

WANTS FACTS ABOUT PIONEER POLITICIANS

Michigan Historical Commission Asks
Tribune to Publish List of
Former Public Men.

The Michigan Historical commission is compiling the biographies of Michigan's representatives and senators in the state legislature, and desires information regarding several of such officials from this county who served during pioneer days.

The list for this county includes 22 names, as follows:

Ezra W. Whitmore, Ann Arbor, 1856, (rep.); Rufus B. Bement, Dexter, 1838, (rep.); John Brewer, Ypsilanti, 1835, (rep.); Lyman Carver, Saline, 1848, (rep.); Emanuel Case, 1827 or 37, representative with Livingston county; Harvey Chubb, Ann Arbor, 1846, (rep.); Silas Finch, Saline, 1835, (sen.); Salmon L. Haight, Saline, 1849, (rep.); Elais Haire, Manchester 1865, (rep.); Fitch Hill, Ann Arbor, 1845, (rep.); John King, Whitmore Lake, 1843, (rep.); Thomas Lee, Dexter, 1837, (rep.); Isaac Magoon, Columbia or Silver Lake, 1842 and 45, (rep.); Jarvis E. Marvin, Ypsilanti, 1851, (rep.); Stephen Mead, Paint Creek, 1839, (rep.); Wm. E. Pattison, Saline, 1855, (sen.); Robert Purdy, Summit, 1837-43, (rep.); Thomas J. Rice, Seio, 1842, (rep.); Henry Rumsey, Ann Arbor, 1835, (sen.); Levi Rogers, Fredonia, 1841, (rep.); Aaron D. Truesdale, Bridgewater, 1847, (rep.); Dwight Webb, Ann Arbor, 1849, (sen.).

The following information is wanted: Date and place of birth, where educated, occupation, place of residence, public offices held, date and place of death.

SYLVAN TOWNSHIP TAXES.
Sylvan township taxes may be paid on Monday, Wednesday or Saturday of each week at my store, Main and East Middle streets, Chelsea, until further notice.

W. F. Kantlehner,
Township Treasurer.

MRS. LEANDER TICHENOR.

Mrs. Olive Tichenor, widow of the late Leander Tichenor and for many years a resident of Chelsea, died Monday, December 9, 1918, at her home in Lansing, where she had resided for the past seven years. She is survived by one son, S. B. Tichenor of Lansing.

Funeral services were held Wednesday in Lansing and the body was brought to Chelsea for interment in Maple Grove cemetery, Sylvan Center.

BURGLARS IN GRASS LAKE

Load Motor Truck With \$3,000 Worth of Men's Clothing and Make A Clean Get-Away.

Burglars Tuesday night backed a big motor truck up to the rear door of the Foster-Babecek general store in Grass Lake and loaded up a stock of men's and boy's clothing estimated worth \$3,000, and made a clean getaway.

Included in the plunder were 40 overcoats, 29 men's suits and 54 boys' suits. The stock was all on the second floor of the store and it was all carried down to the first floor and thence to the waiting auto-truck at the rear door.

OFFICERS LADY MACCABEES.

The Lady Maccabees elected officers Tuesday evening as follows: Commander—Lila Campbell. Past commander—Martha Shaver. Lieut. Com.—Iza Guerin. Record keeper—Laura Armour. Finance keeper—Bertha Stephens. Chaplain—Mary A. VanTine. Sergeant—Nettie Benton. Mistress at arms—Jennie Alber. Sentinel—Caroline Townsend. Picket—Agnes Runciman. Pianist—Lola Dancer. Assistant pianist—Evelyn Foster. Great mistress at arms—Lola Dancer.

Great chaplain—Eliza Bacon. Arrangements are being made to hold a public installation the latter part of January.

CHRISTMAS ROLL WORK

Red Cross Membership Campaign Will Open Tuesday Morning.

Red Cross Notes.

Red Cross workers will begin the house-to-house canvass for the Christmas Roll Call, Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. A captain has been appointed for each of the four wards in the village as follows: First ward, Mrs. Roy Harris; second ward, Mrs. Charles Martin; third ward, Mrs. O. T. Daniels; fourth ward, Mrs. O. T. Hoover. Workers in the several wards will report to their ward captain Tuesday, December 17th.

Magazine members should be enrolled on the yellow enrollment blanks furnished each worker. Renewals should be indicated with a capital "R" after each name. The magazine year begins February, 1919, and expires January, 1920. Two or more annual memberships do not entitle one to a magazine subscription.

Workers are particularly requested to avoid calling at any home where there are cases of influenza.

The Chelsea banks will take the memberships from the country Monday, November 17th, to Wednesday night.

Those who have joined since September 1st will be entitled to the new button and window card and ten Christmas seals with each membership.

Mrs. W. D. Arnold is supervisor of Cloverleaf sewing unit and Mrs. C. W. Maroney of Bay View Club unit.

An honor roll will be kept of all women who have knitted a sweater for the December-January quota as an appreciation of the special sacrifice required during the busy holiday season.

Volunteers are solicited to knit sweaters with sleeves for Red Cross nurses. Call phone 64 if you will make such a sweater.

NEIGHBORHOOD ITEMS

Brevities of Interest From Nearby Towns and Localities.

ANN ARBOR—The Connor Ice Cream company of Owosso is preparing to erect a large new factory building in this city, to be operated as an auxiliary factory to the home plant in Owosso.—Times-News.

MANCHESTER—Ed. Logan, William Martin and Charles Maurer, three farmers in this vicinity, have each recently lost several sheep, and the veterinary surgeons are of the opinion the cause is influenza. Other farmers have also noticed symptoms of the disease among their stock.

ANN ARBOR—Payment of the last installment and payment of interest for the last time on the mortgage which has been hanging over the Y. M. C. A. building for several years was announced at the annual meeting of the association Tuesday night.

FRANCISCO.

Chester Notten returned home Monday after spending two weeks with his sister, Mrs. Herman Hauer, near Hastings.

Mrs. Henry Gieske spent the week-end in Chelsea.

Mrs. Henry Notten is spending a few days with her daughter in Lima.

Mrs. Philip Schweinfurth spent the week-end with her daughter, Mrs. Carl Mast of Chelsea.

Warren Rowe of Detroit spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Nora Notten.

Charley Meyers and Ray Mensing spent Wednesday in Jackson.

There will be an Epworth league business meeting in the basement of the church, Friday evening.

Misses Kathryn, Mabelle and Dorothy Notten, Eva and Walter Bohne, attended the Rebekah meeting in Chelsea, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mushach are moving to Chelsea this week.

Mrs. Henry Gieske, Misses Mabelle and Kathryn Notten, Mrs. Alma and Muzetta Kalmbach attended the Red Cross meeting in Chelsea, Friday afternoon.

Martha Riemenschneider was a Chelsea visitor Monday.

CURBING ASSESSMENT

The special tax levied on property abutting on East Summit street, Chelsea, for the curbing on that street is now due and must be paid before January 10, 1919.

M. A. Shaver,
Village Treasurer.

26tf.

Phone us your news items; 190-W.

PRINT PAPER BAN LIFTED.

Restrictions in the use of news print paper, as effecting semi-weekly newspapers, have been withdrawn by the federal war board and Tuesday the Tribune resumed publication in the seven column form.

Complying with the war board's request for a definite saving of 15% in the use of print paper the Tribune reduced from a seven to a six column page on September 17th, but now that the necessity for "war savings" has passed we are pleased to return to our former size.

RARE BIRD CAPTURED

Snowy Owl is Native of Northern Canada and Alaska.

The recent capture of a snowy owl, a bird whose native habitat is in the near Arctic fastnesses of Northern Canada and Alaska, gave several Sylvan residents a good half day's sport.

The strange bird was first noted by Harold and Walter Spaulding, who started out to capture it early one morning. Assisted by their uncle, Warren Spaulding, and by Earl Lowry, they spent a half day in following the bird through Sylvan, Sharon, Manchester and Bridgewater townships, finally capturing it in Freedom township at a point about 4½ miles east of Rogers Corners.

The bird has been mounted by an expert taxidermist at the University museum in Ann Arbor and has been on exhibition in Vogel & Wurster's show window for several days past.

WOODMEN ELECTION.

Chelsea Camp No. 7338 Modern Woodmen of America elected officers Tuesday evening as follows:

Counsel—W. H. Benton. Clerk—Herman J. Dancer. Advisor—John B. Wallace. Banker—John Walz. Escort—Herbert Wilsey. Watchman—Oliver Cushman. Sentry—Thomas Vail. Trustee for three years—George Clark. Doctor—J. P. Woods.

OFFICERS C. S. C.

The Catholic Social club has elected officers as follows:

President—Jacob Hummel. 1st Vice Pres.—George Clark. 2d Vice Pres.—John Sullivan. Chairman—Vincent Burg. Vice chairman—Michael Merkel. Rec. Sec.—A. G. Hindelang. Treasurer—J. P. McCarthy. Asst. Treas.—William Doll. Almoner—John Kelly. Chancellor—A. J. Conlan.

EPWORTH LEAGUE ELECTION.

The Epworth league has elected the following officers:

President—Louise Ives. 1st Vice Pres.—Edith Koebe. 2d Vice Pres.—Clarice Winans. 3d Vice Pres.—Allie Roberts. 4th Vice Pres.—Leland Kalmbach. Sec. and Treas.—E. P. Steiner. Pianist—Izora Foster.

WATERLOO.

Mrs. John Moeckel fell and broke her left wrist last Friday.

Laura and Aureit Lehman, and Messrs. Milton Riethmiller, Victor Moeckel, Louis Wahl, Ed. Peterson and Lloyd Riemenschneider are all working Jackson.

Clayton Rentschler has a Ford car. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Mills and son of Stockbridge spent Sunday at Alva Beeman's.

Ethel Runciman and Jessie Wahl attended a C. E. convention in Parma, Sunday.

Herbert Collins and family and Mrs. Minerva Hubbard, of Stockbridge, and D. N. Collins of this place motored to Grass Lake, Sunday.

The Sunday School class of Mrs. Ernest Moeckel pleasantly surprised them last Saturday evening, in honor of their 15th wedding anniversary, and presented them with a celery set.

The Christmas exercises will be held in the church Monday evening, December 23rd.

Adorna Daly of Detroit spent Sunday at Ed. Cooper's.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beeman and daughter Mae motored to A. Snyder's, in Pinckney, Sunday.

Mrs. Griner is very ill with an attack of gall stones.

Mrs. Laura Vicary's aid was well attended. Collection \$9.95.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Beeman are visiting in Detroit.

Advertising is the hyphen that brings buyer and seller together.

DEXTER WRECK VERDICT

Coroner's Jury Did Not Fix Blame for Accident Which Resulted in Three Fatalities.

The jury in the Dexter wreck inquest held to determine the responsibility for the death of Anthony Rinsched, engineer of the express train which collided head-on with a freight train early Friday morning, November 22d, failed to arrive at a conclusion as to who was responsible for the wreck, the verdict being as follows:

"We find that Anthony Rinsched came to his death on the 22d day of November, 1918, in the township of Lima, and about one mile west of Dexter, Michigan, in a collision between trains known as No. 32 and M. C. 1, he being engineer on train No. 32. On account of the conflicting statements of the witnesses, all of whom seem to be very intelligent, we were unable to fix the responsibility."

The inquest was partially completed Friday evening, the bulk of the testimony being taken at that time, and was completed Monday evening.

The jury was composed of the following men: Frank Cassidy, Harvey Blanchard, Clay M. Waite, Patrick Sloan, Michael Paul and Robert H. Alber.

OFFICERS K. O. T. M.

The Knights of the Maccabees have elected officers as follows:

Commander—J. W. Speer. Lieut. Com.—Andrew Sawyer. Record keeper—George S. Davis. Finance keeper—E. H. Chandler. Chaplain—Frank Brooks. Physician—Dr. George W. Palmer. M. of A.—Leroy Brower. Sergeant—George A. Young. First M. of G.—M. A. Shaver. Second M. of G.—W. H. Benton. Sentinel—David Alber. Picket—A. E. Winans.

WANTED AND FOR SALE.

Five cents per line first insertion, 2½¢ per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15¢. Special rate, 3 lines or less, 3 consecutive times, 25 cents.

TO RENT, FOUND, ETC.

FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorn cockerels; Young strain crossed with Ferris stock; very fine birds. W. R. Scadin, Dexter phone 112-F3. 26t3

LIBERTY BOND PAYMENT—Those who subscribed to the Fourth Liberty loan through the Kemp Com. & Sav. bank are hereby notified that a 20% payment will be due on or before Thursday, December 19th. 26t2

FOR SALE—12 pigs 3 months old. E. L. Sturdevant, phone 154-F5, Chelsea. 25t3

FARM WANTED—5 to 20 acres near Chelset. W. B. care Tribune. 24t3

FOR SALE—83 acre farm 1½ miles from Chelsea; good soil, good buildings; fine location. Price \$90 per acre. Would consider house and lot in Chelsea as part payment, balance easy terms. I. L. VanGieson, 236 E. Middle St., Chelsea. 25t4

LOST—30x3 Diamond tire for Ford car, somewhere between Chelsea and Waterloo. Chelsea Hardware Company. 25t3

NOTICE—For choice Christmas trees, all sizes, also landscape work and general nursery stock, farm and garden seeds, cyclone and auto insurance, call on A. Kaercher, 515 South Madison St., Chelsea, phone 263. 25t3

FOR SALE—Five cows and two heifers. Riker farm, R. F. D. No. 3, Chelsea. 24t6

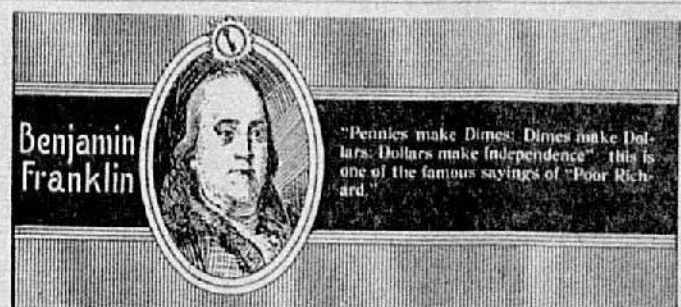
FOR SALE—18 acre farm, 3 miles from Clinton, one of the best towns in Lenawee Co.; good soil and buildings; price \$1,600.00, half down; no exchange. I. L. VanGieson, 236 E. Middle St., Chelsea. 25t4

FOR SALE—One of the most pleasant homes in Chelsea, 431 W. Middle St.; modern. John Farrell. 24t3

FOR SALE—Extra fine R. I. Red cockerels from best flock in state. W. H. Laird, phone 254-F21, Chelsea. 24t3

LEONA M. FROELICH, piano and voice teacher, phone 162F13. 23t6

FOR SALE—Old newspapers for wrapping, shelves, etc. Large bundle only five cents at the Tribune office.



More so, perhaps than any other great American, Franklin thoroughly appreciated the great value of THRIFT.

His crisp, terse writings under the non de plume of "Poor Richard" fairly sparkle with sage reflections relative to the extreme importance of saving.

One cannot do better than follow Franklin's advice.

Systematic saving is absolutely essential to success.

Opening a savings account with us now—save just what you can easily spare.

You will be surprised to see how rapidly your account will grow—and what a source of pleasure it will be to you.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

Keep the YOUNG FOLKS at Home

How to keep the children at home evenings: that's the question that faces many parents. Too old to be disciplined, too young to select a desirable environment, just how to handle children in their teens is a problem. Why not make the home so attractive that they'll want to stay there?

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

will help keep the young folks at home. It will make your house a center for your children's friends. And you can feel safe about their surroundings.

What rollicking good times the New Edison assures! The young people can dance to it; sing with it; and then, as their mood becomes quieter can slip in some of the beautiful Grand Opera arias and listen to the world's greatest artists.

They can hear Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Lazzari, Matzenauer, Chalmers and other great stars sing their best roles exactly as they render them on the stage of the Metropolitan. Not a mere imitation, you understand, but a RE-CREATION, so complete and perfect that when artist and instrument sing in comparison no human ear can distinguish the one from the other. The famous Edison tone tests have proved this hundreds of times.

For your children's sake as well as for your own you should investigate the New Edison. Call tomorrow for a demonstration.

Palmer Motor Sales Co.

Chelsea, Michigan

Gentlemen, a Few Tips on Hosiery



Let us show you. We want you for a regular customer, not only when you lay in your supply of hosiery, but for garters, suspenders, gloves, hats, shirts and everything else for men.

HERMAN J. DANCER

BRIDE OF BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army
Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Ada Kenson turned and ran toward Mark with a scream. She did not recognize him, Mark could see that.

The discipline of a lifetime held Mark steady. He stood confronting Kellerman, but did not raise a hand, even to guard himself. Kellerman glared at him in speechless fury. And even then it seemed a little singular to Mark that Hartley disappeared, so swiftly and silently that neither the man nor the woman knew he had been there.

Then Kellerman burst into hysterical laughter.

"It's the spy from the war department," he cried. "The fellow we pitched out of the army for treachery, unsundering here in uniform. A blank wall and a firing squad for you tomorrow, my man!"

Ada Kenson sprang between them. "He doesn't mean that!" she cried, peering into Mark's face dubiously. She recognized Mark now, but Mark could see that the recognition meant little to her; probably he had been only a trivial incident in her career. "Listen to me!" she whispered in Mark's ear. "He has been drinking. It will be all right. Just go back and keep this to yourself. You'll get a fifty-dollar bill by the next post, and ten every month afterward, so long as you don't see anything. Understand? He isn't responsible."

Mark turned away in disgust, but he imagined the warped mind that caught at this hope of secrecy.

He went back into the kitchen. The soldiers were still there, one or two huddled in the corner, the incident had occupied only ten minutes. Annette made a little mouth at him from the doorway. But Mark was searching in the room for Hartley.

"Your friend went home, I think, monsieur le soldat," said Annette in banter.

Mark strode out of the inn without a word. Hartley's disappearance did not disturb him. Hartley was strange; but he felt that he had relied too much on Hartley. It was for him to act. He would go to the Major in charge of the hospital, tell his story, and do the only thing possible. He had no doubt any longer that Kellerman and the Kenson woman were partners in a far-reaching conspiracy against his country, though he had never before allowed himself to accept the obvious deductions from the Washington episode. His mind moved slowly. His purpose had been to redeem himself, he had thought Hartley obsessed; now he meant to reveal everything.

And suddenly, out of the mist of years, he recalled Colonel Howard's story of Hampton. Kellerman had been the chief agent in Hampton's tragic fall. Suppose Hampton had been innocent? Suppose that Eleanor's father had been a brave and loyal man, whose hideous ruin and abominable death might be posthumously vindicated?

The blood rushed to his head at the thought of it. The burden of the knowledge of her father's shame, and of its probable effect on her if ever she learned had weighed heavily upon Mark's heart since that night in the tent in Cuba.

Then the blood receded, leaving him as cold as a stone. For he recalled Ada Kenson's words to Kellerman. So the hunter was hard upon the quarry—perhaps he had already snared her. Eleanor had liked Kellerman. He forced back his thoughts, strode straight to barracks and turned in.

CHAPTER XII.

And he slept, though he had not expected to close his eyes that night. He slept as soundly as his comrades, awakening, as was his habit, a few minutes before reveille, with a mind singularly clarified by sleep. He would ask to parade before his commanding officer in the morning and state the facts, leaving the rest to fate.

He was not destined to, for the same corporal who had put him on duty during his previous afternoon "off" called him five minutes before parade.

"You can leave them buttons, Weston," he said with a grin. "You won't need to polish 'em where you're going. The sergeant major wants you at once."

Mark hurried to the office, to find the sergeant major in company with one of the senior captains; then he remembered that rumors of the preceding evening had sent the Major away with the inspecting General. His interview must be postponed, then.

"Weston, you'd better get your breakfast at once," said the sergeant major. "And have your kit packed in twenty minutes. You and Hartley are going up to the front."

The senior captain temporarily commanding the detachment unburdened from the official air which he was trying terribly hard to assume.

"You were specially asked for from headquarters," he said, "with another man; and I'm sending Hartley because he's your friend. They want two more men for the stretcher bearers' company. We'll be sorry to lose you, Weston."

Mark saluted and went out just as Hartley appeared at the door. The sergeant major enlightened Hartley briefly.

"You must have some pull at headquarters, Weston," he said. "Do you know Major Kellerman?"

"A little, sir," answered Mark grimly. "Well, he seems to know all about you, and he told the O. C. over the telephone that he must have you. He'll be your O. C. now for a while, so things ought to run smoothly for you."

"He's not a doctor, sir?"

"No, but the stretcher bearers aren't a medical corps; they're attached to the—"

Mark hurried away. In the barrack room, at breakfast, the two were the subject of mingled jests and congratulations. The stretcher bearers, forming, as it were, the last supports of the infantry, shared with them the great proportion of casualties. Kellerman's scheme was perfectly clear to Mark.

He was in a wretched state of mind when the car steamed into the depot at the end of the narrow-gauge line. He descended into a city, a mushroom city of the supply and transportation department.

A sergeant and corporal, with nine or ten men of the stretcher bearers' company, were waiting for the two. The little troop was returning to the trenches after five days of relief at a rest camp.

"You're the two men from the base hospital?" asked the sergeant. "All right! Fall in. Right turn! Quick march!"

They moved away down a slope and began to pick their way along the beginning of a maze of trenches.

The roar of guns, which had never ceased by night or day, and had long ceased to be noticeable, was louder now.

Suddenly the sergeant stopped. "There was ten of you," he said to the corporal.

"All here," responded the corporal. The sergeant turned to Mark.

"Where's your mate?" he asked. Mark, who had been plodding along under the impression that Hartley was following, turned round, to find that he was the last of the party. Hartley was nowhere to be seen.

The sergeant ran back a few paces, to return breathless and red in the face. "He's gone, the silly fool!" he spluttered. "Must have taken the wrong turn at the bend. Go back and get him!"

But Hartley was not at the bend. The sergeant joined Mark, incredulous. They scrambled up the bank and scanned the level road. There was no pedestrian in sight.

"He's taken the wrong turn somewhere," insisted the sergeant. "Come along with me! We've got to find him!"

They began doubling back, shouting, until they reached the end of the trench system. Still Hartley could not be found.

"If he isn't on hand I'll be broke," the sergeant grumbled. "And I'll break."

"It matters to me, if not to yourself," Wallace. I cannot rid myself of the sense of partial responsibility. And as for what happened last night, you took me off my guard. I'll be frank with you. It was my duty to interest the Kenson woman. I succeeded too well. She followed me here. I couldn't bring myself to denounce her. For that I have placed my own position in jeopardy. When you appeared I did not know what to do or say."

"You found a course of action," answered Mark, torn between the desire to return blow for blow and to do justice to Kellerman, whose story left him doubtful and wondering.

"Will you accept my frank apology?" asked Kellerman, extending his hand.

Mark took it. "I will, Major Kellerman," he answered.

And he made his way to the door of the dugout, with a feeling of warmth in his heart such as he had not known for many a month. He believed Kellerman—and yet . . . but he fought down his instinct and still believed him.

"I've No Doubt You Misunderstood Me," said Kellerman.

His head for him. You medical corps chaps are like a bunch of babies. Ought to have a nurse and baby carriage for each of you."

Reluctantly he abandoned the search and they rejoined the others. The sergeant, in an ugly mood, ordered them sharply onward, but could not resist casting occasional looks back to see if the missing man was coming. However, at last he resigned himself to what seemed inevitable. The trench widened into a deep, wide, parallel one extending in zigzags to right and left of them.

A large dugout, made shell-proof,

or as nearly as possible so, by a roof of heavy beams, sandbags and corrugated steel, bore the Red Cross upon the door. Inside a number of stretcher bearers were lounging.

The sergeant halted his men and stepped into a smaller dugout beside it. In a minute he came out and beckoned to Mark to follow him. Mark entered, to find himself in the presence of the captain commanding the stretcher bearers' company, and—Kellerman. He saluted and stood to attention, watching Kellerman's eyes wander over him appraisingly.

"Orderly, where's the man who came with you?" inquired the Captain briskly.

"He disappeared on the way up, sir," answered Mark.

"What do you mean by disappeared? Did you see him go back? Or was he with you one minute and gone the next?"

"I thought he was behind me, sir. I didn't see him go, or know anything about it."

The Captain, who had been holding the receiver of his telephone, and evidently waiting for his connection, got it. Mark heard him sending out a general notice of the absent man. He gave his number, and the name "Hartley."

No doubt he had mistaken it as he received it by telephone from the hospital that morning.

"You'll parade before me tomorrow morning," said Captain Keyes to the sergeant. "Till then you are under open arrest."

The sergeant saluted. "Right turn!" he said to Mark.

"Wait a minute," interposed Kellerman. "I'd like to have a few words with this man, Captain Keyes."

"By all means, sir," replied the Captain, rising.

He strode, humming, to the door of the dugout, leaving Kellerman and Mark together.

"So you've enlisted under the name Weston?" inquired Kellerman.

"That is my name, sir."

"It was a shock to me yesterday, Wallace. I never expected it. Your disappearance stirred Washington a good deal. The war office would have exonerated you."

In spite of his loathing of the man, Mark felt his heart begin to hammer with hope. He looked at Kellerman with pathos in his eyes; he could not hide his feelings; he was groping amid the ruins of his world and trying to reconstruct them.

"I've no doubt you misunderstood me," said Kellerman. "My association with the Kenson woman was a part of my official duties—the most distasteful part, but one that had to be carried out. You and I were the victims of an acute piece of trickery. That fact was wired."

"From your room, sir," said Mark.

"From my room," answered Kellerman. "And, no doubt, by the Kenson woman's agent, that spy who called to see you at the war office the same morning. Colonel Howard knows all about it. He means to stand by you. He heard you had enlisted, but he did not know you were in the medical corps, nor under an alias. He is at the base now, Wallace. When he comes up next week I shall make it my business to see him about you."

"No, sir," gasped Mark. "It doesn't matter now."

"It matters to me, if not to yourself," Wallace. I cannot rid myself of the sense of partial responsibility. And as for what happened last night, you took me off my guard. I'll be frank with you. It was my duty to interest the Kenson woman. I succeeded too well. She followed me here. I couldn't bring myself to denounce her. For that I have placed my own position in jeopardy. When you appeared I did not know what to do or say."

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the corporal. "You've got to bring him in. You can see him from this loop-hole."

Mark stepped upon the sentry's platform and saw, indistinct in the darkness, a huddled form about half way to the German trenches.

Then he heard Kellerman's voice at his side.

"A man of the—th got hit," he said. "Bring him in, Weston. Make a quick job of it. Corporal Baines, you'll take charge. You two will be ready to take out your stretcher in case anything happens," he added to the two others.

The corporal led the way, crouching, toward the gap in the wires. They passed two lines, traversed a diagonal lane, and emerged beyond the third into the open. The body of the wounded man, which had disappeared, came into light, a black patch under the stars.

"Get down!" whispered the corporal. They flung themselves to the ground, and proceeded to wriggle forward, under his directions, pushing the stretcher as noiselessly as possible across the rough ground. Suddenly the man with Mark uttered an exclamation.

"What the devil's he sent us on this job for?" he demanded truculently. "Shut up, you fool!" whispered the corporal hoarsely.

"That ain't the man. He's been there these past three days. Dutchman he is; every listening post party knows him. What's the good of bringing him in? He ain't got no head to him."

"What you talking about?" snarled the corporal. "That's the man the Ma-

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There is a lot of style and trimness in this one-material street outfit and it admits of variations that emphasize the idea. Occasionally hat and bag are made to carry the material through to the limit of its usefulness. Perhaps, if the whole figure were shown in the

picture above, we might even discover spots of the same cloth as the rest. Even the coat buttons and belt are made of it. But there is one digression—since fur is expected to lend tone to every sort of costume this season, it has not been neglected in this one. It appears at its best in a short scarf-like collar of seal skin. A little ornament, made of ostrich feathers, has a daring pose on the hat and its rich black makes a fine combination with the taupe-colored velours that it embellishes.

The plain bag, of the velours, is mounted on black celluloid, altogether very quiet and practical looking. The chances are that it is lined with rose or cerise or some other vivid color in satin and that the same touch of color appears in the bodice of the frock somewhere. Canes and swagger sticks make only spasmodic entries into the scheme of things for street wear and are not an important feature of styles

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A Christmas Tree

By Charles Dickens

I have been looking on this evening at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty French toy, a Christmas tree. The tree was planted on the middle of a great round table and towered high above their heads. It was brilliantly lighted by a multitude of little tapers and everywhere sparkled and glittered with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls hiding behind the green leaves, and there were real watches (with movable hands, at least, and an endless capacity for being wound up) dangling from innominate twigs. There were French polished tables, chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, eight-day clocks and various other articles of domestic furniture (wonderfully made in tin at Wolverhampton) perched among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy housekeeping.

There were jolly, broad-faced little men, much more agreeable in appearance than many real men, and no wonder, for their heads took off and showed them to be full of sugar plums. There were fiddles and drums. There were tambourines, books, workboxes, paint boxes, peep show boxes, sweetmeat boxes and all kinds of boxes.

There were trinkets for the older girls, far brighter than any grownup gold and jewels. There were baskets and cushions in all devices. There were guns, swords and banners, real fruit, made artificially dazzling with gold leaf; imitation apples, pears and walnuts, crammed with surprises. In short, as a pretty child before me delightedly whispered to another pretty child, her bosom friend, "There was everything, and more."

CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO

Poignant Pangs Come Instead of Peace, as Season Causes Thoughts of the Past.

Christmas, singularly enough for a festival that is supposed to celebrate joy, is characterized by sadness. The time of year, which is supposed to be fraught with good cheer, is laden with pain. Instead of peace, there are experienced poignant pangs.

Nor is it cynicism which says so; the average man in the street will tell you the same. Neither is crabbed age sponsor for the crutches of the time; unless, indeed, crabbed age begins in this hurried era when a man passes his majority. Nor is the tragic contrast between the cloud, which now for the fifth Christmas darkens Europe and the world, and the bright star of Bethlehem the reason for the somber tone that sounds beneath the gay notes of the season, as the deep diapason of the organ rolls beneath the rippling melody. No; it is none of these things which imparts to Christmas the somberness which is apparent to everybody who has passed into years of maturity.

It's the memory that does it. Memory plays tricks with us on these days. Perhaps more than on any other holiday our minds revert to Christmas; that used to be. We like to think about it; we like to read the Christmas Carol, because it puts in everlasting words the emotion of gladness which used to dominate that day. No matter how humble the home, memory paints it in wonderful colors on this one day, from the time we jumped from the warm bed long before dawn and scurried across the cold floor to get the stockings which somehow had been stuffed during the night, to the end of the pathetic home festival, when, candy-smeared and filled to the point of repletion we were rescued from the wreck of toys and packed wearily off to sleep, more or less troubled with painful suggestions of turkey and mince pie.

There is only one thing that can make Christmas real to a grown-up, and that is to do something for somebody who cannot pay it back. That otherism is, we begin to suspect, the thing which dominated the Christmas that used to be and made them so real that they remain warm in memory. Unless you would have memory become a dry specter, you yourself must make real for little children of the now the pictures which memory conjures up for you of the Christmas that used to be.—Saturday Globe.



A Repeated Message.

Every year Christmas repeats its message: "Fear God no more. He brings liberty to the enslaved, light to the despairing, purer joy to the glad. He is the Comforter of the sorrowing, the Physician of the sick, the Healer of the sinful, the Friend and Companion of man.—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

The Man of the Hour



December

O month for famed! For festive days and nights renowned, Joy fraught, with hallowed benedictions crowned;

Life's annual clearing house for retrospective thought, Where pensive memory recalls the smiles, the tears, The hopes and joys of youth, the loves of vanished years,

O hoary month! In regions of the north and east, The song of bird and rippling of the brook have ceased,

And Nature's thousand charms of summer days have fled, There Boreas reigns, fierce god of wind and storms;

And winter all of verdure into brown and white transforms, And leaves no trace of life and beauty sped.

O happy month! When keen anticipation, sweet, Flies swift on wings of ardent love to greet

With gifts the friend, the lover or the kindred near, As Winter closer draws his icy fettered chains,

The heart expands and love unselfish reigns, And speeds its largesse to the ones most dear.

Illustrious months of most illustrious birth! Good tidings, peace and joy to all the earth

A heavenly choir announced when Christ was born, No other birth such mighty portent bore, This Prince of Peace whom heaven and earth adore,

How thrills the heart at thought of Christmas morn! —J. C. Oliver in Los Angeles Times.



HIS CHRISTMAS RESOLUTION



"I suppose you'll hang yer stockin' up?" said Jones to me one day in jest. "Oh yes," said I, "the grocer too. And butcher, and a fish."



The Day of Charity.

"Christmas is indeed the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling not merely the fires of hospitality in the hall, but the general flame of charity in the heart.—Washington Irving.

Then welcome, merry Christmastide,

Another hour before we go.

The rosy girl close at our side

We'll kiss beneath the mistletoe.

Deep, mellow bells salute the air

With benisons sent far and wide.

Good will and joy go everywhere

Upon the golden Christmastide.

—Joel Benton.



The Evergreen Girl

By Marston Mercer

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VERY year about the middle of November a small sign appeared over the door of the Thomas cottage which bore the legend, "The Evergreen Shop."

Every year during the Christmas season Ruth Thomas made hundreds of evergreen wreaths, which she sold for Christmas decorations.

"This was why the people of Briery called her the evergreen girl."

The day before Christmas Ruth sat in her little shop finishing the last wreath she would make that season.

"There!" she said, deftly twisting a sprig of bright red berries among the evergreen stems, "that finishes Helen Stanwood's order, and thank goodness it's done in time. Oh, dear!" she sighed, laying the wreath aside, "I do wish I could spend one Christmas time enjoying myself as others do. Why, there has not been anyone here over the holidays since I can remember, and I have not been to a Christmas party in years—not since the time I went over to Dolly Blair's with Dane."

A warm color suddenly glowed in the girl's cheeks and there was a soft light in her brown eyes as she thought of that memorable night.

Dane Stanwood had taken her to that party. Once during the evening he caught her as she was standing under the mistletoe bough, and—

The sudden roar of a high-power automobile broke in upon Ruth's musings, and she looked out in time to see a long blue roadster flash past the gate.

The car belonged to Dane Stanwood. Shortly after the Christmas party at Dolly Blair's Dane had gone West to become a mining engineer. He had written a few times to Ruth and then the letters had stopped coming, and she had not heard from him for nearly four years. Then, just a month ago,

"I am sure we can if we work fast," she answered. "I am used to this work, you know, and with your help it won't take long."

"How long have you been the evergreen girl?" Dane asked, as he and Ruth were trimming a chandelier.

"This is my third season," Ruth replied. "I found that there was a big demand for wreaths and laurel trimming during the Christmas holidays, so three years ago I opened an evergreen shop. I love to do this kind of work, and although the season is a short one, my little shop pays well."

The evergreen girl might have added that, more than this, the rush of work just at Christmas time helped her to forget the dull ache in her heart which was always so hard to bear during the holidays. She said nothing of this, though, but asked, instead:

"Tell me, Dane, how you have spent Christmas while you have been away. Have you been where there was much merry-making?"

"For the past three years," said Stanwood, "I've celebrated Christmas by working from dawn till dark. This is the first enjoyable Christmas I've had since I left Briery."

"It has been a very pleasant evening for me, too," said Ruth, "and I have enjoyed it ever so much. Now we'll trim the Christmas tree, and then you can take me home and get back in time for the party."

At half-past seven Dane surveyed the big double parlors with satisfaction. With the help of the evergreen girl he had finished the decorations and everything was in readiness for the guests.

"The rooms look just as they did four years ago at Dolly Blair's Christmas tree—even the mistletoe bough," said Dane. "Don't you remember how that one hung right over our heads, as this one does now?"

The evergreen girl was silent.

"Had you forgotten, Ruth?" he persisted.

"No," softly, "I had not forgotten."

"You never thought I had forgotten, did you, dear?"

"But you never wrote, Dane."

"Because for a long time I was miles from a railroad or post office and could not send any mail. But I've thought of that night, though, and all these years I've been planning to have a Christmas party as much like that one as I could, only this one tonight will be for you."

"But isn't the friend who is coming with Helen your fiancée?" faltered Ruth.

"Not exactly," laughed Dane. "That friend is Harry North, Helen's fiancé. The girl I expect to marry is here, now, and, by Jove! I've caught her again standing under the mistletoe bough."

When Christmas sings, It is a song, It is a smile, It is that long dream "Afterwhile,"

When in our hearts Our hearts to meet The splendid skies With love and faith Of better things—

When Christmas sings, When Christmas sings! —Baltimore Sun.

The Greatest Quality.

The Christmas message tells us of God's fatherhood. It is no cold heart that waits us when we turn to gratitude and prayer. God has always loved us; he loves us still. By a true Christmas thought and gift is an expression of that divine love which has made our own love possible. Every claim upon our mercy and our generosity is a call to become like Christ. All the enduring qualities of the human spirit were present at the manger. "But the greatest of these is love."

One Advantage.

"What does it profit a man to have a million dollars if nobody wishes him a happy New Year?"

"Of course, he's rather to be pitied, but he is certainly in a position to consume more champagne on New Year's eve than the man who has no money and whose friends are as poor as himself."

"And you are the evergreen girl?"

"I believe they call me that," she answered.

"Well," said Stanwood, "Sis told me to be sure and fetch you back with me when I returned."

FARMERS CAN HELP TO RELIEVE DEMAND FOR COAL AND THE STRAIN ON RAILWAYS



Make Wood Take the Place of Coal to Heat the Homes This Winter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farmers who own woodlands and people in cities, towns, and villages who can purchase wood from nearby farms can help in the coming winter—as last winter—to relieve the demand for coal and the strain on railway capacity by burning wood in place of coal.

It is not expected substitution of wood for coal will be complete or universal, as for many purposes coal is much more convenient. But for heating many kinds of buildings wood is the more convenient and cheaper fuel. This is particularly true in the case of churches, halls, summer cottages, and other buildings for which heat is required only occasionally but then is wanted in large volume at short notice.

Methods of Making Cordwood.

The most common method of making cordwood is to cut the trees into 4-foot lengths with the ax and split the larger pieces. The pieces are then piled in a standard cord, which is 8 feet long, 4 feet high, and 4 feet wide. The contents are 128 cubic feet, of which about 70 per cent is wood and 30 per cent air. Wood cut 4 feet long can be sold to brickyards, limekilns, metal-working plants, and other industries, but is too large for household use. This method is used chiefly where the tree growth is comparatively small, as in second growth, because such wood splits easily.

Another method, and one better adapted for old-growth hardwoods, which are difficult to split, is to saw the tree into logs of convenient lengths, say from 10 to 15 feet. These are "stacked" out to the edge of the woodland and there sawed and split into lengths proper for the stove or furnace. The sawing is usually done by machine, driven either by gasoline or by electricity. The wood is piled 4 feet high and 8 feet long, such a pile being called a "stove-wood" or "running" cord or "run." When the wood is sawed into 10-inch lengths, as is customary with stove material, three runs are theoretically equivalent to one cord. Actually they contain somewhat more wood, since small pieces can be packed more closely than larger ones.

Wood a Profitable Farm Crop.

Firewood is expected to bring a better profit this year than ever before. It is a much less perishable crop than many which the farmer raises. When properly piled, the better kinds of wood will last from two to three years, although wood steadily deteriorates after the first year.

To have the best heating value, as well as to reduce the cost of hauling wood should be thoroughly seasoned, which means air-drying it from six to eight months. However, when piled so as to get a good circulation of air, 60 per cent of the moisture may be removed in three months. Wood cut in October and November, therefore, may be burned the latter part of the winter.

The prices which cordwood likely will bring this year offer the farmer an opportunity to improve his woodland by weeding out the inferior trees. In the past this has seldom been practicable, for the inferior wood was not marketable. With the prices indicated for the coming winter, thinning becomes practicable over a wide range of country in the vicinity of good markets. The woodland owner may secure specific information from his state forester, his county agent, his state agricultural college, or from the United States Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

distribution giving the maximum effect. The beneficial effects of a comparatively heavy application of finely ground rock phosphate extend over several years, as a portion of the phosphate becomes soluble each year. These increases in yields are greater, as a rule, in subsequent years.

To be most effective ground phosphate rock should be applied to soil that is well supplied with organic matter. Such soils are always richer in carbonic acid than those of low organic content, and this acid is important in effecting the solubility and availability of the phosphate rock. Bacterial activity, which is more noticeable in soils high in organic matter, is also valuable in aiding the solubility of rock phosphate.

QUALITY BUTTER IS WINNER

Prosperous Creameries Make High-Grade Article and in Quantities to Meet Demand.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Marked success of the creameries of Wisconsin and Minnesota—the two largest butter-producing states in the Union—is due principally to the fact that they produce butter of good quality and in a large quantity to meet market demands.

Where it is possible creameries should co-operate in producing a uniform high grade of butter and make shipments to market in larger quantities than is possible when they operate separately.

Most of the creameries in Wisconsin and Minnesota buy separated cream rather than whole milk on a butterfat basis. This plan reduces the cost of collecting and enables the dairymen to keep the skim milk on his farm. Where whole milk is sold to the creameries, usually the skim milk is returned to the patrons. Buttermilk also is sold to patrons to be used as feed.

A number of creameries recognizing the relation of poor cream to poor butter, which on the market sells at low price, have sought to encourage more frequent deliveries by establishing grades of cream and by paying a premium of from 2 to 5 cents a pound of butterfat for the better grades of cream. This plan has met with the approval of many dairymen, who now deliver their cream daily during the summer and every other day during the winter. A number of creameries which churn the first and second grade cream separately, showed an average increase in price of 3.6 cents a pound for the butter churned from the first-grade cream. Shipment of butter to market usually was made in feed refrigerator freight cars.

PHOSPHATE ROCK IS USED AS FERTILIZER

If Finely Ground and Well Distributed Gives Good Results.

This Source of Phosphorus Being More Extensively Used Than Formerly on Account of Shortage of Sulphuric Acid.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Acid phosphate, which is used extensively as a commercial fertilizer, has doubled in price during the last few years. Farmers of this country are now facing a serious shortage of this material because the munitions industry is consuming much sulphuric acid which would ordinarily be used in the manufacture of acid phosphate.

The situation has led users of fertilizers to give greater consideration to the use of ground raw rock phosphate. That this source of phosphorus is being used as fertilizer more extensively is shown by the fact that during 1916-17 at least six large companies entered the raw ground phosphate business and the annual consumption of this material has increased during the last decade to over 31,000 tons, involving an expenditure to the farmer of at least \$750,000.

Ground raw rock phosphate is far less soluble than acid phosphate. Its effectiveness appears to be due largely to its thorough distribution in the soil. This is brought about by liberal applications of very finely ground rock together with good tillage. When all these conditions are not fulfilled, it may take several years to obtain the

MARIE ROSE IS RESCUED AT LAST

After Years of Waiting a Voice Summons Her to Safety.

FRENCH FAITH HOLDS

Little Girl Even Learned Language of Hated Invader, but Mother Never Lost Hope of Deliv-erance.

Paris.—Back in 1914, when there was no war, nor whispers of it, in a certain sunny village in France, lived Marie Rose, nine years old. Beside Marie Rose, there were her father, mother and brother, and a happy family it was, indeed.

Then, on one dark day in August, war came, and its smoke of horror and misery and death seeped into Marie Rose's village. The St. Mihiel salient was formed, and there was Marie Rose quite hemmed in.

The Germans took her brother away with hundreds of other young men, on a fine morning, and Marie Rose bade him farewell. She has never seen him since. Marie Rose's father worked on his little farm, and her mother kept the house in the village and cooked for the German officers, who took the family's bedrooms with polite savagery.

Marie Studied German.

Of course, there were no schools; so Marie Rose studied German, which the bored young officers volunteered to teach her. She was told that the German language was very pretty and that before many years all the world would speak German.

In 1916 Marie Rose's father died. As Marie Rose grew older, her mother frequently told her of the great day that was coming when the Germans would be driven back and the village would again be a part of their beloved France. A German lieutenant, who overheard, laughed scornfully.

"There will be no more French army to come," he said, gaily; "all will be Germans, and of Germany."

Marie Rose ran to her mother and repented what the German officer had said. "Don't you believe it," said Marie's mother. "They will come."

During the early morning of September 18, 1918, Marie Rose heard the distant booming of cannon to the west. As the morning grew to noon, the sound of the cannonading came nearer and Germans hurriedly packed their



belongings and left without even a word for Marie Rose or her mother.

Heavy shells soon were bursting above the spire of the cathedral in the square of the village. Marie Rose's mother cried with joy as she dragged Marie Rose after her into the cellar, where they would be safe from the bursting shells.

Came a Gruff Voice.

Toward evening the village became still; there was no sound of cannonading. Then came a pounding on the door of the cellar where Marie Rose and her mother hid, and a voice cried a command, not in German, not in French.

The door was thrown open and there stood a tall soldier clad in khaki, a flat metal helmet on his head, and a long-barreled rifle was in his hand.

He spoke again:

"Say, ladies, don't you think you'd like to come on outside and sniff a little of the old ozone? The Himmies are gone over the hills, hell bent for election. They're never coming back to this man's town, no sir!"

Little Girl Proves Heroine.

Sharon, Pa.—Rushing in front of a swiftly moving street car at Sharon, Pa., six-year-old Isabel Reeves saved the life of Harry Wilson, two years old. Grabbing the tottling youngster around the waist, the little girl pulled him from the tracks as the car rolled by.

PRINCESS THEATRE



Special Attraction!

Tuesday and Wednesday
December 17th and 18th

Over The Top

with
Sergt. Arthur Guy Empey
[himself]

Supported by Lois Meredith and James Morrison. A stupendous photoplay of the most sensational soldiers' story ever written.

Sergt. Arthur Guy Empey in Vitagraph's master production, "Over The Top."

ADMISSION
Adults—35c and war tax.
Children—25c and war tax.

Saturday Specials

December 14th

Tryphosia per package	9c
Hardwood Toothpicks, 2 boxes for	5c
Arm & Hammer Soda per package	5c
Red Kidney Beans, 2 pound can	12c
Rub-No-More Soap	6c
Macaroni or Spaghetti per package	8c

Candies, Fruits, Nuts, and everything good for that Christmas Dinner.

KEUSCH & FAHRNER

The Pure Food Store, Chelsea

...Gifts of Charm...

If you are planning to make Christmas Gifts you want to use care and judgement in selecting them, no matter how low the price may be.

JEWELRY IS THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Select your gifts from our up-to-the-minute offerings in Jewelry. We have planned for weeks for the Christmas event so that we would merit the patronage of yourself and friends by giving equal and better values for the money than can be had elsewhere. We offer a complete and large stock of

Unusual Values in Jewelry Gifts

from as low as 50 cents, \$1.00, \$2.00 and up in worthy and dependable articles, priced at the lowest figure possible, consistent with quality, including:

BRACELET WATCHES	FOUNTAIN PENS
CAMEO BROOCHES	RINGS
WATCHES	CUT GLASS
CHAINS	CROSSES
GOLD KNIVES	ROSARIES
CIGAR CUTTERS	CLOCKS
SCARF PINS	BAR PINS
DIAMONDS	HANDY PINS
SILVER NOVELTIES	MANICURE SETS
FOBS	LAPELLIERES

SILVERWARE

Come in and look over our gift stock before buying elsewhere; see the articles you buy and know just what you are paying for.

WALTER F. KANTLEHNER, Jeweler

Main and Middle Sts.

Chelsea, Michigan



FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS

but it is quality and flavor that count when you buy your Christmas poultry. At Eppler's market you get young, tender, juicy ones, country bred, corn fed and fattened to just the right degree of excellence. Also meats, fish and oysters, all of the best quality. We advise an early choice.

ADAM EPPLER
Phone 41 South Main Street

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

Ford Axtell, Editor and Prop.
Entered at the Postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, as second-class matter.

Published Every
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
Office, 102 Jackson street

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL.
Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.
Morning service at 10 o'clock. Subject: "Enthroning Christ." Sunday school at 11:15. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Subject: "A Conversation With the Devil."

METHODIST.
Rev. William J. Balmer, Pastor.
Public worship at 10 a. m. Subject: "Widening Fields for Woman's Work." Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. Evening service at 7 p. m. Subject: "Elements of Success in Life."

CATHOLIC
Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector.
Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Sunday service. Holy communion 7:00 a. m. Low mass 7:30 a. m. High mass 10 a. m. Catechism 11 a. m. Baptisms at 3 p. m. Mass on week days at 6:30 a. m.

ST. PAUL'S
A. A. Schoen, Pastor.
German service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11. Willing Workers meet every Wednesday afternoon.

BAPTIST.
Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. The Bible study class will meet at the home of Miss Elizabeth Depew at 7:30 Thursday evening.

GREGORY.
Ruth Kirkland of Fowlerville visited at the homes of George and Otto Arnold last week.

Ray Hill was a business visitor in Detroit last Thursday.

Ralph and Ruth Waters of Parkers Corners spent Monday of last week at Milton Waters.

Mrs. R. G. Chipman was in Jackson, Saturday.

Mrs. M. E. Kuhn was in Detroit several days of last week.

E. Hill was in Jackson, Saturday.

Mrs. Myra Bowen of Detroit, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Bettie Marshall, left Monday for Owosso to attend the Baptist state convention.

Wm. Havens and wife of Gladwin visited at Fred Merrill's a part of last week.

Henry Lillwhite and wife of Plainfield and Russell Shaw and family of Leoni visited Ralph Chipman and family Sunday.

At the annual business meeting of the Baptist church last Saturday the following officers were elected: Mrs. L. Whitehead, clerk; Fred Howlett, treasurer; Nellie Denton, organist; Roy Placeway, deacon; George Arnold, trustee; Henry Howlett, soliciting committee. The treasurer's report showed all bills for the past year paid.

Miss Adeline Chipman visited in Stockbridge part of last week.

Mrs. C. P. Bollinger was in Jackson, Friday.

George Eland and wife, of Pinckney, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrill.

December 6th was Mrs. Jane Wright's 80th birthday. Mrs. M. Ward of Ann Arbor came to remind her of the occasion, also W. Havens and wife were present.

Gertrude Chipman visited at Homer Wasson's, in Plainfield, two days of last week.

L. W. Clinton and family, of Royal Oak, spent the week-end with Mrs. Clinton's parents.

Mrs. Ed. Brotherton visited at Fred Asquith's, Saturday.

Mrs. Robert Leach and children were in Jackson, Saturday.

Flora Crandall of Howell was a week-end visitor at F. A. Howlett's.

Mrs. Dessie Whitehead has been in Dansville at the home of her sister, Mrs. Eliza Lewis, helping care for the latter's husband, who has been very ill.

Tom Poole, wife and baby, of Detroit, also Otto Poole of Howell, were recent visitors at the home of Elmer Book.

A number of young people gathered at the R. G. Chipman home last Tuesday evening for a social time. All report a merry time.

Archie Arnold started to work in Henry Howlett's hardware store last week.

For Croup.
"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is splendid for croup," writes Mrs. Edward Hasset, Frankfort, N. Y. "My children have been quickly relieved of attacks of this dreadful complaint by its use." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Dr. S. G. Bush is reported seriously ill.

Mrs. E. R. Dancer visited in Detroit over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Avery were in Howell, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Winans were in Detroit, Sunday.

Miss Jaunita Stout is clerking in Freeman's store.

Sidney Schenk was home from Camp Custer over the week-end.

George Kanteleiner of Detroit visited Chelsea relatives over the week-end.

C. P. Conklin of Jackson visited his daughter, Mrs. Harry Prudden, Sunday.

The Bay View Reading club will meet Monday evening with Mrs. A. A. VanTyne.

J. F. Waltrous is recovering from an attack of neuritis at his home on Park street.

Miss Grace Fletcher of Detroit visited her brother, J. L. Fletcher, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Boyce have moved into the George Seitz residence on Park street.

Mrs. Ernest Stuckey of Marion, Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Gross of Lima are the parents of a son, born Saturday, December 7, 1918.

Lloyd Hoffman of Jackson is seriously ill at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Hoffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Speer of Lansing are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, December 10, 1918.

Arthur Walz of Waterloo recently marketed a hog here, which brought him \$94. Some porker, that.

Bert McClain has been home from Cleveland for several days on account of the illness of Mrs. McClain.

Mrs. William Selfe went to Manchester, yesterday, where she will spend the winter at the home of Peter Ambs.

Mrs. R. E. Wilcox and Martin Backus, of Jackson, were the guests of their sister, Mrs. M. J. Baxter, Wednesday.

Mrs. Ralph Pierce and daughter, of near Williamston, have been visiting Misses Mame and Alma Pierce for a few days.

Mrs. Bert Moore of Lansing is visiting her niece, Mrs. Elmer Lindeman, and other relatives in this vicinity, for a few days.

N. F. and Harry Prudden left yesterday for Athens to attend the funeral of the latter's sister-in-law, which was held today.

Victory Camp No. 8514 Royal Neighbors of America will hold its regular meeting and election of officers, Tuesday evening, December 17th.

Mrs. C. O. Garrison and children, recently of Grover Hill, Ohio, are visiting for a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. McClure of Sylvan, before going to their new home near Uniontown, Pa.

Emmet L. Page, a former Chelsea boy, has been made superintendent of "plant five" of the Oakland Motor Car Co., of Pontiac. Mr. Page has been with the Oakland company since March, 1911, and for the past three years had been manager of the parts department.

Sergeant Frank Richardson, writing from France under date of November 12th, says: "I am anxious to return to the states and see some good old frost and snow instead of perpetual rain. The country is pretty and I like the French people, with their quaint fashioned ways. They surely are crazy about the 'Yanks.'"

The federal war board has withdrawn the restrictions regarding the amount of news print paper used, but the order regarding the payment of subscriptions still stands. Please note the date on the address label of your Tribune—if it reads, "Dec 18," your subscription expired the first of this month and should be renewed at once. If your label reads, "Jan 19," your subscription expires the first of next month.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75 cents. Adv.

Mrs. J. W. Forner and Mrs. George Satterthwaite visited in Jackson, Wednesday.

William Meyer returned Wednesday evening from the Brooklyn navy yard, having been honorably discharged.

Miss Dorothy Howlett, the 18-years old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. J. Howlett of Albion, formerly of Chelsea, died Monday, December 9, 1918.

The Girls' Military club will have a Christmas tree in the Welfare building, Monday evening, and each young lady is requested to bring an inexpensive "present," not to exceed ten cents in value.

At a special meeting of the village council last evening it was voted to engage a village night watchman, the village to pay two-thirds and the benefited merchants one-third of the expense.

Sergeant C. C. Hoeselschwerdt of the Engineers Corps (Railway) is home from Camp Benjamin Harrison, but is still held in the reserve corps and possibly may be called for duty overseas in the spring.

M. J. Wackenhut has received official notice that his son, George, has been wounded overseas. He has also received a letter, written November 9th, in which George makes no mention of being wounded, so it is assumed that the injury is not serious, especially as George asked his father to look up a piece of onion ground for him for next spring.

At the convention of Washtenaw County Order of the Eastern Star in Manchester, Friday, Mrs. Cora Martin of this place was elected president. Those from Chelsea who attended the convention were: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover, Mrs. W. C. Boyd, Mrs. R. B. Waltrous, Mrs. W. R. Daniels, Mrs. Alice Roedel and Mrs. Charles Martin.

DEXTER TOWNSHIP.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harper, Sr., were in Rochester, Saturday and Sunday, to attend the funeral of the latter's mother.

Gilbert Madden is putting down a well for Mr. McCarty of Webster.

Jacob Haarer and Russell Griggs were in Detroit, Monday and Tuesday, on business.

Hiram Ferris delivered 30 head of fine sheep to Dexter buyers Wednesday.

K. H. Wheeler was in Chelsea, yesterday, on business.

LIMA CENTER.

Miss Eva Steinbach spent one day of the past week in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Henry Notten of Francisco has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Emmet Dancer.

Lewis Mayer and John Steinbach spent Thursday in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fletcher of Chelsea called on relatives here Monday.

Mrs. Mary Hammond returned Thursday from a few days' visit at the home of her son, Harry, in Chelsea.

Mrs. Sherman Pierce is visiting her parents near Kalamazoo.

Joy Dancer has returned from a several weeks' visit at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten of Francisco.

Try Tribune job printing service.

Few Escape.

There are few indeed who escape having at least one cold during the winter months, and they are fortunate who have but one and get through with it quickly and without any serious consequences. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and observe the directions with each bottle, and you are likely to be one of the fortunate ones. The worth and merit of this remedy has been fully proven. There are many families who have always used it for years when troubled with a cough or cold, and with the very best results.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor Ypsilanti and Detroit
Eastern Standard Time—Effective October 28, 1918.

Limited Cars

For Detroit 8:45 a. m. and every two hours to 8:45 p. m.
For Jackson, 9:11 a. m. and every two hours to 9:11 p. m.

Express Cars

Eastbound—7:34 a. m. and every two hours to 7:34 p. m.
Westbound—10:20 a. m. and every two hours to 10:20 p. m. Express cars make local stops west of Ann Arbor.

Local Cars

Eastbound—10:12 p. m. For Ypsilanti only, 11:50 p. m.
Westbound—8:20 a. m., 12:51 a. m. Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Sable and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

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Established over fifty years

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POTATOES FOR SALE

Good home-grown Potatoes

\$1.25 per bu. delivered.

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OLD SANTA CLAUS

Hasn't anything on us when it comes to handling baked goods of any kind. And we do more than handle them, too,—we make them in our own shop daily, we know they're fresh.

Candy and chewing gum too.

H. J. SMITH

The Baker West Middle St.



Low Meat Prices

vs.

High Cattle Prices

If the farmer cannot get enough for his live stock, he raises less, and the packer gets less raw material.

If the consumer has to pay too much for his meat, he eats less of it, and the packer finds his market decreased.

The packer wants the producer to get enough to make live-stock raising profitable, and he wants the price of meat so low that everyone will eat it.

But all he can do, and what he would have to do in any case to stay in business, is to keep down the cost of processing the farmer's stock into meat so that the consumer pays for the meat and by-products only a little more than the farmer gets for his animals.

For example, last year Swift & Company paid for its cattle about 90 per cent of what it got for meat and by-products (such as hides, tallow, oils, etc.)

If cattle from the farm were turned miraculously into meat in the hands of retailers (without going through the expense of dressing, shipping and marketing), the farmer would get only about 1½ cents per pound more for his cattle, or consumers would pay only about 2¼ cents per pound less for their beef!

Out of this cent or two per pound, Swift & Company pays for the operation of extensive plants, pays freight on meats, operates refrigerator cars, maintains branch houses, and in most cases, delivers to retailers all over the United States. The profit amounts to only a fraction of a cent, and a part of this profit goes to build more plants, to give better service, and to increase the company's usefulness to the country.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.