

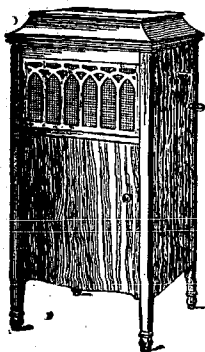
The Chelsea Standard

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

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1918.

VOL. 48, NO 19.

Pathe



The Pathephone

Is Different From Any
Other Talking Machine

It is permanent. You do not have to change needles after every playing. You do not have to worry for fear you will spoil your record by forgetting to change the needles. You do not have to be deprived of music because your needles are all gone and you have forgotten to buy new ones.

Come in and Hear
the
Wonderful Pathe

HENRY H. FENN

Merry Christmas

Will soon be here—only 17
more days for shopping.

Our store contains the strongest, most representative, most interesting line of Holiday Goods in Chelsea. We were fortunate to have bought our stock early, therefore it is lower than usual. The stock here listed permits us to say that we can fill your wants in every line.

TOY DEPARTMENT.

A large line of American made dolls to retail from 25c up to several dollars and we still have a nice assortment of doll heads.

In our Toy Department we have wood wagons, coasters, express, kiddie kars, juvenile automobiles, velocipedes, bicycles, hand cars, flexible flyers, racer sleds and push sleds. Our coaster wagons and wooden wheel toys are the finest line and are well built. "Little red wagons for baby to pull around." Painting, educational kindergarten sets, water color paints that educate as well as amuse the small children. Game boards, the wonder tinker toy and modern builder and ice skates for the larger ones. All new fresh goods in rubber toys, rattlers and infant sets. Daisy air rifles, mechanical trains, automatic sand toys, pile drivers, etc.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

A large assortment of A B C and toy books, popular books for boys and girls, kodak albums and Bibles. The most complete assortment of holiday box paper.

TOILET ARTICLES

Notice our French ivory toilet articles particularly before buying as they make splendid gifts for Xmas. Leather specialties such as military brushes, music rolls, manure sets, fancy collar and cuff holders, leather cased writing sets, toilet fancy goods, shaving sets, mirrors, clocks, jewel cases, candle sticks. A large stock to select from.

CUT GLASS

Cut glass makes ideal gifts. We have a large stock of heavy cut glass at the latest designs and shapes. A splendid variety of serving trays, nut bowls and silverware. It's worth looking into. Don't wait, call today.

FURNITURE

We have a complete line, and Furniture is one of the most useful gifts that can be presented. See us on every thing buy. We have the goods.

HOLMES & WALKER

We Always Treat You Right.

NEWS OF "OUR BOYS".

In a letter to the Standard, Sergt. William G. Kolb, a Chelsea boy in France, writes as follows:
Dear Mr. Hoover: Just a few lines to prove my sincerity in thanking you for kind service rendered me while at Custer. It is only when one is many thousand miles from home that he realizes what a comfort it was to receive his home paper. So this being my first real opportunity I shall devote this valuable time to what I consider the best advantage. In speaking of valuable time I do not mean neglecting my usual duties, but time when nature demands sleep and rest. However, I am sure a few lines from this so-called sunny France will be of interest.

Well, the army still held its firm grasp on me as mess sergeant when leaving the states. For no sooner was the order given to pack up, than Bill was placed in charge of the battalion mess on board the train.

This was a very interesting journey, passing through Windsor, St. Thomas, over the Welland canal the Niagara Falls, along the Hudson river, the Susquehanna river, and stopping finally at Jersey City over night, finally landing in Camp Mills.

What happened here for a week was nothing more than securing our equipment and resting. But it was a memorable day when first we trod the gang plank of that seaworthy monster. Much to my thanks I was then a sergeant first class, for we were given a stateroom. Even then they called for a mess sergeant from nearly 4,000 troops on board. So, as the old saying goes, there is no rest for the wicked, it had to be Wm. G. K. The order appointed me assistant to the mess officer over all the troops on board. This task, however, though new and interesting, appeared rather difficult. Nevertheless, knowing that it was for Uncle Sam, I ventured and often wore the smile, as "The man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

But now that my wish has been granted and I am in this land of romantic dreams, which to say the least is not less than one hundred years behind Chelsea for customs and modern conveniences, nothing remains but to continue the good work. This Co. C is still feeding well and much happiness and good health prevails throughout.

One more word, to wish all my friends a Merry Christmas.

Sergt. Wm. G. Kolb,
Co. C, 310th Field Signal Bn., care
Chief Signal Officer, American
Exp Forces.

In a letter written by Sergt. Sidney Thompson, in France, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Thompson, of Dexter, was found the following concerning a Chelsea boy:

"This evening after I came from mess, a fellow at the camp said there was a red haired guy looking for me, and in a little while who should pop in to the office but 'Gob' Gorman. He is stationed in the town a little ways from here with some medical detachment. He and I sure talked it all over again, and he had a lot of up-to-date news that was of interest to me, as I have had no mail and have heard nothing from home since the letters I got in the hospital the first of August, or about then. He said his mail came to him all right, but then he is with his own outfit and that may make a little difference. Old 'Gob' sure looks fine and I was mighty glad to see him. He and I are going over to the other place and see 'Dusty' Litchfield in a few days, and then we will have to talk it all over again. It will sure be a great homecoming for us."

Red Cross Christmas Campaign.

The Red Cross membership campaign will take place this year the week of December 16 to 23, and will be known as the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call.

The approximate membership of the Red Cross in Michigan is 850,000 and the officers of the Michigan state board confidently expect to increase this membership one hundred per cent.

An effort will be made to interest every adult in the state and to enroll every child as a member of the Junior Red Cross.

Emphasis is laid on the fact that this Red Cross Christmas Roll will not have for its object the obtaining of any funds or contributions, but will be confined to membership only.

Buy War Savings Stamps.

Auto Wrecked by Electric Car.

Last Friday morning Louis Heim, of Sylvan, drove his automobile on the track of the D. J. C. Ry. at the Main street crossing and was caught by an eastbound car. The auto was carried on the front of the nearly to the front of the station. The auto was a five passenger Overland. The driver received slight bruises on his shoulder and one hand was injured. His companion escaped without injury. The auto was badly smashed and will have to be taken to the factory for repairs. The fender of the street car and the lamp and front windows were broken.

Mrs. Marion H. Filer.

Mrs. Marion H. Filer died at the home of her brother, Fred E. Richards, Friday, November 29, 1918, aged 33 years, and five months.

In the early days she came with her parents from New York state to Waterloo township, Jackson county, settling on a farm. October 29, 1845, she married Sheldon H. Filer, who has been dead thirty-six years. Of the children born to this union three grew to womanhood. Two have been called by death, leaving Mrs. Ellen C. Taylor the only surviving child. Two brothers, F. E. Richards and Geo. W. Richards, residents of Chelsea, are the only living members of the family.

Funeral services were held at the residence at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Burial at Michigan City, Ind., where the remains were taken Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Taylor and her son, F. C. Taylor, of St. Louis, Mo.

Godowsky at Ann Arbor.

Leopold Godowsky, the eminent Russian pianist whose spectacular career for two decades has made his name a household word throughout the country will give a recital in Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, in the Choral Union series, Saturday evening, December 14. He is a brilliant, magnetic artist and always chooses



his programs with a view to entertaining and pleasing his audience as well as performing works of artistic worth. He ranks among the world's greatest artists and is one of the few in this class who has not previously been heard in Ann Arbor.

Rules for Mailing Gifts.

Patrons are requested to cooperate with the postal service in preparing and mailing their Christmas mail. The observance of the following conditions is of utmost importance in accomplishing the end desired:

Prepay postage on all parcels. Address parcels plainly and fully. Place name and address of sender on all mail.

Pack articles carefully and wrap them securely. Do not seal them. Sealed parcels are subject to postage at the letter rate.

Mail parcels early. They may be marked "Do not open until Christmas."

Insure valuable parcels. Written inscriptions such as "Merry Christmas", "Happy New Year", "With Best Wishes" are permissible additions to fourth class parcel post mail.

Lyndon Township Taxes.

I will be at Lyndon town hall Friday, December 13, 20 and 27, and January 3; at Farmers & Merchants Bank, Chelsea, December 14, 21 and 23, and January 4, for the purpose of receiving taxes. Ernest E. Rowe, Treasurer.

Sylvan Taxpayers.

I will take taxes at my store every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Walter E. Kuntelner, Treasurer. 22

Adrian—The smallpox epidemic here has assumed such proportions that it has been suggested that all public places, including stores, be closed until the epidemic subsides. There are about twenty-five cases of smallpox in the city.

RED CROSS NOTES.

Received yarn for fifty sweaters at \$2.60 per pound, \$130.

We have a quota of fifty paper lined jackets for the American boys in Siberia.

Some of the boys will not be home for a long time. Meanwhile we must keep them warm and comfortable. We must help and assist as long as they are in the service.

The annual meeting of the Chelsea Red Cross was very interesting. A report on surgical dressings by Mrs. H. J. Fulford, on knitting by Mrs. Boyd, on sewing by Mrs. Fenn, on home service by Mrs. Freeman, on finance by Mrs. BeGole.

The Red Cross ladies will have a reception for Miss Caroline Pattengill, chairman of women's work for the county, Friday afternoon, at 2:30, at Macabee hall. At 3, Miss Pattengill will give a talk on future Red Cross work. All Red Cross members and friends are cordially invited.

Horticultural Convention.

The annual meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural Society will be held in the Board of Commerce Building Detroit, December 10-13.

Owing to the up to the minute program and special interest taken by exhibitors of fruit for the apple show, the meeting will be the largest one of its kind ever held in the state.

Dr. U. P. Hendrick of New York a recognized authority on horticulture, will discuss the subject of soils.

H. J. Eustace, M. A. C., who has spent more than a year with Mr. Hoover at Washington, will discuss "What recent events mean to Horticulture."

Col. C. Ousley, assistant secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C., is the speaker for Wednesday evening. The program is full of vital subjects and will be handled by people who are authority on them.

The ladies' part of the program has been given special attention this year. "Rural Recreation," "Woman's Work in National Defense," and other topics will be discussed. Miss Parsons, of the M. A. C., will give each day actual canning demonstrations and show many new uses for the famous Michigan apples.

The auction of apples of the show will be held the last day and record prices will be established for prize winning apples.

Particulars will be furnished on request from secretary's office in Bangor, Michigan.

Don't Forget Your W. S. S. Pledge.

Perhaps those persons who neglect to redeem the pledges they made in the W. S. S. campaign last June imagine that the American soldiers left their native shore and went overseas to take part in sham battles; at any rate, sham war loan pledges at home cannot be counted on to finance a real battle or the cost of the great war, a bill that will not be paid for many years. Those persons who, through forgetfulness or neglect, have not purchased the War Savings Stamps which they pledged themselves to buy are evidently persons who did not notice the daily casualty lists with the roll of the heroic dead who pledged their lives for America—and who kept their pledges.

The sales reports of W. S. S. show that in most Michigan counties the W. S. S. pledges are being faithfully taken care of; but the sales reports also show that not a few persons are failing to buy the stamps in accordance with the pledge made during the June campaign.

"There is no law to enforce the pledges made last June," states the Michigan War Savings Committee, "but he is a poor American whose conscience and whose sense of patriotic duty are not sufficient law."

Cavanaugh Lake Grange.

The next regular meeting of Cavanaugh Lake Grange will be held on Tuesday evening, December 10, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Zoth. The following program will be given: Opening Song; Current Events; Select Reading; Mabel Kalmback; Recitation, Ora Miller; Question, "Which is the best to use, butter or oleomargarine, at the present prices?" led by Mrs. Henry Gleske; Reading, Flora Killmer; Song, Chester and Kathryn Notten; Question, "Which is the best investment, to insure for a beneficiary or for twenty year endowment policy?" led by Philip Schweinfurth; Story, Henry Notten; Closing Song.

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

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

From Chelsea Hardware Company

At our store you will find numerous articles suitable for useful holiday gifts.

Pyrex—The sanitary Baking Dishes.

Plated Knives and Forks—The famous Keen Kutter line.

Nickel and Aluminum Tea and Coffee Pots and Percolators.

In Furniture we have a fine line of Rockers, Library Tables, Cedar Chests, Dining Tables and Buffets.

Nothing will make the wife a finer Christmas present than a Round Oak Range or Heater.

Thanking all for past patronage and wishing you prosperity and happiness for the coming year

Chelsea Hardware Co.

WE Are Here to Serve YOU.

Christmas Gifts!

For Father, Mother, Brother and Sister

Can be selected from our stock at a saving which means a present for you. And now is the time, while stock is complete and sizing good. A very useful present can be selected from the list below—

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Slippers.

High Cut Shoes

Dress Shoes

Work Shoes

Rubber Boots

Four-buckle Arctics

One-buckle Arctics

Sox and Rubbers

Leggings and Spats

Storm Rubbers

Low Rubbers and Felt Boots

And all that makes a complete line of footwear.

LYONS' CUT RATE SHOE MARKET

110 North Main Street, Chelsea, Mich.

The High Cost of Living

May be reduced by closely watching your expenditures. This can best be done by using a checking account with this bank. Let us explain the value of such an account to you.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

STOVES

Our store is full of bargains in Heating Stoves, Ranges, Air Tights, Laundry Stoves, etc. Do sure and see the new Hi-Oven Range—heats, cooks and bakes with the same fire. The most satisfactory stove for the kitchen.

ROBES and BLANKETS

A complete line of square and and stable blankets of all grades. All kinds of robes at prices to suit.

SPREADERS

We have that New Idea Spreader all ready for you. Remember, the New Idea is the most perfect spreader built. Years of spreader experience stands behind its construction and years of satisfactory service insures every purchase.

Hindelang & Fahrner

Phone 66-W

Chelsea

RECEIVING WAR CROSS



The patriotic spirit and devotion with which American women have so far performed war-service work and made sacrifices has never been equaled in the history of any country. Mothers, wives and sisters support this burden with strength and fortitude. But those who are already miserable from the complaints and weaknesses which are so common to women, should take the right tonic for the womanly system.

If a woman is borne down by pain and sufferings at regular or irregular intervals, by nervousness or dizzy spells, by headache or backache, "Favorite Prescription" should be taken. "Favorite Prescription" can now be had in tablet form as well as liquid at most drug stores. Send to Doctor Pierce's Invalid Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a ten-cent trial package of tablets.

For fifty years Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have been most satisfactory in liver and bowel troubles.

Stanwood, Mich.—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and find no other medicine has done me so much good. I was a total wreck, was not able to do any work and my nerves were in such condition that if anyone spoke to me I could jump and scream. It seemed as if I could not live much longer. Finally, my sister advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did. I have never taken such wonderful medicine before. The first bottle made me feel like a new person. I have taken five bottles and am feeling fine, can do all of my housework and not feel tired out. I owe all this to the 'Prescription.' I shall never forget to praise Dr. Pierce's medicine. Give it a trial sisters, and you will never be without it!" Mrs. Vina Olin.

SAVE COAL

BY USING
Phoenix Mineral
The Coal Saver

THOUSANDS of people are using this wonderful PHOENIX MINERAL and find it a great coal and money saver. Simple to use, treats coal in a minute; coal then has no soot, less smoke, no bad gases, no clinkers, and few ashes. Therefore, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ more heat. It makes no difference what grade of coal or coke you use.

Phoenix Mineral is guaranteed not to injure your stove, furnace, range or furnace or boiler, but rather makes them last longer and heat better. Remember it produces $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ more heat. One dollar can treat one ton of either hard or soft coal or coke.

Defy Jack Frost with less coal and more heat and save money. Send for this package. It will demonstrate how these things are done. SEND ONE DOLLAR TODAY for this package to Continental Chemical Co., Denver, Colo.

We want a live agent in your locality. Write for our proposition.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

Results Count.

The American—What happened to you?
The Tommy—To tell you the truth, I ain't quite certain. About ten minutes ago I was 'avin' a tete-a-tete with a German supper. He was a nice-looking boy—ad a face like a murderer. We was crawlin' on our stummers, when we come face to face. He says somethin' to me in German, an' I answers him in just as bad language. "What happened then?"
"Well, I 'ntos to bring; but I'm 'ere an' 'e hain't."—Exchange.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription for special diseases, makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.
However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper—Adv.

The Juvenile Mind.
"The Romans built well-paved roads leading from Rome to all important points of the empire," father was saying, illustrating a point he was making concerning ancient history, which the elder daughter was studying. "These roads were about 15 feet wide and—"

"Mercy me," interjected the seven-year-old daughter, "if they were only 15 feet wide automobiles could not pass each other unless they barely crept along!"

In 1918.
Ruth—Yes, Hess and Jack are finally engaged.
Ethel—Did he volunteer or was he drafted?

ASTHMADOR

GUARANTEED TO INSTANTLY RELIEVE
ASTHMA
OR MONEY REFUNDED—ASK ANY DRUGGIST
Bronchial Troubles
Soothes the irritation and you relieve the distress. Do both quickly and effectively by using promptly a dependable remedy—
PISO'S

The Light in the Clearing

A TALE of the NORTH COUNTRY in the TIME of SILAS WRIGHT

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of Eben Holden, D'ri and I, Darrel of the Blessed Isles, Keeping Up With Lizzie, Etc., Etc.

Copyright by Irving Bacheller

PREFACE

The Light in the Clearing shone upon many things and mostly upon those which, above all others, have impressed and perpetuated the Spirit of America and which, just now, seem to me to be worthy of attention. I believe that spirit to be the very candle of the Lord which, in this dark and windy night of time, has shined so that the souls of the faithful have been afraid. But let us be of good cheer. It is shining brighter as I write and, under God, I believe it shall, by and by, be seen and loved of men.

One self-contained, Homeric figure, of the remote country-side in which I was born, the true Spirit of Democracy and shed its light abroad in the senate of the United States and the capital at Albany. He carried the Candle of the Lord. It led him to a height of self-forgetfulness achieved by only two others—Washington and Lincoln. Yet I have been surprised by the profound and general ignorance of this generation regarding the career of Silas Wright.

The distinguished senator who served at his side for many years, Thomas Benton of Missouri, has this to say of Silas Wright in his Thirty Years' View: "He refused cabinet appointments under his fast friend Van Buren and under Polk, whom he may be said to have elected. He refused a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; he rejected instantly the nomination in 1844 for vice president; he refused to be put in nomination for the presidency. He spent that time in declining office which others did in winning it. The offices he did accept, it might well be said, were thrust upon him. He was born great and above office and unwillingly descended to it."

So much by way of preparing the reader to meet the great commoner in these pages. There were those who accused Mr. Wright of being a spoilsman, the only warrant for which claim would seem to be his remark in a letter: "When our enemies accuse us of feeding our friends instead of them never let them lie in telling the story."

He was, in fact, a human being, through and through, but so upright that they used to say of him that he was "as honest as any man under heaven or in it." For my knowledge of the color and spirit of the times I am indebted to a long course of reading in his books, newspapers and periodicals, notably the North American Review, the United States Magazine and Democratic Review, the New York Mirror, the Knickerbocker, the St. Lawrence Republican, Benton's Thirty Years' View, Bancroft's Life of Martin Van Buren, histories of Wright and his time by Hammond and Jenkins, and to many manuscript letters of the distinguished commoner in the New York public library and in the possession of Mr. Samuel Wright of Weybridge, Vermont.

To any who may think that they discover portraits in these pages I desire to say that all the characters—save only Silas Wright and President Van Buren and Martin Van Buren—are purely imaginary. However, there were Grimshaws and Purvies and Blinks and Aunt Deels and Uncle Peabodys in almost every rustic neighborhood of those days, and I regret to add that Roving Kate was on many roads. The case of Amos Grimshaw bears a striking resemblance to that of your grandfather, executed long ago in Malone. For the particulars of which case I am indebted to my friend, Mr. H. L. Ives of Potsdam.

THE AUTHOR.

BOOK ONE

Which Is the Story of the Candle and the Compass.

CHAPTER I.

The Melon Harvest.

Once upon a time I owned a watermelon. I say once because I never did it again. When I got through owning that melon I never wanted another. The time was 1831; I was a boy of seven and the melon was the first of all my harvests.

I didn't know much about myself those days except the fact that my mother was Bart Baynes and, further, that I was an orphan who owned a watermelon and a little spotted hen and lived on Rattleroad in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit. I lived with my Aunt Deel and my Uncle Peabody Baynes on a farm. They were brother and sister—he about thirty-eight and she a little beyond the far-distant goal of forty.

My father and mother died in a scourge of diphtheria that swept the neighborhood when I was a boy of five.

A few days after I arrived in the home of my aunt and uncle I stily entered the parlor and climbed the what-not to examine some white flowers in its top shelf and tipped the whole thing over, scattering its burden of albums, wax flowers and seashells on the floor. My aunt came running on her tiptoes and exclaimed: "Mercy! Come right out o' here this minute—you pest!"

I took some rather long steps going out, which were due to the fact that Aunt Deel had hold of my hand. While I sat weeping she went back into the parlor and began to pick up things.

"My wrenth! my wrenth!" I heard her moaning.

How well I remember that little assemblage of flower ghosts in wax! They had no more right to associate with human beings than the ghosts of fable. Uncle Peabody used to call them the "Minervy flowers" because they were a present from his Aunt Minerva. When Aunt Deel returned to the kitchen where I sat—a sorrowful little refugee hunched up in a corner—she said: "I'll have to tell your Uncle Peabody—ayes!"

"Oh please don't tell my Uncle Peabody," I wailed.

"Ayes!" I'll have to tell him," she answered firmly.

For the first time I looked for him with dread at the window and when he came I hid in a closet and heard that solemn and penetrating note in her voice as she said:

"I guess you'll have to take that boy away—ayes!"

"What now?" he asked.

"My stars! he sneaked into the parlor and tipped over the what-not and smashed that beautiful wax wrenth!"

"Jerusalem four-corners!" he exclaimed. "I'll have to—"

He stopped as he was about to do on the threshold of strong opinions and momentous resolutions.

The rest of the conversation was drowned in my own cries and Uncle Peabody came and lifted me tenderly and carried me upstairs.

He sat down with me on his lap and hushed my cries. Then he said very gently:

"Now, Bub, you and me have got to be careful. What-nots and albums and wax flowers and haircloth sofas are the most dangerous critters in St. Lawrence county. They're purty savvy. Keep your eye peeled. You can't tell what minute they'll jump on ye. More boys have been dragged away and tumbled to pieces by 'em than by all the bears and panthers in the woods. Keep out o' that old parlor. Ye might as well go into a cage o' wolves. How be I goin' to make ye remember it?"

"I don't know," I whimpered and began to cry out in fearful anticipation.

He set me in a chair, picked up one of his old carpet-slippers and began to thump the bed with it. He belabored the bed with tremendous vigor. Meanwhile he looked at me and exclaimed:

"You dreadful child!"

I knew that my sins were responsible for this violence. It frightened me and my cries increased.

The door at the bottom of the stairs opened suddenly.

Aunt Deel called:

"Don't lose your temper, Peabody. I think you've gone far 'nough—ayes!"

Uncle Peabody stopped and blew as if he were very tired and then I caught a look in his face that reassured me.

He called back to her: "I wouldn't 'a' cared so much if it hadn't 'a' been

for that company would come and find her, unprepared—Anna Jones or Jabez Lincoln and his wife, or Ben and Mary Humphries, or 'Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg." These were the people of whom she talked when the neighbors came in and when she was not talking of the Bayneses. I observed that she always said "Mr. and Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg." They were the conversational ornaments of our home.

"As Mrs. Horace Dunkelberg says," or, "as I said to Mr. Horace Dunkelberg," were phrases calculated to establish our social standing. I supposed that the world was peopled by Joneses, Lincolns, Humphries and Dunkelbergs, but mostly by Dunkelbergs. These latter were very rich people who lived in Canton village.

I know, now, how dearly Aunt Deel loved her brother and me. I must have been a great trial to that woman of forty unused to the pranks of children and the tender offices of a mother.

Naturally I turned from her to my Uncle Peabody as a refuge and a help in time of trouble, with increasing fondness. He had no knitting or sewing to do and when Uncle Peabody sat in the house he gave all his time to me and we weathered many a storm together as we sat silently in his favorite corner, or an evening, when I always went to sleep in his arms.

I was seven years old when Uncle Peabody gave me the watermelon seeds. I put one of them in my mouth and bit it.

"It appears to me there's an awful draft blowin' down your throat," said Uncle Peabody. "You ain't no business eatin' a melon seed."

"Why?" was my query.

"Cause it was made to put in the ground. Didn't you know it was alive?"

"Alive?" I exclaimed.

"Alive," said he. "I'll show ye."

He put a number of the seeds in the ground and covered them, and said that part of the garden should be mine. I watched it every day and by and by two vines came up. One sickened and died in dry weather. Uncle Peabody said that I must water the other every day. I did it faithfully and the vine thrived.

It was hard work, I thought, to go down into the garden, night and morning, with my little pail full of water, but uncle said that I should get my pay when the melon was ripe. I had also to keep the wood-box full and feed the chickens. They were odious tasks. When I asked Aunt Deel what I should get for doing them she answered quickly:

"Nospunks and bread and butter—ayes!"

When I asked what were "nospunks" she told me that they were part of the wages of a good child. I was better paid for my care of the watermelon vine, for its growth was measured with a string every day and kept me interested. One morning I found five blossoms on it. I picked one and carried it to Aunt Deel. Another I destroyed in the tragedy of catching a bumblebee which had crawled into its cup. In due time three small melons appeared. When they were as big as a baseball I picked two of them. One I tasted and threw away as I ran to the pump for relief. The other I hurried at a dog on my way to school.

So that last melon on the vine had my undivided affection. It grew in size and reputation, and soon I learned that a reputation is about the worst thing that a watermelon can acquire while it is on the vine. I invited everybody that came to the house to go and see my watermelon. They looked it over and said pleasant things about it. When I was a boy people used to treat children and watermelons with a like solicitude. Both were a subject for jests and produced similar reactions in the human countenance.

At last Uncle Peabody agreed with me that it was about time to pick the melon. I decided to pick it immediately after meeting on Sunday, so that I could give it to my aunt and uncle at dinner-time. When we got home I ran for the garden. My feet and those of our friends and neighbors had literally worn a path to the melon. In eager haste I got my little wheelbarrow and ran with it to the end of that path. There I found nothing but broken vines! The melon had vanished. I ran back to the house almost overcome by a feeling of alarm, for I had thought long of that hour of pride when I should bring the melon and present it to my aunt and uncle.

"Uncle Peabody," I shouted, "my melon is gone."

"Well, I van!" said he, "somebody must 'a' stole it."

"But it was my melon," I said with a trembling voice.

"Yes, and I van it's too bad! But, Bart, you ain't learned yet that there are wicked people in the world who come and take what don't belong to 'em."

There were tears in my eyes when I asked:

"They'll bring it back, won't they?"

"Never!" said Uncle Peabody. "I'm afraid they've et it up."

He had no sooner said it than a cry broke from my lips, and I sank down upon the grass moaning and sobbing. I lay amidst the ruins of the simple faith of childhood. It was as if the world and all its joys had come to an end.

Aunt Deel spoke in a low, kindly tone and came and lifted me to my feet very tenderly.

"Come, Bart, don't feel so about that old melon," said she, "it ain't worth it. Come with me. I'm going to give you a present—ayes I be!"

I was still crying when she took me to her trunk, and offered the grateful assuagement of candy and a belt all embroidered with blue and white beads.

"Now you see, Bart, how low and mean anybody is that takes what don't belong to 'em—ayes! They're snakes! Everybody hates 'em an' stamps on 'em when they come in sight—ayes!"

The abomination of the Lord was in her look and manner. How it shook my soul! He who had taken the watermelon had also taken from me something I was never to have again, and a very wonderful thing it was—faith in the goodness of men. My eyes had seen evil. The world had committed its first offense against me and my spirit was no longer the white and beautiful thing it had been. Still, therein is the beginning of wisdom and, looking down the long vista of the years, I thank God for the great harvest of the lost watermelon. Better things had come in its place—understanding and what more, often I have vainly tried to estimate. For one thing that sudden revelation of the heart of childhood had lifted my spirit out of the cold storage of a puritanic spirit, and warmed it into new life and opened its door for me.

In the afternoon she sent me over to Willis' to borrow a little tea. I stopped for a few minutes to play with Henry Willis—a boy not quite a year older than I. While playing there I discovered a piece of the rind of my melon in the doorway. On that piece of rind I saw the cross which I had made one day with my thumb-nail. It was intended to indicate that the melon was solely and wholly mine. I felt a flush of anger.

"I hate you," I said as I approached him.

"I hate you," he answered.

"You're a snake!" I said.

We now stood, face to face and breast to breast, like a pair of young roosters. He gave me a shove and told me to go home. I gave him a shove and told him I wouldn't.

I pushed up close to him again and we glared into each other's eyes.

Suddenly he spat in my face. I gave him a scratch on the forehead with my finger-nails. Then we fell upon each other and rolled on the ground and hit and scratched with feline ferocity.

Mrs. Willis ran out of the house and plucked us. Our blood was hot, and leaping through the skin of our faces a little.

"He pitched on me," Henry explained.

I couldn't speak.

"Go right home—this minute—you brat!" said Mrs. Willis in anger.

"Here's your tea. Don't you ever come here again."

I took the tea and started down the road weeping. What a bitter day that was for me! I drenched to face my aunt and uncle. Coming through the grove down by our gate I met Uncle Peabody. With the keen insight of the father of the prodigal son he had seen me coming "a long way off," and shouted:

"Well, here ye be—I was kind o' worried, Bub."

Then his eye caught the look of dejection in my gait and figure. He hurried toward me. He stopped as I came sobbing to his feet.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked gently, as he took the tea cup from my hand, and sat down upon his heels.

He had no sooner said it than a cry broke from my lips, and I sank down upon the grass moaning and sobbing. I lay amidst the ruins of the simple faith of childhood. It was as if the world and all its joys had come to an end.

Aunt Deel spoke in a low, kindly tone and came and lifted me to my feet very tenderly.

"Come, Bart, don't feel so about that old melon," said she, "it ain't worth it. Come with me. I'm going to give you a present—ayes I be!"

I was still crying when she took me to her trunk, and offered the grateful assuagement of candy and a belt all embroidered with blue and white beads.

"Now you see, Bart, how low and mean anybody is that takes what don't belong to 'em—ayes! They're snakes! Everybody hates 'em an' stamps on 'em when they come in sight—ayes!"

The abomination of the Lord was in her look and manner. How it shook my soul! He who had taken the watermelon had also taken from me something I was never to have again, and a very wonderful thing it was—faith in the goodness of men. My eyes had seen evil. The world had committed its first offense against me and my spirit was no longer the white and beautiful thing it had been. Still, therein is the beginning of wisdom and, looking down the long vista of the years, I thank God for the great harvest of the lost watermelon. Better things had come in its place—understanding and what more, often I have vainly tried to estimate. For one thing that sudden revelation of the heart of childhood had lifted my spirit out of the cold storage of a puritanic spirit, and warmed it into new life and opened its door for me.

In the afternoon she sent me over to Willis' to borrow a little tea. I stopped for a few minutes to play with Henry Willis—a boy not quite a year older than I. While playing there I discovered a piece of the rind of my melon in the doorway. On that piece of rind I saw the cross which I had made one day with my thumb-nail. It was intended to indicate that the melon was solely and wholly mine. I felt a flush of anger.

"I hate you," I said as I approached him.

"I hate you," he answered.

"You're a snake!" I said.

We now stood, face to face and breast to breast, like a pair of young roosters. He gave me a shove and told me to go home. I gave him a shove and told him I wouldn't.

I pushed up close to him again and we glared into each other's eyes.

Suddenly he spat in my face. I gave him a scratch on the forehead with my finger-nails. Then we fell upon each other and rolled on the ground and hit and scratched with feline ferocity.

Mrs. Willis ran out of the house and plucked us. Our blood was hot, and leaping through the skin of our faces a little.

"He pitched on me," Henry explained.

I couldn't speak.

"Go right home—this minute—you brat!" said Mrs. Willis in anger.

"Here's your tea. Don't you ever come here again."

I took the tea and started down the road weeping. What a bitter day that was for me! I drenched to face my aunt and uncle. Coming through the grove down by our gate I met Uncle Peabody. With the keen insight of the father of the prodigal son he had seen me coming "a long way off," and shouted:

"Well, here ye be—I was kind o' worried, Bub."

Then his eye caught the look of dejection in my gait and figure. He hurried toward me. He stopped as I came sobbing to his feet.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked gently, as he took the tea cup from my hand, and sat down upon his heels.

He had no sooner said it than a cry broke from my lips, and I sank down upon the grass moaning and sobbing. I lay amidst the ruins of the simple faith of childhood. It was as if the world and all its joys had come to an end.

Aunt Deel spoke in a low, kindly tone and came and lifted me to my feet very tenderly.

"Come, Bart, don't feel so about that old melon," said she, "it ain't worth it. Come with me. I'm going to give you a present—ayes I be!"

I was still crying when she took me to her trunk, and offered the grateful assuagement of candy and a belt all embroidered with blue and white beads.

"Now you see, Bart, how low and mean anybody is that takes what don't belong to 'em—ayes! They're snakes! Everybody hates 'em an' stamps on 'em when they come in sight—ayes!"

The abomination of the Lord was in her look and manner. How it shook my soul! He who had taken the watermelon had also taken from me something I was never to have again, and a very wonderful thing it was—faith in the goodness of men. My eyes had seen evil. The world had committed its first offense against me and my spirit was no longer the white and beautiful thing it had been. Still, therein is the beginning of wisdom and, looking down the long vista of the years, I thank God for the great harvest of the lost watermelon. Better things had come in its place—understanding and what more, often I have vainly tried to estimate. For one thing that sudden revelation of the heart of childhood had lifted my spirit out of the cold storage of a puritanic spirit, and warmed it into new life and opened its door for me.

In the afternoon she sent me over to Willis' to borrow a little tea. I stopped for a few minutes to play with Henry Willis—a boy not quite a year older than I. While playing there I discovered a piece of the rind of my melon in the doorway. On that piece of rind I saw the cross which I had made one day with my thumb-nail. It was intended to indicate that the melon was solely and wholly mine. I felt a flush of anger.

"I hate you," I said as I approached him.

"I hate you," he answered.

"You're a snake!" I said.

We now stood, face to face and breast to breast, like a pair of young roosters. He gave me a shove and told me to go home. I gave him a shove and told him I wouldn't.

I pushed up close to him again and we glared into each other's eyes.

Suddenly he spat in my face. I gave him a scratch on the forehead with my finger-nails. Then we fell upon each other and rolled on the ground and hit and scratched with feline ferocity.

Mrs. Willis ran out of the house and plucked us. Our blood was hot, and leaping through the skin of our faces a little.

"He pitched on me," Henry explained.

I couldn't speak.

"Go right home—this minute—you brat!" said Mrs. Willis in anger.

"Here's your tea. Don't you ever come here again."

I took the tea and started down the road weeping. What a bitter day that was for me! I drenched to face my aunt and uncle. Coming through the grove down by our gate I met Uncle Peabody. With the keen insight of the father of the prodigal son he had seen me coming "a long way off," and shouted:

"Well, here ye be—I was kind o' worried, Bub."

Then his eye caught the look of dejection in my gait and figure. He hurried toward me. He stopped as I came sobbing to his feet.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked gently, as he took the tea cup from my hand, and sat down upon his heels.

He had no sooner said it than a cry broke from my lips, and I sank down upon the grass moaning and sobbing. I lay amidst the ruins of the simple faith of childhood. It was as if the world and all its joys had come to an end.

Aunt Deel spoke in a low, kindly tone and came and lifted me to my feet very tenderly.

"Come, Bart, don't feel so about that old melon," said she, "it ain't worth it. Come with me. I'm going to give you a present—ayes I be!"

I was still crying when she took me to her

RED CROSS SANTA TO FILL SOLDIERS' SOCKS

An Old Fashioned Celebration of Yuletide for American Soldiers in France.

A Christmas tree in every ward of every American hospital and in every hospital recreation hut in France!

Every wounded or sick American fighting man to receive two socks filled to the brim with fruits, nuts, candy and smokes!

These are the most interesting features of a tentative Christmas celebration program for the American Red Cross in France in co-operation with the commanding officers of our fighting forces in that country. Details of the plan to make Christmas as merry as possible for the soldiers in these institutions have just been received at Red Cross headquarters. Nurses and enlisted men on duty at these places will also share in the distribution of Christmas cheer. Because of the limited amount of available shipping space the Red Cross was compelled to abandon its original plan to send special Christmas parcels from here to soldier patients in France. All the articles distributed will be obtained over there.

This is to be an old fashioned celebration in every sense of the word. Every soldier will hang his socks on the tree. The socks will be tied with red ribbon and in addition to the goodies mentioned above will contain a handkerchief and a card, on which will be outlined the services the American Red Cross is prepared to render our soldiers. Each soldier will receive a sufficient number of Christmas postcards—now being designed by artists in the Red Cross service—to enable him to write to members of his family and his friends back home.

The Christmas dinner, of course, will be one of the features of the celebration. After dinner there will be musical entertainment, motion pictures and general singing.

RED CROSS FIGHTS DEADLY EPIDEMIC

Besides the special work conducted by hundreds of Red Cross Chapters throughout the country in checking the recent epidemic of Spanish influenza, the organization through its headquarters at Washington is preparing to fight a repetition of the experience that was so disastrous this fall, educating the public thoroughly regarding the symptoms and the proper care at the beginning of an attack. In addition to this, the American Red Cross is fighting tuberculosis. The recent appropriation to the National Tuberculosis Association will be used for educational as well as relief work throughout the country.

So much has been said about the aftermath of the epidemic that special attention is being given to the work along this line. The weakness which follows influenza leaves the patient in a condition which makes him a good field for the germs of tuberculosis. A thorough physical examination, proper food and clothing, the use of mild preventives, will check the progress of the disease at once.

Tuberculosis, or consumption, as it is frequently called, is both preventable and curable, provided the treatment of the disease is begun before it is too far advanced. Medicine plays a comparatively small part. The frequently advertised "consumption cures" should be looked upon as poison. The only medicine which should be taken is a good tonic which will stimulate the appetite and build up the system generally. The main cure lies in proper food, sufficient rest, fresh air and sunlight and living, if possible, according to the plan prescribed by a good physician. This renews the patient's vitality and soon kills the disease entirely.

For several years the National Tuberculosis Association has been financing its work by the sale of Red Cross seals at Christmas time. The seals sold for a penny each and by making a concerted effort enough money was usually raised to carry the work through the year. This year there will be no seals sold because the American Red Cross has made an appropriation for the anti-tuberculosis work, and those who formerly spent their time selling seals will join in the work for the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call during the week of December 10 to 23.

SONG OF LITTLE THINGS.

By Jeanne Judson.

This is the song of little things.

A clean, white bed in a quiet place.

A cigarette and the saving grace

Of smiles that illumine the nurse's face—

These are the joys the Red Cross brings.

This is the song of little things,

An old man brought to his home again,

And children who play, forgetting pain,

A hut that shelters from mud and rain—

This is the rest the Red Cross brings.

AMERICA'S WOMEN JOINED IN ANTHEM OF SERVICE

Millions of Red Cross Workers Do Multitude of Little Things at Home Which Enable Our Boys to Do Great Things in France.

Under the banner of the Red Cross American women are working in homes, churches, clubs, schools, shops, theaters, factories, hospitals and in thousands of Red Cross work-rooms. The hum of sewing machines, the whizz of muslin torn to accurate strips, the rattling of typewriter keys, the purr of boiling kettles in canteens, the rumbling of automobiles of the Motor Corps, the soft click of knitting needles in lonely cabins and farmhouses, all blend into a great anthem of service.

About 8,000,000 women working through Red Cross Chapters and branches are making with their hands relief supplies—surgical dressings, knitted articles, hospital and refugee garments—or working as volunteers, subject to any call day or night, at 500 railroad stations throughout the country and at the ports of embarkation, or serving in volunteer Motor Corps. Truly here is an army with banners—banners of a red cross on a white field.

For the period up to the first of July, 1918, American Red Cross Chapters, through their work-rooms, had produced 192,748,107 surgical dressings, 10,184,501 knitted articles, 10,786,480 hospital garments and other hospital supplies and refugee garments, making a total of 221,282,588 articles of an estimated aggregate value of at least \$44,000,000.

Last spring during the Red Cross war fund drive, when thousands of women workers in cities in every state formed their great symbolic processions, those who looked on saw them as the representatives of all our American women working in this war, and heard in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" to which they marched, the

varied sounds of all their eager labor. The things they made, which carried a message of love from the women of this country, quite apart from their great money value, went from their work-rooms on great adventures. They have gone into front line trenches, to emergency hospitals in foreign villages and into the most modern operating rooms. They have wrapped lost and frightened children in warmth and sheltered aged refugees from the cold. They have gone overseas into strange and sad places, into Russia and Serbia and Palestine and Italy and France. They have gone into our own huge cantonments for our own young soldiers.

The Department of Nursing of the American Red Cross is the great recruiting agency of the United States Army and Navy Nurse Corps. By the first of October it had assigned over 18,000 graduate nurses to active military service at home and abroad. It has provided over 700 nurses for the Federal Public Health Service and the Red Cross Town and Country Nursing Service, which co-operates with the local health boards in the communities which it serves.

The statement of the Home Service of the American Red Cross to all of our fighting men that it is prepared to help in any emergency that may arise in their homes—help in legal ways, medical ways, business ways, friendship ways—would not be possible without the vision and the active co-operation of thousands of American women. In every division of the Red Cross, from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico, they have seen this service as the elemental right due from the American people to their defenders.

COMFORTS, SMILES AND CAKE LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

Thus Every Red Cross Canteen Becomes a Bit of Home for Our Soldiers in France.

What could possibly be more gladdening than the sight of real American doughnuts, hunks of luscious pie, real hunks? Nothing—unless it might be the sight of an honest-to-goodness American girl. And the combination of the three, and maybe a couple of mugs of good hot coffee thrown in for good measure—nobody but a really tired, hardworked Yank can really appreciate this food for the gods and comfort for the heart of man.

"It ain't the coffee nor the pie nor the doughnuts, not even the pretty girls," said one young soldier; "it is the sight of a woman who looks like your mother—with her little cap a little askew sometimes, and maybe a lock of hair straightened out of curl, just like mother used to have hers come when she was hurrying too hard—that's the thing that makes a fellow glad he happened to be with this particular bunch. And when that woman says, 'Here, son, have another piece of pie!' it goes right through your heart and makes you feel that if you ever do get back to the old U. S. A. again you'll not forget mother's birthday and you'll remember to say the kind things every single day of your life."

The Red Cross serves the lads of all the nations, of course, but it is particularly partial to the khaki clad youths with a bit of slang and the call for the matches and the cigarettes. They are the ones who appreciate the American crackers and jam.

There are the canteens close to the trenches, of course, and the huts where the men may go and bathe and have their clothes freshened up, and the

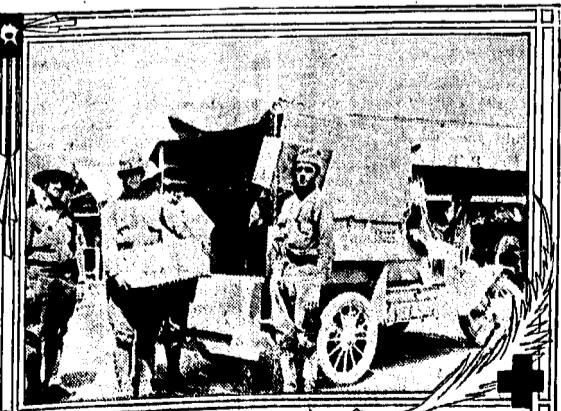
railroad station canteen service, and the big canteens with the writing rooms and showers and libraries, and lounges where a fellow can rest a while, but the boys who have been there insist that they love the little rolling canteens that just naturally spring up where you least expect them, most of all.

Many well known names are on the lists of canteen workers, for American women were quick to seize the opportunity for service. The poorest soldier on his leave may be served by an American woman whose hospitality was formerly dealt out by her maids and butlers—and whose guest lists included only the most fashionable names in the social register. Now it is she who hands over the pie with her own hands and then gathers up the dishes—yes, and oftentimes washes them when help is scarce, for they have to be washed and made ready for the next lot of soldiers—and one cannot disappoint the boys who are never too tired to respond to the call of duty.

Another part of the canteen service is the "store," where the soldiers are supplied with their needs, where things they have lost in the heat of battle are replaced, tooth paste handed out, razor blades, towels, toothbrushes, all sorts of things, not forgetting the post cards to send home and the ever wanted packages of cigarettes.

Taking it all in all, the canteen does far more than fill the stomachs of the men—it puts something worth while into their hearts.

TOBACCO FOR THE BOYS



AN AMERICAN RED CROSS TRUCK BRINGING CASES OF TOBACCO FOR OUR SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT.

BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

What finer Christmas gift could the American people give to a stricken world than the announcement on Christmas Eve that the entire nation has answered the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call. It would signify to the

starving, sick and homeless that our humanity does not depend upon the excitement of war, but that neighborliness is just as strong in us in times of peace. A unanimous response will hearten the whole world.

BREVITIES

Adrian—The smallpox epidemic here has assumed such proportions that it has been suggested that all public places, including stores, be closed until the epidemic subsides. There are about twenty-five cases of smallpox in the city.

Jackson—Governor Sleeper has appointed Mark Merriman of Jackson a member of the Jackson prison board of control. Mr. Merriman takes the place of Frank Emans, of Detroit, who entered the army and resigned some days ago by the appointment of Charles Reynolds also of Jackson, but he refused to take the position.

Manchester—J. H. Kingsley has evidently been so busy looking after the food administration, the Liberty loan and War Welfare campaigns that he neglected home duties. He had a hen come off last Friday with 12 little chicks. He hustled the whole outfit into the warm basement, hoping to winter them over.—Manchester Enterprise.

Howell—Mrs. Charles Farrer, 60 years old, is dead here and her husband seriously ill as the result of a belated consequences of a Halloween prank. Both were asphyxiated at their home Monday night when found by their daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Farrer had been visiting for several weeks and on their return home had difficulty lighting their stove. Investigation proved the chimney had been stuffed with paper. Mr. Farrer tried to burn it out with kerosene. Later a daughter, returning home, found her mother dead in bed and her father unconscious.

Manchester—The weather was rather snappy Sunday night and Monday morning showed the mill ponds frozen across in some places. This is unusual, for they freeze along the banks for several nights and some people formed the habit of judging the cold by the amount of ice on the river. "Not so many years ago the boys used to figure on ice strong enough for skating Thanksgiving day—though they didn't always get it. Sometimes there was plenty of ice but a fall of snow spoiled the skating. The winters have certainly moderated since men of 40 to 50 were boys.—Manchester Enterprise.

Jonesville—For the first time in the ninety years of Jonesville's history, hay is being shipped in for local use. The unprecedented circumstances took place recently, when three carloads of Ohio hay arrived here. The shipped-in product sells at \$28 per ton—a lower price than that paid of late for the home product when obtainable. At recent local farm auctions hay has sold at the exceedingly steep price of \$32 per ton. Even at these figures, the product could not be found in sufficient quantities to supply home needs. An explanation of this hay famine is found in the fact that last year's heavy crop was cleaned up by buyers at high prices, leaving no surplus. This year, the crop was light, and as a natural consequence, a scarcity hitherto unprecedented, has resulted.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. Ellen C. Taylor wishes to return her grateful appreciation for the many acts of kindness and benefits bestowed upon her mother, Mrs. Tyler, during her severe and trying illness.

Notice to Lima Taxpayers.

The undersigned, treasurer of Lima township, will be at Lima town hall every Friday during December and at Dexter Savings Bank Saturday, December 28, and at the Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank, Chelsea, Saturday, January 4, to receive taxes. Fred Wenk, Treasurer. 20

A WORD WITH WOMEN.

Valuable Advice for Chelsea Readers. Many a woman endures with noble patience the daily misery of back ache, pains about the hips, blue, nervous spells, dizziness and urinary disorders, hopeless of relief because she doesn't know what is the matter. It is not true that every pain in the back or hips is trouble "peculiar to the sex." Often when the kidneys get congested and inflamed, such aches and pains follow. Then help the weakened kidneys. Don't expect them to pay well for themselves. Don't's Kidney Pills have won the praise of thousands of women. They are endorsed right in this locality. Read this woman's convincing statement:

Mrs. Elizabeth Huns, 913 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich., says: "Some few years ago I found it necessary to use a kidney medicine. I was suffering from a weak and lame back and the least exertion made it ache. My kidneys acted irregularly, too. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and I bought more. They cured the complaint and for over two years I have been perfectly well." Price five, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Huns had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

To the Housewife:—

We take pleasure in announcing that the well known

Pacific Coast Borax Company

will, within a short time, have a number of expert demonstrators in town to explain to you personally the various uses of our Products, including

20 Mule Team Borax
20 Mule Team Borax Soap Chips
20 Mule Team Boric Acid

The three greatest household labor and money savers.

It will be distinctly to your advantage to receive our demonstrators. The information they impart will be of great service to you, and they will offer a

VALUABLE PREMIUM

in conjunction with the demonstration.



Detroit United Lines

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and Detroit.

Eastern Standard Time.

For Detroit 8:45 a. m. and every two hours to 8:45 p. m.

For Jackson and Kalamazoo 9:15 a. m. and every two hours to 7:15 p. m.

To Jackson and Lansing 9:15 p. m.

East Bound—7:34 a. m. and every two hours to 7:34 p. m.

West Bound—10:00 a. m. and every two hours to 10:20 p. m.

Express cars make local stops west of Ann Arbor.

East Bound—10:12 p. m. To Ypsilanti only. 11:50 p. m.

West Bound—8:20 a. m., 12:51 p. m.

Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use

IT'S different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade.

Black Silk Stove Polish

Makes a brilliant, silky polish that does not rub off or dust off, and the shine lasts four times as long as ordinary stove polish. Used on sample stoves and sold by hardware and grocery dealers.

It is not true that every pain in the back or hips is trouble "peculiar to the sex." Often when the kidneys get congested and inflamed, such aches and pains follow. Then help the weakened kidneys. Don't expect them to pay well for themselves.

Doan's Kidney Pills have won the praise of thousands of women. They are endorsed right in this locality. Read this woman's convincing statement:

Mrs. Elizabeth Huns, 913 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich., says: "Some few years ago I found it necessary to use a kidney medicine. I was suffering from a weak and lame back and the least exertion made it ache. My kidneys acted irregularly, too. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me and I bought more. They cured the complaint and for over two years I have been perfectly well." Price five, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Huns had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Chelsea Greenhouses

CUT FLOWERS
POTTED PLANTS
FUNERAL DESIGNS

Elvira Clark-Visel
Phone 180-F21 FLORIST

5% INCOME

On Your Savings

You can put in \$25.00 or

any multiple of that sum

and draw cash dividends

for every day the money

is left with us. Payable

twice each year, January

and July. No fees, ex-

pense or lost time. It is

net to you. Write or ask

local agent for full par-

ticulars.

Established in 1890 Assets \$2,577,000

CAPITOL

SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION

LANSING, MICH.

W. D. ARNOLD, Agent

Chelsea.

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

CHLSEA

Commissioners' Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said county, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Joseph H. Hollis, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that four months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at H. D. Withersell's office, in the Village of Chelsea, in said county, on the 3rd day of January and on the 3rd day of March next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, November 1st, 1918.

Herbert D. Withersell,

Nellie Lowery,

Commissioners.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 8th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Emanuel Eschelsch, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Mary Eschelsch, widow, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to George Eschelsch, or some other suitable person, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered, that the 9th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)

Dorcas C. Donagan, Register. 19

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 15th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John Lucht, Jr., deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Mattie Lucht, widow, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Mattie Lucht, or some other suitable person, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered, that the 18th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)

Dorcas C. Donagan, Register. 19

Order of Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 15th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Chas. M. Davis, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Minnie L. Davis, heir, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Henry L. Davis, or some other suitable person, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered, that the 18th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)

Dorcas C. Donagan, Register. 20

Try The Standard

Want Column

It Gives Results

OLD PAPERS for sale at this office. Large bundle for five cents.



The Crucial Moment

Drawing is reproduced from a photograph of the final test of Anna Case's Lucia RE-CREATION.

Note the alert concentration expressed in every face. It is a tense moment in the Edison Recording Laboratories. Anna Case, the wonderfully gifted soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is testing the quality of the RE-CREATION she has made of the famous Mad Scene from Lucia. A jury composed of other eminent artists and of laboratory experts is listening intently.

The instrument begins to play the RE-CREATION. Miss Case joins in. Through the bare room soared that beautiful voice, thrilling in its dramatic intensity. Suddenly the artist ceases. The instrument continues alone. Can one shade of difference be detected? That is the question. Are the living voice and its RE-CREATION exactly alike, or can one be told from the other? Is some subtle shade of tone color missing from the RE-CREATION? Is some glint of warmth and fire lacking? The answer is "No." The

RE-CREATION has met the test of tests. It is released for the December list.

Tests similar to this one have been held more than 1500 times in public. More than thirty famous artists have participated in them, singing or playing in direct comparison with their own RE-CREATIONS. More than two million people have attended these Edison tone tests. Several hundred music critics have reported them and the verdict has been unanimous that the voice of the artist and the instrument are indistinguishable.

No other sound reproducing instrument has ever been subjected to the searching tone test. No other instrument could successfully meet so drastic a trial. When you listen to the New Edison you are hearing the artist's own voice, RE-CREATED with complete fidelity. On any other instrument you are hearing not a RE-CREATION, but merely an imitation.

Call tomorrow and listen to a demonstration of

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With a Soul"

PALMER MOTOR SALES CO.

CHELSEA MICHIGAN

A. L. STEGER,
Dentist.
Office, Kemper Bank Block, Chelsea, Michigan.
Phone, Office, 22. Residence, 54, 25.

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

H. M. ARMOUR
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
Fourteen years experience. Also general audiology. Phone 51. Residence, 119 West Middle street, Chelsea.

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

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

E. W. DANIELS,
General Auctioneer.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. For information call at The Standard office, or at the probate office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 11th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

STIVERS & KALMBACH,
Attorneys at Law.
General law practice in all courts. Notary Public in the office. Office in Hatch-Durand block. Chelsea, Michigan. Phone 85.

General Auctioneering
Farm Sales a Specialty
IRVING M. KALMBACH
P. O. Address:
GRASS LAKE, MICHIGAN

SHOE REPAIRING
of all kinds promptly and neatly done; also bargains in Men's Dress and Work Shoes.
Electric Shoe Shop, W. Middle St.

Order of Publication
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss: At a session of the probate court, for said county of Washtenaw, held at the probate office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 11th day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of Angeline Sibley, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Joseph L. Sibley, executor, praying that a certain paper in writing, and now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of Angeline Sibley, be admitted to probate, and that Joseph L. Sibley, the executor named in said will, or some other suitable person be appointed executor thereof and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered that the 11th day of December, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in The Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.

EMORY E. LEELAND, Judge of Probate.
A true copy.
Dorcas C. Donagan, Register.

Go To The Corner Barber Shop

CLOSE ATTENTION GIVEN TO HAIR CUTS CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTS A SPECIALTY

Try Our Electric Massage Razors Honed and Sharpened

Ladies and Gents' Shoes Shined **WM. SCHATZ, Prop.**

SELECTED LIST OF

Victor Records for December

POPULAR RECORDS YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GET IN DECEMBER. IF YOU HAVEN'T THESE COME EARLY TO GET THEM.

64083	La Marseillaise (In French).....	Frances Alda
\$1.00		
57294	Over There.....	Enrico Caruso
\$2.00		
74163	Humoresque.....	Mischa Elman
\$1.50		
87107	Whispering Hope.....	Gluck and Homer
\$2.00		
74420	Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.....	Alma Gluck
\$1.50		
35663	Missouri Waltz.....	Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra
\$1.35	Kiss Me Again, Waltz.....	Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra
74424	Aida-Celesta Aida (In Italian).....	Giovanni Martinelli
\$1.50		
18473	Smiles, Fox Trot.....	Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra
85	Rose Room, Fox Trot.....	Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra
45145	Holy Night.....	Lucy Marsh
\$1.00	Silent Night, Holy Night.....	Lyric Quartet
35112	White Shepherd's Watched.....	Victor Oratorio Chorus
\$1.35	It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.....	Victor Oratorio Chorus
35594	Angels from the Realms of Glory.....	Trinity Choir
\$1.35	Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem.....	Trinity Choir
17767	Hilo, Hawaiian March.....	Irene West Royal Hawaiians
85	Wailana (Drowsy Waters).....	Lou and Kallie
18380	Silent Night, Holy Night.....	Neapolitan Trio
85	Christmas Hymns, Selection.....	Francis J. Lapittino
18430	U. S. Field Artillery, March.....	Sousa's Band
85	Liberty Loan, March.....	Sousa's Band
18435	The Last Long Mile.....	Chas. Hart and Shannon Four
85	K-K-K-Katy.....	Billy Murray

GRINNELL BROS., AT HOLMES & WALKER'S

The Chelsea Standard

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

O. T. HICKNER,
PUBLISHER.

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

Entered as second-class matter, March 5, 1908, at the postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PERSONALS

W. P. Schenk spent Friday in Ann Arbor.

G. Hutzel spent Monday in Ann Arbor.

John Martin spent Monday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Ford Axtell was in Ann Arbor Friday.

Miss Kathryn Hooker spent Monday in Detroit.

Mrs. F. E. Storms spent Friday in Ann Arbor.

Geo. P. Staffan was a Grass Lake visitor Friday.

Mrs. S. W. Rose is spending some time in Chicago.

Mrs. D. C. McLaren was an Ann Arbor visitor Friday.

Miss Beryl McNamara spent the week-end in Detroit.

Mrs. Susan Cayfield is spending this week in Parma.

Miss Esther Chandler is visiting relatives in Charlotte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hammond spent Thanksgiving in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Steinbach are visiting relatives in Jackson.

Miss Clara Hutzel, of Ann Arbor, was in Chelsea Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lehman spent Thanksgiving in Detroit.

Howard Canfield made a business trip to Ann Arbor Friday.

Mrs. J. E. McElroy, of Detroit, was a Chelsea visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fletcher spent Monday in Ann Arbor.

Miss Florence Fenn spent Sunday with relatives in Grass Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Armour spent Thanksgiving in Battle Creek.

Mrs. W. I. Whitaker and sons, of Flint, spent the week-end here.

Mrs. Mary Harper spent the past week with relatives in Jackson.

Mrs. J. C. Goodyear spent Thanksgiving with relatives at Howell.

Mrs. James Barker, of Ann Arbor, visited Mrs. R. D. Walker, Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Taylor spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stedman.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Holmes and sons spent Thanksgiving in Jackson.

Misses Jennie and Josephine Walker were in Ann Arbor Friday afternoon.

Mrs. N. F. Prudden and daughter Berniece were in Ann Arbor Friday.

Miss Gladys Stoll, of Lansing, spent the week-end with Miss Ethel Kalmbach.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hochrein and sons spent Thanksgiving in Ann Arbor.

Miss Nina Shrimpton, of Detroit, spent the week-end with Miss Nellie Lowry.

Mrs. W. R. Reed has gone to Northborne, Mo., where she will spend the winter.

Miss Mabel Weed, of Detroit, spent the week-end with Mrs. W. F. Kallmeyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Freeman, of Ann Arbor, were Chelsea visitors last Thursday.

Mrs. Guenther and daughter, of Denton, have been guests of Mrs. W. D. Huston.

Mrs. Katherine Hertler, of Saline, has been the guest of Mrs. P. W. Dierberger.

Miss Flora Schieferstein spent several days of last week with relatives in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. DeGole, of Wayne, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schultz, of Ann Arbor, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Spiegelberg Sunday.

Ensign and Mrs. Chapman spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Taylor, of Ann Arbor.

Gilbert Clark and William Duncan, of Detroit, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira VanGieson and son Leonard spent several days of the past week in Clinton.

Mrs. Ignatius Howe and children, of Jackson, were guests of C. Klein several days of the past week.

Mrs. C. E. Brooks, of Marshall, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Foster several days of the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jensen and children spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. John McIlwain of Detroit.

Private W. Leonard Shepherd, who is a member of the S. A. T. C. at M. A. C., spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shepherd.

December Sale - OF - Coats and Suits

Women's and Misses' Coats at Great Saving

We've greatly reduced the prices on all Coats and Suits for a final clean-up of every garment. Not one will be carried over, even if we are fully assured by all makers that prices another season will be no lower. We've never carried carried over any stock in this department, and will not this season.

\$45.00, \$48.50 and \$50.00 Coats, made of the newest fashionable cloths, all colors and some black, now **\$35 and \$39**

\$35.00, \$39.00 and \$42.50 Coats, beautiful new garments, half or full lined, now **\$25 and \$29**

Big lot of \$25.00 and \$29.00 warm, fashionable Coats, made of good serviceable materials, at **\$20**

All Suits are marked down to the bare cost of the materials in these garments.

REMEMBER the assortment in this department is continually getting smaller and you should not delay.

VOGEL & WURSTER

Public Auction!

Having decided to quit farming I will sell all my personal property at Public Auction on the premises known as the Henry Hafley farm at Sylvan Center, three and one-half miles west of Chelsea, on

Friday, Dec. 13, 1918
Beginning at 10 A. M., Sharp

4 Head of Horses

Grey gelding, coming 5, weight 1150; bay mare, coming 5, weight 1150; sorrel gelding, coming 4, weight 1000; family driving horse, weight 900.

10 Head of Cattle

Durham cow giving milk, fresh in March; Jersey cow, giving milk, fresh in March; Jersey cow, coming in soon; Holstein heifer, coming in soon; Holstein heifer, 2 years old; Holstein heifer, 1½ years old; three yearling heifers, one spring calf.

Hogs and Geese

Chester White brood sow, five shoats, two pigs, two geese, one gander.

Hay and Grain

800 bundles corn stalks, 6 tons marsh hay, 7 tons clover hay 3 tons timothy hay, quantity of oat straw, quantity of ensilage,

150 bushels of oats, 100 bushels of corn, and a quantity of seed corn.

Farming Tools

No. 2 Fearless manure spreader, nearly new; Osborn rake loader, No. 10 Milwaukee grain binder, Walter A. Wood mower, nearly new, Osborn hay rake, nearly new; land roller, 3-section spring-tooth harrow, nearly new; 2-section spike drag, No. 99 Oliver plow, Gale plow, grain drill, Ajax cultivator, Little Willie riding cultivator, Gale walking cultivator, nearly new; spring-tooth walking cultivator, Gale walking cultivator, set bobsleighs, cutter, road wagon, three lumber wagons, hay and stock rack, set dump planks, corn marker, fanning mill, 1000-lbs. scales, 23 grain bags, corn sheller, slip scraper, spring sent, three sets double harness, two sets single harness, number of horse collars, two fly nets, feed cooker, barrel churn, kitchen table, lawn mower, forks, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Hot Coffee and Lunch served at-noon

TERMS—All sums of \$5 00 or under cash, all sums over that amount one year's time will be given on good endorsed bankable notes at 6%.

J. FRED HAFLEY, Prop.

H. D. WITHERELL, Clerk.

H. M. ARMOUR, Auctioneer

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McKernan and Miss Thoresa Conlan were Ann Arbor visitors the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Koons and sons, of Detroit, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Laphere over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel entertained on Thanksgiving day, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Krause and sons, of Grand Rapids and Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Braun and son, of Ann Arbor.

Miss Elizabeth Depew entertained on Thanksgiving day, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Depew of Ann Arbor, Miss Anna Cassidy of Grass Lake, and Misses Mame and Alma Pierce, of Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kauska and daughter Irene, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Schaefer and son Norman, and Henry Phelps, of Dexter were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Martin Thanksgiving day.

Miss Alice Johnson of Grand Lodge, Miss Amy Johnson of Morrestown, Clyde Crison and A. Remington of Camp Custer, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Johnson and family of Jackson, spent Thanksgiving with Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Fulford.

Frank Kirkland and daughters Ruth and Myra, of Fowlerville, were guests of Mrs. J. C. Taylor the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Moes, of Detroit, and Miss Edith Saunders, of Kalamazoo, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Atkinson over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel entertained on Thanksgiving day, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Krause and sons, of Grand Rapids and Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Braun and son, of Ann Arbor.

Miss Elizabeth Depew entertained on Thanksgiving day, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Depew of Ann Arbor, Miss Anna Cassidy of Grass Lake, and Misses Mame and Alma Pierce, of Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kauska and daughter Irene, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Schaefer and son Norman, and Henry Phelps, of Dexter were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Martin Thanksgiving day.

Miss Alice Johnson of Grand Lodge, Miss Amy Johnson of Morrestown, Clyde Crison and A. Remington of Camp Custer, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Johnson and family of Jackson, spent Thanksgiving with Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Fulford.

Frank Kirkland and daughters Ruth and Myra, of Fowlerville, were guests of Mrs. J. C. Taylor the latter part of last week.

Notice to Hunters.

We, the undersigned, will not allow any hunting, trapping or trespassing on our premises:

E. M. Eisman Geo. Rothfus
John Bender Joseph Liebeck
Fred Seitz John G. Fischer
H. J. Noyes S. J. Stadel
John C. Leeman James Dann
Fred Keen Mrs. Wm. Grieb
A. B. Skinner John Liebeck
W. H. Eisenman Frank Grieb
John McKernan E. J. McKernan
Howard Everett Est.

WANTED—People who have any legal printing required in the settlement of estates, etc., to have it sent to the Standard office. The rates are universal in such matters, and to have your notices appear in this paper it is only necessary to ask the probate judge to send them to the Chelsea Standard.

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

ONE MOMENT OF YOUR TIME PLEASE!

We realize that most men are too busy to read Ads but here's one that is really too important to miss. At our store this week we will display to the public the newest things in men's and young men's Suits and Overcoats. Let us remind you that our aim is for quality and value and we strike harmony between them.

PRICES \$20 TO \$30.

FURNISHING GOODS

We have in our Furnishing Goods department an unusual fine display of fancy and plain ties, jewelry, mufflers, gloves, mittens, handkerchiefs, shirts, collars, hosiery, underwear, hats and caps, all suitable for a Christmas remembrance.

SWEATERS AND MACKINAWS

We have on display a complete new stock of men's and boy's Sweaters and Mackinaws at prices that are right. Call and look them over.

MEN AND BOYS FOOTWEAR



You should look over our large line before buying. It will pay you!

Men's Shoes in black, tan and mahogany calf and vici kid, the army cut shoes and heavy work shoes.

Boy's school shoes at prices that are pleasing.

Our line is large and complete for boys.

A complete stock of Rubbers of all kinds.

HERMAN J. DANCER

Saturday Specials!

Saturday, December 7, 1918

Best New Orleans, 2 1/2 pound size can	23c
White House Coffee, pound	32c
Cotouet, lard substitute, pound	26c
Chef Brand Mince Meat, package	9c
Palm Olive Toilet Soap	9c

MEN'S SHOES AND RUBBERS AT THE RIGHT PRICE.

KEUSCH & FAHRNER
HOME OF OLD TAVERN COFFEE.



"The Father of His Country" said:
"Thrift is now, and must ever be,
our watchword. Let us make it the
foundation on which to build our
glorious Republic."

Washington's ideal has been realized.

America has taken its place in the forefront of great nations.

THRIFT has attended every step of our progress as a Republic. It has been our ability to make money—and to SAVE money—that has enabled us to write the remarkable history of this marvelous country.

What is true of nations is equally true of individuals.

If you would be successful you must SAVE.

Start—HERE—NOW—by depositing a dollar or more with this good bank.

Absolute Protection! Satisfactory Interest! Efficient Service! Unfailing Courtesy!

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

ESTABLISHED 1870

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$100,000.00

CHELSEA

MICHIGAN

LOCAL NOTES

Miss Winifred Stapish is assisting at the postoffice during the holiday rush.

Mrs. Harry Benham, of Ann Arbor, who has been very ill, is slowly convalescing.

G. W. Coe has purchased the Conklin residence, corner East and Summit streets.

The Chelsea Ice Co. has commenced fitting up its ice house preparatory for the coming season.

If every sword were immediately turned into a plowshare there is a winter before us when plowshares do not count.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klingler were called to Sarnia, Ont., last week by the death of Mrs. Klingler's sister, Mrs. Thomas Davis.

A. W. Wilkinson, Tommie Wilkinson, Miss Nen Wilkinson and Miss Violet Hazelton, of Detroit, were guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Woods, Sunday.

In a letter written by E. A. Williams, of Galt, Calif., he states that he had just picked a half bushel of tomatoes, and wants to know if we can do as well in Michigan.

Poultry farmers are being urged by M. A. C. experts to weed out "slack" hens. Reports show fair profits in poultry being made in locations where demonstrations were conducted along this line.

H. J. Smith has leased the building and bought the equipment of the Watkins bakery. The rooms are being redecorated, and as soon as the work is done, Mr. Smith will move from his present location.

Cadet Lieutenant Clare Fenn, who has been stationed at Austin, Texas, for some time, has been honorably discharged from the aeronautics corps, and is now at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fenn.

The 125th Infantry band marched into Irrel, Germany, last Sunday. This was the first time that Germany had heard an American band playing American national airs. Meryl M. Shaver, son of M. A. Shaver, of Chelsea, is a member of this band.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Lauzon, of Port Huron, spent Thanksgiving week with Mrs. Lauzon's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Wm. J. Balmer. Mr. Lauzon returned home Tuesday. Mrs. Lauzon will remain another week and will speak Sunday evening at the Methodist church on "The Children's Year."

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Shutes, of Lima, have received a German helmet from their son, Sergt. H. G. Shutes, who is with the American Expeditionary Forces. The helmet had been pierced by a bullet, and if the wearer was not killed he must have had a terrible headache. The helmet is now on exhibition at the Standard office.

Under instructions issued by Postmaster General Burleson, no letter mail will be accepted for delivery to members of the American expeditionary forces without a return address on the envelope. The order was issued at the request of the war department, so that proper disposition may be made of mail reaching France for forces who have returned to the United States.

At the Michigan Rabbit and Cavy show in Jackson last week, G. H. Barbour, of Chelsea, took first, second, third and fourth prizes on his entries of New Zealand Reds senior does, and first, fourth and fifth on junior bucks. Mr. Barbour also received a special prize for the best New Zealand Red in the show. Walter Beutler received fourth prize for junior doe. Charles Stephenson took second and third on junior bucks.

Women who have been knitting for the soldier boys in France have often wondered what became of the sweaters after the holes began to appear—they have wondered if the sweaters were thrown away, because there was no one to mend them. The old sweaters and knitted articles of all descriptions are sent to a salvage depot in France, where thousands of knitted articles are sterilized and repaired every month, representing a saving of thousands of dollars.

John Weiss and two sons and nephew, of Suttons Bay, who drove here to visit relatives, were accompanied home by Henry Bertke, who returned home Tuesday by train. Henry says they had a tough time getting through the poor roads around Reed City and Cadillac and he knows what it is to push an auto out of the mud. Henry had not been in the northern country for about 28 years and found a great change, where at that time it was about all heavy timber, now there is no more than in this section. —Manchester Enterprise.

Mrs. S. A. Mapes was called to Oberlin, Ohio, last week by the illness of her daughter Gertrude.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Otis have moved to Ann Arbor, after spending several months in this place.

Henry Pierce, of Sylvan, was badly bruised one day last week when a team that he was driving ran away.

Mrs. Melbourne Hewett and son returned to their home at Milford Sunday, after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. P. Riemschneider.

The Standard made an error in the address of Louis H. Faber as printed last week. It should have read, Co. E, 118th Engineers, American Exp. Forces, via New York.

Michigan soldiers who land in New York, marching up Broadway, will be greeted with a big banner welcoming them home and telling them that the Michigan bureau is "just around the corner."

A little less than three weeks to do Christmas shopping. By watching the announcements in the Standard you will know just what is being offered for the holiday trade by the progressive Chelsea merchants.

S. W. Tucker received word Friday afternoon that his nephew, John Lutz, of Saline, had died that day from cancer. Mr. Lutz was a former postmaster at Saline and had served as supervisor of the township for several years.

Miss Clara Wellhoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wellhoff, of Sylvan, underwent an operation for the removal of a goitre. Tuesday at St. Joseph's sanitarium, Ann Arbor. Miss Wellhoff was taken to Ann Arbor two weeks ago.

Miss Emma Dewaller and Mr. Frank Nordman, of Detroit, were married in St. Benedict's church, Detroit, Thursday, November 28, 1918. They will be at home in the Euclid Apartments. Mr. Nordman is a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Nordman, of Lima.

On account of the serious condition of two of the men hurt in the wreck on the Michigan Central near Dexter, men who are wanted as inquest witnesses, Coroner Leo J. Kennedy postponed the time for holding of the inquest from Friday evening, November 29, to Friday evening, December 6. The inquest will be held in the circuit court room in Ann Arbor.

E. R. Chambers, son of Mrs. E. R. Chambers, of Lima, who has just completed a three months course in the army medical school in Washington, D. C., has been transferred to New Haven, Conn., to do research work in the army bacteriological laboratory in the university of Yale. Before entering the service, Mr. Chambers had charge of the Upper Peninsula branch state laboratory in the College of Mines at Houghton.

The Light in the Clearing

By IRVING BACHELLER

Around the fortunes of a lovable lad revolves this tale of reality and vitality, of humor and honor, of love of woman and love of country, of the simple affections and of fine ideals. The boy has your heart from the start. He becomes the principal witness to a crime and to a great event. By loyalty and devotion he gains his goal of happiness and his meed of love.

Our New Serial!
Be Sure to Read It!

We will pay 67 cents for cream on Saturday of this week. Detroit Creamery Co., E. P. Steiner, agent.

Early Buying Recommended Of These Sensible, Styleful CHRISTMAS BLOUSES!

Buy her a pretty Blouse for Christmas, for be it known that a pretty Blouse is always most acceptable.

Moreover, buy her a SENSIBLE Blouse, for this is to be the Christmas of SENSIBLE gifts.

And for that Blouse that's both PRETTY and SENSIBLE, STYLEFUL as well as SERVICE-ABLE come right here to our Blouse Department, for

Our Blouse stocks are now brimful of the new, the novel, the distinctive; Blouses that have been selected with a view to their wearability as well as to their winsomeness; Blouses that possess that simplicity of styles and that strength of character that the times so much demand. It is a showing of which we are justly proud, a showing from which you can readily select the Blouse or Blouses that will delight both the giver and the recipient.

Christmas Welworths Make Their Bow

Everybody it seems knows the WELWORTH; they're the favored Blouse of their class from one end of the Country to the other. Every Welworth represents a definite and unvarying standard



of quality and embodies a Style that is assuredly correct. Buy her one of these pretty new Welworths, put up in an attractive Holiday Box. You can be sure she'll appreciate it thoroughly. They are priced at just \$2.00.

W. P. Schenk & Company

Where You'll Find What's Best For "His" Christmas

Our Government has asked us this year to give only useful gifts—"except toys to small children"—and to buy them now

Here Are Gifts For "Him"
At His Store

Values that are really exceptional—stock purchased many months ago, hence the low prices we are able to sell these goods for today. He'll be mighty glad to find our name on his gift box.

Suits

—for long wear—nothing more useful.

Overcoats

—warm and comfortable—valuable health insurance.

Shirts

—silk, madras, wool.

Neckware

—all styles and prices.

Underwear

—light, medium and heavy weight.

Gloves

—all styles—strong value.

Hose

—cotton or silk, any color.

Handkerchiefs

—plain or with initial.

Bathrobes

—every style and color.

Nightshirts

—all kinds and prices.

Sweaters

—always useful.

Mufflers

—of silk or wool.

Suspenders

—a gift he'll appreciate.

Belts

—with initial or plain, silver buckles, etc.

Garters

—a useful and inexpensive gift.

Slippers

—many kinds and colors.

Autorobes

—unusual values in these.

Umbrellas

—something he'll like.

Leather Goods

—especially wanted by the man who travels.

Suit Cases and Bags

—he'll appreciate one of these.

Mittens

—in leather or wool.

Mackinaws

—nothing more useful for the chilly nights and mornings

Wool Socks

—fine health protectors these days.

Hats

—beavers, velours, stiff hats.



Copyright 1918 Hart Schaffner & Marx

VOGEL & WURSTER

WRIST WATCHES

Never was there a more popular Holiday Gift and never did a Chelsea store show such a superb collection of wanted styles. And there is Kantlehner quality behind every Wrist watch in stock.

Now is the Time to Select
Your Christmas Gifts

WALTER F. KANTLEHNER

JEWELER

OPTOMETRIST

Smith's Home Bakery

(Opposite Town Hall)



No Poor Bread Here

No mistakes, no failures, always light, always wholesome, always the same weight, good yesterday, good today, good tomorrow. Let us supply your daily needs.

Leave Your Christmas Orders Early

H. J. SMITH

Gift Shop for the Whole Family

Here you will find the simplest and most attractive solutions of most of your Christmas problems. Glance over the list and check the things you might be interested in, then come in at your earliest convenience and see how really beautiful and artistic our stock of Jewelry is.

For Women		Men and Boys	
Pendants and Chains	Link Cuff Buttons	Waldemar Chains	
Lingerie Sets	Oriental Beads	Watches	Rings
Brooches	Bar Pins	Scarf Pins	Tie Clasps
	Hat Pins		
For Young Girls		For Children	
Pearl Beads	Bar Drops	Locket and Chain	Baby Pin Sets
Rings	Brooch Pins	Bib Holders	Bracelets
Bar Pins		Handy Pins	

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT ONCE

A. E. WINANS

Influenza! La Grippe!

Come without warning—travel in epidemics—dangerous and treacherous if neglected.

La grippe frequently affects the lungs and develops a persistent wearing cough, which neglected, is foreboding like to old and young.

Foley's Honey and Tar spreads warmth and comfort, soothing the inflamed rasping surfaces, easing tightness of the chest, loosening the cough, helping to raise and discharge phlegm without exhausting effort. It is also good for tickling throat, hoarseness, bronchial coughs, night coughs and chronic coughs of elderly people.



SOLD EVERYWHERE

NEIGHBORING

SYLVAN.

Clarence Gage was busy buying wood Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hayes spent Tuesday in Jackson.

Lewis Fahrner is assisting B. C. Whitaker with his farm work.

Eugene Widmayer, of Waco, Tex., spent last week at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schweinfurth spent Sunday with Herman Fahrner and family.

Mrs. Herman Fahrner had the misfortune to cut her finger quite seriously one day last week.

The Thanksgiving dinner given by the ladies of Salem M. E. church was well patronized, and netted the society over \$40.

H. W. Hayes sold three Shorthorn cows to parties from Bridgewater, and a Shorthorn bull to Harry Booth of Ann Arbor.

Ben Oker has resigned his position with Maurer's garage at Grass Lake and accepted one with the Overland garage at Chelsea.

Mrs. L. C. Hayes entertained on Thanksgiving day Mrs. F. G. Widmayer and family, Homer Stoffer and family and C. F. Schauble.

NORTH LAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Tremmel were Ann Arbor visitors Friday.

E. C. Glenn, of Detroit, was a North Lake visitor the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Webb and family were Ann Arbor visitors Saturday.

Alex Gilbert, of Detroit, spent the week-end at the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Becker entertained a number of relatives from Detroit Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Phoebe Johnson, of Detroit, is spending some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Daniels.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hinchey and children spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Lamborn, of Iosco.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Stoffer and daughter Irene were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hayes, of Sylvan, Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schultz and daughter Doris of Ann Arbor, and William Leach of Chelsea spent several days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Noah.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Scouter having sold their farm to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon, of Ann Arbor, left for their former home at Niagara Falls, N. Y., Wednesday.

FRANCISCO.

Mrs. Emma Jackson was a Chelsea visitor Friday.

Mrs. George Scherer visited friends in Chelsea Friday.

Mrs. John Seld spent a few days of last week with her children in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Kalmbach are moving to a farm near Chelsea this week.

Truman Lehman left Monday morning to work in the Hayes Wheel factory in Jackson.

Mrs. Martha Taylor was a Thanksgiving day guest of her sister, Mrs. U. V. Shelly and family.

Mrs. Henry Bohne and children spent Tuesday with Mrs. Sophia Kalmbach and family, near Sylvan.

Mrs. Kate Walz and children were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Straub, of North Francisco, Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Perkins, of Grand Rapids, spent the holiday week with their wife and uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Helle.

Owing to the death of their aunt, Mrs. Marion Fyler of Chelsea, Mrs. James Richards and Mrs. Henry Frey spent Friday in Chelsea.

William Kalmbach and family, of South Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kalmbach, of Dearborn and Louis Kalmbach and family, of Detroit, spent Thanksgiving with their mother, Mrs. Emma Kalmbach and family.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bohne visited their son, George W. Bohne and family, of West Francisco, Thanksgiving day.

James Richards and family, Mrs. Willette M. Richards and Mrs. Henry Frey and son Sheldon attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Marion H. Fyler, in Chelsea, Sunday.

Mrs. Fyler lived near Francisco in her early life, and the older residents remember her well. She had attained the unusual age of 93 years, five months and one day, and until she was taken sick about ten weeks ago, had led a very useful, active life. Her bright mind was active and clear to the last.

UNADILLA.

Mrs. Herbert Carnes is visiting friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Richmond have gone to Jackson to reside.

Ralph Gorton and family, of Waterloo, spent Sunday at the home of Austin Gorton.

Stanley Teachout was home from Camp Custer from Wednesday until Friday.

Mrs. Mime Dutton, of Plainfield, visited at the home of John Webb the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cranna entertained at Thanksgiving dinner, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. May, of Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Durkee, of Waterloo, Mrs. Nancy May and son Millard, G. A. Pyper, A. J. May, W. B. Marshall and their families.

SHARON.

George Klumpp has been quite ill the past week.

Miss Esther Koebbe of Jackson, visited her parents over Thanksgiving.

The Missionary Society met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. William Tisch.

Richard Curtis and family spent Sunday with John Curtis and family at Iron Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Raymond entertained a company of friends on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dorr are spending the week with friends in Lansing, and other places.

James Hathaway and family of Leslie, spent Thanksgiving at the home of C. C. Dorr and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Curtis entertained B. P. O'Neil and family, of Jackson, Thanksgiving day.

William Trolz and Henry Hesel-schwerdt spent several days of the past week with friends in Toledo.

The Young People's Society of the Lutheran church were entertained last Friday evening at the home of Casper Jacob.

WATERLOO.

Milton Barber was home over Sunday.

Miss Laura Moeckel was home from Jackson over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Gorton were Detroit visitors last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Beeman and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beeman motored to Flint Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Fogt and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vicary were Jackson visitors this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Durkee spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cranna, of Unadilla.

Mrs. Jessie Wahl and son Howard spent Thanksgiving week with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hinckley.

Mrs. Henry Mollenkopf has returned home after spending two weeks with relatives near Munnith.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Moeckel and children, of Stockbridge, spent Sunday at the home of John Moeckel.

Misses Isabella and Vivian Gorton, of Detroit, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Gorton.

The Ladies' Aid of Waterloo will meet at the home of Mrs. Walter Vicary, Tuesday, December 10, for dinner. All welcome.

SUGAR LOAF LAKE.

C. A. Rowe has a new Buick automobile.

Walter Burger spent last Wednesday in Detroit.

Miss Selma Benter spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Rowe spent Sunday at the home of Jas. Howlett.

Mrs. Harry Foster and son Donald spent the first of the week in Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Collins spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Alva Beeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Beeman and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beeman spent Sunday in Flint.

Mrs. Vaniston and daughter, of Detroit, spent last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foster.

Thomas and Frank Hagan, of Detroit, spent the week-end at the home of their uncle, Luke Gulnan.

Claire Rowe, of Kalamazoo, spent Thanksgiving at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Rowe.

Verno Beckwith, while threatening heans for Luke Gulnan last Friday, was painfully injured by getting his foot caught in the separator.

Misses Margaret and Florence Gulnan, of Detroit, and Miss Marie Gulnan of Saline, spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Gulnan.

Dr. G. A. Rowe and wife, Dillon Rowe and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Pickell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rott, Mr. and Mrs. George Rowe, Harry Foster and family spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rowe.

ADVICE TO "FLU" CONVALESCENTS

SPAIN AND ENGLAND REPORT INCREASE IN TUBERCULOSIS AFTER INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

U. S. Public Health Service Warns Public Against Tuberculosis. One Million Cases Tuberculosis in United States—Each a Source of Danger.

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

★ Beware tuberculosis after influenza. No need to worry if you take precautions in time.
★ Don't diagnose your own condition. Have your doctor examine your lungs several times at monthly intervals. Build up your strength with right living, good food and plenty of fresh air.
★ Don't waste money on patent medicines advertised to cure tuberculosis.
★ Become a fresh-air crank and enjoy life.

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

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

One Million Consumptives in the United States.

"Then you consider this a serious menace?" was asked. "In my opinion it is, though I hasten to add it is distinctly one against which the people can guard. So far as one can estimate there are at present about one million cases of tuberculosis in the United States. There is unfortunately no complete census available to show exactly the number of tuberculosis persons in each state despite the fact that most of the states have made the disease reportable. In New York city, where reporting has been in force for many years, over 35,000 cases of tuberculosis are registered with the Department of Health. Those familiar with the situation believe that the addition of unrecognized and unreported cases would make the number nearer 60,000. The very careful health survey conducted during the past two years in Framingham, Mass., revealed 200 cases of tuberculosis in a population of approximately 15,000. If these proportions hold true for the United States as a whole they would indicate that about one in every hundred persons is tuberculous. Each of these constitutes a source of danger to be guarded against."

What to Do.

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

Danger Signs.

The Surgeon General warned especially against certain danger signs, such as "decline" and "colds which hang on." These, he explained, were often the beginning of tuberculosis. "If you do not get well promptly, if your cold seems to hang on or your health and strength decline, remember that these are often the early signs of tuberculosis. Since yourself at once under the care of a competent physician. Tuberculosis is curable in the early stages. Patent Medicines Dangerous in Tuberculosis."

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

Buy War Savings Stamps.

NO SUBSTITUTES WITH



FLOUR

"Best By Test"

AT YOUR GROCERS, OR

Wm. Bacon-Holmes Co.

Kill Germs and Save Human Life

The menace of militarism, the horrors of war and the toll of death taken in all frightful accidents is as nothing compared to the danger of unseen deadly germs.

Even in war itself the toll of human life taken outright by the whizzing bullet, the bursting shrapnel, or the piercing steel is less than that caused by the unseen deadly germs that attack the wounded and the well alike.

Human life will be lengthened and human happiness increased when we learn better to guard ourselves against the danger of the ever present germs of disease.

Powdered boric is one of Nature's most wonderful gifts to man, for it enables us, through antiseptics, to ward off the danger of infection.

Owing to its wonderful antiseptic properties it cannot be too highly recommended for liberal use in the care of the person wherever and whenever exposed to the germs of disease.

Pure powdered boric may be used with absolute freedom and safety in all the natural cavities of the body. To realize how healing it is, yet how safe, we have but to recall that the physician almost always prescribes it as the principal ingredient of an eye water.

The manufacture of powdered boric has been brought to such a high degree of efficiency by one concern that if we always remember to specify "20 Mule Team Powdered Boric" we know that we have the real article in full strength.

On every package of 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric will be found directions for its multitude of uses and the expense is so little that no one should ever be without it.

A solution of 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric in water makes an absolute and positive antiseptic for all personal use. It is excellent for a shampoo, for it kills the germ which makes the dandruff that spoils the lustre of the hair and causes it to fall out and cease to grow.

It should be used as a mouth wash on account of its antiseptic qualities whenever there is the slightest danger of having been exposed by being brought in contact with persons suffering with colds, sore throat, etc.

To overcome the unpleasant effect consequent upon excessive perspiration the use of 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric will give great satisfaction, making everything sweet and clean and healing any abrasion that may have occurred.

A hot foot bath with a liberal quantity of 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric will make the feet feel ten years younger.

For the baby a liberal dusting with 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric not only secures freedom from chafing but helps to maintain an antiseptically clean condition on the little body.

To say out or abrasion 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric should be freely applied.

20 Mule Team Powdered Boric is a foe to germ life.

It should be on the dressing table of every dutiful woman and liberally used in every household where health is prized.

Authorized representative will come out at your home and make arrangements for you to obtain, FREE, a full size package of 20 Mule Team Powdered Boric from any of the following druggists:

RAW FURS
WANTED
Highest Prices
Paid

SHIP SKUNKS, MUSKRATS AND OTHER RAW FURS to us and receive highest market price. Shipments kept in storage on request till remittance is found. O. K. We pay express and return postage. Check is mailed same day your furs are received. Write for price list and shipping tags. **SHIP TODAY.** **ROBERT A. TWEEDER—DETROIT** Tel. Chas. 1-5 62 Shelby Street.

WANTED!

Every farmer in this county to write us, if you are a feeder of stock. We can keep you posted and cut your feed bills to a minimum. Can ship you any amount from 100 pounds to a carload. Our price is always the lowest. Write to day for price list of feeds.

THE J. E. BARTLETT COMPANY

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

