

The Chelsea Standard

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

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1916.

VOL. 46. NO. 22

"The 1917 Model" Cough Remedy

Compound Mentholated PINE SYRUP with Tar, Cod Liver Extract, Lobelia, Squill, Blood Root, Tartar Emetic, Ammonium Chloride, Oil Eucalyptus and Menthol. What do you think of the formula? It's different—its better. Represents excellent expectorant ingredients, combined with cooling and soothing agents—Eucalyptus and Menthol and Cod Liver Extract.

TRY IT—50 Cents.

Grocery Department

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CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE

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TRY IT TODAY—25c, 30c, 35c and 40c.

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Dancer Hardware Co.

WE Are Here to Serve YOU.

ARCHIE B. CLARK, Pres. J. N. DANCER, Treas. J. B. COLE, Sec.

The Quality

of our New Years Poultry can be described as superlative. The best fowl, well conditioned and properly handled awaits you here. One kind of poultry is sold here—the very best.

Fresh Oysters in pint cans every day. Fresh Fish Fridays.

Phone 59

Fred Klingler

A Happy New Year to All

Furniture Department

We have just received another carload of Mattresses in this department.

Hardware Department

We have just received a carload of Woven Wire Fence and a carload of Manure Spreaders.

We will endeavor to take care of your wants during the next year as in the past.

FIRST CLASS PLUMBING AND TIN SHOP.

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

HOLLIER MEN GET CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Fred H. Lewis Takes Out Life Insurance Policy for Each of His 350 Employees.

Employees of the Lewis Spring and Axle company, who have been in the employ of the company for six months or more, received from Fred H. Lewis, president of the company, a Christmas gift of a life insurance policy for from \$500 to \$1,000 each, while those who have been employed for less than that time are to have a \$500 policy, which advances to \$1,000 when their term of employment reaches one year. About 350 men are included in the munificent gift, and the aggregate of insurance amounts to between \$250,000 and \$300,000. An exception is made in the amount of the policy in the case of about twelve men, whose advanced years would make the cost of carrying the policies prohibitive, so a compromise on a \$500 policy was made in their cases.

The policy will be continued in the future, and each Christmas will see a similar bestowal of such insurance policies to those who enter the employ of the company.

The present action is an extension of the same spirit that lay back of the gift made last Christmas by Mr. Lewis to his employees, when he gave to each a bank book, containing an initial deposit of \$10. This incentive was so beneficial upon the attitude of the men towards their work that the present splendid gift represents less study than did the departure made last year.

A surprising proportion of those receiving the bank books have steadily added to the credit made by saving, and this response was one of the moving forces in deciding Mr. Lewis to enter upon this latest form of insuring increased loyalty and interest on the part of the producers of the "Hollier Eight."

The insurance is of the "straight life" type, and can be carried by the holder of the policy for himself provided he leaves the employ of the company that made the original application. Speaking of the matter, Mr. Lewis says:

"The matter of life insurance is of vital interest to the working man as it gives protection to his family after he is unable to do so himself, and the matter of insurance is one which is often neglected by the workingman, owing to the demand made upon his income from other sources. I believe that every man's family should be protected, and I think that with the knowledge that his family has such protection, it makes a more contented workman of him. A contented workman means greater efficiency in factory production, so that I consider myself as well as the men themselves a gainer in the plan I have adopted."

Mrs. Christina Finkbeiner.

Christina Alber was born in Wurttemberg, Germany, March 2, 1838, and died at her home on Madison street, Saturday, December 23, 1916.

She came this country with her parents, and was united in marriage with Conrad Finkbeiner, September 28, 1864, and shortly after their marriage settled on a farm in Sharon where they resided until 1882, when they moved to Lima, settling on the farm at present occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Huehl. About eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Finkbeiner became residents of Chelsea. She was a member of the German Evangelical church at Lima Center. Mr. Finkbeiner died October 22, 1915. Two children born to the couple died in infancy.

She is survived by five sons, Conrad, of Grand Rapids, John, William and Charles, of Lima, and Earl, of Portland, Oregon, four daughters, Mrs. Christina Koebe and Mrs. Minnie Maroney, of Chelsea, Mrs. Bertha Huehl, of Lima, Mrs. Elizabeth Huehl, of Freedom, twenty-one grandchildren, two great grandchildren, one brother, David Alber, sr., of Chelsea, and one sister, Mrs. Michael Mohrlock, of Sylvan.

The funeral was held from her late home Tuesday afternoon, Rev. F. H. Horn officiating. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

White's Studio, Chelsea.

Open Saturday, December 30. This is the last day I will make sittings here. Come early with children.

May Not Build Infirmary This Year.

There's a possibility the new county infirmary may not be erected next spring as planned. If so, the war and attendant high cost of materials will be the cause. This is only problematical, however. The board of supervisors at the January session will decide.

The fund at hand for the purpose totals \$60,000. Twenty thousand of this is from an estate and \$40,000 was voted by the taxpayers at the election in the spring of 1916. The county superintendents of the poor and the infirmary building committee have found by investigation that it will take at least \$70,000 to build as they desire—a building not only adequate for present needs, but one for the future, modernly equipped and a credit to Washtenaw county.

Feeling has been expressed in supervisors' circles that a wait until the end of the war would see a break in the high prices of materials and enable the county to build at a less cost.

Last summer's junket trips of the two boards having the matter in hand resulted in determining upon a design. They have adopted the new county infirmary at Ionia as their model. The Washtenaw building will not be an exact duplicate, but it will be very similar.

It was decided not to change the location of the building, as that would entail more expense.

Mrs. Minerva L. Davis.

Minerva L. Geddes was born in Lodi, February 1, 1842, and died at her home on East street, Monday, December 25, 1916, after an illness of several months duration.

She had spent all of her life in this vicinity and for many years she was president of both the Womans' Guild and Missionary Society of the Congregational church and was a member of the L. O. T. M. for many years. She was united in marriage with Charles M. Davis, April 6, 1862, and in 1872 moved to the farm south of Chelsea now owned by Geo. T. English. Eighteen years ago they moved to Chelsea. One daughter, Mrs. L. P. Vogel, died about one year ago.

Mrs. Davis is survived by her husband, one son, Henry I. Davis, of Ann Arbor, one daughter, Mrs. S. A. Mapes of this place, eight grandchildren, three sisters, Mrs. F. H. Sweetland, of Chelsea, Mrs. F. P. Glazier, of Detroit, Mrs. E. G. Hoag, of Ann Arbor.

The funeral was held from the home this afternoon, her pastor, Rev. P. W. Dierberger, conducting the services. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

Aaron Burkhart.

Aaron Burkhart, son of William and Sarah Burkhart, was born May 12, 1846, at North Lake, and died at his home on East street, Sunday evening, December 24, 1916.

About forty years ago Mr. Burkhart became a resident of Chelsea and for a number of years was engaged in the mercantile business and after retiring from this business he became a produce buyer which he followed until failing health caused him to retire. He was united in marriage with Miss Rebecca Snyder, of Webster, September 26, 1867, and to this union two sons were born, one of whom, Delos, died in 1878.

He is survived by his wife, one son, M. L. Burkhart, of Lima, one grandchild and several nephews and nieces. The funeral was held from the home at 1:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Rev. G. H. Whitney officiating. Burial at Oak Grove cemetery.

Miss Genevieve Hummel.

Miss Genevieve Hummel was born in Dexter village, December 4, 1887, and died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hummel, of north Main street, Monday, December 25, 1916.

Miss Hummel was a graduate of the commercial department of St. Joseph's academy, of Adrian, and for a number of years she filled positions as stenographer for several business firms. For the past few years she has been in failing health, but until a short time ago she was able to meet her friends about town and attend the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart of which she was a member.

She is survived by her father, mother, three sisters, Sister Mary William, of Chicago, Misses Mabel and Mary, who reside with their parents, one brother, John Hummel, of Highland Park, her grandmother, Mrs. Simon Weber, of Sylvan, and several uncles, aunts and cousins.

The funeral was held Wednesday morning from the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Rev. Fr. Reissmann celebrating the mass. Interment at Mt. Olivet cemetery.

JUDGE KINNE WILL RETIRE FROM BENCH

After Thirty Years Encumbency He Will Endeavor to Get a Little Rest.

Ann Arbor Times News: Authoritative announcement has been made that Brig. Gen. John P. Kirk, of Ypsilanti, will be a candidate for the nomination for circuit court judge of Washtenaw county on the Democratic ticket. Judge Edward D. Kinne's term will expire next year and he will not be a candidate again for the office.

At the same time General Kirk's announcement is made, it is rumored in this city that Attorney George P. Wright of Milan is also a prospective candidate for the office. Two other Ann Arbor men also mentioned as possible candidates on the Republican ticket are Attorneys George Sample and Victor E. Van Ameringen.

The question of whether Judge Kinne will again be a candidate for the office he has filled for the past 30 years, is not definitely determined at this time. Judge Kinne some time ago, when approached on the matter, said he had not made up his mind one way or the other, and as far as can be ascertained at this time, he is still very reticent about discussing the question.

His friends believe he should run again, according to information which a Times News reporter was able to glean.

Both Mr. Sample and Mr. Van Ameringen, interviewed by the Times News, stated their decision had not been fully made.

"I have been urged by friends to make the race in the spring," said Mr. Sample Friday afternoon, "but I have not fully determined for myself as to whether I shall become a candidate for the circuit judgeship."

"Conditions will determine any ideas I may have on the subject," declared Attorney Van Ameringen, "and you can say for me that I have not decided at this time if I am to be a candidate. If the water is fine, why, I'll come in, if not, I'll stay out."

Judge Kinne has served the county for five terms of six years each, this being his fifth term.

General Kirk has been prominently connected with the practice of law in this county and is known over the state as an unusually able barrister.

In addition to the local men mentioned as probable or possible candidates, Attorney John Kalmbach of Chelsea is also said to have aspirations toward the office, although having made no public statement to that effect.

Charles E. Kelly.

Charles E. Kelly was born in Dexter township, May 11, 1894, and died at the home of his father, John Kelly, of west Middle street, Saturday, December 23, 1916.

The young man was studying for the priesthood, going to St. Mary's Seminary, of Baltimore, Md., last fall for his final course of studies. For six years previous he had been a student at Assumption college, Sandwich, Ont. He was taken sick in Baltimore, and about two weeks before his death he returned to the home of his father to recuperate. His mother died eight years ago, since which time his aunt, Mrs. Margaret Murray, has resided at the family home. For a number of years he acted as altar boy at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and was a member of some of the societies of that church.

He is survived by his father, three brothers, Dr. Francis R., of Richmond, Va., Max M., of Highland Park, Leo J., who resides at home, two sisters, Miss Agatha, Sister M. Carmella, of St. Clair, and a number of uncles, aunts and cousins.

The funeral was held Tuesday morning from the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Rev. Fr. Considine delivering the sermon and Rev. Fr. Reissmann celebrating the mass. Interment at Mt. Olivet cemetery.

Notice to Sylvan Taxpayers.

The undersigned will be at the Kempt Commercial & Savings Bank every Saturday and Saturday evening until further notice, to receive taxes.

T. H. BAHNMILLER, Township Treasurer.

A regular meeting of Olive Chapter No. 108, O. E. S., Wednesday evening, January 3.

In Our Grocery Department

We are glad to mention decline in price of Butter, Eggs, Flour and Sugar.

We Are Selling:

Fresh Eggs, dozen	38c
Dairy Butter, pound	35c to 40c
Granulated Sugar, 25 pound Sack	\$2.00
Best Rolled Oats, 6 pounds for	25c
Kiln Dried Corn Meal, 8 pounds for	25c
Choice Carolina Rice, 4 pounds for	25c
Good Roasted Coffee, 1 pound for	20c
Seeded Raisins, 12 oz package for	10c
New Mixed Nuts, pound for	20c
Mixed Candy, pound for	08c
Salted Peanuts, pound for	10c
Fresh Roasted Peanuts, 3 pounds for	25c
Choice Navel Oranges, dozen	20c, 30c and 60c
Malaga Grapes, pound for	10c, 15c and 20c

L. T. Freeman Co.

Brick Ice Cream For New Years

Quart Bricks, 30c. Leave your orders early.

SUGAR BOWL THE CANDY DEPOT

Phone 38 Free Delivery

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Happy New Year

Farmers & Merchants Bank

WE PAY PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to the selection of our New Years Meats and Poultry. Every pound of food sold in this shop is guaranteed to be strictly fresh, wholesome and thoroughly palatable.

Leave your order now for Christmas Poultry.

ADAM EPLER

PHONE 41 FREE DELIVERY

For The Holidays

CHOICE LINE OF BOX CANDIES, FRUITS AND ALL KINDS OF NUTS. SEE OUR HOLIDAY CANDIES IN BULK. HOT DRINKS AND LUNCHEES A SPECIALTY

American Ice Cream Parlor

Seitz' Old Stand WILBUR HINDERER, Prop.

We Wish You All A Happy New Year

and thank you for your liberal patronage during the past year.

HINDELANG & FAHRNER

THE IRON CLAW by ARTHUR STRINGER

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

TWENTIETH EPISODE

The Laughing Mask's Triumph.

Margery Golden suddenly threw aside the magazine which she had been listlessly thumbing, and springing to her feet, crossed rapidly to the window of her cool, white bedroom. As she stood gazing out with unseeing eyes, a little frown of vexation puckered her forehead. From the open windows of the spacious living-room on the first floor came the subdued murmur of voices. But to Margery's straining ears not a word of that low-toned conference was audible. Occasionally she heard the rumble of Captain Brackett's voice, more abrupt and authoritative than the others.

The resentful officer of the law had conceived the idea that on more than one occasion Margery had aided and abetted the Laughing Mask in slipping through his fingers, and it was for that reason she was now excluded from the deliberations where the capture of the elusive masquerader was under discussion. In anticipation of this very state of affairs Margery had devised the ingenious method for learning the plans of the detectives.

Having ascertained that the conference was in full swing, she quickly went to a small wicker table and, taking off the telephone receiver, held it pressed tightly to her ear. Her wire was a house extension connected with the trunk line which ran into the living-room, where her father and the officers were now gathered. In that room the telephone standard, resting on a heavy mahogany table, had been skillfully tampered with. Presently the booming voice of the police captain came to the ears of the listening girl.

"When I go after a man I don't quit till I get him," she heard him announce in self-laudatory tones. "I landed that one-armed crook, Jules Legar, in a cell all right, an' I tell you, Mr. Golden, if it hadn't been for your daughter Interferin' I'd had the bracelets on the Laughing Mask long ago."

At that moment Margery heard the door shut behind a new arrival, and again it was Captain Brackett's voice which reached her as he impatiently questioned the detective who had just entered.

"What are you doin' here, Walters? Didn't you get the orders I sent you by Jenkins to take Legar out of that chicken-coop they call a jail out here, an' keep yourself handcuffed to him every minute until he was safe in the Tombs?"

"I got your orders, chief," came a hesitating voice, presumably that of the sleuth called Walters, "but I've got some bad news for you, Legar's broke jail. As the Laughing Mask made a clean getaway."

Then Margery heard the hurried tones of the detective as he launched out an account of the strange escape of Jules Legar.

"I don't see where I'm to blame, chief," he began in a somewhat aggrieved voice. "I seen Jenkins around noon. He was goin' into the jail with a tray from the restaurant. He stops



He Knew His Doom Was Sealed.

and gives me your orders and says I might as well wait outside until Legar had his feed. That seemed reasonable, an' I hung around for 'bout half an hour. Then when Jenkins didn't come out, I commenced to get kind o' uneasy like an' I steps inside to see what was goin' on.

"Lynin' face down in the corridor I found Jenkins, just outside of Legar's cell. The cell was empty, when the door standin' open and Jenkins' key in the lock. We combed every inch of that jail, but Legar had disappeared without leavin' a trace behind him. I could tell by the look of Jenkins

that he was dead, but when I turned him over I got an awful shock. His face was all twisted up with sufferin' and full of deep lines and wrinkles. Then I seen his hair was all streaked with gray. When he spoke to me he was a healthy young feller, but when I found him he was like some old man about 70, what had died of some awful disease. That's about all an' I don't see how—"

But Margery did not wait for her the concluding remarks of the detective, for at this point she abruptly hung up the receiver. Here was news of a startling character which must be imparted to the masked guardian of her safety without loss of time. Without stopping to even catch up a hat, she slipped out of her room and down the stairway. As she tiptoed softly past the living-room, the door suddenly opened and Captain Brackett and Walters stood on the threshold. The stern-faced officer watched the slender girl as she went out of the front door and closed it behind her. Then he turned to his crestfallen subordinate.

"Never mind doin' what I was tellin' you, Walters," he tersely commanded. "I want you to herself that young woman. Don't lose sight of her for a minute."

So it happened that when Margery Golden paused by the mysterious lone bowlder on Seven Oaks Hill a hawk-faced detective was hidden not ten paces distant behind one of the great trees from which the ridge took its name. He saw the girl glance furtively about her, and then from her pursed lips came a low, thrilling call like that of a bird. After a brief interval she repeated this signal, and presently a yellow-masked man came stealthily around the side of the great bowlder. The hidden listener caught enough of what Margery Golden was saying to become aware that she was recounting, almost word for word, his own story of the escape of Jules Legar.

"I have a theory of my own as to what was used to kill Jenkins in that fearful manner," the Laughing Mask was saying, "and I am going to find out tonight whether I am right or wrong. Legar's followers have all been wiped out with the exception of a man calling himself Skidmon. He was known as a brilliant scientist until he contracted the drug habit, and then, when he was down and out, he fell in with Legar. He lives in a tumble-down old house at the foot of the blind alley south of Washington square."

At that moment the detective, burning with zeal to make up for the escape of Jules Legar by the sudden capture of the Laughing Mask, suddenly emerged from behind the oak tree and rapidly advanced upon the startled pair. As the Laughing Mask darted around the bowlder toward the secret door leading into the subterranean retreat, Margery planted herself directly in the path of the oncoming Walters.

"You've about gone the limit this time, young woman," he snarled as he seized her slender wrist in his powerful grasp, "an' we'll see what the chief thinks of your helpin' that criminal make a getaway."

A little later the burly Walters haled his frail prisoner into the living-room, where her father and the detectives were still gathered. Captain Brackett, fuming with anger, tried his utmost to wring from her the secret of the bowlder, but his rapidly volleyed questions failed to break her sphinxlike silence. Finally her loving but sorely tried father locked her in her bedroom to prevent her further interference. Hastily going to her impromptu dictaphone, Margery heard the voice of Walters repeating what the Laughing Mask had said about Skidmon, the last of Legar's henchmen. When he had finished, the blatant tones of Captain Brackett came over the thread of copper.

"Our best move will be to watch the house of this Skidmon," he announced decisively, "an' when our man comes along we'll nab him. If we're playin' in luck we might get Legar in the same dragnet."

As Margery replaced the receiver she realized the Laughing Mask was threatened with grave danger. In some way she must warn him. But there seemed no possibility of escaping from the bedroom. Then a sudden scheme flashed into her mind, which she hastened to put into execution. To mislead her father she tied the bed sheet to the window sill, and when that gentleman discovered the supposed escape, he ran to the shrubbery beneath the window. Then Margery stole out of the closet and silently went her way in her car.

As Margery paused in front of a dismal old rookery she suddenly perceived in the moonlight a shadowy form mounting steadily upward on the narrow fire-escape ladder. When that stealthy prowler stepped onto the iron platform just outside the lighted window she saw it was the daring masker and realized she was too late to warn him. Before she

could attract his attention he cautiously raised the window and vanished into that house of mystery. But she quietly determined he should not be taken unawares by his enemies and quickly followed.

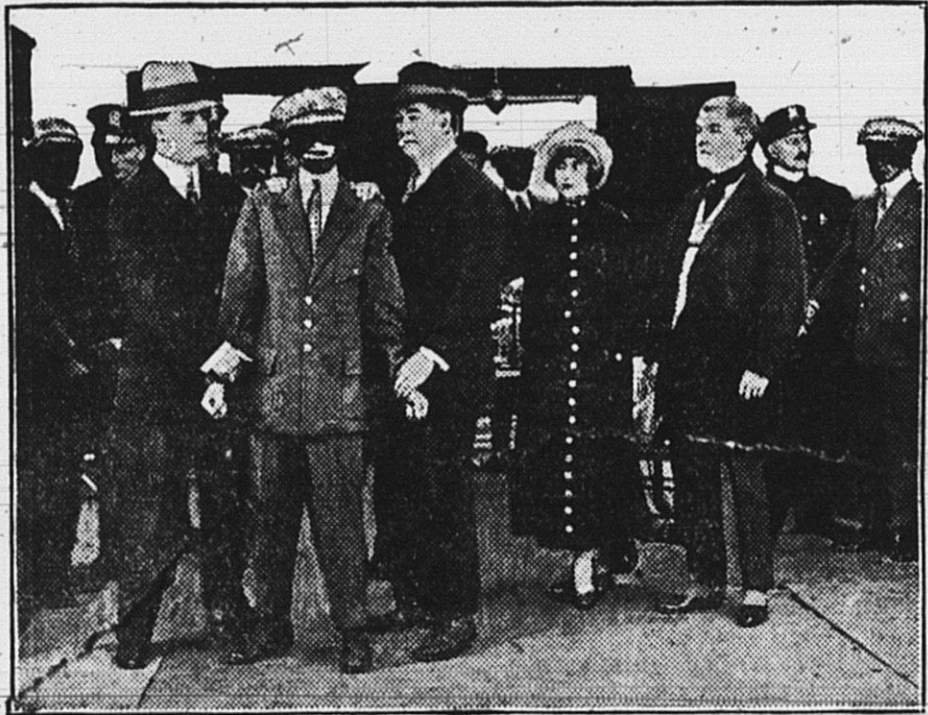
She slipped into the empty bedroom and, warily crossing the floor, stood in spellbound wonder gazing through the open doorway. Backed up against a bench stood the tense figure of a middle-aged man with drooping eyelids and the pasty gray complexion that betrays the habitual use of some noxious drug.

He had apparently been interrupted in the midst of his investigations, for on the bench, just behind him, was some object protected from the light by a strip of thin taweling, a long platinum needle used in extracting germ colonies from their cultures, a compound microscope and an open notebook for recording the result of his labors. Facing the intimidated drug fiend stood the Laughing Mask.

"My patience is about exhausted, Skidmon," he said to the man shrinking back against the bench, "and unless you write that confession clearing me of those crimes committed by Legar with your devilish assistance, I am going to shoot you through the head with a little compunction as though you were a mad dog. Your terrible poisons have been responsible for more than one unsolved murder and society will be well rid of you."

This convincing threat had the desired effect, for the stoop-shouldered chemist moved sullenly toward a small writing desk standing near the window. As his reluctant pen traveled slowly over a sheet of foolscap, the Laughing Mask stood looking over his shoulder, prompting the other's delinquent memory with an occasional quiet word and the insistent menace of that ever-ready revolver. The details of those abhorrent crimes, committed in cold blood by Legar for the sole purpose of setting the police upon his enemy, had practically been completed when a shrill penetrating whistle sounded from the alley.

The Laughing Mask turned quickly to the nearby window and, throwing back the shutters, leaned out and



In the Grasp of the Detectives Were No Less Than Four Laughing Masks.

strove to ascertain the meaning of that foreboding signal. For a moment only he relaxed his guard over the crafty poisoner, but that moment gave to Skidmon the chance he had been seeking. Before the startled girl, watching through the doorway, could cry out a word of warning, he launched himself upon the half-bent figure leaning out of the open window.

Caught at a decided disadvantage and unable to use his weapon, the Laughing Mask suddenly lost his balance, and, grasping wildly at the empty air, plunged headlong from the window down into the abyssal darkness.

He seemed doomed to sure destruction, but fate decreed the destruction that hurtling body, and the force of his fall was broken when, limp and unconscious, he dropped a second later onto the stone flagging by the cellar doorway.

As the moon swung across the star-strewn heavens its pale light disclosed the still form of the unconscious Laughing Mask lying under the laboratory window from which the infuriated scientist had flung him. A one-armed man, who came slinking out of the shadows, saw the inert figure and bent over it with a savage exclamation of triumph. He glanced furtively about him, and, throwing back the bulkhead doors leading into the cellar, backed down the short flight of steps, dragging the Laughing Mask after him, like a spider dragging a fly into some dark recess.

Legar seemed strangely at home in his dark and gloomy surroundings, for after letting the Laughing Mask drop heavily to the cement flooring, his groping fingers quickly found a battered lantern hanging from a rusty hook. This feeble illumination showed the cellar to be piled with all sorts of discarded household furniture, including a pile of worn-out carpeting near where the masked man was lying. As Legar bent over the helpless figure a faint noise came from the stairway leading to the floor above. He instantly straightened up and made a search for the noises.

From under the pile of carpeting two pair of long arms suddenly stretched out toward the silent form of the Laughing Mask, and, quickly seizing him by the feet and shoulders, dragged him under the frayed folds of that ancient floor covering. When the scarred outlaw gave up his fruitless search and returned to the place where he had left the Laugh-

ing Mask, with the full intention of dispatching that sworn enemy with his own hands, he gave a gasp of incredulous amazement as it dawned upon him that his intended victim had completely disappeared.

It flashed into his mind that the Laughing Mask might have recovered sufficiently to have crawled up the short flight of cellar steps, and, hurrying outside, he commenced a systematic search of the dark corners where a man in desperate straits might endeavor to hide. He had hardly left the cellar when the pile of threadbare carpet showed signs of sudden agitation, and, in obedience to certain commands issued in painfully broken whispers, two spectral figures emerged from under that singular refuge and glided toward the stairway leading to the upper story, where the laboratory was located.

In that laboratory the wide-eyed Margery Golden was searching the littered work bench, hoping to find something to incriminate the venomous Skidmon. She did not venture to touch the glittering instruments, but turned her attention to the object which was hidden under the thin strip of taweling. When, after a little hesitation, she gingerly raised that filmy covering, she saw a thin glass vessel bearing a printed label and half filled with a gelatinous substance. She stooped and read from the label the words "Colon Bacilli," but that did not convey to her that in the nutrient medium contained in that Petri dish was a culture growth alive with millions of malignant germs. Hoping to find some more tangible clue, she replaced the towel and picked up the open notebook lying near the microscope. Her face went white with the horror of the thing as she deciphered the cramped entries:

May 13—Emmerich has advanced the theory that old age is brought about in large part by the weakened resistance of the subject to the ravages of the bacillus coli, colonies of which invariably infest the digestive tract of every person even though in normal health. The activity and number of these bacilli vastly increase with advancing age, causing a form of auto-

intoxication at the terrified scientist and with his left hand silently pointed to the desk where lay the unfinished confession. Skidmon faltered toward the desk in obedience.

But his intelligent mind worked quickly, and by the time he had affixed his name to that document vindicting the masked fugitive from Legar's atrocious crimes he had banished the fears which this supernatural resurrection had caused him and determined on a course of action. Rising from the desk he approached the Laughing Mask, who was standing near the open closet with his ready weapon in his hand. Skidmon held out the signed confession, but before the other could take it the paper, with seeming inadvertence, slipped from the fingers of the scientist and fluttered to the floor. As he stooped to regain it he suddenly hurled his weight against the legs of his unsuspecting enemy with a force that sent him toppling over backward into the depths of the closet, and before the Laughing Mask could regain his footing the door had been swung shut and bolted.

Margery, from her place of concealment, saw the loose-lipped malefactor make a motion as though to destroy the confession, but he suddenly grew rigid as though gripped again by the hand of fear. Following the direction in which his eyes were staring, she saw the reason for his trepidation. A figure masked in the identical manner as the man just imprisoned in the closet came slowly through the hall doorway.

"It would be foolish to tear up that little document," he said in tones of grim determination, "for you would have to write it over. As it is rather essential to my welfare, I'll trouble you to hand it to me."

But instead of complying with this demand the dazed and panic-stricken analyst backed slowly away from that terrifying specter. His retreat was suddenly checked by the laboratory work bench, on which he heavily dropped a trembling hand to steady himself. As he did so there came a sharp sound of breaking glass and, with an abrupt cry of pain, he flung up his deeply gashed hand, splashed with blood and a thick ooze of gelatinous matter. He turned and saw the splintered pieces of the fragile vessel which had contained the colon bacilli culture. A dull moan of horror came from his blue lips as he realized he was hopelessly inoculated with the deadly virus.

In wild desperation he caught up the towel from the work bench and scrubbed the smear of blood and sticky substance from his open wound. But the strip of linen dropped from his nerveless fingers as a series of convulsive tremors shook his tortured body. Then his knees gave way under him and he slowly sank upon the floor, and after several jerky spasms his pain-racked form was stilled in death.

Overcome by the sight of that gruesome tragedy, Margery stood rooted to the floor, inarticulate and trembling. She saw the Laughing Mask pick up the confession and go out of the laboratory toward the stairway. Still holding the revolver, he descended to the cellar with the air of a man whose mission is but half finished. Even as he hastily concealed himself back of the piles of carpet he heard Legar returning from his futile search of the premises. That puzzled worker of iniquity suddenly found himself looking into a revolver held by the Laughing Mask, who had stepped out of the shadows.

Realizing he had been outwitted and that resistance was useless, Legar raised his arms above his head in obedience to the curt command of the other. But the evil genius was not slumbering, and as his lifted right hand came in contact with a large earthen flower pot standing on a shelf above him he grasped that heavy object and hurled it with all his strength full in the face of his masked opponent.

That crashing and unexpected blow accomplished its purpose, for the Laughing Mask dropped in a motionless heap as though he had been struck by a bullet. The one-armed man, bending over his apparently lifeless enemy, saw a paper protruding from the inner pocket of his coat. As he glanced at it by the sickly light of the lantern he realized its purport, and hurried up the stairs to call Skidmon to account for disclosing his guilty secrets.

The first door he opened proved to be that of a small butler's pantry, and by the flickering light of the match he saw in the gloomy compartment a statue-like form standing with folded arms. The silently accusing figure wore a yellow mask. With a half-strangled oath he dropped the glowing match end and slammed the door on that masked apparition.

He raced up the stairs to the third story landing, where he paused to regain his breath before entering the laboratory of his traitorous henchman. He suddenly recoiled as though struck a blow. Down the narrow passage came the Laughing Mask.

For a moment the terrorized malefactor cowered against the rickety banisters. Then, as that dread figure came nearer, he wheeled about and steadily mounting up to meet him came another figure with its face also covered by a cynically smiling yellow mask. The despairing criminal turned and fled toward the attic, but standing motionless at the top of that flight of stairs was still another yellow-hooded figure. Like some fear-crazed animal, Legar rushed blindly through the laboratory doorway. Skidmon's body lay where it had fallen, and as Legar's eye fell on that ghastly and

distorted face he gave a sobbing moan of fear.

As he glanced toward the hall doorway he saw his escape was cut off in that direction, for standing on the threshold was a quietly waiting Laughing Mask. He threw open the door, leading into the chamber where Skidmon had been engaged in packing his effects, but stationed in the center of that room was a forbidding form wearing a yellow visor. As Legar backed away from that hateful vision he tripped over the body of the dead scientist and fell heavily, striking his forehead a sharp blow against the edge of the laboratory bench. He slowly got to his feet, pressing his hand in a dazed manner against his injured temple, from which a little crimson stream was trickling down into his eyes.

Catching up the towel which had covered the glass vessel broken by Skidmon, he mopped the blood from his eyes, and the jagged wound on his forehead. Then as he felt a clammy moisture on his fevered skin he hastily examined the towel and saw it was smeared with a substance resembling a crushed jelly fish. He saw none of that gelatinous matter on the bench and quickly picked out of it a piece of broken glass bearing a printed label. As he read the words, Colon Bacilli, he knew his doom was sealed.

With distended eyes and foam-flecked lips he suddenly pitched headlong to the floor, where he lay writhing and twisting like a soul in torment. As the relentless poison ate into his vitals his convulsive struggles weakened, and death stilled forever his thrashing iron claw.

Then the shuddering girl became conscious that the Laughing Mask was standing near, and as he stooped and took the confession from the stiffening fingers of the dead criminal she saw his yellow visor was torn and splashed with blood.

Suddenly there resounded through the quiet house the sound of crashing blows delivered upon the front door, followed a moment later by heavily pounding feet as the raiding detectives, headed by Captain Brackett, came storming up the stairs. Presently with Enoch Golden and the heavy-jawed captain in the lead they came crowding into the room where he and Margery were waiting. In the grasp of those astounded detectives were no less than four Laughing Masks, each one an exact counterpart of the other.

The detectives tore the yellow coverings of their prisoners and disclosed the straightforward and unfamiliar features of four young men of about the same age as David Manley. With a puzzled exclamation the police captain approached the remaining Laughing Mask standing by the side of Margery Golden. That man of mystery silently extended Skidmon's confession to the police captain, who glanced hastily through it.

"Well, I guess that lets you off," he muttered with evident disappointment, "but now you're clear of the law, what's the use of hidin' under that mask?"

With a quick and decisive movement the Laughing Mask stripped off that grotesquely smiling piece of yellow cumber, revealing the handsome and boyish face of the young secretary, David Manley.

"Now that Legar is dead, my disguise has served its purpose," he explained in quiet tones, as he glanced around that circle of intent listeners. "He knew I would try to protect my employer and his daughter from his evil purpose of revenge, and by acting in a double role I was able to fight him to better advantage. I finally organized four of my friends into a sort of secret order of Laughing Masks, but they always kept in

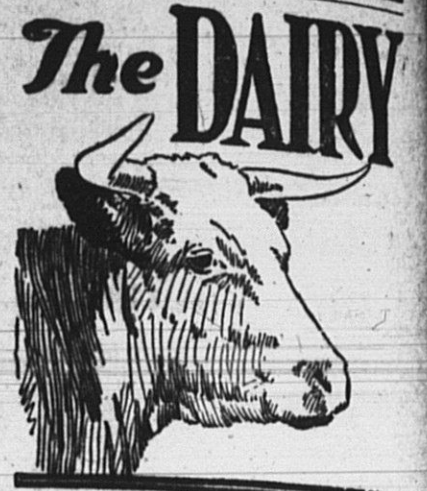


The Laughing Mask Stood Looking Over His Shoulder.

the background except on one or two pressing occasions. Miss Wilkins, my step-sister, made our masks, and we used her garden as a meeting place. Miss Golden has known all this since we worsted Legar in the coal mine, and I think she will join me in inviting you all to come to a little affair which is going to be held in a church in the very near future."

As Margery turned away to hide her tears and her blushes, her father warmly grasped his former secretary's hand, and after a moment the solemn red face of Captain Brackett slowly cracked into a sheepish grin as he extended his beefy paw to David Manley, alias the Laughing Mask.

(THE END)



The DAIRY

FEED ROOTS TO DAIRY COWS

Where Silage Is Not Available Farmers Is Warranted in Using Them—Best Winter Ration.

(By R. S. HULSE, University of Illinois) There are two general conditions that seem to warrant the use of roots for dairy cows. One is where silage is not available for winter use; and the other is for special feeding. We have Holstein cows which have con-



Splendid Dairy Type.

sumed about 100 pounds of roots daily in addition to their feeds. For ordinary use in the winter ration 30 pounds daily would be about the amount to figure on.

In this section it costs considerably more to produce nutrients in the form of roots than in the form of corn silage, and feeding trials indicate that the dry matter in silage is fully as valuable for milk production.

GRAIN MIXTURE FOR CALVES

Experience Teaches That Two Parts of Corn and One Part of Oats Is Satisfactory.

Calves are usually fed whole milk for two or three weeks, then gradually changed to skim milk. About the time of changing, begin to feed a little grain, but do not think that it is necessary to use oil meal or any other high-priced feed, high in protein, or fat, or both. Experience shows that a mixture of two parts of corn and one part of oats, by weight, gives as good results as oil meal and ready-mixed calf meals often purchased at much higher prices. Bran is not especially good for the young calf because it is too laxative.

The grain mixture should be fed immediately after the milk and neither should be fed too liberally or scanty may result.

SAVES MUCH OF COW'S FEED

Pail Fastened Around Animal's Neck by Means of Strap Prevents Slobbering or Scattering.

In feeding a cow from a pail more or less is lost. By fastening the pail to the cow, on the order that a nose-bag is put on horses, she cannot get her head from the pail—it can-



Pail Saves Much Feed.

not be upset, nor can the feed be scattered or slobbered. Bore a hole in each side of the pail and fasten the halter in such a way as to prevent accident.

WATER OF BIG IMPORTANCE

Cows Must Have Access to It in Winter So They Can Drink All That They May Desire.

Water is fully as important to the dairy-cows as feed during the winter. They must have access to it so that they can drink all they want, whether they have it in conventional water basins, or in the yard tanks. Cows giving or in the yard tanks. Careful experiments have proved that it requires more than five pounds of water for every pound of milk produced by the cow.

2 1/2 Millions Swindle, 500 Victims

The old story again. This time from Philadelphia. Wholesale arrests of wholesale swindlers whose operations put Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford and Blackie Daw completely "in the shade." \$2,500,000, mostly the money of widows and orphans—invested in the worthless stock of some ten wild-cat companies promising wondrous profits—500 victims fleeced of their all. Another "bubble" burst by the United States Federal authorities.

Is there anything that a certain class of men won't do to get easy money? Is there anything the public won't "go into" if the promises are rosy enough—and without investigating its merits for themselves? Why won't they at least go to their banker and get his expert opinion. He would be glad to advise them.

He will be glad to advise you concerning the \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 First Mortgage Bond Certificates issued by this company and GUARANTEED by its \$200,000.00 paid-up capital—and every \$1 of investment secured by more than \$2 of actual, income-producing Detroit real estate—besides.

An investment in which there is ABSOLUTE SAFETY and certainty of 5% interest on your money. (Ask your banker.)

The roster the "promises" the greater the chances. Are they worth it? Your banker, who KNOWS, will tell you. Ask him—then send for our booklet of investment information.

Urban Realty Mortgage Company

46-48 W. Congress Street
Detroit, Michigan

Speaking of Women.

"Women are certainly peculiar," remarked the home-grown philosopher. "What seems to be alling you now?" queried his one-man audience. "I was thinking of the difference in the way they treat a husband after his return from a two weeks' business trip and after an absence of two hours past midnight," replied the philosophical observer.

HEAL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES

With Cuticura, the Quick, Sure and Easy Way. Trial Free

Bathe with Cuticura Soap, dry and apply the Ointment. They stop itching instantly, clear away pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, remove dandruff and scalp irritation, heal red, rough and sore hands as well as most baby skin troubles. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Which? "Is your wife a sound sleeper?" "Do you refer to intensity or audibility?"



There was a little lawyer man, who quietly smiled as he began her dear dead husband's will to read. And thinking of his coming fee, he said to her quite tenderly: "You have a nice fat finger." Next morning as he lay in bed with a plaster on his broken head, he wondered what the woman he had married had said.

Green's August Flower

has been successfully used for the relief of stomach and liver troubles all over the civilized world. All druggists or dealers everywhere have it in 25c. and 75c. sizes. Try it and see for yourself.

Thousands Take

this mild, family remedy to avoid illness, and to improve and protect their health. They keep their blood pure, their livers active, their bowels regular and digestion sound and strong with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Black's JEWELRY

DETROIT, MICH.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"What I wished to convey was simply my intention no longer to bear my masculine weight upon a woman—either you or any other woman."

A smile contended momentarily with the frown, and triumphed brilliantly. "I mean to ask you," he said deliberately, "to whom am I indebted?"

To his consternation the smile vanished, as though a cloud had sailed before the sun. Doubt and something strongly resembling incredulity informed her glance.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" she demanded after a moment. "Surely Mr. Ember must have told you?"

"Ember seemed to be laboring under the misapprehension that the Fiske place was without a tenant."

"Oh!" Her tone was thoughtful. "Has he gone back to town?"

"Business called him. At least such was the plausible excuse he advanced for depriving himself of my exclusive society."

"I see," she nodded—"I see . . . But aren't you going to tell me? Or ought I to prove my human intelligence by assuming on logical grounds that you're Miss Fiske?"

"If you please," she murmured, her intent gaze seeking the distances of the sea.

"Then that's settled," he pursued in accents of satisfaction. "You are Miss Fiske—Christian name at present unknown to deponent. And we are neighbors. Do you know, I think this a very decent sort of a world after all?"

"And still?" she returned to the charge—"you haven't told me what you mean to do, since you refuse my help."

"I mean," he asserted cheerfully, "to sit here until some kind-hearted person fetches me a stick to serve as emergency staff. Then I shall make shift to hobble to your motor boat and thank you very kindly for ferrying me home."

She shook her head in dainty annoyance, then, light-footed, darted from sight round the side of the bathhouse. Presently she reappeared, dragging an eight-foot pole. He rose on one foot and tested the staff with his weight. "Twill do," he decided. "And thank you very much."

But even with its aid, his progress toward the boat necessarily consumed a tedious time. It was impossible to favor the injured foot to any great extent. He made little or no attempt to converse while in motion, so she had plenty of opportunity to make up her mind about him.

If her eyes were a reliable index, she found him at least interesting. At beyond their expression was enigmatic times they seemed perplexed. At all times they were warily regardful. Once she sighed quietly with a passing look of sadness of which he was wholly unaware.

"Odd—about that fellow," he observed during a halt. "I was sure he was Drummond—until I saw—"

"Drummond?"

"Friend of mine . . . You don't by any chance know Drummond, do you?"

"I've heard the name."

"You must have. Supposed to have committed suicide—jumped off Washington Bridge a week before he was to marry Sara Law, the actress?"

I may as well tell you—it's no secret, although only a few people know it—Ember saw Drummond, or thinks he did, alive, in the flesh, a good half-hour after the time of his reported suicide.

"How very curious!" There was nothing more than civil but perfunctory interest in the comment. "Are you ready to go on?"

And another time, when they were near the boat:

"When do you expect Mr. Ember?" asked the girl.

"Tonight, probably."

"I shall be glad to see him," said the girl in what Whitaker thought a curious tone. "Please tell him, will you? Don't forget."

"If that's the way you feel about him, I shall be tempted to wire him not to come."

"Absurd!" she laughed. "When finally they came to the end of the dock, he paused, considering the three-foot drop to the deck of the motor boat. 'It weren't low tide . . .'" he explained, crestfallen.

"But, since it is low tide, you'll have to let me help you again," she girl retorted, jumping lightly but surely to the cockpit.

There is reason to believe that Ember and the young woman, who helped Whitaker after his fight on the beach with the strange spy, have some sort of plan concerning Whitaker which they don't want him to understand. It is outlined and strong hints are given about it in this installment. You will be puzzled by developments.

Whitaker, you know, had married an innocent girl to save her honor five years previously—at a time when he expected soon to die—and left the country. He returns, healthy and wealthy, and finds the wife, now a famous actress known as Sara Law, engaged to marry Drummond, his old partner. She disappears. Drummond supposedly commits suicide. Whitaker is fiercely assaulted in the dark, and goes to the country home of his friend Martin Ember to recover. He surprises a mysterious spy at work, fights him, sprains an ankle and is helped by a handsome girl living near Ember's place.

Then, in a casual voice, she inquired: "You've been out of the country for some time, I think you said?"

"Almost six years on the other side of the world—got back only this spring."

"What," she asked, eyes averted, spying out the channel—"what does one do on the other side of the world?"

"This one knocked about, mostly, for his health's sake. 'I did drift into a sort of business, after a bit—gold mining in a haphazard, happy-go-lucky fashion—did pretty well at it and came home to astonish the natives.'"

"You find things—New York—disappointing?" she analyzed his tone.

"I find it overpowering—and lonely. Nobody sent a brass band to greet me at the dock; and all the people I used to know are either married and devoted to brats, or divorced and devoted to bridge; and my game has gone off so badly in six years that I don't belong any more."

She smiled, shaping her scarlet lips deliciously. The soft, warm wind whipped stray strands of hair, like cords of gold, about her face. Her eyelids were half lowered against the intolerable splendor of the day. The waters of the bay, wind-blurred and dark, seemed a shield of sapphire fashioned by nature solely to set off in clear relief her ardent loveliness.

Whitaker, noting how swiftly the mainland shores were disclosing the finer details of their beauty, could have wished the bay ten times as wide.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mousetrap.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, Ember, appearing suddenly in front of the bungalow, discovered Whitaker sitting up in state; a comfortable wicker chair supported his body and a canvas-seated camp stool—of his feet; which last was discreetly veiled in a dripping bath towel.

"You haven't seen Drummond—or any signs of him, have you?"

"Eh—what?" Whitaker sat up, startled. "No, I . . . er . . . how should I?"

"I merely wondered. You see, I . . . Well, to tell the truth, I took the liberty of camping on his trail, while in town. But I couldn't find any trace of him."

"Oh, I say!" Whitaker expostulated, touched by this evidence of disinterested thoughtfulness. "You persuade yourself too much, old man. You set up an inference and idolize it as an immortal truth. Why, you had me going for a while. Only last night there was a fellow skulking round here, and I was just dippy enough, thanks to your influence, to think he resembled Drummond. But this morning I got a good look at him, and he's no more Drummond than you are."

Ember sat up, eyes snapping. "Who was he, then? Tell me about him—everything."

Whitaker resignedly delivered himself of the tale of the mape's nest—as he still regarded it. When he had come to the lame conclusion thereof, Ember yawned and rose.

"What are you going to do about it?" Whitaker inquired with irony.

"Wash and make myself fit to eat food," was the response. "I may possibly think a little. It's an exhilarating exercise which I don't hesitate to recommend to your distinguished consideration."

He was out of earshot, within the bungalow, before Whitaker could think up an adequately insolent retort. He could, however, do no less than smile incredulously at the beautiful world—so much, at least, he owed to his self-respect.

In the deepening twilight a mental shadow came to cloud the brightness of Whitaker's confident contentment. Neither good food nor good company seemed able to mitigate his sudden seizure of despondency. He sat gloomily over his plate and glass, the burden of his conversation yea, yea and nay, nay. His host diagnosed his complaint from beneath shrewd eyebrows.

"Whitaker," he said at length, "a pessimist has been defined as a dog that won't scratch."

"Well!" said the other sourly. "Come on. Be a sport. Have a good scratch on me."

Whitaker grinned reluctantly and briefly.

"Where's my wife?" he demanded abruptly.

"How in blazes!"

"There you are!" Whitaker complained. "You make great pretensions, and yet you fall down flat on your foolish face three times in less than a many hours. You don't know who the Fisks are, you've lost track of your pet myth, Drummond, and you don't know where I can find my wife."

"My dear man, I myself am beginning to doubt her existence."

"I don't see why the dickens she doesn't go ahead with those divorce proceedings!" Whitaker remarked morosely.

"I've met few men so eager for full membership in the Alimony club. What's your hurry?"

"Oh, I don't know." Which was largely truth unvarnished. "I'd like to get it over and done with."

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle: Receipts, \$454. Best heavy steers, \$8.00; best handy weight butcher steers, \$7.75; mixed steers and heifers, \$7.50; light light butchers, \$6.50; light butchers, \$5.00; best cows, \$6.50; best cows, \$4.75; canners and cutters, \$4.45; best heavy bulls, \$5.25; 6.50; stock bulls, \$4.50; feeders, \$6.50; stockers, \$5.67; milkers and springers, \$4.00.

Calves—Receipts, 1, 108. The veal calf trade was active, best grades bringing \$12 to 13; mediums, \$9 to \$11, and heavy, \$5.50 to \$7. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 6,092. Best lambs, \$13.25; fair lambs, \$12.12.75; light to common lambs, \$9.10; yearlings, \$9.11; fair to good sheep, \$8.75; culls and common, \$5.00.

Hogs—Receipts, 10,410. Pigs selling at \$8.50 to \$8.75 and mixed grades \$9.50 to \$10.

EAST BUFFALO—Receipts of cattle, 80 cars; market dull and 10c lower; choice to prime native steers, \$10.50; fair to good, \$8.50; plain, \$7.75; choice heavy butcher steers, \$9.95; fair to good, \$8.50; 8.75; best handy steers, \$8.75; 9.25; fair to good, \$7.75; 8.50; light and common, \$6.75; 7.25; yearlings, prime \$9.95; fair to good, \$8.50; best heavy heifers, \$8.25; 8.75; best butchering heifers, \$7.25; 7.75; firm butchering heifers, \$6.50; 7.25; light and common, \$5.25; 6.25; best heavy fat cows, \$6.75; 7.25; good butchering cows, \$6.50; medium to fair, \$5.50; cutters, \$4.25; 4.50; canners, \$3.75; 4.25; fancy bulls, \$7.25; 8.25; good sausage bulls, \$5.50; 6.25; good butchering bulls, \$5.50; 6.75; light bulls, \$4.75; 5.50; best feeding steers, \$7.25; 7.75; common to fair, \$5.25; 5.60; best stockers, \$6.50; 7.25; common to good, \$5.50; milkers and springers, \$6.50; 11.00.

Hogs: Receipts, 125 cars; market steady; heavy, \$10.90; 11; yorkers and mixed, \$10.80; 10.90; pigs and lights, \$9.75 to \$10.

Sheep and lambs: Receipts, 40 cars; market steady; top lambs, \$13.35; 13.50; yearlings, \$10.11; 10.50; weathers, \$9.95; ewes, \$8.85.

Calves—Receipts, 800; market steady; tops, \$14.50; fair to good, \$12.50; 13.50; light and common, \$9.12; heavy fat calves, \$6.50; 9.25; fed calves, \$4.50 to 6.25.

Grain, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat: Cash No. 2 red, \$1.66; December opened with a drop of 5c at \$1.59 1/2 and advanced to \$1.66; May opened at \$1.66 1/2 and advanced to \$1.72; July, \$1.40; No 1 white, \$1.61.

Corn—Cash No. 3, \$1.12; No 2 yellow, 99c; No 4 yellow, 97c.

Oats—Standard, 56 1/2c; No 3 white, 56c; No 4 white, 55c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, \$1.42.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$5.75; January, \$5.50.

Seeds—Prime red clover, \$10.50; March, \$10.60; alsike, \$10.75; timothy, \$2.45; alfalfa, \$9.10.

Flour—Per 196 lbs, in eighth paper sacks: Best winter patent, \$9.10; second patent, \$8.60; straight, \$8.40; spring patent, \$9.40; rye flour, \$8.50 per bbl.

Hay—No 1 timothy, \$14.15; standard timothy, \$13.50; rye straw, \$9.50; 10; wheat and oat straw, \$6.50; \$9 per ton in carlots, Detroit.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, \$31; standard middlings, \$33; fine middlings, \$35; cracked corn, \$42; coarse cornmeal, \$40; corn and oat chop, \$37 per ton.

General Markets

Cranberries—Late Howes, \$3.25 per bu and \$9.25 per bbl.

Apples—Baldwin, Spy and King, \$5.50 to \$5.75 per bbl for the best.

Cabbage—\$4.50 per bbl.

Dressed Hogs—12 1-2@13c per lb. Celery—Kalamao, 20@25c per doz.

New Potatoes—Bermuda, \$10.50@11 per bbl.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, kiln-dried, \$2 per crate.

Honey—Fancy white, 16@17c; extracted, 9@10c per lb.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 16@16 1-2c; No 2, 14@14 1-2c per lb.

Potatoes—In carlots: Bulk, \$1.50@1.55; in sacks, \$1.60@1.65 per bu. Lettuce—Head lettuce, \$1.75@2 per case; house, 12 1-2@15c per lb.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Nature warns you when the track of health is not clear. Kidney and bladder troubles cause many annoying symptoms and great inconvenience both day and night.

Unhealthy kidneys may cause lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, as time passes you may have a salivary complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and lose flesh.

If such conditions are permitted to continue, serious results may be expected; Kidney Trouble in its very worst form may steal upon you.

Prevalency 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 almost last recognized by patients, who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease constantly undermines the system.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your ailments or run down condition, try taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the famous kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys improve, they will help the other organs to health.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the 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 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.

Luck For Three Murphys.

Because they possess the name of Murphy, three students in search of an education are on their way to their ambition, through the terms of the will of the late William S. Murphy, a Harvard alumnus, who left \$100,000 to the university, the income of which is to support scholarships for men of his name.

As there are no freshmen of that name entered this fall, three scholarships were given instead to students in the graduate schools, only one of whom holds a Harvard degree.

The holders are Clifton Murphy of Georgetown, S. C., first-year student in the law school; William A. Murphy of Boston in his first year in the medical school, and Gardner Murphy of Boston, a student in the graduate school.

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. Fletchere in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Single Blessedness.

A schoolmistress asked her class to explain the word "bachelor," and she was amused when a little girl answered: "A bachelor is a very happy man."

"Where did you learn that?" asked the schoolmistress.

"Father told me."

Her Falling.

First Modern Girl—I can't quite make up my mind about Dollie. There's something queer about her.

Second Modern Girl—I'll tell you what it is—she has an effeminate streak—Life.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head

Because of its tonic and invigorating effect. Larative Bromo Quinine can be taken by anyone without ill effects. It is the only Quinine that restores color and beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 in Druggists.

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WINCHESTER

HUNTING RIFLES

When you look over the sights of your rifle and see an animal like this silhouetted against the background, you like to feel certain that your equipment is equal to the occasion. The majority of successful hunters use Winchester Rifles, which shows how they are esteemed. They are made in various styles and calibers and ARE SUITABLE FOR ALL KINDS OF HUNTING.

Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthy and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA

M. V. MacINNIS
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

The Chelsea Standard

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O. T. HOOVER.
PROPRIETOR.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mary Miller is spending this week at St. Clair.

L. P. Vogel and children spent the Sunday in Detroit.

Miss Lydia Welhoff spent Christmas in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Gallagher spent Christmas at Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings spent Sunday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Geo. A. BeGole is spending this week in Dowagiac.

Geo. H. Foster, of Detroit, is spending this week in Chelsea.

Miss Orion Haynes spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Detroit.

Wm. VanOrden, of Ann Arbor, was a Chelsea visitor Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren spent Sunday and Monday in Jackson.

Henry Schwenk spent several days of this week in Sandusky, Ohio.

Philip Steger, of Erie, Pa., spent the first of the week in Chelsea.

Dr. Fred Johnson, of Greenville, spent Christmas with relatives here.

L. J. Miller, of Chicago, spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Geo. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenhals and son and daughter spent Christmas at Pinckney.

Dr. and Mrs. S. Schultz, of Coldwater, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bacon.

John Beasley, of Detroit, spent Sunday at the home of his brother, James Beasley.

Lewis Burg, of North Detroit, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burg.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. T. Drislane.

C. G. Hoover, of Akron, Ohio, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover.

Winter Cooper, of Detroit, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Slaybaugh spent Christmas with their son Earl and family, of Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Updike, of Highland Park, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Foster.

William and Hilda Appleton, of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Dunkel.

Miss Mary Eder, of Jackson, spent the first of the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eder.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schumacher, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with Mrs. Mary Schumacher.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Winans and children, of Highland Park, is spending this week in Chelsea.

Dr. and Mrs. L. D. Zinke, of Collingwood, O., spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Emil Zinke.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Otis, of Highland Park, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney.

Mrs. Lydia Seeger and son spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kalmbach near Grass Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Fulford spent Christmas at the home of her brother, A. E. Johnson, of Jackson.

Mrs. Daniel Strieter, of Freedom, has been spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Strieter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Geddes spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Rathbun, of Tecumseh.

Misses Eppie and Veronica Breitenbach, of Jackson, are spending this week with Mrs. A. L. Steger.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lyons and children, of Jackson, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burg.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ellis and children, of Grand Rapids, spent Christmas with H. S. Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Butler, of Indianapolis, Ind., spent Christmas with Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Dierberger.

Rolland Kalmbach, of Chicago, is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kalmbach.

Miss Leona Belsler, of Highland Park, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Belsler.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller and daughter, of Highland Park, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Atkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Millspaugh and children, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Dancer.

J. B. Barch spent the week-end at Lake Odessa.

Miss Merab Clark is visiting relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Bailey spent Christmas in Macon.

Miss Helene Steinbach spent Wednesday in Ann Arbor.

John Dunn, of Ann Arbor, was a Chelsea visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. G. H. Whitney is spending a few days in Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Steinbach will spend New Years at Flint.

Miss Fay, of Ann Arbor, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Steinbach.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Sumner spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barth.

J. M. Klein, of St. Louis, Mo., is spending the holidays with his father, C. Klein.

Henry and John Mullen, of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barth.

Miss Dorothy Bacon, of South Haven, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bacon.

Mrs. J. B. Stanton, of Detroit, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenhals.

Miss Marion Kraft, of Detroit, spent Sunday and Monday with Miss Orion Haynes.

Miss Rachel Malone, of Chicago, is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Pritchard.

Carl Wagner, of Highland Park, is spending the week with his mother, Mrs. J. G. Wagner.

James Schmidt, of Kalamazoo, spent Christmas with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Schmidt.

Mrs. F. Lillibridge, of Detroit, is the guest of the her brother, J. F. McMillen, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Schenk and children, of Ann Arbor, are spending a few days in Chelsea.

Edward Schmidt, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Schmidt.

Dr. and Mrs. Francis R. Kelly, of Richmond, Va., are the guests of John Kelly and family.

Misses Rose and Cecelia Mullen, of Detroit, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barth Christmas.

Mrs. James Hathaway and daughter, of Mason, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hathaway.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jackson, of Toronto, Ont., are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Andros Gulde.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hayes and son Carl, of Grass Lake, spent Christmas at the home of Mrs. Joseph Schatz.

Raymond and Herbert Haynes, of Detroit, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Haynes.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Fox, of Leamington, Ont., were the guests of Mrs. Alice Roedel several days of this week.

Mrs. Guy Thompson and children, of Lapeer, are spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bacon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward D. Morton and son, of Detroit, spent several days of this week with Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Morton.

Miss Helen Vogel, who is attending Vassar college, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel.

Vernard Riggs and sister Helen, of Detroit, spent Tuesday and Wednesday with their grandmother, Mrs. Lydia Seeger.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Hughes and children, of Highland Park, are spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks.

Howard Canfield, who represents the Newton-Baggerty Ladder Co. in the west, is spending the holidays with his family here.

Mrs. R. M. Glenn and Mrs. Ella Monroe, of Howell, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Prudden several days of this week.

Mrs. Lydia Seeger and Mr. and Mrs. W. Fisher, of Ann Arbor, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Spiegelberg Tuesday.

Misses Emma and Anna Haidergott, of Indianapolis, Ind., will spend the New Year vacation with Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Dierberger.

Mr. and Mrs. William Schatz were at Whitmore Lake Tuesday, where they attended the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boos.

Everett Benton, who has been spending the past two years at Sleepy Eye, Minn., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Benton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Copeland, of Dexter, and Mrs. J. J. Tuomey and daughters, of Detroit, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster, Christmas.

William Kolb, who is attending Assumption College, at Sandwich, Ont., is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kolb.

Paul Bacon and his sisters, Misses Josephine and Winifred, of Highland Park, are spending this week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bacon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LYNDON ITEMS

Mrs. Ernest Musson, of Howell, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Clark.

Mrs. A. J. Greening and daughter Miladore, of Ypsilanti, are spending the holiday vacation at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Foster will install the officers of Eureka Grange, No. 2, on Saturday, January 6, at the Lyndon town hall. This will be an open meeting and all are cordially invited.

SYLVAN HAPPENINGS.

H. W. Hayes attended the Lenawee county poultry show Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hayes ate Christmas dinner with Mrs. F. G. Widmayer.

Lewis Geyer, of Freedom, recently purchased a shorthorn calf of H. W. Hayes.

Joe Liebeck delivered a load of dressed poultry to Binder in Jackson last Thursday.

School in the Schenk district closed Friday for a week's vacation with a program and tree.

Prof. Irwin and family, of Detroit, enjoyed a Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Holden.

B. C. Whitaker and Herman Fahrner and families spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schweinfurth.

NORTH FRANCISCO.

Mrs. Wm. Snow entertained at dinner Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Henry Musbach.

Mac Beeman spent Wednesday with Catherine Lehmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten entertained their children Christmas day.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lehmann were all home Christmas day.

Arthur Kruse, of Bunker Hill, spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. R. Kruse.

Mr. Schmidt, Wesley and Nora Bau and Hilda Greeves spent Sunday with Rev. and Mrs. Nothdurft.

Bert McKenzie and family, of Stockbridge, spent Christmas with Philip Kiemenscheider and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Holden and Miss Horning, of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. H. Harvey.

Mrs. H. Hauer, of Woodland, spent several days of the past week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten.

SHARON NEWS.

M. H. Irwin and E. W. Holden each lost a horse last week.

Miss Esther Koebbe, of Jackson, was a week end guest at the home of her parents.

Little Henry O'Neil spent Christmas in Adrian with his mother, Mrs. Charles O'Neil.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dorr spent Sunday in Grass Lake at the home of their son, Rex Dorr.

Rex Dorr, of Grass Lake, won four prizes on bull leghorn chickens at the Manchester poultry show.

Miss Lydia Koebbe, who is attending Northwestern University at Naperville, Ill., is home for the Christmas vacation.

Miss Elizabeth Lemm, of Detroit, and Gordon Cliff and family, of Jackson, spent Christmas day with the Lemm family.

Elmer Dresselhouse and family and Miss Jennie Dresselhouse, of Jackson, were Christmas visitors at the home of J. W. Dresselhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dresselhouse, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Koebbe and John Klump attended the funeral of Mrs. Conrad Finkbeiner in Chelsea Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Curtis entertained on Christmas day Mrs. Chas. Pixley and Fred Niles and family, of Fishville, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. K. Chapman and son Leon, of Sylvan.

Mrs. H. Reno had as guests Christmas day Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Furgason and children, of Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hayes and daughter Mildred, of Sylvan, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Breitenwischer and children.

An excellent Christmas program was carried out by the pupils in district No. 7, Saturday evening, showing the time and pains which the teacher, Miss Mabel Washburne, had taken. A pretty Christmas tree bore presents for the pupils.

The pupils of districts No. 8 and 9 united in giving a Christmas program at the Irwin school house. A fine program was rendered reflecting much credit on the teachers, Misses Clara and Frances Holden. At the close of the exercises Santa Claus arrived and distributed gifts from a Christmas tree.

SUGAR LOAF LAKE.

William Leach is spending this week with relatives at North Lake.

G. W. Beeman and family spent Sunday with relatives in Jackson.

Misses Margaret and Marie Guinan, are visiting relatives near Adrian this week.

C. A. Rowe and family spent Christmas at the home of L. Dewey near Munith.

Henry Akay, of Grand Rapids, spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Rowe.

Mrs. Frank Bowerman, of Ypsilanti, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bush.

John Brietenbach, who is serving as United States juror in Detroit, spent Christmas at his home here.

Charles Runciman and family and Ed. Cooper and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Runciman, of Sylvan.

Thomas Fleming, who has been confined to his home for the past few days by illness, is reported as being considerable better.

Misses Margaret Guinan, of Freedom, and Florence Guinan, of Detroit, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Guinan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Beeman and Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Collins and daughter Esther spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Collins, of Stockbridge.

FRANCISCO VILLAGE.

Gus Gochis was in Grass Lake Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Gochis spent Sunday with relatives in Ann Arbor.

Harold Schuckert, of Detroit, was a Christmas guest at the Benter home.

Ernest Benter has resumed work in his blacksmith shop after a month's absence from illness.

Miss Cecil Phelps returned Saturday from Jackson where she spent a few days with relatives.

Mrs. Sadie Frey, of Ann Arbor, spent the week end and Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Helle.

Mrs. Morris Hammond and Mrs. Wm. Plowe and daughter Gertrude, were shopping in Jackson Thursday.

John Straub had his hand badly crushed Saturday while helping his brother, Carl Straub, in driving a well.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones and son Claire Richards, of Jackson were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Seid.

Mrs. Martha Taylor spent Christmas in a family reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Shelly, of Grass Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Dancer and children, of Chelsea, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Klumpp and daughter, of Ann Arbor, spent the Yuletide season with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Klumpp.

F. E. Richards, Mrs. K. B. Richards, Mrs. Marion H. Fyler and Mrs. Ellen C. Taylor, of Chelsea, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frey.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kalmbach and son and Walter Kalmbach, of Detroit, spent the week end and Christmas with their mother, Mrs. Emma Kalmbach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richards, of Xenia, Ohio, are spending the holidays with their mother, Mrs. Willetta M. Richards, and their brother, Algonern Richards and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. John Helle, Mrs. Sadie Frey and son Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bohne, sr., and Miss Nettie Bohne were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bohne, of west Francisco.

The children of St. John's Sunday school rendered a fine program Sunday afternoon. There was a beautiful Christmas tree and all the children of the Sunday school received Christmas gifts.

Final Clearance OF ALL Women's Suits and Coats

Every Garment Reduced to Sell Quickly. This Sale Includes All Plush and Pile Fabric Coats.

Buy Now While There is a Good Selection From Which to Choose.

Women's Newest \$20.00 and \$25.00 Suits, now \$6.95 to \$12.50, (and nearly all go at \$6.95, \$7.50 and \$10.00).

Women's Coats, Were \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00, now \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00.

Plush Coats, newest styles, were \$25.00 to \$40.00, now \$15.00, \$18.50 and \$25.00.

Women's Dresses

Every Dress in Our Department will be Sold Now at a Big Reduction in Price.

Dresses made of Poplins, Silks and Satins, reduced to \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$15.00.

All Waists Must Be Sold Now

\$5.00 and \$6.00 Plaid Waists, now \$3.50 to \$4.00.
\$3.50 Wash Silk Waists, now \$2.50.
Georgette Waists, colors white and black, now \$4.50 and \$6.00.
All Lingerie Waists, some soiled and mused from handling, now \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.

CHURCH CIRCLES

CONGREGATIONAL.
Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.
Morning worship at 10 o'clock with the sermon by the pastor, subject "The Grace that Enlarges."
Sunday school at 11:15 o'clock a. m. Men's class led by the pastor.
Christian Endeavor meeting at 6:15 p. m.
Popular Sunday evening services at 7:00 o'clock, subject of address, "A Message for the New Year."


BAPTIST.
J. G. Staley, Pastor.
Church service at 10 o'clock a. m. 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 morning worship at 9:30, followed by communion at 10:30.
In the evening the young people will hold a watch meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Strieter, on Garfield street, beginning at 9 o'clock.
New Years day there will be English services at 9:30, after which the pastor will read his annual report.
In the Sunday school contest the north side won. The losing side will give a banquet to the winners at Maccabee hall at 12 o'clock New Years day. There will be the usual toasts, a program by the S. P. I., followed by games.

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., followed by communion services.
The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at noon at the school house on Wednesday, January 3.

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. Communion service.
Epworth League 7:30 p. m.
At 8:30 p. m., a watch meeting program will be carried out in the church.
Everybody most cordially invited.

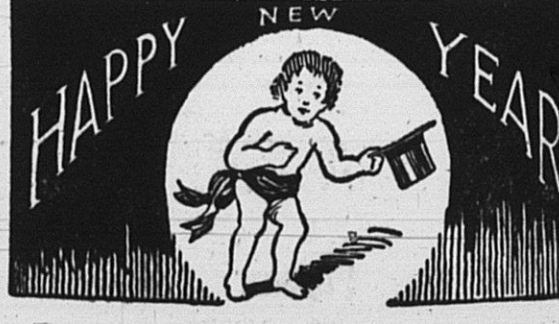


Every factor of a good investment is met in the Ford car for business utility—low first cost, small upkeep, minimum depreciation. With these merits is all the motor car performance you can buy at any price. In city or country Ford service is close at hand—the service that keeps more than 1,750,000 Ford cars in daily use.

Touring Car, \$367; Runabout, \$352; Coupelet, \$512; Town Car, \$602; Sedan, \$652—F. O. B. Chelsea.

Remember, Ford owners drive their cars all the year around.

On sale at
PALMER MOTOR SALES CO.
Chelsea, Michigan.



How it looks when illustrated

"Oh yes, he skipped the town—left between two days."

We wish one and all a Happy New Year. May it be passed under prosperous and happy conditions, financially, mentally and physically.

We thank you for your patronage during the past year and shall endeavor to merit your favors during 1917.

PHONE 61
Patronize Home Industry.

CENTRAL BAKERY

Opposite Town Hall JOHN YOUSE, Prop.

Try The Standard Want Column IT GIVES RESULTS.



DISAPPOINTMENTS ARE BORN OF DELAY

And the man who delays in buying his Winter Overcoat or Suit is apt to find the best styles gone when he gets here.

Of course our stock is a large one, both in variety of model and range of sizes, but it's a stock filled with exceptional values and the public are not slow to take advantage of favorable buying opportunities.

We'd like your early visit with a view of showing you the stylish Overcoats and Suits featured by us this season. You'll quite agree with us that they cap the climax in style and quality and you'll vote our prices extraordinary reasonable.

Of course we do not ask you to confine your looking to our store exclusively, we'd far rather have you go the rounds before you come here—then you will be well prepared to appreciate what we have to offer you.

\$15.00 to \$22.50

Overcoats and Suits that are tailored by hand from fabrics of pure wool quality and exclusive colors and patterns.

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.

THE KEMPE COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

ESTABLISHED 1876

Capital, Surplus and Profits - \$100,000

We Wish You All a Happy New Year and Prosperity for 1917.

THE KEMPE COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

LOCAL ITEMS.

Happy New Year.

Jas. L. Gilbert is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Born, on Tuesday, December 26, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Belsler, a daughter

O. C. Burkhart has purchased the H. G. Ives farm, just northwest of the village.

E. W. Beutler has taken over the milk route formerly conducted by the late Wesley Canfield.

About forty attended the family reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dancer in Lima Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph Schatz has received from her son George, of Fresno, Calif., two boxes containing seven varieties of fruit.

The Purchase family Christmas gathering was held in Macgabee hall Monday. About forty were present, a number coming from Detroit and Howell.

Married, on Thursday evening, December 21, 1916, at Mason, Mrs. Caroline Jewett and Mr. Thomas Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher was a former resident of Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Heselschwerdt of Ann Arbor, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Heliker of Rochester, N. Y., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Heselschwerdt.

John Dinkel with the assistance of Clarence Booth made a trip west of Chelsea Monday and deboned over fifty head of cattle for Liebeck Bros. —Pinkney Dispatch.

Married, on Wednesday, December 27, 1916, Miss Olive Webb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Webb, and Mr. Leon Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Clark, Rev. G. H. Whitney officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Steinbach and their daughters Charlotte and Helene of Cleveland, and son Albert of Detroit spent Sunday and Monday at the home of Henry Steinbach in Dexter.

Married, on Wednesday, December 27, 1916, Miss Pauline Bollinger, daughter of Mrs. Mary Bollinger, and Mr. Fred J. Prinzing, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Prinzing, Rev. E. Thieme officiating.

Miss Una Stiegelmaier won the large candy cane at the Candy Kitchen. The cane weighed nine pounds and thirteen ounces, and Miss Stiegelmaier's estimate was nine pounds and eleven ounces.

Mrs. G. H. Purchase and son Kenneth, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foster and sons and Erl Foster and son, of Detroit, attended the Purchase family Christmas gathering here.

There are two teachers in the Chelsea schools who are eligible to take advantage of the teachers' pension act, which has just been declared constitutional by the supreme court, Miss Elizabeth Depew and Mrs. Florence Howlett.

The Lima and Vicinity Farmers' Club has elected the following officers: President, Harvey Clements; first vice president, Geo. Steinbach; second vice president, Mrs. J. J. Wood; third vice president, Mrs. Wm. Pidd; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Geo. Steinbach.

The new boulevard lights were turned on for the first time Saturday evening and proved highly satisfactory. There is a shortage of electricity just now, as a clutch connecting one of the dynamos with the main shaft has developed a tendency to slip, but this will soon be repaired and the generator turning out "juice" to its full capacity.

Preliminary preparations have been made for the largest gathering of farmers ever held in this part of Michigan, when the Gleaners of the Ann Arbor district hold their federation rally at Ann Arbor, on Thursday, January 18. There will be three sessions—a federation session in the forenoon, to which all Gleaners are invited, a public session in the afternoon and a closed session in the evening.

Tuesday noon the cold weather let up to such an extent that rain and sleet began to fall and in short time the sidewalks were in a dangerous condition. A number of falls were reported, but fortunately no one was seriously injured. The ice forming on the trolley wires of the interurban railway caused the display of some pretty fireworks when a car passed. In some instances the ice was too heavy for the telegraph and telephone wires, and breakdowns occurred.

About forty guests were present at the Christmas gathering at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Spaulding, south of town. Guests were present from Chicago, Grand Rapids and other places.

A telegram from Washington, D. C., announces that on account of illness Mrs. E. G. Hoag, who is spending the winter in that city, would not be able to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. C. M. Davis.

Lafayette Grange will meet with Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Burkhart, Thursday, January 4. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Foster, of North Sylvan Grange, will be present and install the officers. A short program will follow.

Princess Theatre.

Open Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights, starting at 7. Matinee Sunday, starting at 3.

SATURDAY, DEC. 30.

"In the Hour of Disaster," a three act drama produced by the Lubin Film Co.

"Ham and Bud in 'The Baggage Smashers.'" Comic.

SUNDAY, DEC. 31.

Sixth episode of "The Grip of Evil" entitled "Hypocrites," featuring Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomley.

"Siberia, the Unknown," Picturesque Luzon" (Philippine Islands) scenic pictures.

"Luke Does the Midway." Comic.

MONDAY, JAN. 1.

Wm. A. Brady presents the brilliant star of the screen, Alice Brady, in the famous New England story, "Miss Petticoats," based on Dwight



Tilton's book of the same name. A romance of deep intrigue, built around Miss Petticoats, a much neglected and abused girl of the whaling city of New Bedford, in which she eventually triumphs.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3.

"The Triumph of the Laughing Mask," the twentieth and last episode of "The Iron Claw."

Pathe News No. 94. Heine and Louie in "A Matrimonial Mixup."

The last episode of "The Iron Claw" will be shown Wednesday, January 3, 1917. On the next Wednesday, January 10, will be shown the first episode of "Gloria's Romance," a twenty episode serial featuring Billie Burke, one of the most beautiful and popular stars in America. A stupendous production produced at an enormous expense by Geo. Kline.

Read the story in the Chelsea Standard, beginning next week. See the pictures at the Princess the following week.—Adv.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors for their kind assistance and flowers given during our recent bereavement in the loss of our beloved mother. Finkbeiner Children.

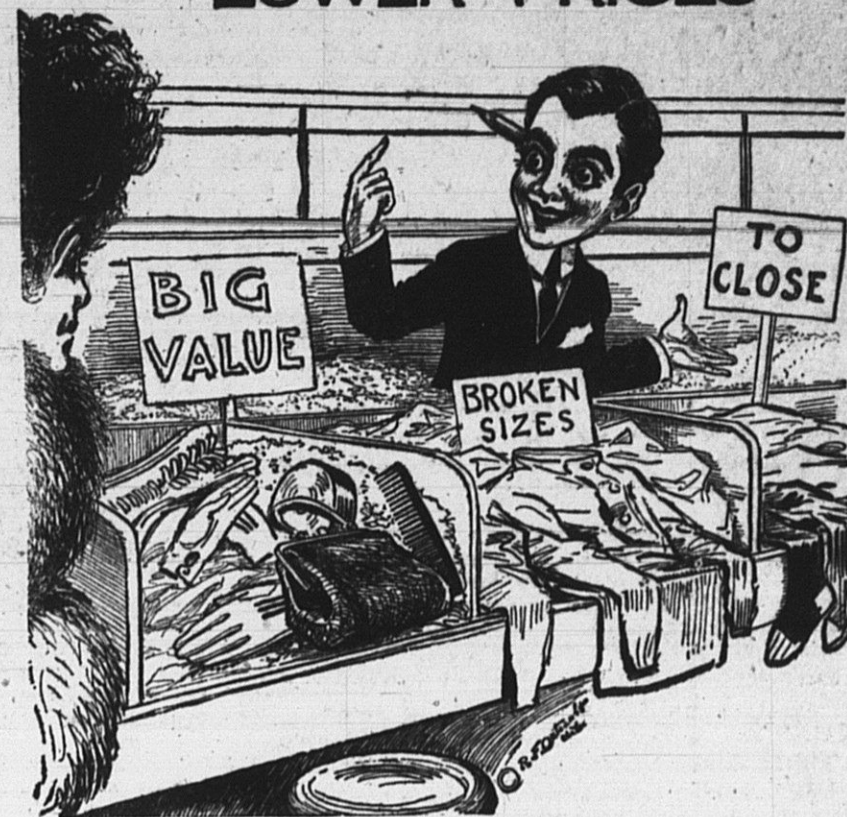
John Kelly and family wish to thank their neighbors and friends for their kindness and sympathy during their recent bereavement.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to our friends who so kindly assisted us during our recent bereavement, and for the beautiful floral offerings. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hummel and Children.

Irrepressible Little Colleges.

It is true that football victories are not the criterion of scholastic standing, but the sporting public, whose sympathy is with the under dog, is well pleased when a small college turns the tables on a large and powerful rival. Each football season bristles with the reverses suffered by the big colleges at the hands—and feet—of the little ones. The size and affluence of the academic plant bordering on the playing field is no longer the determining factor in the calculation of chances. The little college builds its schedule around the one great game. It makes an earlier choice of the men for the team and effects their welding together while the opposition is still a long way from the integral cohesion of its players. In a little college it is not long before loyalty is kindled and a single steadfast purpose is created. The team that finds itself first is likely to be the team that wins—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

LOWER PRICES



If You Have Been Waiting, Now is Your Chance Women's Misses' and Childrens Coats at Clearance Prices.

No sweat shop garments, made up for Special Sales, shown here. We don't buy them nor sell them. Every Garment in the store is new and strictly high-class. We can tell you that the materials, linings and trimmings are high-grade, but printers' ink cannot do the garments justice in so far as style and fitting qualities are concerned. You must see them to appreciate them. Positively the handsomest garments shown here this season, and at much less than city prices.

Coats at **\$9.00**, well worth \$12.00 to \$14.00 | Coats at **\$18.00**, well worth \$22.00 to \$25.00
Coats at **\$12.00**, well worth \$16.00 to \$18.00 | Coats at **\$22.00**, well worth \$28.00 to \$35.00
Coats at **\$14.00**, well worth \$20.00

Children's Coats at Half Price

Every garment new this season. Regular prices, \$6.00 to \$10.00. Take your pick at **HALF PRICE**. We are simply going to clean out every Chilp's Coat in the house. A Coat ready to wear at less than cost of material.

\$6.00 Coats, choice \$3.00 | **\$10.00 Coats, choice \$5.00**
\$8.00 Coats, choice \$4.00 | **\$12.00 Coats, choice \$6.00**

Bath Robes at reduced prices. Specials at \$2.98, \$3.75 and \$4.75.
Women's Fleece Lined Kimonos, extra value at 50c.
Women's Fleece Lined House Dresses, at \$1.00.

Specials For Saturday Only—Grocery Department

7 Bars White Laundry Soap, **25c**. California Navel Oranges, **19c** dozen
A good all around Flour, **\$1.10** for 25 pound sack.

GOLD FISH—Large Size, 10c Each; Small Size, 5c Each.

W. P. Schenk & Company

YOU

are the best salesman we have when you come to us for something you need.

You know what you want; we only provide the well arranged stock of Fine Clothes and other good merchandise; the intelligent assistance, the wide range of choice, that makes it easy for you to get—in your own way. The values speak for themselves.

You'll find this very pleasant; it's a lot more fun than having things "crowded on to you." Think of this as your store during the year 1917; its splendid equipment is for your benefit.

Commencing Saturday, December 30th

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY BOYS' OR MAN'S OVERCOAT

At 1-4 Off Regular Price

\$12.00 OVERCOATS FOR \$ 9.00
\$15.00 OVERCOATS FOR \$11.25
\$20.00 OVERCOATS FOR \$15.00

Wishing You a Happy and Prosperous New Year

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.



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Michael, Stern & Co.

THIRTY-FIRST M. N. G. HELD AT BORDER

IT IS BELIEVED THAT VILLA PLANS AN ATTACK ON JUAREZ THAT DETAINS MEN.

VILLA TROOPS 12 MILES AWAY

There Was Little Dissatisfaction in Camp Over the Order After All Preparations Had Been Made to Leave.

El Paso, Tex.—Orders detaining the Thirty-first Michigan regiment in El Paso were received by Colonel Walter Barlow. The order stated there would be no movement before December 31 and does not state how soon thereafter. Reasons for the change are problematical. It is the belief among those who have followed events there is a direct connection between conditions in northern Mexico and cancellation of the movement order.

Reliable information comes that Villa troops are camped 12 miles south of Juarez and that an attack on the latter city is probable. While absolute denial is made of any connection between these events and the change of program for the Michigan troops it is hard to down stubborn rumors to the contrary.

The naming of December 31 as the earliest date of movement by no means indicates the troops will leave on that date. In fact there is no reason for belief they will not leave then. The removal of cars, the activities across the river, the secretiveness of district officials, all point to some action into the secrets of which the public is at present barred.

Generally there was little dissatisfaction in camp over the order. It has been the hope the movement could be delayed until another payday, while there are a few in camp who are sufficient in funds to meet current bills, the majority is not. All three Michigan regiments are resting on their arms. The Thirty-second is preparing for home-going in a small way while the Thirty-third is putting the finishing touches on permanent winter structure.

TAX BOARD DROPS FIGHT

Commissioners Drop Fight On State Equalization Body When Grangers and Others Get Busy.

Lansing—The state board of tax commissioners is not going to recommend to the legislature or to Gov. Ferris for transmission to the legislature that the state board of equalization be abolished and that the tax commissioner's figures on taxable values be taken in lieu of the report on the state board of equalization. Two years ago the commissioners asked the governor to request the legislature to put the state board of equalization under the control of the tax commissioner. Governor Ferris has received the recommendation of the commissioners. It had been decided some time ago to repeat the request of two years ago, but since then the recommendation was voiced by the Michigan state tax conference, by the Grange, the Michigan Association of Farmers' Clubs and by the Gleaners.

Hence, the commissioners thought the question should be left to others.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Grover Ream, 27 years old, is Ann Arbor's latest smallpox victim. His is the eighth local case in the last four weeks. He is in the contagious ward.

Mrs. M. Grodi, 62, wife of David Grodi, a farmer of Berlin township, was found hanging dead from a rafter in a storeroom adjoining her home. Dependency over ill health it is thought caused her act.

Mourned as dead by his wife and relatives at Kalamazoo and the object of a systematic search throughout the United States, Jacob Cramer, a wealthy celery grower of Kalamazoo, was found at Crete, Ill., through a letter to G. P. Slager, a brother-in-law who lives at Comstock. Cramer gave no reason for leaving a note six weeks ago saying that his body would be found in Kalamazoo river. His wife left for Crete to join her husband.

Bear Lake residents had an opportunity to demonstrate that they were imbued with the Christmas spirit. As a crowd assembled at the Methodist church for a Christmas tree celebration a fire alarm was sounded and everybody, even the pastor, hurried to aid the man whose barn was burning. Dressed in their best, they carried water and performed other services. When it was found that the barn could not be saved they returned to the church.

The state accident fund declared a 10 per cent dividend at its annual meeting. The fund has assets of \$141,157 and liabilities of \$110,169.

Flint milk producers are rallying together preparatory to making a formal demand upon local milk dealers for a substantial boost per hundredweight on local milk quotations. Dealers are now paying \$2.25 a hundred but it is expected that they will be asked to pay \$2.50. Poor crops and high cost of feeds are given as the cause for asking better milk quotations.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

Harry W. Jackson will be assistant prosecutor of Muskegon.

Saginaw bay is frozen over, as are most of the inland lakes of northeastern Michigan.

Grand Rapids firms will distribute \$150,000 in bonuses and profit-sharing plans this season.

Nearly 700 children of Potowey were given their annual Christmas party and dinner by the Elks.

The war department plans to muster out the local company at Fort Wayne does not meet with approval at Grand Rapids.

The question of immigration restrictions for Asiatics will be debated by Hope, Olivet and Alma colleges, in the Central Debating league.

It cost the Republic Motor Truck company, of Alma, a thousand dollars to present each of its employes with a crisp dollar bill for Christmas.

Leroy H. White, real estate dealer, of Kalamazoo, and a former pastor in the Baptist churches at Romeo and Manistee, died of cancer of the stomach.

For the fourth time within eight months, Flint's blackhand gang tore out the front of the famous Piedmont store, 3403 Industrial avenue, with a charge of dynamite.

Fire destroyed country home of William Meltzer, of Summit, with the contents. The family was attending Masonic Christmas exercises in Ludington. The loss is about \$5,000.

Harry Lanphere, charged with having broken into an Ovid factory three years ago when a quantity of brass was stolen, was arrested at his home in Owosso for Clinton county officers.

The body of John Willette, aged 26, was found burned to a crisp at Au Gres when neighbors found his cabin burned to the ground. He was married and leaves a widow and two children.

Owosso lodge of Elks entertained 250 children of needy Owosso and Coruna families at a Christmas tree. All of the children received presents of wearing apparel, candy, fruit and nuts.

Twelve-year-old Maria Doloda, of Muskegon was wounded by a bullet from a 32-caliber rifle in the hands of her little brother, William, but will recover. While their mother was at church, the children found the weapon.

His machine practically demolished when a runaway horse, dragging a light wagon, crashed into him, William H. Hicks, a Muskegon automobile salesman, narrowly escaped injury. The horse was killed instantly.

The body of Ray Elliott, 18 years old, member of Company I, Thirty-first Michigan infantry, who died on the border of pneumonia, arrived at Ann Arbor. Young Elliott joined Company I one month before the company was ordered south.

A practical test on an exhaustive scale of the availability of Lake county soil to stock grazing is being opened at Baldwin by former Judge Arthur J. Lacy, of Detroit, and Joseph O. Garwick, of Minneapolis, who are now fencing the 5,000-acre tract.

Nearly 1,000 persons thronged the federal square at Muskegon to see the big municipal Christmas tree celebration. The program lasted an hour. A Christmas play, songs by a community choir and band numbers were the main features of the program.

Dallas Crookford, of El Paso, night clerk at the Wildermuth hotel at Owosso since September 4, is under arrest and, according to the officers, has confessed to systematic larceny of funds from the hotel safe and a telephone booth. About \$100 was missed.

Between 800 and 1,000 children were made happy at Flint's municipal Christmas tree; Thousands of people gathered around the mammoth pine in First Ward park while a program was given. Four bands furnished music and more than 400 bags of candy were distributed.

Mistaking gasoline for kerosene, Lillian Kanecki, a 14-year-old girl, visiting relatives at Ramsay, Gogebic county, was so badly burned that she died. The girl poured the gasoline on a fire to make it burn better and an explosion followed. She died five hours later.

Fifteen hundred children and half that number adults united in the Manistee's community Christmas celebration. Music by two bands, carols by a high school chorus and songs by the assemblage made up the program. A one-pound box of candy and an orange was given to each child.

Albert Weinert, 68 years old, died at the hospital in Port Huron from injuries received while at work in an ash pit at the Pere Marquette round house. Weinert endeavored to get out of the pit and was run down by an engine. Mr. Weinert was the father of former Alderman Otto Weinert.

Park Woodward and Angus Sharlow were shot while watching a fight at an Italian fruit stand in Muskegon. Rolly Catizona is under arrest.

Following the trip of Mayor James B. Balch, of Kalamazoo, to Flint, politicians here are discussing the possibility of Mr. Balch running for governor on the Democratic ticket in 1928. Political speculators believe that the Kalamazoo mayor's drastic and far-reaching measures in solving the coal and fuel situation in Michigan is believed to be creating a general public feeling in his favor.

AFTER-CHRISTMAS JOYS



NEUTRAL NATIONS FALL IN PEACE LINE

WASHINGTON IS PREPARED FOR A GENERAL CHORUS OF PRESIDENT WILSON'S STAND.

SWISS NOTE PLEDGES HELP

Latin-American Diplomatic Representatives Hold Session to Talk Over the President's Peace Plan.

Washington—Washington is prepared for a general chorus of indorsement by the neutral nations of the world of President Wilson's move toward peace in Europe. The nature and form of the Swiss note pledging support to the president's peace policy was accepted as practically guaranteeing prompt action by the other neutrals.

Washington diplomats declared the Scandinavian nations could be expected to fall into line behind the president's proposals and it was stated authoritatively that Sweden would probably forward an endorsement following closely the form of the Swiss note, within a few days.

A conference of diplomatic representatives of important Latin-American countries was held. The question of indorsing the president's peace plan and of taking action similar to that of Sweden was discussed and as a result of the conference long telegrams were sent to the home governments outlining the situation and asking for instructions.

Further conferences will be held as soon as replies to the messages have been received. One of the conferees stated that the opinion of the Central and South American representatives here was "generally favorable to indorsement of the American note."

As an evidence of the German intention not to name terms that the Allies cannot accept it was stated authoritatively that Germany will not ask for the restoration of Kiau-Chau. Germany will merely ask that in return for the evacuation of Belgium and France her colonies "or their equivalent" shall be restored to her.

FIND BOMB UNDER HOUSE

Believed to Have Been Placed There By I. W. W. Adherents.

Salt Lake City—A bomb that would have blown the house to atoms was found on the corner of Governor William Spry's home. The temperature was not low enough to cause an explosion. The plot is believed to have been the work of I. W. W. adherents, who have repeatedly threatened and, it is charged, tried to wreak vengeance on the governor for his refusal to prevent the execution of Joe Hillstrom.

Mrs. Paul Frick, a passenger on one of the ill-fated street cars in Kalamazoo's head-on collision killed Motorist W. A. Spangler, has lost the sight of both eyes, it was announced at the hospital.

Mrs. Frances Dedrosh was burned to death with her daughter, Mary, six years old, whom she attempted to save when the farm house one and one-half miles north of Wayne, was destroyed by fire. Flames awakened Mr. and Mrs. Dedrosh. Each caught up one of the younger children and rushed down the burning stairs. The mother ran back before Dedrosh could stop her. He tried to follow but the stairs collapsed.

Domino Deblossa, 22, pressman at a Monroe paper mill, while cleaning a press, was squeezed in the machinery. Physicians could find no external injuries but a knee wound. He died.

Henry Otto, 16 years old, is accused of shooting William Clouture, 28, who may die as the result of being shot in the back while riding in an automobile north of Plooming. The boy was shooting rabbits and other boys say he "just took a shot at the automobile for no particular reason."

TEXT OF GERMANY'S ANSWER TO PRESIDENT WILSON'S PEACE NOTE

THE text of Germany's answer to President Wilson's note, handed to James W. Gerard, American ambassador at Berlin, and which also contains the reply of Austro-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, says: "The high-minded suggestion made by the president of the United States of America in order to create a basis for the establishment of a lasting peace has been received and considered in the friendly spirit which was expressed in the president's communication. The president points out that which he has at heart and leaves open the choice of road.

"To the imperial government an immediate exchange of views seems to be the most appropriate road in order to reach the desired result. "It begs, therefore, in the sense of the declaration made on December 12, which offered a hand for peace negotiations, to propose an immediate meeting of delegates of the belligerent states at a neutral place.

"The imperial government is also of the opinion that the great work of preventing future wars can be begun only after the end of the present struggle of the nations.

"It will, when this moment shall have come, be ready with pleasure to collaborate entirely with the United States in this exalted task."

EXPORT RECORD IS BROKEN

The Total Exports for Twelve Months Will Reach Five and a Half Billion.

Washington—When the United States closes its books the last day of this year it will have recorded the enormous total of foreign commerce of approximately eight billion dollars. Nothing like that was ever before even approached. The total exports for the 12 months will total about five and a half billion. Imports, approximately two and a half billion.

The department of commerce has just issued a statement regarding foreign commerce for November in which it is announced that exports during that month were the largest on record, exceeding the previous "high month" of September by \$3,000,000.

The November total was \$517,900,000; the total for the first 11 months of the calendar year, \$4,961,200,000, against \$3,195,400,000 for the same period in 1915 and \$2,250,800,000 in 1913, the largest total in normal years.

Imports for November were valued at \$177,000,000; a slight decrease from October (\$173,700,000); but exceeding by \$21,500,000 November, 1915, and by \$35,000,000, or 25 per cent, the November average from 1911 to 1915. The 11 months' imports were valued at \$2,158,800,000 as against \$1,606,800,000 in 1915 and \$1,874,800,000 in 1914, the former high record year in imports.

Of the November imports, the department explains, 66 per cent entered free of duty, being about the same proportion as that for November, 1915.

MICHIGAN STATE ITEMS

Two hundred milk producers of Muskegon county will meet to enforce a demand for 20 cents a gallon for milk delivered to local distributors, the contract to run for all 1917.

Oscar E. Owens was killed and six other workmen were seriously injured when a steel flywheel burst in the Harrow Spring Co.'s plant at Kalamazoo. August Stimac received internal injuries which will probably cause his death.

Fearful that Pontiac's water supply will give out because of the inability of the plant with its present equipment to pump enough water to supply the city, the city commission has issued an order that the supply be conserved and that no water be used needlessly.

The Beautiful Adventure

By Izola Forrester

It was a supreme test of friendship, visiting the Delmars on New Year's. Wrapped to her ears in fur, with a cap meeting her collar, Winifred stood on the bleak little platform at Byers' Corners and looked through the snowfall for anything that seemed to be a conveyance.

She had left Boston at 5:45—plenty of time to reach Windyheath in good time, Anne had written her. "It's just a nice little run over from Providence on the Providence and Willimantic line. We'll meet you at Byers' Corners. The trains only stop there on signal or to let off visitors, and the only visitors that ever come are ours. If Rolf or I can't come over I'll send a wonderful substitute."

Evidently Rolf, Anne and the substitute had been overcome by the storm. Trains had been delayed from Boston to Providence and on the little local line they had waited again and again along the way. There had been no real need of any signal to let her off when Byers' Corners came in view. The drifts were so high that it took the train 20 minutes to get out of Byers' Corners, let alone getting in.

But again Anne had written: "Don't feel discouraged getting to us. We live in the quaintest little village perched on the top of a hill, but it is wonderful when you get here, and we're piling on big logs for you and the latchingstring dangles, so be sure and come. Also, I have your—romance! He has come true, Win, at last, and he's all that anyone who loves you could wish for you."

It certainly was stimulating, if nothing else, both the lure of the letter and the trip itself. Winifred went around the other side of the tiny station and split kindlings for morning, and locked up for the night. While Miss Smith went up to look after her old bedridden father, they sat together by the fire, and somehow talked away. The old clock up on the chimney mantel softly struck twelve in the silence. Winifred looked up and smiled, her head leaning back on the cushioned top of the old black rocker.

"Happy New Year!" she said. "Isn't it the queerest thing, our being way up here miles from everyone we know, and not knowing each other even, and starting off the new year together?" "It's great," Gregory clasped his hands around one knee, seated on the woodbox under the big Dutch oven. "I'm not superstitious, but after rambling for a year over there this seems awfully much worth while. You know I'd almost begun to think, if you won't mind my saying so, that there wasn't anyone like you in the world."

Miss Smith hurried through the entry way. "Ira's back with a bigger team and he's going to take you through all right, he says. He drove over that bad spot in the roads and broke it for you. And he's telephoned to Mrs. Delmar that you're coming."

It was nearly two when they reached Windyheath. All of the windows of the big country house were lighted up, and Anne herself, wrapped in a wonderful velvet and fur housegown ran down the steps to meet them. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried when she had Winifred safely upstairs in her room. "You poor child!"

"I'm not poor," Winifred said radiantly. "I've had the most beautiful adventure of my whole life, and I'm in love. I agree with you and I hate this time."

"But it isn't Gregory I want you to meet," faltered Anne. "You haven't gone and fallen in love with dear old Greg?"

"I have," Winifred laughed happily. "Both of us have. I never believed in love at first sight before, or anything like it, but I've made some wonderful resolutions for the new year this time."

"Now listen to me and the whole comedy. Anne curled up on the bed confidentially. "The man you were to marry is right down smoking with Rolf this minute. He's Madison Forbes with money, position, everything, my dear. But he didn't think you'd try to make the trip such a night, so I've been phoning madly everywhere to find out if you had arrived and where. Then I would have tried to get to you. We sent out a car and it couldn't get through, and the horses couldn't either."

"Don't worry," Winifred smiled at her reflection in the triple mirror at the dressing table. "I don't give a rap about the money or position or anything, Anne. We've been right out into the primitive world together, lost in the snow, and I'd go with him to the ends of the world if this blessed old world had any ends. He said, just as we were driving in here, it was the most promising New Year's he had ever known."

The reason so many churches have financial trouble is because of the busy members who think the sermon and the blessing they get is only worth a nickel.

was up to the top of the Anabasi as far as one could see. He could turn around and get them up to the old Annabelle Smith place, where there was a telephone, and they could call up Windyheath.

"It's only nine-thirty," Gregory said reassuringly. "And we don't get an adventure every day. Let's go."

The Smith place was dark when they reached it, but the driver knocked lustily and finally there was a faint, frightened voice from the inner side of the front door asking who it was at that time of night. Gregory explained, with the driver's help, and they were admitted.

"But you can't get word through tonight. The wires don't work. They never do after a big storm on these here party lines," said Miss Smith holding up a big oil lamp. "Just step right out into the kitchen and you stir up the fire, Ira. Make yourselves to home, folks. Ira can drive back and maybe telephone from the village up there."

Winifred never forgot that New Year's eve. After Ira had gone, they sat out in the cheery old kitchen, drinking tea, eating nuts and apples and mince pie, and getting fearfully well acquainted, as Miss Smith put it



Breasting the Drifts and Literally Wading Through.

laughingly. Gregory carried in wood and split kindlings for morning, and locked up for the night. While Miss Smith went up to look after her old bedridden father, they sat together by the fire, and somehow talked away. The old clock up on the chimney mantel softly struck twelve in the silence. Winifred looked up and smiled, her head leaning back on the cushioned top of the old black rocker.

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The reason so many churches have financial trouble is because of the busy members who think the sermon and the blessing they get is only worth a nickel.

PATIENCE OF U. S. ABOUT EXHAUSTED

SIGNATURE OF CARRANZA TO THE PROTOCOL AS ORIGINALLY DRAWN IS DEMANDED.

STATEMENT ENDS OBSCURITY

It Is Possible That Another Meeting of the Joint Commission Will Be Held.

El Paso, Tex.—A report was received by sources known to be close to Francisco Villa and by government agents saying that Villa's forces captured San Luis Potosi. Many foreigners who left Torreón before Villa attacked that town recently went to San Luis Potosi.

Washington—Hope has been practically abandoned in Washington that any working agreement can be reached between the American and Mexican commissions. This failure is in spite of their three-months' dickering and debating at New London, Atlantic City and Philadelphia to reach a basis of diplomatic and international relationship whereby peace and the integrity of the American-Mexican border would be safe-guarded.

Carranza's failure to accept promptly the protocol arranged by the commission is responsible for the present situation. In diplomatic language, the signature of Carranza to the protocol, as originally drafted has now been demanded by the United States. The patience of the administration is admittedly exhausted.

It is possible that one more meeting of the joint commission will be held. That is, provided from the Mexican government accepting all terms of the original protocol. Secretary Lane said that if the protocol were rejected, the course of the administration would be problematical.

"We have no plans contingent on Carranza's refusal to sign," said Lane. "If he does refuse, we will take up that matter when it happens."

Just how this present crisis has arisen was explained by Secretary Lane when he heard a report that the American government was tired of the fruitless discussion of trivialities. Secretary Lane is chairman of the American group of the joint commission.

His frank statement splits the fog which for months has obscured the true state of American-Mexican relations. It is accepted in Washington as marking the end of the era of "watchful waiting" which has been claimed by high authorities to be the American policy with regard to Mexico.

WOULD CALL OUT SINGLE MEN

Sir Sam Hughes, Former Minister of Militia Says National Service Commission a Failure.

Lindsay, Ont.—As a recruiting policy for Canada, Sir Samuel Hughes, former minister of militia, in an address here, advocated the immediate calling out of all single men between the ages of 18 and 45, no longer exempt under the law, for active service training under the Canadian militia act. He declared the national service commission was more or less of a failure, and that it would be a year before the commission could begin to operate with any effect.

Prompt action is needed, Sir Samuel said, and the calling out of the single men could be done under the provisions of the reserve act. In order, however, to remove all doubt regarding compulsory service for overseas, he said, the act should be amended so that the militia might be sent abroad for the defense of the empire. Under this plan, Sir Samuel asserted, he would undertake to have at least from 200,000 to 300,000 men ready for the front within four months.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

Holland—The residence of Rev. A. Zwemer at Cairo, Egypt, narrowly escaped demolition and the lives of the missionary and his family were endangered in a recent Zeppelin raid, when a bomb was dropped in front of their home.

London.—An official communication issued says: "A satisfactory report has been received from the British military mission in Rumania of the destruction under orders of the Rumanian government of the oil wells and refineries in and near the principal oil fields."

The Godfrey residence of Monroe was destroyed by a fire which caught apparently in the kitchen roof and was well under way before being discovered. The place was occupied by Fred Milligan. The cold hindered the firemen.

A short time after he had walked 10 miles from the county house, at Marshall, to Albion, "Billy" Gilbert, 70 years old, was found dead of heart disease in his bed at the home of a relative.

The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. Novelized from THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a masked man rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home. Legar sends Golden a demand for the chart. The coveted chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. He saves her from Legar's poisoned arrow. Margery is taken to the police station where she is kept until the Laughing Mask comes to her rescue. The Laughing Mask adds to his mysteriousness by once more saving her from death. Margery rescues the chart of the Van Horn loot. The police attempt to arrest David as the Laughing Mask. The Laughing Mask appears on the scene. David saves Margery and her friends from Legar's henchmen, one of whom loses his life trying to escape. The police captain teaches Margery the hallograph. In an effort to save David she is almost trapped by Legar. The Laughing Mask comes to her aid. The code saves them from capture. A diagram which is the means of averting the deaths of the Golden and their guests at a lawn banquet. Brackett's report that while searching for the Laughing Mask, that individual tips him to a robbery by Legar's men; and they are captured. Legar's men search for the Laughing Mask, but Legar catches the captain and his party. They are saved from destruction only by the work of the Mask. The Mask asks Margery's father to help.

NINETEENTH EPISODE

The Cave of Despair.

Margery Golden was naturally of a happy disposition. Yet as she sat in the June fragrance of the color-splashed rose garden and let her thoughts dwell on the recent events which had so rudely shattered her many cherished ideals, the pensive girl could not repress a long-drawn sigh which betrayed only too clearly her distress of mind. From a branch overhead a liquid-noted robin poured his melody of spring and gladness into the unheeding ears of the silent and preoccupied figure on the rustic bench.

Suddenly the feathered songster ceased his joyous carol as Margery heard the sound of approaching steps on the gravelled walk. The newcomer stood looking wistfully down at the sweet-faced girl whose golden hair glistened in the shaft of sunlight filtering through the soft spring foliage. She met his look with one of surprised inquiry.

"I hardly expected to see you here, Davy, after all that has happened," she said in tones of gentle reproof.

"I had to come, Margery," he answered quietly, "I couldn't stay away from you any longer. Won't you believe that I am truly sorry for what I have done and try to forgive me?"

The silent robin, which had been regarding this masculine intruder into its peaceful domain with some uncertainty, now took wing in a sudden flutter of apprehension. For at



He Slowly Raised the Yellow Visor.

that moment a heavy-featured individual had crept up back of the tree with an alarming stealthiness of manner. Unconscious of the presence of the hidden eavesdropper, the sad-eyed girl, after a little hesitation, answered the impassioned plea of David Manley.

"I do forgive you," she said in a voice tremulous with emotion, and then, as she saw a hopeful light flash into the eyes of her penitent companion, she added in a firmer tone, "but you must not expect too much of me, Davy. You have hurt me deeply and it is best that you stay away until the wound is quite healed."

"That shall be as you say," he replied tenderly, "for I've been given

me hope that some day you will let me come back to you."

Then he slowly took from his pocket a folded square of note paper. "I had almost forgotten to give this to you," he said, extending the paper to the wondering girl. "I found it fastened on the thorn bush near the great boulder on Seven Oaks hill. It is addressed to you and I think it must be from the Laughing Mask, for he has been seen around there a number of times."

As Margery hastily glanced at the penciled note she saw that Davy was right in his conjecture, and he regained much that he had lost in her affections as she realized with a struggle it must have cost him to act as message bearer for his masked rival.

"I'll trouble you to hand over that letter, Miss Golden," demanded Captain Brackett in authoritative tones as he stepped from his place of concealment. "I've had my doubts about your wantin' to land that masked criminal in the cell where he belongs ever since you steered us wrong the time he made his last getaway, and perhaps this little document will help throw some light on the subject."

His beefy paw suddenly shot out and firmly clutched her slender wrist. But the resisting girl found a timely ally in the person of David Manley, who perceived that for reasons of her own Margery did not wish to surrender the note, and with a quick movement snatched that object of contention from her fingers and stuffed it in his pocket.

The belligerent captain now advanced threateningly upon the new factor of this unexpected resistance to the majesty of the law.

"Come across with that paper, young man," he bellowed furiously, "or I'll show you what it means to interfere with an officer performin' his duty."

Then as the calm-faced Davy exhibited no indications of complying with this demand, the irate policeman attempted to decide the issue by physical force. Roughly throwing a pin-pointing arm about the defiant Manley, he made a vigorous effort to extract the much-coveted paper from his prisoner's pocket.

As the struggling figures thrashed and tramped over the orderly flower beds, Enoch Golden and two of Captain Brackett's men, who had heard the sounds of the unequal combat, came hurrying upon the scene. The sight of these enemy reinforcements acted upon the nearly exhausted Davy like a rowelled spur upon the flanks of a jaded horse.

With a supreme effort, he wrenched loose from the grasp of his heavy-handed captor and darted across the stretch of velvet lawn toward the spacious countryhouse, with the determined officers close at his heels. Up the steps and through the open door he scurried, and gaining the gunroom at the end of the hall, slammed and bolted the heavy door of that sanctuary in the very face of his pursuers.

"Don't be foolish, Davy," called out Golden sharply, "you are making a grave mistake in resisting the law and you will have to suffer the consequences unless you open this door immediately."

As though in compliance with this stern warning, the key grated in the lock and the door swung slowly inward. With a quick rush the besleagued fugitive catapulted into the gunroom, only to find it apparently empty. Then, with a gasp of amazed consternation they beheld a figure

which silently emerged from the space between the swung-back door and the wall. For that figure wore an enshrouding mask of yellow cambric and gripped in one hand a heavy caliber revolver, which waved in a disconcerting fashion over that startled group.

"I think Davy must be well beyond recall by this time," he said as he slowly backed toward the door, "and I will now leave you to your own devices."

As he spoke the last word he stepped into the hallway, and with almost simultaneous movements pulled the door shut after him and locked it from the outside. Then came a clamor of wrathful voices as the caged detectives, smarting under the indignities to which they had been subjected, hurled themselves in unavailing fury against that out construction which barred their pursuit of the boldly impudent masker.

But with the exception of a fair-haired girl waiting anxiously in the rose garden there was no one in sight about the well-kept grounds. As in response to her eager inquiries, her father told her of their humiliating encounter with the masked interloper, who had miraculously taken place of the harried Manley, Margery became conscious of the openly suspicious gaze of the russet-faced police captain.

"I don't know what your motive is, Miss Golden," he said resentfully, "but for some reason you have tried all along to discredit my theory

about Manley and the Laughing Mask being the same person. What has just happened proves I am right, for no two people could have changed places between the time we chased Manley into the gunroom and that masked criminal opened the door. No one came out of that window and you know it as well as I do."

For a moment the puzzled girl took rapid counsel with herself. "I am afraid I shall have to discredit your theory again, Captain Brackett," she said in unequivocal tones, "for David Manley did come through that window and I saw him with my own eyes."

For a moment the heavy-featured police officer stared at her in apparent disbelief, but Margery felt she had twisted the truth in a good cause, and presently he turned from her clear, level gaze with the attitude of a man who has completely lost his bearings.

After lunch she slipped away from the group sitting on the broad veranda, discussing ways and means for the immediate capture of the Laughing Mask, and taking a shortcut across the fields, soon came in sight of the old gray farmhouse.

Off to one side of the weather-beaten dwelling she saw Davy comfortably sprawled in a fringed hammock slung between two gnarled apple trees. Suddenly he sprang out of the hammock and, after an irresolute glance toward the house, set off at an easy pace down the road in the direction of Seven Oaks hill. Under the deserted hammock Margery saw a folded square of paper, which she concluded was the note Davy had so narrowly saved from the ruthless clutches of Captain Brackett earlier in the day.

But instead of the penciled lines of the Laughing Mask she saw a rough diagram of a great boulder with a star bisecting its base-line. Under this star were the words: "Press at this point until opening appears." The significance of the puzzling sketch suddenly flashed into the mind of the quick-witted girl. She knew that at one time extensive coal mining operations had been carried on at Seven Oaks hill.

In these forgotten catacombs, an entrance had apparently been effected by the construction of a secret door at the foot of the lone boulder on the hilltop. This would account for the sudden disappearance of David



The Capture of Legar.

Manley behind that solitary rock on a previous occasion, and the equally sudden emergence of the Laughing Mask a moment later. With a feeling that at last she had stumbled upon a tangible clue, Margery sped rapidly across the meadows in the hope of reaching the undermined hill before Davy should arrive by the more circuitous route of the highway.

To her relief, the coast was still clear when she reached her destination, but when she had toiled half way up the steep slope the unsuspecting object of her espionage came sauntering leisurely along the shaded road. Margery darted into a near-by laurel thicket and from this opportune covert kept an intent watch on the movements of the young man, who was now picking his way along the crest of the ridge. As he neared the isolated boulder he stopped, and then, apparently satisfied he was free from observation, disappeared behind that great sphere of stone. A moment later, as the breathlessly waiting girl half expected, there issued from behind that rocky screen a figure clad in the familiar habiliments of the Laughing Mask.

But at that instant another person emerged from behind the boulder and descended the hillside within a few yards of the thicket where the wide-eyed girl crouched in utter bewilderment. For the newcomer was none other than David Manley himself, and the solution of that baffling mystery seemed further off than ever.

At Bay. The sadly perplexed girl stepped out from her place of concealment and stood watching the fast disappearing figure of David Manley. To her further amazement, he seemed to be headed directly for the Wilkens' estate. What did it all mean? Deeply occupied with these distressing thoughts, Margery was oblivious to the stealthy approach of four sinister fig-

ures worming their way down the slope toward her.

She would have been taken entirely off her guard had not the heavy-footed gangster known as Dutch Frank clumsily loosed a heavy stone, which went bounding and crashing down the steep incline past the startled girl.

"Spread out, and be quick about it!" Legar commanded sharply. "Tony, cut her off from the house; stay where you are, Dutch, in case she doubles back; Mack, you watch the road; I'll get the girl myself."

Then out of her desperation was born a plan, uncertain and hazardous in its nature, but worth attempting as a last resort. Gathering all her strength for a final effort, she headed directly for the lone boulder standing on the ridge-top some twenty yards above her. She covered the intervening distance with a frenzied burst of speed and threw herself, panting convulsively, at the base of the massive rock.

Then her bruised fingers came in contact with a slight projection, on which she saw painted the faint outline of a red star. She instantly pressed with all her strength against this projection and, with a sharp click of releasing bolts, a slab of wood so closely resembling the rock as to defy detection suddenly dropped in its grooved guides, leaving a narrow aperture in the face of the boulder.

Even as Legar, his cruel face aflame with evil passion, rushed upon the defenseless girl, she slipped through the strange opening, and as she stumbled onto a rude wooden platform some ingenious mechanism sent the heavy panel shooting into place behind her.

Beneath the platform on which she was standing the gloom was broken by flickering tallow dips fixed against the wall, and Margery saw, as she expected, the labyrinthian galleries of the long-deserted coal mine. Then as she discovered a ladder which led down into the wavering shadows the heavy barrier suddenly dropped and silhouetted against the outer light she saw the leering face of Legar.

As he came twisting through the narrow passage the harried girl sprang for the ladder and groping her way downward found herself in a sloping tunnel from which opened a series of exhausted coal pockets.

Margery could now hear rough voices and the shuffling of feet on the platform above her head. After a

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MORE WHEAT, MORE CATTLE, MORE HOGS

Land Values Sure to Advance Because of Increasing Demand for Farm Products.

The cry from countries abroad for more of the necessities of life is acute today; tomorrow it will be still more insistent, and there will be no letup after the war. This is the day for the farmer, the day that he is coming into his own. He is gradually becoming the dictator as it becomes more apparent that upon his industry depends the great problem of feeding a great world. The farmer of Canada and the United States has it within himself to hold the position that stress of circumstances has lifted him into today. The conditions abroad are such that the utmost dependence will rest upon the farmers of this continent for some time after the war, and for this reason there is no hesitation in making the statement that war's demands are, and for a long time will be, inexhaustible, and the claims that will be made upon the soil will with difficulty be met. There are today 25,000,000 men in the fighting ranks in the old world. The best of authority gives 75 per cent and over as having been drawn from the farms. There is therefore nearly 75 per cent of the land formerly tilled now being unworked. Much of this land is today in a devastated condition and if the war should end tomorrow it will take years to bring it back to its former producing capacity.



Even as the Knife Was Raised to Strike, the Miracle Happened.

Instead of the farmer producer producing, he has become a consumer, making the strain upon those who have been left to do the farming a very difficult one. There may be agitation as to the high cost of living, and doubtless there is reason for it in many cases. The middleman may boost the prices, combines may organize to elevate the cost, but one cannot get away from the fact that the demand regulates the supply, and the supply regulates the price. The price of wheat—in fact, all grains—as well as cattle, will remain high for some time, and the low prices that have prevailed will not come again for some time.

After the war the demand for cattle, not alone for beef, but for stock purposes, to replenish the exhausted herds of Europe, will be keen. Farm educators and advisers are telling you to prepare for this emergency. How much better it can be done on the low-priced lands of today, on lands that cost from ten to twenty dollars per acre, than it can on two and three hundred-dollar-acre land. The lands of Western Canada meet all the requirements. They are productive in every sense of the word. The best of grasses can be grown with abundant yields and the grain can be produced from these soils that beats the world, and the same may be said of cattle and horses. The climate is all that is required.

Those who are competent to judge claim that land prices will rise in value from twenty to fifty per cent. This is looked for in Western Canada, where lands are decidedly cheap today, and those who are fortunate enough to secure now will realize wonderfully by means of such an investment. The land that the Dominion Government is giving away as free homesteads in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are of a high class; they are abundant in every constituent that goes to make the most productive soils. The yields of wheat, oats and barley that have been grown on these lands gives the best evidence of their productiveness, and when backed up by the experience of the thousands of settlers from the United States who have worked them and become wealthy upon them, little more should be required to convince those who are seeking a home, even with limited means, that nowhere can they secure anything that will better equip them to become one of the army of industry to assist in taking care of the problem of feeding the world. These lands are free; but to those who desire larger holdings than 160 acres there are the railroad companies and land corporations from whom purchase can be made at reasonable prices, and information can be secured from the Canadian Government agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this paper.—Advertisement.

The Young Idea Again. The three-year-old son of Dr. B. S. Potter, superintendent of the county hospital for the incurable insane at Julieta, has been with his father often in his automobile when his father exclaimed: "Now, I've killed it!" as the engine stopped. The boy was watching his mother use the sewing machine recently, when the needle broke, and the machine stopped suddenly. "Now you've killed it, mamma!" he exclaimed.

Cynical Finance. "Those old alchemists thought they could make gold out of the baser metals." "Yes. But they didn't get rich." "No. They devoted too much time to working in laboratories and not enough to circulating prospectuses and stock certificates."

Practically all the 25,000 tons of paper manufactured daily in this country is made from wood pulp.

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A. L. STEGER, Dentist. Office, Kumpf Bank Block, Chelsea, Michigan. Phone, Office, 52, 2; Residence, 52, 2.

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

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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 8:45 p. m.

BREVITIES. BROOKLYN—Bert Thompson met a peculiar accident Monday while thawing a frozen water pipe. He had the pipe disconnected and was heating it in a forge when the steam forming inside exploded it. He received small cuts all over his face from the flying particles of iron, but none happened to penetrate his eyes. His clothing protected other parts of his body from the flying particles of pipe.—Exponent.

ANN ARBOR—The meanest man is Fred Kline, according to local officers. Kline stole a cushion from the wheel chair of Justice of the Peace John D. Thomas last night. Thomas, who is a cripple, was compelled to ride home on the bare, hard wooden seat of his vehicle. Kline attempted to sell the cushion for a drink, which in the opinion of officers made the offense a hundredfold worse. a general practice.—Times News.

JACKSON—Thirteen Jackson teachers will come under the ruling of the supreme court, announced by the Patriot yesterday, which establishes the Michigan teachers' pension act. One of the thirteen teachers has served 46 years in Jackson schools; another for 37 and others 32 and 31 years. Others of the teachers have served the greater portion of the time in Jackson schools.—Patriot.

ANN ARBOR—That members of the so-called Greek colony of this city have a number of peculiar habits is well known, but a new one was discovered by an inquisitive reporter today. During the progress of the Papanos case in Justice Doty's court room, a cracking sound was frequently heard. Watching closely, he discovered that the foreigners were pressing the bones of their hands in such a manner as to create the sound heard. He noted others and found it

JACKSON—Pieces of rock and chunks of dirt were hurled over a block away yesterday morning when some men in the employ of the city used dynamite to loosen a pile of dirt at the corner of Rhode and Gilbert street. A stone the size of one's fist went through a window at the home of E. C. Smith 124 North Seymour street. The police were notified, and the blasting was ordered stopped. The officers said they found six men on the job, four of them being foremen.—Patriot.

STOCKBRIDGE—Elmer Reason had rather a queer experience and at the same time narrow escape last Thursday evening. Thinking his automobile might freeze up he went to his garage and after putting some wood alcohol in the radiator, started the machine. The doors being closed, he began to feel queer, and realizing that he was being overcome with gas, went outdoors, and in a dazed condition wandered about the street until he was discovered by Paul Dancer, who took him into the house in a nearly frozen condition. He came to himself a little later and was taken home.—Brief Sun.

White's Studio, Chelsea. Open Saturday, December 30. This is the last day I will make sittings here. Come early with children.

Affecting Electric Current. It has been found that oil in sand or earth causes it to have a very high resistance to the flow of an electrical current, while, on the other hand, certain ores in the earth cause it to have a very low resistivity.

Great South American Falls. More than twice as wide as Niagara and fully fifty feet higher, the falls of Iguaçu, in South America, is one of the great wonders of that continent.

THIS IS CERTAIN. The Proof That Chelsea Readers Cannot Deny. What could furnish stronger evidence of the efficiency of any remedy than the test of time? Thousands of people testify that Doan's Kidney Pills have brought lasting results.

Czar's Strenuous Life. Although the czar of Russia is not like the kings of Italy and Belgium, in the fighting line, he is leading a strenuous and useful a life as either of them. For a year he has been living in a small house, from which he and his staff direct the movements of his vast armies. He lives almost as simply as the meanest of his soldiers, rises at six o'clock every morning, and works, with intervals only for his meals and an occasional walk or motor ride, often until the small hours of the morning. He seldom gets more than four hours' sleep, and declares he was never more fit or happy in his life.

What Fire Costs. The value of property lost by fire in the United States in the last two years overshadows the cost of the Panama canal. It exceeds the total cost of maintaining the army and navy for the same period. And the \$200,000,000 property loss is only half of the story. There was \$200,000,000 more spent for maintaining fire-fighting equipment.

EXISTS ONLY IN MEMORY. "Little Red Schoolhouse" is Now One of the Things That Belong to the Past.

"The little red schoolhouse" was a rallying cry in more than one national political campaign of recent years, and a government bulletin issued a week or so ago had a long article about the insanitary conditions of "the little red schoolhouse." We are warned to preserve intact "the little red schoolhouse" to clean up and scrub out and paint "the little red schoolhouse," and so on.

And, notwithstanding all this propaganda about it, who in this part of the country has ever seen or knows of the existence of a "red schoolhouse," little or big, unless it be one of red brick? The phrase is intended to embrace schoolhouses in the country districts; but, there is hardly a red country schoolhouse in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, or any western state. Most of the buildings are white, some are of no color at all, except a weather-beaten silver gray, and there are a few log schoolhouses, and maybe somewhere there is a red one.

Possibly there are a few scattering red schoolhouses in the country districts of New England and the East. That is where the phrase "little red schoolhouse" originated. With true Yankee thrift they painted them red, just as they painted their barns, red, because red was the cheapest kind of paint. The country boys and girls of a century ago and later were taught in "little red schoolhouses," and the phrase "little red schoolhouse" crept into print and the oratory of the hustings. To say that a man was graduated from the little red schoolhouse meant that he was a self-made man who began at the grass roots.

To speak of write of the preservation of the little red schoolhouse meant a reference to those homely virtues and simple tastes of the country, free and unhampered by oppression of either church or state. And the slogan, "little red schoolhouse," has come down to us and is a part of the language, long after the little red schoolhouse has disappeared.

KEEP ON COLLECTING HEADS. In Spite of Strenuous Efforts to Wipe Out Barbarous Custom, It Continues in Existence.

The head-hunting Igorotes of Luzon, whom Uncle Sam has almost broken of this bad habit, are not the only savages in the world who delight in collecting specimens of the heads of their enemies. The head-hunters of the great island of Borneo are so given to the practice that, so far, nothing has been able to make them give it up, and villages will make war on each other for the express purpose of getting heads with which to decorate their houses.

In Java and Sumatra, also, there are tribes of head-hunters, who carry on their savage warfare continually, fighting more for the sake of taking heads than for any other reason.

In the little-known regions of eastern Peru and Ecuador there exists a race of Indians who kill their enemies with poisoned darts shot out of blow-guns, and these also are head-hunters. They not only cut off the head of a fallen enemy as a trophy, but they cure it by a secret process after removing the bones, and it shrinks until it is not larger than a doubled-up fist.

The Peruvian and Ecuadorian governments have forbidden the sale of these heads, in which the Indians used to do a considerable business with strangers, and have made laws against head-hunting, but the wild Indians with the blow-guns and poisoned darts do not care much about laws, and still pursue their revolting practice.

Precious Library. Mr. G. M. Bowman of Logie, Fifeshire, Scotland, proprietor of the entailed North Fife estate of Logie, who recently died, possessed a library under a most particular injunction for its preservation. It consists of many valuable editions of the classics and a valuable collection of engravings, and under the entail the heir is prohibited from lending the books, but is bound to keep a suitable room for the library in his house, and to allow free access to it to the neighboring gentlemen there to read and study. He is also bound to have a basin with water and a towel that the books may not be soiled with unclean hands, and women and children are expressly prohibited from having access to the library.

Iron Ore of Newfoundland. The government geologist estimates the iron ore deposits in Newfoundland at 3,835,500,000 tons. On Belle Isle, Conception bay, alone, the estimate deposit of this ore is put at 35,000,000 tons and more. The total ore mined and exported since the beginning of operations in 1895 to date is estimated at 15,000,000 tons, all of which, prior to the war, went to the United States, United Kingdom, Canada, the Netherlands and Germany. Since the outbreak of the war none has gone to Germany and but little to the United States, the United Kingdom and the Netherlands. Canada has taken the major portion, some of which is being utilized for munition purposes.

Mother's Cook Book. All that is beautiful shall abide, All that is base shall die.

Some Simple Soups. As soups are both nourishing and easy to prepare it is wise to have a large repertoire of them to serve as luncheon and dinner dishes.

Quick Mutton and Potato Soup. Add a cupful of cold mashed potatoes to six cupfuls of mutton stock. Reheat, season to taste and thicken with two beaten eggs added with half a cupful of cream just before taking up.

German Veal Soup. Put two pounds of the knuckle of veal into three quarts of water, with a carrot, an onion, a clove, salt, pepper, parsley and thyme to season. Reheat six cupfuls of this stock, add a half cupful of cooked vermicelli, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a grating of nutmeg and the yolk of an egg blended with a half cupful of milk. Reheat but do not boil.

Saratoga Soup. Strain and reheat one can of tomatoes. Add a half cupful of sage and cook until the sage is clear. Add two cupfuls of veal stock, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce to season, and when boiling hot serve at once.

Chicken Broth. Cut a chicken into small pieces and put into a kettle with two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, a pinch of caraway seed and a head of lettuce cut fine. Cover with two quarts of cold water, simmer four hours, skimming when necessary. Strain through a sieve, season to taste and serve.

Chicken Consomme. Cut up a chicken and put into a kettle with three pounds of the knuckle of veal and four quarts of stock. Add an onion, two cloves, two leeks, and three stalks of celery. Add a teaspoonful of salt, simmer for three hours, skim, strain and cool. Remove the fat, reheat, season to taste and serve.

Savory Rice Soup. Wash half a cupful of rice and boil fifteen minutes then drain. Add a quart of veal stock, simmer until the rice is done, rub through a sieve and reheat. Thicken with the yolks of two eggs beaten smooth with half a cupful of cream, season to taste and serve very hot with croutons. For a thickening butter and flour may be used instead of the egg.

Puree of Carrots. Slice thin six fresh young carrots. Fry brown in butter, add sugar and salt and sufficient beef stock to make the required amount of soup. Simmer until the carrots are tender, put them through a sieve, reheat and serve with croutons. A binding of butter and flour may be used if desired.

Never See a Fish's "Soul"? Look Right In His Face. Fish can not sing or dance, or attend dinner parties—except in an unfortunate capacity—but they have souls, said Dr. Paul Bartsch, curator of the National Museum, before the Aquarium Society.

"If you want to know whether a certain fish is kindly disposed to you, look at its face," advised Dr. Bartsch. "The physiognomy of a fish reveals its character, just in the same way that a man's most secret traits are imprinted on his face.

The Whale and the Eagle. There are two animals that puzzle naturalists more than any others. They are Nature's submarine and aeroplane—the whale and the eagle. It is known that whales occasionally descend as far as 3,000 feet below the surface of the sea—a depth at which, from the pressure of water, they ought to be crushed flat. Why they are not injured naturalists have yet to discover.

Better Than Cavalry. Motorcycles may supplant cavalry in war. Compared with cavalry movements the motorcycle has done things which seem incredible. On Memorial day a report was received at Fort Bliss of a bandit raid 54 miles away. Exactly two hours later the motorcycle company was on the spot.

Electricity in Time of War. Will Play Most Important Part, Either in Plans for Defensive or Offensive Weapons.

"In the plans for national defense no industry will play a more important part than the electrical industry," says Howard E. Coffin, chairman of the committee on production, organization, manufacture and standardization of the naval consulting board, in the Electrical World. "This industry lies at the very foundation of things military, both on land and on sea. In the event of war many of the great factories developed to produce electrical apparatus will be called on to concentrate on electrical machinery necessary in every branch of military service. Whether it be for wiring, for ignition apparatus, for aeroplanes, motor vehicles and mines, whether it be for the delicate controlling apparatus of battleships or for great plants for extracting nitrogen from the air, the electrical engineer and the electrical art will be of the most vital importance.

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

FOR SALE—Brown Swiss bull calf, eight months old. Arthur Keenan, phone 4-740.

WANTED—Work by young woman, week or day. Call at 206 North street.

CRATE MAKING—I will start my crate shop in the cider mill after January 1. Anyone needing crates and having plans can bring them in and I will resaw them and make the crates, either on shares or for cash. For further information address Conrad Schanz, Chelsea, 2117

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

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

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

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.

AUCTIONS—The auction season is now here, and The Standard wishes to remind those who expect to have an auction this season, that it can furnish an auctioneer and print your bills.

"FOR SALE" and "For Rent" window signs for sale at this office. Large bundle for 5c.

MR. FARMER. If you are not using the STANDARD WANT ADS you're a heavy loser.

Find a buyer for your produce, livestock or tools that you do not need.

Sell your farm or find farm help.

The cost is small—results are sure.

Commissioner's Notice. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw. D. C. McLaren, Commissioner.

Notice of Mortgage Sale. Whereas Daniel Davison and Malinda Davison, his wife, and Daniel M. Davison and Grace Davison, his wife, of the Township of Lyndon, County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, made and executed a certain mortgage, bearing date the 15th day of July, A. D. 1913, to George A. Hutchinson, of the Township of Sylvan, County and State of Michigan, which was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the County of Washtenaw on the 12th day of August, A. D. 1913, at 10:40 o'clock in the forenoon, in Liber 132 of mortgages, page 28.

A Few Smiles. Bid for Assistance.

"Do you realize, young man, that in marrying my daughter you will assume great responsibilities?" asked her father.

"Yes, sir," answered the up-to-date young man. "In fact, I've been so deeply impressed by the weight of my future responsibilities that I thought perhaps your—er—parental solicitude would prompt you to make some arrangement which would insure your daughter's being supported in the style to which she has been accustomed."

Usually the Way. "Dubwaite is a handy man about the house."

"He can repair a burst pipe almost as well as a plumber, mends lights, does a little painting now and then, and never has to hire a carpenter."

"I thought Dubwaite must be that sort of fellow."

"Why so?"

"He makes such a mess of his business."

Quite a Difference. "Well, what did you think of the play last night?"

"I thought the leading lady forgot her lines once or twice."

"I don't agree with you, in fact, everything she wore seemed to emphasize her lines."

Disagreeable Task. "Does the falling of leaves in autumn make you sad?"

"It used to," answered the successful business man.

"You were more sentimental then?"

"Not at all. I was a boy then and had to rake them up as they fell."

Had to Jimmy the Safe. Scores of persons watched a man fling himself into the big hotel safe of the Waldorf-Astoria at New York on an accompaniment of the orchestra. No effort was made to restrain the safe-breaker and there was no talk of using "juice" in the cracking, because, after all, it was only the contents of one of the safety deposit boxes that the craftsman was after. The owner had misplaced his key, and was particularly anxious to get hold of some securities that he wished to sell. Unfortunately the locksmith could do anything with the box and the owner of the stocks and bonds fumed as three o'clock approached with the lock still intact. Maybe the lost-key victim was glad of the mishap if the market took a turn opposite to the way he thought it would go.

Sickness Costs Millions. The United States loses \$740,000,000 a year through illness of workers and at least half of this can be prevented.

Serious Consideration Assured. "Did Gwendolin laugh when you proposed to her?"

"Not a ripple. I had a handsome engagement ring and I took pains to show it to her before I began to talk."

Summer Clouds. Some of the highest clouds we see in a summer's day are made of snowflakes and tiny floating crystals of ice.

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Legal Printing. 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.

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Black Silk Stove Polish. Black Silk Stove Polish. Liquid or Paste. Does Not Rub Off. Lasts 4 Times as Long as Others. Saves Work. Get a Can Today.

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