

THE CHELSEA HERALD, Established 1871
THE CHELSEA STANDARD, Established 1889

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916.

VOLUME 46 NO. 17

"Those hogs made a wonderful gain"

That's what Harry Biddel, of Albion, Ind., said about some hogs (100 head) that he fed with HOG-TONE. He also said: "I certainly will never feed out another herd of hogs without using Avalon Farms HOG-TONE. You cannot make your assertions too strong when speaking of HOG-TONE."

AVALON FARMS HOG-TONE

By keeping your hogs free of worms, you will aid in protecting them against contracting Cholera, Rheumatism, Scours, Thumps, Enteritis, Indigestion and the scores of diseases that attack and destroy hundreds of hogs every year. A safe, liquid remedy thoroughly tested and proved on the well-known Avalon Farms in northern Indiana, near Ft. Wayne. A remedy that we know will destroy and expel all kinds of worms. HOG-TONE is a splendid general tonic and conditioner.

Come in and see us—get your bottle of HOG-TONE—get the kind of profits other HOG-TONE users are enjoying.

HENRY H. FENN CO., DRUGGISTS,
Chelsea, Michigan

For The Thanksgiving Dinner

WE CAN FURNISH NEARLY EVERYTHING BUT THE TURKEY

Malaga Grapes, lb.	20c
New Soft Shell Walnuts, lb.	25c
Fancy Oranges, doz.	60c
Oysters, solid meats, quart.	60c
Cluster Raisins, lb.	25c
Persian Dates, package.	13c
Mott's Sweet Cider, qt.	20c
Fancy Layer Figs, lb.	25c
Nut Meats, all kinds.	
Seeded Raisins, lb.	15c
Seedless Raisins, lb.	17c
None-Such Mince Meat.	10c
Fancy Cranberries, qt.	12c
Lettuce, lb.	20c
Chase & Sanborn's fine Coffees, lb.	25c to 40c

HENRY H. FENN COMPANY

Phone 53

Free Delivery

YOUR THANKSGIVING TURKEY

should be ordered now. We can supply your wants in plump young country fed fowls in sizes from seven to twenty pounds. We were able to contract for only a limited number of these turkeys this year. The demand will be far greater than the supply, so take our advice and get your order in early. First come, first served. We will have plenty of choice chickens and ducks. Fresh Oysters and Fish.

Fred Klingler



ICE CREAM

We make a specialty of serving Socials as well as Private Parties.

Choice Line of Fruits, Confectionery and Cigars.

American Ice Cream Parlor

Seitz' Old Stand

WILBUR HINDERER, Prop.

FURNITURE

Everything in Furniture for the Holidays. See our nice new and up-to-date line.

DOLLS

Just to remind you that Dolls are very scarce and hard to get, and that we have been quite fortunate in getting a nice shipment from the factory, and that we can not get any more, so see what we have at once and make your selections.

HARDWARE

Everything that is kept in an up-to-date hardware store. We have some bargains in Heating Stoves and Ranges.

FIRST CLASS PLUMBING AND TIN SHOP.

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

RING W. LARDNER WAS HUNGRY AND GROUCHY

Wreck Held Him Up Several Hours and Chelsea Gets Some Advertising.

Chelsea had a distinguished, although enforced, guest recently, and although the town lent its best endeavors to furnish him with entertainment, even going to the extent of wrecking a train, he did not appreciate said entertainment, having just returned from the scene of a worse wreck, that of the hopes of the U. of M. football team by the Cornell team.

The d. g. was Ring W. Lardner of the Chicago Tribune, and the following is his lament:

Friend Harvey: I wrote something yesterday for you to put in today's issue, but when I looked at it in the paper I seen it was no good and I says it was going to be continued but it isn't. I was talking about not getting nothing to eat in Ithaca and its a fact that I got nothing to eat all day Saturday and when I woke up Sunday A. M. I had a fair appetite and got up in a hurry and dressed fast so as to get in the dining car. I noticed we was standing still but thought we was behind a block signal or something but what we was behind was a dozen freight cars that somebody had carelessly tossed over all 3 of the tracks. And the place we was was Chelsea, Mich., where Elsie come from and Chelsea is the other side of Jackson and they don't put no dining car on till they get to Jackson.

Well Harvey we stayed in Chelsea for five and a half hours and if you ever get hard up for a place to spend your Sunday mornings don't pick on Chelsea. And they couldn't of been nobody in church because they were all down to the scene of the wreck telling the R. R. men how to do it. And when we finally got to Jackson I was all out of the habit of eating and didn't know how to handle the implements or masticate. And that's about all there is to the story that I started out to write except a few details about the different trains I was on.

The one that took us from Ann Arbor to Ithaca was late.

The one that took us from Ithaca to Geneva was behind time.

The one that took us from Geneva to Buffalo was tardy.

The one that took us from Buffalo to Niles was five hours and a half behind schedule when it got to Niles.

And the one I come on from Niles to Chicago was late.

And I would like to recommend to The Tribune that they go and hire the fellows that wrote them two railroad time tables to take hold of the line of types col. while B. L. T. is on his vacation. Respy. R.

Wesley Canfield.

Wesley Canfield was born in the state of New York, September 5, 1841, and died at his home on Jackson street, Wednesday, November 22, 1916. His death was caused by a stroke of apoplexy. He was returning from the barn to the house and fell and life was extinct when help arrived. He had been in failing health for several years.

He was a member of Company A, Thirtieth Michigan Infantry. He was a member of R. P. Carpenter Post, G. A. R., the Congregational society and the Maccabees. He had been a resident of this vicinity since he was five years of age. He was united in marriage with Miss Sarah C. Lettis in Chelsea December 31, 1860. He is survived by his wife, one son, W. E. Canfield of Detroit, four grandchildren and a number of nephews and nieces.

The funeral will be held at 10 o'clock Saturday morning from the home, Rev. P. W. Dierberger officiating. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

Distressing Bronchial Cough and Weakens Foley's Honey and Tar Stops Them.

Both night and day these wearying racking coughs harass and weaken their victims. They hang on all winter, if not checked, and often are the forerunners of a permanently weakened condition of the bronchial tubes and lungs. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops these distressing coughs, but soothes the inflamed air passages, raises phlegm easily and heals raw and inflamed surfaces, stops hoarseness and tickling throat. It contains no opiates. All dealers everywhere sell it. All druggists of Chelsea.—Adv.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The third grade is preparing a Thanksgiving program.

The first grade has started a small rug factory and is putting out small rugs.

The second grade lost a pupil, Iva Minsley, but found another, Maire Rendall.

The High School Literary Club has announced a meeting for next Wednesday. An interesting program has been arranged.

The sixth, seventh and eighth grades are selling all of their old papers and are saving the money for some future use.

In chemistry class: Teacher—What would happen if we breathed only pure oxygen? Brilliant Junior—Spontaneous combustion.

The kindergarten was surprised last Friday by a box of "frosted animal" crackers which were sent by some kind friend in California.

Mr. Walling attended the meeting of executive committee of the alumni of the Michigan State Normal College last Friday afternoon at Ypsilanti.

The fourth grade has elected the following officers for its club, The Busy Workers: President, Georgia Smith; secretary, Clea Hutzel; treasurer, Frances Goodlin.

The fourth graders have written a composition entitled "The First Thanksgiving." They have made covers in which they have placed these stories, making very neat little books.

Tuesday afternoon Dr. Crozier, a missionary to India for sixteen years, talked to the high school on the life and customs of the people of India. The lecture was made very interesting by the display of the different articles which were shown, illustrating the rude implements and also the dress of the natives of India.

The Parents-Teachers' Association met in the high school building Tuesday afternoon. The program was furnished by the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. Dr. Crozier addressed the meeting. A picture has been purchased by the association to be placed each month in the room having the greatest percentage of parents present at each monthly meeting. The picture is called "The Making of the American Flag." It will be hung in the kindergarten room during the next month. After the program, popcorn and taffy were served by the committee.

Jack Dunn Played Wonderful Game.

The South Dakota state university ended its most successful football season a week ago when it trounced North Dakota university 14 to 7. And from reports from the little western college it can easily be seen that "Jack" Dunn, a former Chelsea high school football star, was responsible for the success of the South Dakotastate team. The state university won the championship of South Dakota.

Early in the season the state eleven was beaten by Wisconsin and Minnesota, but that was a foregone conclusion and no one was surprised by the defeats. However, when the teams of the same class as state were met they were handled rather roughly. Huron, Vermillion and North Dakota were beaten in three successive Saturdays. Dunn played at quarter all year, and besides directing the team in fine style he played a great defensive game. His running back of punts was one of the features of the state eleven's play. Jack never did much kicking, but the coach found himself without a booter so Jack filled the job and did it in fine style. He dropped-kicked one over from the 38-yard line in the Minnesota battle.

Want Deed Set Aside.

Mrs. Jessie Flagler Green and Mrs. Maude Flagler Alken, both of Jackson, are plaintiffs in a case being tried in the circuit court at Kalamazoo in which it is asked that the deed given by the late Henry Flagler to his housekeeper, Mrs. Mary A. Humphrey, be set aside. Claude Flagler, of American Falls, Idaho, also petitions the deed be set aside. Henry Flagler was a prominent architect of Kalamazoo. He designed many of the finest buildings in that city. For nearly fifteen years Mrs. Humphrey had been his housekeeper, and it is alleged, believing she should be rewarded for faithful service Mr. Flagler deeded her a farm of 120 acres he had acquired in 1910. The three children have now started proceedings alleging the father was incompetent and had been influenced. The Flagler family were former residents of Chelsea.

EASTERN STAR HOLDS INTERESTING MEETING

Washtenaw County Association Here Wednesday—Next Meeting to be at Dexter.

The meeting of the Washtenaw County Association, Order Eastern Star, was held in Masonic Hall Wednesday afternoon and evening, and was one of the largest attended meetings ever held by the association.

The business meeting was held in the afternoon at which time considerable official business was transacted. The election of officers was held at this time and resulted as follows:

President—Jane Mills, Ann Arbor.

First Vice President—A. J. Warren, Saline.

Second Vice President—Anna Phelps, Dexter.

Secretary and Treasurer—Edith M. Lowery, Manchester.

Marshal—Agnes Matthews, Ypsilanti.

Chaplain—Mary L. Boyd, Chelsea.

Organist—Florence Chapin, Milan.

At the close of the business session dinner was served at the Chelsea House, more than two hundred participating.

After dinner the beautiful ritualistic work of the order was exemplified, the chairs being occupied by officers of the various Chapters of the county. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hammond were the candidates.

The meeting was honored by the presence of three Grand Chapter officers, Worthy Grand Matron Miss Minnie Kenyon, of Marine City; Worthy Grand Patron Wm. Quackenbush, of Mt. Clemens, and Grand Secretary Mrs. Eva Goodrich of Ann Arbor.

The next meeting will be held in Dexter.

Received Promotion.

Ralph S. Gildart, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gildart of West Porter street, a graduate of Albion college, has just been promoted from the position of assistant advertising manager to that of advertising manager of the P. B. Yates Machine Company, of Beloit, Wisconsin. The Yates Company are the largest manufacturers of woodworking machinery (saw mills, planing mills, etc.) in the world, operating extensive manufacturing plants in Beloit, Wisconsin, and Hamilton, Ontario, with branch offices in all important foreign countries. The company issues a handsome bi-monthly magazine illustrating and advertising their products. Mr. Gildart has been with the Yates Company now about 18 months.—Albion Leader.

Princess Bookings.

SATURDAY, NOV. 25.

The Selig Co. presents Fritz Brunette and other stars in "Into the Northland," in three parts.

The famous comedy team, Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "The Tormented Husband."

SUNDAY, NOV. 26.

Matinee and night.

First episode of "The Grip of Evil," a series of dramas, fourteen in all, featuring Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomly, and showing the real side of humanity.

"Rustic Venice, scenic.

"Lake Laughs Last," absolutely free to all matinee and night.

MONDAY, NOV. 27.

Wm. A. Brady in association with the World Film Corp. presents Frances Nelson and Arthur Ashley in Paul Wiltach's story of love and mystery, "What Happened at 22?" A Frohman Amusement Corp. production showing how a smart young girl brings a clever crook to his downfall.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29.

"The Double Resurrection," fifteenth episode of "The Iron Claw," Pathe News No. 84 and a comedy.

THURSDAY, NOV. 30.

Thanksgiving Special. The Equitable Film Corp. presents the charming screen personality, Muriel Ostriche, in "A Circus Romance," a tale of love and heroism beneath the great white canopy.

The next meeting of Cavanaugh Lake Grange will be held Tuesday evening, November 28, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Richards. The election of officers will take place and a few selections will be given.

L. T. FREEMAN CO.'S Quality Store

Specials This Week

Large Can Peaches	10c
Large Can Pumpkin	10c
Extra Good Rice	4 pounds for 25c
Broken Rice	6 pounds for 25c
Pure Pepper, pound	30c
Three Packages Mince Meat	25c
Large Jar Mustard	10c
Large Jar Peanut Butter	25c
Quart Can Apple Butter	25c
6 Pounds Best Rolled Oats	25c
New Lima Beans, per pound	10c
Best Seeded Raisins, per package	12c
Large Pail Syrup	40c
Pancake Flour	10c
Jelly, per glass	10c
Quaker Oats, per box	10c
Extra Fancy Head Rice	3 pounds for 25c
Fancy Orchard Run Dried Peaches, per pound	13c
A Good Tea, per pound	25c
Fresh Roasted Peanuts, per pound	10c
Breakfast Brand Blend Coffee, per pound 25c, 5 pounds for \$1.07	
Choice Oranges, Bananas, Grape Fruit, Malaga Grapes, English Walnuts, Etc.	

L. T. Freeman Co.

SEE US FOR HARDWARE FURNITURE AND STOVES

Dancer Hardware Co.

WE Are Here to Serve YOU.

ARCHIE B. CLARK, Pres.

J. N. DANCER, Treas.

J. B. COLE, Sec.

Prestige

Paying bills by check lends prestige to your business. It stamps you as a person using every modern facility. The public quickly recognizes these points.

USE THIS STRONG BANK

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Call On Us When In Need of Hardware

Stoves and Ranges
Paints and Oils
Sash, Doors and Glass
Blankets and Robes
Harness and Halters
Roofing and Building Paper

A Complete Stock at All Times

PHONE 66-W

HINDELANG & FAHRNER

"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was seventeen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 15th St.

When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

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

With Sorrow.

An example of the gentility naïve is the following, clipped from an exchange:

"It is with sorrow that we announce an accident to Mrs. John Whitman, wife of the well-known grocer, who sells three pounds and a half of sugar for a quarter. While he was chasing her around the yard in fun the other evening she stepped on an old tomato can and severely lacerated her foot. Should blood poisoning set in and she be removed from our midst the Banner will turn its column rules as a tribute to her."

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR

Prevent it by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

If your scalp is irritated, itching and burning and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls try the following treatment: touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Absolutely nothing better.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Nothing takes the starch out of a stockup girl like an unexpected kiss.

Peat is largely used in stoking the railway engines of Sweden.

FIGS--FIGS--FIGS

The Money Making Crop On The Gulf Coast

Demand growing fast. Crop Never Fails. Trees bear for lifetime.

FREE FIG ORCHARD LOTS

In largest and most unique Fig Orchard Development in America.

A well-known, long established Southern orchard and land development corporation wants several hundred reliable people to co-operate in growing Figs for a canning plant, and is willing to give the Fig Orchard lots to those who will plant Figs.

Several hundred Michigan people already have accepted this offer. Endorsed by prominent men. Write for free booklet, "FIG CITY" and full particulars to

NATIONAL LAND SALES CO., Stevens Bldg., Dept. A, Detroit, Mich.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. B. Wood

KODAKS AND SUPPLIES

BLACKS

156 WOODWARD ST. DETROIT

Developing all size Roll Film, postpaid, 10 cents. DETROIT.

APPENDICITIS

If you have been threatened or have GALLSTONES, INDigestion, GAS or PAINS in the right side write for valuable Book of Information FREE

A. E. HENNING, DEPT. W-2, 219 S. WABASH ST., CHICAGO

down below and see what I can see and let you know!" It appealed to the boy's desire for adventure and to the soldier's desire for information. So, after some reluctance and many cautions, the boy was allowed to go. To divert suspicion, for the turkey would attract more attention than the boy, Yank was permitted to accompany him. The boy and the bird were familiar figures in the neighborhood.

Three miles from home a voice laughed, "Here's a turk fer your dinner, captain," and Bob found he had walked into a hornet's nest. They took the two to a cabin a little back from the pike and asked the boy a few questions, without gaining any information. Nor did he lose his hold on Yank, though the bird struggled to be free. A black-browed giant entered.

"There's a Yank up on the ridge in a cabin thar, and a hundred of 'em yonder on the other side."

"You fellows make a ride for it at sundown," said the captain, "and grab that Yank. They are the fellows that hung Jed Speed. We'll have a little hang-in' party ourselves."

What could Bob do to warn his father? Run for it himself? That was hopeless. Then he thought of Yank. Hardly knowing why, he let go his hold. There was a squawk and a flutter, a man at the door was nearly knocked from his feet, and a feathered thing that half ran and half flew made for the pike and the woods beyond.

"He got away!" "Thar goes your dinner, captain," and a half-dozen shots all came at the same instant. As for the boy, he poured outdoors with the rest and plunged into the woods back of the cabin.

Two hours later a turkey, both of whose wings drooped now, the left one stained with blood, fluttered into the Scott clearing. To go to the boy was the father's first thought, to go for help the second and better one. It was a bit risky, but over the ridge he went and down the mountainside.

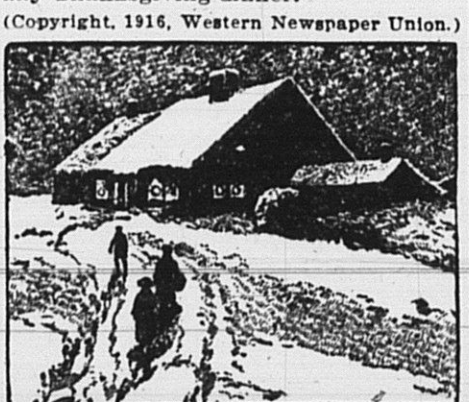
Bob circled and crossed the pike a mile above. On a white stone by the road he saw a drop of red. "Well, they hit him but didn't get him," he said.

That evening, just as the sun dipped to the West, there was another hornet's nest on the ridge. But this time it was the enemy that walked into it. There was time for only a few shots. But the guerrilla captain heard them in the valley below and decided that it would be well to move on, leaving his missing men to join him as best they could.

But they never did. Next night, 20 miles away, the captain turned to one of his men and asked:

"Do you reckon that fool bird had anything to do with it?"

As for Yank, the battle-scarred veteran, what was one wing more or less? He lived to see peace return to the mountains, and to all Tennessee, and to the nation. And you may be sure he never played the principal part in any Thanksgiving dinner.



Cause for Thanks.

There have been times in the history of the country when Thanksgiving day was rather the occasion of expressions of hope for blessings to come than of gratitude for those being enjoyed, but even so the nation has not been unmindful of its peculiar position as the most fortunate of the countries of the earth. Much more, then, should there be thankfulness on every side today when not only are the people of the land enjoying peace while thousands mourn abroad, but with peace is plenty in contrast with the hunger that stalks elsewhere to carry out the horror that shot and shell did not complete.

MY THANKSGIVING

For all the good my days afford,
For all the blessings on me poured,
For every kindly act and word,
I thank Thee, Lord.

I thank Thee, Lord, for thoughts that roam
Beyond the narrow walls of home
To gather good from days to come,
And from the past.

I thank Thee, Lord, for length of days,
For guidance through life's devious ways,
And in the darkness for the rays
Of light and love.

I thank Thee 'e'en for hours of gloom,
For crushing grief, and darkened rooms,
For in the shadow Thine didst come
To heal and bless.

I thank Thee that the weight of things
No longer binds my soul's free wings
Than she can soar, and soaring sings
Thy praise, O Lord!

Thar sea and mountain, flower and tree,
Thy message bring to me of Thee,
And fill my soul with ecstasy.
I thank Thee, Lord.

And so not only on this day,
When many hearts thanksgiving say,
But now forever and away,
I thank Thee, Lord!

BRONZE BEST LIKED

Beautiful Plumage and Large Size Has Given This Turkey First Place.

THE bronze turkey holds the place of honor among its tribe. It is a cross between the wild and the tame turkey. Its beautiful, rich plumage and its size have come from its wild progenitors. To maintain these desirable qualities crosses are continually made. In this way the mammoth size has been gained. Their standard weight ranges from 16 to 36 pounds, according to age and sex. Probably more of this variety are grown each year than of all others.

The coloring of this variety is a ground of black, blazoned or shaded with bronze. This shading is rich and glowing, and when the sun's rays are reflected from these colors they shine like polished steel.

The Narragansett turkeys are next in size to the bronze. They are of black ground color, each feather ending with a band of steel gray, edged with black. This imparts a grayish cast to the entire surface plumage. Mixed with this is the finish of metallic black and bronze luster.

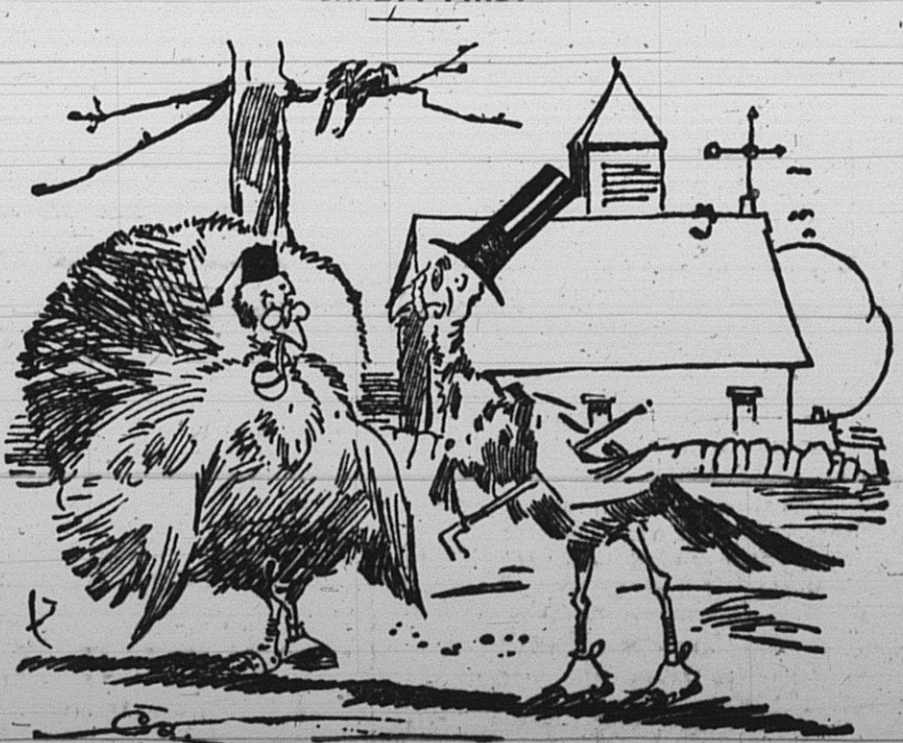
The standard weights of this variety are, for males, from 24 to 30 pounds; for females, from 12 to 18 pounds. Some old males of both this and the bronze variety weigh over 40 pounds.

The buff turkey is not generally known throughout the country. In many localities it is almost unknown. The standard calls for a pure buff color throughout, but this shade of coloring is seldom seen. As bred for market these turkeys are of a reddish buff or light chestnut color mixed with white and some dark shadings. They are highly valued in some localities for their quick growth and for their attractiveness when dressed. Their average weight is several pounds less than that of the Narragansett.

The slate turkey might be called a blue turkey. They about average in size with the buffs and blacks. They range from 10 to 25 pounds, according to age and sex. The black color ranges from small spots to larger markings, but the less of this the better for exhibition purposes. It might be surmised that the slate turkey originated from a cross of white and black turkeys.

In America the white turkey is called the white Holland turkey. The reason for this is not apparent, though some think it is so called because it originally came from Holland. White turkeys were formerly quite delicate and rather small, but now are more generally developed. The standard of weight is less for the whites than for other varieties. They range from 10 pounds for young hens to 28 pounds for old toms. In color of plumage they should be white throughout (except that each has a black beard on the breast), with shanks and toes pinkish white.

SAFETY FIRST



"I see by the market reports that turkeys are going to be higher."
"You can bet your life we are. We're going to be as high as the tallest trees we can find."

"The Sucker" List

When the Post Office authorities "pulled" the Standard Securities Co., in New York, awhile ago, among a wagon-load of "literature" telling how to make a budding dollar blossom into many thousands quickly, was found a list of 100,000 names of people who have bought or might be induced to buy get-rich-quick stocks. The inspectors call this the most valuable "sucker list" in existence. The Standard Co. actually sold more than \$2,000,000.00 worth of their worthless stock to the public.

It would be an insult even to presume that your name was on that list. But are you sure your money is so carefully invested as to be immune from the lure of such concerns' wild promises? Is it as safely invested as it would be in one of our \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 5% Guaranteed First Mortgage Bond Certificates—every \$1 of investment secured by more than \$2 of actual, income-producing Detroit Real Estate—and both principal and interest guaranteed by a company with \$200,000.00 paid-up capital?

Ask your banker about this investment. If he don't know he will gladly find out for you. And write us for complete details.

Urban Realty Mortgage Company
46-48 W. Congress St., Detroit

Xmas Cards

Direct from the Manufacturer

At a Saving of 50 to 100%

20 Beautiful Christmas Cards, designed by artists celebrated for their exquisite taste, engraved and embossed in colors, and enclosed in individual envelopes for \$1.00. These cards if bought in a retail store would cost up to 15c each. Enclose \$1.00 bill in envelope and mail today. Cards will be sent prepaid, securely packed. Money returned if not satisfied.

Wm. G. Johnston Co., Mfrs.
1200 Ridge Ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

"ROUGH ON RATS" Kills Rats, Mice, Bugs, Lice outdoors. 15c and 25c.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 48-1916.

Home-Ground Flour and Cereals.
Grinding wheat to make flour may be done at home as easily as the grinding of coffee. And thus a family may have whole wheat flour, freshly ground, a thing that is usually difficult to obtain. The New York Medical Journal advises its readers to buy their wheat from seedsmen rather than from grocers or feed stores because it will be cheaper and more efficient.

The grinder can be used also for cracking wheat, corn, barley, oats, rye and other grains for use as breakfast cereals. And the cereals will need chewing, which will not only strengthen the muscles of the chawers' jaws, but will keep their teeth from decay, that is if they begin as children.

Homemade cereals need long cooking, so a fireless cooker is almost indispensable.

DEAD ON HIS FEET

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will bring new life and quickly relieve that stopped-up congested feeling. They will thoroughly cleanse and wash out the kidneys and bladder and gently carry off the ill effects of excesses of all kinds. The healing, soothing oil soaks right into the walls and lining of the kidneys and expels the poisons in your system. Keep your kidneys in good shape by daily use of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules and you will have good health. Go to your druggist at once and secure a package of this time-honored, world-wide remedy. It is not a "patent medicine." It is passed upon by U. S. Government chemists and declared pure before coming into this country. GOLD MEDAL is the pure, original Haarlem Oil, imported direct from the ancient laboratories in Holland, where it is the National Household Remedy of the sturdy Dutch. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box. Accept no substitute. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if not as represented. Adv.

Local Magnate.
"Are you the postmaster?"
"Yep."

"Gimme two stamps."
"Here ye are. I also sell dry goods, groceries, hardware an' coffins. Need anything of th' sort?"

"No. I'm just passing through here. Fact is, I'm on my way to the station now."

"Thar so? I operate th' only hack line in town. Sam, my driver, will take yer to the depo' for a quarter."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

He Couldn't Resist.

Dyspeptic Old Lady—What ought I to take for an acid rising?

Flip Drug Clerk—An acid drop, madam.

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS

The cost of food today is a serious matter to all of you. To cut down your food bills and at the same time improve the health of your family, serve them Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti two or three times per week. Children love it and thrive on it. It is the best possible food for adults. Write the Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Nebr., for beautiful cook book telling how to serve it in a hundred ways. It's free to every mother.—Adv.

GOSSIPING OVER THE 'PHONE

Many Women, in Their Enjoyment of Friendly Chat, Forget the Rights of Others.

Women do not meet and mingle to the extent that men do. At work or at home, they do not have the opportunities for visiting. Housewives, especially, suffer from bottled-up social instincts. The most affable husband cannot be engaged in serious conversation on many topics which are of as much interest to a wife as a bowling score, the home team's pitching prospects or behavior of the real estate market, are to a man and his cronies.

So the habit of prolonged gossiping over the telephone brings about a serious problem in service. The telephone company has arranged a calculating supervision of telephone conversations, instructing operators to break in on those that monopolize party-line systems which other subscribers are squirming to make use of.

An important male, trying to summon a cab to catch a train, overhears a fragment of after-dinner telephone conversation between a pair of estimable maidens or matrons and becomes, for the moment, a violent antagonist of the movement for woman's equality. The telephone company, seeking to justify its demand for heavier tolls and to answer bitter criticism of its service, decides to strike at the heart-to-heart communications which vibrate over the wires for many precious moments while the matter-of-fact public gnashes its teeth.—Detroit News.

A Cat and a Town.

A dog treed a cat upon an electric light pole between Lexington and Mount Sterling and made a cross circuit which plunged Mount Sterling into total darkness. The old-time oil lamp was in some ways undesirable, but one 'cat could not put out every lamp in town.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Result.

"I hear Dick Jones is a shover."

"He always was a pushing sort of fellow."

Fernando El Cano of Santa Rosa, Cal., says he is one hundred and fifteen years old.

Meat Eaters' Backache

Meat lovers are apt to have backaches and rheumatic attacks. Unless you do heavy work and get lots of fresh air, don't eat too much meat. It's rich in nitrogen and helps to form uric acid—a solid poison that irritates the nerves, damages the kidneys and often causes dropsy, gravel and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to throw off uric acid. Thousands recommend them.

A Michigan Case

Charles Haas, 16 North St., Allegan, Mich., says: "I had dull pains in my back and could hardly do any work that required stooping or lifting. My kidneys acted irregularly, especially at night, and my rest was broken. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of the backache and regulated the action of my kidneys."

Get Doan's at Any Store, or a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



"I say, Major, what's good for a sore back will be good for a sore head. That's a very old thing, but it's a good one. I've used it for years and it's the best thing I know of for a sore back and a sore head."

Boschee's German Syrup

Has for the last 51 years been steadily used in all parts of the civilized world for the rapid relief of colds, coughs, bronchitis, throat and lung irritation. No other remedy has such a remarkable record of widespread distribution, 25c and 75c. sizes at druggists everywhere.

TRADE MARK. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Reduces Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Cures, Filled Tendons, Soreness from Bruises or Strains, stops Spavin Lameness, always pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1M free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind—an antiseptic liniment for bruises, cuts, wounds, strains, painful, swollen veins or glands. It heals and soothes. \$1.00 a bottle at druggists or postpaid. Will tell you more if you write. Made in the U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

WATSON E. COLEMAN, Washington, D. C. Books free. Right references. Best results.

PATENTS

Harroun Motors Stock LISTEN:

The man who bought this stock at \$5.00 per share last month bought it when the company had no orders for cars to speak of, only an option on their proposed plant at Wayne, and no car on exhibition.

Who bought this Stock? Largely the automobile man, and those interested in the business of building cars. Why? Because they know Ray Harroun and his associates and had faith in his and their ability and honesty. They knew he had the car. The car was a winner and the price was right.

RESULT, a large sale of this stock; the price advanced as it should; and today you find the Harroun Motors Corporation with orders on its books for over 91,368 cars from 259 dealers. Eleven Million dollars worth of cars ordered for export, thirty acres of the plant at Wayne bought and paid for and the balance of twenty-five acres awaiting only perfection of title—contract let for buildings costing \$400,000 and erection started. Money in the Detroit banks for the contract payments.

Can you beat this record? Is not the stock at the present price a bargain?

You have only until next Tuesday, the 21st, to secure this stock at \$5.50; after the 21st it advances again. We have bought and paid for a large block of this stock at the same figure others paid.

We recommend it and believe in it.

Place your order for the next advertisement appears. We have turned down thousands of dollars' worth of orders offered us at the \$5.00 rate since November 1st, when the price went to \$5.50. Order now and don't ask us after November 21st to sell you stock at \$5.50 for we can't do it.

Wire or phone orders at our expense. Remit to us by check, draft or P. O. Money order.

A. R. SHEFFER & CO.

Established 1896—STOCKS AND BONDS

Cherry 1547-8

Ground Floor, 34 Congress Street W., DETROIT, MICH.



He used a pebble
in his day, to keep
his mouth moist—

WE use
WRIGLEY'S



WRIGLEY'S gives us a
wholesome, antiseptic,
refreshing confection to
take the place of the cave
man's pebble.

We help teeth, breath, appetite,
digestion and deliciously soothe
mouth and throat with this
welcome sweetmeat.

The Wrigley Spearmen want to send you
their Book of Gum-ption. Send a postal
for it today. Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co.,
1327 Keener Building, Chicago.

The Flavor Lasts!



COULD TRUST HIS MEMORY

Mr. Wanamaker Able to Turn at Once
to Any Book on His Miles
of Shelves.

A couple of weeks ago John Wanamaker did something which he said he had not done before in his 55 years' experience as a merchant. He opened his store on Sunday. That will interest you even less than something else which Mr. Wanamaker did that afternoon and which was told me by one of the dozen persons who were present, writes "Girard" in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. There had been a dinner for a party of distinguished Japanese visitors, and Mr. Wanamaker volunteered to show the oriental gentlemen the inside of his store.

Before departing from the big granite building Mr. Wanamaker said to the chief guest:

"Baron, there is a book here I wish you to have."

Naming another book, Mr. Wanamaker walked to another case and got it. Then he proceeded to present to each gentleman present a volume or two, in each instance naming what he intended to give before he went to a bookshelf to get it. Which feat of memory caused my informant to remark when he related the incident to me:

"I have seen John Wanamaker do a great many extraordinary things in 40 years, but his ability to pick here and there a book out of many thousands amazed me the most."

Carried Boy on Cot Fifteen Miles.
When a physician at Red Oak Top, Va., found that Robert Anderson, nine years old, had appendicitis, 20 men volunteered to carry the boy on his cot 15 miles to a hospital, where he received an operation. The men took their turns at the cot.

Men are inclined to boast, yet according to statistics three out of four are buried at somebody else's expense.

The Flavor Lasts—

In the making of Grape-Nuts there is added to the sweet, rich nutriment of whole wheat, the rare flavor of malted barley, a combination creating a most unusually delicious taste. The palate never tires of it.

People everywhere have found that

Grape-Nuts

is the most nutritious and delicious cereal food known.
Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

The DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

CAN YOU SOLVE LOVE'S PUZZLE?

What is love, anyhow? Is it, in the case of husband and wife, respect and admiration of certain spiritual qualities? Or, in your experience, is it pure physical attraction between a certain man and a certain woman—with respect and admiration as side lights?

Do you believe that an intelligent woman would love enough to live with him, the man who years previously had married her just to save her good name as a girl and then had disappeared? That is the problem confronting Sara Law, the great actress, in "The Destroying Angel."

Hugh Whitaker, you remember, was given just six months to live, by eminent surgeons. He discovered a decent young woman in trouble—her honor, as it were. "One good deed before I go," he said; "I'll marry this frightened child, and give her my respectable name. Then I'll go off somewhere and wait for the end." This he did—and five years later turned up in New York from Australia, prosperous and healthy, and started a hunt for the girl-wife of other days.

He discovers her in Sara Law, and mutual recognition across the footlights stops a play. Martin Ember, former detective, comes to Whitaker and tells amazing facts. A big mystery looms in this installment.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"And you found her and told Drummond?"

Whitaker leaned over the table, studying the man's face with intense interest.

"No—and yes. I found Mrs. Whitaker. I didn't report to Drummond."

"But why—in heaven's name?"

Ember smiled somberly at the drooping ash of his cigar. "There were several reasons. In the first place I didn't have to: I had asked no retainer from Drummond, and I rendered no bill: what I had found out was mine, to keep or to sell, as I chose. I chose not to sell because—well, because Mrs. Whitaker begged me not to."

"Ah!" Whitaker breathed, sitting back. "Why?"

"This was all of a year, I think, after your marriage. Mrs. Whitaker had tasted the sweets of independence and—got the habit. She had adopted a profession looked upon with abhorrence by her family. She was already successful in a small way, had little need of the money she would get as claimant of your estate. She enlisted my sympathy, and—I held my tongue."

"That was decent of you."

The man bowed a quiet acknowledgment. "I thought you'd think so."

"There was a third reason."

He paused until Whitaker encouraged him with a "Yes?"

"Mr. Whitaker—the query came point-blank—'do you love your wife?'"

Whitaker caught his breath. "What right!" he began, and checked abruptly. The blood darkened his lean cheeks.

"Mrs. Whitaker gave me to understand that you didn't. It wasn't hard to perceive, everything considered, that your motive was pure chivalry—quixotism. I should like to go to my grave with anything half as honorable and unselfish as my credit."

"I beg your pardon," Whitaker muttered thickly.

"You don't, then?"

"Love her? No."

There was a slight pause. Then, "I do," said this extraordinary man, meeting Whitaker's gaze openly. "I do," he repeated, flushing in his turn, "but . . . hopelessly . . . However, that was the third reason," he pursued in a more level voice—"I thought you ought to know about it—that induced me to keep Sara Law's secret. . . . I loved her from the day I found her. She has never looked twice at me. But that's why I never lost interest."

"You mean," Whitaker took him up diffidently—"you continued to—ah?"

"Court her—as we say? No." Ember's shoulders, lifting, emphasized the disclaimer. "I'm no fool. I have had the sense not to invite the thunderbolt. She doesn't know it, unless Max told her against my wish; but it was I who induced him to bring her before the public, four years ago, as Joan Thursday. Since then her destiny has been rather too big a thing for me to tamper with; but I've watched and wondered, sensing forces at work about her of which even she was unconscious."

"What in blazes do you mean?" Whitaker demanded, mystified.

"Did it strike you to wonder at the extraordinary mob her farewell performance attracted tonight?"

"Why—yes. It struck me as rather unusual. But then, Max had done nothing but tell me of her tremendous popularity."

"That alone, great as it is, wouldn't have brought so many people together to stare at the outside of a theater. The magnet was something stronger—the morbid curiosity of New York. Those people were waiting, thrilled with expectancy, on tiptoe for the sensation that presently came to them: the report of Drummond's death."

"What the devil!"

"Patience! This is the third time it has happened—the same thing, practically: Sara Law on the verge of leaving the stage to marry, a fatal accident intervening. Did Max by any chance mention the nickname New York has bestowed on Sara Law?"

"Nickname? No!"

"They call her 'The Destroying Angel.'"

"What rot!"

"Yes; but what coincidence. Three men loved her—and one by one they died. And now the fourth. Do you wonder . . .?"

"Oh, but—'The Destroying Angel'—I!" Whitaker cried indignantly. "How can they blame her?"

"It isn't blame—it's superstition. Listen . . ."

Ember bent forward, holding Whitaker's gaze with intent, grave eyes. "The first time," he said in a rapid undertone, "was a year or so after her triumph as Joan Thursday. There were then two men openly infatuated with her, a boy named Custer, and a man I believe you knew—William Hamilton."

"I knew them both."

"Custer was making the pace; the announcement of his engagement to Sara Law was confidently anticipated. He died suddenly; the coroner's jury decided that he had misjudged the intentions of a loaded revolver. People whispered a suicide, but it didn't look quite like that to me. However . . . Hamilton stepped into his place. Presently we heard that Sara Law was to marry him and leave the stage. Hamilton had to go abroad on business; on the return trip—the wedding was set for the day after he landed here—he disappeared, no one knew how. Presumably he fell overboard by accident one night; sane men with everything in the world to live for do such things, you know—according to the newspapers."

"I understand you. Please go on."

"Approximately eighteen months later a man named Thurston—Mitchell Thurston—was considered a dangerous aspirant for the hand of Sara Law. He was exceedingly well fixed in a money way—a sort of dilettante architect, with offices in the Metropolitan tower. One day at high noon he left his desk to go to lunch at Martin's; crossing Madison square, he suddenly fell dead, with a bullet in his brain. It was a rifle bullet, but though the square was crowded, no one had heard the report of the shot, and no one was seen carrying a rifle. The conclusion was that he had been shot by somebody using a gun with a Maxim-silencer, from a window on the south side of the square. There were no clues."

"And now Drummond?" Whitaker exclaimed in horror. "Poor fellow! Poor woman!"

A slightly sardonic expression modified the lines of Ember's mouth. "So far as Mrs. Whitaker is concerned," he said with the somewhat pedantic mode of speech which Whitaker was to learn to associate with his moments of most serious concentration—"I echo the sentiment. But let us suspend judgment on Drummond's case until we know more. It is not as yet an established fact that he is dead."

"You mean there's hope?"

"There's doubt," Ember corrected acidly—"doubt, at least, in my mind. You see, I saw Drummond in the flesh, alive and vigorous, a good half hour after he is reported to have leaped to his death."

"Where?"

"Coming up the stairs from the downtown subway station in front of the Park Avenue hotel. He wore a hat pulled down over his eyes and an old overcoat buttoned tight up to his chin. He was carrying a satchel bearing the initials C. S. D., but was otherwise pretty thoroughly disguised, and I fancied, anxious enough to escape recognition."

"You're positive about this?"

"The man was Carter S. Drummond. I don't think I can be mistaken."

"Which way did he go?"

"Toward the Pennsylvania station, I fancy; that is, he turned west through Thirty-third street. I didn't follow—I was getting into taxi when I caught sight of him."

"But what did you think to see him disguised? Didn't it strike you as curious?"

"Very," said Ember dryly. "At the same time, it was none of my affair—then. Nor did it present itself to me as a matter worth meddling with until, later, my suspicions were aroused by the scene in the theater—obviously the result of your appearance there—and still later, when I heard the suicide report."

"But—" Whitaker passed a hand across his dazed eyes. "What can it mean? Why should he do this thing?"

"There are several possible explanations. . . . How long has Drummond known that you are alive?"

"Since noon today."

"May I ask, what was the extent of your property in his trust?"

"A couple of hundred thousands."

"And he believed you dead and was unable to find your widow . . .?"

"Oh, I don't think that!" Whitaker expostulated.

"Nor do I. We're merely consider-

ing possible explanations. There's a third."

"Well?"

"He may have received a strong hint that he was nominated for the fate that overtook young Custer, Hamilton and Thurston; and so planned to give his disappearance the color of a similar end."

"You don't mean to say you think there was any method in that train of tragedies?"

"I'm not in the least superstitious, my dear man. I don't for an instant believe, as some people claim to, that Sara Law is a destroying angel, hounded by a tragic fate: that her love is equivalent to the death warrant of the man who wins it."

"But what do you think, then?"

"I think," said Ember slowly, his gaze on the table, "that someone with a very strong interest in keeping the young woman single—and on the stage—"

"Max! Impossible!"

Ember shrugged. "In human nature no madness is impossible. There's not a shred of evidence against Jules Max. And yet—he's a gambler. All theatrical managers are, of course; but Max is a card-fiend. The tale of his plunging runs like wildfire up and down Broadway, day by day. A dozen times he's been on the verge of ruin, yet always he has had Sara Law to rely upon; always he's been able to fall back upon that asset, sure that her popularity would save off bankruptcy. And he's superstitious: he believes she is his mascot. I don't accuse him—I suspect him, knowing him to be capable of many weird extravaganzas."

Furthermore, it's a fact that Max was a fellow-passenger with Billy Hamilton when the latter disappeared in midocean."

Ember paused and sat up, preparatory to rising. "All of which," he concluded, "explains why I have treasured upon your patience and your



"They Call Her 'The Destroying Angel.'"

privacy. It seemed only right that you should get the straight, undistorted story from an unprejudiced onlooker. May I venture to add a word of advice?"

"By all means."

"Have you told Max of your relations with Sara Law?"

"No."

"Or anybody else?"

"No."

"Then keep the truth to yourself—at least until this coil is straightened out."

Ember got up. "Good night," he said pleasantly.

Whitaker took his hand, staring. "Good night," he echoed blankly. "But—I say—why keep it quiet?"

Ember, turning to go, paused, his glance quietly quizzical. "You don't mean to claim your wife?"

"On the contrary, I expect to offer no defense to her action for divorce."

"Grounds of desertion?"

"I presume so."

"Just the same, keep it as quiet as possible until the divorce is granted. If you live till then . . . you may possibly continue to live thereafter."

Friendship.
Doctor—Did you sleep well?
Patient—Not a wink.
Doctor—That is too bad. Sleep is our best friend and especially to the sick.

Patient—It is a friend like all the others who abandon you at the moment when one has most need of them.—Medical Pickwick.

Dear Me, Yes!
We often hear a great tragedy or a great sorrow more calmly than we do the minor annoyances of life. Fleas are more disconcerting than elephants.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is often evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals.
If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results may be expected; kidney trouble in its worst form may steal upon you.

Thousands of people have testified that the mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized—that it stands the highest for its remarkable curative effect in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

Lame Back.
Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you may need Swamp-Root are, being subject to embarrassing and frequent bladder troubles day and

night, irritation, sediment, etc. Lack of control, smarting, uric acid, dizziness, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

Prevalence of Kidney Disease.
Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalence of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are sometimes the last recognized by patients, who very often content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease may constantly undermine the system.

Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE.—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"
\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearers protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00
President, W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

STRANGLES

Or Distemper in stallions, brood mares, colts and all others is most destructive. The germ causing the disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done.

SPORN'S COMPOUND
Will do both—cure the sick and prevent those "exposed" from having the disease, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 the dozen. All druggists, harness houses, or manufacturers.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goschen, Ind., U. S. A.

Did Not Interest Him.
"What did you learn at church today?" Bill was asked, it having been his first experience, although he had often been to Sunday school.

"Oh the minister talked and there was singing."

"But what did the minister say?"

"Oh he talked a lot about paying the rent, but I did not listen much."

Every one was puzzled, but at last it was clear. The minister had talked about the duty of the parent, and pronounced it pay-ment.

The Conebo, Shippo, Coconino and Yabua tribes of Amazon Indians are still wearing clothes of grass.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well, no alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid—Adv.

In the heyday of her youth a woman may be in the grass-widow class.

Kidney Disorder

(By DR. V. M. PIERCE.)
The most simple methods are usually the most effective ones when treating any disorder of the human system. The mere drinking a cup of hot water each morning, plenty of pure water all day, and a little Anuric before every meal has been found the most effective means of overcoming kidney trouble. Death would occur if the kidneys did not work day and night in separating poisons and uric acid from the blood.

The danger signals are backache, depression, pains, heaviness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness, rheumatic twinges, swollen joints or

Since it is such a simple matter to step into your favorite drug store and obtain Anuric, anyone who earnestly desires to regain health and new life will waste no time in beginning this treatment.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"Anuric has certainly been of wonderful help in relieving my limbs and joints of rheumatic pains. At the time I commenced to take Anuric I had sharp pains in my shoulders; my knee joints were so bad that they made a cracking noise as I walked, and my right limb became so rheumatic that I could not depend upon it at all in going up or downstairs. Water was of a milky consistency and at times showed a brick-like sediment. Anuric has cured me of all these symptoms of kidney trouble and has restored me to a healthy physical condition once more. I would advise every man and woman who suffers with any kidney ailment to give Anuric a fair trial. It will surely repay them."—MRS. ANNA MAYER, 6419 Woodland Ave.

Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of Anuric—Adv.

Don't Suffer Longer

and allow yourself to become grouchy, upset, nervous and depressed. These conditions usually indicate a disordered digestive system, which, if neglected, may be hard to remedy. Remove the disturbing element and put your digestive organs in good working order by taking

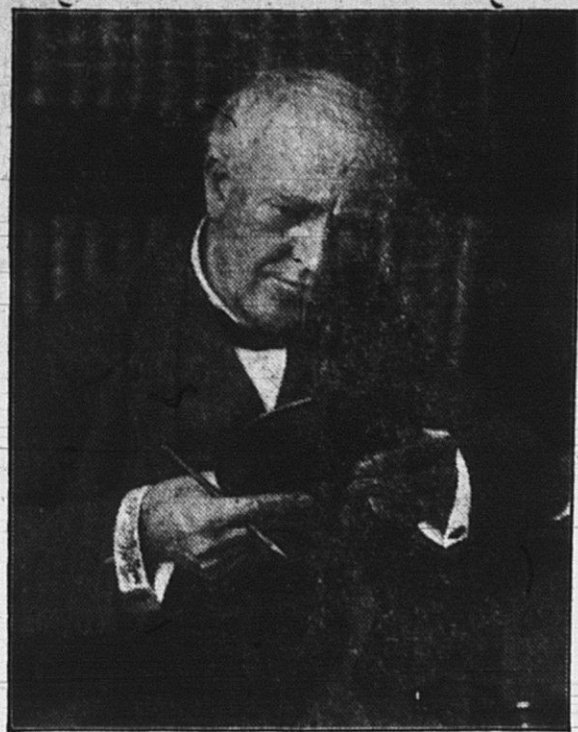
BEECHAM'S PILLS

They gently stimulate the liver, act on the bowels, tone the stomach—purify the blood and regulate the system. These benefits are particularly marked by women at such times when nature makes special demands upon their vitality. They act promptly and safely.

The next time you feel low-spirited and out of sorts, take Beecham's Pills. Their sure, mild, thorough action will

Give Quick Relief

Special Directions of Value to Women are with Every Box Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.



Can You Be Deceived?

Are your ears keener than the ears of the music critics of more than two hundred of America's principal newspapers? These music critics can not tell the human voice from Edison's Re-Creation of it by his new creation.

The New Edison

A Superb Christmas Gift To Your Family
PALMER MOTOR SALES CO.

Xmas Photos

No Time Like the Present
To Make Your Sitting. . . .

Twelve Photographs make twelve intimate gifts.

Just a Few Weeks to Christmas

An early order is a guarantee of satisfactory work

E. E. SHAVER, Photographer

Kodak Films Developed and Printed

Princess Open Sunday

Owing to many and repeated requests from patrons and other citizens of Chelsea, the management of the Princess Theatre have decided to open their Motion Picture Show.

Sunday Afternoons
and Evenings

Beginning Sunday, Nov. 26. The Matinee starting at 3:30 p. m. On the above date the first episode of

"The Grip of Evil,"

a series of moral and instructive dramas will be shown, (14 in all), "Rustic Venice," a scenic picture, and "Luke Laughs Last," (comic) will be included in the program. "The Grip of Evil" is not a continued story, but a series of dramas, each dealing with a problem of modern life, and each pointing to a profound moral.

The first Sunday show (Nov. 26) will be given absolutely FREE to all. Everybody is welcome.



How it looks when illustrated
"He got it where the turkey got the ax."



GIVE THANKS

A Proclamation

BE IT KNOWN that we are well prepared to supply you one and all with those delicacies in the line of BAKERY GOODS which are so essential to the success of the Thanksgiving feast.

PHONE 61

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Opposite Town Hall

JOHN YOUSE, Prop.

The Chelsea Standard

An independent local newspaper published every Thursday afternoon from its office in the Standard building, East Middle street, Chelsea, Michigan.

O. T. HOOVER.
PROPRIETOR.

Terms:—\$1.00 per year; six months, fifty cents; three months, twenty-five cents. To foreign countries \$1.50 per year.

Entered as second-class matter, March 5, 1906, at the postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Verne Fordyce spent Sunday in Howell.

Mrs. D. C. McLaren spent Tuesday in Jackson.

Mrs. Jas. Geddes spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. G. P. Staffan spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Carl Rutan, of Detroit, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Mrs. O. J. Walworth spent Saturday in Ypsilanti.

Miss Anna Eisele, of Detroit, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Miss Kathryn Hookew was a Jackson visitor Monday.

Fred H. Lewis is spending several weeks in California.

Mrs. Andros Gulde was an Ann Arbor visitor Saturday.

Thomas Fletcher, of Mason, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. F. C. Klingler was an Ann Arbor visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Ray Aldrich spent the first of the week in Jackson.

Miss Belle Hall is spending the week in Manchester.

Perry Palmer, of Jackson, spent Wednesday in Chelsea.

Geo. Bacon, of Fort Wayne, Ind., spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Mrs. F. A. Hammond and daughter spent Saturday in Detroit.

Mrs. C. J. Depew, of Ann Arbor, was a Chelsea visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. Finley Hammond and daughter Esther, spent Saturday in Detroit.

Mrs. J. S. Cummings and Mrs. E. B. Hammond spent Monday in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenhals spent the week-end with Ann Arbor friends.

N. H. Cook left Sunday for Arkansas where he expects to remain two months.

Mrs. Chas. Haag and daughter Ruth, of Toledo, spent Sunday in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Walker and daughters spent Sunday with relatives in Scio.

Louis Burg, of Detroit, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burg.

H. G. Spiegelberg, of Detroit, spent the first of the week at the home of his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Otis, of Detroit, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Kantlehner, of Highland Park, spent the first of the week in Chelsea.

M. J. Howe, of Detroit, spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Wade.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Colyer and John Colyer, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mrs. S. J. Trouton.

Mrs. Kittie Bullis, of Gregory, was the guest of Miss Nettie Wilkinson the first of the week.

Mrs. E. Brown and Misses Nellie Maroney and Hazel Speer were Ann Arbor visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Winans has returned from Lansing, where she has been spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren, of South Lyon, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. Leoan Graham and son, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Hammerick, of Cleveland, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Glory Dennis.

Mrs. W. S. McLaren and daughter Virginia, of Jackson, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Hughes and children, of Highland Park, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brooks.

Mrs. Geo. Seckinger and son, of Jackson, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hammond the latter part of last week.

Mrs. R. W. Wright, of Flint, and Mrs. G. McGonegal, of Holly, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Root, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Young.

Mrs. D. H. Wurster entertained Mrs. C. J. Chandler, of Detroit, and Miss Ottilia Schlotterbeck, of Cincinnati, O., several days of this week.

Miss Celia Keelan spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

L. P. Vogel was the guest of Detroit relatives Sunday.

Mrs. J. S. Gorman is spending this week in Jackson.

L. S. Allen, of South Lyon, is the guest of C. M. Davis.

Bert McClain, of Cleveland spent Sunday at his home here.

Misses Mary and Amanda Koch were Ann Arbor visitors Saturday.

Mrs. A. R. Welch, of Pontiac, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Williams spent several days of the past week at Williamston.

Mrs. Rose Elyons is spending this week in Jackson, where she was called by the illness of her son.

Miss Leona Belser, of Highland Park, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Belser.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schable and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gross, of Saline, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Heselschwerdt.

Council Proceedings.

(OFFICIAL)

COUNCIL ROOMS.

Chelsea, November 20, 1916.

Council met in regular session. Meeting called to order by President Lehman. Roll call by the clerk.

Present—Trustees, Hirth, Dancer, Schoenhals, Frymuth, Eppler, Palmer. Absent—None.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The following bills were read by the clerk:

GENERAL FUND.

Hector E. Cooper, 4 mo. sal., \$ 32 50

Hector E. Cooper, telephone bills, 68

STREET FUND.

G. Bockres, 2 weeks street, 20 00

Gil. Martin, 71 hours at 20, 14 20

Hubert McComb, labor street, 9 34

O. E. Rand, labor street, 5 05

J. C. Dugan, labor street, 18 75

Don Curtis, labor street, 14 60

Frank Zulke, labor street, 22 20

Geo. Cox, labor street, 4 60

H. Ahmiller, labor street, 16 50

F. Zumbolt, labor street, 18 97

Mrs. A. M. Chambunas, board for street help, 13 15

Michigan Central R. R. Co. ft. on cable, 47 50

E. Sheiver, labor street, 8 62

E. Hooker, 10 hours labor st., 2 00

Art Schultz, 44 hours at 27, 12 10

Peter Young, 39 hours at 27, 10 68

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co., merchandise for street help, 3 85

S. Bitner, 10 hours at 27, 2 75

Wm. Wolff, 4 loads gravel 5 hours labor, 7 50

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER FUND.

Electric Light and Water Commission, 700 00

Moved by Dancer, supported by Frymuth, that the bills be allowed as read and orders drawn for the same.

Yeas—Palmer, Eppler, Dancer, Frymuth, Hirth, Schoenhals. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Dancer, supported by Hirth, that we allow the Fair Association the amount of \$145.09, the amount of their indebtedness.

Yeas—Palmer, Eppler, Schoenhals, Frymuth, Dancer, Hirth. Nays—None. Carried.

Moved by Dancer, supported by Hirth, that we adjourn. Carried.

W. R. DANIELS, Village Clerk.

SYLVAN HAPPENINGS.

Clinton Frink, of Detroit, called on Mr. and Mrs. Charles Young Sunday.

Carl Kalmbach, of Highland Park, spent Sunday at the home of his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Boyd, of Chelsea, called on Mr. and Mrs. Homer Boyd Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey LaMatra, of Detroit, have been spending several days with Mr. LaMatra's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. West.

Frank Riggs, of Detroit, had a fine monument placed on their family lot in Maple Grove cemetery.

Joseph Knoll, a former Sylvan resident, came from Detroit Sunday with a motor truck and moved his household goods to Royal Oak where he expects to locate.

White's Studio.

White's Studio, Chelsea, will be open next Sunday morning from 9:30 to 12.

D. E. WHITE.

WANT COLUMN

RENTS, REAL ESTATE, FOUND, LOST, WANTED, ETC.

LOST—Tau kid glove, left hand, between Vogel's store and school house. Please leave at Standard office. 17

FOR SALE—Several Ancona cockerels, full blood. Prices reasonable. Inquire of Amanda Merker, telephone 150-F5. 17

FOR SALE—Horse, 8 years old, weight about 1400 pounds. Will be sold cheap if taken at once. E. E. Smith, phone 162-F3. 17

FOR SALE—Four fullblood Durham bull calves, about one year old. Inquire of Adelbert Schenk, phone 4-F33. 16tf



It's High Time to Choose a Winter Coat

A widely diversified variety of styles, where a woman has unlimited opportunity to exercise her individuality is the attraction our Coat Stock holds for its many patrons. Every preference in regard to fabric, every desire as to color and models to fill every figure—need are here presented. Prices represent the unusual in value-giving.

Wool Velour and Broadcloth Coats, very wide skirted, in navy, black and nigger brown, some full lined, others half lined, at \$20.00, \$22.50 to \$25.00.

New stylish Coats, made of fine Cheviot, Melton and Fancy Woven Materials, beautiful garments, black and all colors, at \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$17.50.

Newest Plush Coats, made of wool plush and seal plush, all well lined, some are plain and others are "livened up" with a touch of fur or fancy plush trimming, \$17.50, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$39.00.

Good heavy, warm, fancy Plush Coats, very servicable and good looking, \$10.00, \$15.00 and \$18.50.

New lot of genuine Sealette Plush Coats, just placed on sale at \$32.50.

Big lot of Children's Coats, all new styles and made this season, worth \$6.50 to \$10.00. Choice \$5.00. All sizes.

Fashionable Dresses of Serge and Silks

Women's beautiful Satin, Taffeta or Velvet Dresses, made by one of the best New York makers. We offer at a fraction of city store prices. \$15.00, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$52.00.

Women's Serge Dresses, well made, good styles, in navy at \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00.

Silk Poplin Dresses in navy, brown, alicie and green, several styles, now \$10.00.

Many Becoming Styles in Separate Skirts.

New fancy Worsted Plaid Sport Skirts at \$7.50 and \$8.50.

Poplins and Serges at \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$8.00.

Special lot of newest Skirts of Poplin, Panamas or Serges, were \$6.00 and \$6.55. To clean up now \$5.00.

Special Bargains.

Rag Rugs, 59c and 98c.

78x90 Seamless Sheets, 79c.

81x90 Seamless Sheets, 89c.

45x36 Cases, special values 21c.

New Leather Hand Bags, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Women's Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 5c.

New Wool Toques, 39c, 59c and 75c.

About 40 Children's Coats, all new styles,

in two lots, now \$2.98 and \$5.00.

36-inch "Daisy" Bleached Cotton, 13c value, 11c.

45-inch soiled Dwight Anchor Tubing, worth 33c, now 23c.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.



You Hit It On The Head
EVERY TIME

When you buy in season. Don't wait until zero weather arrives before making your winter purchases. We carry a full line of

Overcoats, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Mackinaws, Work Coats, Sweaters and Foot Wear of all kinds.

Complete stock of "Ball Band" and Goodrich "Hipress" Rubbers

Buy That Thanksgiving Suit Now—We Know They Will Please

WALWORTH & STRIETER

FOR SALE—Six young pigs, weaned, \$3 apiece if taken soon. E. E. Smith, phone 162-F3. 17

FOR SALE—Family driving horse, single buggy, cutter, single harness, robe and blanket. A bargain if taken at once. Wm. Schatz, Corner Barber Shop. 17

FOR SALE—My home on east Middle street, Chelsea, good house, all modern improvement; barn and lot 6x12 rods. W. S. McLaren. Inquire of D. C. McLaren. 15tf

FOR SALE—House and lot, 7 rooms, bath, steam heat, all improvements, good location. Inquire at Standard office. 15tf

FOR SALE—Two lots on Elm avenue for sale or exchange; water and sewer connections in. Inquire of O. J. Walworth. 51tf

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE STORE! IF YOU BUY POULTRY HERE, IT WILL MAKE YOU WANT MORE!



THE PROPERLY FED

well dressed poultry found in this shop has been selected with care. If you select your Thanksgiving Bird here we feel sure that your dinner will verify the wisdom of your shopping choice. Oysters every day Fresh fish Fridays

ADAM EPPLER

PHONE 41

FREE DELIVERY

Try Standard Want Column. You get results

FIREMAN ON THE C. W. R. REGAINS FORMER LIFE AND ENERGY BY AID OF TANLAC

Clark Dicky of 108 Pringle Avenue, Jackson, a fireman on the C. W. R. said to the Tanlac Demonstrator "I will always have a good word to say for Tanlac because it helped me through a critical time and I think it is a wonder medicine."

"My back would hurt me and when I was able to work the day seemed a week and I would be so tired at night I could not sleep."

"My condition was of a most serious kind. When I would lift a shovel to throw it in the fire I would almost scream with the pain. For two weeks at a time I was not able to work and would have to lay off."

"Some of my friends on the road had taken Tanlac and bragged about it and insisted on my trying it. I was very glad to hear of anything to ease the pain as I had tried so many things unsuccessfully."

"Now I feel fine I have regained my former energy. I do not have to be time off but am on the job each day and I am surprised at the shortness of the hours, the day is over before I scarcely realize it."

"The pains in my back are better. Because I want to do others any good that I can I will answer any letters sent to me in regard to this medicine."

TANLAC CAN BE OBTAINED HERE ONLY AT THE STORE OF H. FENN CO.

Tanlac can also be obtained at the following stores:—Dexter Pharmacy, Dexter, Grass Lake Pharmacy at Grass Lake.

Here's a Royal Coffee for Your Cup

When you have tried one package of Nero you will be so completely won over to its delicious flavor, smooth taste and rich cup quality that no other coffee will do.

Nero Coffee is a superior coffee and its merits have made friends among coffee-lovers.

Nero Coffee—25 Cents

Carefully blended by coffee experts, freshly roasted daily and packed immediately, it reaches you in perfect condition.



Pleasant Valley Tea wins in favor because of its delightfully refreshing flavor. Try a pound with your next grocery order—50c, 60c, 80c per lb.

Thos. W. Watkins

A Good Cook

always welcomes new and dependable methods for improving her table and shortening her hours of labor.

HO-MAYDE not only makes possible more bread, but assures wonderfully good results when the cheaper grades of flour are used. Thus the cost of living is reduced.

HO-MAYDE is guaranteed to be absolutely pure, wholesome and dependable, and complies with the pure food laws.

If your grocer cannot supply you, we will send you a large package sufficient for 100 loaves for 15c. Write for free sample.

HO-MAYDE PRODUCTS CO., Detroit, Mich.

QUALITY ECONOMY



Sunbonnet Margarine used daily by people who know PURE FOODS.

Hospitals and Colleges prefer it for cooking, baking, and as a perfect spread for bread.

Insist upon Sunbonnet Margarine, do not confuse it with ordinary brands.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send ten pounds direct, express paid to any address for \$250

Rogers beautiful silver free to Sunbonnet users.

Geo. R. Eldridge Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Try The Standard Want Column
IT GIVES RESULTS

SHREWD DEAL IN FINANCE

Scheme Engineered by British Manders of the Budget Has Called Forth Some Admiration.

This war is making new precedents of many kinds. The financial precedents are startling both in magnitude and in character. War debts and war cost have reached proportions away beyond human comprehension, but England's method of selling her own loans is not only comprehended but must be greatly admired. The United States will not buy enough French and English bonds to pay for the supplies which those countries purchased here. The United States will, however, buy an unlimited amount of the stocks and bonds of its own corporations which are owned in Europe. British brains evolved a way to buy these American supplies and to pay for them with American dollars.

Parliament has compelled British investors to turn over their American securities, taking new British loans in payment. These American securities are being sold as rapidly as possible in the United States, and the proceeds in dollars are used to pay for war supplies. Never before did any nation mobilize in this fashion the individual-owned stocks and bonds of its people and compel them to exchange them for its own loans. It is good business for the British government, and it is also good business for the United States, which gets back its own securities at moderate prices with the proceeds of its unexampled sales of materials at sky-high prices. But only time can tell if this is likewise a good thing for the individual British investor. At any rate, he has the satisfaction of knowing that when he sells his American stocks and bonds he gets in exchange a lien upon his empire, for whose safety 5,000,000 men have shouldered arms.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NIGHTINGALES ON FIRING LINE

Will Irwin Hears the Sweet Song of the Bird Blending With Sound of Guns.

We were quartered on an artillery officer, on the Isonzo front. Outside, it was a spring night of the poets. The moon had come up like a great drop of honey. No gun was firing, for once.

"They sometimes shell a position up yonder," said the artillery officer as we walked along. "I only hope I shan't be awakened by whir-boom!"

We were silent for a while after that; and suddenly, in a thicket on the right, a bird song burst out—a song so lusty, so wonderfully sweet, that I stopped in my tracks.

"Nightingale," said our lieutenant. "Much as I had read concerning the singer of the dewy meads, I had never heard him before—he, the bird of poets and lovers. He sang like our own meadow larks of California, but higher, sweeter and infinitely stronger. We had walked on and on, hundreds of yards, before I stopped again. I could still hear him plainly; and another one, far down the glen, was answering."

I woke twice that night and listened for the sound of guns. There they were, only very far away. But the nightingale was singing still, near and loud.—Will Irwin, in Saturday Evening Post.

Tommy's Mascots.

In his personal story of life in the British trenches "in France," in the World's Work, William J. Robinson tells the following story of his "side partner."

"My mate begins to grumble about the weight of his pack, but he has nothing to say against the ten-pound dog he has picked up and is carrying under one arm. First it was a canary he picked up in a ruined house in Ypres. He carried that cage everywhere he went for six weeks, until he found a chap who was going on leave, and he got him to deliver the bird to his 'missus.' Then it was a goat. Where he got it, heaven only knows, but he named it 'Leviticus,' and was ready to fight any man who had a word to say against his pet. The fellows stood for the goat as long as they could, but finally 'Leviticus' turned up missing, and Harry, my mate, was going around with his fists doubled up and blood in his eye for some time. 'If I ever find the bleeder who pinched my mascot, I'm an' me is goin' to 'ave a 'cart-to-cart talk' with 'im in a old woman's 'ome for the rest of 'is bleedin' life.' However, his grief soon cooled, and now his affections are all wrapped up in a dirty little mongrel he calls 'Fritz.' 'Fritz' gets the best of all that is going, and Harry would starve himself rather than to see the object of his affections want for a single thing."

Loses Faith in Forecaster.

A prominent woman living at Evansville has lost faith in the United States weather bureau, remarks the Indianapolis News. Recently this woman bought a new hat for which she paid a fancy price. The day after the hat was delivered she wished to go to the ball game, and in order to be on the safe side she rang up the local weather bureau to see whether it was going to rain that afternoon. She told the observer that she had a new hat, but if he thought it was going to rain she would wear her old one to the ball game. The weather man told her he was sure it was not going to rain, and that she would be perfectly safe in wearing her new hat. She took his advice, and it rained in torrents and her new hat was ruined. She has been using a good many advertisements since then in expressing her opinion of the weather man.

The Day.

We know not what the day may bring,
But still we smile and still we sing.
We know not what the hour may spread

Before our souls of fear and dread,
And yet we take the road, perchance,
And trust to luck, and sing and dance.

We only know on all our way
That if we trust and if we pray,
And if with all our soul and heart
We keep the faith and play our part,
The rest will come all true and straight

In spite of all the shards of fate.

We know not what the end may be,
And, oh, how little all we see
Beside that greater hidden thing
Down in our days of grief and glee,
And yet how glad we are to sing
And trust and wait—like you and me!
—Folger McKinsey in Baltimore Sun.

Mother's Cook Book

To train a woman away from a woman's home is to stunt her finest possibility. American home life may spare to science or the school a Maria Mitchell or a Mary Lyon, but the home itself is the greatest school for the greatest manhood and womanhood.—F. W. Gunsaulus.

Food for the Children.

Gingerbread in various forms is good, wholesome cake not too rich for the little people. The following is a pleasant change from the ordinary kind:

Chocolate Gingerbread.

Place in a mixing bowl half a cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful each of melted lard and butter, half a cupful of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, a quarter of a teaspoonful of nutmeg, a teaspoonful of ginger, and two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate mixed to a paste with a little water; blend the ingredients thoroughly, then stir in one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cupful of sour cream, add flour to make a thin batter and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with boiled frosting, into which two tablespoonfuls of cocoa have been added.

Marmalade Parfait.

Put half a cupful of sugar and three-quarters of a cupful of cold water in a saucepan and stir over a moderate fire until the sugar is dissolved; then let it cook slowly without stirring until a little dropped in cold water will form a ball. Remove immediately from the fire and pour slowly upon the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, beating constantly until cold, then fold in a pint of whipped cream and three tablespoonfuls of marmalade. Do not pour in any of the milk left in the bottom of the whipped cream dish. Pour at once into a tight mold and bury in ice and salt for three hours before serving.

Sunshine Cake.

Beat six egg whites until stiff. Boil together a cupful of sugar and a quarter of a cupful of water until it hairs, pour over the whites, beat well and cool. Then beat the yolks of the eggs, add to the whites and a cupful of pastry flour sifted with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a pinch of salt, flavor and bake slowly for 40 to 60 minutes. Cover with frosting when cool.

Date and Tapioca Pudding.

Stir a half cupful of quick tapioca into a pint of boiling water salted with a half teaspoonful of salt, cook until the tapioca is transparent, add a fourth of a cupful of sugar, the juice of a lemon and a half pound of dates cut in quarters. Fold in two beaten eggs and cook until the egg is set. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Two Hives of Honeymakers Slain in Battle With Ants.

Dr. J. H. Callen of Oakland, Cal., who had two hives of bees, very much alive on his Fruitvale avenue property, found recently two hives of dead bees, victims of an unsuccessful Verdun defense against a horde of marauding ants.

What the fight was all about is as obscure as the causes of the European war. Even the declaration of war was apparently censored from human knowledge because Doctor Callen only learned that the war was on after his pets were killed.

The evidence shows that the ants attacked in solid mass formation, carrying the bees' first, second and third line of trenches and then attacking the entrance to the hives. The little Thermopylae was defended by a few valiant bees, but they never had a chance. When the entrance was choked the ants sat down and let the rest of the garrison starve. The object of the battle is still unknown. The victorious ants just went home after it was over.

Queen Trains Girls.

Among the many philanthropic institutions of the queen of Denmark is that for training young girls for service. In pursuance of this plan the head cook of the royal kitchen receives pupils in domestic art, and the very fact of having learned in the queen's kitchen is enough to insure a girl's finding constant employment.

HISTORIC SCENES IN OLD NEW ENGLAND



OLD HADLEY where a regicide of Charles I appeared 'from nowhere' and saved the panic stricken settlers

Old Hadley, a beautiful New England town, situated upon the east bank of the Connecticut River some twenty miles north of Springfield, Mass., was a center of great activity during the stirring days of King Philip's Indian wars. On Sept. 1, 1675, while at worship in the village meeting house, the inhabitants of Old Hadley were surprised by an attack upon their settlement by a horde of Indians.

Abandoning worship, they seized their arms and rushed out to defend their homes, but the suddenness of the attack found them utterly demoralized. When the confusion was at its height there suddenly appeared in their midst an unknown man of grave and elderly bearing, who at once took command of the situation, issued orders, rallied the defenders and in short order routed the redskins from the town. Then, as suddenly as he had appeared, did the stranger effect his removal from the scene, and his identity for many years remained a comparative mystery.

It was later established that the deliverer of Hadley was General William Goffe, one of the three living regicides of Charles I. and for whose head a liberal bounty was offered. After years of pursuit from place to place he found safe hiding under the hospitable roof of Pastor John Russell of the Old Hadley congregation. It is believed that after his spectacular deliverance of the Hadley settlers he remained still undiscovered in the Russell household until his death some five years later.

A beautiful state road winding up the Connecticut valley takes thousands of autoists each year directly by the spot where General Goffe rallied the inhabitants of Old Hadley to the defense of their homes.

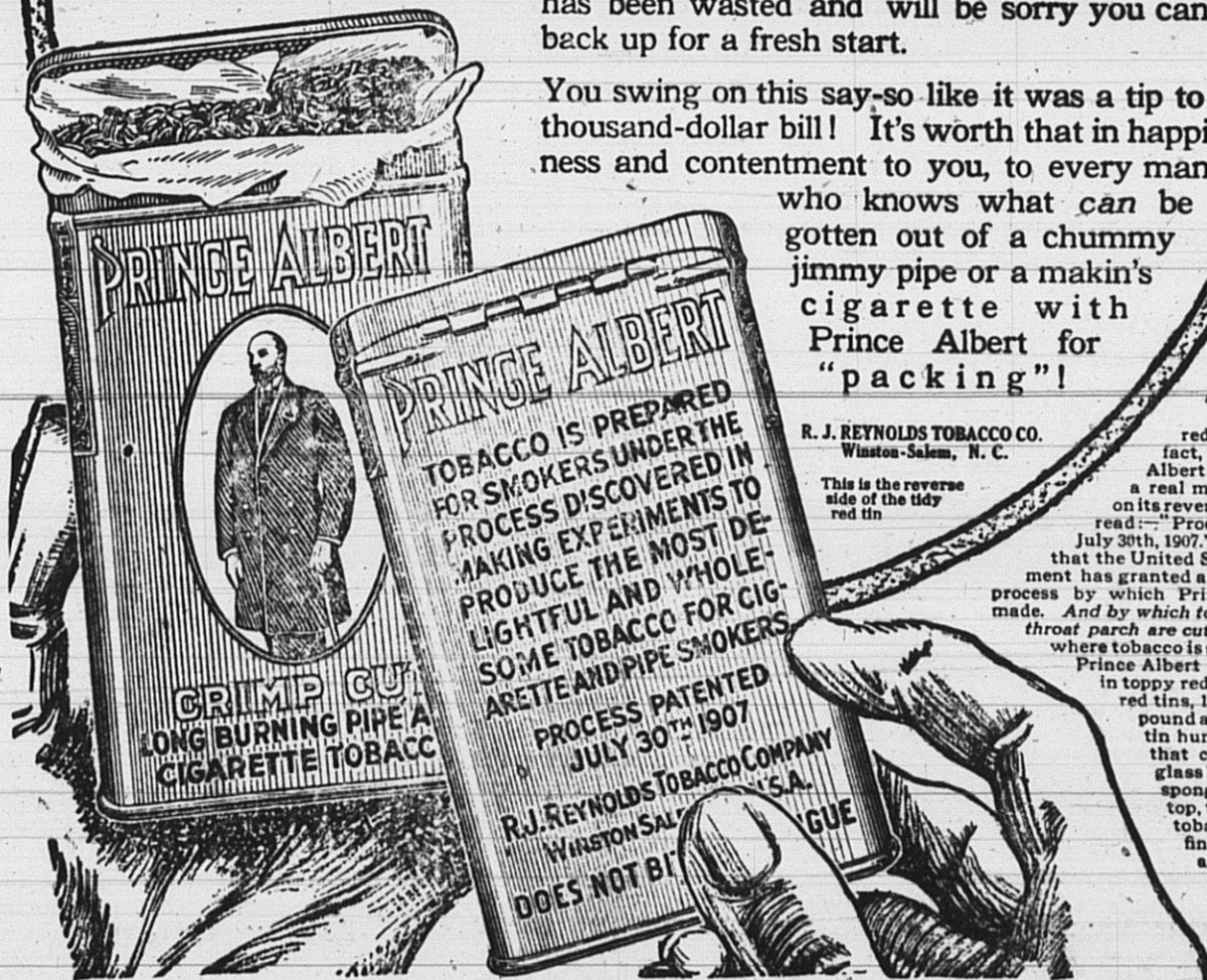
Slip a few Prince Albert smokes into your system!

You've heard many an earful about the Prince Albert patented process that cuts out bite and parch and lets you smoke your fill without a comeback! Stake your bank roll that it proves out every hour of the day. Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

There's sport smoking a pipe or rolling your own, but you know that you've got to have the right tobacco! We tell you Prince Albert will bang the doors wide open for you to come in on a good time firing up every little so often, without a regret!

You'll feel like your smoke past has been wasted and will be sorry you cannot back up for a fresh start.

You swing on this say-so like it was a tip to a thousand-dollar bill! It's worth that in happiness and contentment to you, to every man who knows what can be gotten out of a chummy jimmy pipe or a makin's cigarette with Prince Albert for "packing"!



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

This is the reverse side of the tidy red tin

THE Prince Albert tidy red tin, and in fact, every Prince Albert package, has a real message to you on its reverse side. You'll read: "Process Patented July 30th, 1907." That means that the United States Government has granted a patent on the process by which Prince Albert is made. And by which tongue bite and throat parch are cut out! Everywhere tobacco is sold you'll find Prince Albert awaiting you in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome round and half-pound tins humidor and in that clever crystal-glass humidor, with sponge-moistener top, that keeps the tobacco in such fine condition—always!

WHY NOT

Make Your Money Bring You
5% NET

No fees.
No trouble.
No lost time.
All profit.
Checks mailed semi-annually.
Assets almost \$2,000,000. Write for financial report and booklet giving full particulars.

CAPITOL
SAVINGS & LOAN ASS'N
Lansing, Mich.

OR SEE
W. D. ARNOLD
Chelsea, Mich.

LEGAL PRINTING—The Standard requests its patrons who have business with the Probate Office to ask the Judge of Probate to order the printing sent to this office.

READ

THE

CHELSEA STORE NEWS

IN

THE STANDARD

"A SHINE IN EVERY DROP"

Black Silk Stove Polish is different. It does not dry out; it can be used to the last drop; liquid and paste are equally abundant and waste; no dust or dirt. You get your money's worth.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Is not only most economical, but it gives a brilliant, silvery lustre that cannot be obtained with any other polish. Black Silk Stove Polish does not rub off—it lasts four times as long as ordinary polish—so it saves you time, work and money.

Don't forget—when you want stove polish, be sure to ask for Black Silk. It is the best stove polish you ever used—your dealer will refund your money.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works, Sterling, Illinois.

Use Black Silk Air Drying Iron Enamel on grates, registers, stove-pipes, and automobile tire rims. Prevents rusting. Try it.

Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silverware, nickel, tinware or brass. It works quickly, easily and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

Get a Can TODAY

S. A. MAPES,
Funeral Director and Embalmer.
Fine Funeral Furnishings. Calls answered promptly night or day. Chelsea, Michigan. Phone 6.

H. M. ARMOUR
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
Fourteen years experience. Also general auto-repairing. Phone 20. Residence, 119 East Middle street, Chelsea.

A. L. STEGER,
Dentist.
Office, Kempf Bank Block. Chelsea, Michigan. Phone, Office, 82, 2; Residence, 82, 3r.

STIVERS & KALMBACH,
Attorneys at Law.
General law practice in all courts. Notary Public in the office. Office in Hatch-Durand block. Chelsea, Michigan. Phone 63.

C. C. LANE
Veterinarian
Office at Chas. Martin's Livery Barn. Phone No. 5 W. Call answered day or night.

CHAS. STEINBACH
Harness and Horse Goods
Repairing of all kinds a specialty. Also dealer in Musical Instruments of all kinds and Sheet Music. Steinbach Block, Chelsea.

GEORGE W. BECKWITH,
Real Estate Dealer.
Money to Loan. Life and Fire Insurance. Office in Hatch-Durand block. Chelsea, Michigan.

H. D. WITHERELL,
Attorney at Law.
Offices, Freeman block, Chelsea, Michigan.

JAMES S. GORMAN,
Attorney at Law.
Office, Middle street east. Chelsea, Michigan.

E. W. DANIELS,
General Auctioneer.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. For information call at The Standard office, or address Gregory, Michigan, r. f. d. 2. Phone connections. Auction bills and tin cups furnished free.

DETROIT UNITED LINES
Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and Detroit.
Eastern Standard Time.

LIMITED CARS.
For Detroit 8:45 a. m. and every two hours to 9:45 p. m.
For Kalamazoo 9:15 a. m. and every two hours to 7:15 p. m. For Lansing 9:15 p. m.
EXPRESS CARS.
East Bound—7:30 a. m. and every two hours to 1:30 p. m.
West Bound—10:15 a. m. and every two hours to 1:15 p. m. Express cars make local stops west of Ann Arbor.
LOCAL CARS.
East Bound—6:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m. and 10:15 p. m. To Ypsilanti only 12:51 a. m.
West Bound—6:35 a. m., 8:24 a. m., 10:51 p. m. and 12:51 a. m.
Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

Chelsea Greenhouses
CUT FLOWERS
POTTED PLANTS
FUNERAL DESIGNS
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If you are not using the STANDARD WANT ADS you're a heavy loser.
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CALLED GATE OF THE SAHARA

City of Tripoli Is for Many Reasons Well Worth a Visit From the Traveler.

Tripoli is the last of the great old trading ports where the desert meets the sea. She is the hub of a sprawling wheel, whose spokes are caravan routes striking through the great Sahara and shipping lines that radiate over the Mediterranean.

Ships steam into the harbor cautiously, feeling their way behind the protecting crescent headland that shuts out gales from the north, for the water is shallow and studded with sand bars. To the right: the old city rises from the water's edge in a series of green terraces, where the homes of the wealthy stand in their gardens. To the left is the Mohammedan quarter, with its domes and minarets.

The heart of Tripoli is in the mosques, the beauty of Tripoli in the oases and the explanation of Tripoli in the great market. There you see a motley concourse of traders from all northern Africa—Arabs, Turks, Italians, Egyptians, Negroes, Jews. They sit or stand by their stacked wares and barter after the custom of the Immemorial East, where time is no object and conversation with all and sundry one of the pleasures of life.

Tripoli has two of the finest mosques in Africa, but the admission of Christians is not encouraged. It is worth all the trouble, however, and all the black looks you will get from the loungers at the gateways to see the Grand Mosque. It is arranged with the simplicity that characterizes the temples of Islam—a bare court, a niche toward Mecca, a latticed booth for the women, and the sultan's box—but the proportions, the sweep of the flanking archways that end sharply against sheer tiled walls, are beautifully restful and harmonious.

There is a mild thrill of adventure in penetrating thus into the sacred place of a hostile race and creed. There is a new sensation, too, in feeling that the very touch of your foot is regarded by many of those who watch you as a sacrilege and a desecration.

FIND NEW VENOMOUS SNAKE

Reptile Has Proved to Be "Considerable of a Puzzle" to California Naturalists.

A poisonous snake that reptile experts and naturalists have so far been unable to classify, and which may be of a new species, came into the possession of Ed Hamby and Jack Horn. The snake was caught by a Mexican at one of the road camps near Los Angeles, Cal.

The snake has two fangs, each about one-eighth of an inch long. In an effort to determine whether or not the reptile is poisonous it was placed in an inclosure with a white rat. The rat was bitten and died in convulsions shortly afterward.

The snake is three and one-half feet in length and olive green in color. Its color changes to a pale yellow when it is angered and light brown markings appear upon its back. Contrary to other venomous snakes, it has the double set of scales that are found on harmless varieties. The scales are smooth and it has extraordinarily long jawbones. Its eyes are the round-pupiled eyes of the harmless snake, and it has only one set of nostrils. Its head is of the same shape as its harmless brothers. Its tail tapers to a fine point and the snake itself differs in shape from other poisonous reptiles in that it is slender rather than thick-bodied.

It strikes without coiling and moves with great swiftness. While being examined it ejected a stream of colorless poison for a distance of 17 inches. Dr. Charles L. Edwards, naturalist for the public schools, inclines to the belief that it may be related to the vipers. "Until this time I have never known of a smooth-scaled snake which was poisonous," he said.

How German Army Horses Are Dyed.

Because of the shortage of horses in Germany it has been found expedient to dye white and dappled horses a field-gray, as already noted in Popular Mechanics Magazine, thereby giving them the same protective coloring as the soldiers' uniforms and making them available for military purposes. The coloring when first applied gives the horse a violet hue, which later changes into greenish-brown by reason of the chemical action of the sweat retained in the hair. A staff apothecary of the German army has found that the best dye is a 1 per cent solution of permanganate of potassium. This is applied to the head, legs, and upper part of the body with a brush and to the more sensitive parts with a sponge. The coloring is permanent, harmless, and costs about 50 cents per horse.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Church Service Sent Over Wire.

A large church in Passaic, N. J., has put one of the ideas of the late Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," into practical effect. It has recently connected a telephone with the house of one of its oldest members, an old lady now physically unable to reach the church which she had attended regularly for over half a century. A special telephone transmitter is placed on the pulpit and the connections are so well arranged that it is possible for a number of persons, grouped around the receiver, to hear not only the sermon, but every sound of the church music in a house over a mile from the church.

BREVITIES

MONROE—Robbers entered the bank at Temperance, 18 miles southwest of here, Monday night and rifled the safety deposit boxes of \$200 in cash and \$100 in postage stamps.

BLISSFIELD—All of the beet station for the sugar factory here have been closed and in consequence the office force at the mill is being reduced. The entire crop is now practically delivered and with the supply on hand and in pits the mill will be kept in operation for about four weeks. The run will be considerably shorter than last year.—Advance.

ADRIAN—While Roscoe Patterson, of Addison, was teaching Herman Fisk to drive Patterson's automobile in Fisk's yard Sunday afternoon, the wrong foot lever was accidentally used, driving the car into the corner of Fisk's porch, on which little Arnold Fisk, aged two years and three months, was sitting. The child was instantly killed. He had insisted on sitting on the porch so he could watch "Daddy."

EAST LANSING—Prof. R. H. Pettit, head of the entomology department of the M. A. C., reports that white ants are again prevalent in the southern part of the state and are doing great damage to property. The white ant eats wood and works in frame houses and buildings, which are in many cases undermined until they collapse. A few cases of white ants are being reported from the northern part of the state.

HILLSDALE—Hillsdale's oil boom has received a new impetus when it became known here that Lewis Emery, oil magnate of Pennsylvania, virtually has agreed to share in financing one or more wells in the Dewitt oil fields and expressed the opinion that oil in large quantities in all probability exists here. The Chamber of Commerce has secured a lease to ten acres of the Dewitt field and will aid further in developing the project. Expert opinion has been cited as favoring the supposition that oil will be found when a proper well is drilled deeply enough.

YPSILANTI—The board of health on Tuesday ordered that school children of the city must all be vaccinated. Failure will mean suspension until the danger of smallpox is past. Residents near the Normal health cottage are up in arms at alleged lax methods used by the authorities. They say that girls, suspected of having the disease, go to the first floor of the health cottage, where the nurse in charge makes an examination. If the nurse thinks the patient has smallpox she is sent to the office of a physician six blocks away for examination. Several residents on Tuesday met a girl whose face was covered with blotches. Children passed her and when she returned to the health cottage she remarked, "Well, I have got it."

Notice to Hunters.
We, the undersigned, will not allow any hunting, trapping or trespassing on our premises:
Chris McGuire Justin Wheeler
H. E. Haynes Otto Goetz
Mrs. Thos. Taylor John Schmidt, sr.
Edward Stapish Mrs. Clara Stapish
Theo. Buehler Theo. Mohrlok
E. H. McKernan Martin Merkel
Alvin Baldwin G. Hutzel
John Grau Ed J. Parker
David E. Beach Fred C. Haist
M. L. Burkhardt Fred Seitz
R. T. Wheelock W. S. Pilemeier
E. M. Eisemann Mrs. Kate Nelhaus
Elmer H. Gage C. D. Jenks
John C. Leeman Henry Messner
Mrs. Wm. Grieb Albert Widmayer
Reed Estate Joseph Wenk, jr.
Christ Haas A. B. Skinner
Chas. H. Buss W. H. Eiseman
Geo. T. English Thomas Fleming
John McKernan S. A. Collins Est.
C. W. Saunders Jos. Liebeck
Henry Luick William Fox
Walter Webb Mrs. H. Stanbridge
Edward Doll Peter Werkner
Peter Gorman William Fritz
A. J. Greening

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.
Which is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by a Chelsea Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment. Must be proved to be as represented. The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit. But the endorsement of friends is. Now supposing you had a bad back, a lame, weak, or aching one. Would you experiment on it? You would read of many so-called cures. Endorsed by strangers from far-away places.

It's different when the endorsement comes from home. Easy to prove local testimony. Read this Chelsea case: Charles Hyzer, stationary engineer, Madison St., Chelsea, says: "I was a sufferer from kidney trouble. I had backache and pains through my kidneys that made my work hard. If I stooped, I couldn't straighten again. Finally a friend who had used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results told me to try them. I did and they soon gave me relief. Three boxes cured me." Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that cured Mr. Hyzer, Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

For results try Standard "Wants."

They let you know you've been smoking—and yet they're MILD

In other words, Chesterfield Cigarettes are MILD—and yet they satisfy. This is something totally new to cigarettes. It goes further than pleasing your taste—satisfy does for your smoking what a juicy slice of hot roast beef does for your appetite.

Chesterfields satisfy—they let you know you've been smoking.

But they're MILD, too—Chesterfields are!

If you want this new cigarette delight (satisfy, yet mild) you've got to get Chesterfields, because no cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend. This blend is an entirely new combination of tobaccos and the biggest discovery in cigarette blending in 20 years.

Leggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Give me a package of those cigarettes that SATISFY"

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES



They **SATISFY!**
—and yet they're **MILD**

20 for 10¢

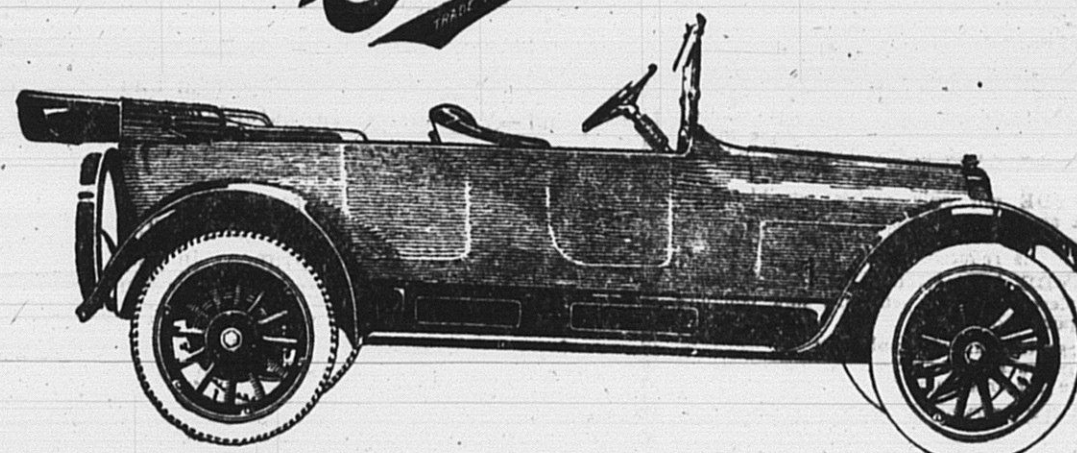
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Model 85-4 f. o. b. Toledo



These Tremendous Advantages—

More power—35 horsepower motor.
More room—112-inch wheelbase.
Greater comfort—long, 48-inch cantilever rear springs and 4-inch tires.
Greater convenience—electrical control buttons on steering column.
Bigger, safer brakes—service, 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ x2 $\frac{1}{4}$; emergency, 13x2 $\frac{1}{4}$.
Better cooling—you never heard of an Overland motor overheating.

These are tremendous advantages over anything to be had in other cars that sell for anywhere near as low a price. And they make it hard for us to keep up with orders. The factory has never yet caught up with the demand. You ought to own one of these cars—nothing else so big and fine for the money. Come in and order yours now.

ADAM G. FAIST, Dealer
118-122 WEST MIDDLE STREET, CHELSEA, MICH.
The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio
"Made in U. S. A."

Try The Standard "Want" Ads. They Bring Results

Men Who Seek Style



Have come to look upon this Store with a feeling of reliability.

You certainly must appreciate having a Store in your town where you can buy with full assurance that you are obtaining authentic style.

Style is our study, we aim for it because we know that good clothes become bad clothes unless the proper style is present.

And for this accuracy in style, we do not ask you to pay any more than you would pay in any other store for ordinary clothing.

So if the word style carries weight with you, and it should, you will understand that this store should be your goal.

**\$15.00
to
\$22.50**

DANCER BROTHERS.
OPEN EVERY EVENING

NOTICE!

We have completed the installing of Bean Machinery in our Flour Mill and are now in the market for

BEANS

At the Highest Market Price

BRING IN YOUR SAMPLES

WM. BACON-HOLMES CO.

YES, THIS MAY MEAN YOU

SOME day your lamp will be burned out and your earning power at an end. We are not asking you to spend any money, but we are urging you to join in a plan for saving money that will enable you to accomplish wonderful results. No amount too small. Let us explain it to you.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

LOCAL ITEMS.

What has become of the old-fashioned family that always had eggs for breakfast?

Mrs. Geo. Eder entertained the L. C. B. A. at her home on Park street Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Andros Gulde entertained the Bridge Club at her home on Garfield street Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. C. Boyd entertained a number of ladies at bridge Friday evening at her home on Harrison street.

Mrs. Lawrence Bagge entertained a number of friends at cards at her home on south Main street Saturday evening.

E. M. Buchanan has been detained at his home on Elm street several days of this week by the illness of his little son.

John Coon had one of his hands severely burned Tuesday evening by an explosion of gas in the furnace at his home on south Main street.

An automobile on fire caused considerable excitement at the corner of Main and Middle streets Sunday. Luckily the damage was slight.

The Cable Layers' Union had a short lived strike Tuesday afternoon. Affairs were soon straightened out, and the work is going along merrily.

Gabriel Bockres is confined to his home as the result of an injury which he received Tuesday evening when he fell down the porch steps, striking on his head.

The Chelsea fire department was called to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Maier about noon Sunday by a slight blaze that did a small amount of damage to the roof.

The L. O. T. M. will give a birthday party at the home of Mr. B. B. Turnbull, Friday, November 24. Every Maccabee lady invited. Scrub lunch. Please bring dishes.

Union Thanksgiving services will be held in the M. E. church at 10 o'clock next Thursday morning. Rev. P. W. Dierberger, pastor of the Congregational church, will preach the sermon.

Judge of Probate Murray thought there were discrepancies in the count made by the various election boards in the county, and asked for a recount. When ten precincts were counted and the result showed a gain of eight votes for his opponent, the recount was called off.

Walter Gregory, the Michigan Central brakeman who was injured here a few weeks ago when a ladder on a freight car broke, letting him fall beneath the wheels, died at the hospital in Detroit the first of the week, from blood poisoning. He is survived by his wife and one child.

On Tuesday evening the clerical force of the different departments of the University of Michigan held their fancy dress party at the home of Miss Lucy Chapin, 803 Kingsley street, Ann Arbor. Miss Katherine Keelan of this place, now at the College of Dental Surgery, was among the many young ladies in attendance.

Mrs. Chas. Ericson and son, who have been spending several months with her mother, Mrs. Verona Fletcher, will return to their home in Los Angeles, soon. Mrs. Fletcher will accompany them. They will visit relatives in Belleville for a short time before they leave for the west. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown will accompany Mrs. Fletcher's residence during her absence.

Frank Howell, aged about 35 was placed under arrest in Ann Arbor Friday by deputy sheriffs for Marshal Cooper. Howell was charged with taking a quantity of clothing from the home of Harry Davis on Wednesday of last week. Howell was taken before Justice Witherell Saturday afternoon, and let go on his personal bond pending further investigation. At the time of the alleged theft the man was assisting Davis who was moving to the rooms over the Farmers and Merchants bank.

That the state board of health has a message of hope for the 20,000 or 30,000 persons in Michigan who are afflicted with tuberculosis is shown by the statistics gathered from the present state-wide tuberculosis survey. The figures show that only 6.3 per cent of the persons diagnosed as tuberculous are advanced cases, that is, cases that are probably incurable. For the other 93.2 per cent there is plenty of hope for permanent cure. In the present tuberculosis survey of the state board of health it is found that about 60 per cent of the persons diagnosed as tuberculous are female and about 40 per cent male.

B. V. R. C. will meet with Mrs. E. R. Dancer on Monday evening, November 27.

J. Vincent Burg has purchased two vacant lots, corner Grant and Summit streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hindelang will occupy Mrs. Elizabeth Runciman's residence on Jefferson street.

Regular meeting of the L. O. T. M., Tuesday, November 28. All members are expected to come in costume.

Harry H. Lyons, of Jackson, son of Mrs. Rose Lyons of Chelsea, is ill with typhoid fever, but is reported as improving.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clark, Mrs. N. F. Prudden and daughter and Mrs. O. T. Hoover attended the funeral of Wm. Monroe at Howell Saturday.

The Standard correspondents are requested to get their letters out earlier next week, on account of Thanksgiving. We will go to press Wednesday in order to give us an opportunity to appease our appetite for turkey by eating chicken.

The common council of Dexter last week ordered the marshal to strictly enforce the following section of one of the village ordinances: "Sec. 2.—No person or persons shall allow his, her or their ducks, turkeys, geese, hens or other fowls to run at large upon any of the streets, alleys, lanes, or property of his, her or their neighbors in such manner as to become offensive to the public or said neighbors." If there was such an ordinance in force in the village of Chelsea it would require more than one officer to keep it enforced.

Have you seen one of the new dimes just issued by the government? The new coin is a striking piece of designer's skill. On one side is a winged head of the goddess of liberty, surrounded by the word "Liberty," with the sentiment, "In God We Trust," and the year of issue. In a finer letter is the engraver's initial, a presence which caused the withdrawal of the first issue of the Lincoln penny. On the reverse appears the denomination, the country's name, the sentiment, "E Pluribus Unum," with a bundle of faggots, the olive wreath and a portion of a battle axe.

Church Circles.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor. Morning worship at 10 o'clock with the sermon by the pastor, subject "A Question of the Evening." Sunday school at 11:15 o'clock a. m. Classes for all. The pastor will give a personal experience entitled "When I was a Policeman." Christian Endeavor meeting at 6:15 p. m.

Popular Sunday evening services at 7:00 o'clock, subject "Chinese Peculiarities." The pastor will exhibit some curios gathered while in China.

BAPTIST.

Church service at 10 o'clock. Sermon by J. G. Staley, of Ann Arbor. Sunday school meets at 11 o'clock. Thursday evening at 6:45, cottage prayer meeting every week. Phone Mrs. R. P. Chase for the place of meeting.

ST. PAUL'S.

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor. German services at 9:30 a. m. This is memorial Sunday, being the last Sunday of the church year. An offering will be taken for the Ministerial Relief fund. Sunday school Sunday at 10:30 a. m. In the contest the north side was in the lead last Sunday.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Rev. G. H. Whitney, Pastor. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Bible school at 11:15 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Thursday prayer meeting 7 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

ST. JOHN'S, FRANCISCO

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor. German preaching service, Sunday at 1:45 p. m. Sunday school at 2:45 p. m.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH,

NEAR FRANCISCO. Rev. G. C. Nothdurft, Pastor. Sunday school Sunday 9:30 a. m. German worship 10:30 a. m. Epworth League 7:30 p. m. English worship 8:30 p. m. Everybody most cordially invited.

Card of Thanks.

The children of the late Mrs. Bahnmiller wish to thank their neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness and sympathy during their recent bereavement, also Rev. A. A. Schoen and the choir.

White's Studio.

White's Studio, Chelsea, will be open next Sunday morning from 9:30 to 12. D. E. WHITE.



Come and See the New Coats An Elegant Assortment

The snappiest garments shown anywhere this season. No two alike, and the best of all is the fact that every garment is under-priced. You save from \$5.00 to \$10.00, and wear a garment right up to snuff, and as classy as they show in any city store.

Here you find the new materials and trimmings right from the work shop, and you are sure to get the latest in style.

Here are Valour Coats, Montagnac Coats, Broadcloth Coats, Zibeline Coats, Seal Plush Coats, Radopelt Plush Coats, Black Velvet Coats, Monkey Skin Coats. All priced below real Value

Coats Priced at \$10.00, \$14.00, \$18.00, \$22.00, \$25.00

All the better garments are satin lined throughout

W. P. Schenk & Company

This Store Is Overcoat Headquarters

Right now it's Overcoat weather and we're ready for you with the world's best fabrics in the most popular styles.

We'll show you a wonderfully fine selection of styles—some single breasted; others double breasted—still others have belted backs and some are loosely draped.

The price of one of these Overcoats may be more or less than you expected to pay; the important thing is that every dollar of the price represents real value. \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25.

Boys' Overcoats in nobby styles, \$5.00 up.

Men's and Boys' Mackinaws in large range of patterns.

Underwear

Are you going to need Wool Underwear? If so, buy now here (or elsewhere) as within a short time it will not be a question of price, but everyone will be unable to procure the goods. We have a good assortment as yet at old prices.



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H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

STRIKING FINNS NOW PROSPEROUS

SOME OF THE MOST MODERN
FARMS ARE OWNED BY RE-
FORMED FINNS.

ADRIAN ASKS FOOD PROBE

Chamber of Commerce Adopts Joslin
Resolution Charging Railroads
With Conspiracy.

East Lansing—From strikers in 1913, threatening to destroy the properties of the mining interests in the upper peninsula, to prosperous farmers, reformed and using every effort towards conserving capital and not destroying it, in 1916, is what has been accomplished by the hundred or more of Finns following the strike in the copper mines, according to Professor J. W. Weston, state superintendent of agricultural extension work in the upper peninsula.

Professor Weston is at East Lansing attending the conference of country agricultural agents, farmers' institute lecturers and extension men. He says that the Finns have really reformed. During the short period since the strike, they have changed their ideas entirely because they have come face to face with the true meaning of capital, and now they are exerting every effort towards developing their little farms.

Some of the most modern farms in the upper peninsula are owned by the reformed Finns who are eager to adopt the scientific methods advocated by Professor Weston and his assistants. Professor Weston says that farmers in general in the upper peninsula are adopting scientific methods of farming.

Adrian Asks Food Probe

Adrian—T. M. Joslin, former Progressive candidate for senator, in a resolution which he offered to the Chamber of Commerce and which that body adopted, urges that a grand jury be called in Lenawee county to investigate an alleged railroad conspiracy to raise prices of foodstuffs and other necessities. Mr. Joslin declared that the railroads are purposely holding loaded cars on side tracks in order to create an impression of scarcity, and he cited several instances in this county where wheat cars have been left standing on side tracks for several days.

The resolution provides that evidence bearing on the question be submitted by the Chamber of Commerce to the prosecuting attorney.

Stop Violence in Milk Boycott.

Battle Creek—Battle Creek's milk boycott continues, with few changes in the situation. Three dealers have granted the producers' demands of \$2.25 a hundred pounds, but the rest are holding out, buying milk out of town and retailing it at 8 cents a quart. The producers are turning the usual milk supply into butter. There has been no more dumping or kerosening of milk since the arrest of eight Battle Creek township farmers.

Washtenaw Recount Stopped.

Ann Arbor—With but little change resulting from the recount for probate judge in 10 county precincts, Judge W. H. Murray, Democrat, who asked for a recount, halted proceedings and conceded the election of his opponent, former Judge Emory Leland, Republican.

SHOOT MAN WHILE HUNTING

Rifle Accidentally Explodes While
Cleaning—Ball Strikes Companion
In Back.

Trout Lake—James Nickles, of Sault Ste. Marie, was shot and killed by a young man named Warner at Fiborn quarry, about six miles west of here. Nickles and Warner had been hunting all day. Warner was cleaning his weapon when the gun exploded, the ball striking Nickles in the back and coming out just below the heart. Nickles lived for about 30 minutes after the accident.

MICHIGAN STATE ITEMS

Clint Lynn, 35, and Scumey Barholomew, 17, of Monroe, Mich., believed to have been lost on Lake Erie, are safe. They drifted to West Sister Island and were picked up by a searching party.

Two skeletons were unearthed by workmen excavating at Midland. They are thought to be the remains of Henry Ashman, half-breed lawyer, first Midland sheriff and county clerk, a descendant of Chief Pontiac, and another Indian resident.

Circuit Judge George W. Smith, of Oakland county, has made formal announcement that he would be a candidate to succeed himself on the bench at the primary election next March on the Republican ticket.

Responding to a request from Richard K. Campbell, commissioner of naturalization in the federal department of labor, Mayor Arnt Ellifson will call a mass meeting of Muskegon residents of foreign birth who desire to become citizens but are dubious about their chances to pass the citizenship tests.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

Edward Goodrich, a hardware merchant of Standish, committed suicide at Goodrich, Genesee county, by shooting.

Charles Loets, former Sturgis man, was crushed to death in Chicago when a truck load of heavy furniture fell on him.

The state tax commission will hold four reviews requested by the supervisors of Wayne, Monroe, Mackinac and Iron counties.

Elisba Phillip, of Hart, early settler, was drowned while working in a field. He tripped and fell into a pond and was unable to rise.

A stock dividend of \$500,000 was declared at Ann Arbor by the Hoover Steel Ball Co., to be paid holders of certificates on January 20, 1917.

John Moore, of Palms, is dead as a result of the fall from the house which he was building for his intended bride. He was to have been married December 1.

A county auction sale will be held at Boyne City, November 25 at which time all farmers of the county will bring their surplus stock, implements, etc., to Boyne City.

Sarah Vosburg, of Grand Rapids, who sued the city of Grand Rapids for \$10,000 damages for injuries sustained in a fall on a defective sidewalk, was given a verdict for \$1,500.

The next legislature will be asked to pass a law controlling trips by state officers outside the state, the members of the state board of auditors and Auditor-General O. B. Fuller have decided.

John A. Nelson, who has retired as keeper of the Muskegon coast guard station, has been succeeded by George Catfield, keeper of the Sturgeon Bay canal station. Capt. Nelson ended 25 years in the service.

Thirty prisoners were panic stricken in the county jail at Flint as the result of the removal of William Harris, a Negro, held for violating the local option law, who was found to be suffering from diphtheria.

J. C. Carland, of Toledo, O., was recently awarded the contract for installing a modern and complete sewer system in Oakwood at a cost of \$185,000. The work is to be started at once and the contract calls for its completion by June 1, 1917.

George Welbourne, 18 years old, son of a farmer residing about four miles from Cedar Springs, was shot and fatally wounded while hunting with Mrs. Ila Wilson near his home. Welbourne frightened a rabbit out of a thicket and cried to Mrs. Wilson to shoot. Her shot went wide and pierced Welbourne's lungs. He died four hours later.

The county road commissioners of Pontiac are having trouble in completing some of the road jobs in the county because of the freezing weather. They have been notified of acceptance for state reward of two miles of highway in Novi, two in Lyon, two in White Lake, one and a half in Rose, two in Avon, four in Commerce, one in Oxford and one in Addison.

Alleging that her son was badly beaten by Selen Lancer who he died from the effects, and that the assailant was thrown into a murderous state of mind by liquor sold to him by Fred Nelson, a saloonkeeper in Keweenaw county, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien has begun suit against the Michigan Bonding & Surety company, charging that the firm which furnished bonds for Nelson contributed to the death of her son.

Judge Smith has issued an order to the attorneys of the Oakland Bar association that they will not be permitted to collect alimony payments from husbands, as ordered by the court and turn them over to the divorced wives, nor to settle cases in which the husband has been arrested for non-payment of alimony. He said from the bench that the county clerk would be required to look after all such matters and keep records of them.

Mrs. John Allan saved the life of her two small children when her home caught fire, at Durand, but she will die. The home was two freight cars containing three families. All made their escape but Mrs. Allan. She found the door to the room where she and her two children were sleeping locked, but threw the children out of a window and tried to follow. Her clothing had caught fire and before she could be pulled through she was terribly burned.

Heavy shipments of ore from Menominee range and continued cold weather have blocked the Northwestern and St. Paul ore docks at Escanaba. The Northwestern has 1,400 cars to unload and several hundred more than usual in the yards. The St. Paul has eight hundred cars in the yards, 400 more than usual at this time of year. A large number of mines on the Menominee range have practically closed temporarily because of shortage of ore cars.

Dogs in Grand Rapids and many nearby townships must be kept in quarantine for 60 days, hunting or no hunting. This edict was given by W. R. Harper, secretary of the state livestock commission, to guard against a spread of rabies. The townships affected are Alpine, Walker, Plainfield, Cascade, Ada, Cannon, Paris, Wyoming and Gaines.

More than \$250,000 in bond payments and bond interest will be disbursed from the officers of the Michigan Trust company in Grand Rapids early in December.

FROM THE FOLKS AT HOME



(Copyright.)

CRAIOVA FALLS IN TEUTONS HANDS

ITS LOSS IS THE MOST SERIOUS
BLOW SUFFERED BY KING FER-
DINAND'S ARMY SINCE RU-
MANIA'S ENTRY INTO WAR.

LITTLE KINGDOM FACES DOOM

Their Only Exit Leads Into Impass-
able Swamps—Must Cut Their
Way Out.

London—Craiova, vital nerve of the strategic railway net of western Rumania, fell to the army of General von Falkenhayn. Its loss is the most serious blow suffered by King Ferdinand's army since Rumania's intervention on the Allies' side.

In the grip of a vise of steel, whose only exit leads into impassable swamps and with a deep thrust cut into the Wallachian plain, whose products feed its people, the most fertile section of the Balkan kingdom seems fated to face with certain doom.

At Craiova the Teutons stand 120 miles west of Bucharest. In control of four of the most important lines of communication, their headlong advance holds menace of striking the greatest strategic blow of the war. It threatens the bulk of the Rumanian army still battling south of the Transylvanian Alps, and particularly the retreating forces in the Orsova region, near the "iron gate," and in the Jiu valley, with being completely cut off from all avenues of escape.

For these sorely shattered forces, estimated at 100,000 men, a last desperate stand in and open battle against overwhelming odds in numbers of men and guns or surrender, is the only alternative unless a miracle happens.

The whole fighting in northwestern Rumania as the result of the Teuton gash into Wallachia has assumed the character of a race for the railways. In the Jiu and Motru valleys the Teutons won the race when they reached their main goal, Craiova.

PASSENGERS SAFELY LANDED

American Steamer Sibiria Driven On
the Rocks by Fierce Gale.

Dover—Fifty-three passengers and crew of the stranded American steamer Sibiria were landed at Dover by the Kingstown lifeboat.

It was during a violent southeasterly gale that the Sibiria was driven ashore near the spot where the Italian steamship Val Salice, whose crew was rescued. Attempts made by the Deal and Ramsgate lifeboats to rescue those on the bridge of the Sibiria were futile.

Volunteers were called for to man the South Downs boat, the only one remaining intact. A British patrol boat towed the lifeboat as near as possible to the Sibiria. The searchlights of the patrol boat were fixed on the Sibiria, showing all but the bridge had disappeared. While trying to get alongside the steamship, the lifeboat was thrown on its side by the heavy sea and filled with water, but righted itself. The fight continued until the rescue was effected.

Thirteen hunters have been killed in Michigan since the hunting season opened October 1.

Grant Hudson, president of the Michigan Anti-Saloon league, has decided that his organization will make no effort to secure a statutory prohibition law effective May 1 next.

By the terms of the will of the late Dr. Harris B. Osborn, a pioneer physician of Kalamazoo, any heir who becomes addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors before the will is probated shall forfeit the right to share in the estate, which is valued at \$150,000.

Traffic on the Mackinaw division of the Michigan Central railroad was blocked between Frederic and Waters. Seven cars loaded with merchandise were thrown crosswise of the track, tearing up the track for a distance of 1,500 feet.

DEUTSCHLAND DASHES TO SEA

The Start Was Made Without a Hitch
Hundreds Watch U-Boat Leave.

New London, Conn.—The Deutschland is off again for Germany. Amid plaudits of hundreds of watchers on shore and a goodbye demonstration from all the craft in the harbor, the German undersea merchantman submerged at the state pier. Three minutes later she appeared in the center of the channel, and conveyed by the tugs Alert and F. H. Beckwith, of the T. A. Scott company, which had come up the river but a few minutes before, started again to her home port of Bremen.

The start was made without a hitch. As the big craft appeared in the harbor, First Officer Kleese stood at the wheel and Captain Paul Koenig was at his side on deck.

The tugs took up positions on each side of the submarine, which started at a speed of eight to ten knots down the harbor. The tugs had orders to accompany the Deutschland to the three-mile limit, a point off Race Rock in the Race, about the spot where last Friday the Deutschland rammed and sank the tug T. A. Scott, Jr., on her first venture out to sea.

\$375,000,000 FOR U. S. NAVY

New Naval Appropriation Bill Asks
\$30,000,000 More Than Last Year.

Washington—Exceeding last year's total by more than \$30,000,000, the new naval appropriation bill to be introduced in congress at the forthcoming session will call for an expenditure of \$375,000,000; Chairman Padgett of the house naval affairs committee, stated. Of this sum \$275,000,000 will be devoted to new ships and to payments on contracts already existing and \$100,000,000 for purpose of departmental administration.

The Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, Quincy, Mass., will construct eight and the Union Iron Works Co., San Francisco, six torpedo boat destroyers authorized in the last bill.

The two low bidders for battleships, the New York Shipbuilding Co. and the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Co., stood out at first at the navy's stipulation for electric propulsion, but finally surrendered to the department's wishes. Each company will build two battleships, reaching its own understanding with the electrical equipment companies furnishing the propulsion machinery.

RACING CAR KILLS FOUR

Driver and Three Others Meet Death
When Auto Strikes Tree.

Los Angeles—Four persons were killed outright and two others seriously injured when Marmon car No. 24, driven by Lewis Jackson, making his thirteenth lap in the classic international grand prize race, crashed into a tree at Seventh street and San Vicente boulevard and then plowed into a group of spectators. Johnny Aitken won the race; Earl Cooper was second, and Patterson third.

ITEMS OF STATE INTEREST

Capt. F. E. Curtis, of the American steamer Columbian, sunk off the coast of Spain by the U-9, was born in Saginaw.

Binghamton, N. Y.—Ruth Bancroft, Law broke the American cross-country non-stop record in her attempted sunrise-to-sunset aeroplane flight from Chicago to New York.

Detroit was chosen for the 1917 convention of the Michigan Sunday School Association at the annual meeting of that organization at Holland. Henry Geerlings, former mayor of Holland, was elected president of the association.

The board of county canvassers in session at Standish canvassed the vote for sheriff which showed one majority for Charles E. Glasre, Republican. Hasty, his Democratic opponent, gaining one vote on the recount making a tie of 964 each. The whole county will be recounted again.

AUSTRIAN RULER DIES SUDDENLY

WAS KNOWN AS "EUROPE'S MAN
OF BORROW"—HAD REACHED
THE AGE OF 86 YEARS.

OCCUPIED THRONE 68 YEARS

Saw Many Rises and Falls During His
Long Reign—Record of
Tragedy.

London—Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary, died at Schoenbunn castle, according to a Reuter dispatch just received here from Vienna by way of Amsterdam.

Ruled Nation 68 Years.

It is doubtful if in all history there has been an active authenticated reign longer than that closed by the death of Francis Joseph.

At 19 years of age he ascended the throne of Austria on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I., December 2, 1848, his death ending an active reign of nearly 68 years, all but the first 10 of which he was also Apostolic King of Hungary.

Tradition says that Pharaoh ruled for 99 years and there is the more credible instance of Rameses II., seostriis of the Greeks, whose reign is reputed to have covered 67 years.



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

But in recorded history there certainly has been no reign equal in period of time of that of the Hapsburg which is now closed. Louis XIV., of France, was nominally king for 71 years. He actually occupied the throne for little more than half a century. A closer rival and the only one of modern times, was Queen Victoria, who reigned for 64 years.

Saw Many Rises and Falls.

Francis Joseph's reign was as eventful as it was long. From his imperial vantage point he saw the French monarchy go down, the second empire rise and crumble, the commune flare briefly, and the republic of today rise on its ashes; he saw the black plinths of the Prussian eagle stamped on the flag of the new German empire—later to tower threateningly over Austria itself; he saw the papacy shorn of its territorial domains, while about it a bickering family of petty principalities was welded into united Italy; he saw Spain, once the greatest of colonial powers, lose the last of her dependencies in two oceans; he saw Japan opened to western civilization, and later defeat the sprawling colossus of two continents; he saw the most absolute despotisms—Russia, Turkey and Persia—concede representation to the people; he saw at a distance the United States cement its federation with the blood of a great internecine war, and he saw his own brother Maximilian prove that monarchy could not take new root on American soil.

In his own country he faced internal dissensions and external aggressions from the moment he came to the throne. By the war of 1859 with France and Sardinia he was forced to cede Lombardy to Italy; by force of arms and treaty he lost the duchy of Holstein to Prussia and Venice of Italy; and by the revolt of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, he barely escaped having his dual empire cut in two.

Geo. W. Hatch, 84 years old, of Carlton township, in a state of despondency caused by infirmities of old age, committed suicide by hanging himself to a tree. He was one of the oldest native born residents of Michigan, having been born in Ottawa county in 1832. He resided on a farm at Lamont for 60 years before coming to Barry county.

A movement commemorating the establishment of rural fire delivery service in Michigan at Climax December 7, 1916, will be erected at the intersection of two main streets if the proposal of the Climax Men's Fellowship club is accepted by the town council.

The coal situation is growing worse in Pontiac and it promises to be serious all the winter months. Coal dealers are unable to get new shipments and the supply on hand is rapidly vanishing. The price of coke has been going up rapidly.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle, receipts 3,341. Best heavy steers, \$8.10; best handy weight butchers steers, \$7.75; mixed steers and heifers, \$6.50; light butchers, \$5.25; best cows, \$5.50; \$5.25; butchers cows, \$5.25; common cows, \$4.25; \$4.75; canners, \$3.50; \$4.15; best heavy bulls, \$5.50; 6.25; bologna bulls, \$5.50; stock bulls, \$4.50; feeders, \$6.50; stockers, \$5.25; milkers and springers, \$4.00; \$2.00.

Calves, receipts 1,380; best selling at \$11.15; mediums, \$8.50; \$10; heavy, \$4.50; \$6.

Sheep and lambs, receipts 10,932; best lambs \$11.50; fair lambs, \$10.50; light to common lambs, \$9.50; fair to good sheep, \$6.25; \$7.25; culls and common, \$4.25.

Hogs, receipts 21,782; pigs selling at \$8.25, and mixed grades \$9.35, with bulk of the good ones at \$9.30.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts 250 cars; prime grades steady, others 15c lower; choice to prime native steers, \$9.50; \$10.25; fair to good, \$8.25; \$8.75; plain, \$7.50; \$8; very choice and common, \$7.50; choice heavy butchers steers, \$8.25; \$8.50; fair to good, \$7.50; \$8; best heavy steers, \$7.50; \$8.50; fair to good, \$6.75; \$7.50; light and common, \$6.50; yearlings, prime, \$9.50; \$10.25; fair to good, \$8.50; \$9; best handy butchers heifers, \$7.40; \$7.60; fair butchers heifers, \$6.25; \$6.50; light and common, \$5.50; \$5.50; best heavy fair cows, \$6.75; \$7; good butcher cows, \$6.50; medium to fair, \$5.50; \$5.50; cutters, \$4.45; canners, \$3.45; fancy heavy bulls, \$6.75; \$7; good butcher bulls, \$6.25; \$6.50; sausage bulls, \$5.50; \$6.25; light bulls, \$4.25; \$5.25; best feeders, \$7.15; common to fair, \$5.25; \$5.50; best stockers, \$6.50; \$7; common to good, \$5.50; \$5.50; milkers and springers, \$6.50; \$100.

Hogs—Receipts, 180 cars; market 15c lower; heavy, \$9.80; yorkers and mixed, \$9.50; pigs, \$8.25; \$8.35.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 60 cars; market 25c lower; top lambs, \$11.50; yearlings, \$9.50; \$9.50; wethers, \$8.50; ewes, \$7.50; \$7.75.

Calves—Receipts, 900; steady; tops, \$13; fair to good, \$11; \$12; fed calves, \$5.50; \$5.50.

Grain, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat, cash No. 2 red, wheat, \$1.82 1/2; December opened with a gain of 1-2c at \$1.90 1/2, advanced to \$1.91 and declined to \$1.88; May opened at \$1.96, gained 12c and declined to \$1.93 1/2; No. 1 white, \$1.81 1/2.

Corn—Cash No. 3, \$1.06; No. 3 white, \$1.08; No. 3 yellow, \$1.08; No. 3 white, \$1.20; No. 2 white, \$1.20; Rye—Cash No. 2, \$1.50.

Seeds—Prime red clover, \$10.80; December, \$10.90; alfalfa, \$10.40; timothy, \$2.50; alfalfa, \$9.10.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots; Bran, \$30; standard middlings, \$31.50; fine middlings, \$35; cracked corn, \$45; coarse cornmeal, \$42; corn and oat crop, \$29 per ton.

Flour—Per 196 lbs. in eighth paper sacks: Best patent, \$9.80; second patent, \$9.40; straight, \$9.20; spring wheat, \$10.50; rye flour, \$8.30 per bbl. Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$14.15; standard timothy, \$13.50; No. 2 timothy, \$12.13; light mixed, \$13.50; rye straw, \$5.50; wheat and oat straw, \$7.50; \$8 per ton in carlots, Detroit.

General Markets.

Nuts—Chestnuts, 18@20c per lb. Pineapples—\$4.45 per crate. Pears—Common, 75c@\$1 per bu. Cranberries—\$3.25 per bu and \$9.75 per bbl.

Grapes—Concord, 28@30c for 8-lb baskets; Pines, Catawbas, 22c.

Apples—Fancy, \$3.50; choice, \$2.50; \$3.50 per bbl; No. 2 75c@\$1 per bushel.

Dressed Hogs—12 1/4@13c per lb. Tomatoes—Hothouse, 16@17c per lb. Celery—Kalamazoo, 18@25c per doz.

Cabbage—\$2.75@3 per bbl. \$1.25 per bushel.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 13 1/2@14c; No. 2, 11@12c per lb.

Potatoes—In carlots: Bulk, \$1.60; 1.65; in sacks, \$1.65@1.75 per bu. Honey—Fancy white, 14@15c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 7@8c per lb.

Lettuce—Head lettuce, \$1.50@1.75 per case; hothouse, 10@12c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, \$3.40; 3.50 per bbl; Jersey, \$1.35 per hamper. \$4.50 per bbl; Jersey, \$1.35 per hamper. \$4.50 per bbl and \$1.50 per bushel.

Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 16@17c; No. 1 hens, 16@17c; good hens, 13@14c; small hens, 12@13c; ducks, 15 1/2@16 1/2c; geese, 15@16c; turkeys, 22@23c per lb.

Cheese—Michigan flats, 14 1/2@15c; New York flats, 24 1/2@25c; long horns, 27c; Wisconsin dairies, 27c; Michigan dairies, 24 1/2@25c; imported Swiss, 56@60c; domestic Swiss, 27@33c; brick 24c; limburger, 1-lb pkgs 23c; do 2-lb pkgs, 22 1/2c per lb.

Onions—Spanish, \$1.75 per crate; Michigan, yellow, \$3.75@3.85 per 100-lb sack.

Hides—No. 1 cured 24c; No. 1 green 21c; No. 1 cured bulls, 17c; No. 1 green bulls, 15c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 30c; No. 1 green veal kip, 25c; No. 1 cured murrain, 20c; No. 1 green murrain, 18c; No. 1 cured calf, 38c; No. 1 green calf, 36c; No. 1 horsehide, \$8; No. 2 horsehide, \$7; No. 2 hides 1c and No. 2 kip and calf 1 1/2c lower than the above; sheep skins, as to amount of wool, 50c@12 each.

"OLD PAPERS"

By OLIVE MARTIN.

"The first snow of the season." Lorena looked out of the big window in the living room and watched the feathery flakes of white dusting the street and sidewalk.

"How time flies! Dear me, I'd idea the month was so far along. I've been so busy with the campaign for the new baby hospital that I've lost track of the days."

She turned to the window again. "I wish those little boys would hurry with their wagons; it's after one now and there's so much to do."

In a few minutes a noisy little crowd was around the fire getting instructions.

The crowd departed and Lorena looked fondly after her little settlement people. Her life was full of these things now, charity and good works that kept her busy and her thoughts off the past. A half dozen years before a great tragedy had come into her life.

She returned to the library and picked up a photograph from the table.

"Dear, the last time I saw you was a day like this, but somehow it didn't seem cold like today. The world was without the sunshine we rely on now, warm and glowing because I was with you. You looked that day as if you wanted to say something and couldn't. What was it, dear? Did I guess right? Did you really love me and was it that you tried to tell? Then why did you go away?"

The little wagons filled and two trips were made to Miss Lorena's big porch where the contents were emptied in a heterogeneous mass that delighted her heart. "Why, kiddies, it looks as if we were going to get a good many dollars for the little sick babies. Come on inside now and warm your fingers before you start out again. Why what's this? It looks like a stack of sermons. Such a lot of writing and pounds and pounds of paper."

The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of
"THE OCCA-
SIONAL
FENDER," "THE
WIRE TAP-
PERS," "GUN
RUNNERS," ETC.
Novelized from
THE PATHE
PHOTO PLAY
OF THE
SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island, Palmdor intrigues which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Palmdor floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a masked man rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find her daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends to Golden a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count De Espares figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but De Espares is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Manley's poisoned arrows. Manley plans a mock funeral which fails to accomplish the desired purpose. The capture of the Iron Claw and his gang. Margery is saved from death at the hands of the Iron Claw by the Laughing Mask. An attempt by the Iron Claw to blow up the O'Mara cottage is frustrated in the nick of time. The Laughing Mask discloses his identity as Margery. Margery overbears the police's plan to take the Laughing Mask prisoner and hastens to warn him. They escape both the police and the Iron Claw. Later the Laughing Mask is almost taken while with Margery at her home. He eludes capture; Margery's father tells her that the Mask has met death.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE

The Double Resurrection.

As Legar leaned back in the dim seclusion of his smoothly running limousine he permitted his scar-ravaged features the rare luxury of a twisted smile.

Behind that leering face the active brain was marshaling certain past events and generating certain future schemes. One fact was indisputable—in the past two men had blocked him at every turn. These enemies were now out of the way—they were dead.

The limousine purred steadily southward through the deepening shadows of the almost deserted avenue. It turned into a mean side street and drew up beside the curb, well beyond the range of the sputtering arc light.

Two skulking figures sidled out of a gloomy alleyway and approached the limousine as Legar got out. These worthies, answering to the appellations of Red Egan and One-Lamp Louie, were of that primordial type which recognizes only the law of brute force. So it was that Red Egan, mistaking Legar's twisted smile for something approaching good humor, attempted an unusual degree of familiarity.

"Say, gov'nor, I don't want t' raise a holler, but that swell buzz wagon must eat up a pile of swag."

Legar replied curtly, with darkening face.

"You'll get your share of the stuff, Egan, no more and no less. But there are times when that kind of talk might prove unhealthy, and the sooner the fat penetrates your thick skull the better."

The trio cautiously approached a ramshouse old Washington Square mansion, and slipping into this dubious rabbit warren, crossed the hall, dimly lit by one sickly gas jet. As they started up the stairs, a slender, heavily veiled young woman came hastily out of one of the rooms on the top floor. She leaned for a moment over the rickety balustrade, striving to pierce the half gloom enshrouding the identity of the oncoming visitors.

Wheeling about the young woman darted swiftly through one of the half dozen doors off the hallway. Her refuge proved to be a windowless walled room cluttered with dilapidated trunks and useless relics of bygone lodgers.

From the depths of an ancient cabinet, the veiled stranger drew forth a telephonic helmet. As she quickly adjusted the microphones over her ears she heard the sound of voices. The voices, restrained and low-toned at first, rapidly became loud and quarrelsome.

The angry tones were those of Jules Legar and Red Egan. The storm of heated words centered about the heavy iron safe standing in one corner of the room. Up to a comparatively short time ago this safe had been the receptacle of certain valuable looted by Red Egan and One-Lamp Louie, under Legar's directions, from a palatial upper Fifth avenue residence. The safe door now stood open—its contents scattered promiscuously about the floor, but of the Van Horn family plate there was no trace.

The guy who cracked this crib had the inside dope for sure," was Red Egan's muttered comment.

"Are you trying to insinuate this is a plan to double-cross you and Louie?" queried Legar.

"I ain't insinuat'n nothin'," was the other's surly response, "but who else was hep to where the stuff was stashed?"

The answer Red Egan received was both prompt and effective. A heavy iron projectile caught him neatly on

the point of the jaw. He gyrated limply to the floor, where he lay for a moment in dazed uncertainty. Then with a vindictive oath he tugged loose his automatic and fired point-blank at the sardonic face bending over him. A purple mist clouded the gunman's aim and the bullet spent itself with a soft plunk in the plastered ceiling. Before Egan could fire a second time, that terrible iron projectile attached to the stump of Legar's arm descended, again with lightning speed and sent the revolver spinning to the other side of the room.

At the staccato bark of the pistol the statuesque eavesdropper in the storeroom had stiffened with rigid expectation, but when Legar's incisive tones again broke in on her ears she displayed a sudden and startling activity. Throwing off her metallic headgear, she quickly upended an oblong packing case and, balancing on this shabby pedestal, worked loose the rusty hasp securing the heavy skylight. Forcing the yielding frame-work gradually upward with her head and shoulders, she wormed and undulated her way to the flat tin roof. Catlike she took the ten-foot drop to the roof of the adjoining house, landing lightly on her feet, and scudding through a door opening upon a stairway, made her way down to the street.

A few moments later the meditative Red Egan, walking slowly across the narrow strip of shadowy park, felt a light tap on his shoulder. He wheeled sharply in his tracks, his hand reaching instinctively toward his empty gun pocket. He quickly realized he had nothing to fear from this veiled woman who stood quietly confronting him, and who in no way resembled an emissary from that domed building known as headquarters. She silently motioned him toward a secluded bench near by. Prompted by a vague curiosity, Egan warily followed her. It was not until they were seated that the woman of mystery spoke.

"Never mind how I know, but you have a heavy score to settle with a one-armed man calling himself Jules Legar—I can help you in this."

At that moment this strange conference was augmented by a third person, who took up his stand behind a thick-boled maple, where he could hear every word spoken. Legar, surmising the mutinous gunman was in a mood to stir up trouble, had dispatched One-Lamp Louie to shadow his former pal.

"The plan is a simple one—your master has made it appear that a number of terrible crimes were perpetrated by his enemy, the Laughing Mask. Even the police have been persuaded to take that view. But you know, and I know, the real guilt lies with Legar. This man must be brought to justice and the name of the Laughing Mask cleared, even though he be dead. This can be done only by showing in detail how these crimes were committed—if you will write out those details tonight and place them in my hands tomorrow I will see that your score with Jules Legar is paid in full." The woman paused, and then continued—evidently trying a different tact. "If you do what I ask faithfully, I will also make good your share of the loot which so mysteriously took wings and vanished from Legar's safe. But remember—I have the power to punish as well as to reward."

"Come to a place in Jersey called Rosedale—when you get off the train turn to the left and follow the highway until you see a big white house standing on a hill—a little way down the road you will see an old barn on the edge of a deep gully—at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning I will meet you just outside that old barn. I will have your money and shall expect you to have the written statement disclosing Legar's crimes."

Again she hesitated, and then, hoping to play on Egan's apparent credulity, added, "The spirit of the dead Laughing Mask is working with me. He will watch your every move, until that paper is in my hands!"

This chance shot told heavily, for the superstitious yeggman, while fearing no corporal enemy, possessed an unreasoning dread for anything savoring of the supernatural. Casting an apprehensive look about him, he bleated out in terror:

"For Gawd's sake, call off the spirit, lady. I give yer me dyin' oath an' aff'davit t' do what yer axed me, but I don't want t' go up against no spooks."

One-Lamp Louie, who had been drinking in this artfully staged hummer with avid ears, his one good optic almost starting from his chief, now precipitately rushed to his chief. As he reported in detail his fledged version of the conversation between Red Egan and the veiled guardian of departed spirits, it was apparent he shared in no light measure—the superstitious fear of his traitorous confederate. But these vaporous fancies were quickly dispelled by the craftily minded master schemer.

"You're as bad as some half-witted old woman, fatter, for that spirit bunk," snapped Legar. "I suppose

you'll want someone to hold your hand in the dark after this."

"If there ain't no spirits mixed up in this deal, gov'nor, who tipped off that bunch o' craps to all this inside gossip she handed Red?" solemnly queried the wide-eyed thug.

"Unless I miss my guess there's a dictaphone planted in this room and I'm going to find it if it takes a week," said Legar.

He lost no time in making good this declaration, fishing under the furniture, along the moldings and in the dark corners of the room with that prehensile iron hook which seemed almost endowed with human intelligence. Suddenly he gave a guttural bark of triumph—under the heavy iron safe backed against the wall he found the object of his search and a few moments' work sufficed to trace the tell-tale thread of wire back to the storeroom, where the upended packing case and unlocked skylight told their own story.

"That ought to answer your ravings," was Legar's quiet-toned comment to his bewildered lieutenant, and then he added maliciously, "there will be some uninvited guests at the next seance of your high-priestess friend, and somehow I have a feeling that she and Red are going to join those departed spirits inside of the next twenty-four hours."

The unsuspecting object of Legar's levity, with her features still heavily shrouded as on the preceding night, stepped out of the sagging doorway of a weather-stained old barn which clung dizzily to the brink of a precipitous and rock-toothed ravine. As she approached the formal Italian garden centered about a musically cascading fountain she perceived a golden-haired girl seated on one of the rustic benches.

Presently an elderly, white-haired man, whose deep-lined face and troubled eyes bore mute witness of mental strife, came slowly down the gravelled walk and stopped beside the disconsolate figure on the rustic bench.

"You mustn't take this so to heart, Margery—if Davy could speak from the grave he would tell you to be brave for his sake—and as for the Laughing Mask—that unmitigated scoundrel and hypocrite isn't worth one of your tears."

The reply trembling on Margery's lips remained unspoken, for at that moment a young woman whose features were hidden by heavy folds of black veiling stepped out from behind a vine-covered trellis.

"You are doing the Laughing Mask a grave injustice, Enoch Golden," she cried in a clear and ringing voice, "and even now if you and your daughter will accompany me but a short distance I will place in your hands indisputable proof of what I say."

A suddenly reanimated Margery sprang to her feet. She turned to the unknown intruder and cried impetuously: "Can you really show that the Laughing Mask was innocent of all those terrible charges? If you can, please, please take us quickly to where you have the proof."

"Wait, Margery," cautioned the experience-saddened banker. "First let this veiled person tell us who she is and where she wants to take us. This may be one of Legar's tricks, for all we know."

"I am a well-wisher of the Laughing Mask. Beyond that I cannot disclose my identity," came the guarded reply. "I am unarmed and ask you to go only as far as the old barn on your own estate."

Still questioning the outcome of this dubious venture, the stern-faced millionaire finally yielded to Margery's earnest importuning, and, following the black-garbed figure of their swiftly moving guide, they presently stood before the dilapidated old building tottering on the brink of the ravine. At that moment a thick-set, flat-footed individual shuffled into view along the dusty road, the visor of his cap pulled low over his malevolent blue-jowled face and his beefy fists jerking uneasily as he walked. The woman in black turned to her companions, and, indicating this ungainly figure, spoke rapidly.

"I have every reason to believe that man has kept faith with me, and if I am right I shall be able in a few minutes to place in your hands the proof of which I spoke. But if there should be treachery I wish to face it alone. You will find that the harness room in the loft of the barn has a strong door with heavy bolts. Please wait for me there, and at the first sound of trouble, barricade yourself until help comes from the house."

"This sounds like a trap," returned the millionaire, with emphatic disapproval. "Come, Margery, come back to the house at once."

But Margery Golden proved to have a will of her own as well as a surprising faith in that mysterious defender of the Laughing Mask. Taking her father's arm she half coaxed, half led the protesting master of finance into the ramshackle old structure which bore little semblance to a citadel of defense.

So far everything had gone in accordance with the carefully laid plans of the muffled strategist, and with a feeling that victory was within her reach, she quickly approached Red Egan, who was waiting near by with undisguised impatience.

"Sure, I got what yer lookin' fer, lady," he answered in reply to her look of interrogation, "but between them spirits an' a cramp in me mitt, I've had one 'ell of a night."

Reaching into an inner pocket Red Egan drew out a grimy ink-splashed paper.

"This 'ere document will put th' bug on that iron claw gorilla all

right. Now, if yer ready t' come across wid—"

The gunman's words were suddenly clipped short by the sharp crack of a pistol. A look of surprised consternation came into Red Egan's face—for a moment he swayed unsteadily on his feet—then slowly crumpled into a heap of inanimate clay. Into the startled vision of his companion came a black limousine furiously racing along the highway, the evil face of Legar plainly discernible as he leaned far out from the swaying vehicle, emptying his automatic in their direction. There was not a moment to lose. Snatching the crimson-stained paper from under the limp body of the slain gunman, the woman ran swiftly toward the old barn, reaching that sanctuary just as Legar and his confederates swarmed out of the limousine in hot pursuit. Through the sagging portals and up the rickety stairs she darted, the wolfish pack close at her heels. For a brief instant she surveyed her surroundings. Behind the heavy oaken door of the harness-room she knew Margery and her father had taken refuge in accordance with her instructions, and she must in no way jeopardize their safety.

Close by a broken window, overlooking the depths of the rocky gorge, stood a shabby old-fashioned trunk. It took but a moment for the harried fugitive to scramble into that ancient receptacle, but even as she lowered the cover Legar and his henchmen stormed up the narrow stairs. The quick eye of the master crook caught the movement of that closing trunk cover. Grinning with unholy exultation, he turned to his unsavory crew of followers.

"Take that trunk and throw it out the window," snarled Legar. "We've caged our bird all right, and when she hits those rocks she won't feel like meddling with my business for some time to come."

As he led his murderous band out of the old building toward the abruptly sloping wall of the ravine, the door of the harness room slowly opened and Enoch Golden stepped out, closely followed by his horror-stricken daughter.

"I could see plainly through that crack in the door," murmured the white-faced girl, "the poor woman tried to hide in a trunk and Legar had his men drop her from the window."

The distressed look in her eyes changed to one of sudden bewilderment. From out of the cobwebbed mouth of a grain chute, over which the trunk had been resting, appeared the head and shoulders of the veiled stranger. As she regained her footing on the rough boarded floor she drew from the inside of her black gown a crumpled and blood-stained paper. This she quietly handed to the startled girl.

"Here is the proof I promised you," were her low-toned words.

"But how did you escape from the trunk?" interrogated the still bewildered Margery. "Who are you? And why did you risk your life to clear the name of the Laughing Mask?"

The woman replied calmly.

"Half the bottom of the trunk was broken away and it was easy for me to slide through the opening into that grain chute. As to who I am, the time has come when I am ready to reveal my identity." The woman of mystery, with a quick movement, tore off her heavy veil and with it a wig of dark hair, disclosing a clean-cut and boyishly handsome face. An incredulous gasp of surprise burst from Margery's lips—"Davy!" she shrieked joyfully. "Oh, Davy, you have come back to us from the dead."

"Yes, I have come back to you," answered the resurrected Manley, "soon I will tell you the whole story, but now unless we are to fall into the clutches of Legar and his band of cutthroats we must leave this building at once."

A little later Manley sat on the white-pillared veranda relating his strange story to a group of listeners.

"I remember a terrible explosion," he said reflectively, "then the mausoleum came tumbling down about my ears like a house of cards. After that everything seemed to get dark, and about a week ago I came to my senses lying on a cot in a hospital. You must have mistaken some other poor beggar for me, and, while every one thought I was dead, it seemed like a good chance to catch Legar off his guard. I got the paper I wanted, but I guess I've stirred up a hornet's nest."

One of the listeners was a bull-necked individual with a reddish-brown complexion, wearing the uniform of a captain of police. He now shuffled his feet uneasily.

"That's all very interesting, young man," he broke in with an air of impatience, "but I've come all the way to this jumpin' off place from headquarters to get that Van Horn loot you say you lifted out of Legar's safe."

"I've got a couple of shoo fly cops from Jersey City workin' with me on this job and it's time we got down to business."

"All right, Captain Brackett," rejoined the smiling Davy as he rose to his feet, "we can get the stolen plate whenever you're ready. The stuff is down at the old barn hidden in one of the feed bins. We've had Negus, the second man, mount guard over it with a rifle until you came."

As the group moved toward the steps of the veranda a stoop-shouldered old gardener pottering over a nearby tulip bed straightened his black-overalled figure and touched his cap respectfully. His patriarchal beard, streaked with gray, almost covered his left arm, which he bore in a sling

improvised from a red bandanna handkerchief knotted over his shoulder.

"You can let that work go and come along with us," Golden replied, and as he caught sight of the stalwart figure of one of the undergardeners amid the shrubbery he added, reflectively, "and bring Peter with you. Fishing in the depths of a moldy bin, Davy drew out a heavily weighted gunny sack, which clanked musically to the ears of the russet-faced police captain."

"This is goin' to make some stir at headquarters," he gloated, tenderly replacing the yellow metal dinner set. "An' I've got a bunch that one-armed crook ain't so far off. We'll send the swag up to the house an' then beat every inch of the gully for this bunch of rattlesnakes."

This plan met with Golden's approval, and he turned to the old gardener who was standing with mouth agape. "Here, Tim," he ordered, "take Peter and Negus and get this bag up to the house. Tell Miss Margery I want it locked in the gunroom safe, and keep that safe guarded carefully until we get back."

It was with much dubious head-shaking that old Tim accepted this apparently unwelcome trust, and hobbled off in company with Peter, who bore the treasure sack on his shoulder, while the perturbed Negus trailed close behind with his rifle. As they reached the gravelled driveway swinging in a graceful half circle under the columbed porte-cochere the head gardener stopped as though struck by a sudden thought.

"Be gorry!" he ejaculated, "th' master clane forgot he kapes that safe locked up entirely, nary a soul but himself knowin' th' combination—Nagus, be a good lad and run back an' ask him what'll we be doin' with th' sack."

Tim and his companion entered the house and made their way along highly polished floors to the gunroom at the further end of the imposing hall. Here they found Margery Golden, who listened with amused interest to the old Irishman's voluble description of the treasure.

"There was no necessity for sending Negus back," she exclaimed, "I know the combination of the safe quite as well as father."

A startling transformation suddenly took place in the person of old Tim. The stoop vanished from his back, and with a quick movement he freed his left arm, carried in a sling by his side. The next moment that left arm, bearing a heavy hook of wrought iron, crashed down upon the skull of the unsuspecting Peter.

With a panther-like spring the metamorphosed gardener was upon the bewildered girl bending over the safe, and again that cruel iron claw shot out, clutching her arm as in a vise. With a derisive laugh of triumph Legar tore off his false trappings, his thin lips gave a shrill, penetrating whistle. In response to this signal a faint shuffling noise came from the direction of the fireplace, and two of Legar's followers, with faces blackened like lumps of darkness, sprawled out. At a curt command from their grim-faced leader they quickly bound the shrieking girl, and, tying a handkerchief over her mouth, dragged her across the floor into the fireplace. Legar caught up the sack of disputed plunder, and, clawing his way up the ragged lining of the murky chimney flue, vanished.

Even as the quaint personality of old Tim merged into that viciously depraved character, Jules Legar, the baffled group of searchers returning to the old barn saw approaching them the rheumatised stoop of the old gardener who carried his left hand in a red bandanna sling.

"What does this mean, Tim?" Enoch Golden interrogated sternly. "I thought I told you to guard the safe until we returned."

"Faith an' I don't know phwat ye might be talkin' about, Misher Golden," rejoined the old man querulously, "th' new docture yer was after sendin' to look at me hand gave me a shalpin' powder to relieve th' pain an' said 'twas yer orders to stay in me bed th' whole."

Into the faces of his startled listeners flashed bewildered amazement, then they rushed with one accord toward the distant manor house. Davy was already throwing his slender weight against the bolted door of the gunroom and calling out words of encouragement to the gentle girl he believed was in that room. The strong-armed police captain, seizing a medieval battle ax which ornamented the wall, smashed in the locked door with a couple of well-directed blows. The men stormed across the threshold of the gunroom, then stopped short in blank surprise. The windows were shut and fastened from the inside, the limp and sprawling Peter lay where he had been dropped in his tracks, but of Margery Golden and the burlap sack there was no trace.

It was Davy who, eagerly circling the room, picked up by the fireplace a dainty package of filmy lace, and recognized it as that same handkerchief which a little earlier had fluttered its friendly message to him from Margery's hand as she stood on the veranda. His quick eye noted the marks of grimy fingers on the woodwork and the layer of dislodged soot coating the brick flooring of the fireplace. The next moment he divined the gloomy throat of the chimney and gained a narrow ledge formed by the junction of the gunroom chimney with one leading to another wing of the house.

Cautiously peering about for some sign of his unseen foe, Davy caught a brief glance of a swaying shadowy figure perched high above him. The

with a muffled oath, that tottering figure came avalanching down the chimney, and landing on the narrow ledge, gripped at Davy as a drowning man clutches a floating bit of wreckage.

The interlocked antagonists hurtled headlong down the shaft into the fireplace of the gunroom. It was due to the fact that Legar's picked assassin had landed underneath, and broken the force of Davy's fall, that the badly shaken secretary owed his life. At that instant a volley of staccato reports, like those of a gatting gun going into action smote their ears.

"They've stolen the Mercury," cried the frantic millionaire, "and if they've stopped to put the Arrow out of commission they can show a clean pair of heels to anything on the lake."

To Enoch Golden's intense relief, the machinery of the high-powered Arrow had not been tampered with and soon the chase was on.

The delicate mechanism of the Mercury revolted at the unskilled handling of her clumsy-fingered engineer. She began to miss badly, while her speed perceptibly diminished. Legar caught up his glasses and for a moment intently studied the on-coming Arrow, which was evidently gaining.

Then, with a quick twist of the steering wheel, he sent the racing power boat heading directly for the nearest shore. Even as her sharp prow grated over the shelving beach Legar and his villainous crew swarmed over the side, carrying the fettered girl and the burlap sack with them. They scrambled hastily up the embankment of the railroad track skirting the lake, just as the enraged father of the abducted girl beached the pulsating Arrow and sprang hastily ashore.

Hampered by his captive and the heavy sack of loot, the master schemer realized he could not hope to outstrip his opponents by ordinary methods of flight. But the evil genius of the man was equal to the occasion. At a little distance down the track a dozen Italian laborers were busy repairing the roadbed, under the supervision of a burly Irish foreman. The handcar on which these men went to and from their work had been set off to one side of the track near where Legar was standing.

"Get that handcar back on the rails and be quick about it," came his sharp command to the men. With his burden he leaped aboard and was laughing at his pursuers as he raced away.

Just then an automobile of ancient vintage, driven by a stupid rustic, came wheezing up the highway, which paralleled the railroad.

"We want to catch a handcar that just went up the track!" shouted Golden. "I will pay you \$100 to help us."

Legar had congratulated himself too soon on the ease of his escape. As the handcar started toiling up a long, gradual grade, he looked back and saw the automobile loaded with armed men in hot pursuit. But he checked his muttered oath as the sputtering car struck the hill, slowed down and finally came to a dead stop. The heavy load had proved too much for the time-worn engine. Legar could see his opponents getting out of the balky automobile, which, relieved of its burden, started crawling up the hill, with its passengers hurrying behind it.

Then the handcar reached the crest of the rise and went rapidly coasting down the incline on the other side. But Legar knew that eventually he must be overtaken. Human sinews could not prevail against the power-driven vehicles of his enemies.

At that moment there beat in upon his ears the long-drawn scream of a locomotive whistling for a crossing. With a look of fiendish hate, Legar stooped and lifted Margery Golden from the rough flooring of the jolting handcar and dropped her between the glistening rails.

In a breathing space his victim would be ground to death beneath the ponderous driving wheels of the engine rursling down upon her. But in that breathing space an incomprehensible thing took place.

At some distance beyond the foot of the incline the rails, sweeping in a wide curve, around a bend in the road, were lost to sight. It so happened that just around this bend the switching apparatus used to throw freight trains on to a siding was undergoing certain repairs at the hands of a blue-jacketed track walker. This man, all unconscious of threatening tragedy, had finished his labors and was wiping his grimy hands on a piece of cotton waste. Suddenly he became conscious of a motionless figure standing beside him.

As he glanced up he saw the stranger's face was covered by a mask, slit by a grotesquely laughing mouth. Without a word this strange figure bent and grasped the long lever controlling the switch and the train rolled onto the siding.

The half-conscious girl felt herself lifted by tender arms and laid on a soft bed of grass. A hazy figure bent over her, cutting away the cruelly biting thongs and gently chafing her wrists. Then she felt a kiss imprinted on her aching hand, but when she opened her eyes the stranger was gone. In his place came the figures of her tortured father, the anxious Davy and the solemn-faced police captain.

"What you say is impossible," Enoch Golden said soothingly. "The man is dead."

"But it was the Laughing Mask, I tell you," Margery wearily answered. "I saw him plainly, and besides, he kissed my hand before he went away."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DAIRY FACTS

MORE BUTTERFAT IN CREAM

Shorthorns, Jerseys and Guernseys Give Milk With Larger Fat Globules Than Other Cows.

Toughness no more indicates richness in cream than it does in pastry. The more shortening in the pie-crust, up to a reasonable amount, the crisper and mellowier it will be. The less butterfat in the cream, the less tough it will be as a general rule.

Milk of Holstein and Ayrshire cows usually has small fat globules, and



Champion Shorthorn Cow.

their cream layer is generally quite thin. Accordingly it often tests much better than one would suppose from the depth of the cream layer. Jerseys, Guernseys and Shorthorns give milk with larger fat globules, and therefore their cream separates and churns more thoroughly than that of the Holstein and Ayrshire.

BEST SPEED FOR SEPARATORS

Appalling Loss of Cream Due to Universal Tendency of Operator to Work Machine Slowly.

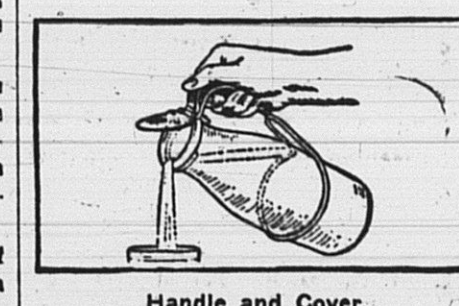
At Purdue university the experiment station collected and published a lot of data showing the appalling loss in cream due to the universal tendency of separator operators to turn the machine too slowly. Their bulletin No. 116, volume 13, was a revelation to many, many dairymen, who had been losing anywhere up to \$100 per year worth of butterfat, simply by turning their separators below speed.

At the fairs recently, a leading speedometer manufacturer had thousands of tests run to get further proofs positive that a great majority of operators turn their machines below speed. Over 95 per cent of the dairymen turned their machines too slowly. And a majority turned them so far below speed that they were losing pounds and pounds of butterfat every week.

HANDLE IS EASILY APPLIED

By Use of Device Bottle May Be Held in Any Desired Position and Liquid Poured.

A handle and cover for milk bottles and other like containers consists of a device that may be quickly and easily applied to the bottle and as quickly detached. With it the bottle may be



Handle and Cover.

held in any position and the liquid poured. An added feature consists of a cover which is adapted to overlay accurately the bottle top. A rearward projecting thumbpiece enables the user to lift the cover at will.—Popular Mechanics.

DRY PASTURES RAISE PRICES

More General Use of Silo on Dairy Farm Would Have Saved Many Babies in Large Cities.

Dry pastures have raised the price of milk in many cities this year, which means that many a poor little city baby has starved for lack of this life-giving fluid.

It is a long way from a slum baby to a silo, but the more general use of the silo on the dairy farm would have saved many little lives. Pastures are poor things to depend on in dry years.

GOOD FEED FOR DAIRY COWS

Sweet Clover is Rich in Nutritive Qualities and Does Not Bloat—Watch for Frosts.