"CONTRABAND"

By RANDALL PARRISH

A War Sea Story Abounding in Adventure and High Romance

Copyright A. C. McClurg & Co.

THERE COMES A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT—HOLLIS AND FERGUS M'CANN RESCUE THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN FROM DROWNING AT NIGHT

Synopsis.—Robert Hollis, who tells the story, is a guest on Girard Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda. It is supposed to be a "stag" party, and Hollis is surprised on discovering a woman, who evidently wishes to remain unknown aboard. Hollis, the next night, succeeds in having an interview with the woman. She merely tells him her name is Vera. Carrington tells his guests of the coming war, and that he is engineering a copper pool.

CHAPTER IV.

—3—

The Wreck of the Esmeralda.

We passed the greater part of the day below, and long before night came a heavy, sweeping rain set in and kept us there. I never recalled a more blinding, disagreeable storm at this season of the year, and in those waters, although there was very little wind or sea accompanying it. The smother, however, made it safer to proceed at half-speed, and the lookouts forward were doubled.

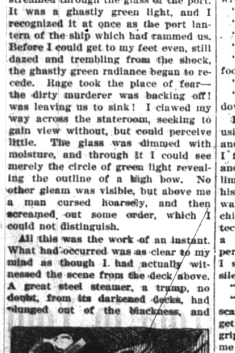
It seemed a long evening, as I was in no spirit for cards, and discussion was altogether about the war, and the projected copper pool. Carrington received several messages in further proof that the affair was already well under way, but he made no other attempt to arouse my interest. By ten thirty I had retired to my stateroom. Yet even there, and when partly disrobed, a temptation to explore the decks again assailed me. I unscrewed the port and glanced out, the cold rain driving hard against my face. Nothing could be seen; I stared into an impenetrable black wall. There was evidently nothing to do but remain where I was, and I closed the port and lay down in the berth.

I do not know what aroused me, but I sat up suddenly, wide awake, a strange, ill-defined fear clutching at my heart. What was it I had heard? a cry? a blow on the deck above? Had I really heard anything, or was it merely the echo of a dream? The stateroom was dark as Erebus, but I got my feet over the edge of the berth, and switched on the electric light. Even as I stood thus, my hand still on the switch, someone ran swiftly across the deck directly overhead, and a voice wavered out:

"Port, sir! Hard aport—my God!"

There was a startling crash forward, the awful sound of crushing iron and splintered timbers. I was flung headlong against the partition, barely saving myself by outstretched hands, but falling bruised and helpless to the deck. The electric flashed out instantly, but a dull gleam from without streamed through the glass of the port. It was a ghastly green light, and I recognized it at once as the port lantern of the ship which had rammed us. Before I could get to my feet even, still dazed and trembling from the shock, the ghastly green radiance began to recede. Rage took the place of fear—the dirty murderer was backing off! was leaving us to sink! I clawed my way across the stateroom, seeking to gain view without, but could perceive little. The glass was dimmed with moisture, and through it I could see merely the circle of green light revealing the outline of a high bow. No other gleam was visible, but above me a man cursed hoarsely, and then screamed out some order, which I could not distinguish.

All this was the work of an instant. What had occurred was as clear to my mind as though I had actually witnessed the scene from the deck above. A great steel steamer, a tramp, no doubt, from its darkened decks, had plunged out of the blackness, and



I Was Flung Headlong Against the Partition.

rammed her bow straight into us. The contact must have been well forward, near the bridge. We were going down by the head; already I could perceive the list, the deck underfoot was tilting; the engines had ceased to throb, as though the inflow of water had reached the boilers. Feet scrambled along the deck, overhead voices yelled, and I could hear the creaking of boat tackle.

Working desperately in the dark, scarcely able now to keep feet on the slanting planks, I hastily drew on what bits of clothing I could find at hand, and felt my way blindly to the door. It was jammed, but I kicked it open, and stumbled forth into the main cabin, clinging to the door frame in order to retain my feet. The stateroom doors stood wide open, but no living being was visible. All who survived that first shock must have fled to the deck in mad struggle to escape. Yet, and there was desperate need for me to join them. The Esmeralda was going down; already her forward hold was filled with water, the bulkheads alone keeping her afloat; once they gave way, she would sink like a stone.

I crossed the cabin on hands and knees, clawing my way desperately through the litter until I attained the stairs. These no longer led up, but forward. Beyond was utter blackness, silence; and through the shattered door drops of rain splashed.

It was not until I had made my way to the outer deck, and felt the night air and rain on my face, that I truly awoke to the danger. The tilt of the yacht forward was so sharp, I dare not release my grasp of the rail. I could scarcely see anything; not a light burned, not even a distant star glimmered; the driving rain blinded me, and soaked through my shirt to the skin.

I scarcely dared move, for to release my grip was to slide down into the black water, into the riffle of spars and ropes forward. It was all horror and death that way, but from aft, under the awning, a sound of excited voices reached my ears, and the rasp of boat tackle. No doubt all on board, who lived, were there, seeking to escape. They had sprung for the open deck at the first alarm, not even waiting to dress, and, if I would join them, there was not an instant to lose. The after bulkhead could not hold long; any moment, any unusual roll of the sea, would rend it asunder, and the Esmeralda would sink. Life hung on seconds; nor would those frightened wretches wait to learn the fate of any others on board.

Clinging to every projection of the cabin, I attained the port rail, but even as I attempted the first step, a voice called to me from out the black depths below, and I hung there, starling behind me, unable to perceive a thing, excepting a litter of tangled wreckage.

"Don't leave me! Give me a hand."

"Who are you?"

"McCann; you are Hollis, ain't you?"

"Yes; are you hurt?"

"No; bruised a bit, no doubt; my foot is caught under a spar."

"Alone?"

"The second mate fell with me; he's down below—dead, I guess."

It was no small job getting to him, using the slippery rail for a ladder, and I was knee deep in water when I finally found foothold in the riffle, and rolled the spar of the impressed limb. He was lying flat on the deck, his head barely free of the waves, but was able to clutch the nearest stanchion and haul himself up to the protection of the rail. His face was but a blurred outline, although I could perceive the glimmer of a white shirt. I stared beyond him into the black silence.

"You say Seeley is down there?"

"I fell on top of him," the words scarcely audible. "He was trying to get into the cabin, when he lost his grip. I tried to catch him, and he took me along. Say," he was breathing hard, "do you know if there was a girl on board?"

"Yes, there is. I met her night before last on deck. Did Seeley tell you where she was hidden?"

"In a storeroom, next to the steward's pantry; he said the door was locked."

Desperate as our own situation was, all thought of personal danger left me in a sudden realization of the awful horror fronting her, almost under our very feet. I gripped McCann by the arm.

"We must get her out of there," I cried. "Come on with me."

"Where? Down—down there?"

"Yes, of course; you are a man, I take it. The lantern is still burning, and we have a chance. Come now, wake up, McCann—we are Americans, and it is women first, you know."

If he was a coward, he had no wish to let it be known, although the suddenness of disaster had broken his nerve. The words spoken, the tone of my voice, touched his pride, his real manhood.

"Ah, you're right, Hollis," he said heartily, and the grip of his hand tightened. "I'm no seaman; I hate the sea, but no one ever called a McCann a quitter. I'll go as far as you, and we'll get that girl out, or drown together."

I was climbing the rail before he finished, reckless of all else except the task confronting us. The face of the girl whose hand I had held in mine under the light of the stars, seemed to rise before me, her eyes pleading for help. The vision urged me forward. I know not what strength or skill enabled me to swing from the rail and grip the cabin front, but I hung there with one hand, my feet finding slight support on the slippery slope of the deck, and reaching back, gave McCann support, while he also made desperate passage to the safety of the companion. An instant later I was beside him, and we crept together down the inverted stairs.

The frightfulness of our position became more evident as we advanced. The dead bodies, the smashed furniture, the horrid swaying of the hulk beneath us, depended, we had to use the forward wall as a floor, crawling through the litter, made us feel that certain death must end the adventure. There was a hook in the deck below—for what purpose it had been placed there I do not know—but it gave me foothold, enabling me to kneel.

"Here, McCann, climb to my shoulders," I ordered, "and take down the lantern. Quick now; I'll hold you all right."

His face was ghastly, and he obeyed as though he moved in his sleep. Every muscle in me felt the strain, but I held him, straightening out my body, and balancing myself, until his uplifted hands gripped the light.

"Have you got it?"

"Yes; let me down slowly."

"All right; hang on to it for your life—much is at stake."

My arms gave under the strain, and a sudden surge of the sodden wreck, but he held to an end of the overturned piano, the light still burning feebly, threatening every instant to flicker out. I caught and steadied it, turning up the wick, and casting the faint glimmer along the passage leading to the steward's pantry.

I slipped down, gripping the lantern, the dim, smoky glow of which made the passage visible. The pantry door stood open; indeed, I doubt if it had a door, but everything else was closed. McCann was just above me, and I sung out to him to hold fast; then, the lantern wire gripped in my teeth, I lowered myself the full length of my arms. This brought the water to my knees, while the lodged chairs were a foot or two below. As I hung there, dreading the plunge, my eyes were directed upward by McCann's cry, and the gleam of the lantern glittered on the blade of a hatchet just inside the door. Never was a tool more welcome.

"Hold tight above there," I managed to ejaculate through closed lips.

"What are you going to do?"

"Swing in toward the door on the right—there is a hatchet lying there."

With feet braced against the opposite wall, I forced my way across, making three efforts before my fingers finally gripped the hatchet handle. Clinging with one hand, I thrust the tool into my belt, fully prepared now to let go.

CHAPTER V.

—

The Rescue of Vera.

"Take this lantern, McCann," I called, and held it up to him, "I'll need both my hands free. Hold it as low as possible. Now, here goes!"

I did not pray audibly, but a prayer was in my heart, as I released my grip on the rug and took the plunge. The first chair crumpled beneath my weight, but by good luck the second held just long enough to enable me to grip the latch of the door and cling tight. The slant of the deck gave one groping foot precarious purchase on the threshold, although water swept nearly to my waist, and for a moment I tottered there, helpless to do more than merely sustain my position. The noise made by this struggle must have been heard within, for I became aware of water splashing, and a fist pounded the door.

"Help! Is that you, Mr. Seeley?"

"No," I answered, nerved to new effort by the sound of her voice, and the knowledge that I had indeed located the right spot, and found her still alive. "This is Hollis. Is the door locked?"

"Yes, Mr. Seeley has the key; you must be quick—the water is already above my waist."

"No time for keys, then," I said. "Stand back until I cut a way in. Throw your light down, McCann—say, mint's better."

The latch of the door was forward; I could cling to it, and have my right hand free with which to wield the hatchet, keeping both feet wedged on the threshold. The light was the merest glimmer, yet sufficient to reveal the paneling of the door, and I hacked at this fiercely, exerting the full strength of my arm. A dozen blows splintered the upper panel, and then I saw the keen blade crashing downward, gouging out great chunks and splinters until a jagged passage had been made, sufficiently large for the passage of a body. The water was deeper in the cabin than in the opening, drenching me nearly to the armpits. McCann called in wonderful, fearless, voice cracked with a terror he could no longer control.

"Wait; I'll be there in a minute!" I shouted back, my only fear lest he desert us. The bulkhead still held; this torrent was water which had found other entrances; no doubt it would eventually increase in volume and sink the vessel, yet there was still ample time for us to escape. There would be no sudden plunge while that bulkhead held.

"Are you all right, Miss Vera?" I asked anxiously. "Where are you? Can you see me?"

"Yes; I am clinging to the berth." Her voice was excited but clear. "The water is up to my shoulders. Is the opening sufficient?"

"For you, I think, if you can make it alone. I should have to knock out another panel to get through myself."

"There is no time for that, and no need. I'm coming now; watch out."

Our two bodies so obscured the faint glow of the lantern dangling from McCann's hand above that I could see nothing, yet I managed to grapple her arm, and thus assist in dragging her into the jagged opening. The water, surging to the sodden roll of the doomed yacht, and now dammed by her body, poured over us both in suffocating volume, but the struggle was only for a moment, and then I had the girl safely clasped in my arms, her head elevated well above the receding flood.

"Now, grasp the rug," I ordered, as I thrust her light form upward. "It will help you creep up the slope of the deck. Creep on back, McCann, with the lantern; never mind me—I'll find a way out."

She possessed sufficient nerve and strength for the effort. There was no hesitancy, no word of protest. Silently, inch by inch, she fought her way aft, her feet slipping on the wet planks, but her fingers gripping desperately at the sustaining cloth. I could see only the outline of her revealed against the gleam of the lantern, as McCann clambered upward in advance. I could hear the groaning of the bulkhead to the strain, and realized that the timbers could not long hold against the immense weight. Suddenly the fear had come into my heart; not until then had I paused to think—effort had obscured all conception of danger; but waiting there in that black hell, the gurgle of timbers in my ears, the water clutching my throat, the full horror of it overwhelmed me with sudden terror. My God! Surely we could not have accomplished all this, and still be doomed to die like rats in a hole. At least we must reach the open deck, and have a chance to fight for life under the stars.

Yet, once I had attained the cabin, all this left me. Ghastly as the wreck of that interior appeared, the wider space brought back to me the seaman's courage. There was hope yet, an opportunity to fight. McCann had dropped the lantern of the overturned piano, and was urging the girl forward toward the stairs. Terror made him oblivious to everything except a

She Possessed Sufficient Nerve and Strength for the Effort.

mad desire to escape, but she was glancing back, as though in search for me. I clambered to my knees amid the litter of furniture, and snatched up the light barely in time to keep it from smashing on the deck.

"I am all right," I called confidently. "Get outside both of you as quick as you can."

Never in all my life have I experienced the same sense of relief as when I stumbled out of that companion onto the open deck, and felt the night air in my nostrils; yet not until then did my brain truly grasp the desperate nature of our situation. The gleam of the lantern revealed the sharp slope of the deck, and the surge of water churning from rail to rail scarce a dozen feet away; the riffle of tangled spars and ropes to port under which I knew lay dead bodies; the splintered deck cranks, and a wrecked small boat hanging stern down from a davit, with a man's arm and head dangling. All about us the night and sea was black as ink—not a glow anywhere except a single white gleam far away to starboard like a distant star. It was not a star—it was far too close to the horizon—beyond doubt it was a masthead light on the steel monster which had run us down.

I held the lantern behind my body, and stared out through the void at the faraway spark—it was no more than a pin-prick, barely visible across miles of open water, and growing fainter each second. I read the whole meaning, despair clutching my heart. The vessel had waited and picked up the Esmeralda's boats; believing she then had no board all who lived, she had resumed her voyage. We were alone, deserted, in the midst of the dead, possibly without even a chance to save ourselves from going down with the sodden wreck.

But if there should be a chance there remained not an instant to lose. I waved the light around into the face of McCann and the girl, the man white and haggard, his eyes as dull as though he had taken an opiate, absolutely stupefied with fear. But the girl! In the gleam of the lantern her eyes met mine, full of courage, her face fearless. She must have seen, and understood also, for she called to me, clinging to the rail to keep her footing, her loosened hair flapping in the wind.

"They are leaving us, Mr. Hollis? Is not that the steamer out there?"

"Ay, the last glimpse we'll ever have of her," I answered bitterly, forgetting myself in anger. "The d——— brutes think more of a few dollars than our lives. But we'll make a fight just the same. Come, wake up, McCann! Aft with you—oh, yes, you can; crawl along the rail once beyond the cabin there's good foothold. Now, my lady, I'll not let you fall—good! You are the better sailor of the two."

I held the lantern in my teeth, and clambered after them. It was a thirty-foot climb, but the rail stanchions made a fair ladder, giving good hand and foot hold, although occasionally the hulk beneath us rolled so heavily in the sea as to bring us to a pause, clinging grimly to the tarred rope in order to retain our balance. Twice I thought the doomed yacht was actually going down, as under the blow of some swell she leaned heavily to starboard, giving glimpse of the black water just below where we clung so desperately. Yet with sodden, sickening motion, like the last painful effort of a dying creature, she managed to right herself once more, every timber groaning in agony, the salt spume of the sea blown into our faces.

Once beyond the overreach on the cabin we found opportunity to stand erect, gripping the iron supports which had sustained the awning above the after deck. In the dim rays of the lantern the scene was one of utter wreck and desolation. There had been four boats hung in davits above the rails; two of them were gone; one hung trailing overboard, half submerged, with the bow still swinging to the tackle; the fourth had been smashed into kindling. I staggered across to where I could look down at the dangling craft, holding my lantern out over the rail. It was broken amidships and useless, but jammed under a thwart lay a man's body, the gleam of the lantern on the upturned face, and I recognized with horror the features of Fosdick.

Sickened, covering my eyes with one arm, I clung to the shattered rail, completely unnerved. The voice of the girl aroused me, brought me back to manhood.

"Mr. Hollis, the dory is still here!"

I swept the lantern about, confused, and unable to locate the sound. McCann was crouching against the cabin, but the woman, aided by the dog locker, had crept aft, and now leaned out over the stern rail and was pointing eagerly down into the black water. I worked my way cautiously forward to where she clung, the lantern swung overside, its small ring of light giving me view of the whole uptilted stern. The dory, which had evidently been left trailing astern, was actually afloat, although half filled, and her oars, jammed securely under a thwart, were still in place.

The position of the vessel, the waterlogged condition of the smaller craft, told me at a glance the whole story. What was left of the crew of the Esmeralda, together with those guests who had lived to attain the deck, had made their escape in the two missing boats—they would hold twenty each, and were strong and seaworthy. No doubt the smashed one there had been lowered first, but the tackle jammed, and in the wreck Fosdick had been killed, the others had clambered aboard the two left, leaving him crushed behind.

The two men and their charge manage to get away in the dory from the sinking yacht, but their troubles have only begun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPILLED HIS POT OF PAINT

Otherwise Steeplejack Was Unruffled After Fall of Fifty Feet From Roof to the Sidewalk.

Some persons may fall from a chair and get killed. Others may fall from a church steeple and merely spill a pot of paint. In the latter class is Frank Atkinson, a steeplejack.

While painting the steeple of a church in Philadelphia Atkinson fell from the steeple to the roof of the building, rolled down the steep slope to the eaves and fell to the sidewalk, nearly fifty feet below, just missing an iron paling.

Before his assistants could reach his side Atkinson was on his feet.

"Boys," he said, "you had better clean up that mess," referring to the spilled paint.

His only injury was a sprained wrist. The steeplejack says he will now join the aviation service. Climbing church towers is becoming too dangerous for him.

A Subtle Distinction.

A senator was talking about the arguments advanced by certain neutral nations who don't want us to cut off the food supplies that they are relishing so generously to Germany.

"We won't send our chilled beef to Holland and then she can't send her own fresh beef to the Huns," he said. "That's the gist of the matter. The neutrals' arguments against our plan are full of distinctions that are altogether too subtle for me. Yes, the neutrals' arguments remind me of the Bevan boy.

"The minister called at the Bevans' one June Sunday afternoon and the oldest boy, answering the bell, said:

"'Father ain't in. He's gone over to the golf club.'

"Then, observing the shadow that came over the minister's brow, the boy added in reassuring tones:

"'Oh, not to golf, you know. Nothin' like that, only to drink beer and play a little poker.'

"Another reassuring smile and nod and the boy shut the door on the dazed clergyman."

Living Music.

To move the body to the zythm of the universe, andante, presto, fast or slow, keeping the accent steady and sure.

To use the voice in melodious speaking, with kind and gentle words, to stranger or to friend;

In all events of daily life and work, to resolve the discords, and to blend the moments into one harmonious whole;

A mind to set in form the theme of life, announce the subject clear and true, and work it to satisfying close;

To find within the soul the beauty-bearing message of the song divine;

This is to set the days to music, and to be a symphony.—Evangeline Close, in The Musician.

The Downhill Road.

A. J. Balfour, head of the British commission, told a pathetic anecdote at a New York reception about a young peer.

"He was dreadfully wounded at Mons," said Mr. Balfour, "and, though he lingered on a long time, he knew, as we all knew, that his hurts were mortal.

"I met him limping painfully on his crutches in Piccadilly one morning. He was the shadow of his former self.

"'You're walking very slowly,' I said. "He gave a sad kind of laugh.

"'But I'm going very fast,' said he."

BOLSHEVIKI AND COSSACKS CLASH

REPORTS INDICATE CONDITION OF ACTUAL CIVIL WAR IN RUSSIA.

KORNILOFF LEADER OF REVOLT

Seven Army Corps Said to Oppose Rule of Rede—Turkestan Also Rises to Fight Radicals.

London.—Word has been received here that the Bolsheviki have formally declared war on the Cossack forces under Korniloff and Kaledines. This brings about a condition of actual civil war in Russia.

A Reuter dispatch from Petrograd says the Pravda announces the first collision between the Maximalist troops and from 3,000 to 4,000 troops under General Korniloff, armed with machine guns, at Tamanovka station, 28 versts from Bielgorod.

Stockholm.—Proclamations of General Kaledines, the Cossack leader, declaring that the Cossack government has taken over power in the Donetz region of southern Russia, are published in the Yuzhny Kral, a newspaper of Kharkov, a copy of which has reached Stockholm, having escaped the Bolsheviki censorship.

General Kaledines declares the Cossacks have the means of maintaining order and intend to use their whole power to oppose the Bolsheviki.

The newspaper publishes sharply worded protests against the Bolsheviki from seven different army corps.

Turkestan is reported to be mobilizing all men between the ages of 16 and 45, who will be sent to Tashkent, capital of that government, to fight the Bolsheviki, who now control the city.

NEGRO RIOTERS ARE HANGED

Thirteen Soldiers Pay Penalty for Uprising Last August.

San Antonio, Tex.—Thirteen Negroes, soldiers of the Twenty-fourth United States infantry, were hanged to death simultaneously at dawn Tuesday in expiation of their murder of Houston citizens last August, when members of that regiment engaged in mutinous rioting in the city's streets.

Forty-one other Negroes were sentenced to life imprisonment; four others for short terms and five were acquitted.

Only army officers and Sheriff John Tobin of Bexas county were present when the sentence was carried out by soldiers from the post.

In spite of the executions and announcement of the other sentences the riot at Houston is not a closed incident. Investigation is still in progress and it is expected courts martial will follow.

COAL IS COMING TO MICHIGAN

Government Diverts Thousands of Cars Blocked on Ohio Railroad.

Detroit.—Consignments of bituminous coal aggregating nearly 9,000 cars, the largest single coal shipment recorded in years, are being diverted into Detroit and the state beginning this week, following confiscation by the fuel administration of the coal blocked on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad lines.

The shipment is the outgrowth of the unparalleled strong-arm methods assumed by the government in its determination to clean up a condition that at times has almost approximated complete paralysis of traffic on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad and in the coal fields depending on the carrier as its trading channel.

ALASKA COAL FIELD OPENED

Government Railroad Already Laid to Point Near Mines.

Washington.—Opening of a new coal mining tract in the Matanusko field, Alaska, has been announced by Secretary Lane. A branch of the government railroad has been pushed to a point nearby, and the government is ready to receive applications for its lease for operation.

Continuance of these operations the interior department believes will demonstrate the possibility of supplying fuel from this field for the navy and for the Pacific coast.

By next summer, the railroad will be ready to haul tonnage to Seward.

GRANGE SOLIDLY BACKS WILSON

State Organization Pledges Loyalty to President.

Jackson.—Michigan farmers pledged unswerving loyalty to President Wilson during the war at the forty-sixth annual convention of the Michigan State Grange here.

The following telegram was sent to the president:

"Resolved, That the Michigan State Grange pledge to our president, Woodrow Wilson, our unswerving loyalty and support, and place in his hands for such disposal as will best serve our country's needs, our labor, our resources and our lives."

Soldiers Recreation Home planned.

Battle Creek.—Within two weeks excavating will begin for a $15,000 recreation home, to be constructed by Michigan Presbyterians for the benefit of Camp Custer soldiers. Detroit churches have agreed to furnish $6,500, the War Service fund $5,000 and the remainder will come from Wisconsin and Michigan churches. Plans call for a two story building with an auditorium seating 500 people, reading, writing and lounging rooms, shower baths, kitchen and wash rooms.

Michigan Happenings

Grand Rapids.—Mrs. Ida Kellogg, 35 years old, of McCords, is dead as the result of burns received when a can of kerosene exploded in her hands. She was attempting to start a fire.

Pontiac.—Oxford farmers have discovered large quantities of beans in threshed stacks and several have rethreshed their stacks. One recovered 17 bushels of beans and another 10. Uneven ripening, is said to be the cause.

Greenville.—Four hundred farmers and potato buyers met here to discuss systems of potato grading, as recommended by the government. Many farmers, who say there is no market for No. 2 potatoes, have started a petition asking for onegrade system.

Traverse City.—After wandering through the snow all night clad only in light clothing and slippers, Edward Drew, alleged German spy, who escaped from the Traverse City state hospital where he had been confined temporarily, was captured 11 miles from here nearly frozen to death.

Menominee.—Bernard, 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Rosario Benoit, of Marinette, was burned to death while sleeping. While the mother was out of the house an older brother set a broom afire by putting it in the stove and carried it to the child's bed. The bed was quickly ignited and when the mother returned the child was so badly burned that it was impossible to save its life.

Sault Ste. Marie.—Using blank checks which he found in waste paper while firing the jail furnace, Joe Davis, convicted of burglary, forged the name of Sam C. Taylor, county clerk, to two checks totaling $260.90. The checks were made out to two Chicago firms and were inclosed in letters which ordered jewelry and musical instruments. An attempt was made to smuggle the letters out of the jail in the clothing of a prisoner whose sentence had just ended.

Battle Creek.—Rudolph Shaur and Stanley Nemitzka, two blacksmiths, paid fines for attempting to carry liquor into Camp Custer.

Kalamazoo.—Registration of alien enemies in Kalamazoo will begin January 1, according to announcements by federal officials here. There are several Austrians and Bulgarians working in the paper and steel mills in this city.

Marshall.—Howard Culver, 56 years old, was instantly killed when an interurban car struck his automobile at Ceresco, six miles west. Culver was for 13 years a rural mail carrier at Ceresco. His widow and a daughter survive.

Kalamazoo.—Ralph Brinkert, member of the crew on the Antilles, the American transport torpedoed October 17 by the Germans and who was mourned for dead by his parents in this city, has returned home on a furlough.

Lansing.—Frank J. Champs, a farmer living north of East Lansing, and Roy Wilmworth, were instantly killed by a Grand Trunk passenger train near Trowbridge, when they were unable to stop the automobile in which they were riding.

Muskegon.—The enlistment of Reynold T. Jacobson, 19 years old, as a cook in the signal corps at the local recruiting office, made four of his family now in service. Two of Jacobson's brothers are now in France, while another is in training.

Port Huron.—Three guards who were detailed to protect the water works plant here were found asleep by Chief of Police Chambers. The officer fired a revolver near the men, but they continued to slumber. The men were discharged.

St. Johns.—Lewis Alvater was horsewhipped by a company of masked men near his home, five miles east of this city, for alleged pro-German statements. The men drove to his house in automobiles and after whipping him, compelled him to salute the flag. Alvater has two sons in the army, one at Camp Custer, the other at Waco.

Benton Harbor.—Mrs. Gerald Handy narrowly escaped serious injury when her husband, driving their automobile, was stricken with apoplexy. Mrs. Handy noticed the car veering off the road and set the brake, finding Mr. Handy unconscious in his seat. He died three hours later. Mr. and Mrs. Handy were on their way to the hospital to see their son, who had lost his arm in an accident a few days ago.

Richmond.—Wallace Youngs, a Memphis stock buyer and shipper, suffered a compound fracture of his right leg when his rig overturned as he was making a quick turn in pursuing cattle.

Muskegon.—Elmer Waldorf, separated from his wife for several weeks, visited her, having with him when he came, a vial of carbolic acid, a revolver, a box of shells and a butcher knife. Officers arrested him.

Dowagiac.—The 60 guests attending the eighty-fourth birthday dinner of Mrs. Charlotte Cowham, of Volinia township, included all of her 13 children. Mrs. Cowham was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1833 and was married in 1853.

Grand Rapids.—Local bakers are trying to conform to the Hoover order for cheaper bread. New wholesale prices are now in effect. Pound loaves sell from 7 to 7 1-2 cents. The old 8-cent loaf sells at 7 1-2 cents. The 12-cent loaf of 24 ounces and over sell for 11 cents.

Owosso.—The United Dairies company, co-operative concern which has secured control of the retail milk business here, has boosted the price two cents a quart, making it 12 cents. Officers of the dairy company, which is composed mostly of farmers, say the increase is due to an increase in the price paid to the producers.

Bravo.—James Schrimmser, a crippled rural carrier on route No. 2 out of this village, was injured and his stepson, Edmund Brownlow, was killed when the auto in which they were ditching mail overturned near here.