arthur Stringer whose stories have won for him a high place as a writer of interesting fiction. Mr. Stringer's stories are remarkable for their ingenious plots and absorbing episodes, and in "The Iron



Arthur Stringer, "Claw," the new motion picture serial from his pen, Mr. Stringer again proves himself an author of unusual power.

Mr. Stringer is a poet, a novelist, a man of science and a deductive detective. He has written three volumes of verse and has had unusual success with stories of prose fiction.

We have secured exclusive publication rights for this city of "The Iron Claw," and the opening installment will appear in an early issue of this paper.

Women either love or hate; there's no happy medium in their affections.

Many a man who attempts to blow his own horn comes out at the little end of it.

ESTABLISHED 1723  
**Reyillon Freres**  
Largest Fur Manufacturers in the World  
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR **RAW FURS**  
Ship your furs to us. We pay all express and mail charges. Write for our price list  
453 West 28th St. New York

However, the late shopper's wild out-burst of enthusiasm and generosity usually carries him thru with credit.

**BRING IN YOUR Hides and Furs**



We Pay the Top Market Price.  
**H. KLING.**

**25 Post Cards 10 cents.** Assorted

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

**FAMILY STORY PAPER**  
24-26 Vandewater Street  
New York

When you give free advice and it works you get no thanks, and if it doesn't work you get what's coming to you.

**DRS. VARDON & PARKS**  
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS  
Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store  
Phone 158-4 rings  
Office hours: 1:30 to 4:00 p. m.  
7:00 to 8:00 p. m.  
X-RAY in Office.

**Dr. F. P. Ramsey**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of Illinois.  
OFFICE SHERMAN BLOCK  
East Jordan, Mich.  
Phone No. 196.

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

**Dr. C. H. Pray,**  
Dentist  
Office Hours:  
8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m.  
And Evenings.  
Phone No. 223.



# The Red Circle

Albert Payson Terhune

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

## SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birkmark on his hand, has served his third prison term. One in each Borden generation, always a criminal, has borne the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son Ted, the only known living of the Borden line, 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 Farwell and Lamar. Lamar suspects June. He captures Smiling Sam. Gordon gives himself up. As he tells June his love, Lamar sees the Red Circle on her hand. Eagan betrays June and dies attempting to escape. June is arrested.

## FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT JUDGMENT DAY

Of course, it was a dream—a vision bred of terror, of suspense, of long-continued nerve strain. At least so June always tried, in later days, to make herself believe.

But she had not been aware of falling asleep. She was sitting there in the squalid little living room of the flat, brooding miserably over the future, and, seemingly, wide awake. Yet, unconsciously, as she sat there, she may have dozed.

For, as clearly as ever in her life she had beheld anything, she saw "Circle Jim" Borden come into the room.

Yes, "Circle Jim" Borden, whose mortal body had been lying in the potter's field this many a day.

"June," breathed the wraith's voice, "I am your father—your father, who died—There is no death, save to the body. And I have come back to you. I have come back, because I cannot rest. You alone can give me rest, my daughter."

He paused. And still that strange paralysis held June spellbound.

"I sought to wipe out forever the Red Circle curse. I sought it by ending the lives of those who bore that curse. But I failed. You escaped me."

The voice was tinged with a tender longing as again the wraith spoke:

"June—my little girl, whom I never knew, in life—you must help me. You, and you alone, can aid me now. I cannot rest until the circle is forever gone. While the curse endures, my torture must endure. I long for rest—for eternal sleep. But there can be no rest for the dead while their evil deeds live on. My sins live on in you, poor daughter of mine. And you alone can crush the awful power of the Red Circle and give me rest. Your fate is in your own hands. Not only your fate, but mine. You have the power, if you will but exert it, to save us. You alone. You can give me the rest I crave."

"I was brought up to crime—to recklessness—to the companionship of outcasts," went on Borden. "There were

er of environment warred valiantly against the hereditary curse. And that saved you from committing sordid crimes, when at last the curse overtook you. You sinned. But always you sinned that others might be happy.

"You can conquer the curse by will-power," urged Borden. "You can destroy the evil that is in you. You can save yourself and me. You can do this. It will be a fearful conflict, but if you exert all your will-power, you can win. Will you do this, June? Answer me!"

June, longed to cry out to him that she would make the fight; that she would strive with all her might to stamp out the curse of the Red Circle. But she could not speak.

"You will not speak? You will not help me? You will not help yourself?" stormed the wraith.

"My plea cannot move you?" he rumbled. "Then there is only one way to end it. Even as I hoped, once before, to destroy the Red Circle and its curse. Then, I killed myself and the lad I thought was my son. If I had known you were my daughter, you should have died, too; even as now, you shall die!"

The gnarled hands clutched at June's full, white throat in murderous fury. But the spectral hands—bodiless, shadowy—were harmless against her warm, living flesh.

Slowly the impotently murderous hands withdrew their grip.

"My—my spirit hands have no power against your human body!" he snarled. "I am helpless. It is my punishment."

He bowed his head in his arms; his phantom body twitching with emotion. Then, turning abruptly, without so much as a backward look at the trance-held girl, he melted through the closed door and was gone.

For a moment June remained as he had left her. Then she shuddered from head to heel. Her great dark eyes gradually opened. They were horror-filled and wild.

Dazedly June got to her feet, glaring about the room in abject fright. She moved uncertainly, a step or two. Then her tense nerves giving away, she shrieked aloud and reeled to the floor in a dead faint.

Mary and Lamar, at sound of her cry, rushed headlong into the room. They flew to her aid, applying such restoratives as were within reach. Presently the swooning girl came to herself. Looking up, she encountered the nurse's loving, frightened old face.

"Oh, Mary!" she gasped, trembling all over, "I've had such an awful dream! Such a horrible dream. Mary! If—it if it was a dream! If it was a dream!"

Charles Gordon, in the lounging room of his club, read and reread the flaring headlines that told of June Travis' arrest on the Red Circle charge.

The lawyer was muttering to himself: "Guilty or not—she saved me from prison. No girl with eyes like hers is a criminal. If—if it wasn't for this damnable embezzlement charge against me, I'd defend her. If only I could get Farwell to admit I'm innocent, I could practice again. And I believe I could clear her. But Farwell would never—"

He glanced up quickly. A man had hurried into the room and was speaking excitedly to a little knot of idlers who sat near the door.

"Well!" Gordon heard the newcomer saying, "I think Silas Farwell has about paid his debt to those employees of his that he's been swindling."

"What's up?" asked Gordon, joining the group.

"I heard this morning that a crowd of them tried to storm his office again, to make him settle. He had a lot of roughneck guards, who scattered them. But just now, as he was coming here from his factory, for lunch, a lot of the strikers mobbed his auto."

"Did they get him? Or—?"

"I don't know. I saw part of the row, from the club steps. It was no affair of mine, to interfere. Let him pay for his crookedness, for all I care. He—"

The speaker was interrupted by the entrance of Farwell himself—hatted, disheveled, panting.

"I—I got clear from them!" hoarsely panted the fugitive, as he dashed into the room and slammed the door behind him.

He was shaking with fear.

Then Gordon, recognizing the value of the psychological moment, leaped forward and seized Farwell by the torn coat lapels.

"Silas Farwell!" thundered Gordon, his face close to the frightened man's. "Confess that the embezzlement charge you made against me was false! Confess it was a conspiracy—that you lied!"

The onlookers remained outwardly neutral; only pressing closer about the two, as if not wishing to miss a single detail of the scene.

"Confess!" ordered Gordon again. Farwell, gasping, panting, in utter confusion of mind and body, blinked

stupidly into the sternly compelling eyes of his foe.

"Confess!" shouted Gordon.

"Here! What's all this?" demanded someone, in the same breath.

Chief Allen had come in, after heading a squad of policemen who had routed the mob.

Farwell's back was to the door. He had not heard Allen enter, and the chief's words had been drowned in Gordon's threatening shout of "Confess!"

But one of the bystanders laid a detaining hand on the advancing chief's arm, and stopped his progress toward the center of the group. Allen paused a moment, irresolute. And in that moment he heard Gordon repeat:

"Confess your charge against me was a lie!"

Under the blaze of Gordon's hypnotic look, Farwell's nerves went wholly to pieces.

"I—I—!" he spluttered.

"Tell the truth!" demanded Gordon, "or I'll drag you by main force out of this club and throw you to the mob of men outside there! The men you've robbed, and who will kill you if they—"

"I—I confess!" croaked Farwell, in stark terror. "I—"

"You confess—what?" insisted Gordon, again shaking his foe back and forth as a puppy might shake a rag.

"I—I confess I framed you," babbled the terrified Farwell. "I—I—the charge I made against you was—was false. I—oh, for God's sake, Gordon!" he howled in abject terror, "don't let those devils out there get hold of me. They'll—"

"One thing more!" broke in Gordon, curtly; his face alight at his victory and at the complete mastery which, for the moment, he was exercising over the panic-stricken man. "One thing more: Will you retract your robbery charge against Miss Travis, and vindicate her? Will you—?"

"Hold on, there!" broke in Chief Allen's peremptory voice. "You're going a step too far, Mr. Gordon. I didn't butt in, while you made him clear your own name. And I'm mighty glad you were able to. But I can't have you interfering with the Red Circle case. That's a matter for the police. Let it alone! And let Mr. Farwell go."

At sound of the chief's voice, Farwell's vanished courage returned to him with a rush.

"Am I going to withdraw the charge against the Travis girl?" he sneered.

was her son, you know. Though of course she never guessed it and never even heard of him until Miss Travis was accused."

"Well, what—?"

"She came to ask me some questions about him. After the way Mrs. Travis had behaved to June, I was in no mood to handle her with gloves. So I told her, frankly, just what a rotten sort of a cub the boy was. She didn't like it, very much."

"I'm not surprised."

"Then I tried to soften her heart toward June. I used all the eloquence and all the arguments I could muster. It was no use."

"Max," said the chief, suddenly. "You're in love with June Travis!"

"Yes," was Lamar's defiant answer. "I am. And I'm proud of it. I'm going to save her if I can. And if I can't, I'm going to wait—a lifetime, if I have to—till she gets out of prison; and then I'm going down on my knees to her and beg her to be my wife."

"Red Circle and all?"

"Red Circle and all. She's the only girl on earth for me, chief. I—"

Allen's secretary came in with a telegram. The chief glanced at it and passed it over to Lamar. Max read:

"I have a charge to bring against Red Circle Lady for theft of war plans."

"TODD DREW."

"There you are," said Allen. "And that's just the start of it. You remember the case. Drew had plans for a superdestructive war implement. He inherited them from his father, the big inventor. He was just going to sell them to a foreign government when a hand snatched them away from him. It was a woman's hand with a Red Circle on it. He didn't see anything of the woman, except her hand. But it was June Travis. She—"

The office door banged open and a man stamped in. It was Grant, the loan shark.

"The papers say you've caught the Red Circle woman at last. I'm here to make formal charge against her, for locking me in my vault and stealing all those promissory notes from my desk."

Lamar, sick at heart, got to his feet. Without a word of farewell, he started for the door. Allen looked, quizzically, after him, for a moment. Then he summoned his cleverest plain-clothes man.

"Follow Lamar," he ordered in a whisper. "And then go to the flat house where June Travis is staying; and watch it till I send to have you

couldn't possibly do better, if legal prowess could save you. But," he added, sadly, "it can't."

"Mr. Gordon thinks it can," said June, wondering at her lover's look of blank despair. "He says since Mr. Farwell is the only complainant, he—"

"Farwell isn't the only complainant," corrected Lamar. "I am just from headquarters. While I was there, two more complainants came forward. Todd Drew and Grant."

"Good Lord!" groaned the lawyer, sinking into a chair. "That settles it. There's not an atom of hope!"

"There is hope!" contradicted Lamar, trying to smile encouragement at the wretched girl who was looking in pitiable question from one man to the other. "There is hope. But only one hope."

"What is it?" asked June, feverish with anxiety.

"Just this," decided Max. "And Gordon will agree with me. You must run away."

"Run away? But—"

"You face absolutely certain conviction. Your only chance is to forfeit your bail bond and escape some where outside the jurisdiction of the court. Preferably, to Canada."

"You are right," declared Gordon. "It's the only chance. Start at once; before—"

"She can't do that," negated Lamar. "There's a plain-clothes man—Sam Warren—across the street, watching the house. Before you'd gone a block, he'd—"

"But you said there was a chance!" wailed June, distraught.

"There is. As long as Warren's on the job, the chief won't send anyone else to spy on you. We can do anything by daylight. But as soon as it's dark, I'm going to get rid of Warren."

"How?" asked June, her eyes alight.

"If I can help," added Gordon, "count me in."

"You can help," returned Max, gratefully. "You can help a lot. You and I will come back here at eight this evening, Gordon. I'll bring along a rope and a sack. We'll walk up behind Warren as he stands looking at this house, truss him up, put the sack over his head, trundle him into the alley back there, and tie him up to one of the telegraph poles."

"Good! Oh good!" laughed June in sudden glee.

"I'm game," said Gordon, briefly. "Meanwhile, Mary," went on Lamar. "Get Miss Travis' things all packed, and be ready to start off with her. I'll buy the railroad tickets today. And I'll have a taxi here to rush you both to the Union Station, the minute we get Warren out of the way."

June's depression was gone. Her eyes sparkled with joyous excitement. Lamar eyed her in wonder. Then his gaze fell to her right hand. The Red Circle was blazing on it like a fiery meteor.

Max's heart went out to the afflicted girl, in a great rush of tenderness.

"Tonight, at eight, then," he said, curtly. "Come along, Gordon. We've a lot to arrange."

June's fevered gaiety carried her through the rest of the day, through the ordeal of hasty packing and other preparation for her flight.

As eight o'clock struck, the trunks and suitcases were at last ready. Mary and June tensely awaited the coming of Gordon and Lamar.

"I'm going to the front room," said Mary, "and try to get a glimpse of the man. I do hope they haven't made a batch of tying up that police fellow out there—the nasty spy!"

June left alone, looked around to see if anything had been forgotten in the haste of packing. And, as the scrutiny ended, she chanced to notice the Red Circle pulsing on her hand.

She gazed at it, in a new horror. And, as she looked, the wild elation began to ebb from her brain.

"He said," she murmured, half aloud. "He said—my—my father said—I could wipe out the curse, by will-power. He said I could conquer—and I shall!"

Long she stood there, her eyes fixed on her hand.

"I can conquer, by will power. And, God helping me, I shall!"

Presently, the conflict ceased, as suddenly as it had begun. The beautiful face was calm again—deadly pale, but illumined by a new strength it had never before known. She looked at her hand.

The Red Circle had vanished; never again to return.

Into the apartment burst Lamar and Gordon, with Mary at their heels.

"We got him!" cried Lamar. "We got him, June! We slipped up on him from behind, just as we'd arranged. He's tied and gagged; and he's strapped, hand and foot, to a telegraph pole in the darkest part of the alley. Are you ready, sweetheart? We've no time to waste."

"Thank you, Max," she said, gently. "Thank you, both, from the bottom of my heart, for all you've done and all you've risked for me tonight. But—"

"There's no time for thanks, Miss Travis," interrupted Gordon. "And we don't ask for thanks, either of us. Hurry! We must be off, before—"

"I am not going!" said June, very quietly, yet her face glorified by a new light from within.

"What?" cried Lamar. "Not going? But—"

"I am going to stay here," she made smiling answer, "and face my trial!"

Three months later, the most sensational criminal trial in the history of the city began—the trial of June Travis on the Red Circle charges.

marry him before the trial and to face the ordeal as his wife. But very gently she had put aside the offer.

"If ever I come to you, dear," she had said, "it must be with clean hands and without stain upon my heart. Not till I can be certain the Red Circle has gone forever will I marry you," she had answered. "When I am sure of that—perfectly, perfectly sure of it—then I shall come to you."

Gordon, from the very opening of the trial, struggled with every atom of brain and body to bolster up a hopeless case. He warred against over-

whelming odds and never yielded a single step, without fierce opposition.

Yet the trial's result was a foregone conclusion.

On the very last day of the trial, Mrs. Travis created a painful scene by rushing into court and throwing her arms around June, weepingly declaring herself a wicked old woman for having turned her back on the girl, and vowing that never again would she forsake her.

Mrs. Travis (her family pride and resentment swept away by a sudden impulse of love toward the stricken girl she had abandoned) held June close pressed to her heart and cried out sobbingly to the judge:

"She is mine! She is my own little girl! And you shall send her to prison!"

The jury was out less than half an hour and returned grimly to the box with the unanimous verdict of "GUILTY!"

June did not flinch as she heard the word; the most terrible word in all our language. The same strange light that had come into her face on the night when she had refused to escape, still glowed there. Calm, unafraid, she listened to the verdict.

With the same calmness, she rose and stood facing the judge, to receive her sentence.

The judge was an old man. He had known June from babyhood. He had been a close friend of Mrs. Travis' husband, in the early days; and was still a constant visitor at the Travis home. June pitied him for the grim task that was now his.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, his deep voice untinged by any emotion. "A jury of your peers has found you guilty on every count of the various indictments against you. It is a just verdict. In view of the evidence, it was the only verdict the jury could honestly have agreed upon."

"My own duty is equally clear," he went on. "The law, through its administrators, must protect the public. By virtue of my office, it is my prerogative to decide to what extent you are a menace to the public; and to act accordingly. While there can be no reasonable doubt that you committed the crimes wherewith you were charged, yet it has also been established—to the court's satisfaction, at least—that those crimes were committed under the stress of a certain psychic influence. The court is also convinced that that evil influence no longer exists. It is the court's belief that the influence will not return, and that you will thus be no longer a menace to society."

"Therefore, I hereby release you, on parole—in the custody of Mrs. Travis."

The remainder of his speech was drowned in a tumult of applause that the court made no imperative effort to check.

A year dragged by. A long, bitter year to Max Lamar, who had found himself unable to shake June's resolve, and who, to keep his promise, had forced himself to remain at a distance from her.

One early spring day he sat in his private office, listlessly going over some papers in a case he was preparing. The warmth and beauty of the day called to him, through the open window. But he gave it no heed and worked on, with a heavy heart.

The office door opened, slowly, as if pushed by timid fingers. Max did not turn his head.

Suddenly, two soft hands were pressed across his eyes; and his head was gently drawn back against a woman's breast. With an unbelieving cry of utter joy he sprang to his feet.

The next instant, June Travis was in his arms.

"Max!" she faltered, when at last he let her speak. "I've—I've come—as I promised—to tell you the Red Circle is gone and that it will never come back. And—and to ask you if you'd—if you'd care to resume life with another circle? A girl, see, this time, dear—with—with a diamond in it!"

(THE END.)

Max and Mary Went to Her Aid.



Max and Mary Went to Her Aid.

but two clean influences in all my life—my mother and the wife I adored. My mother died before I could understand how much it would have meant to her if I had learned to live the life she wished me to. My wife could have saved me, through love. But she died. She died when you were born. And after that nothing mattered to me. I went on and on, to the end."

A spasm of pain marred his rugged face.

"With you it was different. From babyhood, you were surrounded by every influence for good. Every pow-



Mrs. Travis Created a Painful Scene in Court.

"Of course I'm not. I'm going to prosecute her to the bitter end. The thief!"

Chief Allen interposed his muscular bulk between the two men, just in time to prevent Gordon from flying at his phony's throat.

Next morning, as soon as he could find out where she was living, Gordon went to June's apartment and offered his services as her counsel, in the approaching trial. Gratefully, June accepted the offer, being familiar with the reports of his legal skill.

He cut short her thanks by saying: "And now, if you don't mind, Miss Travis, we'll go over the case, together; step by step. If Farwell is the only complainant against you, I've a notion I can shut him up by threats of a perjury charge. You know he swore falsely against me. If there are no other complainants, you are as good as freed."

But there were other complainants. Plenty of them, as Max Lamar and Chief Allen were at that very moment finding out.

Max had dropped into the chief's private office for a chat with his old friend, and to try to enlist his aid in June's behalf. But he found Allen as firm as a rock, in the matter of bringing the Red Circle criminal to justice.

"I'd like to see it your way, Max," said the chief. "But I can't. I'm an officer of the law. The law has been violated. And it's up to me to do all I can to punish the violator. I'm sorry. You've got eloquence enough to move anyone but a veteran thief-taker. But I—"

"No, I haven't," denied Lamar, miserably. "I can't even away the feelings of one cranky fool of a woman."

"What woman?" asked the chief, curiously.

"Mrs. Travis," growled Lamar. "She came to my office this morning. She remembered I was present when Ted Borden was asphyxiated by old 'Circle Jim.' She knew I'd had some experience with the boy, before that. He

relieved, I've a notion she's going to try to bolt and that Max Lamar's going to try to try her do it."

The plain-clothes man was off, like a sleuth hound. He found the double task unexpectedly easy. For Lamar was making for June's apartment as fast as he could go.

The crime specialist vanished into the apartment house doorway without once turning around. And the plain-clothes man lounged idly against a tree across the street, smugly certain that he had not been observed.

Now it happened that Max Lamar was one of the most brilliant detectives in America.

The sixth sense, so common to born man-hunters, had told him, before he had gone a hundred yards from police headquarters, that he was followed. He had not turned around to verify this belief. Partly because there was no need to. Partly because he did not want to put his pursuer on guard.

But, the moment he entered the front door of the apartment house, his careless demeanor changed. Stepping quickly to one side, so that he was no longer in view from the street, he turned and moved along the sidewalk of the hallway, toward the front door, again; and presently he came to a window that overlooked the sidewalk.

Flattening himself against the wall, he peeped around the edge of the window frame, for one brief second, only a small portion of his head showing.

That single glimpse told him all he wanted to know. He saw the plain-clothes man loitering with apparent aimlessness on the far side of the thoroughfare. Lamar recognized him as Warren, one of the most tenacious, quick-witted members of the force.

Having made this discovery, Max Lamar continued on his way to June's apartment. Mary let him in. June was still consulting with Gordon, who had just risen to take his leave.

"Mr. Gordon has promised to be my counsel," June told him as the two cordially shook hands. "He—"

approved Lamar. "You

couldn't possibly do better, if legal prowess could save you. But," he added, sadly, "it can't."

"Mr. Gordon thinks it can," said June, wondering at her lover's look of blank despair. "He says since Mr. Farwell is the only complainant, he—"

"Farwell isn't the only complainant," corrected Lamar. "I am just from headquarters. While I was there, two more complainants came forward. Todd Drew and Grant."

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"There is hope!" contradicted Lamar, trying to smile encouragement at the wretched girl who was looking in pitiable question from one man to the other. "There is hope. But only one hope."

"What is it?" asked June, feverish with anxiety.

"Just this," decided Max. "And Gordon will agree with me. You must run away."

"Run away? But—"

"You face absolutely certain conviction. Your only chance is to forfeit your bail bond and escape some where outside the jurisdiction of the court. Preferably, to Canada."

"You are right," declared Gordon. "It's the only chance. Start at once; before—"

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"There is. As long as Warren's on the job, the chief won't send anyone else to spy on you. We can do anything by daylight. But as soon as it's dark, I'm going to get rid of Warren."

"How?" asked June, her eyes alight.

"If I can help," added Gordon, "count me in."



Max Did Not Turn His Head



# The Red Circle

by Albert Payson Terhune

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

## 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 sister, "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary tricks Lamar. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam," Jim's old crime partner. Sent to Saratoga by Smiling Sam, Alma La Salle robs the guests at a ball. Lamar follows her back to town, captures her with the jewels, and sees 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 little home. She helps Gordon to get away, after recovering for him the so-called receipt which incriminates him by tricking Farwell and Lamar. Lamar, struck by lightning, captures Smiling Sam. Gordon saves himself up. As he tells June his love, Lamar sees the Red Circle on her hand. Lamar leaves her, June attempting to escape. June is arrested.

## FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT JUDGMENT DAY

Of course, it was a dream—a vision bred of terror, of suspense, of long-continued nerve strain. At least so June always tried, in later days, to make herself believe.

But she had not been aware of falling asleep. She was sitting there in the splendid little living room of the flat, brooding miserably over the future, and, suddenly, wide awake. Yet, unconsciously, as she sat there, she may have dozed.

For, as clearly as ever in her life she had beheld anything, she saw "Circle Jim" Borden come into the room.

Yes, "Circle Jim" Borden, whose mortal body had been lying in the potter's field this many a day.

"June," breathed the wraith's voice, "I am your father—your father, who died. There is no death, save to the body. And I have come back to you. I have come back, because I cannot rest. You alone can give me rest, my daughter."

He paused. And still that strange paralysis held June spellbound.

"I sought to wipe out forever the Red Circle curse. I sought it by ending the lives of those who bore that curse. But I failed. You escaped me."

The voice was tinged with a tender longing as again the wraith spoke:

"June—my little girl, whom I never knew, in life—you must help me. You, and you alone, can aid me now. I cannot rest until the circle is forever gone. While the curse endures, my torture must endure. I long for rest—for eternal sleep. But there can be no rest for the dead while their evil deeds live on. My sins live on in you, poor daughter of mine. And you alone can crush the awful power of the Red Circle and give me rest. Your fate is in your own hands. Not only your fate, but mine. You have the power, if you will but exert it, to save us. You alone. You can give me the rest I crave.

"It was brought up to crime—to recklessness—to the companionship of outcasts," went on Borden. "There were



Max and Mary Went to Her Aid.

but two clean influences in all my life—my mother and the wife I adored. My mother died before I could understand how much it would have meant to her if I had learned to live the life she wished me to. My wife could have saved me, through love. But she died. She died when you were born. And after that nothing mattered to me. I went on and on, to the end.

A spasm of pain marred his rugged face.

"With you it was different. From babyhood, you were surrounded by every influence for good. Every pow-

er or environment warred valiantly against the hereditary curse. And that saved you from committing sordid crimes, when at last the curse overtook you. You sinned. But always you sinned that others might be happy.

"You can conquer the curse by will-power," urged Borden. "You can destroy the evil that is in you. You can save yourself and me. You can do this. It will be a fearful conflict, but if you exert all your will-power, you can win. Will you do this, June? Answer me!"

June, longed to cry out to him that she would make the fight; that she would strive with all her might to stamp out the curse of the Red Circle. But she could not speak.

"You will not speak? You will not help me? You will not help yourself?" stormed the wraith.

"My plea cannot move you?" he rumbled. "Then there is only one way to end it. Even as I holed, once before, to destroy the Red Circle and its curse. Then, I killed myself and the lad I thought was my son. If I had known you were my daughter, you should have died, too; even as now, you shall die!"

The gnarled hands clutched at June's full, white throat in murderous fury. But the spectral hands—bodiless, shadowy—were harmless against her warm, living flesh.

Slowly the impotently murderous hands withdrew their grip.

"My—my spirit hands have no power against your human body!" he snarled. "I am helpless. It is my punishment."

He bowed his head in his arms; his phantom body twitching with emotion. Then, turning abruptly, without so much as a backward look at the trance-held girl, he melted through the closed door and was gone.

For a moment June remained as he had left her. Then she shuddered from head to heel. Her great dark eyes gradually opened. They were horror-filled and wild.

Dazedly June got to her feet, glaring about the room in abject fright. She moved uncertainly, a step or two. Then her tense nerves giving away, she shrieked aloud and reeled to the floor in a dead faint.

Mary and Lamar, at sound of her cry, rushed headlong into the room. They flew to her aid, applying such restoratives as were within reach. Presently, the swooning girl came to herself. Looking up, she encountered the nurse's loving, frightened old face.

"Oh, Mary!" she gasped, trembling all over. "I've had such an awful dream! Such a horrible dream. Mary! If—if it was a dream! If it was a dream!"

Charles Gordon, in the lounging room of his club, read and reread the flaring headlines that told of June Travis' arrest on the Red Circle charge.

The lawyer was muttering to himself: "Guilty or not—she saved me from prison. No girl with eyes like hers is a criminal. If—if it wasn't for this damnable embezzlement charge against me, I'd defend her. If only I could get Farwell to admit I'm innocent, I could practice again. And I believe I could clear her. But Farwell would never—"

He glanced up quickly. A man had hurried into the room and was speaking excitedly to a little knot of idlers who sat near the door.

"Well!" Gordon heard the newcomer saying, "I think Silas Farwell has about paid his debt to those employees of his that he's been swindling."

"What's up?" asked Gordon, joining the group.

"I heard this morning that a crowd of them tried to storm his office again, to make him settle. He had a lot of roughneck guards, who scattered them. But just now, as he was coming here from his factory, for lunch, a lot of the strikers mobbed his auto."

"Did they get him? Or—?"

"I don't know. I saw part of the row, from the club steps. It was no affair of mine, to interfere. Let him pay for his crookedness, for all I care. He—"

The speaker was interrupted by the entrance of Farwell himself—hatless, disheveled, panting.

"I—I got clear from them!" hoarsely, panted the fugitive, as he dashed into the room, and slammed the door behind him.

He was shaking with fear.

Then Gordon, recognizing the value of the psychological moment, leaped forward and seized Farwell by the torn coat lapels.

"Silas Farwell!" thundered Gordon, his face close to the frightened man's. "Confess that—the embezzlement charge you made against me was false! Confess it was a conspiracy—that you lied!"

The onlookers remained outwardly neutral; only pressing closer about the two, as if not wishing to miss a single detail of the scene.

"Confess!" ordered Gordon again.

Farwell, gasping, panting, in utter confusion of mind and body, blinked

stupidly into the sternly compelling eyes of his foe.

"Confess!" shouted Gordon.

"Here! What's all this?" demanded someone, in the same breath.

Chief Allen had come in, after heading a squad of policemen who had routed the mob.

Farwell's back was to the door. He had not heard Allen enter, and the chief's words had been drowned in Gordon's threatening shout of "Confess!"

But one of the bystanders laid a detaining hand on the advancing chief's arm, and stopped his progress toward the center of the group. Allen paused a moment, irresolute. And in that moment he heard Gordon repeat:

"Confess your charge against me was a lie!"

Under the blaze of Gordon's hypnotic look, Farwell's nerves went wholly to pieces.

"I—I—" he sputtered.

"Tell the truth!" demanded Gordon, "or I'll drag you by main force out of this club and throw you to the mob of men outside there! The men you've robbed, and who will kill you if they—"

"I—I confess!" croaked Farwell, in stark terror. "I—"

"You confess—what?" insisted Gordon, again shaking his foe back and forth as a puppy might shake a rag.

"I—I confess I framed you," he babbled the terrified Farwell. "I—I—the charge I made against you was—was false. I—oh, for God's sake, Gordon!" he howled in abject terror, "don't let these devils out there get hold of me. They'll—"

"One thing more!" broke in Gordon, curtly; his face alight at his victory and at the complete mastery which, for the moment, he was exerting over the panic-stricken man. "One thing more: Will you retract your robbery charge against Miss Travis, and vindicate her? Will you—?"

"Hold on, there!" broke in Chief Allen's peremptory voice. "You're going a step too far, Mr. Gordon. I didn't butt in, while you made him clear your own name. And I'm mighty glad you were able to. But I can't have you interfering with the Red Circle case. That's a matter for the police. Let it alone! And let Mr. Farwell go."

At sound of the chief's voice, Farwell's vanished courage returned to him with a rush.

"Am I going to withdraw the charge against the Travis girl?" he sneered.

There was her son, you know. Though of course she never guessed it and never even heard of him until Miss Travis was accused.

"Well, what—?"

"She came to ask me some questions about him. After the way Mrs. Travis had behaved to June, I was in no mood to handle her with gloves. So I told her, frankly, just what a rotten sort of a cub the boy was. She didn't like it, very much."

"I'm not surprised."

"Then I tried to soften her heart toward June. I used all the eloquence and all the arguments I could muster. It was no use."

"Max," said the chief, suddenly. "You're in love with June Travis!"

"Yes," was Lamar's delectable answer. "I am. And I'm proud of it. I'm going to save her if I can. And if I can't, I'm going to wait—a lifetime, if I have to—till she gets out of prison; and then I'm going down on my knees to her and beg her to be my wife."

"Red Circle and all?"

"Red Circle and all. She's the only girl on earth for me, chief. I—"

Allen's secretary came in with a telegram. The chief glanced at it and passed it over to Lamar. Max read:

"I have a charge to bring against Red Circle Lady for theft of war plans."

"TODD DREW!"

"There you are," said Allen. "And that's just the start of it. You remember the case. Drew had plans for a superdestructive war implement. He inherited them from his father, the big inventor. He was just going to sell them to a foreign government when a hand snatched them away from him. It was a woman's hand with a Red Circle on it. He didn't see anything of the woman, except her hand. But it was June Travis. She—"

The office door banged open and a man stamped in. It was Grant, the loan shark.

"The papers say you've caught the Red Circle woman at last. I'm here to make formal charge against her, for looking me in my vault and stealing all those promissory notes from my desk."

Lamar, sick at heart, got to his feet. Without a word of farewell, he started for the door. Allen looked, quizzically, after him, for a moment. Then he summoned his cleverest plain-clothes man.

"Follow Lamar," he ordered in a whisper. "And then go to the flat house where June Travis is staying; and watch it till I send to have you

couldn't possibly do better, if legal prowess could save you. But," he added, sadly, "it can't."

"Mr. Gordon thinks it can," said June, wondering at her lover's look of blank despair. "He says since Mr. Farwell is the only complainant, he—"

"Farwell isn't the only complainant," corrected Lamar. "I am just from headquarters. While I was there, two more complainants came forward. Todd Drew and Grant."

"Good Lord!" groaned the lawyer, sinking into a chair. "That settles it. There's not an atom of hope!"

"There is hope!" contradicted Lamar, trying to smile encouragement at the wretched girl who was looking in pitiable question from one man to the other. "There is hope. But only one hope."

"What is it?" asked June, feverish with anxiety.

"Just this," decided Max. "And Gordon will agree with me. You must run away."

"Run away? But—"

"You face absolutely certain conviction. Your only chance is to forfeit your bail bond and escape somewhere outside the jurisdiction of the court. Preferably, to Canada."

"You are right," declared Gordon. "It's the only chance. Start at once; before—"

"She can't do that," negatived Lamar. "There's a plain-clothes man—Sam Warren—across the street, watching the house. Before you'd gone a block, he'd—"

"But you said there was a chance!" wailed June, distraught.

"There is. As long as Warren's on the job, the chief won't send any one else to spy on you. We can't do anything by daylight. But as soon as it's dark, I'm going to get rid of Warren."

"How?" asked June, her eyes alight.

"If I can help," added Gordon, "count me in."

"You can help," returned Max gratefully. "You can help a lot. You and I will come back here at eight this evening, Gordon. I'll bring along a rope and a sack. We'll walk up behind Warren as he stands looking at this house, truss him up, but the sack over his head, trundle him into the alley back there, and tie him up to one of the telegraph poles."

"Good! Oh good!" laughed June in sudden glee.

"I'm game," said Gordon, briefly.

"Meanwhile, Mary," went on Lamar. "Get Miss Travis' things all packed, and be ready to start off with her. I'll buy the railroad tickets today. And I'll have a taxi here to rush you both to the Union Station, the minute we get Warren out of the way."

June's depression was gone. Her eyes sparkled with joyous excitement. Lamar eyed her in wonder. Then his gaze fell to her right hand. The Red Circle was blazing on it like a fiery meteor.

Max's heart went out to the afflicted girl, in a great rush of tenderness.

"Tonight, at eight, then," he said curtly. "Come along, Gordon. We've a lot to arrange."

June's fevered gaiety carried her through the rest of the day, through the ordeal of hasty packing and other preparation for her flight.

As eight o'clock struck, the trunks and suitcases were at last ready. Mary and June tensely awaited the coming of Gordon and Lamar.

"I'm going to the front room," said Mary, "and try to get a glimpse of them. I do hope they haven't made a botch of tying up that police fellow out there—the nasty spy!"

June left alone, looked around to see if anything had been forgotten in the haste of packing. And, as the scrutiny ended, she chanced to notice the Red Circle pulsing on her hand. She gazed at it, in a new horror. And, as she looked, the wild elation began to ebb from her brain.

"He said," she murmured, half aloud. "He said—my father said—I could wipe out the curse, by will-power. He said I could conquer—and I shall!"

Long she stood there, her eyes fixed on her hand.

"I can conquer, by will-power. And God helping me, I shall!"

Presently, the conflict ceased, as suddenly as it had begun. The beautiful face was calm again—deadly pale, but illumined by a new strength it had never before known. She looked at her hand.

The Red Circle had vanished; never again to return.

Into the apartment burst Lamar and Gordon, with Mary at their heels.

"We got him!" cried Lamar. "We got him, June! We slipped up on him from behind, just as we'd arranged. He's tied and gagged; and he's strapped, hand and foot, to a telegraph pole in the darkest part of the alley. Are you ready, sweetheart? We've no time to waste."

"Thank you, Max," she said, gently. "Thank you, both, from the bottom of my heart, for all you've done and all you've risked for me tonight. But—"

"There's no time for thanks, Miss Travis," interrupted Gordon. "And we don't ask for thanks, either of us. Hurry! We must be off, before—"

"I am not going!" said June, very quietly, yet her face glorified by a new light from within.

"What?" cried Lamar. "Not going? But—"

"I am going to stay here," she made smiling answer, "and face my trial!"

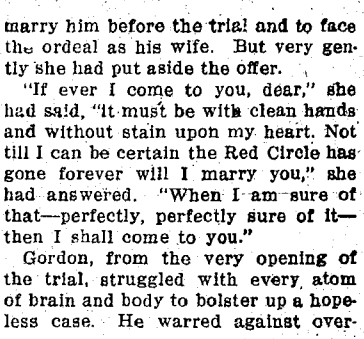
Three months later, the most sensational criminal trial in the history of the city began—the trial of June Travis on the Red Circle charges.

Both Lamar and Gordon had moved heaven and earth in her behalf. But the ugly fact of her guilt remained unshaken. Max had brought her to

marry him before the trial and to face the ordeal as his wife. But very gently she had put aside the offer.

"If ever I come to you, dear," she had said, "it must be with clean hands and without stain upon my heart. Not till I can be certain the Red Circle has gone forever will I marry you," she had answered. "When I am sure of that—perfectly, perfectly sure of it—then I shall come to you."

Gordon, from the very opening of the trial, struggled with every atom of brain and body to bolster up a hopeless case. He warred against over-



Max Did Not Turn His Head.

whelming odds and never yielded a single step without fierce opposition. Yet the trial's result was a foregone conclusion.

On the very last day of the trial, Mrs. Travis created a painful scene by rushing into court, and throwing her arms around June, weepingly declaring herself a wicked old woman for having turned her back on the girl, and vowing that never again would she forsake her.

Mrs. Travis (her family pride and resentment swept away by a sudden impulse of love toward the stricken girl she had abandoned) held June close pressed to her heart and cried out sobbingly to the judge:

"She is mine! She is my own little girl! And you shan't send her to prison!"

The jury was out less than half an hour and returned grimly to the box with the unanimous verdict of "GUILTY!"

June did not flinch as she heard the word; the most terrible word in all our language. The same strange light that had come into her face on the night when she had refused to escape, still glowed there. Calm, unafraid, she listened to the verdict.

With the same calmness, she rose and stood facing the judge, to receive her sentence.

The judge was an old man. He had known June from babyhood. He had been a close friend of Mrs. Travis' husband, in the early days; and was still a constant visitor at the Travis home. June pitied him for the grim task that was now his.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, his deep voice untinted by any emotion. "A jury of your peers has found you guilty on every count of the various indictments against you. It is a just verdict. In view of the evidence, it was the only verdict the jury could honestly have agreed upon."

"My own duty is equally clear," he went on. The law, through its administrators, must protect the public. By virtue of my office, it is my prerogative to decide to what extent you are a menace to the public; and to act accordingly. While there can be no reasonable doubt that you committed the crimes whereof you were charged, yet it has also been established to the court's satisfaction, at least—that those crimes were committed under the stress of a certain psychic influence. The court is also convinced that that evil influence no longer exists. It is the court's belief that the influence will not return, and that you will thus be no longer a menace to society.

"Therefore, I hereby release you, on parole—in the custody of Mrs. Travis, I—"

The remainder of his speech was drowned in a tumult of applause that the court made no imperative effort to check.

A year dragged by. A long, bitter year to Max Lamar, who had found himself unable to shake June's resolve, and who, to keep his promise, had forced himself to remain at a distance from her.

One early spring day he sat in his private office, listlessly going over some papers in a case he was preparing. The warmth and beauty of the day called to him, through the open window. But he gave it no heed and worked on, with a heavy heart.

The office door opened, slowly, as if pushed by timid fingers. Max did not turn his head.

Suddenly, two soft hands were pressed across his eyes; and his head was gently drawn back against a woman's breast. With an unbelieved cry of utter joy he sprang to his feet.

The next instant, June Travis was in his arms.

"Max!" she faltered, when at last he let her speak. "I've—I've come—as I promised—to tell you the Red Circle is gone and that it will never come back. And—and to ask you if you'd—if you'd care to replace it—with another circle? A gold one, this time, dear—with a diamond in it!"

(THE END.)



Mrs. Travis Created a Painful Scene in Court.

"Of course I'm not. I'm going to prosecute her to the bitter end. The hell!"

Chief Allen interposed his muscular bulk between the two men, just in time to prevent Gordon from flying at his enemy's throat.

Next morning, as soon as he could find out where she was living, Gordon went to June's apartment and offered her services as her counsel in the approaching trial. Gratefully, June accepted the offer, being familiar with the reports of his legal skill.

He cut short her thanks by saying:

"And now, if you don't mind, Miss Travis, we'll go over the case, together; step by step. If Farwell is the only complainant against you, I've a notion I can shut him up by threats of a perjury charge. You know he swore falsely against me. If there are no other complaints, you are as good as freed."

But there were other complainants. Plenty of them, as Max Lamar and Chief Allen were at that very moment finding out.

Max had dropped into the chief's private office for a chat with his old friend, and to try to enlist his aid in June's behalf. But he found Allen as firm as a rock, in the matter of bringing the Red Circle criminal to justice.

"I'd like to see it your way, Max," said the chief. "But I can't. I'm an officer of the law. The law has been violated. And it's up to me to do all I can to punish the violator. I'm sorry. You've got eloquence enough to move anyone but a veteran thief-taker. Move I—"

"No, I haven't," denied Lamar, miserably. "I can't even sway the feelings of one cranky fool of a woman."

"What woman?" asked the chief, curiously.

"Mrs. Travis," growled Lamar. "She came to my office this morning. She remembered I was present when Ted Borden was asphyxiated by old 'Circle Jim.' She knew I'd had some experience with the boy, before that. He

relieved. I've a notion she's going to try to bolt and that Max Lamar's going to try to help her do it."

The plain-clothes man was off, like a sleuth hound. He found the double task unexpectedly easy. For Lamar was making for June's apartment as fast as he could go.

The crime specialist vanished into the apartment house doorway without once turning around. And the plain-clothes man lounged idly against a tree across the street; smugly certain that he had not been observed.

Now it happened that Max Lamar was one of the most brilliant detectives in America.

The sixth sense, so common to born man-hunters, had told him, before he had gone a hundred yards from police headquarters, that he was followed. He had not turned around to verify this belief. Partly because there was no need to. Partly because he did not want to put his pursuer on guard.

But, the moment he entered the front door of the apartment house, his careless demeanor changed. Stepping quickly to one side, so that he was no longer in view from the street, he turned and moved along the sidewalk of the hallway, toward the front door, again, and presently he came to a window that overlooked the sidewalk.

Flattening himself against the wall, he peeped around the edge of the window frame, for one brief second, only a small portion of his head showing.

That single glimpse told him all he wanted to know. He saw the plain-clothes man loitering with apparent aimlessness on the far side of the thoroughfare. Lamar recognized him as Warren, one of the most tenacious, quick-witted members of the force.

Having made this discovery, Max Lamar continued on his way to June's apartment. Mary let him in. June was still consulting with Gordon, who had just risen to take his leave.

"Mr. Gordon has promised to be my counsel," June told him as the two men cordially shook hands. "He—"

"Good," approved Lamar. "You



**"The Laughing Mask"**



Who is he?  
 "The Hammer of God" is his own reply to that question. You'll realize its significance when you read the story or see the pictures of "The Iron Claw."  
 What is he?  
 The most remarkable, versatile, daring Genius of Adventure that has ever stepped before your eyes in print or picture. "The Laughing Mask" is only one of many vitally interesting characters you'll meet in

**The Iron Claw**

By ARTHUR STRINGER

The supreme achievement in the field of Motion Picture Serial Stories. Soon to appear in this newspaper.

Be Sure to Read It! Then See the Pictures at the Theater!

**THE MENACING ATTITUDE OF LABOR**

When Congress, urged by the President, passed the Adamson law, it was easy to foresee that a dangerous precedent was set. If the railway brotherhoods could thus compel legislation in their behalf under threats of tying up the commerce and industry of the nation other labor organizations would almost infallibly follow their example. So it has proved. The American Federation of Labor has already declared that the extension of the Clayton act until it becomes operative in every State is "the paramount issue."

The Clayton act is a conspicuous example of class legislation. It specifically exempts labor from the provisions of a general law, under the provision that "nothing contained in the anti-trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of labor, agricultural and horticultural organizations instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit." The implied reason for such exemption is plausible enough, but the effect is to justify breach of contract, the secondary boycott and the blacklist. Furthermore, it says that labor is not a commodity, thus contradicting, if words mean anything, an economic doctrine based upon the ordinary interpretation of the term. A decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court that labor is property is, in the opinion of the unions, a nullification of the law—"usurpation and tyranny," to quote the language of the committee's report.

Such perhaps it may be, if liberty resides in special license. But it is not the objection of the decision so much as the advice to disregard it, "let the consequences be what they may," that is alarmingly significant. For here labor takes the attitude of superiority to law, of having the right to break it if it seems unjust. An extreme legalistic view may not always be commendable; but if we are to have "justice with a heart in it," as the President says, there must be loyalty to any law while it is law, whatever efforts may be making for its amendment or repeal. Less than this is disloyalty to the social welfare. —Philadelphia Ledger.

**Western Michigan Unexcelled for Fruit Growing.**

A recent federal investigation shows conclusively that the counties along the west shore of the state offer advantages to the horticulturist not to be secured elsewhere.

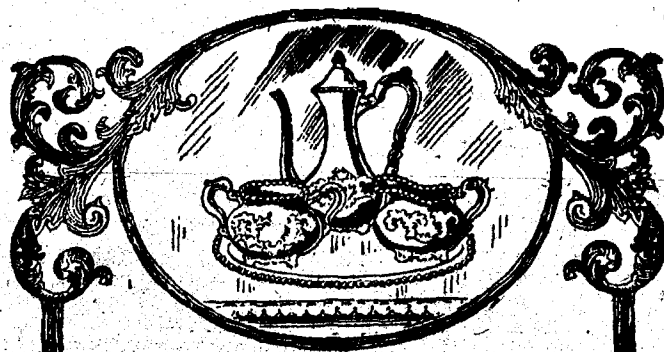
Here, as nowhere else, are found that variety of soils and locations suited to all purposes of the fruit grower; a temperate climate with sufficient rainfall and such a thing as a complete crop failure almost unknown.

Western Michigan is less troubled with insect and fungus pests than any other fruit growing region, and the superior quality and flavor of her fruit is everywhere recognized. This, combined with nearness to markets, good transportation facilities, rail and water and reasonable freight rates, places the Western Michigan fruit grower at a decided advantage, while co-operative marketing associations enable him to sell his fruit at a profit.

And many a girl's shirt waist is rumpled because of too much pressing.



Helen Greene, Starred in "The Pertis of Our Girl Reporters."



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If you are still in doubts as to what to buy, a walk through our store will quickly set your mind at ease.

We take pride in having our stock of jewelry represent all that is not only newest and best, but that also is different from the common run. Exclusive and distinctive designs are featured here and those desiring jewelry that has these qualities will find wide range for satisfactory selection here.

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**PURE MILK**  
 FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK  
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**AVIATION SCHOOL IN EGYPT**

British Forces Are Establishing Big Institution for Instruction of Pilots.

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

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

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



**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.

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**

**Frank Phillips**

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

**PRINTING INSIDE AN EGG**

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

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

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

**VISITS BLOND ESKIMOS**

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

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

In a letter received from Rev. H. Girling of Emmanuel college by Reverend Doctor Carpenter, principal of the college, the missionary announced he reached the tribe October 10, 1914, and remained with them some time.

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

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

Some men work harder to get even than to earn money.

**COUGHED FIFTEEN YEARS**

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

**GLASSES FITTED**

CONSULT  
**J. LEAHY**  
 Optometrist  
 Expert on Eye Strain

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

Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.

Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty.

Difficult Cases Solicited.

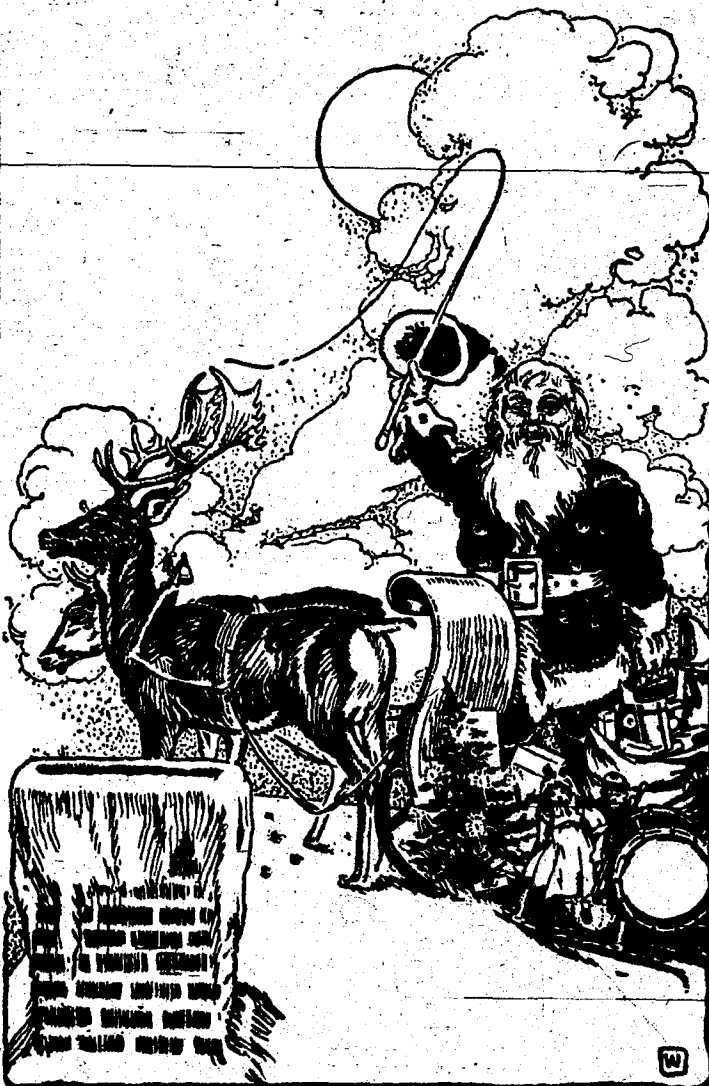
Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27  
 will remain one day  
 Office with Drs. Vardon & Parks

**NO HIGHER PRICE FOR THIS**

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

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE**



**THE LATE HOLIDAY SHOPPER**  
 will find in every department of this store  
 suitable and appropriate Holiday Gifts.  
**LET US SERVE YOU!**

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**

## Briefs of the Week

James Palmeter is home from Detroit. Thelma McDonald, is quite ill with pneumonia.

Miss Lella Seymour left Thursday for her home at Flint.

Miss June Hoyt is home from Ypsilanti for Xmas vacation.

Carroll Hoyt is home from Houghton for the Xmas holidays.

Miss Mina Stewart came home from Ypsilanti, Saturday last.

Miss Leto Stewart is expected home from Detroit this Saturday.

Miss Hazel Cummins of Ypsilanti is expected home Saturday to spend Xmas.

Miss Lydia Cook of Detroit will spend Xmas with her mother, Mrs. C. Cook.

Moses Lemieux of Flint will be home Saturday to spend Xmas with his family here.

Rev. C. H. Lee of Gladwin is guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. A. Ashley.

Leo, the ten-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Bolser passed away, Wednesday.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson of the Soo is guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. D. L. Wilson.

Bruce Dickie was called to Arthur City, Texas, Wednesday, by the death of his mother.

Frank Calkins has vacated the Commercial Hotel and opened in the Bell Hotel on State-st.

Mrs. Jos. Junget and son of Detroit are guests at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoyt.

Mrs. Len Swafford is able to be out again after a short illness, and is assisting at Blount's Bazaar store.

Mrs. Stanton Gregory and son, Harry of Flint are expected here Saturday to spend Xmas with relatives.

Mrs. Geo. Jepson is home from Detroit to spend Xmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Bader and children of Boyne City will spend Xmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Porter and son left Thursday for Mt. Pleasant to spend Xmas with the latter's sister, Mrs. John Benford and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Malpass and the latter's mother, Mrs. Johnson of Cadillac are expected Friday for a visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Malpass.

The six-weeks-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bisonette passed away Tuesday. Funeral services were held from the home, Wednesday morning, conducted by Rev. John Clemens.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Porter will leave this Friday for Butler, Pennsylvania, to attend the funeral of the latter's sister, Mrs. Dickie who died at Arthur City, Texas, Wednesday evening. The funeral will be held at Butler, Pa.

The Relief Committee of the Community Christmas must have a large quantity of clothing and eatables if all the needy families are to be supplied. Contributions of toys, chickens, potatoes, underwear and mens coats are especially needed. These should be delivered to the committee's headquarters in the LaLonde building at once.

Otto Soebner will leave Friday for his home at Elkton.

Richard McKinnon of Flint visited friends in the city this week.

Mrs. Donald Patterson of Ellsworth visited her sister, Mrs. J. Mollard, last week.

Mrs. Wm. Bodrie entertained her cousin, Mrs. Brancho from Blue Lake, over Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Glenn and children left Wednesday for a two weeks visit with relatives at Butler, Pa.

Miss Eva Heller of Sault Ste Marie will be home to spend Xmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Heller.

A surprise party was given Miss Phyllis Weisman, Tuesday evening the occasion being her birthday anniversary.

Miss Eva White went to Petoskey, Wednesday, where she entered one of the hospitals there for a slight operation.

Miss Winnie Maddaugh who has been teaching near Gaylord, will be home Saturday to spend Xmas with her parents.

Mrs. R. N. Spence and mother, Mrs. Sophia Johnson returned home from a visit with friends at Mackinaw City, Tuesday.

Our Fire Department are conducting a series of dances every two weeks at the Armory. The next one is scheduled for Friday night, Dec. 29th and an invitation is extended all to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Crossman left Thursday morning for Grand Rapids to spend the holidays at the home of their son, Earl, after which they expect to leave for California where they will spend the winter.

Capt. Bennett of the Str. Venezuela left Thursday for Milwaukee. The barge came into port first of last week with a cargo of iron ore for the East Jordan Furnace Co., and the sudden freeze locked the boat here for the winter.

Christmas vacation started in our public schools Wednesday and several of our teachers have gone to their homes for the holidays. Among those are:—A. E. Wells to Muskegon; B. J. Holcomb to Traverse City; Miss Harriet Thomas to Reese; Miss Ada Coleman to Wheeler; Miss Selma Anderson to Tustin; Miss Ruth Durfee to Ypsilanti and Miss Ruth Weston to the Soo.

Elias Hammond passed away at his home in this city Wednesday evening after an illness of several years duration. Mr. Hammond was a veteran of the civil war, and has been a resident of this city for a number of years. Funeral services will be held this Friday afternoon from his late home, conducted by either Rev. T. Porter Bennett of Hartford or by Rev. Clemens.

### Christmas Gifts at Mack's.

Alma College Male Quartette—four young men selected as the cream of the Alma College Glee Club, which is famed as the best body of its kind in the state, will give a concert at the Methodist Church, next Tuesday evening Dec. 26th. A good miscellaneous program of music and readings under the auspices of the Epworth League. Admission 25 cents. Children under 15 cents.

### Christmas Gifts at Mack's.

### Christmas Gifts at Mack's.

Miss Clara Thorson is home from Charlevoix.

Mrs. F. H. Steele is confined to her home by illness.

H. H. Cummings made a business trip to Bellaire Thursday.

Miss Agatha Kenny is home from the Normal at Charlevoix.

Miss Della Parker returned to her home in Echo, Monday.

Carl Heinzelman of Midland will spend Xmas with his family here.

Miss Ruby Flynn went to Deward, Thursday morning, to visit friends.

Mrs. Thos. Brennan went to Cheboygan on Friday, returning Saturday.

A. E. Alexander of Alba was in the city the first of the week on business.

Mrs. L. G. Balch left Wednesday for Jamestown, N. Y., to spend Xmas with relatives.

Otis Smith of Mackinaw City is guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. C. V. Trumbull.

Mrs. C. C. Vardon entertained the local telephone girls at her home last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gibson left Wednesday for Jackson where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Geo. Jepson of Detroit is guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Howard.

Mrs. Isaac Bowen of Flint was called here Thursday by the death of her father, E. Hammond.

Charles Phillips who left on the Str. Neff first of the month for Buffalo, N. Y., returned home this week.

Miss Mary Berg who is teaching at Marion Center will be home Saturday to spend Xmas with her parents.

John Cummins who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Jesse Allen at Smyrna, returned home Friday last.

The Latter Day Saints will hold their Xmas exercises at their church this Saturday evening, beginning at 7:30.

John Gunsolus was the lucky person to receive the 21 jewel gold watch at the skating rink, Wednesday evening.

Frank Ames of Traverse City was guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. R. Alexander the latter part of last week.

A miscellaneous shower was given at the home of Mrs. Chas. Coykendall on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Louise Renard.

Mrs. Dalton Gay and daughter will leave this Saturday for Detroit, where she will join her husband and make their future home.

The Municipal Christmas Tree was placed in position, Thursday forenoon and the work of decorating, wiring, etc., is now being done.

Mrs. H. J. Bryant and daughter, Miss Daisy, who have had dress-making parlors over Mrs. Boswell's millinery store, moved Wednesday to the Gibson residence on Upper Main-st.

Miss Mary Zoulek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Zoulek of Wilson township who has been employed at Detroit for the past few years, was recently married to Mr. G. Lousier of Alabama.

Masquerade Skate at the roller rink Dec. 28. Prizes for the lady and gentleman having the neatest costumes representing something. General admission 25c. Skates free. Skating session in the afternoon on Christmas day.

### Christmas Gifts at Mack's.

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

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.

FOR SALE—very cheap. FARM 40 acres (Wilson township) near State road. Good land but buildings needing repairs. Also two adjoining BUILDING LOTS (Bowens addition.) Sold in parcel if desired. Address, C. A. Holmes, Sherburne, N. Y.

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.

### STOPPED CHILDREN'S CROUP COUGH

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

### St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Dec. 24, 1916.

8:00 a. m.—Mass.

10:30 a. m. Mass, Benediction.

Monday, Dec. 25. Feast of the Nativity.

5:00 a. m.—High Mass.

Procession of Acolytes

"Silent Night"—Organ and Violin Acc.

Kyrie and Gloria

Credo

"Adeste Fideles" Offertory. Organ and Violin Acc.

Sanctus

Benedictus

Agnus Dei

"Wonderful Night"— Communion

Organ and Violin Acc.

"The Angels' Message"

O, Salutaris

Tantum Ergo

Benediction

"Dear Little One," Recessional—

Organ and Violin

8:00 a. m.—Low Mass.

"Silent Night"

"Adeste Fideles"

"Heart of the Holy Child"

"Dear Little One."

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 24, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—"The Christmas Vision."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

8:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"Sunday School Christmas Exercises."

Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.—Trustees meeting.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 24, 1916.

10:30 a. m.—Worship—"The World's Greatest Birthday."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—No League.

7:00 p. m.—Christmas Program by Sunday School. A varied and attractive program.

Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock the Alma College Glee Club gives a concert at the church. See notice elsewhere in this issue.

Prayer service Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

### Church of God

J. W. Ruehie, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 24, 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 evening Cottage meeting.

The revival meetings at the Three Bell school house still continue.

### Latter Day Saints Church

Elder Manley D. Winters, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 24.

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.

### A LESSON.

The little town of Phoenix, N. Y., was recently burned out. It will take the people and business of the town a long time to recover from the disaster—if they ever succeed in doing so. The pitiful thing about it all is that it was unnecessary. The town was situated on a river and a good-sized canal ran right through the town. There was plenty of water to put out the fire. But there was no fire equipment to use the water. The only large pump in the town was located inside the factory where the fire started, and its very location soon rendered it unavailable for fire-fighting.

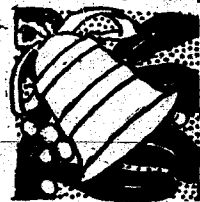
Foresighted and public-spirited men had long urged the people of Phoenix to protect their homes and business against just such danger. But the expense had looked too big. They were cautious about spending so much money for a modern, up-to-date fire department and apparatus. Now they have lost absolutely all they had through trying to save a little.

The story has a big lesson for city and town alike. Don't be stingy! Choose the right men to spend the money and then let them spend all that is necessary to protect against fire, against disease, against ignorance. Let us have our fire departments, our fire-proof buildings, our sanitary measures, our good schools. Some day, maybe, we'll realize that they were worth the price. That's a preparedness toward which the most extreme pacifist can look with joy and satisfaction while he works with the most belligerent to achieve it.—Grand Rapids Press.

### 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.

# CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



## M. E. Ashley & Co.

East Jordan, Michigan



There it is again!

See the look of fiendish glee as he is about to grasp the girl, all unaware of her impending fate!

What is it all about? What does it all mean? You will find the answer in the greatest of Motion Picture Serial stories ever printed

# The Iron Claw

By ARTHUR STRINGER

It is a story that will hold your interest from the reading of the first installment until the last exciting adventure is related. It will make you realize that a new standard of excellence in Motion Picture Serials has been created.

Arthur Stringer's stories have heretofore appeared in only the highest class of magazines. This opportunity to read one of the best pieces of fiction he has ever produced should not be overlooked. The picturized version produced by the Pathe Co. is just as interesting as the story.

Be Sure to Read **THE IRON CLAW** in This Paper

Then See the Pictures at the Moving Picture Theater

WE WISH YOU

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Weisman's

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

Sold by the EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY

Read the opening installment on last page of this issue; then see the pictures, Temple Theatre, Saturday



## Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten days of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

Christmas is rapidly approaching. Don't forget to unhoard your money.

Books are man's best friends; when they bore him he can shut them up without giving offense.

A man of experience says getting married is about the same as filing a petition in bankruptcy.

## COMB SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

It's Grandmother's Recipe to keep her locks dark, glossy, beautiful.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's recipe, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product, improved by the addition of other ingredients, called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

## DRUGS EXCITE YOUR KIDNEYS, USE SALTS

If your back is aching or bladder bothers, drink lots of water and eat less meat.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's harmful waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 600 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

## BRYAN AGAINST OWNERSHIP BY THE GOVERNMENT

Gives Newlands Committee His Views on Railroad Control.

COMPETITION PREFERABLE.

Federal Regulation Should Not Be Allowed to Exclude Exercise of State Authority, He Contends—Thinks Railroad Stocks Should Represent Actual Value and Be Stable as Government Bonds.

Washington, Dec. 11.—William J. Bryan, who startled the country ten years ago by advocating government ownership of railroads, appeared before the Newlands Joint Committee on Interstate Commerce last week in support of the claim that the states should be allowed to retain authority over the regulation of all transportation lines within their borders. Mr. Bryan explained that he had long regarded government ownership as inevitable, but only because of railroad opposition to effective regulation.

**Against Government Ownership.** "Personally I cannot say that I desire government ownership," he explained, "because I lean to the individual idea rather than to the collective idea; that is, I believe that government ownership is desirable only where competition is impossible."

Alfred P. Thom, counsel to the Railway Executives' Advisory Committee, previously had presented before the members of the Newlands Committee as one of his reasons for urging a better balanced and more systematic regulation of railroads the argument that this is the only alternative to government ownership. Calling attention to the restrictions imposed upon the transportation lines by conflicting state laws and regulations, to the practical cessation of new construction and to the impossibility under existing conditions of securing the new capital needed for extensions and betterments of railway facilities, he warned the Congressmen that unless they provided a fair and reasonable system of regulation that would enable the railroads to meet the growing needs of the country's business the national government would be compelled to take over the ownership of the lines with all the evils attendant upon such a system.

**Preservation of Competition.** Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, holds that the further extension of federal authority over the railroads would be a step in the direction of government ownership. He advanced the view that the centralization of control in the hands of the national government would impose too great a burden upon the regulating body, would offer strong temptation to railroads to interfere in politics and would encourage the general movement toward centralization of power in the federal government at

## BAD STOMACH TROUBLE

Yields to Delicious Vinol.

Shreveport, La.—"I had a bad stomach trouble for years and became so weak I could hardly walk or do any work. My appetite was poor, my food would not digest, I bloated and was very weak and nervous. I tried many remedies without help. I saw Vinol advertised and tried it, and now my stomach trouble is completely cured and I am well."—E. L. MARSHALL.

Vinol is guaranteed to tone up the tired, over-taxed and weakened nerves of the stomach and create strength.

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

the expense of the states. He said that he did not object to consolidations of railroad lines so long as they did not destroy competition, that he knew of no complaint against great railway systems because of their size and that he believed that the preservation of competition was the test to be applied to all consolidations.

**Regulation of Securities.**

Mr. Bryan declared himself in favor of national regulation of railway stock and bond issues, but added that he saw no reason why that should exclude the states from acting on the same subject as to state corporations. "I would like to see the stock of a railroad, as long as it is in private hands, made as substantial and as unvarying as the value of a government bond," he asserted.

He suggested that railroad capitalization be readjusted to equalize it with actual valuation of the property represented, making due allowance for equities, and that when this was done the roads should be allowed to earn sufficient income to keep their stock at par and to create a surplus. The latter, he tentatively proposed, might be allowed to amount to 25 per cent of the capital.

**Railway Earnings Low.**

This subject of railroad capitalization and the amount of railroad earnings received further attention from the committee during its recent sessions. In answer to questions by Senator Cummins, Mr. Thom submitted figures showing the net earnings of the roads in recent years. These figures show that during the five years from 1905 to 1910 the average net earnings were 5.25 per cent of the net capitalization, while for the five years from 1910 to 1915 the average was only 4.56 per cent. The total earnings on the stock, computed by adding to the net operating income the income from the securities owned and deducting bond interest, were for 1910, 7.09 per cent; for 1911, 6.17 per cent; for 1912, 4.97 per cent; for 1913, 5.94 per cent; for 1914, 4.06 per cent; for 1915, 3.44 per cent, thus showing an almost continuous decrease throughout this six year period. It was announced that Halford Erickson, formerly chairman of the Wisconsin Railroad Commission, would submit more complete information on this subject to the committee at a later date.

Silence may be golden, but it won't pay the expenses of the drummer.

## SHELDON LEWIS



Wherever motion pictures are shown, Sheldon Lewis, famous as "The Clutching Hand" in the series of "Exploits of Elaine," is known because of his forceful personality. His dramatic sweep and power have gained him the reputation of "the most fascinating villain on the screen."

Lewis is cast in the sinister role of "villain" in the new motion picture serial, "The Iron Claw," a story which sets a new mark for film features. The several episodes of this great story will be printed in this paper while the pictures are shown at the local theater.

Don't give your husband too much rope Christmas. Give him real cigars for a change.

An ex-spinster says it is almost as hard to live with a husband as it is to live without one.

## NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.

Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid!



### 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

If too proud to beg and too honest to steal—get trusted.

Some men work harder to get even than to earn money.

Many a self-made man tries to blame the job on his wife.

**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's Cathartic Tablets. Do not gripe nor sicken; act promptly.—Hite's Drug Store.

**COUGHED FIFTEEN YEARS**

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

When a man pays his way in he seldom has to pay his way out.

Marrying a man to reform him is like drinking whiskey to destroy it.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it's different with a rolling joke.

## The Iron Claw

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Wire Tappers," "The Silver Poppy," "The Shadow," "The Hand of Peril," Etc., Etc.

On a little island off the Carolinas—a ruined home—broken hearts—vows of vengeance—a lost child—treasure trove and an ocean floor attend as "The Iron Claw," our new motion picture serial story comes into being.

While you read, twelve eventful years roll swiftly by and "The Iron Claw" leads you into haunts unspeakable where the master minds of vice and crime conspire.

Then enters The Laughing Mask acting the role of "The Hammer of God!"

And—but read it for yourself. The first story of the series will appear in this paper soon.

In "The Iron Claw," Stringer turns all accepted notions of writing upside down and creates situations that make thrills alternate with fever heat and icy chills in the minds of his readers.

You will enjoy every installment thoroughly! Read it!

Then see the films at the motion picture theater!

Use **Black Silk Stove Polish**

"A Shine in Every Drop"

Get a can today from your hardware or grocery dealer.



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

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

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

## RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

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

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

## Such tobacco enjoyment

as you never thought could be is yours to command quick as you buy some Prince Albert and fire-up a pipe or a home-made cigarette!

Prince Albert gives you every tobacco satisfaction your smoke-appetite ever hankered for. That's because it's made by a patented process that cuts out bite and parch! Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!



## PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has a flavor as different as it is delightful. You never tasted the like of it! And that isn't strange, either.

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in tippyred bags, 5c; tidyred tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that corking fine pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such clever trim—always!

Men who think they can't smoke a pipe or roll a cigarette can smoke and will smoke if they use Prince Albert. And smokers who have not yet given P. A. a try-out certainly have a big surprise and a lot of enjoyment coming their way as soon as they invest in a supply. Prince Albert tobacco will tell its own story!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



# THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE  
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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

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

## SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends, Amos Rhineland, financier, and Robert Seagru, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safebreakers employed by Seagru steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the Tidewater, fatally round 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 Seagru, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhineland. Spike, befriended by Helen, in turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagru kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhineland a race against Seagru for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhineland rescue Spike from Seagru's men. Spike steals records to protect Rhineland and Storm and Helen saves Spike from death in the burning of the courthouse.

## ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

### Salting of the Superstition Mine.

Outwitted in his effort to obtain possession of the coveted right-of-way record and defeated once more in his plans through the failure of Spike to betray those who had befriended him, Seagru's wrath concentrated on Spike as being chiefly responsible for his discomfiture.

But standing in the room which had just been the scene of his last defeat, Seagru felt that he could at least enjoy revenge. Helen, Storm and Rhineland were still facing him, with Spike near, and the sheriff was just leaving the room when Seagru called to him. As he did so, he drew from his pocket a worn pamphlet and handed it ostentatiously to the sheriff. "There's something of interest to you!"

"What do you mean?" returned the official jocularly. He glanced at the pamphlet, saw set forth on the cover a reward of five hundred dollars offered for the apprehension of Spike and laughed: "We see these things every day," said he, handing it back to Seagru. "If I were to chase up all of the pointers I get like that, my salary wouldn't buy gasoline."

"You don't have to burn any gasoline to get this money," retorted Seagru. "Your man is right here."

"Where?" demanded the sheriff skeptically.

Seagru pointed to Spike. "That is the man," he said coldly.

Spike decided the game was up. He made a bolt for the door. The sheriff stopped him.

The moment was an unpleasant one. Helen was furious. "Of all the mean things you've ever done," she said to Seagru, "this is about the meanest—I should think you would want to go and hide yourself," she exclaimed with cutting emphasis, "from the sight of all living men."

Stung, Seagru retorted in like: "That sounds fine from your lips, Miss Helen Holmes! It's a new role for you to become the champion of prison birds like this fellow." He nodded insolently towards Spike. "Especially," he added, "since this very man"—he pointed a finger retentively at Spike—"this very man," he almost thundered, "was implicated in the death of your own father!" He meant, with his retort, to beat poor Helen to the ground. He almost did so.



The Fight on Top of the Train Was Vicious.

pointed to the last spot at which they had got high-grade quartz.

The expert stooped and took up a handful of rock from the ground. Answering Seagru, in reply to a hopeful question, he shook his head. "I doubt very much," said he, after the two had canvassed the matter from all sides, "if it is possible to recover the vein."

At the entrance to the shaft Seagru dismissed his own two men and turned to the expert. They talked together a few moments. The mining man saw what was in Seagru's mind and was not surprised a moment later to hear him say, without further beating about the bush: "If I can get a bidder for the mine, I'll pay five thousand dollars for a good report on it."

Each understood the other as they left the scene together. And summoning his men, Bill and Lug, and getting into his motor car with the expert, Seagru drove away toward Las Vegas. The machine was stopped a little distance from Rhineland's camp and Seagru on a scratch pad wrote a note to Amos Rhineland. Giving this to Lug, he directed him to deliver it. He then told Bill to drive back to town.

Helen, cut to pieces over the disclosure of Spike's complicity in the death of her father, returned with Rhineland and Storm to the construction camp. Storm offered such consolation as he could, but this was very little. And it was almost a relief to him when Rhineland directed him to see about getting the men to work.

Rhineland himself was watching the progress of the construction a little while later when Lug handed him Seagru's note.

Dear Rhineland:  
Without a cut-off we cannot operate the Superstition mine profitably. This would make a good investment for your company and I am giving you the first chance to bid for it.

Yours,  
SEAGRU.

Rhineland, somewhat puzzled, read the note over two or three times. He dismissed Lug with the verbal message to Seagru that he would look into it, and calling Storm and Helen into conference, Rhineland read



Jumped With a Cry of Defiance From the Top of the Car.

them the note and its contents were put under discussion.

"Do you suppose," asked Rhineland, "that he means what he says?"

"It might be," ventured Helen, reflectively. "Certainly we know he is about defeated in his construction race. And if he's beaten on the railroad proposition, why shouldn't he want to get rid of his mining property?"

"The Superstition mine," observed Rhineland, "has always been a good producer."

At the mine matters were being pushed rapidly forward for the selling campaign. Driving back with Bill and Lug, Seagru had summoned the foreman, bidden him dismiss the men and dispatched his own two worthies to the surface for bags of ore. In the meantime he and his foreman began to get the rock ready. Bill and Lug returned presently from the bag pile, each of them bearing a sack of ore. Lug was sent for more, while the others deposited the rich quartz in readiness for Rhineland's examination.

At the assay office in Las Vegas, Rhineland, accompanied by Storm and Helen, was looking for the expert. Rhineland held a brief conference with him, telling him what was wanted and asking whether he could accompany him on a trip to the Superstition mine. The expert raised some objection, professing other work on hand, but was finally induced to yield and Storm was sent to procure a motor car in which the party embarked on its return. The orders were to drive straight to the Superstition mine.

Seagru was almost ready for visitors. After an hour's hard work with his men, who had been distributing the sacks and rolling the rich ore in among the worthless rock, he directed them to get ready for a blasting. The foreman took a single charge and put Bill and Lug to work on it.

Seagru left the tunnel, the foreman remaining under his orders to hurry the shot. The moment Bill was ready, Lug got the dynamite, set the fuse and completed the preparations. Outside, Seagru, to his delight, saw Rhineland and his party driving up. Greetings were exchanged, somewhat stiffly, after the recent encounter of the parties, but without dissension in the presence of the expert, and all started together for the tunnel.

With Rhineland asking questions every few steps, the expert explained as they walked down the tunnel, the character of the formation and recited something of the history of the mine, with which he admitted he was familiar. It all sounded encouraging. By the time the group had reached the end of the main tunnel Bill and Lug had disappeared from sight. The foreman

called in a couple of men and when Seagru asked Rhineland if he would like to have it fired, and upon Rhineland's assent, the party got into safety and the shot was discharged.

Coming out of their retreat, the different members of the group poked up specimens of the shattered ore and examined it.

"Certainly, Helen," said Rhineland in an undertone, "this looks good." The expert was at hand with a handful of quartz. "That stuff," he said, showing it to the prospective buyer with an air of certainty, "will average two hundred dollars to the ton."

Helen and Storm consulted together, Seagru watching. In a moment he asked them and Rhineland to follow him outside. Leaving the shaft, he took the three to the bag pile.

"These sacks," said he to Rhineland, "contain high-grade ore, ready for shipment to the smelter. They are to be included in whatever deal I make with a buyer for the mine."

Rhineland, Storm and Helen continued to discuss the purchase apart. They counted the number of bags. Rhineland made an effort to roughly reckon the value of them, Seagru and the expert talking together the while some little distance away. A further conference with Seagru disclosed that the price he wanted for the mine was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After the usual bargaining, Rhineland proposed to take the property, including the ore ready for the wagons, at one hundred and ten thousand dollars—twenty-five thousand dollars to be paid down. Seagru accepted, Rhineland made out his check and the transaction was complete, Rhineland only requesting that the foreman keep the men at work until he should have a chance to get started. This was assented to and Storm was placed temporarily in charge of the mine.

While the negotiations had been taking shape, a freight train had pulled in a few miles distant at Valley station, where the crew set out an empty box car for loading. A teamster from the mine was summoned by the agent who handed him a note for the mine



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foreman. When the teamster reached the mine, the new purchasers were taking possession. He handed the message to the foreman. The foreman read:

Have empty box car here for high-grade ore. Send it down right away and local will pick the car up this P. M.

LEN.

He turned to Rhineland, showing him the message and pointing to the sacks ready for shipment.

Rhineland was willing to ship the ore ready for the wagons at once. "All right," he said, nodding to the foreman. "Send what you have to the smelter right away."

Storm was given authority to put this part of the job through as quickly as possible. While the details were being talked over between Rhineland and his assistant, neither of them noticed that they were overheard by Seagru's tools, Bill and Lug, who now decided that there might be a chance to break into the mining business at their own proper risk and for their own private account. When Seagru called them from the discussion of their ambitious project, he gave orders to Bill to drive back to Las Vegas. Reaching the station he took the train for the city.

With their boss out of the way, his two worthies thought the moment opportune for their own plans and taking the machine they started back for the mine.

Wagons—convoys by two guards carrying sawed-off shotguns—had been loaded at the mine with the valuable quartz ore. They had reached Valley and while the teamsters were loading the sacks into the box car the two guards found a shady spot under the car door.

The wagon had been under surveillance for some time by the Seagru crooks, Bill and Lug, who were secreted a mile away in the bed of a wash. The two waited patiently until the wagon had been unloaded and started back to the mine. Then scouting their way cautiously down the siding, the thieves, creeping under the farther side of the box car, surprised the guards, disarmed and bound them. Having done this without loss of time, they went to work loading the last of the quartz into the car.

But the guards, though taken unawares, proved no fools. One of them, working quickly and quietly with his bonds, got his hands partly loose; in the next moment he had freed his feet. Without betraying himself, he rolled close to his companion—a fat man—bade him turn to him back to back and was releasing him when a shout from Bill warned him he had been seen. There was no time for hesitation.

Springing to his feet the free guard dashed down the road, Bill opening fire on him as he fled.

Bill and Lug, dragging the fat guard down hill, hid him in a ravine near the side track. The two then hiding in turn, watched the train as it stopped at the station below. The agent came out of the office after a few minutes. When the conductor asked about the car the agent and he walked together over to it. They saw it would not be ready to start for some time.

The predicament in which the thieves now found themselves was an awkward one. They knew full well that Storm, the minute the escaped guard reached the mine, would be after them with men as fast as horses could travel.

But Bill, the craftier of the pair, thought that by working quick they still might make it. Between the siding and the main line were two cables used by the teamsters to switch cars with and they gave him an idea. Pointing to the cables on the ground, he outlined his suggestion to Lug: "There's one way to work it, Lug, and just one—"

Lug, like another Watson, stared at his companion until he should hear more. "We must drop this car into the train," explained Bill. "Throw the ore out on the right of way as we run along and pick it up afterwards with the machine. See?"

Together they crossed over to where the train stood, pulled a pin in the middle of the swing and attached the longer of the cables securely between the two sections of the train thus cut in two. The second cable was attached to the hind end car of the first cut, and fastened to the partly loaded box car on the side track. The plot was then rested.

The conductor, deciding there was no use waiting longer for the box car, was making ready to go without it. The head-end brakeman signaled the cab and the train pulled out. As the slack was taken up the box car answered first to the strain on the shorter cable and with a jerk started down the siding. Approaching the switch, as its momentum increased, it sprang the connecting rods and swung in on the main line track, as Bill had intended, between the two sections of the train.

When the engineer shut off to coast down the grade the three sections came together and the train, except for the absence of air in the hind end of the train line pipe, was complete.

The escaped guard, running every step of the way to sound the alarm, had by this time arrived exhausted at the mine. At the foot of the aerial railway he found Storm with Helen watching the ore come down. Grasping the situation from the disconnected words the man was able to utter, Storm dashed into the chemist's office close at hand and seized a Winchester rifle. Helen sprang to a team and empty wagon, waiting for a load, and climbing up to the seat seized the reins at the moment Storm, rifle in hand, ran out of the office to join her. She lashed the horses forward and headed with a very different load from what they had expected, for Valley.

Bill and his confederate in the box car, elated by their huge success, looked out of the side door for observers and seeing none, began to dump the sacks of precious quartz one after another out on the right of way. But it was a day of surprises for everybody. The agent at Valley—who had asked to be sent out to the desert on account of his rheumatism—was peacefully fighting his pipe, after the one great event of the day—the departure of the local freight—when he heard somewhere out of doors an unwonted rumble. It grew and still it grew and the next moment a team, helter skelter on the run dashed down the road from the Superstition mine toward the depot. In a moment he was dumfounded to recognize in the man behind the threatening rifle as he drew close, his old acquaintance in the Oceanside yards, George Storm, the ex-engineer.

Could George Storm have turned bandit? Was he running amuck? Would he take the life of an old and unoffending friend without provocation? These and similar queries raced through his head when Storm, addressing him with a shout by an old-time familiar nickname, asked where the box car of ore was, that had stood on the siding.

The agent now saw everything double but look as he would he could see no car. Not until now had he given the presence of the box car a thought. He knew the train had not taken it because it was not ready. He knew the conductor had started without it—but where was it? The car of ore had disappeared completely.

Storm was talking fast and the situation was made clearer to the stunted agent when he learned the wagon guards had been held up. To Helen, who thought in tremendous ellipses and reached the end of situations before others had charted their beginnings, there was only one possible solution to the mystery and to solve it they must chase the freight train. She so declared and Storm approved.

That day mere chance, which had so often contributed to the discomfiture of Storm and Helen, came to their aid. The freight train stopped at Arden for water. This embarrassed Lug and Bill, who, persisting at every pore, were catching sacksful of quartz as fast as they could along the track. What was of more moment, the engineer's stop for water enabled Helen and Storm with their team to gain on the train.

Helen rose in her seat. "Drive close, George," she cried. "I can make the train from here and give the alarm."



Bill Sullenly Gave In.

"Don't attempt it." Before he could make a successful effort to stop her she jumped from the teamster's seat to the side ladder of the nearest box car.

The watchful thieves, whose attention had already been drawn to the pursuing wagon, decided it was time to make a getaway. Bill started out of the car, but a shot from Storm, who saw the move and recognized the criminal, was warning enough to Bill. He hastily dodged inside and led the way to the little square door at the end of the car. Out of this, followed by Lug, he crawled to make the top of the train.

Storm, determining to be in at the finish, saw only one way of compassing his resolve. He took from the box seat the driver's rope and as the team dashed alongside the train, Storm swung the rope in a loop over the nearest brakewheel, secured his rifle and swinging out from the wagon made his way, hand over hand to the train before it had quite pulled away from the running horses.

Helen was springing along toward the head end of the train. Gaining it she made explanation to the crew and with them started back.

Bill and Lug gained the top of a car just as Helen and the engine crew came back. The bandits whipped out their guns, held the party up and drove them back. The conductor and brakeman coming forward were treated in the same manner. But there were too many now for the two men to watch and while they were forcing the engine crew with Helen back to the cab, the train crew fell on Bill and Lug. The fight on the top of the train was vicious. Bill managed to break away from his captors, but both men in the scuffle had lost their guns and with Lug after him Bill ran forward. The engine crew, seeing the move, put on all speed to hold the men if possible to the deck.

Helen had started back to help when she saw the desperadoes coming her way. Dropping in between two cars she cut off the head end and it pulled rapidly from the train. With hope of escape in that direction defeated Bill and Lug turned on their pursuers. The encounter was short and terribly sharp. Lug was captured but Bill with superhuman strength managed to get away from his assailants and springing forward jumped with a cry of defiance from the top of the car into a barrow pit below.

Helen on the head end of the rear section saw his escape. As fast as she could climb down she dropped off a side ladder and started after Bill; the engineer, seeing the issue of the fight behind, now slowed down. Helen, followed by the train crew, led the chase for Bill. He turned on her with an ugly oath, but for all his threats she sprang into him like a wild cat and he found it impossible to get successfully away from her. She was on his heels every minute, delaying his flight, while with oaths and blows he endeavored to be rid of her. By the time he had finally overpowered her the train crew was on his back. And at their heels came Storm with his Winchester.

Exhausted by the struggle against too many odds, Bill sullenly gave in. The conductor stopped the brakeman from mauling him further and with their prisoner in front and Storm as guard, the party started back for the train. Helen waited to see the discomfited thieves placed safely in custody within the caboose and boarding it herself with Storm's assistance, laughingly, as was her wont, received the congratulations of her companions on her success. The engineer already had his orders as to what to do and when the last of the party climbed aboard, the train was started slowly back to find the team and the fat fellow who had been tumbled into the ravine. It was feared he had been hurt, but on being released he asked for nothing more than a fresh chew of tobacco. When Lug and Bill were tied and thrown into the wagon to be taken back to the mine, he had his revenge by sitting on the two malefactors alternately.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# The IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER,"  
"THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.  
NOVELIZED FROM THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

## FIRST EPISODE

On Windward Island. The sea wind, freshening as the sun fell low, ruffled the shallower channel waters and struck inland to cool the heat-baked dunes of Windward Island.

On the most westerly lip of that island, shaded by a grove of rustling eucalyptus trees, a man and woman stood staring across the beryl-tinted sea-arm to where the shores of South Carolina lay low and dim in the distance.

"You were not made for a life like this," said the man, speaking with that full-voiced softness peculiar to the Italian voice.

"It's the only life I've known for nine long years," she answered, without looking at him.

"And it's the only life you ever will know," he declared with sudden boldness, "if you refuse to wake up to the fact that your husband is mad. I am a physician, and I know. No sane man brings a woman to an island like this, to an island that's only fit for clams and seagulls, and spends the best years of his life—yes, and her life—looking for a nitrate mine that never existed, and never could exist in such a place."

"But my husband's workmen have found traces of nitrate," protested Mrs. Golden, fixed in her determination of loyalty.

Palidori, the Italian, laughed softly. "And that nitrate, dear lady, was planted there by Golden himself. For your husband is deceiving you. He's searching for gold, yellow gold, millions of dollars worth of gold. But that gold he will never find, for it exists only in his imagination."

"I cannot listen to words like that," protested the azure-eyed wife. "I will not!"

"That's because you are afraid of the truth. Why do you suppose Golden has spent thousands and thousands in saving his miserable island from the ocean? Why has he put up seawalls and dykes, and constructed a great levee like that to keep the open Atlantic from encroaching on these precious sand fields of his, at every high tide? Why, except to keep the water back from that buried treasure of his? And what has all this madness brought to you?"

"I think I regret only the day that brought you to Windward Island," she quietly replied, as their eyes met.

"And I, too, shall regret that day if it means I must go away empty handed."

"I think my husband would kill you if he heard you speak to me like this!"

Palidori shrugged his shoulders. He is at least watching us from the porch of the manor house there," announced the Italian. "And that I must accept as a compliment."

"Then we must go back," said the woman, visibly alarmed.

"And you go back not believing in me?" asked Palidori as he walked beside her.

"I cannot believe you or believe in you! Even if what you say is true, how should you know his maps and papers are worthless?"

"If you doubt me, I merely ask that you hand me your husband's keys. Then I will bring to you a bag of this Chilean nitrate that he keeps hidden away in his inner study, that he scatters about in the plantation sands to salt his famous mine with. You hesitate, naturally. But if this is not true, why should that inner room be so jealously locked and guarded?"

"It is guarded only because the Golden jewels are kept there," was the triumphant retort. "Jewels worth a king's ransom!"

"Yet his loveliest jewel is not kept under lock and key," murmured Palidori. "Unless you tell me you will bring that key to the shrubbery beyond the manor house I will take you in my arms here, under your husband's eyes!"

"Stop!" cried the unhappy wife, as he stepped closer to her.

"Will you bring the key?" for Palidori knew that jewels worth a king's ransom were also worth one final effort.

She hesitated, white-faced, as he repeated the command.

"Yes," she gasped, as a fair-haired child of six ran lightly from the manor house steps to meet her mother.

Palidori, lighting a cigarette, turned carelessly away and sauntered toward the shrubbery of the eastern point. Margory, the fair-haired child, chattered and fluttered birdlike about her silent mother as she approached the house and passed inside. But on the wide loggia Enoch Golden, stern-eyed and grim-lipped, paced back and forth, seared by the fires of jealous suspicions. He wheeled about and strode into the house.

He passed through the quiet room until he came to his study and rang for a servant.

"Ask Mrs. Golden to come here," he commanded.

"She's down in the shrubbery at the East point with Doctor Palidori,"

nervously acknowledged the old retainer.

Golden leaped to his feet. He strode, white-faced, through the silent house, hurried on along the narrow garden paths, and suddenly slackened his pace as he approached the thick shrubbery beyond. The sound of voices came to his ear. Creeping forward he cautiously parted the branches. There, screened from the world about them, Palidori stood gazing down into his wife's eyes.

"I cannot give you the key," he heard her say. "My husband still has it."

"Then what can we do?" asked the Italian.

"I will give it to you tonight. It will be safer then," was the quavering answer.

"Then you must give me more than the key," murmured Palidori.

Golden, dropping back, staggered away like a stricken animal and heard no more. His last hope had withered out. The worst was known. He reentered his home, like a man in a dream. He sat gray-faced at his desk, a sweat of agony beading his great body. Then, after an hour of silent wrestling with his soul, the natural belligerency of the fighting man awakened in him. Seeing only one course before him, he sent curtly for three of his retainers, three huge negroes whom he knew he could trust. To each of these he handed out a belt and holster containing a revolver. Then he briefly and coldly gave his orders.

"This island," he grimly announced, "makes its own laws!"

And late that night, when the hour for his intervention drew nearer, he was almost able to exult in finding something against which to centralize all his earlier vague suspicions. He moved with both calmness and precision. He showed the quick instinct of the trained hunter in seeking cover behind the heavy portieres, for the French window beside him commanded a view of both the library within and the moonlit garden without. And along the shrubbery of this garden he soon detected Palidori stealing, carrying a traveling-bag in his hand and a coat over his arm. Through the softly lighted library, a minute later, the figure of Golden's wife slowly advanced. She crept out through the French windows, which stood open, stepped down into the garden, and passed on through the shrubbery to where Palidori stood waiting in the shadows.

The watching husband could see the two come together, he could hear the murmur of whispering voices, he could see Palidori's hand go out and clasp the woman's.

"I will not go alone. I love you, and I want you to be happy!"

The woman's answer could not be heard. But Palidori, stepping suddenly forward, clasped her in his arms, and forced back her head until his lips smothered the cry that rose to her own.

It was then that the planter stamped on the wooden floor, not with mere rage, but as a signal to his waiting servants. He could hear his wife's call for help, for already his three huge negroes had darted through the bushes and surrounded Palidori.

The Italian, drawing his revolver as he wheeled about, found his arm suddenly knocked from his hand. Even before Golden could reach him he was seized and overpowered and held a prisoner. The master of the manor, once his path was plain, was not given to hesitation.

"Tie up that man," was his curt command, "and take him to the manor cellars!"

Then Golden turned to his wife. "You will come with me!" he said, as he pointed towards the open French windows.

It was not until she reached the center of the lighted room that she turned and regarded him with wounded yet pleading eyes.

"You have dishonored my home, and my name. That leaves you only one thing to do. You will go from that home," he cried, with increasing passion. "I want you to go, and go now, and never cross my path again!"

"Wait!" she cried, with her hand on her heart. "Listen to—"

"It is too late for words, I said. Until you leave this house, I cannot breathe in it."

"But I did nothing wrong. Oh, God, if I had only known!—If I—"

"I want you to go!" he repeated.

Golden's hand trembled as she passed out through the door, but otherwise he gave no sign of the feelings swaying him.

He took a great breath, strode across the room, passed down the silent hall, and threw open the massive oak door that led to the manor cellars.

These cellars were a series of gloomy chambers, almost dungeonlike in the massiveness of their walls, a relic of the older slave days when Windward Island was both a distributing point for the African traders and a raiding place for the Caribbean freebooters. In the largest of these chambers still stood the time-worn whip-

ping post, the archaic branding irons, the heavy oak stocks in which recalcitrants were punished, together with that flower of Inquisitorial ferocity, the Spanish Screw-Jack, an elaboration of the thumbscrew, in which a prisoner's hand could be inserted and slowly crushed to a pulp. Yet cruel as seemed these old-time implements of torture, stained with the tears and blood of another country, they were no more cruel than the relentless light in Golden's eyes as he confronted his prisoner, tied and trussed in a black oak chair close beside the old Spanish Screw-Jack. The drunkenness of blind rage sang through the planter's veins as he watched his stalwart negroes thrust the ancient branding iron into its brazier of hot coals.

"That is the hand that polluted her body," his heart kept crying, as he commanded the blacks to force Palidori's free arm into the screw-jack. "And now crush it!" he called aloud.

He waited for some outcry as the screw tightened on flesh and bone. But the Italian remained silent. Golden, now white to the lips, ordered the negro beside him to take up the branding iron. "For that is the face," a voice within the frenzied man's heart kept crying, "that violated her face!"

The negro knocked the coal cinders from the glowing iron. Palidori's muscles hardened. But still he was silent.

"Brand the dog!" commanded Golden. "And after today I warrant this handsome face will bring dishonor into fewer homes!"

Once, and once only, as the heated metal seared the flesh, Palidori screamed aloud.

"That's enough," Golden suddenly gasped, as he steadied himself against

"Tain't no use, masta," cried the terrified negro. "Dey's a ready flooded more'n man-deep. And we'se all a'goin' to be drowned—O Gawd, we'se all a'goin' to be drowned!"

"Get down to those pumps!" thundered Golden. "And get those sluice gates shut!"

He had crossed the room, catching up his hat and coat as he went, and was already out through the door as he finished speaking. Twenty steps brought him to the loggia railing. And Golden knew that no time was to be lost, for already the sea had crept to the lip of the manor garden itself.

"Get down to the wharf-cut and bring the boats," he commanded. Then he swung back to his household servants, ordering them to carry above-stairs everything they could seize.

Then, as the water rose about his feet, he suddenly turned and rushed back into the manor house.

"Margory," he called, like a man gone mad. "Margory, where are you?"

But that call remained unanswered, for the old negro nurse, at the first shouts of alarm, had caught up the child and carried her out through the servants' entrance, on the way to the wharf-cut where she knew the boats to be moored. The child had proved too heavy for the quivering old arms, so she had left the girl, with her kitten still clutched to her breast, safe in the doorway of a cotton-shed, while she herself staggered out on inlaid old legs to seize an empty punt drifting by on the rising water. But the current was too strong for her, and as the negro and boat were carried away the water rose still higher about the child's feet. Yet, thinking more of her frightened kitten than of her own peril, as the flood crept closer

Legato in his meretriciously sumptuous sitting room. For "Slim," whatever his aspirations in crookdom, was still a mere underling.

"Who sent this?" demanded Casavanti as he took a note from his visitor's hand.

"Legar," was the answer. The cadet puffed languidly at a cigarette as he opened the note and read it.

The girl spoke of will come tonight at twelve. You will find her a flower that is ripe for the picking. And once the flower gets in your hands I want it kept there.—Jules.

Casavanti restored the letter to its envelope. Then he stood thoughtfully regarding his visitor.

"Did anyone see you come here?" he asked.

"Not that I was wise to," was Slim's prompt reply.

"Then see that you get as quietly away!"

Slim Legato, accordingly, kept a weather eye open as he emerged to the street. Nothing suspicious met his gaze. It was not until he had descended the steps and reached the curb that a closed limousine, running as quietly as a frozen river, flowed along the pavement little more than ten paces away from him. At the first corner it turned sharply and stopped, obstructing the crossing.

The debonair Slim drew up, blinking suspiciously at the mysterious vehicle. Then he blinked even harder, for from the open door window of the limousine a gloved hand had unmistakably beckoned to him. And the remarkable part of it all, to Slim, was the fact that the drawn car curtains concealed everything but that mysteriously beckoning hand.

Slim promptly decided to investigate. But he also decided to advance with caution. Before he could place a foot on the runningboard, however, and thrust a pertly inquisitive head into the hooded gloom of the car, that car began to move forward again. Yet before it passed from his reach the gloved hand thrust into his own an envelope.

On this envelope was clearly inscribed:

"Dr. Ludwig Palidori,  
Care of Jules Legar,"

and beneath these words Slim's bewildered eyes made out the unmistakable emblem of a laughing mask. What it meant was more than he could tell.

So inscrutable did this mystery seem, in fact, that Slim, after one minute of deep thought, promptly yet delicately slipped the blade of his pen-knife along the gummed flap of the envelope and forced it open. On a single sheet of paper he found written the cryptic words:

"Remember the Hammer of God which smites, and crushes whom it smites!"

Slim, the gay cat and gangster, puzzled much over this message as he restored it to its violated envelope and adroitly resealed the flap.

"Now, who 'ell's gettin' his little knocker out of the Doc?" demanded that bewildered worthy of himself as he made his guarded way back to the underworld rendezvous which was known to his confederates as the Owl's Nest.

The Owl's Nest proper was an unsavory cellar room in one of the most unsavory sections of the Lower East side. Years before it had been a wine cellar, presided over by a Neapolitan of Mano Nero affiliations, until a federal shoo-fly, in search for "coiners," had been found stilettoed behind one of its casks of Marsala, whereupon the Neapolitan had vanished and in due time the Owl herself had taken possession of the quarters.

With the advent of Jules Legar, the mysterious center of a mysterious circle of evildoers about whom, she knew, it never paid to be too inquisitive, life had become easier for her. Her cellar, inconspicuous in a district so crowded with equally dubious warrens, had proved precisely the type of quarters the leader of the new circle was in need of. And as Legar himself stepped down into the cellar, advancing with his peculiarly padded tread as softly as an animal steals into its lair, the Owl remembered that the hour of her reward was not far distant. For she had proved a jealous guardian of the fair-haired girl whom Legar saw fit to keep hidden so long from the world.

It was plain to see that Legar was accepted as a leader by the half dozen dips and gangsters and moll-buzzers into whose midst he had so quietly slipped.

"Where's Legato?" he curtly asked as he glanced about the circle.

That question answered itself, for even as it was put Legato himself slipped down into the dim light of the Owl's cellar.

"What's this?" demanded Legar, as the new-comer, without speaking, handed the letter of mystery to his chief.

"That's what I want to find out," was Slim's retort. "A gink in a Fit' avenue go-cart hands me this and speeds off."

Legar tore open the envelope. His ferret eyes narrowed as he unfolded the sheet.

"The Hammer of God again!" he said with a sneer. But a troubled look crept into his face as he stood studying the message and the envelope in which that message had come. Then he laughed. But it was a laugh without mirth. "Palidori!" he muttered.

"Why should I know anything about a man named Palidori?"

"Then we'll strike before the Hammer does!" he announced, with sudden determination. And with a gesture of impatience he commanded the Owl to take him to the girl, the hidden girl on whom still hinged his dreams of vengeance. "McTigue," he called back as he went, "get Tatano

and the taxi and be ready."

Yet he showed no exultation as he followed the hobbling Owl along a darkened passageway and up a flight of wooden stairs leading to the floor above.

Bent over a table beside the barred window he saw a girl, a girl still in her teens, a girl with a look of inalienable innocence still in her mournful eyes. And Legar, as he crossed to the table, saw that she was good to gaze upon. Yet at the sight of him she shrank back, letting the locket which she had just tied about her neck fall from her trembling fingers.

"Don't cower that way!" commanded Legar. "I haven't come to beat you. I guess the Owl gave you enough of that."

"Then why are you here?" the questioning eyes seemed to ask him.

"I've come to tell you I think you've had about enough of this sort of thing. It's going to be stopped, and you're going to see the world!"

"You're going to set me free?" gasped the incredulous girl.

"Free as a bird!" announced the ironic Legar. "And with as fine feathers as any bird that ever flew!"

"I'm to be free?" she repeated, still dazed.

"Sure! So get your things together, and do it quick. There's a taxi waiting downstairs. That taxi will carry you straight to my friend Casavanti. Casavanti is always kind to women, amazingly kind."

He stood, ferret-eyed and impassive, watching the girl as she feverishly gathered together her meager belongings. He hurried her out of the room, then along the passage and down the narrow stairway and out to the street where the taxi waited.

There McTigue sat ready for her. That worthy remained silent, however, as a sob or two shook the girl's body and a light of exultation shone from her timorous eyes. She too remained silent as they threaded their way through the darkened streets and drew up before a brown-stone house. Up to the door of this house McTigue led the still wondering young woman. There his finger played cryptically on the electric push bell, sounding Casavanti's pass signal, and a moment later the door mysteriously opened and the girl found herself alone. Even before the door could close behind her a silent-running limousine swung up to the curb and a hurrying figure stepped from its runningboard. But before that figure could mount the steps and reach the house entrance the heavy door had swung shut again. And the wide-eyed girl, following a footman in service uniform, mounted the stairs to Casavanti's private room.

Casavanti, as he looked up and saw her, let the cigarette fall from his thin-lipped mouth.

"The Doc was dead right," he said under his breath. "She's a flower, all right!"

"Then, still watching the girl, he said aloud: 'Are you afraid of me?'"

"No," was her answer.

"Then come here," he commanded. But she still stood gazing wonderingly about the room. A suspicion that all was not as it should be had crept over her.

"Why was I sent here?" she demanded, as Casavanti, white faced, stepped closer to her.

"For this," he replied, as with a sudden movement his arms went out and encompassed her shrinking body. She fought and struggled in that contaminating embrace, but her strength was not equal to her captor's. Casavanti, bending her body close to his, cupped his impassioned lips over her parted lips. It was several seconds before he lifted his head.

Before he did so, however, the closet door on his right opened and a figure stepped noiselessly out into the room. It was the figure of a man who wore a laughing mask.

"One word, you hound, and it's your last!" said the quiet-toned voice behind the mask. But the revolver remained pointing at Casavanti's head as the stranger took the girl's hand and backed slowly towards the hall door. He groped for the door handle, leveled his weapon and still watched Casavanti. But the door, he discovered, was locked. Perplexed, for one short second he turned and looked for the key. But in that instant the tense-limbed Casavanti, beholding the revolver-barrel waver from its target, saw his chance and leaped for his enemy.

The force of that impact sent the mysterious intruder staggering against the wall and the revolver itself clattering across the floor. The girl screamed in terror as the two contending figures fought and writhed about the room. Hurrying steps and voices were already sounding from outside the locked door, and Casavanti, knowing the slowness of his chances, was battling like a wildcat. But the man in the mask, with an odd and quite unexpected movement of the body, brought into play that familiar Jiu-jitsu trick of catapulting an adversary over his own shoulder, depending on the force of the fall alone for any final result. And the fall in this case was not a gentle one.

Seeing that Casavanti did not move where he lay, the stranger took the doorknob and called out for the girl to follow him.

A moment later they entered the limousine and drove quickly away.

"I guess that's one on Legar!" murmured the still breathless man in the mask.

"Who are you?" demanded the young woman.

"I'm only a hammer," was the suddenly sobered reply. "The Hammer of God."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



1—"Brand the Dog!" Commanded Golden. 2—Catapulted His Adversary Over His Shoulder. 3—He Hurried Her Out of the Room.

one of the cellar pillars. "Now turn him loose. And if he is seen on this island, after an hour's time, shoot him like a dog!"

A nervous sweat still showed in a scattering of high lights across the planter's sinewy face as he looked himself in his study and stared blankly about the empty room. The wine of rage had already ebbed from his blood. Exultation no longer shone in his steely eyes. He crossed slowly to the window and closed it. He failed to see, as he did so, the stricken figure that slunk like a wounded snake out through the garden shrubbery, the figure that nursed a crushed hand, yet, at the brink of the manor garden, turned wrathfully about and held his uninjured arm above his head as he said: "May my other hand wither off, if you do not pay, and pay a thousand-fold, for this!"

But Golden neither saw nor heard, for all his being was centered about his own misery of mind.

His face was still buried in his hands when the old negro nurse opened the door and his little daughter, Margory, in her nightdress and holding a doll under her arm, crept in to her father's side.

"Where is mamma?" asked the child at her father's knee. Golden steadied himself with an effort.

"You have no mamma," he finally said, looking away.

"But, mamma was here."

It was too much for the torn and passion-tossed father.

"Take her away," he cried out to the old negress. "For God's sake, take her away!"

"Yet even when alone again his agony of mind remained with him, and again he sat in a stupor of misery before his desk.

He was roused by the sudden clamor of voices, the excited cries of running negroes. He stared stupidly about him, pulling himself together. Then he rose and went to the window. As he did so a negro, hatless and coatless, staggered in through the study door.

"Someone's done opened all the sluice gates. The sea's a-floodin' the island!"

Golden was already on his feet.

"Get Johnson and his men down to the East pumps, and start them working," he called out. "And you, Stark, get Stevens and his men out to those sluice gates and work them shut. Get them shut if you have to swim out to them!"

the child clambered up the broken timbers of the cotton-shed to the roof. There she sat, calling forlornly for her lost nurse.

Golden, in the meantime, raged through the flooded manor house threatening and storming and commanding his servants to find his child.

He was still deep in that agonized search when three of his old servants appeared with a small surf boat and called frantically for him to come, while there was still time.

Golden, water-soaked and wild-eyed, refused their help, ordering them away and proclaiming that he would find his daughter. But as he stumbled amid the drifting wreckage and fell against the boatside the negroes dragged him aboard and pushed off, for already the water had weakened the manor foundations and the walls were falling about them.

Their progress was slow. It was with difficulty in those wild currents that they threaded their way amid the levee timbers, outbuildings and melancholy debris of the plantation. More swiftly moving, in fact, was a second boat which one of the negroes suddenly caught sight of.

Golden, rousing himself at his servant's shout, saw that this second craft, rowed by a bearded white man, was bearing down on a nearby cotton-shed. At the same moment that he caught sight of his daughter Margory on the roof of this shed he made out the figure of Palidori himself directing the movements of the bearded man so frenziedly rowing the boat.

"My child—they will kill my child!" gasped Golden.

Open laughter showed on Palidori's sinister face, as with his sound arm he held the struggling figure in white close to his side.

"Have no fear of that," he called back across the swirling water, as his bearded confederate bent to the oars. "She will live. But she will live in a way that will leave you praying she had died!"

Twelve Years Later.

Casavanti, the cadet, was a firm upholder of the pregnancy of apparel. He believed in keeping up appearances. He even reveled in his appellation of the Beau Nash of the Tenderloin. His clothes were of the latest cut and from the folds of his novelty cravat always flashed a "shiner" of the first water. There was, accordingly, almost a note of condescension in his manner as he received "Slim".