

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

For the City of East Jordan for the Month of December, 1916.

General Fund RECEIPTS

December	
1 Balance on hand	\$ 5272.80
7 City Clerk, pool licenses	15.00
7 City Clerk, chat. mort. fees	4.25
7 City Clerk, county order	20.25
7 City Clerk, street licenses	5.00
23 E. J. Cabinet Co., water pipe	28.32
Tax Roll, city taxes	28.32
Tax Roll, penalties	8.94
Total	\$ 5498.20

DISBURSEMENTS

1 Henry Cook, salary	75.00
8 J. A. Lancaster, salary	25.00
8 James Gidley, salary	25.00
6 Mich. Tel. Co., rentals, etc.	7.72
6 Dwight H. Fitch, salary and rental	24.17
6 Andrew Berg, repairing hose house	35.00
6 R. A. Risk, salary (Health Officer)	25.00
6 Peoples Bank, order Elec. Light Co.	209.50
6 Otis J. Smith, salary, postage, etc.	27.91
9 Henry Cook, killing dogs	14.00
20 State Bank E. J., ins. on Hose House	28.60
20 E. J. Lbr. Co., lumber	1.54
20 State Bank E. J., ins. on Town Hall	8.25
20 A. Walstad, labor-material	22.11
20 State Bank, Treasurer's bond	30.00
20 E. J. Hose Co., Boswell fire false alarm and practice	44.00
20 Reid-Graff Co., labor and material	821.80
11 A. E. Cross, salary	50.00
21 R. Bingham, fire team	25.00
30 Otis J. Smith, salary for Dec	25.00
31 Balance on hand	3961.80
Total	\$ 5486.20

Street and Sewer Fund RECEIPTS

December	
1 Balance on hand	\$ 2895.56
Tax Roll, city taxes	20.96
Total	\$ 2916.52

DISBURSEMENTS

2 E. W. Giles, cleaning streets	27.00
6 Alonzo Graves, draying	2.50
6 Charx. Abs. & Eng. Co., engineering services	9.00
6 City Treas., payment of labor	15.80
16 E. W. Giles, street labor	27.00
20 E. J. Cabinet Co., grade stakes	5.51
20 Chas. Ericks, team work	3.90
30 E. W. Giles, street labor	27.00
30 City Treas., payment of labor	28.85
31 Balance on hand	2769.96
Total	\$ 2916.52

Water Works Fund RECEIPTS

December	
1 Balance on hand	\$ 450.60
Water receipts	28.89
Total	\$ 479.49

DISBURSEMENTS

6 Peoples Bank, order Elec. Light Co.	\$ 105.85
31 Balance on hand	373.64
Total	\$ 479.49

Interest and Sinking Fund RECEIPTS

December	
1 Balance on hand	\$ 1445.93
Tax Roll, city taxes	34.95
Total	\$ 1480.88

DISBURSEMENTS

31 Balance on hand	\$ 1480.88
Total	\$ 1480.88

Sewer Fund, Dist. No. 1 RECEIPTS

December	
1 Balance on hand	\$ 233.12
Total	\$ 233.12

DISBURSEMENTS

31 Balance on hand	\$ 233.12
Total	\$ 233.12

Bridge Fund RECEIPTS

December	
1 Balance on hand	\$ 2661.39
Tax Roll, city taxes	20.96
Total	\$ 2682.35

DISBURSEMENTS

31 Balance on hand	\$ 2682.35
Total	\$ 2682.35

DISBURSEMENTS

20 E. R. Kleinhaus, labor, etc.	4.50
31 Balance on hand	233.91
Total	\$ 238.41

Sewer Fund, Dist. No. 4 RECEIPTS

December	
Tax Roll, sewer taxes	\$ 10.32
Tax Roll, interest	1.86
31 Overdrawn	376.88
Total	\$ 388.56

DISBURSEMENTS

1 Overdrawn	\$ 388.56
Total	\$ 388.56

Summary

General Fund	\$ 3961.80
Street Fund	2769.96
Water Works Fund	979.94
Interest and Sinking Fund	1480.88
Sewer Fund No. 1	233.12
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 1	1677.48
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 2	508.25
Paving Fund, Dist. No. 3	159.65
Cemetery Fund	233.91
Bridge Fund	2682.35
Sewer No. 4	376.88
Total	\$ 14075.84

Less Overdraft 376.88

Total \$13699.46

Outstanding Orders 150.40

Cash on hand at end of Month \$13849.86

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors for the kindness and help rendered during the sickness and at the death of our mother, and also those who sang in the choir and for the beautiful floral offering.

NOAH GARBERSON
and Sisters.

FOR CROUP, COUGHS AND COLDS

A Baxter, Wheeler, Wis., says: "For ten years we have used Foley's Honey and Tar in our family and consider it the best cough medicine on the market, especially for children, as they like to take it." Contains no opiates; safe for babies; effective for adults. Checks croup; stops coughs; relieves colds. Hite's Drug Store.

Never judge a man's bravery by his conversation. Every man who does the best he can is a real hero. Some people think anything tiresome that is a duty. A jackknife is dangerous, but less so than a jackpot. The very latest thing in dress goods is a new baby. It's a short street that has no turn for the organ grinder. It's easy for a man to get married if he doesn't want to.

CUT THIS OUT -- IT IS WORTH MONEY

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

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone. Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly. It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

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

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied. Those whose hair is turning gray or coming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful. This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days. This preparation is a toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

FOR AFTERNOONS.

A House Gown For Wintry Days and Also Matinees.

The fabric is gingersnap brown crepe de chine set off with fur bands. Beneath the skirt tucks fall georgette.



MODISHLY CUT. crepe to take the banding, while crepe ball buttons trim the waist and cuffs. The girdle is corded three times.

FAMILY SEWING.

How to Economize Labor For the Seamstress or Mother. The mother of a family of little ones who must be housekeeper, cook, nurse maid and seamstress as well as mother often wishes that she had two pairs of hands and four eyes. Sometimes she wishes that the days might be longer or the hours less fleeting. There is only one solution of the busy mother's problem, and that is to systematize all the branches of her work so that the very smallest amount of time and labor will be consumed in the various tasks, and there is no work where system is more generally misunderstood or to which it may be more readily applied than the family sewing. By family sewing is meant the making of practical clothes for both mother and children, such as underwear, dresses, gounettes, aprons and rompers, which are changed every day and for that reason must be simple of construction and durable enough to look well after many trips to the wash-tub. A word about materials is important, for here is where the real saving of labor and time is to be gained. There is absolutely no economy in buying cheap materials for small children's clothes, yet it is not necessary to spend large sums for them. There are excellent materials made especially for children's clothes and designed to withstand the wear and washing that will be given these garments. Frequently on remnant counters one can procure excellent goods that have been greatly reduced in price, but it never pays to buy cheap calico. Well made garments of durable materials are an asset in a family of small children, for such garments may be passed along as one child outgrows them, thus lessening the labor of sewing. After carefully selecting the various materials with a view to their wearing qualities and fastness of color, make an intelligent selection of patterns by which each garment is to be cut. It will be well to consider what constitutes an intelligent selection of patterns. First—The purpose for which the garment is to be used. Second—The actual work required in making. Remember that straight seams are easier to stitch than curved ones, that tucks and plaits require time and are difficult to iron; that excessive fullness makes both washing and ironing more laborious and, like tucks and plaits, requires extra material; that garments which may be adjusted by slipping on over the head eliminate the need of time for making buttonholes and sewing a small number of pieces save time in cutting and sewing. Two or three buttonholes to a garment are not much of a task to a woman with nimble fingers, who picks up such work between times while cooking or watching the little ones at play, but where a number are needed it is best to buy buttonhole and button strips by the yard, ready to stitch under the laps of dresses and rompers. Wing Effects Graceful. Wing effects at the back of evening dresses are distinctive. They are generally produced by tulle draperies, and these are often garnished with metal threads. They float gracefully about the arms and also fall over the train at the back.

ABOUT YOUR RUGS

A Short History of Their Early Origins and Kinds.

RAG ONES ARE AMERICAN.

A Word About the Two Methods Which Give Woven and Tufted Carpets. Before You Buy Prime Yourself About the Different Kinds.

Most rugs are made according to one of two methods, which gives us woven and tufted carpets. The latter is distinctly oriental and is made upon a foundation warp composed of hempen, woolen or silk threads. The number of these threads depends upon the breadth of the rug and its desired fineness or coarseness. Lengths of colored wool or the hair of a camel or goat or silken threads are knotted on to the warp threads, with the two ends of the individual twists standing up. What is called a weft thread is then run across the warp and another line of tufts made. The whole is brought securely together by means of a hand instrument, the ends of the tufts clipped to an equal length by expert fingers, and thus a tufted rug is completed. Writing in 1632, Pierre Dupont, a master carpet maker of Paris, said he was convinced that rug weaving was taught to the French by the Saracens after the latter had suffered defeat at the hands of Charles Martel in 726. The middle ages found the art flourishing all over Europe and especially in France and Flanders. Colbert, minister of Louis XIV., who did so much to aid the birth of industrial France, established the Hotel des Gobelins in 1667 as a state manufactory, and the enterprise grew to be one of the notable institutions of the realm. In 1701 William III. of England granted royal charters to weavers in Wilton and Axminster, towns which were to give their names to types of carpeting that have come down to the present day. The fame of the Wilton rug was largely due to Henry, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, who brought two Frenchmen, Antoine Dufosse and Pierre Jemate, to England and put them in charge of operations at Wilton. Their skill and enterprise won fame for the establishment in a little while. Other French and Flemish weavers followed, and the industry was fairly launched. The opening of the nineteenth century saw much experimentation in the effort to produce a satisfactory machine made carpeting. Erastus B. Bigelow, an American, and William Wood, an Englishman, perfected the Jacquard loom to a point where it could be depended upon to turn out a uniform product of good quality. The passing years have witnessed further important development, and results are now accomplished by mechanical process that will stand the test of comparison with the hand made article. Not until 1880 did the French turn to machinery for carpet weaving, and they at first adopted English machinery to a great extent. So it was that the art first crossed the channel and then came back in a different form after the lapse of centuries. In America we have produced at least one kind of floor covering which we may claim as our own—the rag rug. In colonial times rag rugs were made in considerable numbers, and it was deemed a fine accomplishment for a woman. Much ingenuity was shown in the matching of colors.

JUST LIKE MOTHER'S.

A Silk Sweater That Promises Wide Popularity. This interesting garment is of pink spun silk, cut with a deep detachable



SO ELANE collar that fastens with four snap-on buttons, a wide belt and patch pockets. Small persons and those sweet on a joy.

TIED DUCK WITH CRAVAT.

Left Diamond Stud on It, and That May Account For Turkey Find. Cuero, Tex.—What Thomas Lovett of this county believes to be the previous history of the recent story from Chicago telling of a diamond stud valued at \$150 found in the craw of a Thanksgiving turkey had its inception in a duck hunt here.

According to Lovett's story, while hunting two years ago he slightly wounded a duck and decided to carry the bird home. He used his necktie to bind the bird's feet, neglecting to remove a diamond stud fastened therein. Flushing the supposedly helpless bird in the rear of his conveyance, he started home, when a flutter a few minutes later attracted his attention. He turned in time to see the duck flying off with his necktie dangling from its feet. "Cuero is in the center of a large turkey raising portion of Texas, and many of the birds, which roam over a large range, find their way to the Chicago market. Mr. Lovett so far has entered no claim to the stud.

"GLAZE," NEW WEATHER WORD

Old Fashioned "Sleet" Will Be Out of Style This Winter. Washington.—The old fashioned "sleet" is going out of style this winter before the newer "ice storm" and "glaze," weather bureau officials reported in their campaign for more accurate terminology for various kinds of frozen rain. Sleet is officially described as small globules of rain frozen before striking the earth. When rain freezes after falling, and forms a glassy coating on the ground, trees and wires the condition is called a glaze, and when this is severe and accompanied by wind, it is reported as an "ice storm." The weather bureau hopes to eliminate what it considers improper use of the word "sleet," as it has caused substitution of the term "formado" for "cyclone" when a violent storm of small diameter is meant.

TATTOOS HIS DAY OLD BABE.

Convicted German Military Attache Takes No Chances. San Francisco.—His coat of arms sketched in indelible ink on the wrist of his baby daughter gives assurance to Lieutenant G. W. von Brincken, military attache of the German consulate here, that his young wife will carry away no other couple's child when she leaves the hospital where their first-born came into the world. In a panic at the sight of numerous other infants in the hospital nursery Von Brincken, lately convicted of complicity in the munitions plots involving the German consulate, catechized the nurses on their methods of identification. Not satisfied with their system, he called for ink and pen.

WOMAN OF 82 ELOPES.

Her Daughter Seeks to Be Appointed Guardian of Her Estate. Bellefontaine, O.—Securing restoration of her right to manage her own property by securing the dismissal of her mother, Mrs. Harriet Fulwider, as her guardian, Cora Woodbury on the following day filed an application in the Champaign county court to be appointed guardian for her mother, who owns property valued at several thousand dollars. It was the announcement that the mother, who is eighty-two years old, had eloped to Newport, Ky., and there married Joel Bates, sixty-two years old, that caused the daughter to petition the court to appoint her a guardian for her mother.

WOMEN'S CLOTHES IN LEAD.

Head in Value All Manufactures in New York State. Albany, N. Y.—A special report from the United States census bureau shows that the chief manufacture in New York state is the production of women's clothing, goods of that kind to the value of \$345,316,000 having been turned out in 1914. Printing and publishing came next, with an output of \$257,269,000. Next was men's clothing, \$230,627,000. Other productions were foundry and machine shop products, \$175,460,000; slaughtering and meat packing, \$148,108,000; bread and other bakery products, \$109,228,000. The total value of all manufactured products was \$3,814,661,000.

GOT \$1,000 FOR EYE.

Young Man Then Lost Money on a Celebration Trip. Monessen, Pa.—Michael Kamar, aged twenty-nine, who received \$1,000 compensation because of the loss of an eye while at work in a Pittsburgh steel mill, is now bemoaning his desire to celebrate because of his newly acquired wealth. When Michael got his money he immediately arranged for a trip to New York, with a stop at Ashtabula as a side issue. He started one day at noon, an hour after he had the compensation check cashed, and in less than a half hour was minus his thousand. He continued his journey to Ashtabula, but returned home and said he would get a job.

Buried Twenty Minutes and Lived. Lawrence, Kan.—After being completely buried at the bottom of an eighteen foot ditch for twenty minutes, Wayne Richardson, a laborer from Clay Center, who was working on the construction work in the drainage district of North Lawrence, was rescued alive without apparent injury the day recently.

JACKSON, MISS., MAN

Tells How To Cure Chronic Cough. Jackson, Miss.—"I am a carpenter, and the Grippe left me with a chronic cough, run-down, worn out and weak. I took all kinds of cough syrups without help. I read about Vinol and decided to try it. Before I had taken a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles my cough is entirely cured, and I have gained new vim and energy."—JOHN L. DENNIS

Vinol is a delicious non-secret tonic which is guaranteed for coughs, colds and bronchitis and for all weak, run-down conditions. HITE DRUG CO. Also at the leading drug store in all Michigan towns. If you sit in a draft the doctor may catch it for you. If an honest man is the noblest work of God it might be well to keep an eye on the self-made man.

A LETTER THAT MAY INTEREST YOU

N. W. McConnell, Riverdale, Ga., writes: "Foley Cathartic Tablets absolutely cleanse my system thoroughly, and never a gripe, and no nausea." An ideal physic; invigorating and strengthening the bowel action and having a good effect on the stomach and liver. Give stout persons a light and free feeling.—Hite's Drug Store.

LATH BOLTS Wanted At Once!

Must be not less than 5 in. diameter and 49 in. length. HEMLOCK, Spruce, Balsam and Cedar. Hemlock Bolts must be separate. Will pay \$4.50 delivered at Mill B.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

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.
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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Monroe block, over Spring Drug Co's Store
Phone 158-3 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.
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FAMILY STORY PAPER
24-26 Vandewater Street
New York

The IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

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

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallardi 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. Pallardi floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One 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 De 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 De Espares is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery non-indifferent to his love. He saves her from Mask's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose, the capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. The Laughing Mask again frustrates the Iron Claw.

ELEVENTH EPISODE

The Saving of Dan O'Mara

Young Peggy O'Mara was troubled in mind. She had become suspicious of her own father. On more than one occasion of late that debt-ridden troller from the Applewithe works had been visited by a stranger who impressed the sophisticated young Peggy as anything but attractive. And an honest man, Peggy argued with herself, finds no need for stealing up to a house at night and closeting himself with its owner behind the locked door of a cellar workroom. So the spindle-legged daughter of Dan O'Mara, watching for her chance, decided to investigate.

But the girl's chances for investigation were limited, for Peggy was a hard-driven young housekeeper, with a bedridden mother to look after as best she could. Late one night, however, when Dan O'Mara had led his mysterious visitor into his cellar workroom and locked the door behind him, the girl slipped off her broken-toed shoes and stole silently down to that underground chamber of mystery.

There, with her ear to the keyhole, she overheard enough to confirm her darkest suspicions. She waited until the mysterious visitor had stolen out through the house, with a parcel under his arm, and then once more made her way down to her father's workroom. The door, this time, was unlocked. So she entered noiselessly and crept over to where Dan O'Mara sat staring at the wall with unseeing eyes.

"Pop, what're you thinkin' about?" suddenly asked a tremulous voice close to his shoulder.

He swung about like a shot.

"What should I be thinkin' about?" he demanded.

"You're thinkin' about that man who was down here ten minutes ago," was the girl's answer.

"What man?" equivocated the culprit.

"Chinatown Charlie."

"And how'd you know he's called Chinatown Charlie?" demanded rebellious-eyed Dan O'Mara.

"I know more'n that, pop," said the girl, with a gulp. "I know that city crook's roopin' you in for work I never thought you'd do!"

"Work? What work?"

"There's a bunch of opium smugglers got wise to the fact that the dye works is bringin' in tons of that Katsow wood from China. And certain o' them blocks is goin' to come in hollow with secret marks, and you're goin' to dig the opium out o' them and hide it here until that hop runner for Chinatown Charlie comes and carries it away in a laundry bag!"

"Ain't your mother got to have medicine?" demanded her father. "Ain't we behind in our rent? And ain't the company docked me ten a month since that one-armed man had me machine work taken away from me?"

"But you'll have more'n your machine taken away from you, pop. You'll be queered with the company, for tamperin' with stock, and then the bulls 'll get wise and send you up the river for smugglin'!"

"I've thought that out, me girl. I've no love for goin' against the law, at me time o' life, but I guess we've got to take chances. We've got to, or go under for good and all! For I'm thinkin' your poor mother was right when she said there was no crime so black as the crime o' bein' poor!"

"But they'd promised to raise your pay, over to the dye works!" she reminded him.

"Instead o' which they took off me machine and gave it to that one-armed snitch who claimed I'd been workin' against the company by tryin' to invent a chemical color that'd soon be sendin' their old logwood plant to the scrap heap!"

Silent as Peggy O'Mara remained on the subject of her discovery, she brooded long and darkly on this heavier cloud that hung over her home and her father's good name. It haunted her thoughts as she worked. It filled her blind young heart with a spirit of revolt. It converted her into a determined yet lowering-browed Ishmael.

ite. She hated the owner of the works, she told herself as she carried her father's dinner pail to the factory the next day, and she hated the hard-boiled foreman of the shaft room. She turned to stare belligerently towards Anson Applewithe, the immaculate son of the factory owner himself, as he ushered into the room of whirling shafts and flying belts a small group of visitors.

Yet the Ishmael-like young face softened a little as she looked at one member of that approaching group. For one fair-haired girl of about twenty, dressed in black, whom young Applewithe piloted about amid the roaring and clattering machinery and repeatedly addressed as "Miss Golden," was beautiful enough to bring a wayward pang of envy to the breast of Peggy O'Mara. As she watched her eyes suddenly widened in alarm. For Margery Golden, in staring about the room, had unconsciously moved closer to one of the ponderous machines. There the loose end of her motor-cape was snapped at by a spinning cog wheel, as a moud snaps at a bone. The next moment the whirling teeth had fastened themselves in the fabric of the garment edge, carrying it back between the jaws of the twin cogs that quickly closed on the cloth and seemed to reach out for more.

At the same moment that Margery Golden turned about to determine the meaning of this sudden tug at her clothing, the alert-eyed Peggy O'Mara made an apparently mantic spring for that astounded young woman's throat.

With a quick jerk of her thin young fingers Peggy tore the cape free where it was already straining against the white column of its wearer's throat. It was not until Margery Golden saw the iron teeth of the cog wheels swallowing up the last of her vanishing cape that any inkling of her danger came home to her.

Margery Golden stepped back and teared against a guard rail. Then, after looking studiously at the slattern and slightly abashed figure of her deliverer, she opened her pocketbook and from it took out two or three neatly folded bank notes. These she held smilingly out to the girl with the broken-toed shoes.

But a quick flash spread over the usually colorless cheeks of Miss Peggy O'Mara as she backed determinedly away from the bills.

"Don't you care to take them?" asked the somewhat astonished young woman in black.

"No ma'am!" was the girl's almost sullen retort. "I ain't earned 'em!"

"But I rather think you have," persisted the other, still smiling.

"You see, you saved my life. And surely you won't embarrass me by arguing that it's not worth that much!"

"I don't want your money," announced the sullen-eyed girl, putting her hands behind her. But already young Applewithe was discreetly doing his best to pilot his visitors away from the scene.

Peggy O'Mara stared after the departing group. So intently did she stare after them that she was oblivious of the movements of the one-armed man who had been stooping low over his machine, in a pretense of filling its oil cups. He crept out to where a small gold locket had dropped from Margery Golden's neck during the encounter. He caught it up from the oil-stained floor, looked at it for one short moment, and then slipped it triumphantly into his pocket. After that he stood behind his machine, well out of sight, watching the fair-haired girl in black as she stepped out through the factory door. His eyes, as he watched her, were both calculating and sinister.

But the pallid-faced girl standing so close beside him had no means of knowing that this preoccupied and stoop-shouldered workman who had lost his right hand was Jules Legar, long known to his enemies as the Iron Claw.

That mysterious one-armed man, however, was destined to become better acquainted with Peggy O'Mara than she imagined. For that night, when the uneasy-minded girl knew her father to be once more shut up in his cellar workroom, she was further disturbed by the sound of stealthy steps across the bare wooden floor of her home. She tiptoed out through the door, crossed to the cellar steps, and crept silently down into the darkness.

There, vaguely outlined against the door cracks in the wall shielding her father, she could make out a stealthy inquisitive figure. And she knew that figure could mean no good to the house of O'Mara.

She crept as silently up the broken steps again, went to her father's time-worn tool chest and from it took out a somewhat rusty but ominous-looking revolver.

The thin-armed girl with the thick-bodied revolver then crept back towards the cellar. She had reached the top of the stairs when she saw a dark figure slowly emerge from the gloom.

Then a gasp of surprise broke from her lips, for she saw it was the one-

armed workman from the Applewithe factory. And the next moment she remembered that this was the same man who had tried to rob her father of his work. And she no longer hesitated.

"Get out o' this house!" she commanded. "And get out quick, or I'll put a hole clean through you!"

For a moment Legar stared round-eyed at the apparition confronting him.

"Now, my girl, I mean no harm for you here," he tried to argue, as he felt for the door behind him.

"You mean harm for me father—and that's enough for me! Get out o' here, and go while the goin's good!"

"Listen to me," persisted Legar as he backed through the door, "you're doing your father more harm, at this very moment, than I could ever do him."

"I'll take me chance on that," was her retort.

"But you're losing your chance, you're—"

Legar did not complete that sentence. Instead, he leaped suddenly towards the girl with the firearm, for he had noticed her dress sleeve catch in the screen-door hook. This had resulted in the momentary deflection of that ever-menacing revolver barrel, and Legar's long fingers had encompassed that weapon before she could level it again. With a quick turn or two he had twisted it out of her hand. Then he caught her by the shoulder and swung her fiercely about.

"Now, my girl, I'm going to tell you a thing or two," said the man with the revolver, stooping closer to her in the moonlight. "You think I'm an enemy of your father's. But you're wrong. All I am is a treasury agent. And I've been wondering if you know how many years it means for a man who gets caught in a twenty thousand-dollar dope-smuggling coup?"

Legar turned and nodded pregnantly toward the cellar where he knew O'Mara to be.

"You've nothin' on me father!" protested the now terrified girl.

"Nothing beyond the fact, of course, that he's carryin' Katsow wood away from the Applewithe factory. And why he's doing that you know as well as I do!"

A sob suddenly shook the meager body of the white-faced girl.

"For Gawd's sake, mister, gather me in if you want to! Take me, but don't send me father up! He's a good man, at heart, and wouldn't so much as harm a fly! You can kill me if you want to, but don't be hard on me father!"

Legar stood thoughtfully regarding her.

"I don't want to kill you, my girl. I want to help you. And if you're willing to take a turn at helping me, in a

"It's up to you to make her. And the best way to get her out here is to persuade her to fill a basket of food and wine and bring it back with her in her own car. She knows you belong to the factory settlement here, and she won't be suspicious. You do your work right, and you'll have her here tomorrow night."

The youthful eyes which life had already left hard studied the sinister figure in the moonlight.

"And when I get her out to that sluiceroom, what're you goin' to do with her?"

The one-armed man laughed quietly. "That's something strictly between her and me," was his calmly enunciated reply as he stepped slowly back and disappeared through the shrubbery beside the O'Mara cottage.

The girl stood staring after him without moving. So intently did she look after that vanishing figure that she did not observe a second figure, even more mysterious than the first, as it slipped out of the shadows and stepped quietly up beside her.

She turned with a start and stared up at the stranger confronting her. And it did not add to her peace of mind to discover that this stranger wore a mask over his face.

"What'd you want here?" was her brusque demand.

"I'm looking for a young girl who happens to be in trouble," was the quietly spoken reply.

"Then I guess you'll have to keep on travelin'," announced Peggy as she swung up the broken steps with assumed nonchalance, strode in through the door, and shut it after her. She stood there for several minutes before venturing to move. Then she silently reopened the door and stared out, to make sure that her visitor had taken his departure. Instead of catching sight of the masked figure, however, she was a little startled to see the one-armed man push his way in through the bushes and once more creep to the door where she stood.

"What did that man want?" quickly demanded the newcomer.

"I didn't wait to ask him," was the girl's retort.

"No, I guess this isn't a time for waitin'," ruminated the other aloud.

"And for that reason we'll have to speed up that bargain of ours, and put the thing through tonight!"

"Tonight?" echoed the girl in a whisper of alarm.

"Do you want to save your father?"

"I'll bring 'er," she announced with grim determination. "I'll bring her, even though I have to throw a string o' fits to start her on the way!"

The Drums of Death.

It was not until Margery Golden was seated in the suede-upholstered landaulet that she found time to ques-



With a Bed-Ridden Mother to Look After.

mother is?" asked Margery, gathering up her skirts, as she glanced into the dingy store-room feebly-lighted by its one dingy electric bulb.

"I'll be back in a minute, ma'am," the girl replied, only too glad of any reasonable excuse for disappearing.

Margery, in the meantime, peered doubtfully about the somber building in which she found herself so unexpectedly a visitor. Along one side of the room in which she stood she could make out dark masses of dye wood piled as high as her head. Beside this she saw, in the uncertain light, an open pit filled with water. Into one side of this pit ran a cement-walled sluiceway, stained almost black, with a watergate set in the upper part of its channel. The opening in the far side of the pit, which was guarded by a heavy iron grill as big as a park gate, led into a high-walled cavern across which stretched a number of huge steel drums. Set in these drums were rows of knife-edged cleavers.

The polished surfaces of these great blades of steel shone ominously in the half-light.

Margery was still staring at the great drums bristling with cleavers when with a suddenness that startled her the electric lights were thrown on across the roof of the chamber. She wheeled about quickly to discover the cause for this. As she did so, an involuntary gasp escaped from her lips. For standing beside the door, with his finger still on the switch, the Iron Claw himself confronted her.

"Why are you afraid of me?" he confidently purred. For the girl drew slowly away while he as slowly followed after her, step by step. Then, with a movement that was feline in its quickness, he flung out an arm and seized her. Then he turned her deliberately about until she faced the black-walled sluiceway. But the girl shrank back.

"Don't be afraid of it, my dear," he mocked as he led her forcibly, step by step, to the lip of the channel through which the mill water was curling and eddying. "In fact, I want you to look at it closely and understand it fully. It's wonderful; wonderful for many reasons. At the end of this sluiceway, you see, is a log mangle. I have seen those knives shred a six-inch timber in less than a minute's time."

He turned and stared down at the white-faced girl, drinking to the full the dizzy wine of her terror, wringing a voluptuous delight out of her wordless gape of horror. Then the look on his face suddenly altered, and he wheeled about, still clutching the girl close to his side. He stood staring at the door which he had locked but a minute before. And his face suddenly hardened as he saw the heavy iron latch of that door move.

Margery, following his glance, also watched that door. And when she heard the thump of a heavy timber on its panels a new hope sped through her. That hope equipped her with fresh strength. It prompted her to struggle against the Iron Claw with the utmost power of her desperate young body. But her enemy, for all her efforts, was too much for her. Foot by foot he forced her back towards the open sluiceway. Then, with a muttered gasp of finality and a sudden upward heave of his shoulders, he flung the girl headlong into the water.

As he did so the door burst open. For the heavy-hearted Peggy O'Mara, after slipping guiltily away from the sluiceroom where she had left her quite unsuspecting victim, awakened for the first time to the full enormity of her offense. As she stood there in the darkness, staring back at the dark mass of the factory walls, the acres of remorse lay heavy on her young heart.

She was standing there, with tears of helplessness in her eyes, when a figure stepped up to her. She would have fled, incontinently, at the approach of that intruder. But the stranger held her with a gently restraining hand. And as she peered up at his face she saw that it was the man in the laughing mask.

"The righting of wrongs is a part of my business in life. Can I help you?" The girl hesitated.

"Yes," she finally confessed, with a burst of tears. And through her sobs she brokenly recounted as much as she dared of that night's proceedings. But she continued to weep.

"And me father'll be goin' to the pen for what I'm tellin' you," she wailed out in her misery.

"He will not," avowed the Laughing Mask, with decision. "He'll have more than help before this night is over, and a better job and a clear conscience before another one comes! But tell me first where you left this girl you brought out from the city?"

"Inside the door o' the sluiceroom there."

"Good God!" gasped the man in the mask. Then he caught the spindle-legged Peggy O'Mara by the hand and started for the shadowy pile of the factory on the run. "Quick!" he said as he ran, "show me the door!"

The half-breathless girl pointed it out to him. But as he ran up to it he found it locked. He stooped and frantically caught up a piece of timber almost as long and heavy as his own body. Peggy O'Mara, seeing that its weight seemed more than he could manage, promptly ran to his assistance.

"Now, come together," he said, "for we've got to knock that door in!"

Twice, three times, they charged the door before it gave way. But the moment its panels crashed in the Laughing Mask leaped through the opening. As he did so he caught sight of the two struggling figures on the brink of the blackened runway. As he saw the figure of the woman flung headlong into the open sluiceway he leaped with a shout towards the one-armed man who stood on its brink. But that one-armed man, with a lightninglike movement, whipped a revolver from his pocket, swung round on the intruder, and fired.

The Laughing Mask wheeled half way about, staggered a step or two, and then fell forward on his face.

The wide-eyed Peggy O'Mara, following at his heels, saw both that fall and the fact that the Iron Claw had already leaped towards the control board of the water mangle. Peggy screamed aloud, shrilly and belligerently, as she leaped for the man already before the control board. She caught at him, clawing at his upraised arm, fought him with every jot of her thin-blooded girlish body.

But she was no match for that determined and malignant opponent. The most she could do was to distract and harry him for a precious moment or two. Then, realizing she was a factor to be eliminated without scruple, he caught her hoistly up from the floor, raised her above his head, and with a sickening thud, sent her body against the solid masonry of the factory wall.

She lay there stunned, without moving, moaning brokenly with pain, as Legar darted back to the control lever of the mangle drums and shifted that lever to the spot marked "start." The next moment he had thrown over the switch of the sluiceway control.

He ventured one triumphant glance in the direction of the whirling mangle knives and the slowly ascending gate. Then, with a grimace of satisfaction, he leaped over the inert body of the Laughing Mask, ran to the door, and disappeared in the darkness.

Had that fight been less hurried Legar might have observed that the eyes of the Laughing Mask were open, and the inert body, weak as it was from the loss of blood from a flesh wound in the hip, was already painfully gathering itself together for some predetermined movement. That movement, wavering and unsteady as it was, took the crawling man directly to the control board of the water mangle.

There, by a supreme effort, he raised himself to his feet, groped about with an unsteady hand, and swung back the lever.

The next moment the roar of the machinery stopped, the threshing knives stood poised. But it had been only in the nick of time. For Margery Golden, who had clung to the sluiceway until its withdrawing bars had compelled her to relax, had last desperate clutch on its bars and drop back into the black tide, carrying her closer and closer to those falling blades of death, now caught and clung to a graphite-covered driving chain little more than a yard from the foremost nangle drum which towered above her like an open 'aw. And as she clung there, a renewing wave of hope swept through her body, for from the sluiceway wall above her she could hear a reassuring if somewhat unsteady voice calling down to her. And that voice, she knew, was the voice of the Laughing Mask!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Girl Seemed Honest.

move or two, I believe I could still make this thing come out all right."

"You'll let me father off?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Then tell me what I'm to do."

"You remember that young lady at the works this morning, who nearly got drawn into the machinery?"

"The skirt with the starry eyes? Sure!"

"Well, I want to meet that young lady, in secret."

"And where do I come in?"

"I want you to go to her house and ask her to come to the sluiceroom of the factory tomorrow night."

"I can see that millionaire dame losin' her beauty sleep to beat it out to a dye dump like this!"

"Then it's up to you to take her there," was Legar's retort.

"But I ain't no miracle worker!" Legar drew back.

"Then our bargain is to fall through?" he demanded, with a head movement towards the cellar door.

"But how'm I goin' to make her come?" inquired the distressed girl.

Legar drew out the gold locket which he had picked up from the factory floor.

"This dropped from her throat when you tore her cape free, this morning. Take that to her. Tell her you'd found it after she left. She'll feel sorry for you. In fact, you've got to make her feel sorry for you. You'd better try a faint, when you're talking to her, and tell her you haven't eaten for a couple of days. She'll try to give you money. But you must tell her that your mother is worse off than you are."

tion the expediency of her midnight mission. Yet as she looked at the unhappy and hollow-eyed girl at her side she felt sure that her journey, odd as it had at first seemed to her, could not be altogether a mistake. The girl was honest, of that there could be no question, for she had journeyed many long miles to restore a trivial bit of jewelry to its owner. She had also refused to accept money. She had even seemed unwilling, after Margery had packed a large motor hamper with jelly and milk and potted meats, to have that luxurious young lady venture so far a-field at such an hour of the night. But Margery felt that it was a case where the loss of time might possibly mean the loss of a life, and she was glad, as they went humming out past the thinning lights of the city's remotest suburbs, that she had not hesitated to do what she could to repay her debt to the daughter of Dan O'Mara.

"Why are we stopping at the Applewithe works?" she asked as the car drew up beside the unlighted roadside.

"Because me mother's here for the night," explained the wistful-eyed girl as she clambered down from the car, grateful for the gloom that already surrounded her. "You see, ma'am, they put us out o' the house this mornin'! So pop got the watchman here to let me mother sleep in one o' the basement rooms."

"Will your father be here?" inquired the somewhat bewildered young woman at her heels.

"I can get 'im, ma'am," explained the girl as she put down the hamper, "if you'll just step in through that door."

"But who'll take me to where your

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mr. Omer's Experience
Do You Ever
Feel Like This?

Lowell Mass.—For the last three years I have been troubled with the disease known as "Middle Age" and have been unable to do my work. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain in the back and sides of the neck. I was unable to do my work. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain in the back and sides of the neck. I was unable to do my work. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain in the back and sides of the neck. I was unable to do my work.

If you need special advice, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential), Lynn, Mass.

Conceit may puff a man up, but it doesn't boost him up.
 Hope is all right when it forms a partnership with hustle.

Most of us believe in everlasting punishment for our enemies.

A SEVENTY-YEAR OLD COUPLE
 Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Carpenter of Harrisburg, Pa., suffered from kidney trouble but have been entirely cured by Foley Kidney Pills. He says: "Altho' we are both in the seventies, we are as vigorous as we were thirty years ago. Foley Kidney Pills stop sleep-disturbing, bladder weakness, backache, rheumatism." Hite's Drug Store.

An Inside Bath Makes You Look and Feel Fresh

Says a glass of hot water with phosphates before breakfast keeps illness away.
 This excellent, common-sense health measure being adopted by millions.

Physicians the world over recommend the inside bath, claiming this is of vastly more importance than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing ill health, while the pores in the ten yards of bowels do. Men and women are urged to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of helping to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus, cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.
 Just as soap and hot water cleanse and freshen the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the eliminative organs.
 Those who wake up with bad breath, coated tongue, nasty taste or have a dull, aching head, sallow complexion, acid stomach, others who are subject to bilious attacks or constipation, should obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to demonstrate the value of inside bathing. Those who continue it each morning are assured of pronounced results, both in regard to health and appearance.

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360 ARTICLES
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"GOLDEN CALF" HAS COST \$10,000 IN LITIGATION.

Rival Claimants to Animal Engage in Bitter Legal Warfare.

Denver.—A "golden calf" will be on exhibition at the western national live stock show in this city. It is a perfect specimen of the Hereford breed. The calf has a reasonable market value of about \$10,000, but it already has cost \$10,000 in litigation, and the end is not yet in sight. The calf has come to be known as the "golden calf" throughout Pitkin and Garfield counties, where the rival claimants to the animal live.
 Back in the spring of 1914, the question of the calf's motherhood arose. Nobody attempted to guess the identity of the immediate paternal ancestor. The docketed case known as Bruntton versus Stapleton has puzzled four judges without a solution of the mystery. Bruntton claims the calf is the daughter of one of his prize Herefords, while Stapleton claims the calf is just a scrub, the daughter of a bottled red cow that he raised on his ranch.
 In November, 1914, Bruntton went to Stapleton's ranch and took away three calves that were with one of his cows. One of the calves was the "golden calf." The next day Stapleton went to Bruntton's ranch and took the "golden calf" back again. Demand for its return was refused, and then Bruntton started the replevin suit. Both claimants say they will take the case to the supreme court.

JUST A TROTTEUR.

Sensible Gown For Merely Everyday Wear.

Back we swing to just serviceable navy gabardine attractively trimmed with an embroidered belt, satin collar



PLEASED WITH IT.

CHINESE REVOLUTIONARY HERO'S MEMORY HONORED

Scrolls Sent by Three of Late Yuan Shih Kai's Sons to Commemorate Patriotism.

Shanghai.—Scrolls sent by three of the late Yuan Shih Kai's sons to commemorate the patriotism of General Tsai Ao were the most unusual feature of the funeral services for the revolutionary leader conducted here on the arrival of his body from Japan.
 General Tsai Ao was the chief mover in the Yunnan revolution, which defeated Yuan Shih Kai's ambition to become emperor. Yuan Ko Ting, the oldest son of Yuan Shih Kai, was especially ambitious for his father to become emperor that he might succeed to the throne. But practically all the younger sons were opposed to the monarchial movement. The scroll sent to Shanghai by Yuan Ko Wen, the second son of Yuan Shih Kai, commends the lamented General Tsai Ao in the highest terms. It says:
 You were a model of the people. You were the model of the army. You were the soul of the republic. You were the spirit of liberty.
 The American navy took a prominent part in the Tsai Ao funeral services. The Brooklyn and the other American warships in Shanghai harbor had their flags at half staff as the Chinese warship bearing the body came into port, and a detachment of fifty American marines marched in the funeral procession. Thirty Japanese, mostly personal friends and admirers of the patriot, also were in the procession.
 The Chinese community in Shanghai was in mourning, and thousands of young Chinese, mostly students at schools and colleges, were in the procession. The body of General Tsai Ao was taken to his native province of Hunan for burial.

COURT EQUIPS CUPID'S BOWER

Chicago Judge Battles Divorce by Fitting Up a Room for Spooning.

Chicago.—Husbands and wives who allow their troubles to reach the court of domestic relations will be given an opportunity to "make up" in a little room attached to the court which is being fitted up for that purpose by Judge John Stelk. The judge has not given the room a name yet, but he said it will be fitted up in a way aimed to aid the disgruntled in renewing their love for one another. Plants, flowers, canary birds, a music box and soft draperies will contribute to the furnishings.
 "The purpose of the fittings will be to bring out the old affection that the couple held for each other when they were courting," said the judge. "It is my purpose to get them to spoon all over again and then go home and live as they ought to."

High Shoes Worn.

Last winter many women wore low shoes in the street throughout the worst weather. Now unless a woman steps from a limousine or a taxi she seldom seen courting pneumonia. Those who are on their way to afternoon functions requiring elaborate dress generally slip on a pair of silk garters which are in keeping with the costume and may be slipped off on arrival at destination. There might be some question of correctness in wearing these spats with a crepe or chiffon afternoon dress if kept on after the coat was removed. Black patent afternoon pumps or slippers are worn with stockings which match the gown.

Fillet Lace Trimming.

New blouses show fillet lace used extensively as trimming. This fashion began in November, but was not widely taken up until the present month. The usual form the fillet lace takes is a wide turnover collar extending into a broad panel that runs to the waist in front and deep cuffs that fit the wrists and are fastened with small lace buttons. Although the lace is sometimes put on handkerchief linen blouses, the most fashionable combination is with crepe de chine and georgette crepe.

New Sport Hats.

Hats introduced for Palm Beach, Aiken and the spring sporting events are high crowned, pot shaped, made of fuzzy felt. They are done in brilliant yellow more than any other color, and the novelty is that they are cross stitched in black worsted threads in a loose, negligent manner. In the front or at the side the two edges of the materials are brought together and laced with the black thread.

Block Print Trimming.

The newest sport suits for the south sent over by Callot show a block design in colors used as a border for skirt and jacket. Large blocks of Indian red will be used on a cream colored silk jersey suit.

ROAST GOOSE.

The Way Mother Used to Get That Remarkable Flavor.

A green goose from three to four months old is a great delicacy and is cooked like a game bird without stuffing. Season inside and out with salt and pepper, put half a white onion inside to absorb any strong taste, dredge the outside with flour and roast in a hot oven for about an hour. Serve with boiled white onions and apple sauce.

The New Paint Box.

Little artist, here is an idea for you. Isn't it troublesome to keep brushes clean when you have to color the little girl's dress blue, her hair brown and her shoes black? Make yourself a blotting ball out of crushed blotters sewed up in a piece of cheesecloth. When your brush is touched on this ball the color is quickly absorbed, and it is clean for the next shade.

Fun on the Ice.

Now is the season for the lovers of winter sports, which include all boys and girls and a goodly percentage of grown folks. One of the most healthful of outdoor exercises is that of skating.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About a Very Interesting Creature.

HOW A BIRD LIVES IN WINTER.

Little Feathered Cold Weather Resident of the Woods Stores Up Food For Hard Times—How Its Nest is Safeguarded Against Attack.

Well, said Uncle Ben to Little Ned and Polly Ann, I am going to tell you about the

TREE MOUSE.

No doubt you think you can do wonders since you've learned to turn hand-springs, Master Ned, but there's a little white breasted bird that hops about on our trees every morning that can give you or any little boy I know of points in exercising.

The name of the bird? Well, some people call him a tree mouse, and others call him a nuthatch. He is part bluish gray, part black and part white. He does not look much like a mouse to me, but the way he can run up and down the limbs of trees, hanging flow to the underside or running along head downward, makes one think of a fly.

The little nuthatch is one of our winter birds, for he does not leave us when cold weather comes, as so many of our birds do.

You see, his food can be picked up nearly all the year round. He is one of those birds that get the worms from under the bark, and grubs and insect eggs are delicious morsels to him.

The little nuthatch is a thrifty bird. Like the squirrel in the fall, he lays away a store of food for hard times. When cold weather comes he goes to the tree in a crack of which he may have stuck the little nuts of which he is so fond and draws out a nut. Beech-nuts are favorites. He can crack the shells of these with his long, sharp bill in a short time. Then, cocking his little head on one side, he bolts the nut meat with the greatest enjoyment.

Put some kernels of dried corn out for him on a feeding board or some cracked hickory nuts and see how pleased the nuthatch will be.

This lively little bird likes hazelnuts, chestnuts, sunflower seeds and grains. In the winter one sees him in the company of the chickadees, the juncos, buntings and winter wrens, the downy woodpecker and the winter sparrows.

In spring these nuthatches build nests in the hollows of trees. Perhaps they fear the red squirrels, the snakes or the mice in the neighborhood. At any rate, they gather pitch and sticky balsams from the trees and smear it about the outside of the holes in which they make their nests and lay their eggs.

Often when the nuthatches are in a hurry they forget about this sticky doormat and go flitting carelessly over it so that it catches on their own tails, and before they can get loose they have to wrench out some of their feathers.

Just the same, the little nuthatch is one of the blindest little creatures you will ever see and is well worth watching.



Photo by American Press Association.

and it is highly enjoyable. Happy lads and lasses through the ponds and feel the thrill of gliding over the smooth ice. Skating promotes grace of movement as nearly every muscle is brought into play. Care should be taken, however, not to exercise until exhaustion comes, because that takes away all the good of the sport.

TRACING FAKE BILL

Exciting Chase of United States Secret Service Man.

MANY HANDLE COUNTERFEIT.

After Bank Clerk Discovers Spurious Currency, Hunt Leads to Many Cities. Grocer, Original Owner of Bill, Prepares to Be Agent For Organized Band of Counterfeiters.

Cleveland, O.—The tracing of counterfeit bills back to the persons responsible for their issue is a curious and exciting employment. The experts assigned by the government to this work are among the most skillful members of the secret service. The protection of the currency depends in large measure upon their efficiency, and the pains they take are almost infinite. The following case is one illustrating the difficulties which the secret service people meet and overcome:
 A bank clerk in Cleveland had detected a counterfeit twenty dollar bill



WILLIAM J. FLYNN, CHIEF OF UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE.

in the deposit of a small retail grocer. An expert was sent for and undertook the case.

He found that the grocer had received the bill from a shoe dealer, who had it from a dentist, who had it from somebody else, and so on until the secret service man finally traced the note to an invalid woman who had used it to pay her physician. When questioned, this woman said that the money had been sent her by her brother, who lived in New Orleans.

The sleuth looked up the brother's antecedents and soon became convinced that he was the man wanted. The brother, however, soon proved to the satisfaction of the secret service man that his suspicions were unfounded. Indeed, it appeared that the money had been received by the New Orleans man in part payment of rent of a house he owned in Pittsburgh. While the sleuth was a bit discouraged, he couldn't give over the case when he had gone so far, so he took the next train for Pittsburgh.

The tenant of the house in Pittsburgh proved to be a traveling oculist, who spent most of his time in the middle west. The secret service man had the good fortune, however, to catch him just as he had returned from a trip, and the man at once recognized the bill as one that had been given him by a patient in Cleveland, the very point where the sleuth had started.

The patient was a boss carpenter. The carpenter, an honest old fellow, said that he had received the bill from a certain Perkins. The said Perkins was the small grocer in whose bank deposit the counterfeit had turned up. The expert flew to the grocer's as quickly as the taxi would take him and found it closed. The grocer had left town.

Afterward it was shown beyond question that the grocer was the agent of an organized band of counterfeiters. His shop was a mere blind. That the bill which he gave the carpenter should get back into his own funds after traveling all over the country was one of those miracles of chance for which there is no explanation.

RAFFLE THREE BACHELORS.

Men Willing to Wed Won by Girls With Lucky Numbers.

Glen Carbon, Ill.—Three "eligible" bachelors guaranteed "good providers" and willing to marry were won by three women at a matrimonial raffle recently as the climax of a dance given by the Glen Carbon Bachelors' club. The names of the prizes and the holders of the lucky numbers, as given out by Carl Huffman, a member of the club, are:
 Joe Clenson, thirty-three, coal miner, of Glen Carbon, won by Miss Maude Fletcher of Glen Carbon.
 Charles Handricks, thirty-eight, marble worker, of Edwardsville, won by Miss Sarah Brown of Denver.
 Joe Jiggers, thirty-four, bartender, of Glen Carbon, won by Miss Rose Brown of Denver.

The Misses Brown are sisters. They were so proud at the drawing, having each won a husband and a name to go with it. The Misses Brown were the only ones who were not married.

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"
 Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out; can be used to the last drop; leaves a fine, smooth, shining surface; no dust or dirt; no odor; no stain; no loss of your money.
Black Silk Stove Polish
 It is not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant, shining surface that cannot be obtained with any other polish. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off. It lasts longer than any other ordinary polish—two to three times as long.
 Don't forget—when you get stove polish, be sure to ask for Black Silk. Hites is the best stove polish you ever used—your dealer will refund your money.
 Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois.
 The Black Silk Stove Polish is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to give you a shining surface. It works quickly, easily and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.
Get a Can TODAY

You never realize how dearly you have paid for your whistle until you try to sell it.

When it comes to drawing conveyances, a lawyer may be as valuable as a horse.

If our neighbors would mind their own business we would be more apt to mind ours.

When men have more money than they need they think they need more than they have.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH GRIPPE

When a cough or cold hangs on, and you have aches and pains that are hard to define, it is likely that grippe is taking hold of your system. Mrs. J. A. Rogers, Switzer, S. C., says: "I am susceptible to colds, often ending in grip. In this case I have found Foley's Horey and Tar to prevent doctor bills." Hite's Drug Store.

SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

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

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

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.
 Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT TEA!

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

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

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

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

Briefs of the Week

T. R. Joynt was a Bay City business visitor, this week.

Jack Kirby of Bay City was here this week on business.

Ralph Kile returned home from Detroit last week.

A. Danto left Monday for Chicago to purchase spring stock.

Mrs. Wm. Boswell returned home from a business trip at Detroit, Tuesday.

Word was received here recently of the marriage of Clyde Danforth at Flint.

Miss Winnie Maddaugh is substituting for Mr. Osborne at the West Side school this week.

H. Rosenthal left Monday for Chicago and other cities to purchase his summer merchandise.

Frank E. Osborne, principal of the West Side school, is confined to his home by illness.

W. J. Ellison returned home Wednesday from a business trip to Escanaba and other points.

Frank Heinzelman left Monday for his home at Gaylord, where he will run a roller rink there.

Mrs. C. H. Pray returned home from Mancelona, Tuesday, where she has been visiting her parents.

Mrs. E. Smatts will go to Central Lake this Saturday to visit her daughter, Mrs. R. Burr, who is quite ill.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. W. L. Peck next Friday afternoon, March 9th.

Glenn White, Arthur Shay, Walter Brinkman, Harold Atkinson and Versol Henry were Boyne City visitors, Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Porter returned home Tuesday from Oberlin, where she has been visiting her daughter, Miss Esther.

Elder's Elvin Ellis and Wesley Aldrich, who have been holding meetings at the L. D. S. Church, left Tuesday for Traverse City.

Henry Ribble started on his mail route No. 3, Thursday morning, after being confined to his home by illness for over two months.

Charles Dennis received word, Wednesday, that his grand-mother, Mrs. O'Dell had passed away at Rapid City. Funeral services were held Friday. Decedent was formerly an East Jordan resident.

Adam Martin of near Atwood, rented seven and one-half acres of his valuable 80-acre farm last year for \$5 per acre. The renters, after paying the \$37.50, made a clear profit of slightly over \$600.—Charlevoix Courier.

Another carload of machinery taken out of the old furnace was shipped from here last week, billed to Newberry. The machinery that had been taken out in the dismantling has been distributed among the various plants of the company in the upper peninsula and Wisconsin.—Elk Rapids Progress.

A. G. Urquhart, prominent attorney and public spirited citizen of Boyne City for the past twelve years, is preparing to close his law, insurance and rentals agency offices in this city within the next thirty days. Mr. Urquhart, upon completing the routine of closing up his affairs here, will leave immediately for Detroit where he will enter a field dissimilar, yet allied, to the vocation followed during his residence of Boyne City.—Boyne Citizen.

Mrs. Glenn C. Townsend passed away at her home in Ellsworth last Saturday together with an infant child. Mrs. Townsend was formerly Miss Hazel Holliday of this city. She leaves her mother, Mrs. J. G. Holliday, brothers, Supt. L. P., Earl, Glenn, and sister, Mrs. Ed. Bradford, all of this city, and Miss Beulah Holliday of Traverse City. The remains were taken to Traverse City for interment.

A warning has been sent out by Professor C. W. Waid, of the M. A. C., to the farmers of Michigan, cautioning them against selling their seed potato stock. He predicts a general seed shortage. The high prices which have prevailed almost since the crop was harvested has had a tendency to cause the farmers to sell themselves short of seed stock. The seed shortage will surely decrease the acreage planted. This will be especially true in this region, for at the prevailing prices the seed alone will cost \$25 per acre. If the farmer puts this much money into seed for one acre, it means that he must have more than the average price for his stock next fall.

Dr. C. C. Vardon is at Kalamazoo this week.

Adolph Shay is confined to his home by illness.

Potatoes reached \$3.01 at Traverse City Saturday.

New Taffeta Dresses now in.—M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

A local option campaign has opened in Emmet County.

Walter Davis visited his parents at Boyce City, Sunday.

Mrs. J. L. Weisman is confined to her home by illness.

New Spring SHIRTS now being shown at WEISMAN'S.

John Whiteford went to Traverse City on business, Friday.

Mrs. Frank Brotherton visited friends at Grand Rapids this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Rogers were Charlevoix visitors, Wednesday.

Mrs. W. L. Peck entertained the Whist Club Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Andrew Owens and son returned to their home at Flint, Wednesday.

J. H. Mollard returned from Detroit Friday last, where he was on business.

E. A. Ashley returned home from a business trip to Grand Rapids, Saturday.

Jos. Lalonde returned from Canada on Tuesday, after a visit with relatives there.

Mrs. Mae Kimball of Boyne City is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Flanders visited relatives at Churchills Corners the first of the week.

A large and beautiful selection of PERCALES and GINGHAMS just received at Weisman's.

Mrs. H. J. Boyd gave a stork shower at her home Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. R. A. Risk.

Al McCauley, who has been visiting Glenn Burton, returned to his home at Fayette, Mich., Wednesday.

Mrs. Stanton Gregory returned home Tuesday from a visit with friends at White Cloud and other points.

Russell Harrington returned to Flint, Saturday, after visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harrington.

The Methodist W. F. M. S. will hold a bake sale at Stroebel's store, Saturday March 3rd, beginning at 2 o'clock.

A few of the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Babbit surprised her on Thursday, it being her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Albert Balongue and daughter arrived here from Ludington, Tuesday, to remain here with her husband who is employed at the furnace.

M. C. Smith and wife of South Boardman, have been married 73 years, and celebrated the event Saturday. They have one great grandchild.

New spring Shirt Waists now on display at Weisman's, including Tub Silks, Crepe de chine, Georgette Crepes, Voiles and plain white waists.

Circles No. 1 and 5 of the Presbyterian Ladies' aid will hold a Bake and Apron Sale at the East Jordan Lumber Co. store Saturday, March 10th.

A new weekly newspaper is to be launched at Harbor Springs by Geo. P. Garland of Sedalia, Mo., and during resort season the paper will be issued daily.

The public domain commission is sending out lists of prices for nursery stock to all interested parties. The prices range from \$4 to \$8 per thousand f. o. b. Roscommon.

Judge of Probate Correll and Sheriff Novak were up from Charlevoix, Saturday last. Judge Correll committed Mrs. William Miles, who resided at the County Farm with her husband, to the Traverse City Asylum. Sheriff Novak and wife and Supt. of Poor, Goodman accompanied her there, Monday.

Curtain Material reduced 1/2—see it.—M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Being on the right side in politics means being on the inside.

Men's linen COLLARS 6c each or two for 10c at WEISMAN'S.

Good resolutions are now marked down to make room for spring styles.

We imagine there are a lot of halos in heaven that won't be called for.

Weisman's SHOES are guaranteed protected if used for use selected.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

G. A. Lisk, Publisher

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

First Methodist Episcopal Church

Rev. John Clemens, Pastor.

Sunday, March 4, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship. "The Christian's Triumph."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Topic, "Memories." Leader—Miss Harriett Thomas.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. "Sin and Judgment to Come."

Special open meeting of the W. F. M. S. at the parsonage Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. Program and refreshments.

Mission Study Class Wednesday at 7:30 with Miss Helen Ward.

Prayer Service at 7:30 p. m. Thursday evening.

St. Joseph's Church

Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, March 4.

10:30 a. m.—High mass.

7:00 p. m.—Way of the Cross, Benediction.

Friday, March 9.

7:30 p. m.—Lenten Sermon, Benediction.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Mar. 4, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—"The Fear of the Lord."

11:45 a. m.—Sabbath School.

6:00 p. m.—Senior Endeavor.

6:15 p. m.—Junior Endeavor.

7:00 p. m.—"Entrance to the Kingdom."

Tuesday 7:45 p. m. Session Meeting.

Thursday 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

Sunday March 11, we expect Dr. H. M. Crooks, President of Alma College to be with us and speak at both services.

A woman can believe only half she hears when she so chooses.

Some women have a habit of collecting marriage certificates.

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 Wequatonsing. Address, Box 220, East Jordan.

Seed Acreage

We have a limited Acreage of Radish Seed to place on Contract. We are also offering attractive prices for Contract Beans. Write or telephone,

EVERETT B. CLARK SEED CO.
EAST JORDAN, MICH.
A. E. CROSS, - - SUPT.

COUPLE WED SEVENTY YEARS WITHOUT STRIFE

Married Pair Celebrate Their Anniversary of Life in Happiness.

Glasgow, Mo.—J. P. Bentley, ninety years old, and his wife, Mrs. Susan Fristoe Bentley, eighty-eight years of age, were married seventy years ago and never had a fuss. They recently celebrated their anniversary. They live near Forest Green.

Mr. Bentley, who has lived all his life on his farm and still runs the 600 acre tract himself, is rated one of the wealthiest men in Chilton county, having amassed a fortune of between \$75,000 and \$100,000.

Both he and his wife were born on adjoining farms. When they were wed they agreed that if either became angry the other should take cognizance of it and preserve an unruffled demeanor. This, they say, is the secret of their smooth relations.

Nine children, five of whom are living, were born to the union. The five are T. M. Bentley, Salisbury, Mo.; S. J. Bentley, Forest Green; William Bentley and Mrs. William La Motte, Roanoke, Mo., and Mrs. Lloyd Herring, Forest Green.

The Bentley farm descended to its present owner from his father, who obtained it from the government by grant in 1815.

POTATO PROFIT 108 PER CENT

That's What South Jersey Farmers Earned on Their Stock.

Woodstown, N. J.—Farmers are prosperous, at least down in southern New Jersey, where a large percentage of New York city's potatoes are grown. The South Jersey Farmers' exchange declared a 100 per cent stock dividend and an 8 per cent cash dividend.

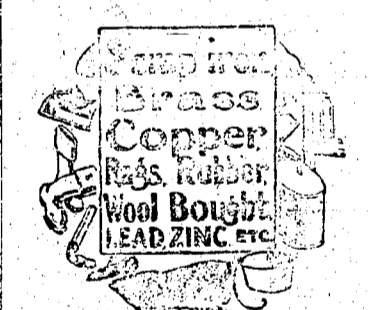
The exchange is a co-operative selling organization, with 750 farmers as members. At its sixteen stations last year 907 carloads of white potatoes were handled at an average price of 90 cents a bushel. It did a total business in 1916 of \$1,087,347.70, with a net profit of \$34,237.79. This was the biggest year since its organization in 1909.

Triplets Follow Twins: Terre Haute, Ind.—Mrs. Joseph Marcink, wife of a miner east of the city, gave birth to triplets, and all are doing well. The mother is thirty-six years old and the husband forty-seven. A year ago the mother gave birth to twins, who still live. The triplets make ten living children.

A man's strength is estimated by his ability to fight against odds.

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.

BRING IN YOUR Hides and Furs



We Pay the Top Market Price.
H. KLING.



Mary Miles Minter in a scene from American-Mutual's "The Gentle Intruder."

Burpee's Seeds Grow
For the success of your garden, and to reduce the high cost of living, you need Burpee's Seeds. Burpee's Annual, the Leading American Seed Catalog for 1917, tells the Plain Truth about Quality Seeds. It is mailed free. Write for it today. A postcard will bring it.
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.

The New GOSSARD-CORSETS for Spring

WHILE retaining all those qualities that have characterized and famed Gossard corsets in past seasons, they strike a new note in corsetry—a subtle change that is reflected in a more delicately beautiful outline and in an even more graceful flat back. Youth is the keynote in the style of these new Gossard models.

Without any undue pressure you are assured absolute comfort and freedom of movement because the Gossard secret of scientific boning assures the most perfect support where it is needed; proper breathing is induced and the whole body thrown into the healthful poise advocated by your physician.

This is the **Thirty-second Announcement and Proclamation of Gossard Corset Styles for Spring and Summer, 1917**

The new models vary in height of bust and length of skirt—as they should—to meet the individual requirements of the various figure types; but the general tendency is toward less corset, lower bust and shorter skirts with a smaller waistline indicated by skillful designing rather than actually expressed.

Be fitted today to one of the many models designed for your figure-type at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.25, \$5.00 and up. An expert corsetiere who understands your corset problems will deem it a pleasure to fit you without obligation.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

DO NOT DELAY BUY A "WHITE" TODAY

Sold by the **EAST JORDAN LUMBER COMPANY**

PURE MILK

MC COOL & MATHER
FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK
EAST JORDAN

Dollar Day

AT THE

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1917

Remember The Date!

Remember the Place!

"Dollar Day" is becoming more and more popular, and we have decided to give the people of East Jordan the benefit of one of these sales without the expense of going to the larger cities. We have carefully arranged a number of rare values to go at ONE DOLLAR and will offer these for One Day Only---Saturday, March 10th. See what your dollar will purchase:



\$1 will buy:

4 yards linen-finish Pillow Tubing

100 inches linen-finish
9-4 Sheeting,

2 large 65c Turkish Towels

8 made Pillow Slips

2 made Sheets

9 Table Napkins

10 yds Crash Toweling
(Ten Yards Limit To a Customer)

\$1.25 Middys

3 pair wool Hose

\$1.25 Towel Sets

3 Brasseries

\$1.25-\$1.50 Umbrellas



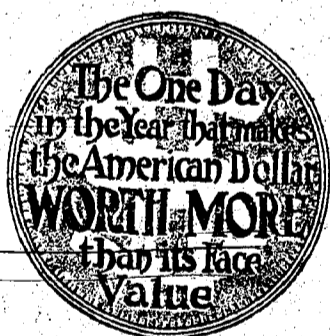
Chiffons, all colors 40 in wide ^{\$1.00} yard

3 Child's Knit Underwaists

Leather Handbags A Good Assortment

All Wool Blankets 1.00 off ^{Regular} Price

Satteen Under-skirt



Two 65c Muslin Envelope
Chemise

\$1.25 Nainsook Envelope
Chemise

2 Crepe Night-Gowns

1 Nainsook Night-Gown

Two 65c Muslin Long-sleeve
Night-Gowns



\$1 will buy:

10 pr. Child's Drawers

\$1.25-1.50 All Wool Suitings

Waists \$1.25 to \$2.50

Silk and Chiffon Waists ^{\$1.00 off} Regular Price

10 per cent off on all Coats,
Ready-made Dresses
And Dress Skirts

Crepe Kimonas

Plain and Fancy Silks, Patterns
And Short-Ends

Long Silk Gloves, All Colors

\$1.25-1.50 Corsets

Silk Underskirts 1.00 off ^{Regular} Price

Two 69c Bungalow Aprons

House Dress Percale & Gingham



EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO.