

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1917.

No. 4

## Institute Society Elects Officers

### Farmers at Round-Up Pass Important Resolutions.

At the County Round-Up Farmers' Institute at Deer Lake, Jan. 17-18, the following resolutions were passed by unanimous vote. The stand taken by the farmers in these matters indicate the surprising amount of interest which has recently developed in better agriculture. The high prices which prevail have doubtlessly proven to all that the big business of farming is actually the most profitable of all occupations, when a good market is open for farm products.

#### MARKETING ASSOCIATIONS.

Recognizing the wastefulness in the present system of individual buying and selling practiced among farmers, we endorse the efforts of the state office of markets in organizing farmers' cooperative produce exchanges.

#### PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATIONS.

Since consumers of farm produce are willing to pay better prices for a standard article properly graded and correctly labelled, we also stand in favor of associations of farmers pledged to the production of standard market varieties graded and labelled according to the requirements of law and the best markets. As a beginning, we endorse the plan for a county potato growers' association.

#### SHEEP RAISING.

Believing that much of our waste and cut-over land could be utilized to our financial advantage for grazing sheep, we stand in sympathy with any plan proposed by the state legislature to remedy the dog evil which we know now stands in the way of profitable sheep raising.

#### COUNTY AGENT.

In view of the fact that the future success of agriculture in Charlevoix county depends so largely on the organized efforts of farmers, on the profitable utilization of our waste lands, on the introduction of better classes of live stock, and on more scientific methods of producing and marketing our crops, we stand in favor of and fully endorse the plan to secure a county leader in this work in the person of a county agricultural agent.

The officers of the county Farmers' Institute Society elected for the coming year are as follows:

President—Frank House.  
Secy.—Treas.—H. L. Barnum.  
Vice Presidents—Bay township, Conrad Schneider; Bever Island, H. P. Boyle; Boyne Valley, Herman Meyer; Charlevoix, George Durance; Chandler, James Milford; Eveline, R. W. Mead; Evangeline, Ben Gardner; Hayes, F. J. Bartholomew; Hudson, Wm. Leazer; Marion, Elmer Ingalls; Melrose, Clyde Kent; Norwood, Frank Richardson; Wilson, Tom Shepherd; South Arm, R. Bradshaw.

### Historical Facts of the Week

Queen Victoria died January 22, 1901.  
The Panama canal treaty was made Jan. 23, 1903.  
The German Kaiser was born Jan. 27, 1859.  
Shelby M. Culom, United States Senator from Illinois, and a national figure for more than fifty years, died on Jan. 28, 1914.

There often is a widespread complaint that capitalists have everything their own way and that the workman has no chance to better his condition.

Yet the humblest worker may become a capitalist if he knows how to make the most of his income.  
Capital results from the margin of earnings over current maintenance. Prudence, thrift, frugality, self-denial and self-control are the factors that keep down current maintenance and increase the accumulation of capital.

The fellow who is more intent on having a "good time" than on accumulating a little money will ever be in the position where capitalists look like a guy to him.  
The trouble with such a fellow is that he doesn't know how to become a capitalist himself.

One may be a capitalist and still work in a factory. One may garner a modest weekly wage, but if part of it can be saved every week, and it is done for a number of years, the inevitable result is the creation of capital. And a bond in the hands of a poor man bears just as much interest as a bond in the hands of a rich man, and stock depends.

## CIRCUIT COURT JURORS.

List of Petit Jurors for the February term of court, 1917.

John Mitchell... Boyne City, 1st ward  
Harry B. Rothenberger, B. C., 2nd ward  
George Root... Boyne City, 3rd ward  
William Davis... Boyne City, 4th ward  
Andrew Ross... Charlevoix, 1st ward  
Fred Thomas... Charlevoix, 2nd ward  
George Anderson, Charlevoix, 3rd ward  
Charles Johnson, East Jordan, 1st ward  
Ed. Brown... East Jordan, 2nd ward  
John LaLonde... East Jordan, 3rd ward  
John A. Koteskey... Bay twp.  
John N. Densmore, Boyne Valley twp.  
Elbert Walton... Chandler twp.  
Ed. Norton... Charlevoix twp.  
J. M. Stutzman... Evangeline twp.  
Gordon F. Kimball... Eveline twp.  
Henry Hamlin... Hayes twp.  
William Townsend... Hudson twp.  
John Smith... Marion twp.  
M. H. Collins... Melrose twp.  
John Waffle... Norwood twp.  
Tom McDonough... Peaine twp.  
Cap Aliers... St. James twp.  
James Carson... South Arm twp.

## GLOOMY DAYS AHEAD FOR TAX-PAYERS.

If any thoughtful citizen of the country doubts that the cost of the Federal government is to become a paramount issue in the congressional elections of 1918, he must be strangely blind to present symptoms.

It seems that almost every day the estimate of the coming deficit swells.

A week ago, it was indicated at \$280,000,000. Three days ago it was estimated at \$300,000,000 and yesterday's dispatches it was stated at \$370,000,000.

That means that the deficit has been growing at the rate of more than \$1,000,000 a day during the fiscal year.

And in order to make that good, we are told now that besides an issue of \$125,000,000 Panama canal bonds, there must be increased income and inheritance taxes, additional taxes on distilled and malt liquors, cigarettes and bottled waters, a higher tariff on tea and a duty on coffee for the first time in more than a generation.

And when additional income taxes are mentioned, that must mean a lowering of the present exemption of \$3000 and \$4000 to \$1000.

As the budget is destined to reach \$1,600,000,000, these heavier taxes are not temporary. They must remain.

Not only that, when national prohibition goes into effect, as Chairman Fitzgerald of the appropriations committee predicts, the \$287,000,000 internal revenue now paid by distilled and malt liquors must be raised from some other source, which would mean more income taxes, since the present needs of the government require customs duties fixed upon the highest revenue-producing basis.—Houston Post, (Dem.)

## Did You Know This

Cuba yearly imports 6,000,000 dozens of eggs.

Canada has 23,000,000 acres of timber reserves.

Bacteria are killed by a pressure of 3000 atmospheres.

Thomas Manion of Mt. Carmel, Pa., owns a 30 year old hen.

Color blindness is believed to be more common in men than in women.

The frigate bird is capable of getting up a speed of 90 miles an hour.

Last year 100,000,000 feet of timber were cut in the national forests.

The iridescent fire in opals is said to be due to the water in their makeup.

France in the first half of 1916 imported United States products valued at \$232,188,264.

In the front of a large London building there was recently found a pigeon's nest made of hairpins.

Platinum deposits rich enough for their operation to be profitable have been discovered in Germany.

An Englishman is the inventor of an alarm to show when vapor is leaking from gasoline pipes in garages.

Missouri in the last fiscal year produced 446,484 barrels of cement worth \$4,088,767 in five plants.

The Electrical World shows that the world's electrical industry has an income of \$2,000,000,000 a year.

The same steam engine has been pumping water out of an English coal mine for more than a century.

Bradford, Pa., recently celebrated the 75th anniversary of the drilling of the first oil well in Pennsylvania.

Statistics from 142 firms shows that 30,437,771 pounds of bread were in storage.

## Commission Proceedings.

Special meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms Monday evening, January 22, 1917. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Lancaster. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

Geo. Spencer, labor and material \$42.49  
City Treasurer, payment of labor 15.00  
E. R. Kleinhans, selling cemetery lots 7.00  
Chav'x Abs. & Eng. Co., engineering services 62.64

The Mayor appointed the following named persons as a board, to be known as the East Jordan Board of Library Directors: W. P. Porter, E. N. Clink, Chas. A. Hudson, May L. Stewart, Helen Stroebel, R. O. Bisbee, D. H. Fitch, A. Cameron and C. H. Pray.

Moved by Lancaster, supported by Gidley, that the above appointments be confirmed. Carried.

On motion by Lancaster, meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,  
City Clerk.

To be singled out of a thousand people presenting a plan of life that best evidences the habit of thrift as applied to good living and awarded the first prize of \$50, is a worthy honor, to be coveted by any man. This happy experience has recently befallen the Rev. W. C. Poole of Ocean City, Md., to whom the award was made by a committee of prominent bankers and business men, in a thrift contest conducted by the New York Evening World.

Mr. Poole's salary for the past 16 years has averaged but \$733.18 aside from house rent and donations. This is about \$15 a week. He has saved \$2,000 visited two expositions, traveled through New England by trolley, bought books and magazines, and given to church and charity.

Mr. Poole never buys on credit. He says he has saved \$50 a year by buying for cash and \$150 on things he didn't buy because he couldn't pay cash. He has kept strict account of all expenditures and each year he has tried to do better with the same money.

He started thrifting by saving a dollar a week and has steadily kept it up. He appropriates ten per cent for the savings bank. In his letter he says:

"I have never spent a dollar for tobacco, drink, theaters, or so-called fashionable dress, but have met the requirements of a minister in all grades of financial and social church life. When I cannot get what makes me glad I am glad of what I get—or try to be. I have more to be glad of and less to be sad of than any one I know. I have not found any one with a better financial system, although I have sought for such. The above system was largely inspired by reading the autobiography, when I was a boy of Benjamin Franklin: The reading of this book should be required of all Americans before they are allowed to vote."

"It would seem impossible on so small a salary to live decently and save money, yet Mr. Poole has done it. He has kept at his plan and has succeeded, as can every one who makes up his mind to save money and adopts a definite method. His two rules, "Never buy on credit," and "Save something every week," are sensible and sure to accomplish wonders if consistently followed. They are worth trying out.

Man is a queer animal. This week a local business man told us of a fellow who had been running a bill at his place of business for some time, giving him all of his credit business and spending his cash elsewhere. Rather a raw deal, we should say, but one that the average business man experiences often.

If you want to know how much money it takes to keep on living, just sit down sometime and look over the checks you have written within a year. You'll wonder where all of it ever came from—and you'll not find much satisfaction in the checks showing you where it all went to.

An Oklahoma sportsman has invented a decoy duck that swims about in water and emits realistic quacks.

That son or daughter who is attending school or college away from home would appreciate the home paper week after week. Let us enroll their name now.

New Yorkers eat 900,000,000 5-cent loaves of bread yearly, or nearly 2,500,000 daily. Spread their bread with about...

## REPUBLICANS TO HOLD COUNTY CONVENTION

Notice is hereby given that a County Convention will be held in the Court House at Charlevoix, Michigan on Feb. 9, A. D. 1917, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing eight delegates to attend the State Convention at Detroit, Feb. 20, A. D. 1917, and for any other business that may properly come before the Convention.

The Republican Committeeman for each Township or City Ward, shall call a caucus for his respective district, by posting three notices advertising same in conspicuous places. Each township or ward shall at the caucus aforesaid, elect delegates to the County Convention as follows:

One delegate for each fifty votes or a part thereof, cast for Secretary of State, at last State Election.  
CHARLES H. EMREY,  
Sec'y Rep. Co. Com.

A dime in your hand is better than a dollar in the pocket of the man who owes you.

No man with a full beard has to worry because of the neckties his good wife buys for him.

Cats, unlike politicians, give voice to the most decided utterance while on the fence in the dark.

Love sometimes flies out of the kitchen window when the cooking school graduate enters the door.

## MASONS CLOSE LONG MEETING

War Scare in Raleigh, N. C., in 1865, Prevented Observance of Ancient Ritual.

Raleigh, N. C.—After a lapse of 52 years, the longest Masonic "communication" on record came to an end one night recently, when John Nichols, master, formally "closed" a meeting of Hiram Lodge, No. 40, which began on April 17, 1865. Gov. Thomas W. Bickett, William W. Kitchen, formerly governor; Chief Justice Walter Clark and many other prominent Masons of the state attended.

Four days before the original convening of the lodge Raleigh had been surrendered to the Union army under Gen. William T. Sherman. News of the assassination of President Lincoln was received that evening after the lodge had gone into session.

Gen. John A. Logan, later vice president, who was in command of the city, learned that a division of negro troops had threatened to burn Raleigh. A major in a Maine regiment, a Mason, hurried to the lodge room and advised the master to send the brethren to their homes until a heavy guard of white troops, ordered by General Logan, could be thrown between the negro soldiers and the city.

Mr. Nichols was so excited by the news that he failed to "close" the lodge in due and ancient form. Now again elected master at the age of eighty-three years, after serving as grand master of the Grand Lodge of the state, he repaired his neglect on that occasion.

## MRS. BEN LINDSEY

Jewelry and Silverware Turned Up in Excavation for House in Suburb of Reading, Pa.

Reading, Pa.—Jewelry and silver worth \$500 was found buried in a field at Wyomissing, a suburb, last October, while excavations were being made for a house. Irvin F. Impink of Wyomissing started investigation.

The name Castner was on the jewelry. Mr. Impink noticed a newspaper account of an accident in which Catherine Castner, a child, was killed by an automobile, and wrote to the father of the child, Samuel J. Castner, a Philadelphia photographer. Mr. Castner said that the jewelry did not belong to him.

A close examination disclosed on the jewelry the word "Tennessee." Mr. Castner told of relatives residing in that state, and Mr. Impink corresponded with Mrs. Catherine Castner of Tennessee, who is spending the winter in Winston-Salem, N. C. She identified the jewelry as some stolen from her, and it was sent to her.

## BOYS OUTDO THEIR FATHERS

Show That They Are Better Corn Raisers Than Are Their Sires.

Memphis, Tenn.—Boys of six corn clubs of Shelby county, Tenn., have demonstrated they are better corn raisers than their fathers. The average yield of corn per acre in the county is 21.5 bushels. The 65 boys of the clubs have an average of 55 bushels to the acre; 89.67 bushels being produced on one acre.

## BY PRODUCTS OF THE CAMPAIGN

Lansing, Jan. 22.—Those who are engaged in the state board of health tuberculosis survey are focusing attention on what they term the "by-products of the campaign." The fact is urged that not only will the survey reduce the numbers of deaths from tuberculosis, but also the number of deaths from pneumonia, bronchitis, grippe and other lung diseases. If the health propaganda should take as firm a hold on the people as the state board of health would like to see it take hold, it would in time reduce materially even common colds in the state.

In each county visited state nurses gather statistics of the number of deaths that have occurred from various lung diseases, most of which are directly or indirectly due to prolonged lack of sufficient pure air. In nearly all counties the death rate from the other lung diseases is more than twice as large as from tuberculosis itself, but it is commonly held that many of the deaths from the other diseases are directly or indirectly attributable to tuberculosis, so that the death toll of this disease is larger than the official figures indicate.

By curbing the spread of tuberculosis the state board of health must necessarily at the same time curb many of the other diseases. "And while the gospel of fresh air is not new, in many places in the state it might just as well be for all the use that is made of it, the state health workers declare. And by giving a new impetus to this propaganda the tuberculosis survey is helping to combat the other diseases as well as tuberculosis.

Wisdom is the name some men apply to their self-conceit.

Pessimists are men who go around looking for thorns to sit on.

Some men make a living by letting their wives keep boarders.

When two women get wound up, another is usually run down.

Some men brag about their wives as if they wanted to sell them.

Many things may be preserved in alcohol, but law and order are not on the list.

It is a good thing for some people that the necessities of life don't include brains.

Gold brick buyers are born often enough to keep the manufacturers from going out of business.

If a girl says "No" three times in succession it's a hopeless case unless she should change her mind.

The average woman will jump at the sight of a mouse almost as quickly as she will at an offer of marriage.

Don't try to guess a woman's age. Take it for granted that she is somewhat older than she thinks she looks, and let it go at that.

The atmosphere of the home in which the wife puts on more airs than the husband can afford is never what it should be.

## STOLEN GEMS ARE DUG UP

Jewelry and Silverware Turned Up in Excavation for House in Suburb of Reading, Pa.

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## FARMER'S ONE-WEEK SCHOOL

The college-extension school in practical agriculture will be held in the Ironton Grange Hall during the week of Feb. 28th to Mar. 4th. All work will be given by demonstration and lecture. It will differ from Farmer's Institute instruction in that the subjects will be carried thru the whole week. To derive the most good from the school, therefore, it will be necessary to attend every session. Those who can attend are urged to plan their work so that they need not miss a single lecture. As a necessary aid to memory—one will find a note book and pencil very important. Watch for further announcements.

## Pellets of Philosophy

(Take one every day)

The hardest work some men have to do is to be cheerful.

Minding other people's business is what brings so much care and worry to some faces.

Being continually busy means being contented.

Sometimes we can be too intimate with our neighbors.

If you want to be called a wise man agree with everybody.

A good conscience will make you happier than a large bank account.

Opportunity is only waiting for you to make the necessary advance.

The pen is mightier than the spoken word.

Let a woman have the last word if she wants it. She is none the richer, nor you the poorer.

Being sociable doesn't cost anything, and it gives you a good reputation.

## Growth of Auto Industry

The automobile manufacturing industry ranks fourth in the United States, with lumber first, steel second and clothing next. This is startling when viewed by the brevity of the industry's existence. There are 433 automobile factories in the United States and these have produced more than 1,000,000 cars during 1916. Parallel with the growth and increase in the manufacturing element of the business, the sporting side as represented by speedway races has made colossal strides and promises newer, bigger and greater things for the current year.

## What we wish would Happen this Week.

Monday, Jan. 22.—That we may look only on the bright side of things.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.—That the troubles of Belgium may soon be at an end.

Wednesday, Jan. 24.—That we may afford some new clothes soon.

Thursday, Jan. 25.—That there may be fewer deaths this winter than usual.

Friday, Jan. 26.—That W. J. Bryan may make another fine speech before long.

Saturday, Jan. 27.—That butter and eggs may not go any higher.

Sunday, Jan. 28.—That we may have a good sermon.

## Rhymes Within Reason

There were two young women named Ellis,  
Whose husbands were awfully jealous;  
"When this way," they said,  
"Our hubbies are led  
Of their undying passion to tell us."

## Utility Shoe Scraper

We bought a large size scrubbing brush, turned it upside down and nailed it to the floor of the back porch. It made an excellent shoescraper, being particularly useful in winter, season with its wet and snowy weather.

## Origin of "Plagiarist"

One who appropriates—that is, steals the literary work of another to use his own, though the child of his brain, is guilty of plagiarism, as every body knows, yet few are acquainted with the derivation of the word. The plagiarist is literally a child stealer. Among a certain class of criminals in Rome in the time of the earlier Caesars there existed the fearful custom of stealing children and selling them as slaves. According to Roman law, the child stealers when detected received as a part of the penalty for this crime a severe flogging. As the Latin word *plagium* signifies a stripe or the ancient kidnappers were called "plagari"—that is, despoilers of children—so both the crime and the thief received their names from the action inflicted.



**GLASSES FITTED**  
CONSULT  
**J. LEAHY**  
Optometrist  
**Expert on Eye Strain**  
Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and all other symptoms of Eye Strain cured.  
Crossed Eyes Straightened Without an Operation.  
Fitting Children's Eyes a Specialty.  
Difficult Cases Solicited.  
Glasses Guaranteed to Fit.  
Date, Wednesday, Feb. 7TH  
will remain two days.  
Office with Drs. Vardon & Parks



**PURE MILK**  
McCool & Mather  
FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK  
EAST JORDAN

**WHAT TO DO FOR BAD COLDS**  
If you want a cough medicine that gives quick and sure action in healing colds, coughs or croup, get Foley's Honey and Tar. It heals inflamed membranes in throat, chest or bronchial tubes; breaks up tight coughs, loosens phlegm, makes breathing easier, stops tickling in throat. Contains no opiates. —Hite's Drug Store.

**OPEN NOSTRILS! END A COLD OR CATARRH**  
How to Get Relief When Head and Nose are Stuffed Up.  
Count fifty! Your cold in head or catarrh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffing, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache; no struggling for breath at night.  
Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream to your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.

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

**BRING IN YOUR Hides and Furs**  
Scrap Iron  
Brass  
Copper  
Rags, Rubber  
Wool Bought  
LEAD ZINC etc.  
We Pay the Top Market Price.  
**H. KLING.**

**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD**  
G. A. Ljak, Publisher  
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR  
Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

**Company T Has Pancho Villa**  
Or at Least That's What the Boys Call Him  
Possibility of Our Boys Being Ordered Home in Month or Two.

Camp Cotton, El Paso, Texas Jan. 20th, 1917.  
The men of Co. I have been surprised and worried a little too over the many crazy rumors that have come from East Jordan about them, during the last few days. There is no foundation to these stories whatever and the men are anxious to dispel any thing that will tend to cause worry for those at home who are interested in them. Soldiering at its best is a hard life but the 33rd Regiment has had an easier time than the other Michigan troops. In fact but few of the Militia units had the good fortune to receive winter quarters. The 31st and 32nd lived on the ground the entire time they were in El Paso. A few Companies had board floors purchased from the Mess Fund of the Company but none had tents walled up as the 33rd has. Every tent has electric lights in most of the companies. And Co. I will have them installed before long. As for sickness the average for the Company has been only normal. All of the men have been subject to severe colds and tonsillitis but these seldom develop into anything more alarming. Duncan Crawford has returned to duty from the hospital after a three weeks vacation. The men have dubbed him Pancho Villa because of the fine mustache he has trained in imitation of the Mexican Bandit.

Now the withdrawal of Pershings troops is an indication that the entire Militia will be ordered home within the next thirty days. 12,000 more troops will be available for border duty after this move. And after inspecting the border forces recently Gen. Funston is of the belief that the Regular Army with the addition of these men will be able to take care of the situation. As a rule the men shiver when they think of going home to the snow and cold of the north and many would rather stay until spring. The weather along the border has hardly seemed like that of winter at any time. In fact the two warm rains of the past week have made it seem like April. Only once has there been snow and was seen on the top of Mt. Franklin.

The opening of the winter Fiesta in Jaurez is attracting many Michigan boys to the other side of the river. Though Army Officials do not encourage the practice the men are willing to take a chance for the sake of having been in Old Mexico. Jaurez has one of the finest race-tracks in North America and now the mid-winter racing season is at its best. Hundreds cross the river every day to see the horses run for running races are the only kind seen there. Aside from its race track the gambling halls of Jaurez attract many others. There the best society of El Paso rubs shoulders nightly with the Mexican soldier, the aristocrat or the poor peon. Keno at ten cents a game and the roulette tables with their large piles of gold are the most popular games. Aside from these things of pastime Jaurez has many historical things of interest. A church founded in 1549 is the oldest landmark. The Bullring still used for its weekly Bull fights is a curiosity to the stranger as are also the market place and the Caranza Garrison.

All of the boys who make the trip like to take a fly at the ponies or at some game before they leave. But for the most part they lose. Guy Sedgman and Walter Chellis it is rumored had to walk home after their first trip.  
Drilling now has given way almost entirely to Border Patrol. The Company gets this assignment on the average of three times a week. Sleeping on the ground and walking a post for twenty four hours is hard work and the

**AFTER GRIPPE**  
Vinol Restored Mr. Martin's Strength  
Wapakoneta, Ohio.—"I am a farmer by occupation, and the Grippe left me with a bad cough and in a nervous, weak, run-down condition, and I could not seem to get anything to do me any good until I took Vinol, which built me up, and my cough and nervousness are all gone, and I can truly say Vinol is all that is claimed for it." —JAMES MARTIN.  
Vinol is a constitutional remedy for all weak, nervous and run-down conditions of men, women and children, and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.  
HITE DRUG CO.  
Also at the leading drug store in all Michigan towns.

men will be glad when it is finished. The only excitement comes from occasional shots fired across the border or from men shooting at each other. And these are as a rule only some excited sentry looking for glory. After this Border duty is finished the work of the Michigan men will be practically ended and then will come in all probability the order to entrain for home.

**RATHENAU TELLS OF GREAT WORK**  
Germany's Great Organizer Describes How Difficulties Were Overcome.

**STRONGER THAN THE ALLIES**  
Declares Success of Work is Due to Fact That Germany's Industries Quickly Adapted Themselves to War Conditions.

Berlin.—Dr. Walter Rathenau, in charge of all raw materials for the German government, has written a book in which the famous "wizard" describes the enormous difficulties that confronted him when he was called to his post by the war minister, and the wonderful results accomplished.  
"When we started our herculean work the war department gave us four small rooms," the great organizer says. "The war minister thought that these offices would be sufficient and he was greatly astonished when I informed him within two weeks that I needed at least five times as much space."  
"After much parleying I got twenty rooms, but in another month I had to request forty more. That necessitated the removal of whole sections of the war department. More than 100,000 important documents had to be transported to other buildings and the work took weeks.

**Cramped and Crowded.**  
"In the meantime our labor threatened to come to a standstill. Although we put desks in every possible corner, and even in the hallways, we were not able to make room for our ever-increasing working force. When we finally got our sixty rooms we were as cramped and crowded as before, and we continually had to ask for more and more space. Our offices now cover an entire city block and we still need more room.

"It is difficult to give a description of our work, because much of what has been done and accomplished must remain secret until the war ends. The public has no idea of the difficulties we had to overcome and the tremendous labor that was necessary to enable the empire successfully to defy the British blockade. Every man in our department worked from sixteen to eighteen hours every day, including Sundays and holidays, and we all only regretted that the days did not have forty-eight hours, instead of only twenty-four."  
"Conferences were always in progress from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight, as new plans had to be made continually and often it became necessary to alter them before they were completed.

**Hard Work Won.**  
"It was hard work, but we won out. One of our advantages was that the press paid little attention to us, and we were not hampered by public criticism. Sometimes professors called to tell us that we were all wrong and would have to start anew. Then members of the reichstag came to convince us that the professors were as wrong as ourselves.  
"We had to listen to this talk and that meant the loss of much valuable time, but otherwise it did not hurt us.  
"Our success is principally due to the fact that the German industries adapted themselves to the war conditions with astounding rapidity and energy. Our manufacturers carried out their task enthusiastically and without losing any words.  
"While our enemies were telling the world how they would organize and develop their resources we quietly solved the problem, and now we can confidently look into the future. Germany today is economically and industrially stronger than the allies and will never break down."

**High Cost of Living Echo.**  
Muncie, Ind.—As a means of collecting articles of food for the Winter Relief association of this city, a local motion picture theater is accepting certain articles of food as admission fees for children. Potatoes, apples, oranges, eggs and canned fruit are being accepted.

It's difficult for a doctor to cure a diseased mind.  
**EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD**  
H. H. Adams, Springfield, Mo., writes "I had a severe attack of kidney trouble. I am getting old, 87 years. I tried different treatments, but none did me so much good as Foley Kidney Pills." Foley Kidney Pills build up weakened kidneys, help rid the blood of acids and poisons, and relieve bladder troubles. —Hite's Drug Store.

**WIRELESS MUSIC USED FOR DANCE**  
Sent From Distance of Forty Miles, It Is Heard All Over the House.  
**DOUBLE AMPLIFIERS ARE USED**

Inventions of Doctor Armstrong of Columbia University and Lee de Forest Make Experiment at Morristown, N. J., Successful.

New York.—What was declared to be the world's first wireless dance was held recently at Morristown, N. J., at the home of Theodore E. Gaty. His two sons—John P. and Theodore E. Gaty, Jr., the latter home from Cornell for the holidays—got up a dance and throughout the evening the seven or eight couples who had been invited danced to music that was played on a phonograph in Highbridge, at the southern end of Manhattan, about 40 miles away from Morristown by air line.

Mr. Gaty and his sons are enthusiastic amateurs in the science of radio telephony and telegraph. A friend, P. F. Godley of Montclair, who is a radio engineer, made use of the Lee de Forest audion detector and the sound amplifier invented by Dr. Edwin H. Armstrong of Columbia, the inventions which made transcontinental telephony possible, as well as a wireless telephone message to Honolulu. Mr. Godley, who is only twenty-seven years old, adapted the two devices to amateur use and attached them to a phonograph horn in the Gaty home.

**Taken by Amateur Receiver.**  
The phonograph that furnished the dance music was played in the Highbridge plant of the De Forrest Radio Telephone and Telegraph company, and the musical sound waves were received by the amateur receiver over Mr. Gaty's house.  
When the faint sounds, which com-

ing from the receiver, could scarcely be detected by the ear, passed through the combined sound amplifiers and then through the megaphone they could be heard all over the house.

To show how clearly the sound was transmitted, Mr. Gaty telephoned to the De Forest company's office at Highbridge and the operator of the phonograph listened to the ground wire telephone. The music when it got back to him by this route, he said, was even louder than the original sounds from the phonograph. A New York Times reporter called up Mr. Gaty's house and the megaphone was placed near the receiver at that end. The music, transmitted about 40 miles through air and then nearly the same distance by ground wires, could be heard distinctly. The phonograph was telling how she could "yacki-hacki wicki wacki woo" in Honolulu.

Mr. Gaty was enthusiastic. He said that the operator in the De Forest building announced the number of each record, its name, and so forth when he was about to put it on the phonograph, and that the spoken announcement could be heard in every corner of the Gaty house. Mr. Godley, at his home in Montclair, had not taken the trouble to ask if the experiment was successful. He took it as a matter of fact that it should be.

**All Very Simple.**  
"It's very simple," Mr. Godley said to the reporter. "Doctor Armstrong of Columbia has been doing research work along these lines for many years, and he has at last turned out a device that will multiply sound 500 to 1,000 times. The De Forest amplifier multiplied sounds 12 to 18 times. The principle is somewhat the same, the difference being that the Armstrong instrument has a complex repeating action, while the De Forest instrument has single repeating action."

"Together, the instruments make it simple to telephone by wireless, and there's no reason why New Yorkers should not be telephoning to Chicago regularly except that the instruments have not yet been put to commercial use. That is because of the many legal fights that are taking place over the fundamental radio patents, and because of the field being practically tied up at the present time by the Marconi company. But there's nothing to prevent amateurs from using these in-

struments.  
"It would be just as easy to transmit the music of an entire opera from the Metropolitan opera house as to transmit this phonograph music that is being played tonight. It would only be necessary to have the sending apparatus within range of the voices in the Metropolitan. With the amplifiers now being used the music could be transmitted about 200 miles."  
Mr. Godley said that the amplifier perfected by Doctor Armstrong resembled the headlight of an automobile. Instead of the light filament, there are two electrodes. There is a vacuum in the bulb, and in an incandescent light, and the weak sound enters on one electrode, while the powerful sound issues from the other.

**GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT**  
That's what you feel Backache or Bladder trouble—Salts are for Kidneys.

Most forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, also you feel a dull misery in the kidney region; sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.  
To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a table spoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder disease.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE**

**Just Received**

A complete assortment and beautiful showing of

**PERCALES & GINGHAMS**

for the ladies who desire to do their spring sewing early.

You must see these to appreciate the fine quality and rare values offered, and we invite you to call and look them over. Come in today.

**East Jordan Lumber Co.**



# RADIUM IS USED WITH SUCCESS IN ADVANCED CASES OF CANCER

Important Palliative Results Have Been Obtained, but It Cannot Be Relied Upon to Effect a Permanent Cure in Late Stages of Inoperable Tumors, Is the Message of Science to the Public.

New York.—Although radium has produced very important palliative results in advanced cases of cancer, and has even, in a considerable number of cases, apparently caused a complete disappearance of the disease, yet it cannot be relied upon to effect a permanent cure in the late stages of inoperable tumors, and therefore the importance of early diagnosis of cancer is again emphasized. Such is the essential message from science to the public on the present status of the radium treatment, according to Dr. James Ewing of Cornell University Medical college who took part in a symposium on this disease held this afternoon at the American Museum of Natural History under the auspices of Section K (Physiology and Experimental Medicine) of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Other papers of special scientific interest were presented by a number of the foremost students of the cancer problem.

Doctor Ewing spoke from his experience with the radium treatment of cancer at the Memorial hospital with which he is connected as director of Cancer Research and which is receiving, through the generosity of Dr. James Douglas, a large part of the radium now produced under improved processes by the United States Bureau of Mines in co-operation with the National Radium Institute.

Remarkably Little Scarring. According to the speaker the use of radium in cancer has within the last ten years established itself as an excellent method of dealing with benign and malignant tumors of the skin which, when properly applied, it usually removes promptly and with remarkably little scarring. In the major types of cancer of the accessible mucous membranes radium has also achieved considerable success. It has been chiefly tested in uterine cancer in which disease it has accomplished radical improvement of many inoperable cases and several apparently complete cures as attested by post-mortem examination after the patients had died from other causes. A number of foreign surgeons state that their results are better than with surgery and they employ radium in both operable and inoperable uterine cases. The leading American surgeons who are using radium obtain equally good results, but take the opposite position that they prefer to operate in suitable cases.

According to the speaker, much the same situation exists in regard to many other forms of accessible cancer, while a few authorities even report apparent success with such difficult cases as those of the lip, tongue, rectum, etc. "It has become apparent," said Doctor Ewing, "that success depends very largely upon the skill and accuracy of application, upon a knowledge of the anatomical character of the particular tumors treated, and above all, upon attacking the disease before it is too far advanced."

Limitations of Radium. Referring to the limitations of radium therapy as "numerous and formidable," Doctor Ewing pointed out that "the supply of this metal is small and generally restricted to a few institutions. The requisite skill to apply it safely and effectively and to choose suitable cases is still more restricted. Beginners often do more harm than good and it is easy to discredit the agent entirely. The methods are badly in need of standardization. Underdosing may destroy superficial tumor cells only and leave the deeper ones to grow in the inflamed tissues. Overdosing causes the death of normal or diseased tissue, resulting in fistulas, hemorrhage and severe infection. With repeated doses tumor cells appear to become less and normal tissue more susceptible. Excessive scarring often results and prolonged exposure to large amounts often causes a peculiar and severe form of general intoxication. Several workers have had fatal results from their attempts to cure advanced cases. Finally, radium has only a local effect, extending at most to a depth of six to ten centimeters, and if it has any constitutional influence this cannot be relied upon to deal with extensive local or generalized cancer. Under these circumstances, a general recommendation to the public to resort to radium for all types and stages of cancer is decidedly inadvisable."

Future of Radium. With reference to the future of radium, Doctor Ewing did not venture a forecast, but pointed out that very great significance must be attached to its selective action on many kinds of tumor tissue. In spite of rapid improvement in the technique of application, the speaker believed that on the whole the methods are still comparatively crude, although he had little doubt that exact dosage and accurate adjustment of the apparatus can be worked out to a much greater degree than is now accomplished. "For inoperable cases," Doctor Ewing said, "although great, is perhaps already overestimated. To what extent it may establish itself in the treatment of operable cases it remains for the future to decide."

Dr. Joseph C. Bloodgood of Johns Hopkins university spoke from the surgeon's point of view on cancer in the human being, dwelling especially upon the importance of the pre-existing lesions which may develop into cancer and in the treatment and removal of which lies the chief opportunity of preventing this disease. Doctor Bloodgood made it clear that cancer in its early stages is easily cured. "The disease," he said, "usually springs from a pre-existing lesion allowed to go unattended. Chronic irritation of a sore may also contribute. In external cancer the warning is visible or can be felt. Unfortunately, pain is rarely present. A mole or a wart, a small area covered with a scab, a small lump or nodule beneath the skin, an unhealed wound, all of these may indicate potential cancer. The appearance of these defects should mean a call upon the physician for examination as to the probability of incipient cancer. Nothing is lost by taking the precaution if symptoms are not found and, on the other hand, the risk is too great to allow the warnings to go unheeded. The question in this case is decided by the physician, and in many cases a minor operation removes a probable cause of the disease."

Always Gives Warning. "No man ever yet had a cancer on the lip or tongue without first experiencing some warning," continued the speaker. "The defect may be a burn from continued smoking or an irritation from ragged teeth. The probabilities of a cure are excellent when men heed such signals of possible danger and are treated at once. Tobacco users are more subject to cancer than those who do not use it. There is no means of preventing cancer of the breast, the appearance of a lump or a discharge from the nipple being the first sign, but when such lumps are at once removed on their discovery, half will be found benign, that is, not cancerous. The removal of benign lumps undoubtedly prevents cancer in many cases, since modern medicine clearly recognizes the danger of benign lumps turning to malignant disease of the breast. The chances of permanent recovery in true breast cancer vary with the exact type of the disease, but are excellent if it is recognized early and completely removed. The chance of recovery grows less and less as the delay is more and more protracted until cancer is incurable from the extent of the local or general involvement. Cancer of the stomach is a more difficult proposition, but even in such cases there is usually a warning. Abnormal sensations of daily recurrence should not be neglected. So-called indigestion or what is styled 'colic' may be the warning. The chances are that it is not, but it may be so. If the pain, the sensations, the message from this part of the body comes time and time again, especially among people over thirty or forty years of age, a physician should surely be consulted."

Nothing to Be Ashamed of. "The mortality from cancer," concluded the speaker, "could be reduced considerably if the average person knew how to take care of himself. It is not a 'blood disease,' it is not a disease which people have any reason to be ashamed of. So far as physicians can tell, it is not brought on by ill-health or food. It comes to healthy persons, the healthy man or the healthy woman; but if the simple, easily noticed warnings be heeded the task becomes comparatively easy and the only miracle we have to perform is to educate a million people where we now educate one."

A historical survey of the crusade against cancer through the education of the public was given by Curtis E. Lakeman, executive secretary of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. He said that the first widely known campaign of this kind was initiated by Professor Winter of Koenigsberg, Prussia, in 1891. As a result the cancer death rate of that vicinity had been definitely lowered and a large increase in the number of women applying for treatment in the early and operable stages of the disease had been noticed.

## HONEYMOON AFTER 50 YEARS

Aged Pennsylvania Couple at Last Find Time to Take Little Wedding Trip.

Altoona, Pa.—Mr. and Mrs. James Brown of Altoona have finally found time to take a wedding trip, notwithstanding the fact that it has been more than fifty years since they were married. They visited friends in Lewisburg and the occasion was made memorable by a dinner in their honor. When they were married in 1836 they were too busy establishing a home to go away. Mr. Brown is a retired Pennsylvania railroad shopman, having served the company 47 years. While he and his wife have had an annual pass for several years, they have never used it until the delayed wedding trip. They have lived in the same house for half a century.

# DIES FIGHTING BLAZE ON SHIP

Capt. John Mathias Homeward Bound After Two Years Away From Family.

## AN EFFORT AT RESCUE FATAL

Chief Officer Led His Men Into Hold of Burning Vessel to Save Imprisoned Stokers of the Laurentic.

New York.—A stirring romance of the sea was told recently when details of the death of Capt. John Mathias, commander of the auxiliary cruiser Laurentic, reached relatives here by mail. The Laurentic is a White Star liner, taken over by the British admiralty.

Only two days from his wife and babies, and on his way home after two years continuous patrolling in the Far East, Captain Mathias died attempting to rescue men trapped in the blazing hold of his ship near the powder magazine.

Flying the homeward bound pennant at the peak, the Laurentic steamed at full speed for port. From coal passers in the stoke hole to officers on the bridge, every man was bent on pushing the cruiser to reach port in time for the holidays.

In a hamlet in Yorkshire Captain Mathias' wife and two young children heard the Laurentic had been ordered to return to her home station. Mrs. Mathias, with her two little girls, aged ten and twelve years, made the trip to Liverpool.

## They Discover Fire.

On December 15, within two days run from port, a serious fire was discovered in hold No. 2. With the chief officer at their head a squad of men plunged into the hold to fight the fire. The fire had gained such headway that it was sweeping toward the powder magazines, cutting off their escape.

Signaling frantically to their comrades on the deck, the trapped men succeeded in getting word of their desperate plight to Captain Mathias on the bridge.

Captain Mathias ordered some of his crew to follow him and plunged to the rescue in the smoke filled compartment. The rescue squad succeeded in dragging out some of the imprisoned men and then went back for the rest.

When Captain Mathias was entering the furnace-like hold to rescue the last of his crew an iron beam warped out of place by the intense heat of the blaze, fell on him and his squad of rescuers. Captain Mathias was instantly killed and several of his men were injured. Another squad of seamen removed the injured sailors and succeeded in recovering the body of the captain. The fire was got under control and the cruiser put into Liverpool.

## Forbidden to Wireless.

Under admiralty instructions the officers of the ship were not permitted to wireless the news of the accident and fire. With the home-bound pennant still at the fore the Laurentic docked at Liverpool. Mrs. Mathias and her two children waited for the captain, whom they had not seen for two years, to come off the ship. Finally an officer appeared and told them how the captain had sacrificed his life for his men.

Captain Mathias was well known in this port. The Laurentic, his last command, after she finished the Montreal-Liverpool summer service, used to sail from New York on winter cruises to the Mediterranean and the Caribbean seas.

The captain first went to sea because of the jilting he received at the hands of a little Irish girl. He was born in York, County Cork, and at the age of fifteen was keeping company with a fair colleen who lived near the Rushpoot docks, Queenstown. One day he declared his intentions to the girl, Molly by name.

"Jack," she replied, so the story goes, "any time you want your socks darned, a shirt patched or a tear in your breeches mended, you're welcome enough here. But you're only an apprentice and I could never take what you say seriously."

"When I come back I'll be captain of an Atlantic liner," the youth answered hotly.

## NO CONTRACT PRISON LABOR

Trustees of Indiana Reform Place Decide to Help Inmates to Make Money.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The contract labor system in Indiana prisons will be abolished. The trustees of the institutions have decided that at the expiration of the present contracts a new form of employment will be instituted.

Under the new system proposed, as much of the product as possible of the inmates of the prisons will be used at other state institutions. The surplus will be sold in the open market. Farm facilities will be increased at all penal institutions. It is probable, too, that the prisoners will be paid small wages for their work, the money to be saved for them or to be used in supporting their families.

The trustees are opposed to the use of prisoners in building highways.

# MOTHERHOOD WOMAN'S JOY

Suggestions to Childless Women.

Among the virtues of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the ability to correct sterility in the cases of many women. This fact is well established as evidenced by the following letter and hundreds of others we have published in these columns.

Poplar Bluff, Mo.—"I want other women to know what a blessing Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to me. We had always wanted a baby in our home but I was in poor health and not able to do my work. My mother and husband both urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, my health improved and I am now the mother of a fine baby girl and do all my own house work."—Mrs. ALLIA B. TIMMONS, 216 Almond St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.

In many other homes, once childless, here are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential and helpful.



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## 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.

## WORTH ATTENTION OF WOMEN

When you feel too tired to work, wake up weary, have backache or pains in sides, when you suffer rheumatic twinges you may be sure the kidneys are disordered. Fay Sheiberg, All. Mo., writes: "I had kidney trouble two years. Nothing did me any good until I got Foley Kidney Pills. Two 50c boxes cured me."—Hite's Drug Store.

You may judge a woman's character by the men she does not know. Sometimes a woman's face overdoes it in the matter of telling her age.

## DIFFERENT KINDS OF COUGHS

Colds lead to different kinds of coughs—"drycough", "winter cough", la grippe cough, bronchial cough, asthmatic cough, and racking, painful cough to raise choking phlegm. Enos Halbert Paoli, Ind., writes: "I coughed continually, could hardly sleep. Foley's Honey and Tar relieved me, curing my cough entirely."—Hite's Drug Store.

## Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

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

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

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

## WIFE AND DOG BEAT BEAR

Save Clarence Narber From Being Torn to Pieces by Enraged Animal.

Milton, Pa.—Attacked by a big black bear at Riverside, a pleasure park here, Clarence Narber, thirty years old, was being mutilated and torn when his wife and a faithful collie dog attacked the bear and saved his life, but he will lose his right arm.

The bear has long been caged at the park, and during the last few days has been driven to desperation by hunting dogs passing that way. When Narber went into the cage to clean up, the bear grabbed his wrist in its mouth and at the same time hugged and clawed him.

His wife heard his cries and ran to his aid. Fearlessly she plunged inside the cage and kicked the animal in the nose as the dog grabbed and bit it on the ears and head.

Surprised, the bear gave its attention to the dog, and Mrs. Narber dragged her injured husband from the cage and slammed the door. Then she took a long iron bar and prodded the animal, forcing it back into the corner and was thus enabled to rescue the dog, which had a broken leg.

## BALKS AT TRIP FOR "REMAINS"

Chicago.—Jerry Cohan, an under-aged messenger boy, started north the other day from the Auditorium hotel office with a sealed message reading, "Bring remains of Mr. Rosenfield from Graceland cemetery to Mrs. Rosenfield, No. street."

Jerry began wondering what message carried him to a cemetery. Opening the message, he read it, then got off the car, and returned to the hotel, where he told Miss Flynn, "Say, I will carry anything but a 'stiff.' I balk at the 'stiff.'" and left the hotel for home.

Another messenger delivered the message and took the "remains," which had been cremated, to the proper person.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

IT'S different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works Sterling, Illinois

Use Black Silk Stove Polish on Enamel on Stoves, Radiators, and other household fixtures. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

## Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off. It cleans and polishes four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on enamel stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers. You can't find it at a stove polish store. All we ask is that you use our cook-stove, your major or your gas range. If you don't use it, get a stove polish you can't find at a stove polish store. Made in liquid or paste—one quality.

Trouble is the most practical teacher in the school of experience. 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.

## DRINK HOT TEA FOR A RAD COLD

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

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

## RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

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

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

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

# 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 \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

## East Jordan Lumber Co.

We have the New BRETON an ARROW COLLAR

## WEISMAN'S

Man wants but little here below, but he never gets quite enough.

## THIS—AND FIVE CENTS!

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co. 2836 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.

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. 28.

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FAMILY STORY PAPER  
24-26 Vandewater Street  
New York



**JUDICIAL SALE  
OF REAL ESTATE**

**State of Michigan**  
Circuit Court for the County of  
Charlevoix in Chancery.

**Stanley A. Bush,**  
Plaintiff,  
vs.  
**Charles Haire and  
Flora U. Haire,**  
Defendants.

**WHEREAS**, on the 25th day of July, 1916 the said Circuit Court made a decree in the above entitled cause which was duly filed on the 4th day of August, 1916, wherein and whereby the parcels of land hereinafter described were ordered sold to satisfy said decree; and

**WHEREAS**, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1916, the said Circuit Court in Chancery made and entered in the above entitled cause a decretal order therein and thereby determining and describing the time, manner and terms upon which the lands therein described were to be sold and conveyed, dividing said lands into twelve (12) parcels, numbered from one (1) to twelve (12) both inclusive, for the purpose of said sale; and

**WHEREAS**, by the terms of said decree and said order all the right, title and interest of Clark Haire and Flora U. Haire in and to each and every said parcels of land are to be sold at public auction by Charles Novak, sheriff of said county of Charlevoix, he being the person designated and appointed in said decretal order to make such sale.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that under and by virtue and in pursuance of said decretal order of the said Circuit Court for the county of Charlevoix in Chancery made and entered in the above entitled cause on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1916, I, the subscriber, sheriff in and for said county of Charlevoix, by said order duly appointed to make this sale, will sell in parcels as hereinafter designated, at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court house in the city of Charlevoix in said county of Charlevoix (that being the place in which the Circuit Court for the county of Charlevoix is held) on the twelfth day of February, A. D., 1917, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, all the right, title and interest of Clark Haire and Flora U. Haire in and to all those certain lands and premises situated and being in the counties of Charlevoix and Osego in the state of Michigan, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

**PARCEL I.**

All the timber on the west half (1/2) of the north-west quarter (1/4) of Section twenty-two (22), Township thirty-one (31) north, range four (4) west, situated in the county of Osego and State of Michigan, with twenty-five (25) years from May 18, 1912 to cut timber; purchaser to pay taxes on land and timber until timber removed and land surrendered to Ward Estate or its assigns.

**PARCEL II.**

All that piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Melrose, in the County of Charlevoix, State of Michigan, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit: All of Government Lot two (2) in the north half (1/2) of the south-east quarter (1/4) of Section seventeen (17), town thirty-three (33) north, range five (5) west, lying east of the center line of Boyne City and Springvale State Road, so called, and,

**PARCEL III.**

An undivided one-half (1/2) of the following described piece or parcel of land, situated in the County of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing on the beach of Lake Michigan at a point where the north and south quarter (1/4) line of section twenty-seven (27) in town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west intersects the low water mark of said Lake Michigan, thence south across said beach to an iron pin set at the intersection of the south line of said beach and said quarter (1/4) line from which stake an oak ten (10) inches in diameter bears north sixty-six (66) degrees east twenty-four (24) links and a hemlock twelve (12) inches in diameter bears south twenty-seven (27) degrees west thirty-eight (38) links; thence south one quarter (1/4) line four and seventy-five (75) one hundredths (4.75) chains to an iron pin; thence south seventy (70) degrees west ten and sixty-one hundredths (10.60) chains to an iron pin; thence north ten (10) chains to an iron pin on the south line of said beach from which a soft maple six (6) inches in diameter bears north seventy-six (76) degrees east seventy-four (74) links and a maple eight (8) inches in diameter bears south eleven (11) degrees east twenty-eight (28) and one-half (1/2) links; thence north parallel with the quarter line across said beach to low water mark, thence in a north-easterly direction, along the low water mark of Lake Michigan to the place of beginning, together with all riparian right pertaining to the above described land to the waters of Lake Michigan. Containing five (5) acres, more or less and being a part of lot two (2) section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west, Charlevoix County, Michigan, subject to an easement of a highway running through said land.

**PARCEL IV.**

An undivided one-half (1/2) of the following described piece or parcel of land situated in the County of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point five and forty-three one hundredths (5.43) chains west of the north and south quarter line of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west, on the north line of an extension

of Upright Avenue, City of Charlevoix, said point being designated by an iron pin set at the southwest corner of land hereinafter described by John Ward, Byron W. Miller and E. H. Green, trustees and recorded in Liber 51 of Deeds page 373 for Charlevoix county, Michigan, thence north eight and eighty-four one hundredths (8.84) chains along the east line of land owned and occupied by William Crandall on the eighth day of August, 1906, to center of highway at iron pin; thence north seventy (70) degrees east to a point one and thirteen one hundredths (1.13) chains east of an extension of the east boundary line of said Crandall's parcel, thence south eight and eighty-six one hundredths (8.86) chains, more or less to north line of extension of Upright Avenue aforesaid, thence west one and thirteen one hundredths (1.13) chains to place of beginning, and containing one (1) acre of land more or less, located on government lot two (2) in section twenty-seven (27), town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west.

**PARCEL V.**

An undivided one-half of the following described piece or parcel of land situated in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a stake set on the west eighth line of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west at a point thirty-one and fifty-two one quarter one hundredths (31.52 1/4) chains north of section line between sections twenty-seven (27) and thirty-four (34) thence north on the west eighth line aforesaid eight and fifty-two one hundredths (8.52) chains more or less to the waters of Lake Michigan thence easterly along the waters of Lake Michigan ten (10) chains more or less to the northwest corner of land owned by J. S. and Martha Baker thence south five (5) chains more or less to the southwest corner of land owned by J. S. and Martha Baker September first, 1912; thence south seventy (70) degrees west ten and thirty-four one-half (10.34 1/2) chains to place of beginning; being a part of government lot two (2) of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west and designated on plan of survey caused to be made by the trustees of the estate of Austin C. Newman, deceased, as lot No. 2. This deed is subject to highways shown on unrecorded plat aforesaid, and is subject to a mortgage of twelve hundred and fifty dollars (\$1250) in favor of Almon W. Rickard, being a part of government lot two (2) of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west.

**PARCEL VI.**

An undivided one-half of the following described piece or parcel of land situated in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing on the west eighth line of said section twenty-seven (27) at the intersection of the north line of Upright Avenue of the city of Charlevoix extended, with said eighth line; thence running north on said eighth line three and forty-eight one hundredths (3.48) chains; thence running north seventy (70) degrees east along proposed road three and eighty-one one hundredths (3.81) chains to northwest corner of land owned by the Hodge estate; thence south along west line of said Hodge estate land, four and sixty-eight one hundredths (4.68) chains to the north line of Upright Avenue extended; thence west three and eighty-seven one hundredths (3.87) chains to place of beginning, and containing one and fifty-one hundredths (1.50) acres, more or less, and being designated on unrecorded plat of the Austin C. Newman estate as lot No. three (3).

**PARCEL VII.**

An undivided one-half of the following described piece or parcel of land situated in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point in the north and south quarter (1/4) line of section twenty-seven (27) township thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west as per United States survey thereon marked by the intersection of the center line of said highway with said quarter line at a point fifty-one and eighty-one one hundredths (51.81) feet south of the center of said section; running thence south seventy (70) degrees west along the center line of said highway eight hundred forty-two and ten one hundredths (842.10) feet to an iron pin set in the center of said highway, which iron pin is the starting point of this description; thence running south from said starting point four hundred forty-four and fifty-eight one hundredths (444.58) feet to the north line of Upright Avenue in the city of Charlevoix, county of Charlevoix and State of Michigan; thence east along the north line of said last mentioned highway four hundred thirty-nine and fifty-six one hundredths (439.56) feet to an iron stake; thence north five hundred eighty-three and forty-four one hundredths (583.44) feet to an iron stake set in the center of the highway first above mentioned, thence south seventy (70) degrees west along the center of said highway to the starting point aforesaid; being a part of lot two (2) of said section twenty-seven (27), township thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west aforesaid; containing five (5) acres of land more or less. Said description is also designated as lot five (5) on an unrecorded plat of the subdivision of a part of lot two (2) and the southeast quarter of the south-west quarter of said section twenty-seven (27), township thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west aforesaid made by the trustees of the estate of Austin C. Newman, deceased.

**PARCEL VIII.**

An undivided one-half of the following described piece or parcel of land situated in the county of Charlevoix, and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at iron pin set at twelve and nine one hundredths (12.09) chains west of the north and south quarter line of section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west on a prolongation of the north line of Upright Avenue of the city of Charlevoix, the same being the south-west corner of land owned by Joseph Bassett to William and Florence M. Crandall; thence north along Crandall's west line six and twenty-eight one hundredths (6.28) chains to the north-

west corner of said Crandall's land in the center of highway; thence south seventy (70) degrees west four and twenty-five one hundredths (4.25) chains; thence south four and fifty-one hundredths (4.50) chains more or less to prolongation of north line of Upright Avenue; thence east four (4) chains to place of beginning, and being a part of Government lot two (2), Section twenty-seven (27) town thirty-four (34) north, range eight (8) west, and containing two and ten one hundredths (2.10) acres of land more or less and being lot four (4) on unrecorded plat. Which three last above described premises are subject to a mortgage of twenty-five hundred (\$2500) dollars given to the Charlevoix State Savings Bank.

**PARCEL IX.**

An undivided one-half of lot No. thirty-five (35) of Crouter's Addition to the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix county, Michigan.

**PARCEL X.**

An undivided one-half of lot No. thirty-six (36) of Crouter's Addition to the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix county, Michigan.

**PARCEL XI.**

An undivided one-half of lot No. thirty-seven (37) of Crouter's Addition to the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix county, Michigan.

**PARCEL XII.**

An undivided one-half of lot No. thirty-eight (38) of Crouter's Addition to the city of Charlevoix, Charlevoix county, Michigan, according to the plat thereof as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix county, Michigan.

**CHARLES NOVAK,**  
Sheriff.

**CLINK & WILLIAMS,**  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.  
Business address,  
East Jordan, Michigan.  
Dated December 29th, 1916.

**Chancery Order**

State of Michigan; In the Circuit Court for the County of Charlevoix in Chancery.  
Ida May Spencer, Plaintiff  
vs.  
Joseph Spencer, Defendant.

Upon due proof by affidavit that Joseph Spencer, defendant, in the above entitled cause pending in this Court resides out of the said State of Michigan, and his residence is unknown and on motion of Dwight H. Fitch, Attorney for Plaintiff, it is ORDERED that the said defendant, do appear and answer the bill of complaint, filed in the said cause within five months from the date of this order, else the said bill of complaint shall be taken as confessed; and further, that this order be published within twenty days from this date, in Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed in the said County of Charlevoix and published therein once in each week for six weeks in succession; and that a true copy of this order be served by registered mail to defendants last known address such publication, however, shall not be necessary in case a copy of this order be served on the said defendant, personally, at least twenty days before the time herein prescribed for his appearance.

Dated, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1916.  
**FREDERICK W. MAYNE,**  
Circuit Judge.  
A True Copy; Attest:  
Richard Lewis, Clerk.

**MORTGAGE SALE.**

Default having been made for thirty days and more on the part of the mortgagor in the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage given by Lorence O. Isaman and Rita L. Isaman, his wife, both of South Arm Township, Charlevoix county, Michigan, to the Peoples State Savings Bank, a body corporate under the laws of Michigan, of the City of East Jordan, Michigan, bearing date the 19th day of November, A. D. 1913, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Charlevoix County, Michigan, on the 24th day of November, A. D. 1913, in Liber 40 of mortgages on page 155.

Because of said default, said Peoples State Savings Bank, by virtue of the option given in said mortgage, has heretofore and does now, declare the entire principal sum secured by said mortgage to be due and payable, and there is now claimed to be due and unpaid thereon, the sum of One Thousand Six Hundred Twenty-two and 50/100 (\$1622.50) Dollars, and an attorney fee of thirty-five (35.00) Dollars provided by law, and no suit or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover said sum, the debt remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, [which has become operative by reason of said default], and the statutes in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed and the premises described therein sold at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 23rd day of April, A. D. 1917, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the northeasterly front door of the Court House in the City and county of Charlevoix, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said County, which premises are situated in the Township of South Arm, county of Charlevoix and State of Michigan, and are described as follows: The East half (E. 1/2) of the Northeast quarter (NE 1/4) of Section Thirty (30), Township Thirty-two (32) North, Range Seven (7) West, containing Eighty (80) acres more or less also, Lots One (1) and Two (2) of Section Thirty (30), Township Thirty-two (32) North, Range Seven (7) West, containing eighty-five (85) acres of land more or less.

Peoples State Savings Bank, Mortgagee.  
Dated January 17th, 1917.  
Dwight L. Wilson,  
Attorney for Mortgagee.  
Business Address:  
East Jordan, Michigan.

**SANDAL FAD IN NEW YORK**



The sandal fad has reached New York from the Pacific coast. New York women will shortly do all their tangoing in sandals, according to reports. The sandal, in addition to its comfort, is a solution of the problem of the high-cost of leather. The picture shows a Los Angeles girl wearing this type of old Grecian footwear.

**FIND HUMAN GIANT'S TOOTH**

Can You Imagine an Ancient Man With Molar That Weighed Two Ounces?

Pittsburg, Kan.—Can you imagine a prehistoric man whose tooth would weigh four ounces, a tooth which would take a wire cable to pull? Such a tooth has been found in a coal bed, more than 600 feet under the ground. The tooth was found about two miles northwest of Pittsburg, in a coal mine. Dentists claim that, because of certain formations, it could be nothing but a grinder from the head of a prehistoric man. While it is light and appears to be bone, it is in a perfect state of petrification.

The prehistoric giant, who had such a tooth, easily could have opened his mouth 12 inches wide. He must have been about 12 feet in height and able to take a six-foot step.

It is practically impossible to determine at what age this man lived, but it must have been many years before the birth of Christ, because of the depth at which the tooth was found. However, it is possible that the molar could have been placed that deep in mother earth by an upheaval at some time.

The coal mine in which it was found has been in operation many years and is one of the deepest in the country.

Many persons at first believed the tooth was that of a prehistoric animal rather than of a man. However, it was taken to several dentists, who said that, because of certain formations in the human tooth, which are absent in teeth of animals, the molar must have been that of a prehistoric human being.

**KILLS HER INCURABLE PETS**

Mrs. Agnes Brasby Sicks Dogs and Cats That Are Sick and Nurses Them.

Cleveland.—The pastime of Mrs. Agnes Brasby is buying animal pets—and chloroforming them. She is not cruel or hard-hearted, for it is only sick animals which are put out of their misery.

Mrs. Brasby is a regular customer at all Cleveland animal stores. During the Christmas shopping season she bought two cats and two dogs. She found she couldn't make them well, so she killed them.

"I bought those pets because they were sick and suffering," explained Mrs. Brasby. "I knew they should be killed if I couldn't cure them."

H. K. Ferry, municipal humane agent, says there isn't a greater friend of dumb brutes in Cleveland than Mrs. Brasby. The latching at her home is always out to an unfortunate dog or cat, and children in the neighborhood take their ailing pets there to be cured.

Teeth Marks Save Boy.  
New York.—Because he was able to point out a ticket in the box with teeth marks on it, a bundle-laden boy escaped arrest in the subway the other day. The ticket chopper was about to hand him over to a policeman, despite his protest, when the lad managed to prove he had spat his ticket into the receptacle. In the course of the argument untold numbers of other travelers skidded through without putting in their tickets.

**PLANS TO DROP  
HIGH-COST EGG**

**Prof. H. R. Lewis, Poultry Authority, Maps Out Battle Against Big Prices.**

**SCIENCE COMES TO RESCUE**

New Jersey Farmers to Follow Early Hatching Plan in Effort to Increase Production in Off Season.

New York.—Prof. Harry R. Lewis, head of the poultry department of the New Jersey state experiment station, and one of the leading poultry authorities of the country, is conducting a series of co-operative experiments with New Jersey chicken raisers which promise to make fresh eggs more plentiful in the future, especially in the fall, when the real fresh article becomes so scarce that it gets into the luxury class. Professor Lewis believes the real solution of the egg problem is to teach the poultry men how to manage their flocks so that the egg supply will not fall so low during the fall and winter months.

Realizing that lectures are soon forgotten and literature often thrown away or lost, Professor Lewis decided some time ago to get out among the farmers and work with them.

He is putting the hen through a post-graduate course in egg production at Vineland, N. J., which promises to revolutionize the poultry industry and be the means of speeding up egg production all over the country. Although increased production will mean lower prices, the poultry men are lending every aid, as they realize that their full egg baskets will more than make up for the drop in price.

Knowing that hens will always take a vacation in the fall, when they rest up, molt, and get ready for another season's laying, Professor Lewis turned his attention to the pullets and found that most poultry men were hatching only in the natural breeding season, during April, May and June. Only a few birds were hatched in March, and these did not mature quickly enough to fill in the gap with eggs when the old hens started to slack off.

**EXPERIMENTED WITH PULLETS.**

Experiments were conducted for several years at the state experiment station farm at New Brunswick, which convinced Professor Lewis that chicks hatched about the middle of February would start laying toward the end of July, when production starts downward on most farms. As the hens stopped, these early hatched pullets took their places and the gap was bridged.

They laid all fall, going into a slight molt in the winter, but by that time the later hatched birds were laying well, and Professor Lewis felt that the February hatched pullets were entitled to a short rest, as they had solved the problem of fall egg scarcity and had laid well when eggs were bringing top prices.

Another experiment which promises great results for the poultry industry is being conducted at the Vineland international egg laying and breeding contest, where 100 pens of ten birds each are entered for three years' test. Professor Lewis predicted when the contest started November 1 last that before it ends enough data will be secured to enable all poultry men to breed with more certainty for higher egg production.

**TO PEDIGREE THE BIRDS.**

Professor Lewis is going to pedigree the birds for two years and then is going to breed from them in an effort to show the owners just how to mate their birds to insure increased production from generation to generation. The original entries are to be replaced the third year by their progeny.

A model \$7,000 plant for the contest furnishes palatial quarters for the birds, with everything arranged for their convenience and comfort. There is a free lunch counter where such delicacies as dry mash, oyster shell, grit, charcoal and water are always on tap, and grain is fed three times a day in deep litter on the floor, to keep the birds busy and contented.

The contest is under the supervision of the state, and the legislature granted \$9,000 for running expenses. There has also been received \$5,000 in entry fees, and as additional money will accrue from the sale of the eggs for the next three years the affair is well financed.

All previous egg-laying contest records were broken in the first six weeks. The total production for the six weeks ending December 12 was 12,508. The White Leghorns from the farm of Percy Van Zandt of Blawenburg, N. J., are leading the contest by 20 eggs, laying 234.

One bird, pullet No. 17, in the barred Plymouth Rock pen of Garret W. Buck of Colts Neck, N. J., laid 40 eggs in the first 42 days.

The eyes of the poultry world are focused on the Vineland contest. Professor Lewis has been commended by all the leading poultry authorities of the country for his initiative in widening the scope of egg-laying contests, and enhancing their scientific value by adding the breeding feature and lengthening the period from one year to three.

**HERE'S CHAMPION  
BUTTERFAT COW**

Portland, Ore.—Goldie's Ne-halem Beauty, a three-year-old Jersey cow owned by Clifford F. Reid of Portland, has been proclaimed the world's champion butterfat producing cow.

Goldie's Record has been two and a half pounds of butterfat a day for an entire year. The previous record slightly under that was held by Lass Seventy-fourth of Hood farm.

The test was conducted through the Oregon Agricultural college.

**STUDIES FOR NAVAL RESERVE**

Vincent Astor and Other Rich New York Young Men Are Showing Patriotism.

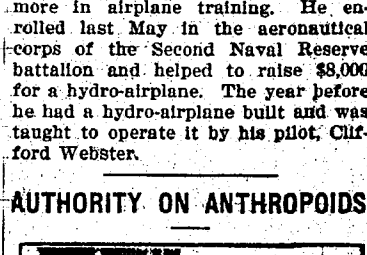
New York.—Vincent Astor and other gilded young men here are pupils of a New York navigation school which makes a specialty of preparing candidates for Annapolis.

Mr. Astor is not going to try Annapolis. He's twenty-five years old and married, and so barred from the academy. But his interest in preparedness is so keen that he is taking this means to increase his efficiency as an officer of the Volunteer Patrol squadron, a fleet of power boats suitable for scout and other duty.

Several other members of the patrol squadron are enrolled in Captain Utmarsk's school. Among them is Hermann Oelrichs, son and heir of the late Hermann Oelrichs. Other pupils are Orson D. Munn, son of the founder of the Scientific American; Paul L. Hammond and Sigmond Cohn, all members of the squadron.

Although Mr. Astor joined the patrol last summer, his interest seemed more in airplane training. He enrolled last May in the aeronautical corps of the Second Naval Reserve battalion and helped to raise \$8,000 for a hydro-airplane. The year before he had a hydro-airplane built and was taught to operate it by his pilot, Clifford Webster.

**AUTHORITY ON ANTHROPOIDS**



To Prof. Margarethe Zelenka the war seems like an unbidden intruder who has come to interrupt all the important things in the world—and one of the important things in the study of the anthropoid ape—at least to Frau Zelenka. The Munich lady scientist arrived in this country to attend a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. When the session is over she will visit her uncle in California while there will visit the anthropologists and study the soul life and morals of the American Indian, not forgetting to peep at the anthropological material the United States affords.

Frau Zelenka is almost "the" authority on anthropoids. This study has been her life-work. During her travels in search of knowledge of this subject she has made explorations in Java, Ceylon, and Asia. In 1907 the Japanese government put 100 men at her disposal for two years; they dug and worked without asking her to pay one penny to the government. The government also assigned soldiers to guard the workers who were Malay prisoners.

Just before the war broke out she had arranged for an expedition to Ceylon, but had to give it up. On her previous visit to Ceylon she came in contact with a remnant of a primitive tribe and made phonographic records of their songs.

Orders Girls to Keep on Stage.  
Johnstown, Pa.—Because Mayor Louis Franke saw a shapely chorus girl serve what the mayor says was beer to several occupants of the "bald-headed" row the other night, expectings of chorus girls in Johnstown will be confined to the stage in the future.

The mayor says he saw a girl pour part of the contents of a bottle into a glass. The contents of the bottle gurgled forth with the sound of beer. It foamed like beer, and it bubbled like beer. Therefore, says the mayor, it was beer.



## Briefs of the Week

Mrs. Lasira Kenyon is reported very low.

Mrs. Jas. Malpass is ill with the la-grippe.

M. S. Berger was a Bellaire visitor Tuesday.

Harry Gregory of Flint is here visiting relatives.

W. J. Ellison is at Chicago on business this week.

Allie Carr and wife came home from Flint on Friday.

Geo. Brown was home from Boyne over Sunday.

Mrs. D. E. Goodman is confined to her home by illness.

Harry Potter of Spring Lake is visiting friends in the city.

J. Leahy, the Optometrist will be here again Feb. 7th and 8th.

Mrs. Geo. Carr left Thursday for Detroit to visit her parents.

Miss Marjorie LeMieux has accepted position at the State Bank.

The Electa Club will meet with Mrs. Roscoe Mackey next Thursday.

Mrs. E. A. Ashley has been confined to her home by illness the past week.

The Sunshine Club met at the home of Mrs. Robt. Price, Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Otto Soehner left Monday for a short visit with her parents at Elkton.

Mrs. Jack Weikel of Charlevoix is here on an extended visit with relatives.

Miss Gwendolyn Boyd will leave Monday for an extended visit at Grand Rapids.

Special Sale on Ladies' HATS at M. E. Ashley's. Values up to \$5.00, now at \$2.00.

G. W. Marsac of Bay Shore is spending the winter with daughter, Mrs. J. A. White.

John Roy returned to his home at Goshen, Ind., Monday, after a visit with relatives here.

Att'y E. N. Clink returned home Tuesday from a business trip at Lansing and Detroit.

Mrs. B. E. Waterman was called to Kalamazoo, Wednesday by the serious illness of her father.

Deputy Ella E. Tillotson of Charlevoix, installed the officers of Soronian 'Hive, Monday evening.

T. C. Sherwood and family are moving this week into rooms in the Richardson building on Main-st.

C. L. Arnold returned home Wednesday from a business trip at Grand Rapids and other points.

A number of the young people will give a dancing and card party at the Armory this Friday evening.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Wm. Malpass next Friday afternoon, Feb. 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Valteau of Flint are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman DeWitt.

FURS! FURS! FURS! Now is the time to buy. 1/2 off on all our Fur Sets and separate Muffs.—M. E. Ashley & Co.

Miss Ethel Crowell is confined to her home by illness. Her school in Afton is closed on account of so much sickness.

There will be a special meeting of the Mystic Lodge, No. 379, F. and A. M., this Saturday evening, Jan. 27th. Work in the third degree.

Supt. F. A. Kenyon was called here from Mackinac Island, first of the week by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. Lasira Kenyon.

A surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Atkinson at their home last Friday evening. The evening was spent in playing cards.

A number of the relatives and friends of Michael Kowalke surprised him Wednesday evening at his sons home, it being his 83d birthday anniversary.

Miss Florence Barrett writes The Herald from Harve, Mont., that she is about to go to San Francisco where she visits friends and may make her future home.

About twenty of the Junior High School students of Boyne City formed a sleigh load and drove to this city last Saturday. They amused themselves by skating and attending the picture show.

A number of the neighbors and friends of Mrs. Ransom Jones, Jr., surprised her at her home Saturday evening. The occasion being her 15th wedding anniversary. They presented her with a beautiful cut glass dish.

A few of those pony tax MUFFS left, \$1.75 to \$3.00.—M. E. Ashley & Co.

W. S. Carr was a Petoskey visitor this week.

J. L. Weisman was at Boyne City, Wednesday.

Harold Kenyon of Big Rapids is here visiting relatives.

Wm. Katz of Chicago was guest at the Weisman home this week.

Mr. Kline of Detroit is the new stenographer at the Co's office.

Ed. Blowski, who has been quite ill with pneumonia is reported a little better.

Supt. L. P. Holliday was confined to his home a few days this week with the grippe.

George Cook of Detroit visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Weisman this week.

Several new pieces of crepe de chine in dainty shades—60c per yard.—M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Geo. Chapman, Supt. of the Argo Milling Co., was a Central Lake business visitor, Thursday.

C. H. Lee, who has been quite ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. A. Ashley, is able to be out again.

A large number attended the installation of officers and banquet of the Lady Maccabees at their hall Monday evening. A fine time was reported by all.

Louis Ellis, who has been working at Grand Rapids for some time, returned to East Jordan, Tuesday, and is again employed at the E. J. & S. R. R. depot.

Lack of coal has compelled the Electric Light Co. to temporarily drop their twenty-four hour service to about twelve hours. At present they are giving service from about 4:00 p. m. until 12:00 and from 5:30 a. m. to 8:00.

Northern Michigan is enjoying a snow winter. Since the first week in December it has snowed almost daily and the past twenty-four hours it has come steadily. Chief of Police Cook with helpers, are giving our city good service with the snow plow, which is appreciated by all our citizens.

The P. M. R. R. service was crippled first of the week by lack of coal, the forenoon trains being cancelled; this necessitated temporarily discontinuing the E. J. & S. R. R. morning trains. The regular schedule was resumed, Wednesday, which indicates there is some relief in the fuel situation.

The Argo Milling company, under the management of Dr. A. A. Swinton and owners and operators of the Charlevoix and East Jordan flour mills, have completed a triangular milling enterprise by the purchase of the Wallbrecht mill at Central Lake, Henry Bogart, formerly of this city, is in charge of the Central Lake mill.

State Game Warden Oates has written to an enquirer that "all trout found in inland waters shall be declared to be brook trout for the purpose of this act, and the law further provides that brook trout can only be taken from May 1st to September 1st, therefore no trout can be taken in the inland waters of Michigan, except from May 1st to September 1st. That would exclude fishing in any manner for Mackinaw trout through the ice during the winter." He adds that a bill has been introduced "to correct the error."

### PIGS' FEET GAVE THE CLUE

Young Negro's Liked for 'Em Leads to Arrest for Murder in Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo.—Fondness for pickled pigs' feet led to the arrest in Kansas City, Kan., of T. Foster, alias Joe Clarke, a negro, who the police say is wanted in McMoresville, Tenn., in connection with the killing of another negro.

Clarke had just left a restaurant when two detectives entered. "That boy can eat more pigs' feet than anyone I ever saw," said the proprietor.

The detectives remembered receiving a report from McMoresville saying that Foster's chief peculiarity was his fondness for pickled pigs' feet, and that he boasted of his ability to eat more of them at one meal than any negro in Tennessee.

Foster's arrest immediately followed and according to the detectives he admitted the killing, pleading self-defense.

Too many fertile imaginations run to weeds.

The odds in favor of marriage are two to one.

Things that are better left unsaid are often overheard.

### St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Jan. 28th.

8:00 a. m. Low mass, Holy Communion for the Sodality and Children of Mary.

10:30 a. m. High Mass.

7:00 p. m. Devotions and Benediction.

Monday, Jan. 29.

8:00 a. m. Requiem High Mass.

Friday, Feb. 2nd.

Feast of the Purification, First Friday.

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

8:00 a. m. Blessing of Candles, Mass.

7:00 p. m. Sacred Heart Devotions, Benediction.

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

Saturday, Feb. 3rd.

Feast of St. Blaise.

8:00 a. m. Mass. Blessing of throats.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 28, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—"How Men find Christ."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"Why I am a Christian."

The service Sunday evening is the fourth and last under the auspices of the Young Peoples' Bible Class.

Tuesday 7:30 p. m.—Monthly meeting of Board of Trustees.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

### First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, January 28, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—"The Christian's Faith."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic: "What Attitude Do I Take Toward My Social Inferiors?"

7:00 p. m.—"The Peace of God."

Mission Study Class meets with Miss E. Waterman Wednesday evening.

Prayer service Thursday evening.

A series of special sermons, beginning with next Sunday, will be preached to the church each Sunday morning preparatory to our special revival Tabernacle effort in April. Some of the topics are as follows:

"The Christian's Faith."

"The Christian's Prayers."

"The Christian's Growth."

"The Christian's Strength."

"The Christian's Work."

"The Christian's Triumph."

"The Christian's Patience."

"The Christian's Life."

It is hoped that each individual member of the church will so plan as to hear each sermon in this series.

### Church of God

J. W. Ruehie, Pastor.

Sunday, Jan. 28, 1917.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School

10:30 a. m. Morning Worship

2:00 p. m. Services at Three Bell School House

6:30 p. m. Evening Worship

Wednesday at 7:00 p. m. Prayer meeting

Friday at 7:00 p. m. Cottage Meeting.

### IRONTON

A number of our young folks enjoyed a sleigh ride party last Saturday evening. They attended the dance at Afton.

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

A large crowd was present at the Maccabee installation, Saturday.

Some of our young folks are attending the singing school, that is held on Saturday evenings in the Mountain school house.

The ladies Aid met with Mrs. Sam Alexander, Thursday.

Asa Stewart spent Sunday in East Jordan.

The L. B.'s will have a supper next Wednesday.

We are facing a problem now, for we cannot get coal for our school building.

### NORTH WILSON

Mrs. Sam Richardson is suffering from bronchitis.

Miss Leden Stewart spent the week end with her parents in East Jordan.

Augusta Stanek spent Sunday at the A. J. Weldy home.

Frank Behling expects to go to Chicago, Friday to attend the Auto school.

Harry Sloop underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Lockwood hospital at Petoskey last week.

Mrs. John Zoulek and Mrs. M. Thorson are on the sick list.

The Misses Mary and Grace Weldy spent the week end with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richardson of East Jordan spent Saturday and Sunday at the Sam Richardson home.

Men's Hats  
\$1.00

WEISMAN'S

SILK REMNANTS  
— AT —  
REDUCED PRICES

## Sale of Odds and Ends

In every department of our store we have some things of Unusual Value that we are Closing Out Regardless of Cost. It will pay you to make a daily visit to our store and take advantage of the many bargains offered. Just a few are given below:

### CAP SALE

The very best there is in caps for warmth and style.

\$1.50 Caps for \$1.19

1.00 Caps for 89c

.75 Caps for 59c

.50 Caps for 39c

SPECIAL 50c and \$1.00 (Basement) CAPS ONLY 28c

### Ladies' Coats

A few pretty belted Coats left worth from \$18 to \$22 Only \$9.98

### Dresses

Serge dresses at big reductions Some \$10 values Only \$4.98

WEISMAN'S

QUALITY

SERVICE

GET INTO OUR SHOES AND SAVE MONEY.

### HELPS MANAGE BIG ESTATE

Daughter of Late Millionaire Hotel Owner Will Share Management With Brother.

New York.—The management of the estate of her father, George C. Boldt, including actual supervision of the Waldorf-Astoria and the Bellevue-Stratford hotels, is to devolve to a great extent upon Mrs. Alfred H. Graham Miles, who, before her marriage, was Miss Louise Clover Boldt.

Mrs. Miles and her brother, George C. Boldt, Jr., inherited the entire fortune of their father, variously estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000. They are to share equally the direction of the estate.

Named vice president of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel company at a recent meeting of the company, Mrs. Miles has established an office on the thirtieth floor of the hotel. Her brother was named as president to succeed his father, and Francis S. Hutchins, for fourteen years personal counsel to the

joint management of Mrs. Miles and her brother.

In her father's lifetime Mrs. Miles made many suggestions as to the direction of this side of the business, and in this she will now broaden her field, because her brother, in his attention to detail, will be too absorbed.

Mrs. Miles has one child. Though she has paid close attention to her father's business for many years, she found time to win honors at tennis and motorboating.

### PAYS FARE AFTER FIVE YEARS

Troubled by Her Conscience, Georgia Woman Passenger Settles for Ride.

Dublin, Ga.—On a passenger train to Macon a woman recently paid the conductor 40 cents for a ride she took five years ago. "This is for a ride I took and for which I never paid," she said. "I got on the train and for some reason the conductor did not see me until after the train had left Dublin."

"I then paid him a dollar for fare from Dublin to my station, and said nothing about the forty cents up to Dublin. I now want to pay that fare, as it is nothing but right that the road should have it."

### CAGE NEWLYWED IN CRATE

Friends Lock an Ohio Bridegroom Up After Ceremony as a "Joke."

Fremont, O.—Carl Shuman of Oak Harbor, whose marriage to Miss Cora Lattimore of Port Clinton occurred recently, was a victim of his friends, when confined in a calf crate and brought to Fremont on a motor truck.

Friends tried it up with Officer P. J. McGuire to arrest Shuman for creating a disturbance, which was done, and when Shuman was about to be placed in the city jail, Carl Bauch, one of the conspirators, offered "bonds" for Shuman's appearance in court.

### Bethlehem's Bid on Shells for the United States Navy

To the American People:

The Secretary of the Navy has awarded contracts amounting to over \$3,000,000 to a British bidder for 14 and 16-inch projectiles for the Navy because of very much lower prices offered by the English bidders.

We know nothing of the basis upon which the British bids were made, but the public is entitled to know the facts upon which we ourselves bid for this work.

Two years ago we took contracts to make 4,200 14-inch shells at a price of \$1,515,000.—Up to now not a single shell has been accepted by the Government, although we have expended, in wages, materials, etc., on these orders \$522,881, and we have not received a SINGLE DOLLAR on these contracts.

In addition, a literal interpretation of the contract might make us liable for penalties amounting to \$678,016.

In the light of our experience, and having no other basis, we bid for 16-inch shells approximately the same rate per pound as that which the Navy Department actually awarded a 14-inch shell contract one year ago.

Bethlehem Steel Company

CHAS. H. SCHWAB, Chairman  
ROBERT S. GRACE, President



Mrs. Alfred H. Graham Miles.

Under Mr. Boldt, was continued as secretary. For twenty years treasurer of the company, Frank Alstrom was re-elected to that office.

Investments and real estate, including properties in Fifth avenue, are embraced in the estate which the younger Mr. Boldt and his sister are to manage. Their father, besides owning an extensive estate in Florence island, where he lived in the summer, had eight other fine houses in the Thousand islands section, which he rented. But there are other interests, too numerous to mention, that will come under the

## Boarders Wanted

AT THE

## Commercial House

James Shay, M'gr

Second Door North of Postoffice.

### STEAM HEAT

First Class Accommodations

Rates:

\$5.00 per week  
Transients, \$1.50 per day  
Meals, 35c

South Africa has established a factory for the extraction of rubber from the roots and vines of rubber plants.

### SIGNS OF GOOD HEALTH

Bright eyes, clear skins, alert brains and energetic movements are signs of good health. You don't have them when digestion is impaired and fermenting, decaying food clogs the intestines. Foley Cathartic Tablets set you right. Act without pain, griping or nausea. Too-stout persons welcome the light feeling they bring.—Hite's Drug Store.

## LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Use the Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound Tea and Nobody Will Know.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks straggled, just a few applications of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

DO NOT DELAY  
BUY A "WHITE" TODAY

Sold by the  
EAST JORDAN  
LUMBER COMPANY



# The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of  
"THE OCCASIONAL FENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.  
Novelized from  
THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY  
OF THE  
SAME NAME

## SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Palloni intrigues Enoch Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the girl by breaking his face and crushing his hand. Palloni opens the safe and robs the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kidnaps Golden's six-year-old daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a masked man calling himself "The Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the order Casavanti, to whom Jules Legar has delivered her, and takes her to the home of Enoch Golden, millionaire, where she is recognized by Legar. Legar and Stein are discovered by Manley, Golden's secretary, setting fire to Golden's building, but escape. Margery's mother ruthlessly implores Enoch Golden to send their daughter. The Masked One again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar loots the Third National bank, but again the Laughing Mask frustrates his plans.

## SIXTH EPISODE

### THE SPOTTED WARNING

Enoch Golden had never formed the habit of taking others into his confidence. And when events came into his life which seemed to leave him more and more dependent on his immediate associates he "trayed an occasional tendency to focus his nebulous resentment against that situation on the exasperatingly imperturbable figure of David Manley.

"Young man," he said, fixing his secretary with a steely eye, "I came to this decision twenty long years ago, and nothing is going to change it. That woman was sent from my home, and she will never enter it again."

Manley, looking down at the note still held in his hand, thought of the troubled and tear-stained face of the girl who had so recently clung to his arm and asked him to plead her cause. And the memory of Margery Golden brought fresh courage to him.

"But this woman who was once your own wife is only asking for a glimpse of her own daughter again. Surely that is asking little enough!"

"And I repeat that I won't allow it. I have saved my daughter from the dangers that woman's wrong surrounded her with. I have saved her from—"

"Have you?" interrupted Manley, deliberately meeting the older man's stare.

Any retort the older man was about to utter remained unspoken, for at that moment a soft-treading footman entered the room and crossed to the desk with a saiver of mail in his hand. Manley, looking up, eyed that servant resentfully, and with a touch of suspicion. This intruder, he promptly surmised, was a new figure in the household retinue.

"Be so good as to knock when you enter this room," was the young secretary's sharp command.

"Very good, sir," answered the new footman, scarcely raising his eyes.

"Eh?" Golden scoffed, looking up from the letter which he had just opened. "Since you're so ready to ask favors, here's another friend to ask them for. Here's the captain of the circle you're so ready to champion! But instead of asking favors you see, he demands them!"

He tossed the folded sheet angrily across the desk top. Manley took it up and read it.

"Your happiness hangs on one small scrap of paper. That paper is the portion of the Windward Island chart

which you still hold. Unless this is delivered to me, and delivered as I have already directed, the Spotted Warning will come to your daughter Margery. And the meaning of the Spotted Warning she already understands."

JULES LEGAR.

"And what do you intend to do?" asked Manley, still staring down at this strange note.

"Do you suppose," retorted Golden, with a slightly tremulous finger already on the bell, "that I'm going to empty my safe to every blackleg who handles about a catchword that belongs to little Italy?"

"But what earthly use is this piece of chart to you?" asked the younger man.

"It's use to me is not the point at issue," doggedly retorted the older man.

"But one point at issue is at least the safety of your daughter," contended Manley, remembering only too well the events of the immediate past.

"And that, young man, is a responsibility which still rests on my own shoulders," was Golden's curt retort as the new footman stepped into the room in answer to his summons. "Tell Miss Margery to come here at once."

As Margery quietly stepped into the room Golden stared at her for a moment and then sank back into his chair.

"What is the Spotted Warning?" he suddenly demanded.

The girl, with her troubled eyes bent on the grim-faced face of her father, did not speak at once.

"The Spotted Warning?" she repeated, in a little more than a whisper.

"Yes, what is that supposed to mean?"

"It is a warning of death," was the girl's quietly enunciated reply. Manley could detect the tremor that sped through her body. "And it means that you have been hearing from Legar again!"

"But what does Legar mean by it?" asked Manley. "Why should he use such a phrase?"

"It is a warning that comes to the person who is about to die. It is a message of warning, spotted black. It is the last word they send. And I have heard them say it has never failed—never once!"

But the indomitable old fighter at the desk was once more on his feet.

"That Sicilian black-magic stuff can't intimidate me," he thundered out.

He turned to his daughter. "Until this Calabrian brigand farce is played out, I'm going to send you into the country."

"But where are you sending me?" asked the girl.

"I'm going to send you out to your Aunt Agatha's on Long Island!" was his curt response as he swung about to his secretary. "And while Margery's getting her things together, Manley, you send Train, the chauffeur, here to me for his instructions."

Manley, promptly crossing to the door, was startled to find the figure of the new footman standing close beside it as it was swung open.

Ten minutes later, when Manley returned to the library with Train at his heels, he found Enoch Golden staring down at a sheet of paper lying on his desk. At the center of this paper stood a large black blot.

"It's the Spotted Warning," said Golden, his heavy face furrowed with a trouble deeper than he was willing to admit. "But how, in God's name, did it get here?"

Manley, after staring at the strangely-spotted sheet, stared even more intently at the ceiling directly above the point where the paper lay on the desk-top. A momentary look of satisfaction flitted across his face as Golden turned to him with a crisp command to precede Margery to Cedarton and there explain both the reasons for her visit and the precautions to be exercised during that visit.

"And as for you, Train," continued the grim-eyed old millionaire, turning to his chauffeur, "I want you to take my daughter out to Cedarton as quickly as your car and the speed laws will let you carry her. There are special reasons for this, remember. And from the moment you leave this house, don't let anything or anybody stop you."

Thirty minutes later Margery Golden, surrounded by her bags, sat back in the swaying automobile, puzzled over this new and unexpected turn in the tide of events. And as mile by mile swam by beneath the hurrying wheels, the keen-eyed man in the driving seat found a load lifted from his own shoulders.

Yet at the next turn in the road his light-heartedness suddenly departed from that keen-eyed driver. For as he took this turn and speeded up along a dustless stretch of open highway, he saw a figure run out to the middle of the road. It was not the fact that this figure stood directly in his path that most disturbed him. It was the discovery, as he drew down on it, that this figure wore a yellow band of cloth across the eyes, with a moon-shaped apron falling almost to the end of the nose, that brought the redoubtable Train's heart suddenly up in his mouth. But even while that figure remained stubbornly and directly in his path, motioning for him to stop, he remembered his orders. Instead of slackening his speed, in fact, he increased it, increased it to the limit of the engine's power. And he would surely have ridden down that would-be interceptor had not the latter, at the last moment, leaped quickly aside.

Margery Golden, as he did so, half rose in her seat, for she, too, had caught sight of that mysteriously-shaded face.

"But that was the Laughing Mask!" she cried aloud, in wonder, as they swept on.

A little later she was startled by a

quick cry of warning bursting from the driver's throat. Staring ahead, she saw that still another effort was being made to intercept them. This time it was a man with a red flag. Instead of stopping, the car swept past the man so close that its fender-end slapped against the flagstick itself as he repeated his lusty shout of command. But that command was more or less lost on Train, a little dizzy now with the sheer drunkenness of speed.

"Stop!" mocked the driver as he raced on. "I'm going to stop for nothing this side of hell!"

Yet that vallant boast was little more than the articulation of mortal pride so often prelude to mortal disaster. For, hearing down on them along that lonely stretch of roadway they could already see a second car. The point about this car that worried Train was that it was not approaching them as a well-behaved car should approach a comrade vehicle, but vermouthed drunkenly from one side of the road to the other. Even Margery, as she leaned forward, puzzling over these strange movements, realized that peril was involved in passing a vehicle so uncertain of its course. At the same time, too, she could hear from far behind her, the prolonged and warning cry of an auto horn, wailing disturbingly through the quiet air of the late afternoon.

The next moment the two cars had met, head-on.

There was a crash of metal and glass, a rending of honey-comb radiators and coppered fenders.

What happened after that for all time remained strangely like a dream to Margery. She remembered seeing Train lying close beside his wrecked car, with the blood trickling from his wrist and staining his whip-cord uniform. She remembered seeing other figures, even more helpless looking. But most of all she remembered how one of these figures, pulling himself together, had slowly risen to his feet. As he did so he turned half-stupidly about and stared down at her. And the moment she saw that pallid yet triumphant face she knew that it was Legar. She knew that he was confronting her, that he was slowly but determinedly making his way towards her. And she knew that in another moment she would have been their prisoner again had not a sudden and unlooked-for interruption taken place.

This interruption came in the form of a flying roadster, with a masked figure leaning low out from its running board as it swept down on them. She remembered the sudden shout of the men, the sudden clutch of the

servants' telephone below stairs. Part of that guarded conversation was carried on by Wrench, the new footman, and much of it had to do with the very situation so disturbing the aged millionaire in the room above. For it was Legar explaining that a masked stranger at the last moment had snatched the girl from their hands and had apparently carried her off to some hiding place of his own. This was followed by the command to deliver still another message to Enoch Golden, with the final warning that every wire leading into the Golden house must be cut as soon as possible.

The new footman, in obedience to these orders, quietly traced out the telephone circuits to the basement and there severed the wires with a pair of scissors purloined for the purpose from Mlle. Celestine's workbag. Then, watching his chance, he carefully penned a note, wording it as Legar had duly instructed him to do. Then he returned to the neighborhood of the library door, with his ferretlike alertness masked under his customary immobility of face.

It was not until his restless master discovered the telephone wires to be dead, and went storming through the house to determine the reason for this misadventure, that Wrench realized his chance had come. Slipping into the deserted library on the pretext of adjusting the rugs, he stopped before the rosewood table, hesitated a moment, and then lifted the heavily-chased lid of Golden's cigar case and dropped the note inside. A moment later he had left the room, unobserved and unsuspected.

It did not take many minutes of waiting to confirm the wisdom of Wrench's movement. For Enoch Golden, striding restlessly back into his library, sank with a sigh of weariness into the armchair beside the rosewood table. For a moment or two he stared abstractedly and unhappily about him. Then, with still another sigh, he reached out and lifted the heavily-chased lid of silver. His fingers, instead of coming in contact with a perfect corset in gold, rustled against a sheet of paper. Automatically he picked it up and unfolded it.

Written on that mysterious sheet he found the following:

"To fight me further in this is useless. And unless you open your eyes to this fact it will soon be worse than useless. It will be fatal. I repeat that I want your half of that chart. If you want your daughter to live, want her sent back to you, take that chart to the twenty-fourth floor of the Central Tower building, within the next hour,

Manley's first thought, in his dilemma, was to commandeer some nearby car. Yet nothing but a racer, he remembered as he snatched out his watch, could get him to the Central Tower building in time.

His next thought, however, took him tearing down the village street like a madman. For the name of "Cedarton" had brought into his mind yet another name, the name of "Bobby Ewart." And Bobby Ewart, who had his workshop and hangar on the southerly outskirts of that village, had been the first of the Racquet club members to forsake automobiles for aviation, and startle Long Island by his early morning hydroplane maneuvers over suburban golf courses and country homes. He had been the first civilian volunteer for the federal air scouts and at San Diego had twice broken his own altitude record established at Pensacola, and was now engaged in the mysterious task of fashioning a stabilizer for monoplanes, a stabilizer, Manley remembered, which was receiving sympathetic attention from certain navy officials in Washington.

Instead of finding this same intrepid Bobby poring over blue prints of stabilizer parts, however, the breathless Manley found his old-time friend in a rattan club chair tranquilly playing chess with his maiden aunt. In two minutes the breathless newcomer had explained to the somewhat aged young chess player a situation which brought a brighter light into the latter's boyish eyes.

"The point is," cried Manley, "could you get me there. Could you make a landing at night?"

They were already on their feet again, running for the hangar.

"Yes, I can get you there! But what have we got to make a landing on?"

"The main building of the Central tower stops at the eighteenth story. That gives us a flat roof of several hundred yards. Could you make it on that?"

"Not unless it was lighted!" explained Ewart, shouting for his mechanic as he rounded the gloomy corner of the hangar itself.

"But it is lighted," Manley told him. "It gets the light from the tower itself, and the whole cornice line is strung with electric, the same as the Singer building!"

Ewart's finger, touching a button, threw a white flood across the vaulted roof of the building. A touch on another button sent the great doors swinging open. Manley looked at his watch. Then he shook his head.

"It's too late," he proclaimed. "But Ewart and his mechanic were already at work on the wide-winged monstrosity nested under its metal roof like a pterodactyl in a cave.

"Get aboard," commanded Ewart. "We're going to try for it anyway!" He turned to his helper. "Hey, Brown, throw my friend up that fur coat of yours!"

"But what speed can you get out of this machine?" asked Manley as he clambered aboard the chassis and struggled with his seat-straps.

Ewart, who had been stooping over his engines, looked up.

"I got one hundred and four an hour out of her this morning," he off-handedly announced. "But I think I can push her up to one hundred and ten."

Manley's heart-beat faster.

"Then there's a chance!" he cried. "A fighting chance."

A sudden sense of chill caused Manley to clutch for the fur coat thrown in at his feet, and struggle into it. As he did so the earth seemed suddenly to fall away from him. Villages became spangled checker-boards of lights. Highways became winding strings of pearls.

Manley forgot the chilliness striking into his bones. He forgot Margery Golden and Legar. He forgot the origin of his mission that brought him winging through the midnight heavens. He forgot the fact of his own puny existence and the trivial ends to which it had been given over. All these he forgot, completely and utterly, until Ewart, sweeping out along the twinkling shore lights of South Brooklyn, circled north again where the brazen figure of Liberty guarded the upper bay, and dropped lower along that tapering point of gloom where Battery park nosed like a ship's prow into the tides of the Atlantic. They were still planing down, gently, like a settling sea bird, with the tilted planes veering a little westward to escape the beeding skyscrapers along the canyon of lower Broadway.

Manley thought, for a moment, that Ewart had misjudged his position. Then he felt sure that Ewart had also misjudged his height, that his stabilizing fin was already too low to clear the flat roof that abutted the light-strewn tower itself.

But Ewart, obviously, knew what he was about. For he took that oblong of flat gloom outlined in electric lights with a gentle upward undulation like the upward swoop of a bluebird alighting on a maple tree. Into that artful upward swoop was absorbed much of their momentum, for Ewart had plainly remembered that their running space was limited. But even with this precaution there remained a perilous paucity of runway, for before the bounding and quivering organism of nickel and steel and canvas came to a stop it lurched head-on into a wall of the tower itself.

Manley could hear the crash of glass as the damper plane at the nose of the quivering chassis brought-up short against one of the tower windows. He was dimly aware of half-tumbling and half-climbing through a network of wooden studs and steel piano-wire stays and cross-guys. He was vaguely conscious of Ewart calling out that everything was all right, that there was

no damage which a half-hour's work couldn't patch up.

But Manley, in truth, was thinking little of either Ewart or his fier. All his thoughts, as he climbed frantically up through the broken tower window, were revolving about the problem as to whether or not he was too late. Add that all-vital question still obsessed him as he mounted the iron treads of the stairway leading to the tower top, panting up fight after fight until his lungs seemed bursting for want of air, and his over-driven heart beat drumlike against his rib-cage. And as he reached the top and flung out through the narrow door opening

on the campanile-like balcony crowning that skyscraping structure, he knew, even as he saw two figures standing there before him, that he was too late.

That much he knew, even before he caught at enough breath to call out a warning to Enoch Golden or swing about and spring for the second figure, already shrinking back in the shadow of that many-columned cupola. For in the hand of the second figure Manley had already caught sight of a tell-tale sheet of paper. It was a yellowed and time-worn scrap of paper, and little more, but to Manley it had become the emblem and pennon of a desperate cause, a flag to be rallied round and fought for, to the last ditch and the last gasp, as harried soldiers, at through the smoke of battle for their colors.

And Manley, as he clinched with Legar's stalwart emissary, fought for it. Nor was his opponent one to be despised. The two men fought along the crest of that midnight tower as two mountain lions might fight along the brink of an Andean precipice. They fought with gasps and grunts, with strange guttural sounds, with teeth bared and face distorted, blind to the blows that were given and taken, unconscious of the fact that the very paper for which they were fighting had already fallen to the cupola floor, and from there had been blown by the north wind to the furthest edge of the cornice circling the stone column supports.

Golden himself was already reaching for that paper when Legar's confederate caught sight of it, broke from Manley's grasp and dove bodily for where it lay. Manley, a second later, followed him. There, half astride the balustrade of coppered wood painted to look like marble, the fight was renewed. Each crouched low as he fought, drunkenly conscious now of the abyss that yawned so close to his feet. But still they fought.

Then a second breath of night breeze, sighing through the tower top, carried the paper slowly along the cornice edge. It was Legar's man who saw it as it moved. He wrenched away, twisted about, and caught at it as it fell. But already he was too late. It lifted with the wind, drifted and eddied slowly about in the moonlight, and floated swayingly down into the darker canyon of Broadway, where it was soon lost to sight.

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Manley, hanging to the balustrade with one arm, reached out to grasp that buckling strip of metal to which a helpless man was hanging sheer over space. He caught at it, even as Golden caught at his straining shoulders to hold him steady.

But a law, stronger than the will of man, seemed to suck the metal slowly, inevitably, out of the clutch of his tired fingers. Then the last fastenings gave, the strained and twisted sheet-metal tore slowly away, and the black shadow of a man fell like a plummet to the iron and stone of Broadway, three hundred feet below.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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"Margery, don't you know me? Don't you remember your own mother?" that quiet-eyed woman had asked, as she had taken her in her arms. And as she stared up into that motherly face, bent so close over her own, she had said, with a gasp of bewilderment, "Are you—you the Laughing Mask?" But her mother, she remembered, had smiled, almost sorrowfully, and had put a finger to her lips.

The Tower of Destiny.

Enoch Golden, anxious and worn-out, sat waiting for some further word as to the fate of his daughter Margery. Nothing had come to him since Train's startling message of the collision and the even more startling news of the girl's mysterious disappearance. He would have got little consolation from a talk that was taking place over the

and hand it to the man in the black ulster who will be waiting there. No trickery can succeed. And this is your last chance! JULES LEGAR.

Silently the beaten man stared down at this strange missive. Slowly as he did so, the last of his once iron will melted away.

He rose heavily from his chair and crossed to the vault. From this vault he took the map, the time-yellowed square of manilla about which so many of the sorrows and troubles of all his life seemed to revolve. Then, calling for his hat and coat and ordering a car, he tremblingly made ready for his midnight visit of capitulation to the Central Tower building.

While these events were taking place, however, there was one member of the Golden household who remained far from inactive. When David Manley so abruptly left a tranquil bungalow at Cedarton and so stealthily pushed his way through the shrubbery surrounding that bungalow, it was because he had made the sudden discovery that Legar himself was in the neighborhood. Nor was it hard for him to guess the reason for that master-criminal's invasion of those sequestered grounds. And Manley, promptly deciding to stalk the stalker himself, was rewarded by overhearing enough of Legar's plans, as the latter hurriedly issued his instructions to two of his confederates near the roadside, to realize the necessity of at once getting in touch with Enoch Golden. Whatever happened, he felt, it was his duty to warn Margery's father that Legar himself had acknowledged his ignorance of the girl's whereabouts and had expressed his intention of tricking the chart out of its present owner's hands.

Ten minutes of frantic efforts at a telephone booth in the nearby village, however, convinced Manley of the impossibility of getting in touch with Golden by wire.



Traces the Telephone Circuits.



# 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

## SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and crush the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori opens the dyke gates and floods the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kidnap Golden's six-year-old daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One calling himself "the Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Casavanti, to whom Jules Legar has delivered her, and takes her to the home of Enoch Golden, millionaire, whence she is recaptured by Legar. Legar and Stein are discovered by Manley, Golden's secretary, setting fire to Golden's buildings, but escape. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Enoch Golden to again take Margery away from Legar. Legar loots the Third National bank, but again the Laughing Mask frustrates his plans.

## SIXTH EPISODE

### THE SPOTTED WARNING

Enoch Golden had never formed the habit of taking others into his confidence. And when events came into his life which seemed to leave him more and more dependent on his immediate associates he betrayed an occasional tendency to focus his nebulous resentment against that situation on the exasperatingly imperturbable figure of David Manley.

"Young man," he said, fixing his secretary with a steely eye, "I came to this decision twenty long years ago, and nothing is going to change it. That woman was sent from my home, and she will never enter it again."

Manley, looking down at the note still held in his hand, thought of the troubled and tear-stained face of the girl who had so recently clung to his arm and asked him to plead her cause. And the memory of Margery Golden brought fresh courage to him.

"But this woman who was once your own wife is only asking for a glimpse of her own daughter again. Surely that is asking little enough."

"And I repeat that I won't allow it. I have saved my daughter from the dangers that woman's wrong surrounded her with. I have saved her from—"

"Have you?" interrupted Manley, deliberately meeting the older man's stare.

Any retort the older man was about to utter remained unspoken, for at that moment a soft-treading footman entered the room and crossed to the desk with a salver of mail in his hand. Manley, looking up, eyed that servant resentfully, and with a touch of suspicion. This intruder, he promptly surmised, was a new figure in the household retinue.

"Be so good as to knock when you enter this room," was the young secretary's sharp command.

"Very good, sir," answered the new footman, scarcely raising his eyes.

"H'h!" Golden scoffed, looking up from the letter which he had just opened. "Since you're so ready to ask favors, here's another friend to ask them for. Here's the captain of the circle you're so ready to champion! But instead of asking favors you see, he demands them!"

He tossed the folded sheet angrily across the desk top. Manley took it up and read it.

"Your happiness hangs on one small scrap of paper. That paper is the portion of the Windward Island chart



Traces the Telephone Circuits.

which you still hold. Unless this is delivered to me, and delivered as I have already directed, the Spotted Warning will come to your daughter Margery. And the meaning of the Spotted Warning she already understands.

"And what do you intend to do?" asked Manley, still staring down at this strange note.

"Do you suppose," retorted Golden, with a slightly tremulous finger already on the bell, "that I'm going to empty my safe to every blackleg who handles about a catchword that belongs to little Italy?"

"But what earthly use is this piece of chart to you?" asked the younger man.

"It's use to me is not the point at issue," doggedly retorted the older man.

"But one point at issue is at least the safety of your daughter," contended Manley, remembering only too well the events of the immediate past.

"And that, young man, is a responsibility which still rests on my own shoulders," was Golden's curt retort as the new footman stepped into the room in answer to his summons. "Tell Miss Margery to come here at once."

As Margery quietly stepped into the room Golden stared at her for a moment and then sank back into his chair.

"What is the Spotted Warning?" he suddenly demanded.

The girl, with her troubled eyes bent on the grim-faced face of her father, did not speak at once.

"The Spotted Warning?" she repeated, in a little more than a whisper.

"Yes, what is that supposed to mean?"

"It is a warning of death," was the girl's quietly enunciated reply. Manley could detect the tremor that sped through her body. "And it means that you have been hearing from Legar again!"

"But what does Legar mean by it?" asked Manley. "Why should he use such a phrase?"

"It is a warning that comes to the person who is about to die. It is a message of warning, spotted black. It is the last word they send. And I have heard them say it has never failed—never once!"

But the indomitable old fighter at the desk was once more on his feet.

"That Sicilian black-magic stuff can't intimidate me," he thundered out.

He turned to his daughter. "Until this Calabrian brigand farce is played out, I'm going to send you into the country."

"But where are you sending me?" asked the girl.

"I'm going to send you out to your Aunt Agatha's on Long Island!" was his curt response as he swung about to his secretary. "And while Margery's getting her things together, Manley, you send Train, the chauffeur, here to me for his instructions."

Manley, promptly crossing to the door, was startled to find the figure of the new footman standing close beside it as it was swung open.

Ten minutes later, when Manley returned to the library with Train at his heels, he found Enoch Golden staring down at a sheet of paper lying on his desk. At the center of this paper stood a large black blot.

"It's the Spotted Warning," said Golden, his heavy face furrowed with a trouble deeper than he was willing to admit. "But how, in God's name, did it get here?"

Manley, after staring at the strangely-spotted sheet, stared even more intently at the ceiling directly above the point where the paper lay on the desk-top. A momentary look of satisfaction flitted across his face as Golden turned to him with a crisp command to precede Margery to Cedarton and there explain both the reasons for her visit and the precautions to be exercised during that visit.

"And as for you, Train," continued the grim-eyed old millionaire, turning to his chauffeur, "I want you to take my daughter out to Cedarton as quickly as your car and the speed laws will let you carry her. There are special reasons for this, remember. And from the moment you leave this house, don't let anything or anybody stop you."

Thirty minutes later Margery Golden, surrounded by her bags, sat back in the swaying automobile, puzzled over this new and unexpected turn in the tide of events. And as mile by mile away by beneath the hurrying wheels, the keen-eyed man in the driving seat found a load lifted from his own shoulders.

Yet at the next turn in the road his light-heartedness suddenly departed from that keen-eyed driver. For as he took this turn and speeded up along a dustless stretch of open highway, he saw a figure run-out to the middle of the road. It was not the fact that this figure stood directly in his path that most disturbed him. It was the discovery, as he drew down on it, that this figure wore a yellow band of cloth across the eyes, with a moon-shaped apron falling almost to the end of the nose, that brought the redoubtable Train's heart suddenly up in his mouth. But even while that figure remained stubbornly and directly in his path, motioning for him to stop, he remembered his orders. Instead of slackening his speed, in fact, he increased it, increased it to the limit of the engine's power. And he would surely have ridden down that would-be interceptor had not the latter, at the last moment, leaped quickly aside.

Margery Golden, as he did so, hark rose in her seat, for she, too, had caught sight of that mysteriously-shadowed face.

"But that was the Laughing Mask!" she cried aloud, in wonder, as they swept on.

A little later she was startled by a

quick cry of warning bursting from the driver's throat. Staring ahead, she saw that still another effort was being made to intercept them. This time it was a man with a red flag. Instead of stopping, the car swept past the man so close that its tender-end slapped against the flagstick itself as he repeated his lusty shout of command. But that command was more or less lost on Train, a little dizzy now with the sheer drunkenness of speed.

"Stop?" mocked the driver as he raced on. "I'm going to stop for nothing this side of hell!"

Yet that valiant boast was little more than the articulation of mortal pride so often prefiguring mortal disaster. For, leaning down on them along that lonely stretch of roadway they could already see a second car. The point about this car that worried Train was that it was not approaching them as a well-behaved car should approach a comrade vehicle, but vermouthed drunkenly from one side of the road to the other. Even Margery, as she leaned forward, puzzling over these strange movements, realized that peril was involved in passing a vehicle so uncertain of its course. At the same time, too, she could hear from her behind her the prolonged and warning cry of an auto horn, wailing disturbingly through the quiet air of the late afternoon.

The next moment the two cars had met, head-on.

There was a crash of metal and glass, a rending of honey-comb radiators and coppered fenders.

What happened after that for all time remained strangely like a dream to Margery. She remembered seeing Train lying close beside his wrecked car, with the blood trickling from his wrist and staining his white-cord uniform. She remembered seeing other figures, even more helpless looking. But most of all she remembered how one of these figures, pulling himself together, had slowly risen to his feet. As he did so he turned stiffly about and stared down at her. And the moment she saw that pallid yet triumphant face she knew that it was Legar. She knew that he was confronting her, that he was slowly but determinedly making his way towards her. And she knew that in another moment she would have been the prisoner again had not a sudden and unlooked-for interruption taken place.

This interruption came in the form of a flying roadster, with a masked figure leaning low out from its running board as it swept down on them. She remembered the sudden shout of the men, the sudden clutch of the

servants' telephone below stairs. Part of that guarded conversation was carried on by Wrench, the new footman, and much of it had to do with the very situation so disturbing the aged millionaire in the room above. For it was Legar explaining that a masked stranger at the last moment had snatched the girl from their hands and had apparently carried her off to some hiding place of his own. This was followed by the command to deliver still another message to Enoch Golden, with the final warning that every wire leading into the Golden house must be cut as soon as possible.

The new footman, in obedience to these orders, quietly traced out the telephone circuits to the basement and there severed the wires with a pair of scissors purloined for the purpose from Mlle. Celestine's workbag. Then, watching his chance, he carefully penned a note, wording it as Legar had duly instructed him to do. Then he returned to the neighborhood of the library door, with his ferretlike alertness masked under his customary immobility of face.

It was not until his restless master discovered the telephone wires to be dead, and went storming through the house to determine the reason for this misadventure, that Wrench realized his chance had come. Slipping into the deserted library on the pretext of adjusting the rugs, he stopped before the rose-wood table, hesitated a moment, and then lifted the heavily-chased lid of Golden's cigar case and dropped the note inside. A moment later he had left the room, unobserved and unsuspected.

It did not take many minutes of waiting to confirm the wisdom of Wrench's movement. For Enoch Golden, striding restlessly back into his library, sank with a sigh of weariness into the armchair beside the rose-wood table. For a moment or two he stared abstractedly and unhappily about him. Then, with still another sigh, he reached out and lifted the heavily-chased lid of silver. His fingers, instead of coming in contact with a perfect orb set in gold, rustled against a sheet of paper. Automatically he picked it up and unfolded it.

Written on that mysterious sheet, he found the following:

"To fight me further in this is useless. And unless you open your eyes to this fact it will soon be worse than useless. It will be fatal. I repeat that I want your daughter to live, want her sent back to you, take that chart to the twenty-fourth floor of the Central Tower building, within the next hour."



"It Is a Warning of Death!" Was the Girl's Reply.

strong hand as it caught at her while the roadster swept by, the equally sudden pain through her bruised body as she was swung safely up into the seat of the onward-sweeping car. She remembered, too, the arm close about her as they danced and speeded on along that lonely road. She remembered turning in through a stone gate, winding along an orderly gravel driveway, stopping before a vine-covered bungalow. She remembered, as the masked man at her side helped her in through an ivory-white door, turning dazedly to him and asking who he was. And she remembered the smile that showed just beneath the fringe of the yellow domino as he shook his head and the sense of deprivation that swept through her as she found herself once more alone. Then from the same door through which the Laughing Mask had stepped, she remembered, she had seen a quiet-eyed woman come out, a quiet-eyed woman who had crept up to her, with tears welling from her eyes and a smile of pitying tenderness about her lips.

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### The Tower of Destiny.

Enoch Golden, anxious and worn-out, sat waiting for some further word as to the fate of his daughter Margery. Nothing had come to him since Train's startling message of the collision and the even more startling news of the girl's mysterious disappearance. He would have got little consolation from a talk that was taking place over the

Manley's first thought, in his dilemma, was to commandeer some nearby car. Yet nothing but a racer, he remembered as he snatched out his watch, could get him to the Central Tower building in time.

His next thought, however, took him tearing down the village street like a madman. For the name of "Cedarton" had brought into his mind yet another name, the name of "Bobby Evert." And Bobby Evert, who had his workshop and hangar on the southerly outskirts of that village, had been the first of the Racquet club members to forsake automobiles for aviation, and startle Long Island by his early morning hydroplane maneuvers over suburban golf courses and country homes. He had been the first civilian volunteer for the federal air scouts and at San Diego had twice broken his own altitude record established at Pensacola, and was now engaged in the mysterious task of fashioning a stabilizer for monoplane, a stabilizer, Manley remembered, which was receiving sympathetic attention from certain navy officials in Washington.

Instead of finding this same Intrepid Bobby poring over blue prints of stabilizer parts, however, the breathless Manley found his old-time friend in a rattan club chair tranquilly playing chess with his maiden aunt. In two minutes the breathless newcomer had explained to the somewhat ailed young chess player a situation which brought a brighter light into the latter's boyish eyes.

"The point is," cried Manley, "could you get me there. Could you make a landing at night?"

"They were already on their feet again, running for the hangar."

"Yes, I can get you there! But what have we got to make a landing on?"

"The main building of the Central tower stops at the eighteenth story. That gives us a flat roof of several hundred yards. Could you make it on that?"

"Not unless it was lighted!" explained Evert, shouting for his mechanic as he rounded the gloomy corner of the hangar itself.

"But it is lighted," Manley told him. "It gets the light from the tower itself, and the whole cornice line is strung with electric, the same as the Singer building!"

Evert's finger, touching a button, threw a white flood across the vaulted roof of the building. A touch on another button sent the great doors swinging open. Manley looked at his watch. Then he shook his head.

"It's too late," he proclaimed. But Evert and his mechanic were already at work on the wide-winged monstrosity nestled under its metal roof like a pterodactyl in a cave.

"Get aboard!" commanded Evert. "We're going to try for it anyway!" He turned to his helper. "Hey, Brown, throw my friend up that fur coat of yours!"

"But what speed can you get out of this machine?" asked Manley as he clambered aboard the chassis and struggled with his seat-straps.

Evert, who had been stooping over his engine, looked up.

"I got one hundred and four an hour out of her this morning," he off-handedly announced. "But I think I can push her up to one hundred and ten."

Manley's heart beat faster.

"Then there's a chance!" he cried. "A fighting chance."

A sudden sense of chill caused Manley to clutch for the fur coat thrown in at his feet, and struggle into it. As he did so the earth seemed suddenly to fall away from him. Villages became spangled checker-boards of lights. Highways became winding strings of pearls.

Manley forgot the chilliness striking into his bones. He forgot Margery Golden and Legar. He forgot the origin of his mission that brought him winging through the midnight heavens. He forgot the fact of his own puny existence and the trivial ends to which it had been given over. All these he forgot, completely and utterly, until Evert, sweeping out along the twinkling shore lights of South Brooklyn, circled north again where the brazen figure of Liberty guarded the upper bay, and dropped lower along that tapering point of gloom where Battery park nosed like a ship's prow into the tides of the Atlantic. They were still planing down, gently, like a settling sea bird, with the tilted planes veering a little westward to escape the beetling skyscrapers along the canyon of lower Broadway.

Manley thought, for a moment, that Evert had misjudged his position. Then he felt sure that Evert had also misjudged his height, that his stabilizing fin was already too low to clear the flat roof that abutted the light-strewn tower itself.

But Evert, obviously, knew what he was about. For he took that oblong of flat gloom outlined in electric with a gentle upward undulation like the upward swoop of a bluebird alighting on a maple tree. Into that artful upward swoop was absorbed much of their momentum, for Evert had plainly remembered that their running space was limited. But even with this precaution there remained a perilous paucity of runway, for before the bounding and quivering organism of nickel and steel and canvas came to a stop it lurched head-on into a wall of the tower itself.

Manley could hear the crash of glass as the damper plane at the nose of the quivering chassis brought up short against one of the tower windows. He was dimly aware of half-tumbling and half-climbing through a network of wooden studs and steel piano-wire stays and cross-guys. He was vaguely conscious of Evert calling out that everything was all right, that there was

no damage which a half-hour's work couldn't patch up.

But Manley, in truth, was thinking little of either Evert or his flier. All his thoughts, as he climbed frantically up through the broken tower window, were revolving about the problem as to whether or not he was too late. And that all-vital question still obsessed him as he mounted the iron treads of the stairway leading to the tower top, panting up flight after flight until his lungs seemed bursting for want of air, and his over-driven heart beat drumlike against his rib-cage. And as he reached the top and flung out through the narrow door opening

They Fought With Gasps and Grunts.

on the campanile-like balcony crowning that skyscraping structure, he knew, even as he saw two figures standing there before him, that he was too late.

That much he knew, even before he caught at enough breath to call out a warning to Enoch Golden or swing about and spring for the second figure, already shrinking back in the shadow of that many-columned cupola. For in the hand of the second figure Manley had already caught sight of a tell-tale sheet of paper. It was a yellowed and time-worn scrap of paper, and little more, but to Manley it had become the emblem and pennon of a desperate cause, a flag to be rallied round and fought for, to the last ditch and the last gasp, as harried soldiers fight through the smoke of battle for their colors.

And Manley, as he clinched with Legar's stalwart emissary, fought for it. Nor was his opponent one to be despised. The two men fought along the crest of that midnight tower as two mountain lions might fight along the brink of an Andean precipice. They fought with gasps and grunts, with strange guttural sounds, with teeth bared and face distorted, blind to the blows that were given and taken, unconscious of the fact that the very paper for which they were fighting had already fallen to the cupola floor, and from there had been blown by the north wind to the furthest edge of the cornice circling the stone column supports.

Golden himself was already reaching for that paper when Legar's confederate caught sight of it, broke from Manley's grasp and dove bodily for where it lay. Manley, a second later, followed him. There, half astride the balustrade of coppered wood painted to look like marble, the fight was renewed. Each crouched low as he fought, drunkenly conscious now of the abyss that yawned so close to his feet. But still they fought.

Then a second breath of night breeze, sighing through the tower top, carried the paper slowly along the cornice edge. It was Legar's man who saw it as it moved. He wrenched away, twisted about, and caught at it as it fell. But already he was too late. It lifted with the wind, drifted and eddied slowly about in the moonlight, and floated swayingly down into the darker canyon of Broadway, where it was soon lost to sight.

But neither Manley nor his enemy saw that descent, for Legar's man as he lurched suddenly forward threw all his weight on the outstanding copper cornice, painted white to look like marble. And it was a cornice made only for ornamentation, and not for support. For its fastenings surrendered to the strain of that suddenly imposed weight and the buckling moment of copper swayed outward, desperately-clinging fingers clutching at its edges.

Manley, hanging to the balustrade with one arm, reached out to grasp that buckling strip of metal to which a helpless man was hanging sheer over space. He caught at it, even as Golden caught at his straining shoulders to hold him steady.

But a law, stronger than the will of man, seemed to suck the metal slowly, inevitably, out of the clutch of his tired fingers. Then the last fastenings gave, the strained and twisted sheet-metal tore slowly away, and the black shadow of a man fell like a plummet to the iron and stone of Broadway, three hundred feet below.

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