

Charlevoix County Herald.

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EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1918.

No. 49

Our Soldiers In Germany

125th Infantry Now On Enemy Soil.

Press dispatches indicate that the American Army of Occupation started crossing into German territory Sunday morning.

With a number of East Jordan soldiers in Headquarters Company, 125th Infantry, the below, clipped from an American Press dispatch in Tuesday's daily, will be of intense interest.

Play American Tunes

Perhaps the first American tunes heard in Germany as played by the bands of the army of occupation was in the village of Irrel, just across the Sauer river, north of Echternach. The village was entered by the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth infantry while the villagers were on their way to church.

With the American flag and the regimental insignia at the head of the column the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth regimental band marched in Irrel, playing brightly marching airs. The villagers forgot church for the time being and stood bewilderedly watching the khaki clad procession in column of fours.

The reception given the Americans differed from that encountered in Luxembourg and parts of Belgium and France. There they were welcomed as deliverers. The attitude of the population of Rhenish Prussia was different. Not a single act of open antagonism was reported, but it was evident that even the children had been schooled carefully in the role they must play.

CHURCH PROFIT FROM POTATOES

Organized Congregation of women Grow and Market the Tubers. Medora, Ill.—A new method of raising money for church uses developed here when members of the ladies' organized class of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School marketed potatoes at top prices.

At a social given earlier in the season each guest was requested to contribute one potato. The offerings were sold, and with the money obtained therefrom potatoes were procured and planted in a small tract of ground owned by Mrs. John Wilton. The patch produced a prolific yield which is bringing in large financial returns.

BEE'S STING KILLS IOWA MAN

Wealthy Farmer Dies Soon After Being Stung. Audubon, Iowa—While visiting at one of his neighbors, Michael Smith, a wealthy farmer living east of Brayton, was stung by a honey bee and died within twenty minutes. He was about 60 years of age.

Twice before Mr. Smith had been stung by bees and both times nearly came to his death. He was stung this time directly over the right eye.

DOG'S JAWS LOCKED BY TAFFY

Village Cut up Plays Queer Joke on Valuable Setter. Comar, Pa.—A valuable setter belonging to Norman Collier of near Comar, was about to be shot because of its strange actions thought to be rabid. It was finally learned that some wag had placed molasses candy in its mouth and its jaws became locked.

Showman Bitten By Rattler. New York—Paul Schilling, snake charmer at Colony Island, caused a panic, when bitten by a rattlesnake he grabbed several snakes in his hands and charged the audience.

The bearded woman, the fat man, the living skeleton and the 34 inch dwarf joined in the pell-mell rush for somewhere else. Schilling was quieted by a patrolman.

SIMPLE WASH REMOVES RINGS UNDER EYES.

East Jordan people will be surprised how quickly pure Lavoptik eye wash relieves blood shot eyes and dark rings. One young man who had eye trouble and very unsightly dark rings was relieved by ONE WASH with Lavoptik. His sister also removed a bad eye strain in three days. A small bottle of Lavoptik is guaranteed to benefit EVERY CASE weak, strained or inflamed eyes. Aluminum eye cup FREE. Gidley & Mac, druggists.

"Kickers" have their places in the economy of things and we couldn't really get along well without them. They're a good deal like castor oil, that way.

Commission Proceedings.

Regular meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Monday evening, Dec. 2, 1918. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Whittington Present—Whittington, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

E. I. Adams, 6 mos. sal. as fire chief	\$ 25.00
State Bank of E. J., treasurer's bond	40.00
James Gidley, salary	25.00
Alex Bashaw, street labor	1.00
W. F. Bashaw, making tax roll	112.50
G. A. Lisk, printing	15.00
Frank Decker, street labor	3.00
Standard Oil Co., gasoline	25.31
Jacob Quick, gravel	3.75
O. J. Smith, copying reg. books	3.36
Wm. Phillips, street labor	1.00
Hersey Mfg Co., water meter	120.00
D. H. Fitch, salary and rental	24.17
Henry Cook, salary	75.00
East Jordan Lbr. Co., lumber	96.26
O. J. Smith, salary and postage	28.19
Northern Auto Co., supplies for fire truck	3.46
W. T. Boswell, salary	41.67

Moved by Gidley, supported by Crowell, that the city appropriate the sum of \$50.00 for a community Christmas tree, and that the Mayor be authorized and instructed to appoint a representative committee to take charge of same. Carried.

Accordingly, the mayor appointed the following named persons as members of said committee: M. R. Keyworth, chairman, Howard Porter, R. E. Webster, Mrs. Geo. Chapman, Mrs. Wm. Werchant and J. H. McKinnon. On motion by Crowell, meeting was adjourned.

Otis J. Smith, City Clerk.

MUST NEVER AGAIN SMILE AT A GIRL

Youthful Offender is Sentenced to Life Punishment by Magistrate Krotel.

New York—Magistrate Krotel has pronounced what frequenters at the Men's Night Court call the severest sentence ever inflicted in that tribunal.

Dora Rubinowitz, a pretty Morris high school pupil was the complainant against Philip Levine, 18 of Brooklyn.

The girl said she boarded a downtown "L" train at Claremont parkway, in the Bronx, and that Levine, who sat down behind her leaned over the back of her seat, smiled at her and blew smoke in her face. At One Hundred and Forty-ninth street she called a guard and had him arrested.

"What else did he do in addition to smiling?" asked the magistrate. "Did he speak to you?"

"No," replied Dora. "He just kept smiling."

Magistrate Krotel turned to Levine. "Young man," he said solemnly, "I sentence you never to smile or flirt with any girl in New York City as long as you live."

"I promise," said Levine, and he was released.

SPEEDY STENOGRAPHERS

Can Take Dictation at 100 words a Minute—Excellent Spellers and Proficient in Drafting.

Spokane, Wash.—Robert and Grace Rice, 5 year old twins of E. I. Rice, are shorthand writers for whom their father claims a speed of 100 words a minute.

The children are speedy typists and are able to better the performances of many business college graduates. They are home taught and for the last three months have had regularly two lessons a day, the practice periods being at first of very short duration, but increasing in length until now each lesson lasts 15 minutes.

Their typing has made them excellent spellers, and shorthand has led to fair proficiency in drafting.

ROBBED BY EXUBERANT FRIEND

Indiana Drummer Looking for Man With Prize Winning Nerve.

South Bend, Ind.—E. W. Zimmerman, a commercial traveler living here, believes he has met the man with the prize winning nerve. Zimmerman had boarded a street car. After he had got about four blocks a man seated next to him got up, slapped Zimmerman on the shoulder, grasped the salesman by the hand and said: "How are you, old man? Glad to see you. Got to get off here."

Zimmerman was puzzled but supposed that he had met the man somewhere before. When he got home he discovered that his pocketbook, containing \$30, was missing.

High School Give Two Plays

Splendid Program Being Prepared to be Given Friday Evening at the Theatre.

Students of the local High School are working hard preparing two plays to be given at the Temple Theatre next Friday night, Dec. 13. Both plays are brim full of fun. One "The Man From Brandon" being a farce and the other "The Man From Borneo" a comedy.

There are eight characters in each play and there is plenty of action throughout each and the type of each play is such that it is well suited to the abilities of high school students. Humorous situation and mixed identities combined with sparkling wit makes every minute, of each play, chock full of fun and merriment. Both plays are of high enough quality to deserve the support of everyone, and everyone will be amply repaid by patronizing the school. The entertainment will last at least two hours and there will not be a dry minute in the entire time.

The tickets are 25, 25, and 50 cents including the reservation. High school students will have tickets, for sale, but the tickets will be reserved without extra charge at Hite's Drug Store after four o'clock any day next week. When the ticket sellers come around be prepared to buy.

TELLS OF CABBAGE WINDING A WATCH

Lost timepiece is Found Inside Summer Cabbage. Head and Still Running.

Plainfield, Conn.—William H. Gardner of this town known for years as a religious truthful and entirely dependable citizen has risked everything with a narrative of a cabbage that wound a watch.

Mr. Gardner has stated from his heart that he was engaged in hoeing a few weeks ago when his watch, a large and substantial bolt of metal fell from his pocket. Late in the afternoon he realized the loss, and looked high to say nothing of low, without result. He wrung his hands, tried to think, dived his luck, kicked up the earth and did everything conventional, even to finally giving it up as gone forever.

The strain begins here. The other morning Mrs. Gardner picked a head of summer cabbage and showed it to her husband, remarking "about its splendid appearance. He cut it open, and there—mind you—right in the center of that cabbage he found his watch. It might be well at this time to warn the reader to hold fast. The watch was going! The reader may now exhale gently and get ready for the worst. One of the cabbage leaves in the course of its rapid growth had deliberately wound the watch.

All of this is entirely according to what Mr. Gardner says.

It has been exceedingly hot here with variable breezes.

LEAVES HER BABY IN COACH

Woman Races Ahead in Auto to Catch Cars, Conductor Backs up Looking for Her.

Hutchinson, Kan.—After losing nearly an hour in a vain search for the mother of an infant aboard his train, the conductor of what is known as No. 593 on the Dodge City Cimarron branch of the Santa Fe railroad, found that the woman was ten miles ahead of the train and that the situation had arisen thru her frantic effort to re-locate her babe.

"No. 593" pulled into Montezuma at noon and stopped for lunch. Among the passengers who left the train was the mother of the infant, which she left in the car. Before her return from the lunchroom the train had pulled out.

In her distress the mother hired an automobile to take her to Copeland, 11 miles distant, wiring meantime to the agent there to have the train wait for her. She made the run in good time, but the train was missing.

When the conductor went thru the train after leaving Montezuma he found the babe, crying frantically. He feared that the mother had fallen from the train. He ordered the engineer to back up so that the track might be searched, but the return to Montezuma failed to locate the mother, and the train resumed its run.

At Copeland the mother was about the first person seen on the platform.

The reason the cost of living is so high, these days, is because our funds are so low.

Why worry about the future when nobody has ever agreed with anybody else about what it is going to be?

Advice to "Flu" Convalescents

Influenza Convalescents Should Have Lungs Examined—Colds Which Hang On Often Beginning of Tuberculosis. No Cause for Alarm if Tuberculosis is Recognized Early—Patent Medicines Not to Be Trusted.

★ Beware tuberculosis after influenza. No need to worry if you take precautions in time.
★ Don't diagnose your own condition. Have your doctor examine you.
★ Breathe fresh air.
★ Eat plenty of fresh fruit.
★ Don't waste money on patent medicines advertised to cure tuberculosis.
★ Become a fresh-air crank and enjoy life.

Washington, D. C. (Special).—According to a report made to the United States Public Health Service, the epidemic of influenza in Spain has already caused an increase in the prevalence and deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis. A similar association between influenza and tuberculosis was recently made by Sir Arthur Newsholme, the chief medical officer of the English public health service, in his analysis of the tuberculosis death rate in England.

In order that the people of the United States may profit by the experience of other countries Surgeon General Rupert Blue of the United States Public Health Service has just issued a warning emphasizing the need of special precautions at the present time. "Experience seems to indicate," says the Surgeon General, "that persons whose resistance has been weakened by an attack of influenza are peculiarly susceptible to tuberculosis. With millions of its people recently affected with influenza this country now offers conditions favoring the spread of tuberculosis."

One Million Consumptives in the United States.

"Then you consider this a serious menace?" was asked. "In my opinion it is, though I hasten to add it is distinctly one against which the people can guard. So far as one can estimate there are at present about one million cases of tuberculosis in the United States. There is unfortunately no complete census available to show exactly the number of tuberculous persons in each state despite the fact that most of the states have made the disease reportable. In New York city, where reporting has been in force for many years, over 85,000 cases of tuberculosis are registered with the Department of Health. Those familiar with the situation believe that the addition of unrecognized and unreported cases would make the number nearer 50,000. The very careful health survey conducted during the past two years in Framingham, Mass., revealed 200 cases of tuberculosis in a population of approximately 15,000. If these proportions hold true for the United States as a whole they would indicate that about one in every hundred persons is tuberculous. Each of these constitutes a source of danger to be guarded against."

What to Do.

In his statement to the public Surgeon General Blue points out how those who have had influenza should protect themselves against tuberculosis. "All who have recovered from influenza," says the Surgeon General, "should have their lungs carefully examined by a competent physician. In fact, it is desirable to have several examinations made a month apart. Such examinations cannot be made through the clothing nor can they be carried out in two or three minutes. If the lungs are found to be free from tuberculosis every effort should be made to keep them so. This can be done by right living, good food and plenty of fresh air."

Danger Signs.

The Surgeon General warned especially against certain danger signs, such as "decline" and "colds which hang on."

These, he explained, were often the beginning of tuberculosis. "If you do not get well promptly, if your cold seems to hang on or your health and strength decline, remember that these are often the early signs of tuberculosis. Place yourself at once under the care of a competent physician. Tuberculosis is curable in the early stages. Patent Medicines Dangerous in Tuberculosis."

"Above all do not trust in the misleading statements of unscrupulous patent medicine makers. There is no specific medicine for the cure of tuberculosis. The money spent on such medicines is thrown away; it should be spent instead for good food and decent living."

From Our Boys "Over There"

From ALFRED E. BERGMAN (To his mother, Mrs. Louise Bergman.)

Nov. 4th, 1918.

My Dear Mother:—

These last two weeks we have been constantly on the move, making and breaking camp. We are now in a different part of France, and so far we have had fine weather, not much rain and quite warm for November. Last week we saw our first air-raid, four of us walked to the village near our barracks and about seven o'clock we heard the anti-aircraft guns popping up in a dozen places. The night was dark and almost gloomy and it was a great sight to see, the big search-lights sweeping the sky with rackets and shells bursting. The siren the signal of the beginning of the air-raid emptied the little village in a few minutes and we were almost left alone on the street watching the excitement. The raid lasted only about 30 minutes at which time the signal was again given and everybody came out of the bomb-proof dugouts and went back home, as though nothing had happened. Most of our hiking has been done at night, in order to avoid all danger of the enemy seeing us. The last twenty miles we have hiked has sure the marks of war, the trees which once lined the wonderful roads are shattered, and the roads, well worn by the great amount of traffic are pitted with shell holes. We came through several villages completely ruined only few walls remaining and hardly a Frenchman in sight.

We landed at our destination about ten o'clock at night and pitched tents, four of us pitched together and with the aid of a burning candle under our steel helmet made ourselves quite comfortable. The second night we located a dugout, built by the Germans, about twenty feet below ground, it was quite clean but very damp. Yesterday we had little to do, so we scouted around the woods and trenches and found a fine dugout, it has one bunk in it, wood floor and sides and steel roof covered with sand bags, window, we all got busy cleaning it out, built a stove and in a couple hours had a fire-burning and almost some of the comforts of home.

This afternoon, myself and one of the boys walked over to a village to the "Y hut" and Salvation Army and came back with real American chocolate and cigarettes, and I wish you could have dropped in on us in the evening when our bunks were made, fire and candles burning, we celebrated my anniversary in grand old style and needless to say we stayed up later than we have for some time in order to enjoy everything we have here as long as possible. Our dugout is numbered in German "Deckung No. 18." The trenches zig-zag all thru the woods and these dug-outs are as thick as flees, some of them are quite elaborate, concrete, electric lights and telephone, a miniature railroad runs all thru the woods and the engineers are making fine use of it.

The end of the war is quite near in sight now, Turkey has surrendered and we heard yesterday that Austria was to sign the armistice also so I guess it will not be long before Germany comes across. We have orders to make rolls again this morning so I guess we have another hike ahead of us. I feel fine and ready for it, put on clean underwear and ready for anything that may come.

I hope you are keeping well and are having as nice weather as we are here, and you can get things ready for I'll sure enough be home in the spring to work around the house and garden.

Our mail is quite an uncertainty here and it will probably be some time before I hear from you, but I'll get it so write as often as you can. I must close now and make my pack. Give my best regards to everybody at home, and don't worry about me for I'm feeling fine and will soon be with you all.

With best regards from your loving son.

ALFRED.

Address
Privt. Alfred Bergman
Battery B., 329th Field Artillery
American Exp. Forces.

In winning the war food proved an effective weapon; in keeping it won food will be our most valuable tool.

We sometimes talk slightly of old-fashioned people, but in our hearts we love them, every one.

From FLOYD E. WIGGINS

(To his mother, Mrs. Sadie Wilson.)
Somewhere in France
Oct. 28, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:—

Well being as I have not written for some time and have got all the letters you have wrote, only the registered one you spoke about I have not received up to this date. We have the afternoon off to clean up a little bit, and have a few minutes left before it gets dark, so will spend the time in answering some of the letters as we are subject to visits by the Huns in aeroplanes, so we are not allowed any lights after dark, which is for our own benefit, but of course it is unhandy sometimes.

Well mother, your letters have found me all O. K. and feeling fine and I am hoping these few lines find you all the same. I was somewhat surprised to hear that Bro. D. was in a Motor Truck Co., in Georgia, but I presume it is some warmer there, than it is here, but so far is not very cold here yet, but it rains quite a lot and we have quite a lot of mud to contend with, but we will get by with that alright as we are pretty good on the shovel. How is uncle and aunt Curry? Are they still all right? Lyle ought to get along all right if he has light work to do around, or does his side not bother him so much as it did, I hope not anyway. Well mother, I guess I will close for this time. With love and best wishes from your son, Floyd.

Corp. Floyd E. Wiggins
Co. D. 310 Engrs.
American E. F.

TWINS PUZZLE DOCTORS

Future of Colorado Mother's Babes Considered Odd Problem for Research and Discussion.

Denver, Colo.—Twins, one black and one white! The brother a negro, the sister a caucasian!

These two remarkable children are here as wards of the state, to whose care the mother, a white woman, relinquished them.

The Ethiopian twin who has been named Robert has a sloping skull. The Caucasian twin, Elizabeth, is fair of skin, wide brow and well developed.

Denver physicians, scientists and child life experts are deeply puzzled by the twins and are searching thru ancient and modern works on obstetrics and childbirth for parallel cases.

Then comes the question shall the state keep trace of the oddly assorted twins thruout their lives to trace possible return of the negro type to the girl or ascendance of the Caucasian type in the boy?

Or when they reach childhood shall they be permitted to enter the world with the knowledge of their relationship or without that knowledge—the girl to live as a white woman and the twin brother as a negro?

Scientists say that should the latter come to pass, and the girl marry a white man, this girl's children might be negroes.

SUN HATCHES BANTAM CHICKS

Old Sol Finishes Task Begun by Old Hen.

Altoona, Pa.—John Carey, a locomotive engineer in the yards here, is the possessor of five sun hatched chicks. The eggs had been placed under an old clucker three weeks ago. Carey's wife waited the usual time for the chicks to appear, and thinking the eggs were no good carried them to the ash pile in the rear of the home, where the sun beat down all day.

In the late afternoon imagine her surprise to find the bantam peeps hopping around the yard calling for something to eat.

USES FLIVVER TO KILL RATS

Kansas Shoots Gasoline and Coal Oil From the Exhaust.

Hill City, Kan.—P. N. Kilpe of this county whose barn was overrun with rats filled the supply tank of his Flivver car with gasoline and coal oil mixed, attached a rubber hose to the exhaust and put the other end into a rat hole and started the engine. Many rats died under the barn and others died as they ran out to get fresh air. He gathered up four bushels of rats he says.

Bear Claws Engine

Cobalt, Ont.—After a train on the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario railroad killed a bear cub north of New Liskeard, the mother bear emerged from the woods beside the track and clapped and bit at the locomotive until she was shot by the engineer.

Houses Rent for 25 Cents a Year. London—Inhabitants of the island of Easdale, Argyshire, have been granted by Lord Breadalbane a 22 years lease of their houses at an annual rental of 25 cents.

Snared

By J. U. GIESEY & J. B. SMITH
Authors of Semi-Dual Stories
Copyright,
The Frank A. Munsey Co.

CHAPTER I.

Colonel Sheldon is Jubilant.
I am certain that when Lucille Foote, Semi Dual, Sheldon and myself left the Hall of Justice, taking with us Lily Lawton, whom Dual had freed from the web of peril in which her false lover, Homer Reich, and Greek Annie, his confederate, had ensnared her, the majority of us felt that the incident was closed and the two white slave agents destined to a well merited fate.

Those of you who have followed the history of that adventure will admit that we had certainly scored against the organized band of social vampires who prey upon the youth and virtue of their country's womanhood. Reich, who had won her trust and her promise to wed him while acting as a white slave scout, and the woman, wife of a Greek member of the organization who had helped in the girl's capture, we left in charge of the police when we started back to our suite at the St. Francis. With us we took the assurance that the Greek accomplices in Salt Lake would be arrested as soon as the wires could carry the order.

All in all, it was a remarkable victory which Dual had scored against a subtle foe. As Colonel Mac Sheldon put it:

"I reckon we put a kink in that bunch of jaspers this time. My hat's off to Semi Dual."

And those of you who have followed the stories of the strange man which I, Gordon Glace, have tried to set down from time to time will know of whom he spoke.

You will recognize the name as that of that super-soul who moved other souls of men and women like pawns on the chess board of life—who sought from time to time to unravel some of the miserable tangles into which those lesser souls had snarled their skeins of life.

The man who studied and used the higher forces of the universal laws, as those lesser men about him used the simpler implements of material forces, and who did all this with a smile that destiny made of him a means to a noble end.

And it was Semi Dual who, when old Colonel Sheldon, of Goldfield, appealed to him for aid, had engaged in a battle of wits with the organization which had stolen his pale-faced girl who now sat opposite me in the taxi, her head resting on the shoulder of Lucille Foote.

Lucille, as you know, was the agent of the police who, in helping Dual to see justice performed, had won her own vengeance against the man Reich—and Reich, three years before, had done her sister to her death.

Oh, it was a triumph for right I had seen that night! And Dual was the high priest of right, always.

The taxi took us back to the hotel where we had engaged our suite some few crowded hours ago. It hardly seemed possible that this was the same night in the evening of which we had registered at the yellow marble desk and gone forth without delay to free a threatened soul. We went up to the rooms and I think we all breathed a sigh of relief as we reached them.

Lily Lawton turned to Semi then and would have spoken save that he waved Lucille to take the girl to their room.

"Tomorrow, Miss Lawton," he said not unkindly. "Wait until a little of the strain has passed—for tonight—thank that Power who watches the sparrows and feeds them. Good night!"

"Just the same," erupted Sheldon, when the door was closed behind Lucille and the girl, "there ain't no strings on my expressin' my opinion, an' I reckon this is our night to howl. For downright pure quill querness, this last thing puts it all over anything I ever heard of. I ain't takin' nuthin' of credit from that Power you speak of, Mr. Dual, but I'm addin' that you played some hand, sir—some hand you won all the bets that was down. Yes sir, this is our night to howl!"

"There will follow a day, which is almost dawning," said Semi. "I shall sleep despite your howling, my friend. A slight smile flickered across his lips.

Colonel Mac and I went to our room and he kept on talking till I told him to keep still. It had been a pretty strenuous night as I viewed it, and, like Semi, I wanted to rest.

Yet in the morning he took up his sleep interrupted exclamations, like a phonographic record half played through. In fact, an air of congratulatory excitement pervaded our little party when we gathered in the parlor of the suite, where a waiter was spreading a table by Dual's direction.

Lucille was fresh, smiling, with an expression of calm triumph in her deep brown eyes, unlike that vague unrest which had excited my interest in the days since I had known her. She impressed me as one awaking from a dream of things past and opening eyes upon a brighter future as she sat by the window, looking out at the already busy street.

It was one of those golden mornings which often come to the city of San Francisco after a night of fog. Tired as we all were by the events

which had held us, we had slept late. At least all of us had except Semi Dual, whom I suspected of having followed his usual custom of rising with the sun.

The warm glow of the outer day streamed into the room, filling its atmosphere with light, while we waited for the serving of our morning's meal.

As for the Lawton girl, she was pale but composed with a sort of pensive composure. She seemed hardly to realize fully her new position and stood beside Miss Foote, with the elder woman's arm about her supple waist. She was a pretty little thing in her way, with wide eyes which told one why she had fallen so easy a victim to the dapper and plausible Reich.

One could sum her up as an innocent—a creature without experience of men's falsity—one to give trust to the one who spoke kindly—one who had blundered through ignorance into her fate.

Colonel Mac fairly sparkled with good humor this morning, did the colonel, and the whole world was his friend. All his life he had been a man who did nothing by half, and when he took charge of this girl—as her protector, he had taken her welfare to heart. That he had her back unscathed, save for the shock of her peril, brought him into a jovial mood.

I glanced at Semi. He was sitting in a large chair, from where he could command a straight sweep of the down-dropping length of Powell till it jutted into Market. I could see his profile from where I stood. It was quiet, calm, composed, yet with a firmness about it which spoke to me of a mental introspection.

For a man who had done what he had accomplished, he struck me more as a detached spectator than the principal actor in a drama of human passion and pain.

He felt my gaze as he seemed all day to do, when my eyes dwelt upon him, turned his glance to my own, and smiled in a slow, almost enigmatic fashion. A moment more and he was once more watching the human ants which scuttered about the streets. Yet I felt sure that he saw them only with his physical eyes and that his mental vision was turned toward some other point.

In that moment it came to me that our little celebration might be in some way premature—that even as he had led us through the maze of plot and counterplot which had brought us at last to the woman we sought, who now stood with Lucille by the window, so now he might still know more of the final issue than any of us others suspected. It was almost as though that slow smile of his had said as much to me in a voiceless message, unmeant for other ears.

A waiter came in with the breakfast and set it forth with its service. Lucille and Lily whispered by the window, and I saw the girl glance more than once at Semi Dual. It appeared to me that she wanted to thank him for her salvation and hardly knew how to approach him.

After all she was only a child at heart.

"Before we eat, I want to express my feelings," Sheldon began. "This here is one of th' happiest moments of my somewhat busy-career, I've lived a long time an' I done some things I thought rather nifty myself, an' I seen some nifty things done, now an' then. But th' thing which skins th' whole lot and caboodle is th' thing which makes it possible for us five to sit here an' be glad we are here, an' we all know what it is.

"So before we eat this breakfast I want you to all join me in a toast to Mr. Semi Dual—th' one man livin' who never misses a shot an' always rings th' bell.

"I know he could do it when I asked him to help us, but darn me if I see how he done it—now. Here's how!"

Dual fiddled with a glass of milk, which he held in his long, supple fingers. Once more that slow smile twitched his lips as I watched.

"I am glad," he began, "that I have been able to justify Colonel Sheldon's expectations. I am grateful, as we should all be grateful, for a sincere appreciation of our efforts at any time, and I am thankful that by my means the Great One who guides the universal round, has seen fit to preserve the innocence of one who walked unawares."

He lifted his glass and drank.

Lily Lawton raised her blue eyes to his face. "May I thank you now, Mr. Dual, for what you have done for me?" she questioned. "I know that I must seem a very foolish girl to you, to have done as I did, but I really trusted the man who said he loved me. And I didn't know—I didn't dream—that a man—that any man—could be so—so base."

Dual smiled, and now the inscrutable quality which marked the spread of his lips at times was lacking. It was free—open—compassionate—that smile.

"Miss Lawton," he responded, "the action of one who loves truly should never seem foolish to one who knows that sincere love is the mainspring of universal creation. Against the machinations of social parasites there is but one protection, and that society must take.

"They used to tell me that ignorance was bliss," said he.

"Ignorance is danger," replied Dual. "Ignorance causes more suffering, bodily and mental, than any other thing. Ignorance of the law makes us a malefactor in its sight. Ignorance of cause makes us the victim of result."

"I reckon," grinned the colonel, "ignorance of what you was doin' was what put this bunch of rustlers on the blink, all right. Ignorance sure threw a jolt into them they won't get over in a hurry."

I glanced at Lucille and smiled. Despite the wonderful work of Dual I could not help but feel a certain amusement at the personal note which the colonel threw into the matter. She seemed to sense my meaning, for she nodded.

"They are unfortunately a very strong and closely guarded organization," she returned to Sheldon. "I hardly feel that they will be greatly affected by the little we have done."

"Exactly," Dual assented, sprinkling sugar over his breakfast of berries. "Our little engagement is a mere skirmish. Our victory here will be no more than the slightest pin prick to their evil might. They have lost one or two of their mercenary soldiers, no more."

I started. I wondered what he meant. But even then I did not dream. A sob from Lily Lawton changed the tenor of my thoughts.

She was sitting with downcast eyes, eating practically nothing. Lucille put out a hand and patted her arm.

"We ought not to talk any more about it," she suggested. "But here is something for you to consider. Colonel Sheldon. This little girl must have some clothing before she starts home. I think I'll take her shopping this afternoon."

"You bet," agreed Sheldon, thrusting a hand into his pocket and dragging out a plethoric wallet. "Get her anything she needs, an' if this isn't enough, I got more. She's my girl from now on, an' you get her whatever is right, Miss Foote." With the air of a lord conferring largess, he tossed the wallet to Lucille.

For the second time Lily sobbed. "You're all—so—so—good," she burst out. "I never dreamed there were men like Homer Reich! And now Colonel Mac says I'm to go home with him—but how can I? Everybody who knew me will point at me and say I was the girl these people stole. Oh, I don't know what to do."

She paused and dropped her face against Lucille.

"Do?" roared Sheldon. "You'll go home, an' if anybody with a loose tongue lets it get to waggin', I'll put pepper on it fore they can close their trap. An' as fer you havin' done any-thing to deserve this here trouble, you didn't. Things jest happen sometimes an'—"

"You are wrong, colonel," Dual interrupted. "Things do not just happen, and Miss Lawton has done something to bring her fate upon her. She has created a Karma, which induced just this thing."

"She's what?" exclaimed Sheldon.

Lucille Foote laughed—a soft little laugh of delight. "You delicious being," she said softly, with her eyes on Semi's face.

He smiled. Some way those two always seemed to understand each other from first to last.

"Created a Karma," he repeated to the colonel's open-mouthed interrogation. "In other words, she has set into operation certain forces, which have produced equally certain effects. Karma is after all but another name for the Book of Judgment, of which orthodox ministers of the orthodox gospel sometimes speak in their endeavors to frighten souls into a better manner of living.

"Karma is but the astral record of the things we do, good or bad. Karma is the Universal Ledger in which Universal Law sets down the account for and against us. We create it ourselves, building it up from moment to moment, from hour to hour, from day to day, from birth to death, and its final balance is the thing which determines the state unto which we shall go after that death of the flesh occurs."

Lily had ceased her weeping and was staring wide eyed upon him while she listened. "But what did I do? How did I create this—this thing you spoke of? I always tried to do what was right." Her voice trembled.

Dual addressed her directly.

"And by always trying to do what was right you also created other Karma, which made your escape from the peril which threatened a possible thing. Your fault lay like that of mankind at large, in not learning the law of your own self need. Your fault was a fault of ignorance."

"That very ignorance it was which made you a possible victim of one more learned in the ways of the world and men. Because you knew little of the guile which wraps a mantle of seeming probity about its evil body, you took the surface seeming for the reality itself. You gave your trust before its deserving was proven."

"In that you created Karma, and because the one whom you trusted was unworthy of trust, he availed himself of the chance to betray you for his own selfish enrichment."

He paused, drew a deep breath and resumed in the voice of a judge pronouncing sentence:

"And in so doing that one who betrayed you created a Karma, which will certainly be his undoing. Already its evil effects have begun to overtake him. And they shall continue to overtake him, to buffet his body and spirit, to torture his days and his nights, until the last item on the Karma scrolls against him shall have been paid in full.

"But you, child is error, rather than

in sin, shall profit by the lesson you have learned. So shall you walk safely and be not afraid."

"Well, my Lord!" sighed Colonel MacDonahue Sheldon. "I reckon you said a mouthful that time, Lily, my girl, that's about the best sermon on common sense I ever heard in my life. Summed up it comes out jes' about like this, I reckon: Do the best you kin, an' leave the rest up to th' Great Accountant—eh, Dual?"

"That, and endeavor to learn while you act," said Semi. "And, colonel, there is a very large question, both in your mind and in that of my friend Glace, as to why the success of our adventure has not wakened a greater satisfaction in my mind—"

The telephone whirred sharply. I saw Dual draw his watch and take the time.

Sheldon, as the one nearest the instrument, rose and answered the call: "Hello! Who?" He paused a moment and listened. "Oh, you want Miss Foote? All right, wait just a minute." He turned and held the receiver out on its cord toward Lucille.

"Somebody wants you, ma'am," he announced.

Lucille rose and took his place at the phone. "Yes, this is Miss Foote—"

she began, and evidently awaited the pleasure of the one who was speaking. Gradually as I watched her I saw the color sink in her face, and she leaned slightly forward. After a bit she put up a hand and rested it on the telephone box, as though seeking a partial support. Still later she spoke in a tense, low voice: "Yes, yes; I understand. I will speak to him at once, and we will let you hear later. Yes, captain, at once; I understand the need of immediate action. Yes—"

She stepped the receiver into its catch and turned back toward the table, and her eyes were deeper and darker at that moment than I had ever known them. Perhaps it was because her face had gone white to the lips and had lost the look of happy content it had worn throughout the morning.

"That was Captain of Detectives Connel, speaking from the Hall of Justice," she whispered. "He tells me that Mr. McKabe disappeared between the time he left us last night and this morning."

"Just now Captain Connel has received an anonymous communication, demanding the release of Reich and the woman Greek Annie within twenty-four hours, with the alternative of Mr. McKabe's death and his body's return."

CHAPTER II.

Semi Dual Disappears.

Dual snapped his watch. "Twenty-seven," said he.

"Lucille," whispered Lily Lawton—"Lucille, what does it mean?"

"It means," said Miss Foote, "that a brave man is in danger of his life for giving us the help we needed last night."

I mentally applauded her control. Shocked as she was at the turn of affairs she said no word of personal reproach to the girl.

So many would have made McKabe's actions in the path of his duty appear rather a matter of personal obligation at such a time.

"It means," declared Sheldon in a fighting voice he sometimes used, "that these jaspers are piling up a heap of Karma. Somebody's apt to get hurt when it falls over on him. Karma's a good thing to stand from under."

Dual smiled slightly. "I agree with you," said he. "Watching his face, I saw it change and settle into lines of purpose, and my heart leaped within me."

Once more I knew that he was about to answer that half-spoken appeal of Lucille's. And some way I felt that he had known all the morning that that appeal was going to be made. "Gordon, take Miss Lucille and go to Connel's office," he said to me. "Learn all you can of the particulars surrounding this affair. Verify the fact that McKabe is really a prisoner of these people. Learn also how well his connection with the place was known to any or all persons in the Chinatown district. When you have learned all you can return here at once. Call a taxi."

I sprang to attention and hurried to the phone to engage the cab, as he ordered. Already Lucille had run into her room for her jacket and hat. Hardly had I put through my demand when she came back, her pale face tense with impending action. I turned from the phone and went to get my own hat and coat.

"And what do I do?" Sheldon was saying as I came back.

"Keep a watchful eye upon Miss Lawton," said Semi. He had risen and crossed to a small writing table placed between two windows. I saw his open watch lying upon it and a sheet of the hotel's paper.

A thrill went through me at the sight. Time and again I had seen him at the inception of some puzzling case thus begin his operations by an abstract calculation, involving the influence of planetary positions.

I joined Lucille, opened the door of the suite, waited till she had preceded me into the hall, and followed.

Together we trailed across the red-and-yellow foyer to a porter, who led us to the taxi I had ordered.

Then we were off, Lucille facing me as we swung into Geary and turned east. She was still pale, but I saw set purpose in the eyes which looked into mine.

She was breathing slowly and deeply, and one hand, resting in her lap, was clenched into a hard little fist.

She shook her head. "No, I didn't ask, you know. He just told me the salient facts, and asked me to tell Dual and explain it to him."

"I think Mr. Dual made a very great impression on Captain Connel."

"And you," said I on impulse, "have made a great impression on Semi Dual."

She leaned forward. Her lips parted.

"—Mr. Glace, just what do you mean?"

"I mean," I told her, still following some compelling impulse to give her an encouragement at the beginning, "that now and then he meets some one whom he recognizes as what he calls a soul-seeking attainment—some one who sincerely desires to learn and grow, and that then he will do anything in his power to help such a one, just as he answered your appeal for his help for McKabe this morning."

"Mr. McKabe deserves help," she flung out quickly. "His fate came on him through us. And it was I who brought him into the danger—I went on the errand which resulted in his being detailed. I—"

She paused abruptly.

"I might have suspected it before, but now I felt sure."

"Why not?" I asked myself. The girl was young—strong—daring.

McKabe, too, was a soul which lived and threw on adventure. Why should not these two spirits find each other congenial?"

Why should not some rapid course of events, such as had held us all last night, work the results of months in other circumstances and wake them to their mutual attraction?"

The girl who sat opposite me in the taxi loved Dan McKabe.

"And Mr. McKabe will have all the help which Dual can give him," I gave her assurance. "Can you doubt it, Miss Lucille?"

"He is a brave man," she said softly, and I knew she meant McKabe.

"And your friend, and mine—yes, mine, I am sure; is the most wonderful person I have ever known. Yes, I am sure he will do all he can, Mr. Glace."

"But, oh!"—she struck her knee to emphasize her speaking—"he is fighting such a terrible power of evil! I know. I fought it, too, for years. How can we be sure?"

"Don't try," I responded. "Trust him. Do as I do. Go where he says. Do what he says. Leave the rest to him. Even now we are acting by his direction. See, we are at our destination."

The cab stopped.

Lucille straightened and her parted lips grew firm. "You are right. He is the captain—we the soldiers. Thank you, Mr. Glace, for showing me the necessity for remaining calm."

"And do you know?"—she fastened me with her eyes—"I believe in some way he looked for this move of yours? I knew it this morning for a minute after I came back from the phone. He was not surprised."

I told the driver to wait and we passed into the massive entrance of the Hall of Justice.

Last night had taught me the way to Connel's office and I lost no time in seeking admittance.

My name and that of my companion brought us a ready entrance.

We came into the same room where we had sat in the early hours of this same morning, and found Connel, grim-faced, sitting at his desk.

He looked up and sprang to his feet.

"Miss Foote, Glace," he began quickly, "this is promptness with a vengeance, and I'm glad to see you."

Himself he handed Lucille a chair.

"Dual sent us," I informed him. "He wants the verification of everything you told us. First, are you certain that McKabe is really in their hands, and that the thing is not a plant?"

"It's no plant," said Connel. "Do you suppose Dan McKabe would hole up anywhere if he could get here to report? And if there was any doubt, this alone would make it certain."

"You must know, Glace, that there are two things a policeman never gives up while he can retain them—his revolver and his badge."

"Look at these."

In a manner almost dramatic he tossed a service revolver and a gold-and-silver badge toward me across the desk.

"McKabe's," he declared. "Sent in this morning with their demand for the release of their jackals."

I heard Lucille Foote gasp slightly. In a moment she was bending over the weapon and badge. Her finger touched the latter gently.

"It had been worn by the man she had met last night for the first time. Even I thrilled at the sight of the 'offices' of the captured man."

We would beg to suggest that the matter can be arranged agreeably to both sides by the release of Reich and the woman within twenty-four hours. Failing this, we shall not be responsible for the safety of Mr. McKabe. We hope that you will be amenable to our argument as we realize that McKabe is a man whose sudden death might be a serious loss to your force.

At the same time, should you decide to attempt any counter stroke, we shall feel compelled to return his body to your doors as a sign that we mean exactly what we say.

I glanced at Lucille. She was pale as death.

I swung my eyes to Connel.

"There doesn't seem any chance for doubt," I began.

"None at all. They've got Dan," he said shortly. "They picked him up somewhere around four-thirty as far as I can find out."

"Then you have word from him as late as that?" I inquired. Lucille had sunk into a chair.

"He spoke to a roundsman on Washington and Dupont at four-twenty," said Connel.

"What sent him back there after we left? I thought he was done for the night," I remarked.

"He was. That is, he should have been," Connel admitted. "I don't know why he went back. I suppose, though, he wanted to see just how much of a dust the night's work had kicked up."

"I'll say one thing for Dan, when he was on a case he had no hours; he'd run on a scent till he dropped. I guess he wanted to feel out the lay of things up there. You know he posed as a Chinatown guide."

"But," Lucille cut in for the first time, speaking quickly, "was his connection with your office really a secret? Don't you suppose some of them knew he was a detective?"

"It looks like it," Connel smiled grimly as he replied.

"That isn't what I mean, exactly," said the girl. "I mean, didn't some of them know it for a long time? Are you sure about it? You know how subtle those yellow men are."

Connel nodded. A frown grew between his brows.

"There was one, and just one, chink up there who was wise to Dan's lay, Miss Foote," he responded. "But I hardly think he'd have been likely to tip it off."

"Why not? You know they're clanish. How do you know he wouldn't give Mr. McKabe's connection with you away?"

Lucille's voice quivered with insistent demand.

"I don't," said Connel, "but I don't believe it. Admitting all that you say as true, I would add that they are in our own American Indians in the future of a debt, either of good or evil. The man I mean is indebted deeply to McKabe."

Again my heart leaped.

I remembered Dual's instructions to learn if the missing man had been known as an official to any of the Orientals.

Here already things were leading up to that point.

I don't know if the fact struck Lucille or not, but she asked an immediate question.

"Who is he?"

"He's Kim Lee," said Connel slowly. "To be frank with you, Miss Foote, he is regarded by us as a mighty white man."

"Then he has no connection with the white slave organization?"

"Kim Lee? Good Lord, no! Say—I forgot you'd not been here for a long time."

"The man is a cosmopolitan, Miss Foote—educated, wealthy—a sort of merchant prince. Of course you know that none of those people use their real names for trade, but between you and me, Kim Lee is the main owner of the big shop on the north-west corner of Grant and Clay."

"The man's a millionaire and a philanthropist in his way. I think we are safe in saying he is not mixed up with the cutthroats who have made

(Continued To Seventh Page)

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."

—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should try this fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years' experience is at your service.

so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."

—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the



HAVE MONEY

JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB

PLAN OF THE CLUB

The Plan is Simple: You begin with a certain amount, 1c, 2c, 5c, or 10c, and INCREASE your deposit the same amount each week. Or, you can begin with a certain amount, 50c, \$1.00, \$5.00, or any amount, and deposit the SAME amount each week.

HOW TO JOIN

Look at the different Clubs in table below and select the one you wish to join, the 1c, 2c, 5c, 10c, 50c, \$1.00, \$5.00, or any of the clubs; then COME TO OUR BANK WITH THE FIRST WEEKLY PAYMENT. We will make you a member of the Club and give you a Christmas Banking Club Book showing the Club you have joined.

WHAT THE DIFFERENT CLUBS WILL PAY YOU

1c Club	2c Club	5c Club	10c Club	50c Club	\$1 Club	\$5 Club	Special Club
PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	PAYMENTS	for ANY AMOUNT
1st week 1c	1st week 2c	1st week 5c	1st week 10c	1st week 50c	1st week . . . \$1.00	1st week . . \$5.00	
2nd week 2c	2nd week 4c	2nd week . . . 10c	2nd week . . . 20c	2nd week . . . 50c	2nd week . . \$1.00	2nd week . . \$5.00	
3rd week 3c	3rd week 6c	3rd week . . . 15c	3rd week . . . 30c	3rd week . . . 50c	3rd week . . \$1.00	3rd week . . \$5.00	
Increase every week by 1c.	Increase every week by 2c.	Increase every week by 5c.	Increase every week by 10c.	Deposit 50c every week	Deposit \$1.00 every week	Deposit \$5.00 every week	
Total in 50 weeks	Total in 50 weeks	Total in 50 weeks	Total in 50 weeks	Total in 50 weeks	Total in 50 weeks	Total in 50 weeks	
\$12.75	\$25.50	\$63.75	\$127.50	\$25.00	\$50.00	\$250.00	

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

Everybody Can Join NOBODY IS BARRED OUT

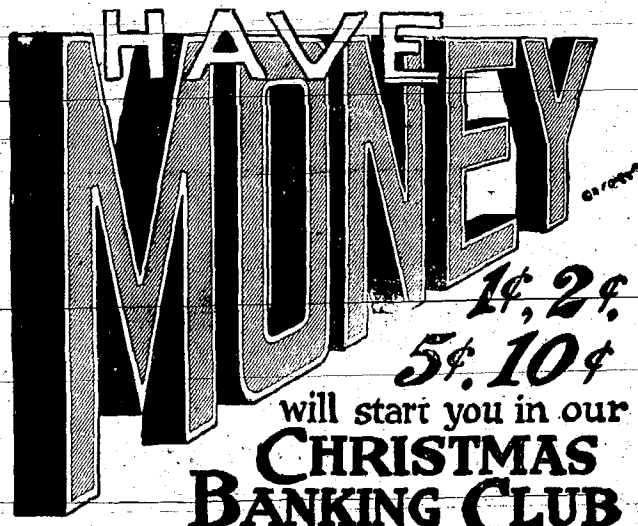
Everybody should join.

Men and Women, Boys and Girls, Little Children, the Baby—all should join.

You can take out memberships for your family or friends.

An employer can take out memberships for his employees.

We will welcome everyone.



Come in, let us show you how in 50 weeks you will have
\$12.75 \$25.50 \$63.75 or \$127.50

Who Gets the Money You Earn?

It isn't the money you make that counts, but what you SAVE. If one man makes \$10,000 a year and spends it all, he hasn't got as much as the man who only makes \$5,000 a year and saves and banks \$1,000.

Nor is it the big things you buy that takes your money; it is the small amounts that you let slip through your fingers that eat up your earnings. Why not plug up those leaks and join our Christmas Banking Club? You'll be lots happier in watching your balance grow and your money will be safe from fire, burglars, or your own temptations to spend it.

Will start you in our Christmas Banking Club next Xmas you get **\$63.75 or \$127.50**

The Reasons for the Club

To provide a way for those of moderate or even small means to bank their money.

To teach the "saving habit" to those who have never learned it.

To give young folks a practical education about money—by showing them that if they give up the little things they want today, they can get the big things later.

To give all a Bank connection and show you how our Bank can be of service to them.



FOR OLD AND YOUNG

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

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

We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest In Our Banking Club

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RAW FURS?
If you do, ship them to us, get an **ABSOLUTELY FAIR SORT**

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Write Today for Price List
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More Michigan Furs than any other concern. We aim to handle the best furs in the U. S. A., and Michigan is the only State where we can fill our demands.

If you ship your furs to us, we both profit by it.

If you deal with a good house stick to it. If you are dissatisfied, ship to us. We do not want your trade for once or twice but permanently.

Some say: "We will pay you more than anybody else." We do not know what the other fellows pay, but WE will pay you every cent you are entitled to.

Write for price list.
VREELAND FUR CO.
42 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—
DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Brest Tea 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 Liniment

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Liniment" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia. Limber up! Get a 30 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub Rheumatism away.

SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't Stay Gray! Here's an Old-time Recipe that Anybody can Apply.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet-requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

MAY BE MARRIED ISN'T A BIT SURE

YOUNG DUTCHMAN IN KANSAS CITY AWAITING NEWS OF PROXY WEDDING IN HOLLAND

WAR WAS CAUSE OF THE DELAY

Manufacturer's Son Studying Business So He Can Return and Run His Father's

Kansas City, Mo.—Victor de Bont is ready—even eager—to be a bridegroom; Caroline Zegers is ready—probably eager to be a bride. Maybe they are such, but if so De Bont doesn't know it, hence the anxiety that he carries over with him, smiling pleasantly, hopefully the while.

De Bont is sojourning in this city; his bride to be—maybe his bride—is in Holland.

The indefiniteness in the matrimonial situation of this couple is due to the unsettlement arising from the great war, with Holland on a war footing and its army being shifted from point to point, according to exigencies. A lieutenant in that army is to stand up with the young woman instead of the man she is actually to marry. It is to be a proxy marriage—maybe has been.

Every detail essential to the ceremony by proxy has been attended to and it came to the sole point of the army man finding it practicable for him to represent his friend in the United States before the authorities in Holland having to do with making Miss Zegers—Mrs. de Bont. Cable communications are slow, those by mail vastly slower—about three weeks. The bridegroom to be—or the bridegroom in actuality—must wait, with such patience as he can command to learn.

De Bont who is 25 years old, is the son of a former very prosperous candy manufacturer at Breda, Holland, who is dead. His fiancée—maybe his wife—is 17, daughter of a former Lieutenant in the Dutch artillery, who also is dead. Her home was until a year or so ago at Breda, but the family removed to The Hague. At one time wealthy, her family is now in only moderate circumstances.

The couple met three years ago at the annual bat masque at Breda, and young De Bont was sorely smitten with the charm of the girl who attended the affair as the Pied Piper of Hamelin. He was introduced, paid-argument court to the girl and an engagement to marry followed. His mother opposed the match.

After his father's death young De Bont attempted to conduct the business but found it too much for his knowledge and organized a close corporation, with his uncle as president, to take control. He went to Amsterdam to take charge of the export end of it. Then came the war, with the heavy cargo upon shipping, and he came to this country. Here De Bont conceived the idea of equipping himself for active management of the business established by his father, and for this purpose he is working from the ground up in a factory in this city.

During his sojourn here De Bont also resolved to make Miss Zegers his wife at the earliest practicable moment, which meant a proxy ceremony. First he won his mother's approval, which under the Dutch law is essential if the marriage is to take place before he is 30 years old. Then he went to the Dutch consul here, obtained the necessary document, which he forwarded to Holland with a request of Lieut. Oscar Veltman to obtain the Queen's consent and to impersonate him before the town clerk at Breda and in the state ceremony over there. Lieut. Veltman cheerfully complied, explaining however that it must wait upon opportunity, which in the present circumstances is something different and uncertain.

When the ceremony has been performed in Holland De Bont knows that he will be advised by cable. Then his bride will leave for the United States by the first steamer. The expectant bridegroom—or maybe bridegroom—has already rented a flat but has not furnished it. "That is for her to do," he explains. "But she will come soon now and pick the furniture." When she does there will be a religious marriage ceremony, not by proxy.

The more a woman has in her head, the less she thinks about what is on it.

Lots of people seem to go to church for the purpose of picking flaws in sermons.

The kitchen is about the last place on earth the girl of today goes to kill time.

Among the forgetters, the borrowers of books and umbrellas take the lead.

Some of the doormats that bear the word "welcome" really mean what they say.

The name of the highest type of candidate is not always printed in the largest letters.

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
E. A. Link, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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

SCIENCE SCINTILLATIONS

Sugar alone will sustain life for a considerable time.

There are 150 firemen on some of the large Atlantic steamers

Cape Colony produces three-quarters of the world's diamonds.

Only one out of every 15 persons has both eyes in good condition.

Only one person in every four in London is earning more than \$5 per week.

The Jordan is the most crooked river known, measuring 213 miles in a distance of 60 miles.

The blood thrown out by the heart travels 7 miles an hour, or 4,292,000 miles in a lifetime of 70 years.

Henry the Second of France was the first man to wear a pair of silk stockings, though cloth hose had been worn for some time.

There is a large and growing use of electricity in the household, which is assuming such proportions that we may well call ours the electrical country.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddath, the seaport of Mecca. The temple there, which has palm growing out of the solid stone, is supposed to be the last resting-place of the first woman.

There is one place in the Atlantic Ocean near the Virgin Islands, where the bottom is four and a half miles beneath the surface. Near the Ladrone Islands, in the Pacific, the depth is about five miles.

Dartmoor convict prison was formerly used for prisoners of war. Nearly a century ago hundreds of French and American soldiers and sailors were detained, in some cases for years.

Christmas itself is not observed as a festival by the Japanese. Instead, to not a few of them, it proves anything but a period of joy. All debts in Japan have to be settled by New Year's Day, and he who is behind-hand, unless his creditor be a lenient one, will about Christmas time begin to look around to decide what personal or household effects he had better take to the great New Year's Eve Fair to be sold in order to realize the required cash.

Pearly teeth are not the fashion every where. Firms of artificial teeth manufacturers who have an export trade have to keep in stock molars of every shade of color from white to black. There is a steady demand for black teeth in Siam, Java, Batavia and Burma, where the natives chew the betel-nut, which blackens the teeth. For Persia the teeth must be absolutely milk-white. Recently an order was received from Bhavnagar, in India for some bright red and blue artificial teeth. Smokers' teeth are regularly supplied to dentists in shades to match those which have been discolored by nicotine.

The man who starts out to look for trouble usually ends by having it thrust upon him.

Observation proves that the man who always has a cork-screw never has much money.

When men meet an obstacle in their path they hunt for the shade of it and lie down in it.

FULL OF COLD; HAD THE GRIP.

Many will be pleased to read how Lewis Newman, 506 Northrand St., Charleston, W. Va., was restored to health. He writes: "I was down sick and nothing would do me any good. I was full of cold. Had the grip until I got two 50c bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar. It is the best remedy for grip and colds I ever used."—Hite's Drug Store.

WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

We pay up to \$35.00 per set (broken or not) also highest prices for Bridges, Crown, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Silver and Platinum send Now by parcel post and receive Cash by return mail, your goods returned if our price is unsatisfactory.

Mazer's Tooth Specialty
Dept. X 2007 S. 5th St. Philadelphia

Frank Phillips

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

TRUTH SPOKEN IN JEST

The little factory often has the biggest whistle.

Beauty applied to the face is not even skin deep.

Friendly advice can never be sure of a friendly reception.

Misery loves company—and she usually has plenty of it.

The voice of conscience can best be heard in the silent places.

You can always bet that the man of few words is a married one.

If you are as good as your neighbor you needn't advertise the fact.

Some men get notoriety and imagine they have achieved fame.

Don't aim so high that you shoot above the targets that you can hit.

One way to keep friends is to keep most of your opinions to yourself.

If some men had to eat their words they would soon die of indigestion.

Most people wear glasses because they cannot believe their own eyes.

Even the man who is a dreamer attracts attention—when he snores.

A word to the wise is sufficient provided it is the key word to the code.

No hustler has time to supply information to a man who knows it all.

You can never tell by the sound of a man's voice how well he can talk.

If you would make a man howling mad just keep cool when he abuses you.

Marriage will change a man's view about women quicker than anything else.

Holding a man's nose to the grindstone is a poor way to sharpen his wits.

TAX NOTICE

Taxes of the City of East Jordan, levied for state, county, county road and school purposes, are due and payable at my office over Hite's Drug Store, on and after December 10, 1918. If paid on or before January 10, 1919, no collection fee will be added. Thereafter a charge of four per cent. will be added.

WM. T. BOSWELL,
City Treasurer.

HOW A SALESMAN SUFFERED.

R. J. Porter, Sterling, Col., writes: "I suffered with a painful, weak back. As a traveling salesman I had to stoop frequently to pick up my grips, and the pain when I straightened up was awful. I was induced to try Foley Kidney Pills. Relief was immediate. Say, they are great." Prompt and tonic.—Hite's Drug Store.

PROBATE ORDER

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.
At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 12th day of November A. D. 1918.

Present: Hon. Servetus A. Correll, Judge of Probate.

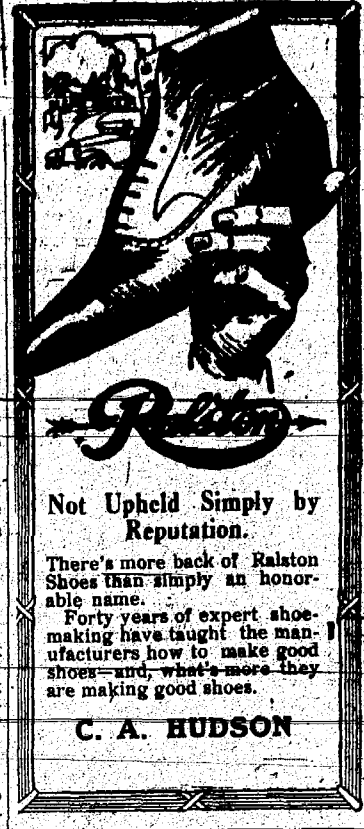
In the Matter of the Estate of Jacob W. Rogers, Deceased, William Harrington having filed in said court his final administration account, and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is Ordered, That the 3rd day of December A. D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition;

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

SERVETUS A. CORRELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Servetus A. Correll,
Judge of Probate.



Not Upheld Simply by Reputation.
There's more back of Ralston Shoes than simply an honorable name. Forty years of expert shoe-making have taught the manufacturers how to make good shoes—and what's more they are making good shoes.
C. A. HUDSON

"We have saved the soul of civilization. Let us now proceed to care for its sick body."—General Jan Smuts.
A genius by any other name would be just as difficult to get along with.

DON'T INVITE A COLD OR THE GRIP.

If you feel "stuffed up," bloated, bilious, languid or have sick headache, sour stomach, coated tongue, bad breath or other condition caused by slowed up digestion, a Foley Cathartic Tablet will give prompt relief. It is a gentle, wholesome thoroughly cleansing physic that leaves no bad after-effects.—Hite's Drug Store.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

20 Overcoats at 1-4 Off




50 Boy's CAPS at 50c each.

Flannel Shirts \$1.50 and up

Extra Heavy WOOL SOX at \$1.00 pair

Cashmere Sox 30c to 75c

Heavy Fleece Underwear \$1.50 each

Wool Pants, \$3.50 to \$6

Mackinaws, \$5 to \$12.50

A few ALL WOOL SUITS at \$21.00

Mr. Man! Make yourself a present of a Royal Tailored Suit or Overcoat.

East Jordan Lumber Co.

Briefs of the Week

Samuel Ramsey was at Kalkaska this week on business.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Looze, a daughter, Nov. 30th.

A. Cameron was a Bay City and Detroit business visitor this week.

Nelson R. Torrey was here from Cadillac this week on business.

Mrs. C. L. Lorraine returned Thursday from a visit with her daughter at Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Mack with son Clare, returned home Thursday from a visit with relatives at Gladwin.

Special meeting of East Jordan Lodge No. 379 F. & A. M., next Thursday evening, Dec. 12th. Work in second degree.

Gerald, the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Schroeder was taken to Petoskey hospital, Tuesday, for an operation for appendicitis.

Several members of the local Moose lodge were at Charlevoix Monday night where they were royally entertained by the lodge there.

In the Dec. 3rd Casualty List is the name of Private Otto B. Kaley of East Jordan, R. F. D. 4, as missing in action. He is a member of the eighty-fifth brigade that left Camp Custer latter part of June.

In Circuit Court at Charlevoix, Tuesday, Samuel McClure of Boyne City entered a plea of guilty to a serious crime and was sentenced to Jackson prison for from two to fifteen years with a recommendation of seven. Judge Guy M. Chester of Hillsdale is in charge of the Court.

Harley, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hammond of this city, completed his course of work at the officer's training school at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., recently. He was commissioned second lieutenant and placed on the reserve list. He expects to be recalled. At present he is in Chicago.

Thomas Thorsen and Miss Nell Hott, two highly respected young people of Wilson township were united in marriage, Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Burton, Rev. J. W. Uehle officiating. They expect to make East Jordan their home. Their many friends extend congratulations.

The department of state conducts the business of receiving the tax and issuing motor vehicle plates and chauffeur badges. All such registrations expire on Dec. 31, each year. Under the motor vehicle law the department is now receiving applications for the year 1919. The more received prior to Jan. 1, the less difficulty will patrons and the department experience in handling the business that usually floods the office at that time.

Levering at present has a very favorable chance to secure a state bank, doing a commercial and savings business. Articles of incorporation of the State Bank of Levering have been filed with County Clerk Madlem. The stockholders are Rollin O. Bisbee, Alex. Cameron and William Porter, of East Jordan, and Clyde and Lottie Batdorff, of Brimley. Capital stock is \$20,000. In circuit court Monday an order was entered authorizing the receiver of the defunct bank at Levering to sell the bank assets to the newly organized bank.—Petoskey News.



Smokers' Supplies for the Holidays

His Favorite Brand of Tobacco in One-Pound GLASS JARS. A gift that he will appreciate.

Small and large boxes Cigars in Holiday wrapping.

Pipes—all sizes and shapes.

Cigarettes, Cigar Holders, Tobacco Pouches, etc.

MONROE'S SEGAR SHOP.

Fred Palmiter returned to his work at Detroit, Friday.

S. E. Rogers was a Detroit business visitor this week.

Henry Scholls was at Au Gres this week on business.

Bert Reid and Fred Winkler went to Rogers City, Tuesday.

Bert Hughes returned home Thursday from Sidney, Ohio.

Mrs. S. Bala returned Tuesday from a visit with Gaylord friends.

Mrs. Cora Ingalls is at Deward this week for a visit with friends.

Mrs. Grover Moore left Friday for Detroit for a visit with relatives.

Earl Gee left Tuesday for Mackinaw City where he has employment.

Rev. R. S. Sidebotham was at Lansing on business first of the week.

Misses Alice, Mary and Sarah Green came home from Detroit, Monday.

All kinds of Pipes and Cigars for Xmas Gifts at Monroe's Segar Shop.

Mrs. Clyde Hipp was called to Gagetown, Tuesday, by the death of a niece.

Ed. Price returned to Midland, Thursday after a couple of week's visit here.

Mrs. George Geck left Wednesday for a visit with her daughter at Detroit.

Private Russell Harrington arrived home, Tuesday, from Fortress Monroe, Va.

Misses Mabel and Erma Clugg left Friday for Muskegon for a visit with friends.

Miss Sarah Vankersen left Tuesday for Mattawan, Mich., for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. A. J. Suffern returned first of the week from a visit with her daughter at Alma.

Miss Anna Kolasa of Elmira is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Frank Stanek.

Mrs. G. W. Kitsman with children returned Monday from a visit with her parents at Standish.

Attorney D. L. Wilson and LeRoy Sherman were Charlevoix business visitors, Wednesday.

Miss Theresa Flagg was at Barnard, near Charlevoix for a visit with her mother, over Sunday.

Mrs. Glenn Smith with daughter returned home Monday from a visit with relatives at Cheboygan.

Mrs. I. Arntson of Mancelona was guest at the home of her son, Ben Arntson, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Woodcock returned Monday from a visit with friends at Barker Creek.

F. A. Kenyon was in our city a few hours Wednesday, enroute from Detroit to Mackinac Island.

Misses Belle Roy and Mina Hite returned Tuesday from a visit with friends in Southern Michigan.

Josiah St. John and daughter, Miss Audrey, returned to St. Clair, Monday, after a visit with friends here.

Read the opening chapters of "SNARED" in this week's issue of The Herald. Three complete chapters this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Arntson of Mancelona were guests at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. Albert Anderson over Sunday.

Mrs. Wiley Sims with son returned to her home at Roscommon, Friday, after a week's visit at the homes of Stanley and T. J. Hitchcock.

Mrs. Harvey Seaton leaves this Saturday for her home at Altona, Mich., after an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Deschane.

Mrs. Archie Kowalski with daughter, Blanche, returned home Tuesday from Detroit, where the latter has been at Harper's Hospital taking treatment.

George Anderson and daughter, Miss Dorothy, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Van Horn were called to Elk Rapids, Friday by the death of the former's son-in-law.

Mrs. Olive Beebe Yeager passed away at her home in Lansing last Sunday, Dec. 1st, from diphtheria. Deceased was a well-known former resident of this city.

The below item was clipped from the Alamo correspondence in the Contra Costa County (Cal.) Courier of Nov. 15th.—E. L. Burdick of East Jordan, Michigan, has purchased the flat part of the G. A. Carlson ranch on the road between Walnut Creek and Alamo.

The Carlsons retained a right-a-way to the reserved land where they will build their home. Mr. Burdick has been for many years a prominent merchant of East Jordan and is a brother of A. M. Burdick of Alamo. San Ramon Valley climate and natural beauties enticed both brothers and their families away from Michigan and we welcome them as neighbors. The newly purchased home is one of the attractive buildings sites in the valley.

Your favorite Tobacco in glass jars at Monroe's Segar Shop.

FOR SALE—A Heavy Harness for One Horse.—J. A. NICKLESS.

Miss Laura Giles left Thursday for a visit with relatives at West Branch and Detroit.

Frank Shepard and family returned from a visit with friends at Standish, Monday.

Misses Marie Hejhel and Emily Zitka left Thursday for a visit with relatives at Detroit.

Glenn Brennan and Hugh Whiteford left Friday for Grayling, where they have employment.

Mrs. Etta Simineau of Charlevoix is here for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Samuel Whiteford.

Edward Stanke and sister, Miss Cora, returned first of the week from a visit with friends at Detroit.

Farmers who donated potatoes to the Red Cross at the Fair, can secure their sack at Palmiter's Store.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Davies returned first of the week from Detroit, where they have been visiting friends.

Miss Melissa Mayhew, who was home for Thanksgiving, returned to her school near Boyne City, Monday.

Mrs. Len Swafford arrived here Tuesday, from Buffalo, N. Y., and, with her husband, will again make East Jordan their home.

M. E. Ladies Aid will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Chas. Alexander on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 11th. Full attendance desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Horn with son, Harold, are here from Petoskey to spend a few months with the latter's father, George Anderson.

Annual meeting of the Presbyterian Missionary Society will be held at Mrs. Howard Porter's, Friday, Dec. 13th. Members are urged to attend as election of officers will be made and other important business transacted.

The Woman's Improvement Club met at the home of Mrs. R. O. Bisbee, Tuesday evening. Mrs. H. W. Dicken furnished the entertainment for the evening with a very fine reading. Meet next Wednesday with Mrs. W. F. Empey.

As there has been a great many people here have asked me if I did funeral work, I will say for the benefit of the people, I have been doing the work for 22 years. I have graduated from the Barnes College of Chicago, and have Indiana and Michigan License, and prior to coming to East Jordan, served the people at Charlevoix and gave the best of satisfaction with the resorters as well as the home people for the past 12 years, so when in need of good work I am ready to serve you and give you the best work for what you have to pay.—J. E. REDMON.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. N. F. Jenkins, Acting Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 8, 1918.
10:30 a. m. Theme, "A View of the Bride that is to become the Lamb's Wife."
12:00 m.—Sunday School.
3:30 p. m.—Junior League.
6:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:00 p. m.—Evening service. Theme: "The Nature of Acceptable Worship Unto God."
Rev. Jenkins is an interesting forceful speaker. Come out and hear him.

Church of God
J. W. Ruehle, Pastor.

Sunday, Dec. 8, 1918.
9:30 a. m. Sunday School.
10:30 a. m. Morning Service.
6:30 p. m. Evening Service.
Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Prayer service.
Friday 7:00 p. m. Cottage Meeting.
1:30 p. m. Sunday School at Three Bell School House.
2:30 p. m. Divine Worship at the Three Bell School House.
Thursday 7:00 p. m., Cottage Meeting.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

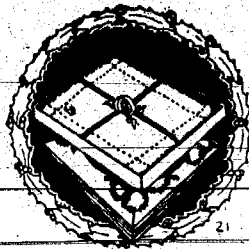
Sunday, Dec. 8, 1918.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship. "The Thorn in the Flesh."
12:00 Noon—Sunday School.
5:00 p. m.—Vesper Service.—"The Holy War Made in Germany."
6:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.
Thursday at 7:30 p. m.—Prayer Meeting.

A meeting of the church and congregation is called for Sunday, Dec. 8th at the close of the morning service, to act in the Budget for Church and Benevolences for the year of 1919. We make our annual canvass Sunday, Dec. 15th.

At the Vesper service Sunday the theme will be the effort made by Germany to enroll the Mohamedean world in the German army—its failure and the resulting opportunity.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Headquarters for
Santa Claus
GIFTS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!



Bath Robes

Silk Petticoats

Caps

Scarfs

Gloves

Handkerchiefs

Ladies' Hose

Men's Hose



Waists

FURS

Muffs

Bath Towels

Linen Towels

Baby Robes

Baby Booties



OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.



The REAL place to buy a REAL Christmas Present is at

French & Redmon's

A fine assortment of

Rugs Rocking Chairs

Buffets Dressers

Library Tables Couches

Kitchen Cabinets

in fact everything to be found in a first-class Homefurnishing Store.



SPECIAL: A nice line of Photo Frames for pictures of soldiers. Not many. Come early.



Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified, all Fashion Patterns published in these columns are Ten Cents each. Send or leave orders for same at the CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD



A PRETTY STYLE FOR THE LITTLE MISS

2637—Gingham, chambray, galates, rep, poplin, gabardine, voile, plaid and checked suiting, all these are nice for this model. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 4 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SIMPLE STYLE
2615—You may have this in velvet, corduroy, serge, cheviot, fur and pile fabrics, such as plush. The fronts are double-breasted. The lines of this model are very simple and it is easy to develop. The cap is furnished in the pattern, and may be of the same material as the coat. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the coat, and 1/2 yard for the cap. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A NEW DRESS FOR THE LITTLE MISS

2606—This is a very comfortable model, and may be finished with the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The pipe plaits are a new feature. The style is good for linen, gabardine, voile, repp, poplin, silk, gingham, percale and chambray. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A GOOD DRESS FOR WASH FABRICS OR WOOLENS
2634—This is a good model for the growing girl. The fronts, and the back portions are lengthened over the sides to form panels, over which pockets are placed. The sleeve may be in wrist or 3/4 length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A GOOD MODEL FOR SEPARATE WAIST AND SKIRT

Waist—2627. Skirt—2628. Serge, velour, gabardine, satin or velvet could be used for this skirt, with the waist of crepe, flannel, madras, lawn or linen. The waist illustrates Pattern 2627, and the Skirt Pattern 2628. Blue satin combined with taupe silk jersey would make a nice gown. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for size 38. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 2/3 yards with the plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.



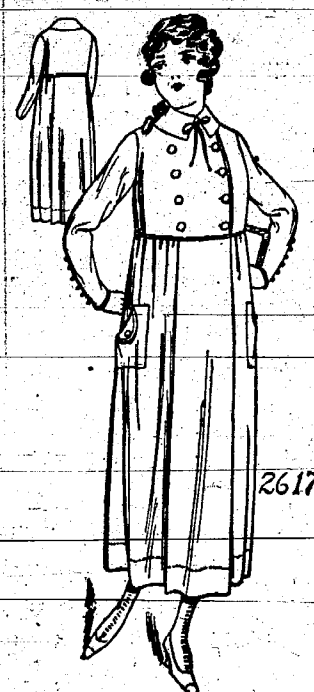
A NEW FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL

2639—For this pretty style, batiste, voile, repp, silk or gabardine could be used. It is also nice for gingham and other wash fabrics. The straight skirt is joined to an underwaist which may be of lining. One could have serge for blouse and sleeves, with skirt and trimming of plaid or check suiting. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



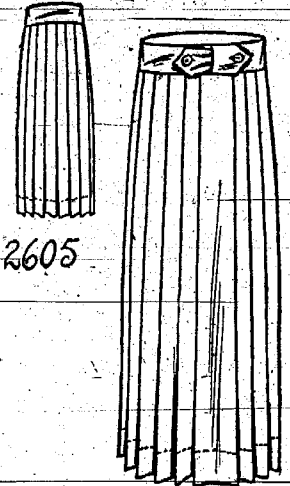
A GOOD STYLE FOR BUSINESS OR HOME SERVICE

2636—This is a fine model for slight figures. The skirt and waist may be finished separately. Satin, silk, serge, cotton or wool gabardine, velveteen, check or plaid suiting and all wash fabrics are desirable for this model. One could have the dress of satin, with sleeves and belt of crepe. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2 1/2 yards, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SIMPLE STYLE FOR "ALL THE DAY THROUGH"

2617—This will make a good business dress, or serve for general wear. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. Back and front are arranged to form panels, with plaits at the seams. The design is good for gabardine, jersey cloth, checked or plaid suiting, velveteen and corduroy. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 18 will require 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A POPULAR MODEL
2605—Here is a good skirt for general or sports wear. The model is in one piece, has a straight lower edge, and a seam at the centre back. Jersey cloth, serge, mixtures, cheviot, gabardine, velveteen, silk, satin and all wash fabrics are suitable for this skirt. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SMART JUNIOR SUIT
2633—This style will be smart with jacket and skirt of serge, and underwaist of jersey cloth, linen, or other contrasting material. One could omit the jacket and join the sleeves to the underwaist, and so have a dress, simple and practical. This Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14, 16 years. Size 14 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY COSTUME
Waist—2640. Skirt—2616. This model comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 2640, and Ladies' Skirt 2616. The waist is one of the popular tie-on models, and the skirt has a smart plait trimming at each side. Chiffon taffeta in a new shade of green, with matching crepe and self covered buttons, would be nice for this model. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require, about 6 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for the entire dress for a 35-inch size. Width at lower edge of skirt is about 2 yards, with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.



A GOOD STYLE FOR MATRONLY FIGURES

Waist—2643. Skirt—2618. This will be very effective in almost any combination of materials. Batiste and organdie, crepe and silk, linen and pique, could be used together, or one material could be used. The Waist Pattern 2643 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt 2618 in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the waist, and 5 yards of 36-inch material for the skirt. The skirt measures 2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps. Any small boy knows more about his big sister in a minute than a man can find out during a year of courtship. His first love and his first shave are two episodes in every young man's career that he never forgets. The wise man always looks before he leaps—then instead of leaping into the fire he stays in the frying pan. The man who marries for beauty always has to dig up some excuse if he would keep on loving her in after years.



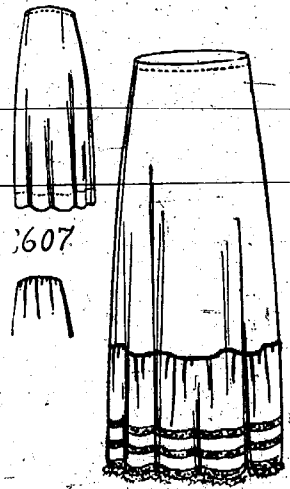
A STYLISH GOWN IN ONE-PIECE STYLE

2638—This is a very comfortable style, a "slip on" model, with gathered skirt, and shaped waist portions. The design is good for jersey cloth combined with serge or satin; or for serge with trimming of braid, satin or silk. It is also good for velvet, gabardine, mixed suiting, plaids and check. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches bust measure. Size 28 requires 4 1/2 yards of 42-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A COMFORTABLE SIMPLE UNIFORM

2614—This is just the thing for housework, canning and other duties, which require practical and comfortable attire. The style is a one-piece model, with its fulness held by the belt at the waistline. The closing is effected at the left side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The cap, cut in medium head size, will require 1/2 yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A COMFORTABLE SIMPLE UNDERSKIRT

2607—This is a good style for cambric, muslin, lawn, nainsook, batiste, satin, silk alpaca, gingham, seersucker or flannellette. The flounce may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material without the flounce, or, 3 1/2 yards of material with the flounce. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY FROCK

2632—Repp, voile, poplin, gingham, chambray, gabardine, plaid and check suiting, all are nice for this style. The closing is effected on the left side of the panel. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

It makes no difference whose name is on the safe provided you hold the combination.

The average man would rather blow his own horn than listen to a band concert.

A married man seldom gets the last word, because of his inability to remain awake.

While a man's will may be law, in the case of a married man the law is seldom enforced.

If a man succeeds the world envies him; if he fails it openly sympathizes with him—and secretly rejoices.

Even when a leap-year girl gets turned down she can't help but admire the young man's judgment.

Scientists figure at the rapid rate they are disappearing there will not be a cigar store Indian by 1972.

You can prevent your nails from breaking on coconuts and hard-boiled eggs by openin' 'em with a gimlet.

Statistics of last year show that 235,442 persons were injured while eating peas with a knife.

A New Jersey professor who put the baby in the ice box and took a bottle of milk out for an airing was thought to be absent-minded.

Sympathy is all right in its proper place, but it's a poor substitute for a steak when you're hungry.

Snared

(Continued From Second Page)

away with Danny McKabe. "Good," I exclaimed. "That was another thing Dual wanted us to find out—whether McKabe was really known as a man of yours to anybody up there."

But Lucille asked the more personal question: "How did a man like this Kim Lee become indebted to Mr. McKabe?"

Connel paused a minute and considered. "I may as well tell you the whole thing," he began at length. "I can't see how it will help Dan, but if Dual told you folks to ask—"

"It was like this—Kim Lee has one kid—a boy—couple of years old. It wasn't born till the old boy had about given up hope of an heir and he thinks more of that baby than of anything else, I guess. Chinese are great for boys, you know."

"There is one of Kim's hangers-on—a sort of body-servant—whose whole duty is to look after Kim's boy when he goes out. Well, one night when Mac was guiding a bunch of sightseers around town a half-shot chauffeur tried to drive his car from the Fairmount up above down Clay street, and something went wrong with the brakes. Autos aren't very common in Chinatown, as you know, and the chinks don't keep an eye out like we do on Market."

"This old male granny and the kid were coming across Clay just as the cab came down the hill like a streak of grease. The old man lost his head, and for just a moment it looked like good night for the little feller."

"But Mac happened to be there. He made a jump, got the youngster, and just then the fender hit him."

"It rolled him across the street, and he hit his head and went out for a minute or two."

"Old Kim was inside his shop when it happened, looking out, and he saw it. He ran out, had Mac picked up, and carried into his own quarters."

"By the time he came to they had pretty well undressed him, and of course Kim got wise to the shield."

"Just the same, he told Mac that there was nothing he wouldn't do to pay him for saving the kid—and Mac told him to forget it."

"But that's why I don't believe he'd squeal on the boy."

I looked at Lucille and found her eyes on me. I think we both had the same thought—that here was the thing we had been sent to find out."

Here was a man—a Chinaman himself—who owed a life-debt to the man we were seeking to aid."

A warm little glow of courage woke up in my breast. I nodded to the girl, and for just a moment the merest smile flitted across her face."

"She voiced a part of my thought at least."

"Would this Kim Lee be willing to help in this matter?"

"I hardly think so," Connel decided. "It would be going pretty strong to ask him to turn on his own people. So you can see where we are."

"I've taken every man from every case I could and sent him out. I'm doing all I can, but if they don't make good before it's too late, I'm going to spring this Reich and the woman."

"I don't care what they've done, Mac's life is worth a blamed sight more than getting them five or six years of a stretch."

He paused, rather red of face, and breathing hard. "You mean you'll liberate that man Reich?" Lucille took him up."

"You bet," said Connel. "Strikes you pretty raw, I guess; but Danny McKabe is worth more to me living than Reich is in jail. I've known that boy for years. He's one of the best men we got."

He paused for breath and resumed more calmly: "That's why I phoned you this morning. Your man, Dual, struck me as having put over a pretty smooth bit of work, and I thought maybe he could do something to help us before our hand is forced."

"He's going to," I cut in. Connel looked somewhat relieved. "This thing has got on my nerves," he said. "I'm sort of foud of Danny; he's a good boy. And, by God, he don't die if I have to spring a dozen cadets to save him!"

He struck the desk with his fist. "To this day I don't know why I did it, but I rose and beckoned to Lucille. Don't spring anybody or anything till Dual tells you," I suggested to Connel as I started for the door."

Lucille rose and followed, and I held it open for her. "Just as we passed from the room I heard the telephone ring. Looking back I saw Connel lift the receiver from the hook."

"We went back to our cab, and I told our driver to return to the hotel. Lucille sat silent, apparently wrapped in study. I lit a cigarette and smoked. I knew she didn't mind it."

Presently she spoke: "Mr. Glace, I think I shall leave you when we cross Grant street. What Captain Connel told us appeals strongly to me in a way. I think I shall go to the store of this Kim Lee and see if I can find him."

"I have a feeling that if he knew of the danger to Mr. McKabe, he might be willing to help. A blood-debt is something no true Oriental ever forgets."

I shook my head. "I hardly think I'd go up there about," I suggested.

"Nonsense," she retorted. "I know my San Francisco. It's broad daylight."

"And I want to see this Kim Lee." "But Dual told us to return." "I didn't approve of this sudden determination of hers."

"No told you to return," she corrected. I yielded.

After all, I thought, she had followed the game for a long time. She was no simple minded girl, but a woman who had pitted her wits against criminal circles for years.

At Grant she got down, and I saw her melt in the crowd. Myself, I went on up Geary, dismissed my driver, and went up to our suite in the cage."

I entered to find Sheldon reading a paper, smoking one of his long, black panatelas.

"Where's Dual?" I asked even as I pushed shut the door.

"I don't know," said Sheldon. "He went out about five or ten minutes ago."

"Where to?" I tossed my hat on a couch and sat down beside it.

"He didn't say," said the colonel. "But he did say you was to stick around till you heard from him?"

"Heard from him?" I repeated. "Mac, did he leave the hotel? I thought he told me to come back here and report."

"So did I," Sheldon admitted. "But after you left he sat down here and drew some cart wheels on some paper, put spokes into 'em, and set down a lot of curlicues around the rims."

"Then all at once he jumps up and looks at his watch an' goes into his bedroom, comes back with his hat, an' beats it out, after tellin' me to tell you to stick around. An' say, what have you done with Lucille?"

I told him briefly. He eyed me with positive reproach. "You let that leetle gal chasin' off up there alone?" he demanded.

"Son, I don't reckon you ought to have done that noways."

A rap fell on the door. I rose and set it open.

A boy stood before me with a package. "Suite 205? Sign here," he said in a breath and shoved a receipt book into my hands."

I signed and brought the package inside. "What you got there?" Sheldon wanted to know."

I shook my head. The package was large, and felt soft and bulky.

I began untying the strings, and presently had them loosened.

I laid the bundle on the table in the center of the room and pulled back the wrappings, and then I stood staring, while Sheldon came out of his chair with a strangled imprecation."

Inside of the strong manila paper which had concealed them were the suit, shirt, hat, and shoes which I had last seen on the person of Semi Dual himself, less than two hours before!

CHAPTER III.

Lucille Is Trapped.

For a moment I confess the thing gave me a distinct mental jar.

"When I had left Dual sitting at the little writing desk, and taken Lucille with me to the Hall of Justice, he had been wearing this same suit of gray tweeds, the gray silk shirt and the shoes with the gray cloth facings."

The hat I knew as his, of soft gray felt. Gray was a color he loved and often used in his wearing apparel."

Now they lay before me, with their wrappings curling up about them—but they were neatly folded and showed no signs of violence in their handling."

"Well, my lord!" rasped Sheldon. "If they are Dual's rags, what in the name of time is he wearing?"

"He didn't change his suit before he went out, did he?" I asked in turn. "Not unless he came back through a different door after he left here," said Sheldon. "I always thought I was a pretty good hand to notice a lot of little things, and I know he went in and got that there hat, just before he told me to have you wait around, and went out."

"And you don't know whether he left the hotel or not?"

It came to me that perhaps Semi might merely have taken a different room, for some purpose of his own—perhaps to secure absolute privacy."

"I don't know nuthin'," Sheldon almost whispered. His face was drawn and worried.

"But if he did or didn't, why should he send back his clothes? He didn't take anything with him. My Lord, Glace—you don't suppose anything can have hap—"

"Quit that, colonel," I snapped. "No, I don't think anything can have happened to Semi Dual—not such as you mean. He hasn't been kidnapped or anything like that. If he had, why would they send back his clothes?"

"For the same reason they sent McKabe's shield and gun, like you said they done. They wanted to make us sure they had him. Now I suppose they'll be sendin' us a note. Damn them! If they've done anything to Dual—Say! Don't you care a cuss about this business? You stand there and don't bat an eye."

I had been thinking. After the first shock of the thing I felt little fear for the man I had known for years.

Of course on its face it had a mighty funny look, yet I felt that if I were to look beneath the surface I would find rather some message of assurance than dread in this new turn of Semi's actions."

I knew from long experience that this strange man did nothing except from purpose well thought out."

Now, to all surface seeming he might be either a victim of the power he fought, or running about the streets of a city in an extremely light attire, or he might be wearing some other form of apparel."

Right there I stopped. Sheldon had said that Dual had set

up several astrological figures, after I had left had acted suddenly at the end of his calculations, and had left word for me to await a message from him."

On top of that he had sent back the suit he had worn when he left. The thing then was plain. "Save for the surprise, I would have seen it before, as he doubtless intended that I should."

That pile of neatly folded apparel was a message to me—that Dual was moving, because necessity urged—that he was following what he deemed a most important clue—and that he was gone somewhere—in disguise."

I turned to Sheldon and smiled. "Sheldon," said I, "after last night, when he stopped that mob of yellow fiends in the tunnel by the mere words he spoke, is he likely to walk out of here in daylight and be picked up and carted away? Something must have shown him that he could do more in the matter himself than he could accomplish by waiting."

"Showed him, how?" Sheldon inquired.

"Through the figures he set up after Lucille and I left."

"Them pictures he drew?" said Colonel Mac. "Honest, Glace, it gets my goat to see him set down and draw a few pinwheels an' then get up an' hand out the dope that something is due to come off. Holy smoke! He sort of makes a problem in figures of life."

"I asked him this morning what two funny things he set down stood for. 'Mercury and Venus,' says he. 'And what about them?' says I. 'They're in conjunction,' he said. 'And what does that mean?' I asked him."

"He looked up and smiled and said: 'That means that McKabe has an astral life insurance, colonel,' says he, an' just after that he goes out. Now, what do you reckon he meant by that?"

I laughed. I felt like laughing. I wondered if Semi had meant for the old mine owner to tell me that.

"Mean?" I mimicked. "Lord! don't you see it, colonel? He meant that McKabe would come back safe and sound, and because there was some need of rapid action he went out to take hold himself."

A smile rippled the colonel's face. "Sure!" he agreed softly. "That's what I hoped he meant."

"Colonel," I explained, "the Mercury and Venus Dual spoke of are stars—planets. Roughly, Mercury stands for mind, intellect—or a person whose qualities are good. Venus stands for woman, or for womanly attributes. In conjunction they would mean that a woman would play a big part in McKabe's destiny, I think."

"Or," said Sheldon. He lapsed into silence, which after a time he broke. "Just the same I wish we knew where he went to. Waitin' always did get me all fussed up."

He slammed his cigar down on the end of the desk, where it sat up a thin curl of smoke.

"Where's Lily?" I asked for the first time.

"In the next room. I made her lie down. Guess she's asleep," returned the colonel. "An' that reminds me. Where'd you say Lucille was going?"

"To see a man named Kim Lee."

"Think of course?"

"Yes."

"I don't like it," he grunted. "An' I don't see as Lily needs two able-bodied men to stand guard over her, while that other girl goes it alone. I got to stretch a leg or go batty. What's the matter with your watching out here while I take a hike around. I kin try an' see if I can light on Lucille while I'm out. You got to wait for Dual anyway, son."

"Dual told you to watch Miss Lawton," I reminded.

"But you're here," he got up and reached for his soft Stetson hat.

"And I may be called away at any time at all," said I.

"Well, if you are, tell her to lock all the doors an' not let any one in," said the colonel. "I simply got to get out or bust."

"How do you expect to find Miss Foote?" I inquired.

He paused with a hand on the knob. "I'll just go up where you said, and scout about a bit," he explained. "I'll find it all right, an' if I can't I'll ask a policeman."

He opened the door and was gone. I crossed to the little writing table and looked down at the circle marked sheets of paper Dual had left. I wished I could read them as he did and know on what thread of meaning his action hung."

I looked out at the busy streets of the city, and all at once I thought of Connie. This was our honeymoon."

I smiled a bit ruefully at the thought. A fine honeymoon indeed, with my bride in Goldfield, Nevada, and myself standing here twiddling my thumbs."

I got out of my chair, went over to the phone, and asked for the Hall of Justice and Connel's office. I had determined at least to find out if anything more had developed."

After a slight delay the captain's voice came back to me.

"Hello!"

"This is Glace talking, captain," I told him. "Has anything new developed since I left?"

"No," he said shortly. "Your friend called me up just as you were leaving, but I suppose you know that."

"No, I didn't." Even as I spoke I remembered his lifting his receiver as I left his office. "What did he want?"

"Say, where are you?" Connel demanded.

"At the St. Francis," I returned. "And where's Dual?"

"I don't know. He—"

"You don't know!" The wire fairly

buzzed under the captain's tone. "Say, aren't you folks moving at all? He called up here and I gave him the

whole blamed business. I went out of

been doing?" "I've been waiting," I explained. "When I got back here he had gone, and left word for me to wait. Just what did you tell him?"

"Why, about Danny's badge and gun, and that Kim Lee, and the rest of it," said Connel.

Kim Lee again. Dual now knew about Kim Lee beyond doubt. "Miss Foote went to see Kim Lee," I told Connel.

"Well?" He paused and I could hear him breathing harshly. I could picture him listening intently, his florid face more florid than before, under the anxiety and impatience he felt."

"She hasn't returned yet," I began. "Hell!" Connel's phone snapped viciously into place, so that it rattled in my ear."

A sound from the bedroom, where the woman had slept, roused my attention."

I turned to find Lily Lawton, her face flushed with sleep standing in the doorway sweeping the room with her eyes."

"Oh, Mr. Glace, where is Colonel Mac?" she questioned, "and have they heard anything more about poor Mr. McKabe?"

"No," I told her. "I was just talking to Captain Connel. Colonel Sheldon went out some time ago. He got restless sitting still and waiting."

"It is so dreadful," she said, sitting down and dropping her clasped hands in her lap. "Mr. McKabe seemed like such a fine, brave young man, and I can't bear to think that he is likely to be killed for helping me. Isn't there anything we can do?"

"Mr. Dual is working in his behalf right now," I explained.

"Oh, I'm so glad. Then we needn't worry, need we? Mr. Dual will save him and everything will be all right."

I found myself recalling something about the "faith of a little child."

Miss Lawton was childlike, enough in all conscience for a woman of her years, and her faith seemed to be of the unqualified sort one finds rarely enough save in children. I could only add my sincere hope it would be justified."

"And where is Lucille—Miss Foote?" she wanted to know. "She is the dearest thing, Mr. Glace. She's so awfully good and kind. I might have been her own little sister, the way she talked to me last night. I'm not going to forget some of the things she told me, ever."

"She is working for Mr. McKabe, too," said I.

"I wish I could do things," she went on. "I feel so awfully useless, sitting here like this. I'm just a big baby, that has to be taken care of. I wish I could be a woman like Lucille and do things like she does, and not be afraid. But I know I'd be awfully scared, even to try. Why, I'm even afraid to go home and face the people who know me."

I had to admit that I could hardly blame her when I thought of gossip's tongue."

I drew my watch. It was three and after. Rather to divert her attention than anything else I asked if she would like some lunch. She accepted."

I put through the luncheon order and turned back from the phone. Lily had risen and approached the bundle or clothing on the table. As I turned she lifted the coat and inspected it closely."

"Why, this looks like Mr. Dual's," said she.

"It is," I replied in absent fashion. "But he was wearing it this morning," she observed.

Briefly I told her about its coming back to Sheldon and me while she slept. She heard me with open eyed wonder."

"And he didn't send any word with it?" she cried at my ending. "Not a single thing to say what he had done or where he'd gone?"

I shook my head. "She thrust a slim hand into pocket after pocket, took up the vest, the trousers, and shoes."

It shows what a state I had been in, not to have done it myself, but frankly I hadn't even thought of doing it at all. I stood and watched her and saw her draw something from down in the toe of a shoe."

I was beside her before she had it unfolded and spread out—a small slip of paper on which were written words:

"BEHOLD THE KARMA OF KIM LEE."

I caught my breath. I had seen that firm script too many times to doubt the hand which wrote it."

All this time it had lain here for me, and I had been too blind to see it. It had taken the curiosity of a child to spread it for my reading."

"Yet it told me all I wanted to know. Beyond-doubt Dual had gone, like Lucille, to ask the payment of a Karmic debt."

"Is it a message?" inquired Miss Lawton as I stood with the slip in my hand.

I nodded. "Good!" she exclaimed. "Then even I helped a little bit by finding it, didn't I, Mr. Glace?"

Again I nodded. To tell the truth I was disgusted to think of the hours I had set with the thing unfound."

The luncheon came up and we ate. Lily prattled of any number of things to which I replied without a great deal of interest."

We were still dallying at our meal when the door swung open without any warning—and Colonel Sheldon came in, looking warm and worried."

He threw himself into a chair, drew out a kerchief and mopped his face of a slight dew of perspiration."

"I don't like it!" he burst out. "There's something funny about the whole blamed business. I went out of

kept an eye out, but couldn't see any sign of Lucille."

"Then I went into the store you told me about and I asked a clerk for Kim Lee."

"I want to see your boss," I said. "She called a little sawed-off shrimp an' I says, 'Are you Kim Lee?'"

"Kim Lee?" says he. "Oh, no—there is some mistake."

"No, there ain't no mistake," says I. "I want to see Kim Lee, who owns this joint." He looks kinder funny and shakes his head. "There is no Kim Lee," says he."

"Well, I changed a bit, an' then I left an' I was mad. After a bit, though, I thinks maybe one of the other shops will wise me up, so I goes to two or three."

"An' say, Glace—honest, not one of them places ever heard of this party. I reckon somebody gave Connel a mighty bad steer. I reckon there ain't no such man."

I thought of the paper in my pocket. Of course Dual had obtained the name from Connel as I had, but surely he must have found this man, or else where was he?"

I took out the bit of paper and handed it to Sheldon.

"There may not be any Kim Lee," I retorted, "but Lily found this in one of Dual's shoes a little while ago."

The colonel studied it for a moment. "More Karma," he said slowly at length. "Dual seems to have had this Kim Lee tip, too."

"And you saw nothing of Miss Foote?" I questioned.

"Nary hide or hair," said the colonel, "but I found the shooter who drove Dual away from here an' where do you suppose he went?"

I shook my head.

"To a barber shop!" The colonel lifted his hat and cast in on the floor.

"But there's a shop in the hotel," I exclaimed.

"I know it," rasped the old westerner quickly. "But he takes a cab, goes down the street to a shop, gets out, and sends the man back up here, an' he don't even go toward chink town, but away from it."

"An' that ain't all, either. When I was comin' back from up there, there was a yellow faced mutt trailed me clear down to this here leetle park in front of the hotel. Then I gets tired an' I turns round an' tells him to take his foot in his hand an' beat it back the way he came."

"He pretended he didn't savvy, like they do, but he stayed where he was when I come on. I tell you I don't like it, Glace. I don't like it at all."

It seemed to me that the telephone snarled rather than rang."

I reached it on the run, caught up the receiver, and answered the call. Connel's voice came back to me at once."

"Hello! That you, Glace? Say, have you heard from your man, Dual?"

"No, captain I haven't," I confessed.

"Didn't expect you had," said the captain, and the tone he used held a sneer.

"Well, listen: You folks sure have made a hash of things today. A roundsman just sent in a package which fell on his head from the second story window of an empty building. It contained a watch with Miss Foote's name engraved inside and a note to the effect that the girl has been grabbed by the same bunch that got McKabe."

Like Lucille before me, I laid a steady hand on the telephone box. Then, with exceeding care, I put the receiver back on its hook."

End of Third Chapter. Continued Next Week.

GENTLE JABS

The grave is a narrow escape from life.

If you sit in a draft the doctor may cash it for you.

Many a good-looking woman isn't as good as she looks.

Few of us believe in luck—unless we happen to be unlucky.

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

A dead sure thing is often dead enough to interest an undertaker.

When a woman hasn't any more to say she is willing to let a man talk.

Some magazine poetry should be used as ammunition in a magazine gun.

An old bachelor says a woman's heart is like a honeycomb—full of cells.

Women always think they mean what they say—at the time they let it out.


When there's a right way and a wrong way, the average man goes wrong.

Some men who live by their wits have to get along on very small capital.

Talk is cheap but like other cheap things it is apt to prove expensive in the end.

The only satisfaction some married women have is that they are not spinsters.

Many a man would rather lie when asked for information than say: "I don't know."



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BIG DISAGREEMENT SOON FOLLOWS

Matter Gets Into Court—Wierd Story of Yarn Told by Indian

Effingham, Ill.—A story equalling any of the thrillers of the movies, including a ten year hunt for a hidden Aztec treasure, was revealed here in Justice's court when William McCaw, a prominent Effingham county farmer was arraigned on a charge of assault.

For ten years it became known McCaw and a party of Robinson, Ill. citizens have been digging on McCaw's Effingham county farm for a hidden Aztec treasure.

Several hundred years ago when Cortez settled in Mexico, he confiscated all the treasure of the Aztec Indians.

A few, however, escaped and came North. They built several mounds, it is contended, in Western and Southern Illinois. In Union Township, this county, there is such a mound.

Twenty years later, according to the story told in court, McCaw was standing on a street corner in Robinson, Ill. fumbling a curious stone, bearing Indian inscriptions. He was approached by an Indian chief. The sight of the stone greatly affected the Indian. In broken sentences he told the mystery of the stone, declaring it was an Aztec treasure stone and revealed the hidden place of unknown wealth.

It was contended at the trial that the Indian dropped dead due to the excitement after his revelation of the stone. Following the information given by the Indian, McCaw came to Effingham county and purchased the farm on which the mound is located in Union Township.

He began digging, worked many years and spent a good sized fortune, but was unsuccessful.

A few months ago a party of Robinson citizens, learning of his purposes, came to McCaw with a proposition to aid in the search for the treasure. In connection with an agreement to divide the treasure McCaw was to receive \$10 per month for allowing these men to dig on his farm.

The party, including McCaw, labored day and night for weeks.

Finally the searchers came to a heavy slab of rock, which thus far has withstood several varieties of explosives. It was believed that the treasure was beneath this rock.

Then, it is contended, McCaw, seeing a great wealth in his grasp, broke his original agreement and demanded they move from his farm at the point of a knife.

One man resisted. McCaw grasped him around the throat and was about to sink the knife into him it is said when the stranger told how he had saved McCaw from freezing in a blizzard years before in Montana.

Upon hearing that the stranger was his rescuer, McCaw released him and decided that the best way to decide the search for the treasure would be to place it in court. The charge against McCaw in court here was dropped when he announced a compromise, by which they agreed to return to the mound, which is supposed to hold the treasure. Before the contending slab of stone is overturned, in the presence of the sheriff and attorneys for both sides a new satisfactory working agreement will be made.

BRIDES ELECT PAY ONE THIRD ON GOWNS THAT DIDN'T ARRIVE

Now They're Wondering How They'll Get Trouseaus in Time for Weddings

Greenville, Ala.—Half a dozen brides elect in Greenville, whose weddings were set for the next few weeks are in an embarrassing position because they haven't any wedding gowns and little time is left to get them. It all came about by the visit of a young man of attractive demeanor who stopped at the best hotel in here and soon made the acquaintance of several leading citizens. By this means he obtained audiences and displayed a tempting line of samples purporting to come from Chicago tailoring establishment. He offered unusually low prices and liberal conditions and engaged a local seamstress to make any necessary alterations when the garments arrived. The goods and trimmings were "just too lovely for anything" in the view of many of Greenville's young ladies, including several brides elect, who willingly advanced the one third in cash.

The salesman had to hurry to the next town, and neither he nor the stunning gowns have been heard from since.

Pays \$110 for Bride

Sacramento, Cal.—Rose Jee, the 17 year old daughter of Chin Joe, Chinese restaurant keeper of Marysville, Cal. and a graduate of the Marysville Grammar school, was sold by her father to Lee Dow, a wealthy San Francisco merchant for \$1100, and became the bride of the man she had never seen before. The bridegroom is 25 years older than Rose Joe, who is pretty and a talented pianist.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Politics begins at the exact spot where principles leave off.
A girl who marries a man to reform him usually has to support his children as well.
What makes a girl believe in the brains of a man she loves is for him not to have any.
A woman can rent a bungalow for six weeks for \$40 and speak of it as her country estate.
A trip around the world, meeting only strangers, isn't half as much to a woman as three hours in an opera box with friends down in the dress circle to see her.
The supply of flattery never equals the demand.
A while lot of people hate work more than they do poverty.
A girl could get very suspicious of a man that was above suspicion.
One good thing about investing money with a man is he gets something out of it.
By the time a man has become a millionaire he seems to have learned to get along on less than when he had nothing.

One would think after reading current business literature, that business is a modern invention. The fact is, it is one of the oldest things on earth, nor has the twentieth century a monopoly of either its brain or efficiency.

The angels weep for a man who has no such thing as a hobby, just as they do likewise for one who rides a hobby against the windmill of common sense.

Someone has said that the greatest poem ever written is still in the dictionary. What a pity that 90 per cent of business is not in the same place.

The near-musician, and the almost-artist, are the ones whose talk is most technical. Does a business man have to do likewise—to be successful?

The one saving grace in business, as in everything else, is a sense of humor, not confined to one's study of the other fellow.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c 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.

Everybody thinks that nobody else is well balanced, and he's right.

WANTED!

Female Help for Government contract work. Good wages. Steady work. Write for full particulars. WESTERN KNITTING MILLS Rochester, Michigan.

Until next harvest the American table must be set according to the food resources of the world and the needs of Europe.

If every sword were immediately turned into a plowshare there is a winter before us when plowshares don't count.

If it be true that you cannot take out of life more than you put into it, a pill-box for baggage is all that some folks will need on their last journey.

The only person that actually cares about how you live is your creditor.

THAT TERRIBLE BACKACHE. Mrs. G. Hyde, Homestead, Mich., writes: "I had that terrible backache and tired out feeling, scarcely able to do my work, but find by using Foley Kidney Pills that I soon feel like a new person." Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys throw out poisons that cause backache, rheumatic pains and aching joints.—Hite's Drug Store.

The war has been brought to an end in no small measure by starvation itself, and it cannot be our business to maintain starvation after peace.

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.

ONE CENT SALE

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING IS A JOKE!

We wish to announce that during THREE DAYS ONLY—

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Dec. 12 - 13 - 14, 1918

We will conduct another One Cent Sale. You know what it means—another blow at the high cost of living.

You pay the regular price for any article placed on sale and you can buy another similar article for One Cent.

In order to do this we must insist on all sales being cash.

Remember, we reserve the right to limit the amount of your purchases.

Goods in this Sale will include:

COFFEE 43c	2 for 44c	Aromatic Cascara 2 oz 25c 4 oz 26c
TEA 50c	2 for 51c	Popular Copyright Books 65c 2 for 66c
COCOA 30c	2 for 31c	Cold Tablets 25c box 2 for 26c
TOOTH PASTE 25c	2 for 26c	Grippe Pills 25c box 2 for 26c
COLD CREAM 25c	2 for 26c	Syr. Hypophosphites Co. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
Cherry Bark Cough Syrup 50c	2 for 51c	Celery & Iron Tonic \$1. 2 for \$1.01

And numerous other articles.

WE WILL BE PREPARED TO FILL YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS AS USUAL DURING THIS SALE.

GIDLEY & MAC

REXALL STORE

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