

# Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1917.

No. 8

## Hold Meetings In County

### State Leader of County Agents Coming to Charlevoix County

### Farmers and Business Men Urged to Hear Him.

Mr. C. B. Cook of Owosso, now assistant to the state leader of county agents, will be in Charlevoix county Feb. 26, 27, and 28. He has been invited to come and explain the county agent proposition to the farmers and business men of the county. Everyone is urged to come and hear Mr. Cook. As a mere matter of business precaution, all should learn as much as possible about the question which is now so prominently before the people.

Unless delayed in traveling, Mr. Cook will speak at the following places:

Charlevoix, Mon., Feb. 26, 7:30 p. m. at K. of P. Hall.

Ironton Grange Hall, Tues., 10:00 a. m.

East Jordan, Tues. 2:00 p. m., at Armory.

Boyerne City, Wed., 10:00 a. m., School Officer's meeting—City Hall.

Boyerne City Wed., 2:00 p. m. meeting of business men and farmers at Capelin Hall.

Boyerne Falls, Wed. evening, 8:00 at Opera House.

## NO PRIMARY MARCH 7TH

Owing to the fact that there is but one candidate for nomination for the circuit judge candidacy in this the thirteenth judicial circuit of Michigan, the state supreme court has decided that a primary election for the nomination of such candidate is unnecessary.

Therefore, notice is hereby given that previous notices, calling for a primary election on March 7, 1917, are void and that no primary will be held on that date.

OTIS J. SMITH,  
Clerk of the City of East Jordan.

## COUNTRY PAPERS

Busy Portland men usually confine their newspaper reading to the big city dailies, and forget that out in the state there are published sterling, independent journals which are powerful factors in promoting sound, wholesome public sentiment.

While not so brilliant in editorial expression as the city dailies which employ writers to comment on the issue of the hour, the country papers as a rule are edited by the men who own them, and hence reflect a practical, common-sense point of view.

To keep in touch with the real sentiment of a citizenship that has the independence and ability to maintain itself in the open country, instead of drifting to the congestion of the metropolis, every Portland business man ought to subscribe for a few country weeklies or small community dailies.

And to make his wares known to that same independent and sturdy citizenship, he ought to include the country papers as well as the city dailies in his advertising plans.—Oregon Voter.

If the people who owe us on subscription do not realize that we are hard pushed for cash to meet our obligations, and that the price of print paper is so high that our chances are promising of "busting" before another year, and that we have already earned what is due us and that no man is not honest who does not pay his debts, and especially those he owes the printer, and if he can't pay this year he never can, why we will go into the hands of the receiver, send our family to the poor house and dispose of our miserable self by eating concentrated lye. But we refuse to even suggest to our delinquent subscribers that it is about time they were coming across with what they owe this office. Not by adamsite.

A newspaper report says the amount of saw mill waste in the United States is annually thirty-six million cords. Some day some one will patent a device for mixing this waste with a cheap glue pressing into blocks, and make thirty-six million dollars.

The average woman swallows flattery just as a baby swallows buttons—regardless of the trouble that may follow.

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

Auctioneers are men who cry because they have to make an honest living.

## CENTRAL LAKE HAD \$35,000 FIRE LAST SATURDAY

### Central Lake Torch, Tavern Hotel and Hornsby Shoe Store Destroyed.

The Central Lake Torch, a weekly newspaper; the Tavern Hotel, the Hornsby Shoe store and one vacant building in Central Lake's main business district, were destroyed by fire at an early hour last Saturday morning. The estimated loss is \$35,000 and is partially covered by insurance.

The Tavern Hotel was a three-story brick veneer building on the main business corner of the village. It was enjoying a good trade. The Central Lake Torch occupied a two-story wooden building on a side street just in the rear of the hotel. This plant was owned by a stock company composed of Central Lake business men.

The Hornsby harness and shoe store occupied a two-story wooden building near the hotel and was enjoying a prosperous trade. The vacant building destroyed was located between the hotel and the store and had formerly been occupied by a barber shop.

Several guests at the Tavern escaped partially clad. Members of the Aiden high school basketball team, staying at the hotel, lost all of their clothing and basketball equipment.

The fire originated in the basement of the hotel where new heating apparatus was being installed.

## FARMERS' WEEK AT M. A. C.

The Michigan Agricultural College has set aside March 5 to 9 as "Farmers' Week", and a program full of interest to every farmer and farmer's wife has been prepared.

A series of demonstrations will be given by the different Departments, in addition to which there will be addresses by ten speakers from other States, as well as by members of the College faculty.

The principal speakers on Soils and Crops, March 5 and 6, will be Prof. A. R. Whitson, University of Wisconsin; Prof. M. F. Fisher, Purdue University; and E. C. Martindale, of Indiana; Hon. Fred M. Warner, Senator A. T. Roberts, Hon. N. P. Hull, Pres. of State Milk Producers' Association, and Hon. Fred L. Woodworth, State Dairy and Food Commissioner, are on the program for Wednesday, March 7. Prof. J. G. Fuller of the University of Wisconsin, will speak on "Feeding and Developing Draft Cattle" and "The Care of the Swine Herd" on Thursday, March 8. Prof. S. A. Beach of Iowa Agricultural College will give two addresses upon different phases of "Orchard Management" on Friday. Special attention will also be given to "Spraying" and "Potato Culture."

The Poultry Department will offer a five-day course in Poultry Raising, beginning Monday morning, March 5th, with W. H. Gard of Connecticut, Prof. H. L. Kempster of University of Missouri and Prof. A. G. Phillips, of Purdue University, among the speakers.

The lectures and demonstrations in Home Economics will continue through the week, with the Women's Congress on Wednesday and Thursday. Prof. Isabel Bevier of University of Illinois will be on the program.

Interesting programs are planned for each evening, with an illustrated "Travel Talk" and a play by the M. A. C. Dramatic Club among the features.

For complete program of exercises, address—

L. R. TAFT,  
State Supt. Farmers' Institutes,  
East Lansing, Mich.

## Get a Transfer

"If you are on the gloomy line,  
Get a transfer.  
If you're inclined to fret and pine,  
Get a transfer.

Get off the track of doubt and gloom,  
Get on the Sunshine train; there's room  
Get a transfer.

"If you are on the grouchy track,  
Get a transfer.  
Just take a happy special back,  
Get a transfer.

Jump on the train and pull the rope,  
That lands you at the station; Hope,  
Get a transfer.

"If you are on the worry train,  
Get a transfer.  
You must not stay there and complain,  
Get a transfer.

The cheerful cars are passing through  
And there is lots of room for you,  
Get a transfer.

## Will Be Helpful to Our City

### Loose Evangelistic Party as Seen By Rev. Sidebotham.

Saturday and Sunday Feb. 3 and 4, I visited Allegan to learn what I could of the work of the Loose Evangelistic Party, which comes to East Jordan on March 25th. What I found there may be of interest to others, and I take this means of informing all who care to read this letter.

The Party is composed of five members, Dr. and Mrs. Loose, Prof. Willigus, Mr. F. A. Clark and the Rev. H. G. Bowden. Dr. Loose is the preacher and has general supervision of the work. He is a speaker of fine presence and convincing logic. His appeals are directed not primarily to the feelings as much as to the reasoning faculties. He is kindly, courteous and a thorough gentleman. I am satisfied that when the people of East Jordan have become acquainted with him, they will find that he is a man with a strong message, and one whose preaching will prove beneficial to our community.

Mrs. Loose has charge of all the Women's Work. In Allegan she has won the confidence of the women of the community, women of all classes. She is a Southerner of the best type of the south. A woman of education, refinement, and of the family. It may be interesting to learn that her sister is the wife of President Wilson's brother. This fact I did not learn from Mrs. Loose herself.

Prof. Willigus has charge of the music of the meetings, and he is a singer and leader far beyond the average. In Allegan he had a choir of nearly 100 voices, and when I heard them sing they showed the result of good leading. Mr. Willigus most wonderful work in Allegan is perhaps among the people of the High School. Nearly every student of the high school has been won to Christ in these meetings. In connection with Mr. Clark who has charge of the Young People's work.

Mr. Willigus has been able to do a work that there is no way to value. Mr. Clark, the pianist, is a new member with the Loose Party, and it appears to me he has added great strength. His work at the piano was excellent, and it was largely thru his playing that Prof. Willigus was able to accomplish so much with the choir.

Mr. Bowden was at home when I visited Allegan, and so of him I cannot write as fully. He has charge of the organization and Men's Work. But many people spoke very highly of the energy and push with which he entered into the Campaign. They all agreed that he was a "live wire."

The results of the meetings were good. About 500 people signed cards declaring their intention to live for Christ. About 400 more of the Church. Members signed cards declaring their intention to re-consecrate themselves to the Master. The Pastor of the M. E. Church told me he expected to have double the membership in his church. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church says that work has been helpful far beyond his expectations. The opinion of a newspaper man may be interesting. Mr. Reed, editor of the Allegan Gazette who is not himself a church member, told me that beyond all question the Campaign had been the means of great moral improvement in the lives of many people. He himself is one of the most faithful members of the choir.

These facts make me believe that the Loose Party will be of great help to East Jordan.

Sincerely,  
REV. R. S. SIDEBOTHAM.

## Slushy Stanzas

There was a young lady named Rose,  
Who wore those short, fashionable clothes,  
Her skirts were so high  
You scarce could see.  
Anything of her costume but hose!

## Historical Facts of the Week

Florida ceded Feb. 19, 1821.  
The Germans made an early attack on Verdun, Feb. 21, last year.  
Washington-born, Feb. 22.  
John Quincy Adams died Feb. 23, 1848. Panama Canal treaty was ratified Feb. 23, 1904.  
Robert Fulton died Feb. 24, 1815.  
Battle of Trenton fought Feb. 26, 1776.  
To take a day off is easy. To put it back is impossible.

## TREES FOR ARBOR DAY

### Black Walnut, Butternut, and Maple Trees and Concord Grapes for Spring Planting.

The annual campaign of the Central Normal of Michigan for the distribution of black walnut, butternut, and maple trees and Concord Grapes is being planned for Arbor Day.

This movement began a few years ago by growing a few trees on the Normal grounds and distributing them to the school children of Isabella County. The idea grew, and for seven years 5000 nut trees and 2000 Concord grapes have been sent out annually. They are distributed by parcel post at cost; a nut tree for 25c and two year old Concord grapes for 7c each.

Any organization or person may secure the plants by agreeing to give them good care but they are largely distributed thru the school. Hundreds of schools order varying amounts from 25c (the smallest order accepted) to hundreds of plants; 200 Concord Grapes, 441 nut trees, 300 peach trees were sent to the Holland school and 264 walnut trees and 194 Grape Vines to the Bay City schools largely thru the efforts of a Women's Club.

There will be distributed this year, butternut, as well as walnut trees, grape vines and there has been added a hard maple tree, the sugar maple 4-6 ft. high, transplants at 4c each. The distribution of maple trees will prove especially desirable as there is a need for such a tree at a low price for community planting. Civic Societies, Women's Clubs, Schools, etc., will have an opportunity to enlist citizens in extensive planting along the streets and roads when shade trees may be obtained for 4c each.

Myron A. Cobb of the Department of Agriculture of the Central Normal originated this movement and all inquiries should be sent to him.

## School Commissioner's Notes

May L. Stewart, Commissioner

Eight teachers last year forgot to send in their examination returns until late. Only five such this year, an improvement of 37 1/2 per cent.

A letter written by Commissioner McLain of Jackson county to his school directors seemed so good that copies were made of it and sent to the directors in this county.

The state department has a new bulletin called "Rural School Houses, Building Plans, Requirements, and Suggestions." Copies are now on hand in the Commissioner's office.

As soon as the very few belated reports of the mid-year tests have reached the office the best standings will be published.

5 out of 8 in the Deer Lake school have completed the year's work in Home activities. Miss Johnson's pupils have been busy.

The Horton Bay children are putting in five cents each toward a large pencil sharpener for the school. It was their own suggestion.

Miss Etta Thayer of Melrose No. 1 reports that she is serving warm lunches every day now and that the pupils like it very much. In every case of this kind we should also expect better health, greater interest, and a little domestic science teaching in between classes.

Miss Thayer asks for 6 diplomas for perfect attendance for four months—a splendid record for a small school.

Roads are roads the same as "Figs in Figs" but Maple Grove and Walloon Lake have roads that are roads, and yet the best attendance of the county during the storm came from these two schools. The reports show the distance walked and the commissioner knows most of the roads. Some other records are very good indeed but we hand the laurel wreath to the boys and girls of Walloon and Maple Grove.

This is the big historical birthday month. Teachers, have you looked up the lives of the poets and the patriots? What is your language work now? What are you reading? And what are your morning exercises?

Two schools hunting teachers for the spring term to begin the first of March. Make you almost hear the robin sing. The hardware man says he sold a big bottle to the teacher in Rock. Elm. so that they could have hot soup at noon. It looks like business sure enough.

We hear the good news that the Jordan River school will become "Standard" this year.

## Eggs in the Diet

### Food Value, Relative Freedom from Waste, and Ease of Preparation Often May Offset High Prices.

Because of the peculiar food value of eggs, their relative freedom from waste and the ease with which they may be prepared, their use as meat substitutes at least is often desirable, even when a consideration of their price alone would not so indicate. This is stated in a recently published professional paper of the Office of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, Department Bulletin 471. It is pointed out, however, that while this is true of eggs served as one of the principal dishes of a meal, it often is not true of eggs used in cakes, puddings, and other desserts along with meats. It is in the latter use of eggs that the housewife who wishes to economize can try especially to curtail consumption. A fact which makes this latter practice easier is that with the present availability of baking powders, corn starch, gelatin, etc., the use of eggs to impart lightness or to thicken liquids is not now as essential as it was in the past.

### FOOD ELEMENTS IN EGGS.

The principal food element furnished by eggs is protein, the nitrogenous tissue building element whose presence in considerable proportions also gives meats, fish, milk, cheese, etc., their special food value. Eggs, therefore, can be substituted in the diet for the latter foods without materially altering the proportion of protein consumed. In addition to protein, eggs also furnish fat and a number of valuable mineral elements, including sulphur, phosphorus, iron, calcium, and magnesium, in an easily assimilable form, and are believed also to be rich in certain essential vitalizing elements called vitamins.

Like milk and unlike meats eggs do not contain substances convertible in the body into uric acid. Their shells constitute the only waste materials. Ninety-seven per cent of the portion eaten—a high proportion compared to other foods—is digested. No extended cooking is necessary for eggs, and there is therefore a saving of time, labor, and fuel in their preparation when they are compared with many other foods. For all these reasons eggs deserve an important place in the diet for use at times in place of other foods rich in protein, provided egg prices are not so high as to outweigh the other considerations.

### WHOLESMOMENESS OF EGGS.

Though wholesome when fresh and clean, eggs may be decidedly unwholesome when old or dirty. The housewife should be careful when buying, therefore, to choose eggs which are as clean and fresh as possible. Similarly, the producer of eggs should keep nests clean and sanitary and should collect eggs frequently. It is also well to insure the production of eggs with good keeping qualities by producing only fertile eggs after the hatching season.

### HOW TO SELECT EGGS.

In addition to cleanliness and freshness, the housewife when purchasing eggs should consider size and freedom from cracks. Eggs vary so in size that a dozen large and a dozen small eggs purchased at the same price per dozen may differ as much as 25 per cent in the value of the food elements furnished. Perhaps the fairest way to buy or sell eggs is by weight. Because of the wide variations in the size of eggs it is also coming to be recognized that more accurate results in recipes can be obtained by weighing or measuring the eggs out of their shells. Cracked eggs are undesirable because the breaking of the shell makes possible the entrance of bacteria and filth.

### COLD-STORAGE EGGS.

Because fewer eggs are produced in the most populous regions of the country than are consumed there, and because the seasons have a marked effect on the number of eggs laid, city housewives must use cold storage eggs during some periods of the year if they are to supply their tables at all with this food. The fact that eggs have been held in cold storage does not necessarily mean that they are of low quality. Carefully handled cold-storage eggs often are of better quality than fresh local eggs that have been improperly cared for.

### HOME-PRESERVED EGGS.

Housewives will often find it advantageous to preserve their own eggs in the home, purchasing them when the supply is abundant, and packing them in a solution of waterglass or lime water, or covering them with paraffin

or varnish. Such eggs can be kept in good condition for a number of months. For current use fresh eggs usually can be kept satisfactorily for two or three weeks without such treatment in a refrigerator or dry, cool cellar. If infertile, such eggs may be kept still longer.

## TANBARK FOR 1916

### Over 100,000 Cords Peeled in Wisconsin and Michigan.

Oshkosh, Wis.—Reports from 80 logging concerns in Wisconsin and northern Michigan show that over 100,000 cords of hemlock bark was peeled in the woods during the last year. This is three times the amount peeled in 1915 and reflects the great demand for tanbark, due to conditions abroad, which have prevented the importation of tanning material. The same firms report that owing to the extreme efforts to get out a big peel of bark last year and the difficulty of securing satisfactory labor for the work this year, they will be unable to peel as large a quantity of bark in 1917 as in 1916. A year ago bark was selling at \$6 and \$7 a cord and very few firms made an effort to produce this material. During the last year sales were made at from \$10 to \$12 per cord and in some cases at even better figures. The sale of this by-product brought into Wisconsin and northern Michigan more than a million dollars last year, it is estimated.

## To the School Officers

### Of Charlevoix County

WHAT? Officers' meeting for Charlevoix County.

WHEN? Wednesday, Feb. 28th, 1917. 10-12 a. m. and 1-3 p. m.

WHERE? City Hall, Boyne City.

WHO? W. L. Coffey, chief clerk and legal advisor of the State Department of Public Instruction, will have charge of the meeting.

WHY? Do you know what per cent of your teacher's salary you will need to hold back next year to pay into the TEACHERS' STATE RETIREMENT

FUND? Do you know that the Pension Law is compulsory? Can a member of your school board receive extra pay for extra services if the district votes to this effect? Why should the school board need to sanction a contract let a district meeting? For what two things may a director or his representative from a school board receive pay over and above the salary voted him at the annual meeting? (Well, some of them is for attending this meeting, \$2 for the day and all actual expenses to and from Boyne City.)

HOW? Come on horseback. Come on foot. Come on the train or bring a load of neighbors and friends.

You can prepare to do more for your district and for yourself this day than on any other day of the year. I hope that every school elector within driving distance of Boyne City will turn out to make this meeting the record meeting of the year.

Yours for BETTER SCHOOLS,  
MAY L. STEWART, Com'r.

## UNFAIR DISTRIBUTION OF TAXES

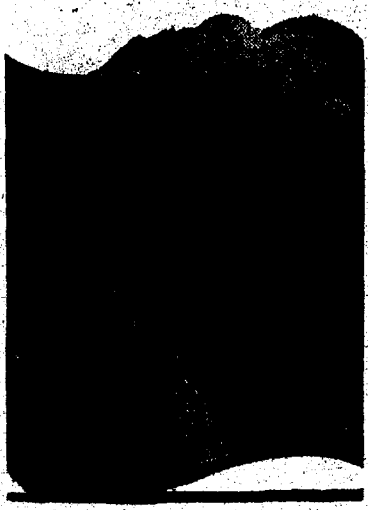
Washington, Feb. 21—(Special Correspondence)—In a short but comprehensive speech during the debate on the Revenue bill, Representative Martin B. Madden, of Illinois, summed up the record of the Democratic administration in extravagant expenditure of money and forcefully presented the unfairness of its schemes of taxation. The following paragraph shows the unfairness of Democratic distribution of tax burdens:

"The Northern States pay 94 per cent of the expenses of the Government of the United States, and the Southern States pay 6 per cent. When the Democratic Party is in power the Southern States are in control, and the people who pay 6 per cent of the bills have the power to tax those who pay 94 per cent; and in the exercise of that power they never overlook a chance to lighten the burdens of the people of their own section, while they give no consideration whatever to the rights of those who live in other sections of the country. Business efficiency is taxed by an inefficient majority in this House whose lack of knowledge and reckless extravagance have run the finances of the country upon the rock of bankruptcy, beyond the hope of repair."

Every voter should write Congressman Madden for a copy of his speech.

It's a pity we can't measure the cords of things and start at the top. It would be so much easier to reach the bottom.





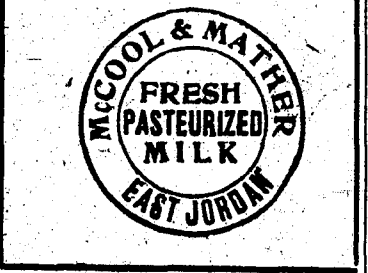
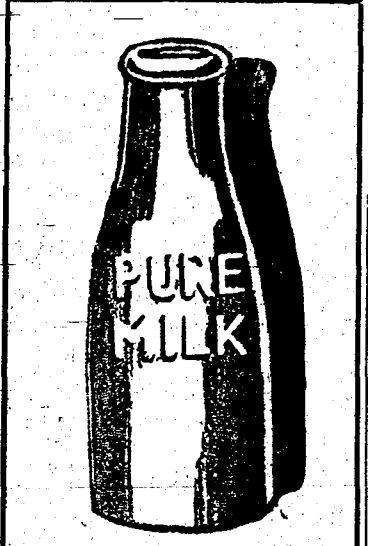
Ann Murdock, starring in *Mama's "Where Love Is."*

Women sometimes feel unworthy of their husbands—in books. The rattlesnake never shrinks from danger. It simply re-coils.

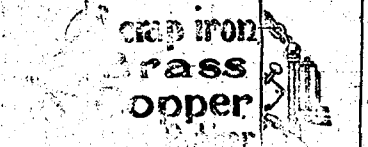
FELT LIKE 90, NOW LIKE 21

Like a weak link in a chain, a weak organ enfeebles the whole body. Weak kidneys lower vitality. A. W. Morgan, Angola, La., writes: "I suffered with pains in the back. I am 43 years old, but I felt like a man of 90. Since I took Foley Kidney Pills I feel like I did when I was 21." 50c and \$1.00 sizes.—Hite's Drug Store.

**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



BRING IN YOUR  
**Hides and Furs**



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

**WIFE AND DOG BEAT BEAR**

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

Milton, Pa.—Attached 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 underrated messenger boy, started north the other day from the Auditorium hotel office with a sealed message reading, "Bring remains of Mr. Rosenfeld from Graceland cemetery to Mrs. Rosenfeld, 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.

**Card of Thanks**

We wish to thank the friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness extended us during the illness and death of our wife and mother.  
HECTOR McKINNON, Sr.,  
And Sons.

**Urges Nation to Support President.**

[From the Baltimore American.]  
The United States will not abandon its rights on the sea or abandon its careflessness for the rights and lives of its citizens because Germany chooses to go rabid and make indiscriminate warfare upon mankind. The mangled flat cannot be shaken in the face of Uncle Sam with impunity because Germany goes hungry. . . . The nation needs to be calm, but earnest, and to support the president. And he may be counted upon to make explicit the firm stand of the nation for its inalienable and unassailable rights. Such is the issue that points to a breach that may not, however, be more than verbally threatening. It is the kaiser, not the reichstag, talking.

A genius is a man who can do almost anything but make a living.

A woman always jollies a man along, just before she makes a big fool of him.

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

For SALE or will trade for East Jordan City property:—A 20-acre truck garden farm in Emmet county, one mile from Roaring Brook and Wequa-toning. Address, Box 220, East Jordan.

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.



"Shorty" Hamilton, appearing in *Mutual Featurettes.*

**Frank Phillips**

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

**CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD**

G. A. Liak, Publisher  
**ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR**

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

**BURNS CURED BY SUNLIGHT**

Johns Hopkins Hospital Tests Open-Air Remedy With Success in Number of Cases.

Baltimore, Md.—A new method of treating serious burns that involves the use of air and sunlight has been put into practice at Johns Hopkins hospital, and already in a number of cases has been successful.

"Nature cures" have been recognized as the most practicable in a rapidly increasing list of ailments. The general idea back of all these methods is that nature, with a fair chance, will do more for the sick body than will drugs or surgery.

In treating burns a small part of the injured surface is exposed directly to the sun and air out of doors. The best results are obtained in temperate weather, when the patient can lie at ease for hours under the direct rays of the sun and the influence of the air. In colder weather only more indirect exposure is possible, and then the results are not rapid.

As a result of the treatment skin grafting will not have to be used in a number of cases. The effect of the air and sunlight cure is to keep alive much of the burned tissue, and in time this tissue grows out over the burned surface.

**Bell Heard Forty Miles.**

Santa Barbara, Cal.—The same electric power employed in ringing bells has transmitted sound through space 40 miles. In experiments by Dr. H. B. Aringer Cox, the ringing of an alarm clock at Los Olivos has been faintly recorded at his station outside the city limits. It is wireless and the power used is the ordinary dry battery, which Dr. Cox invented several years ago.

**EARLIEST MEN AMERICANS?**

Geologists Say Bones Discovered in Florida Deposit Are 125,000 Years Old.

Chicago.—Human beings inhabited the North American continent more than 125,000 years ago, according to the findings of E. H. Sellards, state geologist of Florida, and Prof. Oliver P. Hay, who made public results of a study of fossil remains discovered in Florida some months ago. Their opinion, however, is not fully concurred in by other scientists.

Human bones intermingled with those of the mastodon, sabre-tooth tiger and other extinct animals, were found in the deposit at Vero, Fla., and thither six geologists and anthropologists made their way immediately to study the find. Their report will be made in the January-February (1917) issue of the Journal of Geology. Advance sheets quote Mr. Sellard as saying:

"The study of the fossils of this stratum, although not yet completed, has brought to light a considerable number of extinct species which suggest the reference of the deposit to the Pleistocene period. This is the oldest deposit from which human remains have ever been taken."

Doctor Hay, who is research associate of the Carnegie institution of Washington, expresses similar views; but four other scientists, whose articles will appear in the Journal of Geology, are skeptical. They are Prof. R. T. Chamberlain of the University of Chicago, Thomas Wayland Vaughan of the United States geological survey, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the United States National museum, and Prof. George Grant McCurdy of Yale. They are not convinced that the human race existed on this continent at so early a period.

**BACK BROKEN, LIVES 10 YEARS**

Congress Is Asked to Pay Bills of Former Federal Employee in Chicago.

Chicago.—Oscar Samuelson, who lived with a broken back at a North side hospital for more than ten years, died recently. Whether the government should pay him for the injury is pending in congress.

Samuelson was hurt while working for the federal reclamation service near Cody, Wyo., and was brought here for treatment.

As he was without funds, Congressman Fred D. Britton introduced a bill asking the government to bear the expenses.

**Saloon Money for Streets.**

Martinez, Cal.—From the year's profits of a municipal saloon in Bay Point the citizens of that town have started street improvement work to the extent of \$8,000. The saloon, which was owned two years ago by a lumber company owning the town site, a year ago was given to the citizens, with the provision that they should manage the bar. The entire proceeds go into street improvements.

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

The reason a man can't tell the average woman anything is because she would rather talk than listen.

**EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE**

**Silks and French Serges**

Lead for Spring and Summer Wear.

Serges are scarce and hard to obtain but we were fortunate by buying early to secure a fine assortment.

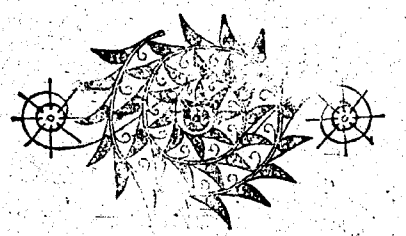
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# The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of  
**THE OCCASIONAL FENDER, THE WIRE TAPPERS, GUN RUNNERS, ETC.**  
Serialized from  
**THE PATHÉ PHOTOPLAY OF THE SAME NAME**

## SYNOPSIS

On Windward Island Pallidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a masked One-Lamp Louie rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count Da Espares figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but Da Espares is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Manke's poisoned arrows.

## TENTH EPISODE THE LIVING DEAD

"I'm opposed to your plan, sir," Enoch Golden declared with heat, "and I always will be opposed to it!"

David Manley, as he stared across the table at the ruffled old millionaire, tried to control himself to patience.

"But you acknowledge that you are equally opposed to Legar's intrusions into this house, to having his secret agents planted about at your elbows. But when I work out a plan that offers a reasonable promise of trapping Legar and his men, you stop the whole business by declaring it's lacking in dignity!"

"Dignity is something which departed from this house the day Legar first forced his way into it!" was Golden's bitter retort.

"Precisely!" cried young Manley. "His whole campaign has been one of intimidation, of threats and assaults and reprisals. They have been trying to fight us with terror. So my contention is, why not give them a dose of their medicine? Why not fight them with their own weapons, and in doing so, perhaps go them one better?"

"But I can only repeat my convictions that your plan can't succeed!" protested the tremulous-voiced old financier.

"Why not leave that to me?" cut in young Manley, with his first touch of impatience.

"I've left a good many things to you, Davy; but I don't encourage men to plan their own funerals!"

"Yet I've thought this out, sir, and I maintain that it's worth a try. You know as well as I do that these men who work with Legar are an ignorant and illiterate lot. They're not afraid of force. But when you confront them with the supernatural, you get them face to face with something they can't understand. And what they can't understand they are going to be afraid of!"

"And you think you're going to frighten 'em away with a casket?"

"I'm going to make them believe that David Manley, having departed this life because of an attack on his person by one Mauk, with poisoned arrows, is about to be duly interred in the Golden mausoleum, and—"

"But you couldn't even get a wax figure that would fool a five-year-old child! You couldn't!"

"I've already got the figure, interrupted Manley. "And it strikes me as being an exceptionally perfect one."

"But what's all this funeral business to lead to?" demanded the old financier.

"It leads to the fact that Legar and his men will be duly informed of my death, for I want all the servants in this house to pass before the casket and see me in it. And Legar's spy will be one of them. So Legar, you may be sure, will get the facts as soon as they are known. He will be tipped off as to the day and hour of the funeral. He will also be told that the cortege, say of three carriages, is to proceed to the Golden mausoleum, and that Margery Golden is to go in one of the carriages. And that lonely spot will strike him as precisely the right spot for making a coup."

"And what do we gain by that?"

"We'll fill our big thirty-thousand dollar mausoleum with thirty big policemen, and round up the gang before Legar can even smell a rat."

But Enoch Golden remained unconvinced.

"Well, it may be a brilliant plan, but you can please leave me out of it," he finally announced.

"That's just what I've been asking for," explained Manley. "All I want is to be allowed to conduct it in my own way."

David Manley, however, did not conduct that strange funeral altogether in his own way. Carefully as every detail had been planned, there were one or two minor features which at the time escaped his attention.

The most inconspicuous and yet the most vital of these was, perhaps, the personality of the driver of the third carriage in that small cortege which wended its way so decorously from the Golden home. For under the funeral cap of a this placid-eyed driver re-

posed the stalwart body of a certain One-Lamp Louie, long known among his associates as an habitue of the Owl's Nest and an underground agent for Jules Legar himself.

Now One-Lamp Louie gave no promise of either active or passive interference with these duly appointed mortuary exercises until the city itself had been left well behind. Then, awakening to the fact that they were traversing a desirably sequestered stretch of road, he watched intently for certain prearranged signals from his one-armed accomplice. Immediately after the discovery of those looked-for signs the spirited team driven by One-Lamp Louie showed unexpected yet unmistakable evidences of restiveness.

But there was a limit to what that team of spirited blacks would endure. And they suddenly, to all intents and purposes, determined to follow their own line of travel at their own rate of speed, for, as the driver sat on the box apparently sawing on the reins, that exasperated team plunged suddenly forward, swerved across the road, and went galloping down a tree-screened bypath which was little more than a cart trail winding in and out through slopes of greensward and shrubbery.

Half a mile deeper in that shrubbery this runaway team would surely have reached the spot where a black limousine stood hidden away in the shadow of laurel-cope, had not still another and an equally unheralded factor entered into the situation. This factor took the form of a high-power roadster in which was seated a man wearing a yellow mask. His irruption into that orderly little procession, indeed, proved as abrupt as One-Lamp Louie's eruption from it. And he seemed plainly suspicious of both Louie's motives and movements, for he lost no time in swinging from the highway and plunging recklessly after the runaway carriage.

As his car approached the runaway cab that mysterious stranger, known as the Laughing Mask, stepped to the running-board of his roadster, leaning far out as the two swerving vehicles drew together. One-Lamp Louie, whatever he may have thought of that approach, had little means of evading it. To swing off what narrow road remained before him seemed frankly suicidal. To lash his team to greater effort was already out of the question. To take his hands from the reins, even, along that uncertain road, was equally foolhardy. So the strange race went on, the swaying and bounding cab with a white-faced girl tossed about under its hood, the leaping and lurching roadster, every second drawing closer down on its quarry yet every second threatening to turn turtle over one of the grassy embankments above which it shuddered and slewed.

It was the Laughing Mask, leaning far out from his running-board, who threw open the cab-door and called sharply to the startled girl.

"Quick," he commanded.

For one moment she hesitated. Then she reached out for the unsteady hand groping for her.

The next moment she found herself sitting back, a little breathless, in the leather-upholstered seat of the roadster and the man in the Laughing Mask smiling down at her.

The Black Watch.

A number of things had happened and were happening to disconcert, if not to discourage, the redoubtable Legar. That astute young adventurer, Betsy Le Marsh, alias Williamsburg Elsie, who, with the aid of divers forged recommendations, had installed herself in the Golden household, repeatedly and stubbornly reported that David Manley was dead.

Williamsburg Elsie also expressed a strong desire to migrate from the house in which she found herself, so inquisitive a maid, since that house, she declared, was too full of "queer things" for her comfort.

When, at Legar's suggestion, she had tried to "pump a needful o' dope" into her altogether unsuspecting mistress, a dead man's face had suddenly appeared between her and the bedroom door. And on two different occasions, after midnight, when she had ventured down to the housekeeper's telephone to send in a secret message to Legar himself, she had found herself confronted by a ghost in white.

Nor was Betsy Le Marsh the only malcontent. Even Red Egan himself, one of the best "cold-steel" men in all the group that clustered about the Owl's Nest, had of late shown unmistakable signs of mental disturbance. A dead man's ghost, he declared, had looked in through one of the headquarters' windows. Red Egan, it is true, had promptly emptied his six-shooter at that phantasmal intruder, but with nothing more to show for it than a shattered window-sash and six panes of broken glass.

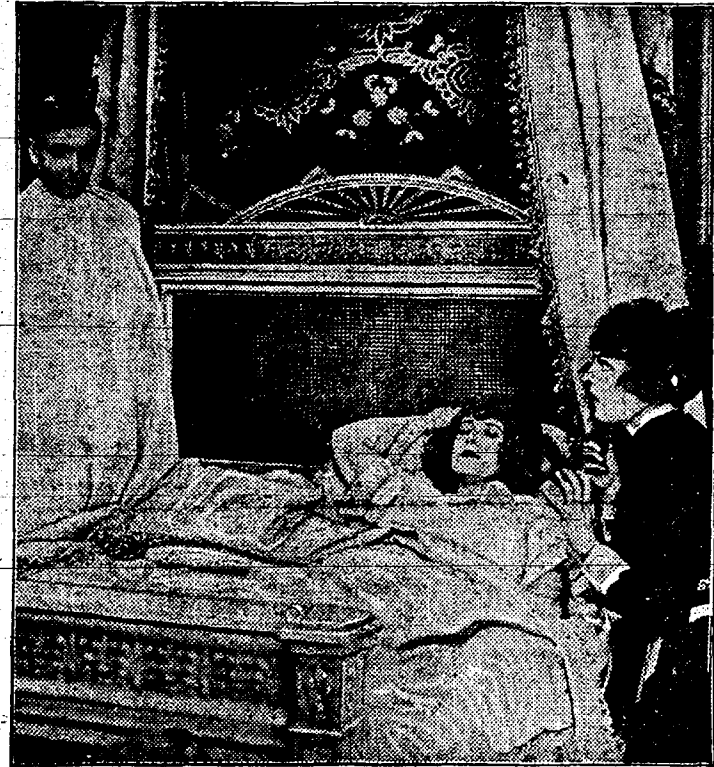
When the master-criminal, to put an end to all such absurdities, had by the force of many dire threats and oaths compelled both One-Lamp Louie and Red Egan himself to repair to the

Golden mausoleum and verify the occupants of the mysterious casket there deposited, Red Egan had returned with the preposterous story of a white sheet suddenly descending out of the blackness of the vault and whisking One-Lamp Louie out of reach and also out of sight. And since the once valiant Red Egan showed so craven a spirit that nothing short of a quart of three-star brandy could tranquilize his shaken nerves, and since One-Lamp Louie showed no signs of returning from the mysterious realms into which the afore-mentioned white sheet had whisked him, Legar promptly and wrathfully decided to take the matter into his own hands. He would lay this ghost, he announced, or something would go smash in the process.

But he had no intention of approaching that intimidating mausoleum without due and definite preparation. With him he took a powerful pocket flashlight, a Colt automatic pistol and a couple of extra clips of cartridges, but the instrument on which he reposed the most confidence was a gun-metal disk little bigger than a pocket aneroid, some three inches in diameter and no thicker than a man's hand. This innocent-looking disk, which could be slipped into a vest pocket as easily as a timepiece, was known to the habitues of the Owl's Nest as the Black Watch.

While actually nothing more than a small-sized hand grenade, its claim to distinction lay in the tremendous explosive power which stood compressed between its slender metal walls.

Legar was not a coward. Yet as he stood in the clammy midnight air of the Golden mausoleum and quietly removed the screws that held the top on the black casket beside him, he found that combination of silence and gloom and unsavory surroundings a little more of a strain on his nerves than he had anticipated. Yet as he lifted back the sable cover of the casket he did so with a hand that was still steady.



When She Tried to "Pump a Needful o' Dope" into Her Mistress, a Dead Man's Face Appeared.

Thence he took up his flashlight, and pressing close to the coffin's side, stood studying the pallid face that lay surrounded by its even more pallid drapery of white satin.

He stared at that pallid face long and intently. He stared at it with studious and narrowing eyes. Then he did a strange and an inexplicable thing.

Lifting his maimed right arm that ended in its shank of steel, he brought it down with a crash on the glass cover of the casket. Then, as though infuriated by some unreasoning hatred for the pallid face still staring so impassively up at him, he struck again. This time the blow fell directly on the head between the white satin swathings. But that falling arm, instead of striking a human head of flesh and bone, crashed down through a thin shell of fiber and tinted wax.

Legar, focusing his light on that shattered mask, emitted a short bark of triumph as the meaning of it all came home to him. He leaned for several minutes over the violated casket, staring at it with insolent yet abstracted eyes, pondering just what move could he beyond so intricately engineered a subterfuge. And the answer to that question came more promptly and more directly than he had anticipated. For as he stood there, turning a piece of the wax-covered tissue meditatively over in his fingers, the electric bulbs that strung the mausoleum roof broke into sudden light. From different quarters of that shadowy building, at the same time, stepped a group of hidden officers, headed by David Manley himself.

So quickly and so quietly did that transformation take place, indeed, that the man leaning over the casket had neither time nor chance to change his position. He merely blinked a little stupidly at the revolver which glimmered in Manley's hand. Then, with a gesture that seemed equally stupid, he reached for his watch and held the heavy gun-metal case meditatively between his fingers.

"Stick 'em up!" Manley was at the same time commanding with a curt head movement towards Legar's hands. "It may have taken some work, but this is the time we gather you in!"

Legar laughed as he confronted his enemies.

"Do you want to take me alive?" "Alive or dead, I'm going to take you!"

"Then take this first," cried Legar. At the same moment that he spoke the left hand in which he still held what seemed to be a black metal watch case swung forward. And as that object which so closely resembled a black watch hurtled through the air, Legar flung himself flat on his face along the vault flooring. Then the black watch struck.

The next moment the walls of that ponderous structure of marble and sandstone seemingly built to defy time itself, lifted bodily in the air, like the hull of a torpedoed dreadnaught. Then, following the roar and rumble of that vast detonation, came the momentary catastrophic silence which so strangely and yet so inevitably succeeds a calamity too gigantic and too abrupt to be understood.

That ominous silence, however, lasted only for a few seconds. Out of it arose muffled calls and thin cries for help, followed by answering shouts from many different points in the darkness as rescuing hands set to work on the ruins.

And out of those ruins, while this work was going on, emerged two bruised and tattered figures strangely divergent in appearances. The first figure, worming its way out through the interstices of crumbled rock and cement, as cautiously and as silently as a wounded blacksnake might crawl from a cave, bore an iron claw at the end of its right arm and betrayed an unmistakable desire to creep away into the darkness before being observed.

The second man, who, on recovering consciousness found himself engaged between two fallen pillars of marble topped by one of the roof slabs, experienced no little difficulty in emerging to the open, so closely were these protecting pillars wedged about him.

But as he worked his bruised body

All this Legar might have done, and might have done without great difficulty, had not a trace of his older obsession of hate impinged on his clearly outlined course of action.

He was once more himself, by this time, walking with a limp that was scarcely discernible. But as he stole down from the higher ground and made his way back towards the Westinghouse chimney flares he became once more conscious of the whiter glare along the roadside he was so cautiously skirting. This, he remembered, as he stole nearer, came from the headlights of a stalled limousine. Then he made a second and a more startling discovery. He knew, even before he caught sight of Train working over his helpless car, that it belonged to Enoch Golden. But what actually drew him closer to the spot was a glimpse of Margery Golden herself, in a gray fur motor coat, as she stepped from the body of the car and came full into the glare of the headlights, closer beside her stooping chauffeur.

"Are we stalled?" he could hear the girl ask.

"We'll be off again in a minute or two, Miss Margery," was Train's preoccupied reply.

"But I can't stand here helpless," protested the girl. "I can't wait. I must know what has happened to David Manley."

"Whatever it was, it's over and done by this time."

"But he may be dead. He may be lying crushed under those fallen pillars. I must go on. Tell father I couldn't wait, that I've gone ahead on foot!"

Legar, crouching back in the shadows, heard these hurried words and as hurriedly acted on them. Slinking back through the bushes, he swung about and followed the girl through the darkness.

Yet it was not until the girl had passed well out of hailing distance of the headlighted car that Legar circled even more hurriedly forward and swung in again to intercept her. She was trudging, a little breathlessly, up a sandy slope, with her straining eyes still fixed on the moving lanterns about the ruined mausoleum.

Then, swinging apparently out of the empty air about her, a circle of steel, suddenly encompassing her arm, brought her to an abrupt stop.

With one quick movement Legar tore the motor veil from her head, twisted it into a coil, and flung it about her neck. And all the while the iron claw, grasping at her arm, held her as a steel trap might.

She was already dizzy with pain when she heard the sharp crack of a revolver shot close over her shoulder. This was followed by a quick shout and a muttered oath. She felt herself forcibly flung from Legar's arms into the arms of another man panting breathlessly up the sandy slope. She could see this man, even as he held her from falling, stop to level his gun at the fleeing figure of Legar. She could see him shoot again, and still again, at the same moment that Train and the plunging automobile came throbbing and panting up to the scene, the electric lamps throwing out their wavering, long columns of white light as they came. Then the stranger, arrested by certain gasping and gurgling sounds from the throat of the half-garroted girl in his arms, stooped down and tore the constricting veil away from the slender, white column of her neck. And Margery, opening her eyes, saw that it was the Laughing Mask bending above her.

"It was Legar!" she gasped as Train, followed by her father, came panting up to where they stood.

"And there he goes now!" cried the Laughing Mask, pointing down the long lane of light columning out from the car's lamps. Across that narrow river of light they could catch a glimpse of a tall figure skulking off into the darkness.

"Follow that man with your car," the Laughing Mask suddenly cried out to the chauffeur.

"No car could travel through country like that!" protested Train.

"Then keep your lights on the main road to the west here, so as to pick him up if he tried to break through on that side. I'll swing around by the foundry yards and head him off in the east!"

And the next moment the man in the yellow mask had disappeared in the darkness. Golden and his daughter stood staring after him.

Two minutes later the blackness that had swallowed him up was stabbed by a series of flame flashes, followed by the repeated bark of a revolver. From the gloom still nearer the shadowy piles of the Westinghouse foundry came an answering series of shots.

"That means he's making for the foundry, sir!" cried the excited Train as he swung his car about.

"Then, for God's sake, get us there, as quick as you can," commanded Enoch Golden as the car lurched, and pulsed and crawled on between the broken shrubbery, in perilous search for some open pathway.

But both Legar and his pursuer were by this time well beyond their line of vision. That desperate-minded master criminal, in fact, realizing that his enemy was pressing close at his heels, mounted a slag pile, dropped flat, and emptied his revolver into the darkness, where the Laughing Mask should have been.

But the wary pursuer, dropping low beside an empty pitch barrel, held his fire—and waited. The moment he heard the crisp sound of footsteps along the slag slope he once more took up the pursuit.

That pursuit led through a narrow lane between great piles of structural

iron. It led through an abandoned boiler room, then on through a dimly lighted and low-roofed structure of pulleys and lathes, and from there to the brighter lighted and higher roofed metal room of the foundry itself. There, beside glowing furnaces half-naked men toiled over incandescent annealing boxes and cauldrons of molten metal. There, gigantic track cranes swung bows of liquid fire from crucibles to mold beds.

And there the harried Legar, bewildered by the sudden bright light, ran like a pelted bound dove the sandy paths between forge and coke oven and cauldron crans. There, seeing his way blocked by a group of round-eyed Lithuanians, he swung, ostlike, up into the iron network of the cable bridges, with his pursuer still close at his heels. And there, midway across that smoke-stained roof, that echoed with the tumult of thunderous hammers and directly over a king cauldron of molten steel, the two men came together.

There Legar, with his metal claw hooked securely into the iron network above his head, swung about and faced his enemy. And there, on that grimy bridge high above the equally grimy workmen who left their forges and lathes and cauldrons to witness the struggle, the two enemies, who had so long and bitterly opposed each other, found themselves face to face for their final struggle.

Yet the man in the yellow mask seemed the cooler headed of the two, for as Legar struck snarling at his face he ducked low on his narrow perch and at the same moment whipped his revolver from the side pocket of his coat. Yet Legar, with a movement equally prompt, kicked viciously at the fingers clustered about the gun-butt before the weapon itself could be brought into use. The next moment that weapon fell with a hiss and splash into the lake of molten metal beneath them.

Then the struggle became one of tendon against tendon, of straining muscle against muscle, of empty-handed mortal strength pitted against mortal strength. There, like animals of the wild, high in some Amazonian eyrie, the two strangely entangled figures fought and struggled and clawed and struck.

In the matter of mere physical strength Legar seemed to have the advantage. And what under ordinary circumstances might have proved a disability could now be turned to his advantage. For the iron claw at the end of his right arm, hooked securely into the network of steel behind him, held him there without effort and without strain. His opponent, on the other hand, found it no easy task to make sure of his perch above that ever-intimidating cauldron of molten metal. His arm shook with the tension imposed on his overtaxed muscles. His fingers became numb with pain, threatening to lose their prehensile power, and even as he fought he weakened to a realization that he must change his hold.

It was as he maneuvered to bring about this shift of position that the ever-watchful Legar, alert for the most trivial advantage, saw his chance. Swinging his body suddenly free from its footing on the narrow ledge of metal where he stood, he pendulumed towards his momentarily unstable opponent, throwing his feet forward and upward, as he did so, with all the force of a football player kicking a double punt.

The force of this unlooked-for impact was too much for the man in the mask. He tottered back, caught frantically at a soot-covered steel bar beside him, dropped the full length of its diagonal course before he could make sure of his clutch, and came into violent collision with the heavy iron block of a crane ladle. There, half-stunned by the blow, he fell sprawling across a polished steel cable which drooped floorward between the block and its empty metal pot. He tried to clutch that cable as he fell, but his speed proved too great and his overtaxed fingers were too weak. As he fell along its polished surface, however, it offered sufficient resistance to carry his limp body beyond the peril of that open lake of molten metal, which, his frantic brain kept telling him, meant death. And as he dropped weakly from the cable loop to a pile of molding sand lying between a casting box and an empty spill trough, a score of watching men gave utterance to a shout of relief and a score of waiting hands were there to help him to his feet.

So intent were those astounded ironworkers on watching that perilous fall, however, that they paid scant attention to the second figure climbing spiderlike higher along the blackened ironwork of the blackened roof. They caught no glimpse of him as he scrambled, sooty and panting, through the ventilating flue that opened on the roof itself. Nor did any eye follow him as he crept, gorilla-like, along the perilous slope of that roof until he came to the end of the building. Along this end he found a lightning rod, running from the peak of its roof to the ground. He promptly tested the strength of this wire, satisfying himself carefully, foot by foot, by means of one hand and an iron hook which struck and clung to the metal with the vicious tenacity of an eagle's claw.

When he reached the ground, still breathing heavily, he looked cautiously about. Then, making sure he was not observed, he slipped into the shadow of a pile of iron ingots, once more waited and listened, and then, crouching low, crossed the foundry yard and climbed the high board fence surrounding it. And a moment later the darkness of the night had swallowed him up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Half a mile deeper in that shrubbery this runaway team would surely have reached the spot where a black limousine stood hidden away in the shadow of laurel-cope, had not still another and an equally unheralded factor entered into the situation. This factor took the form of a high-power roadster in which was seated a man wearing a yellow mask. His intrusion into that orderly little procession, indeed, proved as abrupt as One-Lamp Louie's eruption from it. And he seemed plainly suspicious of both Louie's motives and movements, for he lost no time in swinging from the highway and plunging recklessly after the runaway carriage.

As his car approached the runaway cab that mysterious stranger, known as the Laughing Mask, stepped to the running-board of his roadster, leaning far out as the two swerving vehicles drew together. One-Lamp Louie, whatever he may have thought of that approach, had little means of evading it. To swing off what narrow road remained before him seemed frankly suicidal. To lash his team to greater effort was already out of the question. To take his hands from the reins, even, along that uncertain road, was equally foolhardy. So the strange race went on, the swaying and bounding cab with a white-faced girl tossed about under its hood, the leaping and lurching roadster, every second drawing closer down on its quarry yet every second threatening to turn turtle over one of the grassy embankments above which it shuddered and slewed.

It was the Laughing Mask, leaning far out from his running-board, who threw open the cab-door and called sharply to the startled girl.

"Quick," he commanded.

For one moment she hesitated. Then she reached out for the unsteady hand groping for her.

The next moment she found herself sitting back, a little breathless, in the leather-upholstered seat of the roadster and the man in the Laughing Mask smiling down at her.

The Black Watch.

A number of things had happened and were happening to disconnect, if not to discourage, the redoubtable Legar. That astute young adventurer, Betsy Le Marsh, alias Williamsburg Elsie, who, with the aid of divers forged recommendations, had installed herself in the Golden household, repeatedly and stubbornly reported that David Manley was dead.

Williamsburg Elsie also expressed a strong desire to migrate from the house in which she found herself so inquisitive a maid, since that house, she declared, was too full of "queer things" for her comfort.

When, at Legar's suggestion, she had tried to "pump a needleful o' dope" into her altogether unsuspecting mistress, a dead man's face had suddenly appeared between her and the bedroom door. And on two different occasions, after midnight, when she had ventured down to the housekeeper's telephone to send in a secret message to Legar himself, she had found herself confronted by a ghost in white.

Nor was Betsy Le Marsh the only malcontent. Even Red Egan himself, one of the best "cold-steel" men in all the group that clustered about the Owl's Nest, had of late shown unmistakable signs of mental disturbance. A dead man's ghost, he declared, had looked in through one of the headquarters' windows. Red Egan, it is true, had promptly emptied his six-shooter at that phantasmal intruder, but with nothing more to show for it than a shattered window-sash and six panes of broken glass.

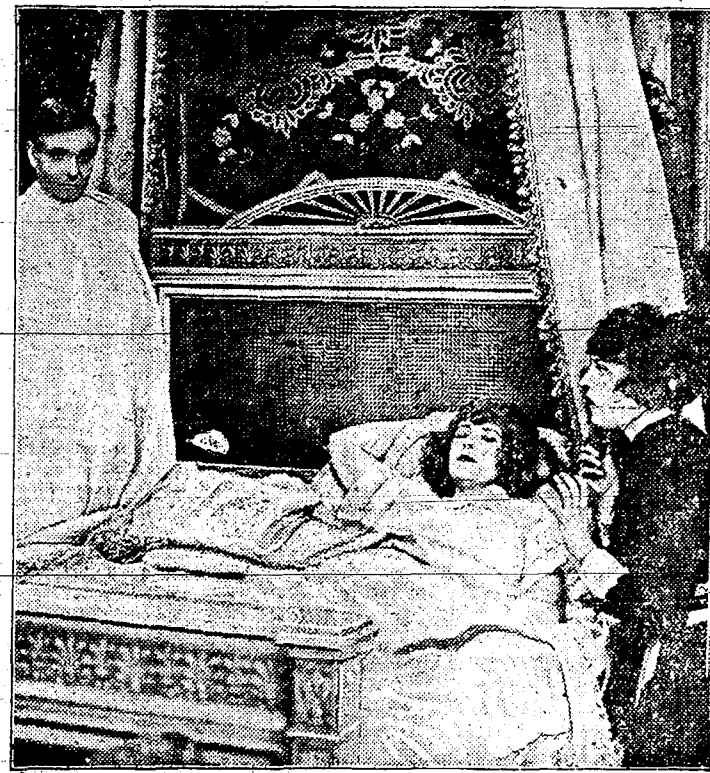
When the master-criminal, to put an end to all such absurdities, had by the force of many dire threats and oaths compelled both One-Lamp Louie and Red Egan himself to repair to the

Golden mausoleum and verify the contents of the mysterious casket there deposited, Red Egan had returned with the preposterous story of a white sheet suddenly descending out of the blackness of the vault and whisking One-Lamp Louie out of reach and slay out of sight. And since the once valiant Red Egan showed so craven a spirit that nothing short of a quart of three-star brandy could tranquilize his shaken nerves and since One-Lamp Louie showed no signs of returning from the mysterious realms into which the afore-mentioned white sheet had whisked him, Legar promptly and wrathfully decided to take the matter into his own hands. He would lay this ghost, he announced, or something would go smash in the process.

But he had no intention of approaching that intimidating mausoleum without due and definite preparation. With him he took a powerful pocket flashlight, a Colt automatic pistol and a couple of extra clips of cartridges, but the instrument on which he reposed the most confidence was a gun-metal disk little bigger than a pocket anemometer, some three inches in diameter and no thicker than a man's hand. This innocent-looking disk, which could be slipped into a vest pocket as easily as a timepiece, was known to the habitues of the Owl's Nest as the Black Watch.

While actually nothing more than a small-sized hand grenade, its claim to distinction lay in the tremendous explosive power which stood compressed between its slender metal walls.

Legar was not a coward. Yet as he stood in the clammy midnight air of the Golden mausoleum and quietly removed the screws that held the top on the black casket beside him, he found that combination of silence and gloom and unsavory surroundings a little more of a strain on his nerves than he had anticipated. Yet as he lifted back the sable cover of the casket he did so with a hand that was still steady.



When She Tried to "Pump a Needleful o' Dope" Into Her Mistress, a Dead Man's Face Appeared.

Then he took up his flashlight, and pressing close to the coffin's side, stood studying the pallid face that lay surrounded by its even more pallid drapery of white satin.

He stared at that pallid face long and intently. He stared at it with studious and narrowing eyes. Then he did a strange and an inexplicable thing.

Lifting his maimed right arm that ended in its shank of steel, he brought it down with a crash on the glass cover of the casket. Then, as though infuriated by some unreasoning hatred for the pallid face still staring so impassively up at him, he struck again. This time the blow fell directly on the head between the white satin swathings. But that flailing arm, instead of striking a human head of flesh and bone, crashed down through a thin shell of fiber and tinted wax.

Legar, focusing his light on that shattered mask, emitted a short bark of triumph as the meaning of it all came home to him. He leaned for several minutes over the violated casket, staring at it with insolent yet abstracted eyes, pondering just what move could lie beyond so intricately engineered a subterfuge. And the answer to that question came more promptly and more directly than he had anticipated. For as he stood there, turning a piece of the wax-covered tissue meditatively over in his fingers, the electric bulbs that strung the mausoleum roof broke into sudden light. From different quarters of that shadowy building, at the same time, stepped a group of hidden officers, headed by David Manley himself.

So quickly and so quietly did that transformation take place, indeed, that the man leaning over the casket had neither time nor chance to change his position. He merely blinked a little stupidly at the revolver which glimmered in Manley's hand. Then, with a gesture that seemed equally stupid, he reached for his watch and held the heavy gun-metal case meditatively between his fingers.

"Stick 'em up!" Manley was at the same time commanding with a curt head movement towards Legar's hands. "It may have taken some work, but this is the time we gather you in!"

Legar laughed as he confronted his enemies.

"Do you want to take me alive?"

"Alive or dead, I'm going to take you!"

"Then take this first," cried Legar. At the same moment that he spoke the left hand in which he still held what seemed to be a black metal watch case swung forward. And as that object which so closely resembled a black watch hurtled through the air, Legar flung himself flat on his face along the vault flooring. Then the black watch struck.

The next moment the walls of that ponderous structure of marble and sandstone seemingly built to defy time itself, lifted bodily in the air, like the hull of a torpedoed dreadnaught. Then, following the roar and rumble of that vast detonation, came the momentary cataclysmic silence which so strangely and yet so inevitably succeeds a calamity too gigantic and too abrupt to be understood.

That ominous silence, however, lasted only for a few seconds. Out of it arose muffled calls and thin cries for help, followed by answering shouts from many different points in the darkness as rescuing hands set to work on the ruins.

And out of those ruins, while this work was going on, emerged two bruised and tattered figures strangely divergent in appearance. The first figure, worming its way out through the interstices of crumbled rock and cement, as cautiously and as silently as a wounded blacksnake might crawl from a cave, bore an iron claw at the end of its right arm and betrayed an unmistakable desire to creep away into the darkness before being observed.

The second man, who, on recovering consciousness found himself encaged between two fallen pillars of marble topped by one of the roof slabs, experienced no little difficulty in emerging to the open, so closely were these protecting pillars wedged about him.

But as he worked his bruised body

All this Legar might have done, and might have done without great difficulty, had not a trace of his older obsession of hate impinged on his clearly outlined course of action.

He was once more himself, by this time, walking with a limp that was scarcely discernible. But as he stole down from the higher ground and made his way back towards the Westingham chimney flares he became once more conscious of the whiter glare along the roadside he was so cautiously skirting. This, he remembered, as he stole nearer, came from the headlights of a stalled limousine. Then he made a second and a more startling discovery. He knew, even before he caught sight of Train working over his helpless car, that it belonged to Enoch Golden. But what actually drew him closer to the spot was a glimpse of Margery Golden herself, in a gray fur motor coat, as she stepped from the body of the car and came full into the glare of the headlights, closer beside her stooping chauffeur.

"Are we stalled?" he could hear the girl ask.

"We'll be off again in a minute or two, Miss Margery," was Train's preoccupied reply.

"But I can't stand here helpless," protested the girl. "I can't wait. I must know what has happened to David Manley."

"Whatever it was, it's over and done by this time."

"But he may be dead. He may be lying crushed under those fallen pillars. I must go on. Tell father I couldn't wait, that I've gone ahead on foot!"

Legar, crouching back in the shadows, heard these hurried words and as hurriedly acted on them. Slinking back through the bushes, he swung about, and followed the girl through the darkness.

Yet it was not until the girl had passed well out of hailing distance of the headlighted car that Legar circled eyes more hurriedly forward and swung in again to intercept her.

She was trudging, a little breathlessly, up a sandy slope, with her straining eyes still fixed on the moving lanterns about the ruined mausoleum.

Then, swinging apparently out of the empty air about her, a circle of steel, suddenly encompassing her arm, brought her to an abrupt stop.

With one quick movement Legar tore the motor veil from her head, twisted it into a coil, and flung it about her neck. And all the while the iron claw, grasping at her arm, held her as a steel trap might.

She was already dizzy with pain when she heard the sharp crack of a revolver shot close over her shoulder. This was followed by a quick shout and a muttered oath. She felt herself forcibly flung from Legar's arms into the arms of another man panting breathlessly up the sandy slope. She could see this man, even as he held her from falling, stop to level his gun at the fleeing figure of Legar. She could see him shoot again, and still again, at the same moment that Train and the plunging automobile came throbbling and panting up to the scene, the electric lamps throwing out their wavering, long columns of white light as they came. Then the stranger, arrested by certain gasping and gurgling sounds from the throat of the half-garroted girl in his arms, stooped down and tore the constricting-veil away from the slender, white column of her neck. And Margery, opening her eyes, saw that it was the Laughing Mask bending above her.

"It was Legar!" she gasped as Train, followed by her father, came panting up to where they stood.

"And there he goes now!" cried the Laughing Mask, pointing down the long lane of light columning out from the car's lamps. Across that narrow river of light they could catch a glimpse of a tall figure skulking off into the darkness.

"Follow that man with your car," the Laughing Mask suddenly cried out to the chauffeur.

"No car could travel through country like that!" protested Train.

"Then keep your lights on the main road to the west here, so as to pick him up if he tried to break through on that side. I'll swing around by the foundry yards and head him off in the east!"

And the next moment the man in the yellow mask had disappeared in the darkness. Golden and his daughter stood staring after him.

Two minutes later the blackness that had swallowed him up was stabbed by a series of flame flashes, followed by the repeated bark of a revolver. From the gloom still nearer the shadowy piles of the Westingham foundry came an answering series of shots.

"That means he's making for the foundry, sir!" cried the excited Train as he swung his car about.

"Then, for God's sake, get us there as quick as you can," commanded Enoch Golden as the car lurched and pulsed and crawled on between the broken shrubbery, in perilous search for some open pathway.

But both Legar and his pursuer were by this time well beyond their line of vision. That desperate-minded master criminal, in fact, realizing that his enemy was pressing close at his heels, mounted a slag pile, dropped flat, and emptied his revolver into the darkness, where the Laughing Mask should have been.

But the wary pursuer, dropping low beside an empty pitch barrel, held his fire and waited. The moment he heard the crisp sound of footsteps along the slag slope he once more took up the pursuit.

That pursuit led through a narrow lane between great piles of structural

iron. It led through an abandoned boiler room, then on through a dimly lighted and low-roofed structure of pulleys and lathes, and from there to the brighter lighted and higher roofed metal room of the foundry itself. There, beside glowing furnaces half-naked men toiled over incandescent annealing boxes and cauldrons of molten metal. There, gigantic track cranes swung bowls of liquid fire from crucibles to mold beds.

And there the harried Legar, bewildered by the sudden bright light, ran like a pelted hound down the sandy paths between forge and coke oven and cauldron cranes. There, seeing his way blocked by a group of round-eyed Lithuanians, he swung, ostlike, up into the iron network of the cable bridges, with his pursuer still close at his heels. And there, midway across that smoke-stained roof, that echoed with the tumult of thunderous hammers and directly over a king cauldron of molten steel, the two men came together.

There Legar, with his metal claw hooked securely into the iron network above his head, swung about and faced his enemy. And there, on that grimy bridge high above the equally grimy workmen who left their forges and lathes and cauldrons to witness the struggle, the two enemies, who had so long and bitterly opposed each other, found themselves face to face for their final struggle.

Yet the man in the yellow mask seemed the cooler headed of the two, for as Legar struck snarling at his face he ducked low on his narrow perch, and at the same moment whipped his revolver from the side pocket of his coat. Yet Legar, with a movement equally prompt, kicked viciously at the fingers clustered about the gun-butt before the weapon itself could be brought into use. The next moment that weapon fell with a hiss and splash into the lake of molten metal beneath them.

Then the struggle became one of tendon against tendon, of straining muscle against muscle, of empty-handed mortal strength pitted against mortal strength. There, like animals of the wild, high in some Amazonian eyrie, the two strangely entangled figures fought and struggled and clawed and struck.

In the matter of mere physical strength Legar seemed to have the advantage. And what under ordinary circumstances might have proved a disability could now be turned to his advantage. For the iron claw at the end of his right arm, hooked securely into the network of steel behind him, held him there without effort and without strain. His opponent, on the other hand, found it no easy task to make sure of his perch above that ever-intimidating cauldron of molten metal. His arm shook with the tension imposed on his overtaxed muscles. His fingers became numb with pain, threatening to lose their prehensile power, and even as he fought he weakened to a realization that he must change his hold.

It was as he maneuvered to bring about this shift of position that the ever-watchful Legar, alert for the most trivial advantage, saw his chance. Swinging his body suddenly free from its footing on the narrow ledge of metal where he stood, he pendulumed towards his momentarily unstable opponent, throwing his feet forward and upward, as he did so, with all the force of a football player kicking a double punt.

The force of this unlooked-for impact was too much for the man in the mask. He tottered back, caught frantically at a soot-covered steel bar beside him, dropped the full length of its diagonal course before he could make sure of his clutch, and came into violent collision with the heavy iron block of a crane ladle. There, half-stunned by the blow, he fell sprawling across a polished steel cable which drooped floorward between the block and its empty metal pot. He tried to clutch that cable as he fell, but his speed proved too great and his overtaxed fingers were too weak. As he fell along its polished surface, however, it offered sufficient resistance to carry his limp body beyond the peril of that open lake of molten metal, which, his frantic brain kept telling him, meant death. And as he dropped weakly from the cable loop to a pile of molding sand lying between a casting box and an empty spill trough, a score of watching men gave utterance to a shout of relief and a score of waiting hands were there to help him to his feet.

So intent were those astounded ironworkers on watching that perilous fall, however, that they paid scant attention to the second figure climbing spiderlike higher along the blackened ironwork of the blackened roof. They caught no glimpse of him as he scrambled, sooty and panting, through the ventilating flue that opened on the roof itself. Nor did any eye follow him as he crept, gorilla-like, along the perilous slope of that roof until he came to the end of the building. Along this end he found a lightning rod, running from the peak of its roof to the ground. He promptly tested the strength of this wire, satisfying himself carefully, foot by foot, by means of one hand and an iron hook which struck and clung to the metal with the vicious tenacity of an eagle's claw.

When he reached the ground, still breathing heavily, he looked cautiously about. Then, making sure he was not observed, he slipped into the shadow of a pile of iron ingots, once more waited and listened, and then, crouching low, crossed the foundry yard and climbed the high board fence surrounding it. And a moment later the darkness of the night had swallowed him up.

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## Briefs of the Week

Mrs. Wm. Boswell is in Detroit on business.

Harry Doerr was at Traverse City this week.

J. W. Rogers was a Charlevoix visitor, Monday.

Mrs. J. E. Houghton is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Miss Francis Roy left Wednesday for Battle Creek.

Mrs. Ella E. Tillotson was here from Charlevoix, Monday.

Mrs. Stanton Gregory is visiting friends at White Cloud.

Pres. C. S. Abbott of Detroit was in the city over Sunday.

W. J. Ellison left Thursday on a business trip to Escanaba.

Dr. H. W. Parks was at Deward on professional business, Tuesday.

Frank Severance returned last week from a business trip to Arkansas.

Mrs. Datus Dean of Ironton is guest of Mrs. J. H. Milford this week.

Bruce Dickie, Stewart Carr and Mr. Kane spent Sunday at Boyne City.

Mrs. E. A. Ashley entertained the Whist Club Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Severance left last week for Monterey, Cal., to visit her son.

Carl Heinzelman's home from Midland for a visit with his family here.

The Electa Club will meet with Mrs. Ed. Price next Thursday afternoon.

R. O. Bisbee and George Jepson were at Charlevoix on business, Monday.

Mrs. W. P. Porter left Thursday for Oberlin to visit her daughter, Miss Esther.

Mrs. G. W. Kitsman and children returned home Monday from their visit at St. David.

Carl Stroebel returned Monday from Detroit, where he attended a Hardware Convention.

The Knights of Pythians entertained the Pythian Sisters at their hall Thursday evening.

G. W. Anderson of Detroit was here first of the week in the interest of the Telephone Co.

Manley Winters and Thos. Whiteford home from Flint for a visit with the families here.

The local telephone girls were entertained at the home of Miss Alice Green last Friday evening.

Miss Augusta Schroeder was called home from Flint by the illness of her father, John Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Reynolds and son will spend Sunday at Frederic visiting the former's parents.

A surprise party was given Chas. Danto at his home Thursday evening in honor of his birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert McKinnon returned to Flint, Tuesday, after being called here by the death of the former's mother.

Rev. R. S. Sidebotham and W. H. Sloan were at Petoskey first of the week attending a meeting of the Presbytery.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Adams of Grayling were guests at the home of the former's brother, Eugene and family over Sunday.

John Severance returned from Chicago, Monday, where he accompanied his mother, Mrs. F. Severance on her trip to California.

The Pythian Sisters will give a Broncho Party at the K. of P. hall next Thursday evening, March 1st. You are invited to attend.

The Colonial Ball given by the Lady Maccabees at the Armory Monday evening was well attended and was much enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Wm. Roberts and daughter returned to their home at Central Lake, Thursday, after visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Carl Stroebel.

Little Howard Whiteford had the misfortune to break one of his arms, Monday at Deward. His mother, Mrs. Carl Whiteford brought him down here to her mothers, Mrs. Weisler.

Mrs. E. Hammond left Monday for Ney, Ohio, where she was called by the death of her daughter, Mrs. O. I. Garver, formerly Miss Edith Hammond of this city. Mrs. Garver was in East Jordan a couple months ago to attend the funeral of her father, Elias Hammond. Mrs. Hammond was accompanied to Ohio by her son, Gaius.

Earl Danforth returned from Grand Rapids, Monday.

Miss Marjorie Bowen is visiting friends at Elk Rapids this week.

Mrs. Orrin Bartlett returned home from Central Lake, Tuesday.

Mr. Smith of Traverse City was guest of C. L. Arnold a few days this week.

B. E. Waterman has purchased the farm of Silas Lanway in South Arm township.

Miss Esther Malpass left this Friday for Cadillac to visit her brother, Ella and wife.

Mrs. George Clark of Strong's, Mich., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fowler.

Charles Ashley entertained a few of his boy friends, Monday evening in honor of his birthday.

J. E. Strong has moved from his home on the West Side to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lou Scott.

Mrs. G. W. Crouter returned to Charlevoix, Wednesday, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Smatts.

All officers of Mystic Lodge, F. & A. M. are requested to be present at the hall at 7:30 o'clock this Saturday night—Sec'y.

Miss Eva White returned from Manistee, Tuesday, and was able to resume her duties as teacher in our public schools.

Representative J. E. Chew was home from legislative duties a few days the past week. He returned to Lansing, Wednesday.

H. Rosenthal, Prop'r of The Leader, leaves in a few days for the Eastern markets to purchase spring and summer merchandise.

Dr. R. A. Risk gave an interesting address on tuberculosis before the Study Club at the home of Mrs. C. H. Whittington, Tuesday evening.

Chester, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wylie Amberg, was taken to the Ann Arbor hospital last week by Mrs. Hugh W. Dicken. The little fellow has tubercular trouble.

John Schroeder of Echo township underwent an operation for appendicitis at his home last Friday. Dr. Reycraft of Petoskey and Dr. Dicken of this city performed the operation.

Mrs. H. J. Carpenter, who has been a sufferer from cancer the past two years, passed away at her home on the West Side, Friday noon. Funeral arrangements have not, as yet, been completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Danforth returned home from Grand Rapids, Tuesday, where they were called by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. D. C. Danforth. She is reported to be very low at a hospital there.

Owing to a change of time schedule on the P. M. R. R. the E. J. & S. R. R. passenger trains were put on a new running schedule this week. Trains now leave East Jordan at 7:00 a. m. and 12:00 m. Arrive here at 9:45 a. m. and 4:15 p. m.

A telegram arrived here Thursday announcing the death of Martin F. Kenny at Iron River. Deceased was 80 years of age. He was a brother of John M. Kenny and Mrs. Jane Mahar of this city and was guest of relatives here a couple summers ago.

The funeral of Mrs. Hector McKinnon Sr., was held last Sunday as announced in our last issue. Relatives here to attend the obsequies were three brothers Adam Gierke of Grayling, Edward of Detroit, Albert and wife of Perrysburg, Ohio—and a sister, Mrs. L. Sella of Toledo, Ohio. They returned home, Monday.

Among those from here to attend the Methodist Special Dist. Convention at Bellaire, Wednesday, were—Rev. Clemens, Messdames J. A. Nickless, W. S. Carr, R. Barnett and Clark Barrie; Misses Teresa Flagg, and Josie Hammond, Messrs Hilton Milford and Fred Giffin. C. H. Chorpering and Mr. Frost attended from Afton. Rev. Clemens was at Petoskey, Tuesday, to attend a similar Convention in that city.

Remember, Saturday is the last day of the Great After-Inventory Sale now on at THE LEADER.

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

Winter COATS and DRESSES, a few more to close out from 1/2 to 3/4 off the regular price.—WEISMAN'S

REMNANT SALE in the Dry Goods Dept.—East Jordan Lumber Co. Store. Some fine bargains for the economical shopper are offered.

## CONCERT COMPANY COMING MONDAY

Last Musical Attraction on the Entertainment Course.

The Operatic Quintette, a high class musical company, will give the final concert of the Entertainment Course next Monday evening, Feb. 26th, at the Temple Theatre. This company has been trained at the Ithica Conservatory of Music, Ithica, New York and has had several years of successful experience in concert work. The program is a varied one, composed largely of selections and sketches from comic and grand operas. The final number of the program is an operetta, 'Uncle Samuel' written by an English comedian.

This concert company has a splendid reputation in lyceum circles, never failing to please its audience and being returned to the same place several times. Every person in the city who likes good music should hear this concert.

The reserved seat board will be open at Mack's store on Saturday morning. Price, 35 cents.

### St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Feb. 25th.  
8:00 a. m. Mass. Holy Communion for the Sodality and for the Children of Mary.  
10:30 a. m. High mass.  
7:00 p. m. Way of the Cross, Benediction.

Friday, March 2, First Friday.  
5 and 6 a. m. Holy Communion.  
8:00 a. m. mass.  
7:30 p. m. Lenten Devotions, Sermon, Benediction.

### Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Feb. 25, 1917.  
10:30 a. m.—'The Temper of Service.'  
11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.  
6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.  
6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.  
7:00 p. m.—Praise meeting.

The evening meeting will be in charge of the Womans' Missionary Society for their annual praise meeting. Special music. A missionary play will be given by some of the young people.

Tuesday 7:30 p. m. regular monthly meeting of Trustees.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

### Church of God

J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Feb. 25, 1917.  
9:30 a. m. Sunday School.  
10:30 a. m. Morning Service.  
2:30 p. m. Services at Three Bell School House.  
7:30 p. m. Evening Service.

On account of illness in the home of one of the evangelists we have been delayed with our regular mid-winter revival meeting, but will now begin Friday evening Feb. 23. Two Evangelists are expected beside other workers from nearby congregations. Services each evening, beginning at 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

### First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, February 25, 1917.  
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship. 'The Christian's Work.'  
11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.  
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Leaders Miss Ella Barnett and Miss Cora Heath.  
7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. 'The Coming of Christ.'

The Mission Study Class meets with Miss Eunice Carr next Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Visitors welcome.  
Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

### ECHO BRIEFS

The crispness of the weather makes the news brief this week.

John Carney is busy hauling logs to the Lilak mill to be made into lumber for his new barn.

A number of the friends and relatives of Mrs. Mary Bartholomew met with her and helped to celebrate the event of her 78th birthday on Feb. 16th.

On Feb. 13th a very similar event to the one just mentioned occurred at the home of Mrs. Lucretia Bartholomew on her 68th birthday, in both instances dinner was served and some very useful gifts were presented.

John Schroeder is reported as slowly recovering from the operation which took place at his home last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker visited at the home of Thos. Bartholomew on Sunday last.

Miss Augusta Schroeder was called home from Flint by the illness of her father.

## "The Operatic Quintette"

A POPULAR MUSICAL COMPANY OF LONG and SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE

Monday Evening, Feb'y 26th

TEMPLE THEATRE

THIS IS THE LAST CONCERT OF ENTERTAINMENT-COURSE.

Admission 35c

Children 25c



## Last Call! Great After- Inventory Sale

positively ends Saturday night, Feb'y 24th, at **The Leader.** Hurry! Hurry! and take advantage of our most wonderful offerings.

We can say only a few words relative to this great wind-up.

Our prices on merchandise is now, to a great extent, MUCH LOWER than we can buy today. WHY NOT TAKE THIS YOUR LAST CHANCE of Purchasing Your immediate and future wants at prices which will put joy in the most prudent buyer.

## One more and last cut in price on Ladies' and Misses' COATS

Garments that formerly sold at \$12.50 and \$14.50, some silk-lined throughout, some plush coats, they will go till Saturday night at, per garment..... **\$5.00**

Ladies' and Misses' strictly **HOODS**  
ALL WOOL and SILK  
Former Price 50c **29c each**  
At This Sale....



## Men's and Young Men's SUITS

A man's or young man's Suit at only \$5.79. This collection consists of navys and gray, three-piece suits values up to \$10.00, at this sale only **\$5.79**

Assortment of men's and young men's suits only \$7.29. In this assortment you'll find brown and navy worsted suits, well tailored and mercerized lining, a \$12 value **\$7.29**

Men's and young men's suits at this sale \$10.88. In this assortment you will find all wool tweeds, serges and all wool fancy worsted suits, values \$15 up to \$18, at **\$10.88**

Men's and young men's finest hand tailored suits at this sale only \$15.95. In this assortment you will find club cloths, well known M. Wiles Suits, also class A well known Rochester makes, suits in fine blue serges, all wool tweeds and black broadcloth. Suits well worth \$22.50 and \$25, this sale **\$15.95**

### BOYS' SUITS

Boys Suits Norfolk and pinched back makes, knicker pants, laid out in three assortments marked down on red tags:—  
Assortment One—former price \$3.50, this sale **\$2.48**.  
Assortment Two—former price \$5.00, this sale **\$3.69**.  
Assortment Three—former prices \$6.50 and \$7.50, sale **\$4.98**.



Men's heavy wool kersey Pants, good \$2.75 values, this sale **\$1.88**.  
Ten doz. men's well known Geo. P. Ide make shirts, not all sizes, they are samples and odd lots and not a garment sold less than \$1.00 and some \$1.25 and \$1.50 values among them, your choice, this sale **79c each**.  
Ten dozen mens Linen Collars, samples, this sale **2c each**.  
One tablefull mens Dress Hats, values \$1.75 up to \$2.00, **88c each**.  
Mens and boys heavy winter Caps with ear laps, 35c and 50c values, **22c**

DO NOT DELAY  
BUY A "WHITE" TODAY

Sold by the  
EAST JORDAN  
LUMBER COMPANY

## THE LEADER

H. ROSENTHAL, Prop'r

Madison Block, Main-st, East Jordan



**Keeps Your Stove Shining Bright**



Gives a brilliant glossy shine that does not rub off or dust off—that remains on the iron—that lasts four times as long as any other.

**Black Silk Stove Polish**

is in a class by itself. It's more correctly made than any other from better materials.

Try it on your parlor stove, your book stove or your range. If you don't find the best polish for your stove, your hardware or grocery dealer is authorized to refund you the money.

There's "A Shiny Stove" Every Day!

**Get a Can TODAY**

**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.**

If all this good had not died young there would be a lot of cranky old people on earth today.

**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. 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.

**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. C. H. Pray**

**Dentist**

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m., And Evenings.

Phone No. 223.

**25 Post Cards 10 cents.** Assorted

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

**FAMILY STORY PAPER**  
2426 Vandewater Street  
New York

**HOW To Disinfect a Room After Contagious Diseases**

**DISINFECTION** means destroying of germs that cause disease. Many of these germs live in the human body and are given off with the secretions and discharges of the mouth, nose, ear, skin and other organs.

If these germs are destroyed as they leave the body it will prevent to a large extent the spread of disease.

Disinfection can be accomplished by heat and by chemical solutions.

The best disinfectant is fire. Cloths used in wiping the nose, mouth and ear of the sick should be burned. The next best disinfectant is boiling. Bedclothes and linen, dishes, towels and other articles must be boiled for at least half an hour after the water has come to a boiling-point. This will destroy all dangerous germs.

Chemical solutions are also useful. The two best are corrosive sublimate and carbolic acid. Both are very poisonous, however, and must be used with care.

They should be made up as follows: Corrosive sublimate, one dram (teaspoonful); permanganate of potash, one dram; water, one gallon. Be sure to label "Poison."

Carbolic acid, seven ounces; water, one gallon. Label "Poison" also.

A solution made by dissolving eight ounces of chloride of lime in one gallon of water is useful, but must be freshly prepared each time.

All body discharges may be placed in one of these solutions and allowed to remain for half an hour. All solid particles must be broken up.

The corrosive sublimate solution if diluted one-half with water may be used to wash the hands after handling a case of contagious disease.

Remember that not only the patient, but all articles coming in contact with him, are dangerous and should be disinfected.

It is sometimes advisable to hang a sheet moistened with corrosive sublimate over the door of the room in which the patient is isolated.

**STARS BY DAYLIGHT.**

**Why We Cannot See Them, Despite Some Old Ideas.**

It is curious how the popular mind persists in clinging to certain ideas which have no foundation whatever in fact. One of these is the belief that the stars are visible by daylight if viewed from the bottom of a deep well, a mine shaft or a tall chimney.

Way back in the time of Aristotle this idea began to gain currency. It was vouched for not only by the great Greek philosopher, but by many other eminent scientists since his time who never took the trouble to investigate the matter and prove for themselves that it was not so. Humboldt was one of the first scientific men to inquire into the correctness of this idea. It interested him particularly because he had spent a great deal of time in mines himself. His own experience furnished nothing whatever to confirm the idea, and after questioning miners in various parts of the world he declared himself unable to find the slightest evidence that the stars are ever visible by daylight from the bottom of wells or mine shafts.

The whole idea is just as mythical as that of the wonderful pot of gold that is buried at the foot of the rainbow. The invisibility of the stars in the daytime is due to the glare of the atmosphere illuminated by the sun's rays. There is absolutely no reason why being at the bottom of the well or down in a mine should diminish this glare enough to make the stars visible to the human eye.

There is a good deal of difference, as science has lately found out, in the visibility of stars and planets when viewed through a telescope by daylight. This varies according to the color of the heavenly bodies. The red or yellow stars are much more easily seen than the white ones. Unless the telescope is focused with the greatest accuracy often an extremely bright star will be absolutely lost against a daylight field.

As a general thing the planets are much less visible in daylight than stars. The reason for this is that the telescope diminishes the brightness of the planet's disk as well as of the sky and therefore does not heighten the contrast, as in the case of the star.

**How to Make a Polish for Automobiles or Furniture.**

For furniture or automobile bodies an excellent polish can be made by thinning down boiled linseed oil with turpentine. This should be applied sparingly to the clean surface with a cloth and should be rubbed briskly with a soft dry cloth or cotton waste. It is best not to use body polish on a car until the glass has become dull. Another polish recommended by automobile experts is made from one gallon of turpentine and three and a half ounces of citronella oil, one pint of paraffin oil or light cylinder oil and one and a half ounces of oil of cedar. When the finish on a car has become very dull the appearance can be greatly improved by rubbing with a mixture of cylinder oil and kerosene.

**How to Mend Your Own Umbrella So It Won't Leak It.**

It is very annoying to catch one's new black silk umbrella on a nail and tear a little hole in it, but when the catastrophe has actually happened it is a consolation to know the best way to remedy it. Take a small piece of black sticking plaster and soak it until quite soft. Place this carefully under the hole inside and let it dry. This is better than mending, as it closes the hole neatly without stitches.

**NEW JAUNTINESS.**

Picturesqueness For One Piece Frocks is the Last Note.



Put up in navy blue velvet and satin, this straight lined gown gets its piquancy from the hip drape, which also contains a pocket, and from the girle of disks in steel beads, as many as five of them circling the slender waist. Double rows of velvet buttons close the front.

**DON'T BE PERSONAL.**

The Crudity and the Cruelty of Being Plain Spoken.

Among the immediate members of our families, our nearest and dearest, there frequently prevails a form of affectionate personal service that is irksome and trying, yet cannot be avoided or rebuked without giving offense. There are mothers who harass independent and sensible daughters with silly little admonitions about wearing rubbers and getting home early; who bemoan continually in public their daughters' predilection for tennis, and dislike for fine sewing; who never find it possible to understand why their daughters have views or feelings that differ from their own, says the Woman's Home Companion. And, likewise, we find daughters who adopt the maternal attitude to their mothers and exercise a censorship over their clothes, occupations and recreations in a fashion truly exasperating. It makes the onlooker want to shout violently at these types, "Let each other alone." Even though these attentions are actuated by the fondest love they are an infringement on individual rights. Mother should let daughter play tennis, and daughter should not try to select mother's hats. The result would be a great gain in family peace.

There ought to be a special chapter on "Being Impersonal" in every book of etiquette, and, since books of etiquette are usually consulted only by those who may want to know how many cards to leave on twin sisters or what is the time limit on dinner calls, perhaps this special chapter ought to be included in travel stories—yes, even works of fiction—so that every one who reads may see it. It should consist first of advice on how to be impersonal, with helpful hints, such as: "If your friend looks tired don't tell her so, but do something definite to help her rest." "Never grieve with any one on being either married or unmarried. Both may be fortunate states." "Never criticize any piece of clothing worn by any one, not even a waning stripe on a fat woman or an elbow sleeve on a skinny one." "Never remark on any family likeness. It's bad enough to have it without being told about it."

**Grandmother's Pumpkin Pie.**

Two cupfuls of pumpkin thoroughly mashed after having been steamed in a colander, two cupfuls of milk, one egg, half teaspoonful of ginger, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of molasses, half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of raisins. Boil the raisins half an hour, let the water boil away, slip out the seeds and add the pulp to the pumpkin. Scald the milk and mix with the pumpkin, add the seasoning, molasses and egg last. Bake in a plate lined and rimmed with crust.

**Long Chains Worn.**

Long chains of various sorts are in fashion this winter. The woman who seeks individuality nowadays outnumbers the woman who merely follows the fashion—which means that most women try to find something just a little different in the detail of their dress than that of their friend and neighbor. So it is that there are a dozen and one different sorts of long chains to be found, each as interesting as the one before it.

**Suede and Jersey.**

Callot introduces a sensational new sport suit made up from a side plaited skirt of white silk jersey and a short coat of white suede. It is lined with Indian red silk jersey, and collars and cuffs of the kid are faced with the red.

**HOW TO ECONOMIZE IN THE USE OF COAL.**

—If the consumer is not getting his money's worth—and probably he is not—says the anthracite bureau of information, the fault may be with the stove or furnace, the kind of fuel used, or the method of regulation.

Here are some of the don'ts picked from a pamphlet issued by the bureau:

Don't put in too much coal or too little. Don't crowd it above the top of the fire brick lining in range, cylinder stove or hot air furnace. Fill the fuel space twice a day in winter weather, heaping the coal slightly in the center.

Don't add small quantities of coal several times a day, with attendant shakings that mean loss in economy and comfort. Shake the grate only twice a day before fresh coal is put in, and stop when a bright light shows underneath.

Don't leave the feed door open; it cools the heating surfaces. All checking of draft should be accomplished by shutting the ash pit door and opening the check damper in the stovepipe.

Don't neglect the furnace in mild weather. See that the coal is properly consumed and not shaken through the grate to pass out with the ashes. Keep the ash pit empty. Don't let the ashes bank up under the grate; it not only smuts out air needed for combustion, but tends to warp the grate bars. Remove the ashes regularly once a day, even if only a small amount has fallen.

Don't use the wrong size of coal. Ordinary domestic ranges require "chestnut," larger sizes can use "stove" coal, but "chestnut" will give satisfaction. Fairly large steam and hot water boilers are best operated with "egg size" anthracite; larger sizes use "stove" alone or mixed with "chestnut." Hot air furnaces of all sizes generally in use should be fed with "egg."

If the right size and quality of coal is used no ash-sifter is required. The coal should burn to a fine ash, and its first trip through the stove or furnace should be its last. Clinkers are usually a sign of improper use of the poker or improper regulation of drafts. Too hot a fire produces clinkers.

Dry air is a poor conductor of heat and is also bad for the health. Keep the air in the house reasonably moist. This can be done by placing an open vessel of water on or near each radiator. All hot air furnaces and modern base burner stoves have receptacles for this purpose. They should be refilled every time the fire is replenished.

**PIN MONEY.**

**How a Quaint Explanation of It Became Current.**

The term "pin money" dates back to the seventeenth century, when the modern pin was invented. After that time the maker was allowed to sell them openly only on Jan. 1 and 2, so that court ladies and fashionable dames alike were compelled to buy a large quantity to last them over the year. So extremely important was this yearly purchase that husbands gave their wives large sums of money for the pins. By and by pins became cheaper and cheaper, and women spent their allowance on other vanities, but the term "pin money" remained in use for all "spending" money.

The expression "salt money" is another such. This dates very far back when the Roman workers in the salt mines were paid in salt. The salt they got in return for their labors was called in Latin "salarium," or salt allowance. The word salarium later on was applied to the fees men got for odd jobs. For instance, the Roman noble would say, "For patching my toga I will give the fellow a slight salarium—a bit of money to buy salt with." Finally salarium came to mean wages, salary, what it does today. When we say "a man is not worth his salt" we mean that he is not worth his salary or wages.

**How to Rid Cats and Dogs of the Pest of Fleas.**

Attention has been called to the fact that care must be taken in using tar camphor on dogs to rid them of fleas, not to let them lick their fur before the tar camphor has been brushed off. Tar camphor never should be used on cats, for they naturally lick their fur to keep it smooth, and in this way the camphor will get into the alimentary canal and poison the animal. A valuable cat treated with the camphor had to be killed to put it out of its agony. But in the case of dogs this danger is slight.

**How to Keep Roses Fresh in the House.**

Cut flowers, especially roses, will stay fresh longer if they are kept in salt water. To get the best results a small piece of the stem should be cut off each day. The stem should then be slit about half an inch and salt put in the slit. Fresh water should be put in the vase each day. Greenware should be taken not to drop water in the roses themselves, as it will turn them dark.

**Too Sick To Work**

**Many Women in this Condition Regain Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

**Convincing Proof of This Fact.**

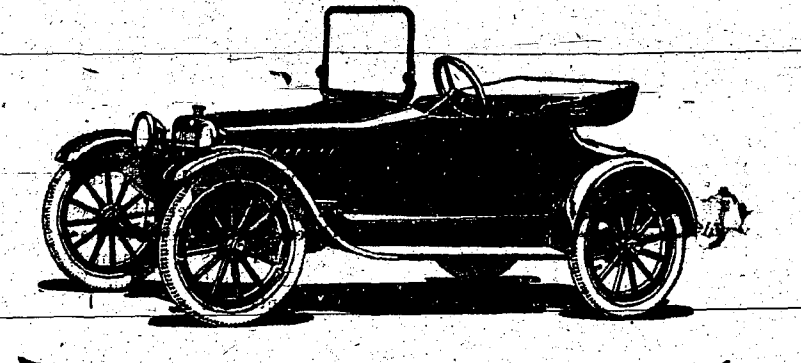
Ridgway, Penn. — "I suffered from female trouble with backache and pain in my side for over seven months so I could not do any of my work. I was treated by three different doctors and was getting discouraged when my sister-in-law told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her. I decided to try it, and it restored my health, so I now do all of my housework which is not light as I have a little boy three years old."

—Mrs. O. M. RHINES, Ridgway, Penn.

**Mrs. Lindsay Now Keeps House For Seven.**

Tennille, Ga. — "I want to tell you how much I have benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About eight years ago I got in such a low state of health I was unable to keep house for three in the family. I had dull, tired, dizzy feelings, cold feet and hands nearly all the time and could scarcely sleep at all. The doctor said I had a severe case of ulceration and without an operation I would always be an invalid, but I told him I wanted to wait awhile. Our druggist advised my husband to get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has entirely cured me. Now I keep house for seven and work in the garden some, too. I am so thankful I got this medicine. I feel as though it saved my life and have recommended it to others and they have benefited." —Mrs. W. E. LINDESEY, R. R. 3, Tennille, Ga.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



**Saxon Roadster**

**GREATEST VALUE LOW-PRICED CAR**

Strictly speaking Saxon Roadster is the greatest value low-priced car on the market. It is absolutely unequalled in the number and quality of the equipment and conveniences it carries. Note them carefully—best two-unit starting and lighting system built; new style body, big, roomy and comfortable; demountable rims with 30-inch by 3-inch tires; new style top with Grecian rear bow; electric horn; tire carrier; speedometer; new design carburetor that gives greatest efficiency and easier starting; three speed transmission; Timken axles; Hyatt quiet bearings; Saxon high-speed motor of unusual power, speed, smoothness, flexibility and coolness; ventilating windshield; and twenty further refinements. Saxon Roadster, \$495 f. o. b. Detroit.

**W. E. CHAPELLE**  
AGENT  
ALDEN, MICH.



Left to right: Nance O'Neil, famous Photo Mutual star; Frank Powell, director; and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, celebrated writer and the author of "Mrs. Beljames." First of Miss O'Neil's Powell Mutual productions, now nearing completion. This picture shows Mrs. Atherton getting acquainted with a camera.