

FINDS MANY FINE INDIAN ARROWHEADS

Sharon Agriculturist Has Bushel of Stone Relics of Savage Race Pre-pioneer Days.

The country in the vicinity of the A. C. Smyth farm in Sharon must have been especially favored of the Indian inhabitants of pre-historic times for Mr. Smyth has a bushel basket of Indian arrowheads and other stone relics plowed up in his fields, and each year adds to his extensive collection.

Corn planting time is also Indian arrowhead time on the Smyth farm and everyone, about the place is on the qui vivo to see what the season's find will be. The stone relics are probably unearthed when the land is plowed and most of them are found when marking for corn, for then the soil is mellow and dry and the arrowheads lay loose and work to the surface. And "that's one season of the year when I work with my eyes on the ground," says Mr. Smyth.

This year proved to be no exception to the rule and a number of fine, perfect arrowheads were found, including two unusually small points, probably used for hunting birds and such small game.

Mr. Smyth has made a careful study of his numerous Indian relics and naturally reads extensively regarding those residents of the long ago who showed such marvelous skill in fashioning their stone weapons. "Undoubtedly," he says, "they heated the flints in a fire and brought them to the desired shape by dipping a pointed stick in cold water and then touching it to the hot flint, chipping off minute pieces with infinite skill until the point was completed."

Mr. Smyth says that pioneer residents of Sharon say that the Indians of that time had a legend to the effect that years before a beautiful Indian maiden, Princess Michemilleppissawa, lived in that vicinity and, to make a long story short, was the reigning belle of the times. "Who knows," says Mr. Smyth, "perhaps

these perfect little arrowheads belonged to that dusky beauty, and she may even have fashioned them herself."

WALTER W. McLAREN.

Walter W. McLaren died Wednesday, January 8, 1919, at his home in Youngstown, Ohio, from typhoid fever following an attack of influenza.

Mr. McLaren was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur McLaren of Lima and was 28 years of age on August 6th, last. He leaves a widow and two sons, four and five years of age.

Mr. McLaren was a successful young business man and for the past two years had been manager of the Tri-State Motors Co. at Youngstown, handling the Oldsmobile cars in parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The body was brought to Chelsea last evening and the funeral was held from the Methodist church at two o'clock this afternoon, Dr. A. W. Stalker of Ann Arbor conducting the service. Interment will be at Oak Grove cemetery.

"O. C." AGAIN SECRETARY.

At the annual meeting of the Washtenaw Mutual Fire Insurance Co., in Ann Arbor, Wednesday, O. C. Burkhardt of this place was re-elected secretary-treasurer, although he had tendered his resignation.

Willis Fowler of Saline, Ehnis Twist of York, and John Spafford of Manchester were elected directors, and Mr. Twist was elected president.

DEXTER FARMERS' "CO-OP."

Farmers in the vicinity of Dexter are interested in a co-operative association at that place and will hold a meeting tomorrow afternoon, January 11th, to discuss the matter. George C. Raviler, the manager of the successful Plymouth Co-operative association, will be present at the meeting and will explain the nature of the organization they have at Plymouth.

BAPTIST.

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m.

WITHERELL REFEREE

Awards Plaintiff \$515.66 In Dorsey-Hatch Farm Management Suit.

"Whether farming is a field of finance with a prospect of a livelihood for experienced farm managers, or an expensive luxury or pastime in which only the very wealthy may indulge, or whether the methods of agricultural bookkeeping are still in the primal stages, are some of the questions here to be determined," remarked Referee H. D. Witherell, who heard the accounting of the farm of William B. Hatch of Ypsilanti, in the case of Clarence B. Dorsey vs. William B. Hatch, a suit for one-quarter of the profits of the farm, of which Mr. Dorsey was manager, in making his report to the circuit court in Ann Arbor, Wednesday morning, in which he awarded Mr. Dorsey \$515.66.

Referee Witherell found from the testimony heard in the hearing that the credits of the farm were \$13,320 and the expenses \$11,901.81, leaving a profit of \$2,418.19. One-quarter of these profits, which by Mr. Dorsey's contract should go to him, is \$603.18. From this is to be taken the value of the pork consumed by the plaintiff, \$117.68, making a balance due the plaintiff \$485.35; with interest, \$515.66.

Mr. Dorsey claimed the farm was operated with a profit of \$5,550.17, and Mr. Hatch claimed that it was operated with a loss of \$6,114.25, a difference, as Mr. Witherell remarked, of \$11,664.42.

EX-SHERIFF MUST ACCOUNT FOR COUNTY GOODS

Invoice of Property in the Sheriff's Department Shows Expensive Revolvers Missing.

Former Sheriff Herman G. Lindenschmitt has been called upon by the board of supervisors to account for about \$200 worth of property of the jail and of the sheriff's office, which does not appear upon the official inventory of the jail property at the present time, and the public buildings committee of the board of supervisors were instructed by vote of the board Wednesday afternoon to secure an accounting from the former sheriff for all property bought for the sheriff's office which does not appear in that inventory.

Comparison of invoices of goods bought for the sheriff's department, with the inventory at the close of the sheriff's term of office was the chief factor which moved the supervisors to take such action.

Among the goods which the invoices showed had been purchased for the sheriff's department, and which are not on the inventory are: Eight Colt revolvers, \$106; two Colt police revolvers, \$26.50; eight pairs of handcuffs, \$40. These were all bought, the committee in charge of the jail reported, within about two years, "and it was now necessary to go out and buy the same sort of stuff over again because these are missing."

CHELSEA SCHOOL NOTES.

There have been no absences in the seventh grade this week.

William Hamlin, recently of Detroit has entered the fifth grade.

Miss Nina Greening visited the third and fourth grade rooms Thursday.

For the first time in six weeks all the children are present in the third grade.

Katherine Fletcher has left the first grade to accompany her parents to California.

The juniors are making elaborate preparations for the junior carnival, which is to be held January 31.

If any of the school patrons are interested in the study of birds, they are cordially invited to visit the kindergarten next week.

The senior high school is making preparations to institute the self-government plan among the pupils. This has been worked out in many schools and has been a success.

The Chelsea school has been supplied with a number of fine large calendars by the Kempf Commercial & Savings bank. A large colored view entitled "America's First Ally," shows Lafayette's visit to Washington's headquarters at Morristown, N. J.

Chamberlain's Tablets.

When you are troubled with indigestion or constipation, take Chamberlain's Tablets. They strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Indigestion is usually accompanied by constipation and is aggravated by it. Chamberlain's Tablets cause a gentle movement of the bowels, relieving the constipated condition.

STOCK SHIPPING ASS'N.

A meeting of the farmers in this vicinity will be held Thursday afternoon, January 10th, at Old Fellow hall, at one o'clock, to organize a Co-operative Stock Shipping association.

The secretary and the manager of the Washtenaw County Co-operative association will be present and will explain the operation of that association, which has been shipping for the past year.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

Good Advice for Cold Mornings When Everything is Topsy-Turvy.

There are times when everything seems to go wrong. From seven o'clock in the morning until 10 in the evening affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning, and the room is freezing cold, you are sure the fire is out, a button comes off, your shoe strings break, and the pancaakes are tough or sour, the furnace smokes, and a water pipe bursts, and you start down the street nettled from head to foot.

All day long things are adverse. Insignations, petty losses, meanness on the part of customers. The ink bottle upsets, and spoils the desk-pad and some important papers. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper and the gas escapes. An agent comes in determined to insure your life, when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid some one will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you, showing you pictures of Old Father Time and the hour glass, and the death's scythe, and a skeleton, making it quite certain that you will die before your time unless you take out a policy in his company.

Besides this, you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uncasiness. The day is out of joint and no surgeon can set it. The probability is that if you would look at the weathervane you would find that the wind is north-east, and you might remember that you have, lost much sleep lately.

But it might happen that you are out of joint instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that irritable mood. You will write or dictate things in the way of criticism or fault finding that you will be sorry for afterward. Let us remember that these spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it were all honey. The table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard and pepper and horseradish that brings the tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness we should never be ready for emigration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for shining May. Instead of stalling on the cold, bleak mountains, we had better step on the accelerator and hasten on towards the garage and warm inn, where our good friends are looking out of the windows watching to see us come up!

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor. Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Subject, "How May I Know That I Am a Christian." Sunday school at 11:15. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Judge George W. Sample will speak on "Theodore Roosevelt, The Great American."

METHODIST.

Rev. William J. Balmer, Pastor. We begin Sunday the special four weeks' program of the Centenary Movement. Morning theme will be, "The Stewardship of Prayer," and the evening theme, "The Important Aim and How to Reach It." Sunday school at 11:15. Epworth league at six o'clock. The Thursday night meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Chipman instead of the parsonage. Subject, "Unused Possibilities of the Official Board." The Friday night meeting will be in charge of Mrs. Balmer and will emphasize the work and influence of Women in Kingdom Service.

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. English service at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Young People's meeting at 7 p. m.

NEIGHBORHOOD ITEMS

Brevities of Interest From Nearby Towns and Localities.

JACKSON—The supervisors Wednesday voted to submit at the spring election a proposition to bond the county for \$1,400,000 for roads.

HOWELL—Business was suspended here and public memorial services were held in the courthouse out of respect for the memory of former President Theodore Roosevelt. Prosecuting Attorney Willis Lyon, Attorney R. D. Roche, Professor Courter and Dr. E. L. Avery delivered eulogies.

BRIDGEWATER—Charles Seekinger of Chicago is the guest of Frank Riedel and Miss Margaret Riedel. He is a cousin of Miss Margaret and the relationship became known in a curious way. The young man was in camp at Des Moines, Iowa, and while ill in the hospital there was nursed by Miss Erma Riedel, a Red Cross nurse, who did not at the time know he was a cousin. His father and John Seekinger of Bridgewater and Joe of Chelsea were brothers. They had never heard of him since he came to this country. Miss Erma Riedel is at present in France.—Enterprise.

BOOSTS COUNTY ROAD SYSTEM.

An appeal for the county good roads system in Washtenaw county was made to the board of supervisors Tuesday afternoon by Philip Colgrove of the Michigan Good Roads association, who was introduced to the supervisors by Supervisor Gaudy.

Mr. Colgrove told a very interesting story about the building of good roads in his own county and described some of the advantages of the county good roads system. He said that the work done by the Eastern Washtenaw Good Roads district had been remarkable, but all of the towns in the county and not only the seven towns in the Good Roads district, should have the benefit of the good roads system.

WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents per line first time, 2½ cents per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15 cents. TRY A LINED AD when you have a want, or something for sale, to rent, lost, found, etc. The cost is trifling.

FOUND—A rosary; owner can obtain same by calling at residence of Jas. Cooke, south of Baptist church.

WANTED—About 25 R. I. Red and Plymouth Rock pullets or year old hens. Mrs. Mary Fish, 543 McKinley St., Chelsea. 3413

WANTED—Marsh hay, not fit for feeding but suitable for packing ice; will buy in any quantity. E. L. Benton, Chelsea Ice Co. 3313

FOR SALE—Set of ice-boat runners in good condition. Inquire at Tribune office. 3313

WANTED—Men for work during ice harvest; will probably start Jan. 13th, if cold weather continues. E. L. Benton, Chelsea. 3312

FOR RENT—Farm four miles north of Chelsea. Mrs. George Miller, phone 111, Chelsea. 3314

FOR SALE—First-class rabbit dog, hound four years old. Otto Donner, RFD 1, Dexter. 3313

FOR SALE—Upright piano, gas stove woman's dress form. Mrs. Wm. Kress, 642 S. Main St. 3213

LOST—Mink fur muff, left on 3:45 p. m. car for Detroit Dec. 24. Liberal reward for return to Mrs. J. T. Woods, phone 114-J, Chelsea. 3213

FOR SALE—Twin cylinder Flanders motorcycle engine, battery ignition. R. Meyers, 618 Taylor St. 3213

FOR SALE—Nearly new hand power washing machine. Mrs. V. Coombs, 207 Madison St. 3213

FOR SALE—Either one of two good farms in northeastern Ingham county, 120 and 80 acres; good locations; excellent soil; bargains for quick sale. Ford Axtell, phone 190-W, Chelsea. 3114

FOR RENT OR SALE—Furnished house for rent, or sale, 147 Orchard St. Inquire 122 Orchard St. 3014

CREAM WANTED—Highest market price paid for delivery each Saturday before 2:30 p. m. E. P. Steiner, Agt. Detroit Creamery Co., Steinhach Bldg., 109 West Middle St., Chelsea. 3014



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST IS A MOST CONSPICUOUS EXAMPLE OF WHAT MAY BE DONE BY A MAN WHO HAS LEARNED TO SYSTEMATIZE HIS PERSONAL EFFORTS.

SYSTEM IS THE VERY FOUNDATION OF HIS WONDERFULLY SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

We believe that impressing upon you the value of "system," we are giving advice of the highest order.

This bank is thoroughly systematic. More than this, it seeks to imbue all its depositors with a full appreciation of what system means and what it can do.

We try to teach our savings account depositors to deposit their spare money systematically, and those who have learned their lesson find that their accounts grow at a simply marvelous pace.

Suppose you try it and see for yourself.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000



PROPAGANDA

These stories about the change in price and model of the Ford car are purely imagination. We will say that there will be no decided change in price or model of Ford cars, but that there **will be** the **greatest scarcity** and undoubtedly a raise in price of some models. . .

PALMER MOTOR SALES COMPANY

LET US "SHOW" YOU

Some of the good things that we bake—come in and get acquainted with our new location in the Raftery building, East Middle street.

We shall be pleased to show you through our bakery at any time, and you can see for yourself what a really neat and sanitary place it is.

THE CHELSEA HOME BAKERY
Smith & Armour, Props.

Wood Cutters Wanted!

The Village of Chelsea has about 300 cords of wood near town to be cut and piled. \$1.25 per cord.

W. C. Boyd, Clerk

NOTICE!

Special Reduction
..Sale..

On our complete lines. This includes everything. Time—NOW! Don't miss it! . . .

HOLMES & WALKER
—We Will Treat You Right—

Saturday Specials

January 11th

Best assorted Chocolate, 1-2 lb. box 20c
Canned Corn 15c
Crisco, one pound can 30c
Rumford Baking Powder, 1 lb. can 20c
Coto Suet lard compound per lb. - 26c

Men's Shoes and Rubbers at the Right Price

KEUSCH & FAHRNER
—The Pure Food Store, Chelsea—

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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FOREWORD.

"The Thirteenth Commandment" is an American story written by an American for Americans. It is, according to a famous English critic, "American to the bone and to the marrow of the bone." It deals with that eternal conflict between finance and romance. It tells the story of what one lovable, modern American girl did when she discovered how often the checkbook's groan drowns the love song. In this story Rupert Hughes is at his best, and that best cannot be surpassed by any American author of the present day. If you start "The Thirteenth Commandment" you will finish it, and when you have finished it you will be glad that you started it.

CHAPTER I.

As usual nowadays, instead of knocking at the door Fate called up on the telephone.

Though the bell shrilled almost in Mrs. Kip's ear she would not answer it. She uttered, shook her head, adjusted her rocking chair with petulance, unheededly, and hardly so much called on as sighed very loudly toward the hallway.

"Daphne! Ooh, Daphne! the telephone again!"

On the stairs there sounded a muffled scurry like the rush of an April shower chased down a hillside by the sun. An allegory of April drifted across the room and raised the telephone to her lips as if it were a beaker of good cheer.

Her mother was used to this humor of Daphne's and paid no heed till a sudden frost chilled the warm tone of the girl's voice. The smile of hospitality waned on the telephone had given place to a look of embarrassment.

Mrs. Kip whispered anxiously, "Who is it?"

Daphne motioned her not to interrupt, and her voice grew deep and important. It became what her brother Bayard called her "reception voice."

In her grandest contralto she said: "This is Miss Kip. Yes, I have. Yes, he does. I beg pardon? Oh—Oh! Oh! How do you do, Mr. Winburn."

"Mr. Who?" her mother queried.

Daphne whispered to quiet her, "A young man from New York—friend of Bayard's—same office. I haven't got his name yet."

Into the telephone she was saying, and bowing and nodding the while with her politest face. "Indeed I'll try to be. Of course Cleveland's not New York, but—By the way, do you dance? That's good. That's right; night as well be deaf if you don't! How long will you be in Cleveland? Oh, is that all? Well, then, you must come out here and have tea with us this very afternoon. I'll call for you at the hotel in my little car. No; it's not one of these; it's an electric. I run it myself. Afraid to risk it? Brave man! I'll be there in fifteen minutes, and you might be on the steps. Good-by, Mr. Winburn."

This last was said in the fond tone of ancient friendship, and she hung up the receiver with a gesture like shaking hands.

She turned to find her mother thinking her as in a long, tight line; her cheeks blushed explosively. Daphne forestalled her:

"He's a young fellow in the same firm as Bayard. Says he's here on business for ten days. Bayard told him to call me up and tell me to be nice to him. That sounds like Bay. Also said he hadn't time to write. That sounds like Bill. Bayard told him to kiss you for him, so he must be all right. I was going to take him to the hotel to a tea-dance, but I thought I'd better give him a look-over first. So I'll roll him out here. Get out the nice china and the napkins I mono-grammed."

"But, Daphne! Wait! I can't—"

"I haven't time to argue with you, mamma. Please do as I tell you for once, and don't fuss. Mr. Winburn will probably have a lot of news to tell you about your prodigal son. Oh!"

She popped a kiss on the forehead that anxiety had turned to corduroy and ran upstairs like another April shower chasing the sun uphill. She dashed down again with hat and gloves, and, with nose re-powdered, slammed the front door gayly, thrummed the steps, and strode across the long lawn to the little electric car

standing under the porte cochere. The car was very large for a beetle but pretty small for an automobile.

CHAPTER II.

The night train from New York had deposited Clay Winburn in the grimy cavern of the station at an early hour. He had dawdled over his breakfast, feeling lost without his New York morning papers.

When at last it grew late enough to telephone for an appointment with the man he had come to see he was disgusted to learn that the wretch would not be visible till the next day.

It was then that Bayard Kip's parting bobble to call up his sister occurred to Winburn. He planned to compose a formal note of self-introduction, but Bayard had forgotten to tell him his sister's name or his father's initials. There were several Kips in the telephone book, and he could not tell which would be which. He decided to call up each number and ask a maid or somebody if Mr. Bayard Kip's people lived there.

The very first number he called brought Daphne herself suddenly voice to voice with him. Voices are characters, and it was a case of love at first hearing with him. She had him smiling and cooing at the second phrase. He felt that she was going to make his stay in Cleveland pleasant.

He formed all sorts of pictures of her while he waited on the hotel steps, but when she stepped out of her car and looked about she was none of the Misses Kip he had planned. She was a round, pretty little thing, amiable of eye and humorous about the lips, and cunningly dressed. She looked as if she would be a plucky, fearless sportswoman; yet she had a wifely, tender hugableness that a girl ought not to lose, however well she plays tennis.

"Is this Mr.?" she began. He was so nervous to notice her pause.

He retorted, "Is this Miss Kip?"

He noted that she shook hands well, with a boyish clench accompanied by an odd little duck of the head.

"Mighty nice of you to take me off this desert island," he beamed.

"Mighty glad to have the privilege," she said as she verified the fraternity pin on his overcoat. "Mother is dying to hear how Bayard is."

Mothers have little power left as guardians, but the children find that the title has a certain value at times in keeping order.

"Won't you get in?" said Daphne, pointing to her car. She made him crowd in first, then followed and closed the door and pulled the throttle.

He meditated aloud: "How wonderful it really is that you should talk to me over the telephone and invite me to your home and come and get me like this."

"What's so wonderful about that?" said Daphne. "Everybody does it."

"Everything that everybody does is wonderful," said Winburn. "But how especially wonderful it is to live in a city where there are no walls about the gardens. Look! there aren't even fences. The lawns are all joined to-



Already Winburn Was a Member of the Household.

gether and the houses are mostly windows. Everything is so open and free, full of sunlight and frankness. You're taking me home in this charming little glass slowpoke to introduce me to your mother. I tell you the world do move! A woman of today has a lot to be thankful for. You ought to be mighty happy."

"Ought-to-be hasn't much to do with it," Daphne sighed. "We've got a lot to get yet—and a lot to get rid of."

He sank back discouraged. The sex was still insatiable.

After a short ride they turned into a driveway leading through a spacious expanse of grass dotted with trees and shrubs, to a homelike house without beauty or ugliness—a house that had

grown with the personalities of the occupants. The only ostentations about the place were the cupola of an earlier day and the porte cochere stuck out like a broken wing.

She led him into the house and waved him toward the hall tree. When he had set down his hat and stick she led him into the drawing room.

"Mother, we're home."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Kip, who called Daphne "dear" before company.

"Mother," said Daphne, "I want to present Mr.—" (mumble—gulp). She had not yet achieved his name.

Her mother shocked her by saying, "Delighted to meet you, Mr.— I didn't quite catch the name."

Daphne blushed for her mother's query, but was glad to overhear the stranger's answer:

"I am Mr. Winburn, Mrs. Kip—Clay Winburn."

At this moment a tall, shambling man walked in. He looked as if he looked older than he was. His spectacles overwhelmed a rather unsuccessful nose. Daphne hardly needed to introduce him as her father. She gave Winburn a name now, and he felt called upon to explain his incursion.

"I know your son Bayard very well. I'm in his office. We belong to the same fraternity—different chapters of course. We struck up a great friendship. When he knew I was coming to Cleveland he said, 'Tell my sister to be nice to you, and—'

Winburn paused in some embarrassment before the ballroom manner of Mrs. Kip, but the pompous disguises of timidity fell from her as she murmured—and blushed in a motherly way:

"Daphne told me. He said for you to kiss his mother for him."

"Ye-es."

"Well, I am his mother."

"Oh! May I?"

"Will you?"

He pressed his lips respectfully on her cheek, but she, closing her eyes to bring him her son, flung her fat arms about him and held him a moment.

He kissed her again with a kind of vicarious devotion.

"I'd want Bayard to deliver such a message to your mother," she explained.

Already Winburn was a member of the household; he had been kissed and sympathized with.

He turned to Daphne with an apologetic look and saw that she was staring at him with softer eyes than he had thought she had.

Delicate anxieties engaged Mrs. Kip, for tea had come in tottering on a tray carried by a panic-stricken cook, as agile as a hippopotamus and as shy as a violet.

Daphne and her mother and father went through the tea ceremony with the anxiety of people in an earthquake, and the "Swedish dromedary" stared at the unaccustomed sight as if the tea bladders were drinking poison and she watching for the convulsions to begin.

Clay Winburn talked altogether about Bayard and his wonderful progress in business in spite of the hard times. Bayard, he said, was striking to his desk like a demon, and he let nothing distract him.

"It must be glorious living in New York," Daphne sighed.

"Why don't you come and pay Bayard a visit?" Winburn suggested.

"He wouldn't have time to take me anywhere, and I don't know anybody else there."

"You know me. And I'd be only too glad to try to repay your hospitality to me."

Mrs. Kip looked on and listened with the fond alarm of one who has seen fatal courtships begun with just such fencing.

When at length Daphne suggested that there was still time to rush down to the Hotel Statler for a dance or two Mrs. Kip smiled at her. Winburn did not know that he had been brought home on approval. Mrs. Kip realized that he was not to be returned as impossible. Her fancy gambled in futures.

Winburn was the victim of an onset of that delirium amans known as love at first sight. He was at the right age, and he found something exotically captivating in this strange girl in the strange city. He was poisoned with love, and his opinion of Daphne was lunatically fantastic. No one ever had equaled her or could equal her in any future ever.

Spring and love are the perennial miracles, always new, always amazing. It was springtime in Winburn's years and in the calendar of the world; and countless other youth of mankind, animal kind, bird and fish kind, flowers and fruit trees, and perhaps of chemicals in the ground were feeling the same mania.

Daphne's cordiality was at first merely the hospitable warmth of her unusually cordial community. But she caught the fever from Winburn and decided that he was the final word in human evolution.

They began to dread the society of others, to resent the existence of a

squatter population on their private planet. The world was too much with them. The little car was transparent. Even at night etiquette required them to light it up within.

Winburn did not return to New York so soon as he expected. It seemed impossible to uproot himself from that pleasant soil. One afternoon when he had already overstayed his furlough Daphne and he were riding in the little car through the outer suburb known as Shaker Heights—a section rapidly evolving from a sleepy religious community to a swarm of city residences.

The late afternoon moon had risen in a sky still rosy with the afterglow of sunset. The air was marmurous with pleading.

Suddenly Winburn cried aloud, to his own surprise and hers, "Daphne! Miss Kip! I can't stand everything, you know! I'm only human, after all."

"What's the matter?" she asked in prosaic phrase but with a poetic flutter of breath.

"I love you, —n it!—jardon me, but I'm infernally in love with you. I'm tormented. I came here on business, and instead of my finishing it you've finished me. I'm two days overdue in New York and I've had to lie to the office to explain why. And all I can think of now is that I'd rather resign and starve to death than go back and leave you here."

"Honestly?" she barely breathed.

"Desperately!" he moaned. "What's to become of me?"

"You'd better go back, I suppose. You'll soon get over it and find somebody else to love."

"There's nobody else in the world worth loving. I'd die if I gave you up! I'd simply die."

He went on with aching anxiety: "Could you care for me just a little? If you could love me, or just promise to try to, I could face my exile for a while. Do you think you could love me ever?"

She dropped her chin on her breast and sighed.

"I guess I do now."

The intractable felicity of this situation overwhelmed them both. He clift her in his arms and she flung hers about him, forgetting entirely the steering wheel. The neglected little car promptly scattered off the road, crossed a gutter into a vacant lot, scooped up a "For Sale" sign, and was about to tip over into an excavation when Daphne looked up long enough to shut off the power. Then in a blind rapture she returned to where she belonged—his embrace.

Soon she was assailed with fears for the credibility of this wonder work, and when he said:

"When shall we announce our engagement?" she protested:

"Oh, not till we are sure."

"I'm sure now."

"But we must be terribly sure. It's such a dangerous thing, getting married. So many people who think they love each other find out their mistake too late. You don't know me very well."

"You mean you don't know me very well."

"I'm not afraid of you, but for you, I'd hate to disappoint you, and I don't really amount to much. I can't do anything except gad around; and you'd tire of me."

"Not in this world—not in the next."

"It's darling of you to say it, and you think you mean it—now. But—"

"I know it, Daphne, honey, now and forever. I don't want anybody but you. Life won't be life without you. You've promised to be my wife. I hold you to your promise."

"All right." It was exceedingly satisfying to surrender her soul into his keeping. She had reached harbor already after so brief and placid a voyage.

He ended a long, cozy silence with the surprising remark, "I suppose I ought to ask your parents' consent?"

The daughter of the twentieth century laughed: "Parents' consent! You do read a lot of ancient literature, don't you?"

"Still I imagine we'd better break it to 'em."

"You leave it to me to break it to 'em. They'll be glad enough to get me off their hands."

"I'll never believe that."

When they reached her home it was late and his hotel was so far that, since he would be spending his last evening with her, anyway, she asked him to stay to dinner.

She broke that news to her parents, and it caused them acute distress. Her father and her mother were deep in the battle that always broke out between them when the monthly bills arrived. Daphne was so used to this that she hardly noticed it.

After dinner the parents retired to the living room to read and sew and mumble over their mutual grievances, while Daphne and Winburn sat and the piazza which the moon turned into a blue portico of myrtle spruce.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning Winburn woke from dreams of bliss to the realization

that his hotel bill would require all of his funds except enough for the porter's tip and a few odd dollars.

He could not buy Daphne an engagement ring with a few odd dollars, and he was afraid to leave her without the brand of possession on her finger.

But how was he to come at the necessary sum? He could not decently ask the firm he was dealing with to lend him money. He might have asked it to cash a check on his bank, but his account was at the irreducible minimum.

After an hour or two of meditation he determined to board a jeweler in his hair and try to coax him into the extension of credit.

He loitered in front of several windows, staring at the glittering pebbles on the velvet benches till he found a tiny gem that he thought might feebly represent his exquisite adoration. He went in and asked the price. An eager salesman peered at the very small and announced the very large price—\$155. It was not much for a solitaire, but it was too much for that bachelor.

He clung to the counter for support and in a husky tone asked for the credit man. He was escorted to a barred window where a very sane old

person gazed out at people insane enough to buy jewelry. Mr. Gassett had a look of hospitality toward cash and of shyness toward credit.

Winburn hemmed and blushed and swallowed hard. With the plausibility of a pickpocket he mumbled as he pushed a card across the glass sill:

"I am Mr. Clay Winburn of New York city. I have been out here closing up an important deal for my firm with one of your big mills. I happened to see a little ring in your window—rather pretty little thing. Took a fancy to it. Had half a mind to buy it. But rather short of cash and—"

Mr. Gassett waited with patience.

Clay went on: "I have no right to ask you to give me credit. But I'm very anxious to leave the ring here."

"Leave it here! I thought you wanted to buy it!"

"Of course! I want to leave it to the finger of a young lady."

"Oh," said Mr. Gassett, to whom ladies' fingers were an important market.

Finally he said: "I don't suppose you would care to tell me who your fiancée is. That might make a difference."

"Why shouldn't I tell you? I'm certainly not ashamed to. I have the honor to be engaged to Miss Daphne Kip."

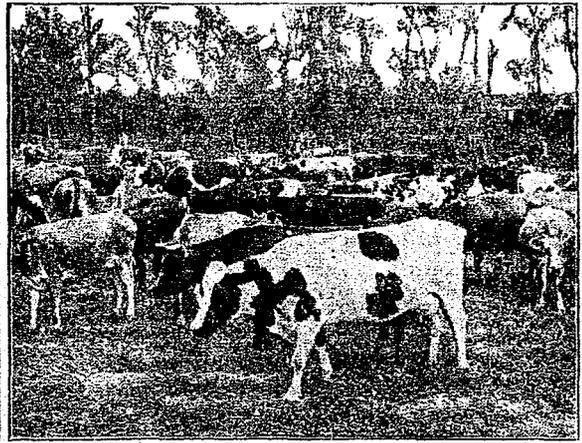
Daphne, accompanied by her mother, goes to New York for the purpose of buying her trousseau. There the first shadow is cast upon Daphne's romantic dreams by the discovery that the money which her father has been able to raise for the purpose will not buy much of a trousseau. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real Riches.

He who has fortune in love and truth and beauty is entitled to be called rich. Time and change and adversity have no power upon them. They are the only things a man can take with him when he goes. In the process of acquiring them they become part of him inseparably. He who has them "wears his commendation in his face," for it may be read as he passes that his converse is with the higher and finer things and his noblest quest and great familiarity—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

RAPID DEVELOPMENT IN LIVE STOCK INDUSTRY IN SOUTH IS REPORTED



DAIRY HERD ON A SOUTHERN FARM.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The live-stock industry in the Southern states is progressing at a rapid rate. Some of the things beef-cattle extension specialists of the United States department of agriculture are doing to encourage a combination of live-stock production with cotton-growing are described in recent reports from the field. As a result of their activities thousands of pure-bred cattle are being shipped into every Southern state and carloads of fat stock are being sent to live-stock markets from farms where cotton formerly was grown exclusively.

During a recent month the specialists visited 154 farms in 113 counties in the states of Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, and traveled 32,357 miles to give specific instructions to farmers and to confer with other extension workers on beef production. They attended ten meetings, held twelve demonstrations, and through their efforts a total of 129 pure-bred bulls, 324 pure-bred cows, and 1,905 grade cattle were placed on farms in the different states. During the month also a general conference was held at Memphis, Tenn., which was attended by state and Federal representatives of the department of agriculture, directors of state experiment stations and extension workers, state agents, veterinarians, and others interested in promoting more and better live stock in the South.

Assist in Live-Stock Shows.

Among the many duties of the beef-cattle specialists is to assist with the live-stock work in connection with live-stock shows, and county and state fairs. They assist breeders in making selections of feeding animals for shows, in arranging judging contests and demonstrations, and in securing better classifications and premiums for worthy exhibits, all of which has been the means of arousing interest and making live-stock exhibits a more attractive feature at the fairs.

The beef-cattle specialists from Arkansas made an exhibit at the tri-state fair held in Memphis in which was shown the best methods of feeding and raising live stock. Improved "artificial" feeding sheds, feeding bunks and sties were shown together with a number of instructive placards giving such information as suitable fattening rations for 1,000-pound steers, and wintering rations for the breeding herd. Farmers were urged to cull their breeding herds at this time of the year and dispose of all inferior animals. Arkansas farmers, particularly in the rice-growing sections where there is abundant pasture and plenty of straw, have been good buyers of cattle from the drought area in the Southwest.

Plenty of Feed Available.

There are extensive areas in Florida that are not now being used which could graze a large number of cattle. The extension specialists say, though the farmers are fast awakening to the possibilities of the live-stock industry. It is reported that the holdings of one company alone would carry 20,000 head if completely utilized.

Reports from Georgia say that pastures are good and feed is plentiful, particularly velvet beans, and that undoubtedly there will be a large number of cattle fed in that state this year. The specialists are continually being called upon to locate feeder cattle for farmers in both Georgia and Florida, and several large shipments have already been made from the Southwest and other sections. It is estimated that 100 carloads will be brought into Georgia alone from Texas this fall.

Feeding demonstrations are being arranged on 12 to 15 farms in different sections of Mississippi, and plans have been made to conduct them through the co-operation of county and district agents. Special attention will be given to demonstrations in pasturing velvet beans, and velvet beans and corn.

Pure-Bred Stock in Demand.

Orders have been placed for more than fifty carloads of breeding stock to be shipped from the Southwest to North Carolina and the total number purchased will undoubtedly far exceed this number. There is also much interest in the purchasing of pure-bred bulls, and extension specialists are planning to hold several experimental sales in the state in an effort to meet the demand. As a means

of further stimulating the beef-cattle industry a campaign is being conducted for the building of silos and improving the pastures in the state.

In South Carolina also the demand for pure-bred stock as well as steers for fall and winter feeding, far exceeds the available supply. In a number of localities committees of representative farmers, accompanied by specialists, have gone into other states to purchase breeding stock. At a recent disbursement sale of 24 head of pure-bred cattle, 21 of the animals remained in the state, the farmers being anxious to retain them to build up their herds.

Arrangements were made by Tennessee stockmen with the Union Stock Yards company in Nashville for holding the annual sale of the Middle Tennessee Breeders' association at the yards. The company provided stall space for the cattle, a sale ring, and in other ways helped make the sale a success. The farmers of the state are much interested in pasture improvement and the keeping of live stock as a means of meeting the labor shortage.

BUREAU OF MARKETS IS MOST RELIABLE

Information Given Relative to Chicago Stock Market.

So Accurate Have Estimates Been That Shippers and Farmers in All Sections Place Utmost Confidence in Reports.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Commendation has been voted by live stock farmers and the trade concerning the work of the United States bureau of markets in issuing all telegraphic information of a public or commercial character relative to the Chicago live stock market. Previous to the last few months such reports were sent out promiscuously by private individuals who, in some cases, were accused of manipulating the reports in favor of one interest or another. At least, this sentiment pervaded the trade to the extent that the live stock industry was injured by the mere existence of such opinion.

It was on this account that Uncle Sam was requested to collect facts and figures daily about the market conditions and receipts and to disseminate this authentic information as widely as possible by telegraph. The daily market reports include an estimate of the daily receipts of each class of live stock, this being one of the important features of the service, as trading at Chicago is based to a large degree on the Chicago "run." Furthermore, the trading on the outside markets is also determined more or less by the vicissitudes of the Chicago trade. Hence it can be seen readily that any serious discrepancy in the estimate of a certain day compared with the actual receipts, whether intentional or accidental, might influence the entire day's marketing and trading at leading live stock centers.

Under the system now used in Chicago for obtaining figures upon which to base an accurate estimate, the service is showing marked improvement over the previous efforts of private individuals. The bureau of markets bases its estimate on cars reported in and due to arrive by every railroad each day and the result of this plan has been so successful that the shippers and farmers in all sections place confidence in the accuracy and reliability of the government reports. Illustrative of the accuracy of the government reports, many large firms at the Chicago stockyards, which formerly employed special men to collect this information, are now using exclusively the official estimates of the bureau of markets. It is anticipated that the federal figures soon will be the only ones credited to the "yards."

Give Hens Comfortable Pens.

Hens must have comfortable quarters when the weather is unfavorable. This is necessary for them to be at all profitable.

Cause of Poultry Troubles.

Leaky roofs on poultry houses and bad draughts in the walls are likely to cause colds, roup, rheumatism and other troublesome diseases.

American Women at Chateau Thierry

By E. Buckner Kirk



A SMALL VISITOR FROM THE VILLAGE

AT THE COUNTER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CANTEEN

American women as well as American men were at Chateau-Thierry. To be sure, it was no longer the very front itself, but it was just at the back of the front and through it passed all day long supply trains and men moving up towards the trenches and men and empty supply trains coming back.

In 1914 an American woman, Frances Wilson Howard, watched hundreds upon hundreds of men along that road toward Paris.

Four years later a little group of American canteen workers were in Chateau-Thierry watching an ever-moving procession in the other direction. The town for the possession of which so many American lives had been laid down was safe at last; so safe that the ever-cautious authorities asked for women to run a Red Cross canteen there, and thus it came about that a little group of us were able to follow our own troops into the famous village.

We set up our kitchen tent on the lawn of the chateau and from there we saw the whole panorama of war go by. It was a strange sight to women, an unendurable sight, if one could not feel that in some small human way one was of service. "But our canteen, with its huge sign American Red Cross, drew troops from the road as a honey pot draws flies; and with the villagers who had come home, we were almost as popular as the fountain across the way. So we came to know that we were of use—a stimulus to that weary but indubitable fellow, the poilu; a link of sympathy between diversion and ordeal to the villagers; and, best of all, a bit of home to our own men."

"Gee," a young artilleryman said to me one day, "you're from home, aren't you? But I don't suppose you come from Indiana." For the first time in my life I would have gladly disowned my own state, if only I could have honestly told him that I came from Indiana.

From our duties at the marmites, canteen or counter, we could look out upon the cross road and the fountain of the little village, two years ago unknown to most of us, now an unforgettable word in American history. For us who have been there, it is an even more unforgettable memory.

Martial Splendor Lacking.

During the period of reconstruction, when we were at the village, a motley stream of soldiers passed over the dusty road every day. One man who visited our canteen, excited by the color and variety and gaiety of the passing show, likened it to P. T. Barnum's "greatest show on earth." But we women who saw it day by day, who in however slight a measure ministered to the bodily needs of hungry American boys, fired with faded blue, slender, picturesque chaussons, Alpine, big black Senegals, yellow Annamese of the salvage corps, beautiful bronze Moroccans with red turbans, and an occasional group of brave young Amazons, swearing, snoring, "Tommyes" or "hairy Jocks," with their swaying and bonnets afloat, who saw it all day and hear by hour, could see nothing of the circus about it. To be sure, the smooth road, winding into the little village between shattered trunks of once stately poplars, was often vividly alive with color and movement and comedy. But of martial splendor, in our old sense of the word, there was not a trace. No music but the grinding of hard-worn axes under early camouflaged field pieces, or the creak of dusty wagons piled



SYMPATHY AND AID FOR EVERY REFUGEE

high with the paraphernalia of camp kitchens, or the serech of a motor horn or a madly whizzing motorcycle. Even when the road was clear of vehicles and long lines of soldiers moved over it to the front or clumped discreetly back, there was no sound of compact, marching feet. "Route marching" was the way the Americans came, while the French poilus, with queer bundles slung about their all sorts of unexpected places, seemed fairly to stroll along. But they were going up to the front, these men, and however they might feel about it, it was no circus for us.

Not that the outward appearance of the moving troops was depressing. Far from it. They went by, to quote Jan Hay, "scattering homely jests like hail." Some came singing and I shall never forget the first day that American boys came into the village. "The Americans are coming," sent us flying out of doors; and "les Americans" echoed the French about us. Around the bend of the road by the church they came. We could hear them singing before we could distinguish the words and then—"until my dreams all come true." It was "The Long, Long Trail," which brought back to some of us vividly the first summer of the war at home, when we had danced and played and said good-by to the music of that song.

Present From Headquarters.

One morning I looked out from the canteen upon a new scene, a surprise. Several groups of very feeble old men and women were seated upon the lawn of the chateau. A canteener dashed in breathless at this moment. The old people, according to her hurried account, were a present to us from G. H. Q. They had been living up near the front and some action was planned that might prove dangerous to them. So the French authorities, with charming confidence, simply shipped them back to the American Red Cross canteen to be sheltered and fed for 21 hours, until they could be sent on by train to their final destination. The day before we had been eaten nearly out of house and home, by a number of hungry French infantrymen. Now, as our canteen had not arrived, we were looking forward with dread to running short of rations for the afternoon contingent.

Every available canteener was rushed out into the byways and hedges, and in an incredibly short time the villagers had contributed enough from their own poor stores to give the old people a hearty meal. Miffedly dazed were these old folk. They had clung

The Future of the Hun

By E. E. HARRIMAN
of The Vigilantes

There must be a future for the German. He cannot stop and resolve into a mere memory. It is out of the question for the civilized nations to annihilate him. For their own sakes they cannot be as savage as he planned to be. However many were killed in this war, there will still be many millions left to propagate.

What manner of future awaits these millions? What will they do? What will be their status in the world? How will they prosper?

Already many thinking people are considering the matter of German trade, German industry, German debt paying. The nation itself is making native preparations for the after-the-war campaign.

With this war ended Germany will find herself handicapped with a double load; the debts she has incurred through the financing of the war, and the rehabilitation of devastated countries. In order to pay either bill she must be able to manufacture and sell. She must have markets and supply them.

In order to secure markets she must first establish confidence in her wares and in her business methods. She must gain a certain, and very decided, amount of friendly regard of the rival nations, the rival manufacturer, who had too great an advantage. She can only hope to be a scavenger otherwise, for the other nations will leave her only that which they do not wish to handle.

All Nations on Guard.

How is she going to acquire the necessary standing, the confidence of buying nations, to give her these markets? Once she would have sent her thousands of emigrants to colonize, with right instructions to demand German goods and thereby create a condition that would force importations. That day is past, for in all such cases Germany's colonial idea carried with it the control of politics through colony ballots. It is inconceivable that any nation should ever again enter to the German vote or allow it to be in control of even a fraction of national activities.

With all nations on guard against Germanizing influences, that plan must be abandoned. If Germany, in her stupid disregard of all rights and prejudices, should attempt to again get control of any part of the national affairs of America or Canada or Brazil.

Making Our Flag Beloved

By HAMLIN GARLAND
of The Vigilantes

Among the victims of the measureless ruin which the Prussian militarists have wrought in their desire to dominate the world, Armenia and Syria have high claim to our sympathy. Suffering the full horror of the conquered they have been isolated from the allies who would have helped them if they could. Turkey, the partner of Germany and the cause of the suffering and desolation of the Armenians, is now conquered and it is possible for America to rescue the despairing and the hungry in those lands.

This is a duty which we cannot regretfully postpone. We are and must continue to be the storehouse of the world. Our resources must be put to the use of those who suffer. France and England, in spite of their almost inconceivable war burdens, are each doing their part in the work of freeing and feeding the oppressed. We should not fall of a ready and full co-operation.

Today the War is Won.

Thus far we have not felt in any degree the pinch of the war—we have hardly been inconvenienced. We have saved sugar and meat and flour and submitted to restrictions in other ways, but we have not suffered in the slightest the pain and the grief of other countries. The sacrifices we have made seem very small and very poor in comparison with what Belgium and Poland and other equally innocent bystanders have endured.

Today the war is won—we can seize our great opportunity. We have made our flag respected by the valor of our sailors and soldiers, now let us make it beloved by the wise use of our almost limitless wealth. How great, how peaceful the United States seems as we read the reports from the scourged and desolated lands of the East. From our plenty we must instantly send in order that hunger shall not end in starvation and that a whole people shall not vanish from the earth.

Germany has narrowed its field; as its allies retire they leave a multitude of homeless and famishing victims behind—they have no care for the ruined and the desolate—and America must step in to aid till such time as the oppressor can be forced to indemnify and restore.

It is not necessary for me to rehearse the ghastly story of Turkish barbaric cruelties—that has been done full and most movingly by others. My part is to plead with those who have a surplus that they may heal the

ill, for instance, it will probably lead to the barring of intercourse with her definitely.

It is difficult to ascertain where she can first gain a foothold. With her reputation broadcast thoroughly exposed, her rotten methods thoroughly exposed, it will be a hazardous thing for any nation to attempt to deal with her.

It is a matter that calls for the sober, calm study of master minds, the consideration of all nations opposed to Germanic ideas. It must be made a matter of the most careful consideration for upon the policy adopted by the nations will depend much of their own welfare. There must be a limit set for Teutonic activity, a bound beyond which they dare not go or it will be only a question of time until the world will again have to take up the task of healing Hun devilishness.

It is time for the nations and their deepest thinkers to begin to plan and consider, for it will not be long until the Hun will be wanting to emigrate from his land to escape the burdens he has helped to create. He must not be allowed to shirk his task. He must be the one to pick up the burden and stagger along under it. He must not be allowed to shift it to other shoulders, in part or in entirety.

Must Be Kept Under Surveillance. The forces of many nations have been harnessed in the effort to hammer some reasonable degree of sense into the Hunish head. Next will come the prodigious effort to hold him to his work and force him to walk the straight and narrow path. It is to be almost as hard a task as fighting him in submission. If the way he is preparing for a commercial campaign is any criterion.

Unless he is so hedged about by right, inflexible guards that he can do only the right thing, he will soon be doing the wrong one. It is folly to think that getting a whipping will change the Hun nature. A cracked crown will not ensure a rejuvenation or any degree of reformation. He will be no more spiritually redeemed than he will be physically restored by the war. The living that will require more than one generation. The dead Hun, thank God, will help to hold him where he belongs by the thinning out of evil blood when he died.

So let us plan now for what comes later, that we may enjoy life with no fear of despotism in the future years. We must weld a steel ring, such as Kaiser Wilhelm loved to have about, that will keep the Prussian on his good behavior for the next two thousand years. In that length of time, the world of decency may make some progress toward the elimination of the savage part in his nature, and so bring him to where he is a safe neighbor for decent people.

sick, and house the helpless women and children in the wake of the Turkish armies.

Greatest Opportunity to Help. The committee for Armenian and Syrian relief is asking for a fund of \$80,000,000. This seems but a small amount when set over against the non-Mohammedan populations of the countries named in the appeal, and yet the committee assures us that this sum will have the most enormous power of alleviation. It will not restore but it will provide the necessities of life to those who are for the moment unable to feed and clothe themselves.

Every man who gives to this fund will have the satisfaction of knowing that each dollar of his gift goes straight to its mark, affording almost instant relief to some poor soul who is physically suffering and in despair of the future. To send this relief will prove to them, and to the rest of the world, that we, the richest of nations, can be upon demand the most generous of nations. If we do our part at this time we can make the Stars and Stripes not only respected, but beautiful in the eyes of the citizens of those faraway lands. It will seem the sign of pity and of healing, the symbol of hope and peace which our forefathers intended it to be.

THE POETS TO FRANCE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON
of The Vigilantes.

We cannot name you save upon our knees—
France! France! what fitting tribute may
Against your splendor and your agonies—
You who withstood the strength of iron seas—
A rock wherefrom God's beacon still shall
The light that brings a world from ship-
wrecking,
Beacon by you it steers its arduous

France! France! there are no words to
make your song—
There is no song whereunto to honor you;
But not by note through many centuries
Shall rise the perfect tribute clear and
striving
To meet the overlord's desire,
What happens then?—No need to ask—
He throws the cat into the fire!

To will this lesson should be learnt
Of Highest Being's ways and aims—
If their own fingers are not burnt,
They care not for a world in flames!

CAT'S PAWS

(In Teutonic Diplomacy.)
By EDITH M. THOMAS,
of The Vigilantes.

When Highest Being's cat's-paws choose
To pull their cheating cats from the fire,
The cat's-paws never dare refuse
To do what overlords require.
But if not well it does its task,
To meet the overlord's desire,
What happens then?—No need to ask—
He throws the cat into the fire!

They care not for a world in flames!

The Slow One

By B. B. HACKLEY

(Copyright, 1914, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I believe George Montfort'll be married to Angeline Riker before the college term ends, Chan."

Wilbur Winslow, the young county attorney, glanced keenly at Barrett's half-averted profile. By a mighty effort Barrett preserved a calm and indifferent countenance.

"I rather thought you were out of the running—as slow as you are, Chan," Winslow went on; "but then nobody else has been to it since Montfort hit the trail to the Riker house—not even yours truly. The best I can expect is to be asked to do an usher stunt before very long." He screwed up his face comically. "Well, so long, Chan! I'm going down to see how the river looks. See you later."

Barrett looked after his blithe informant like one in a bad dream. He had loved gay little Angeline Riker ever since he had come to the town as court clerk, and though he was shy and diffident, Angeline had seemed to be drawn to him. Then Montfort, the football coach and athletic director at the college, big, blond and spirited, stepped in and appropriated Angeline from the moment of introduction. So their sweet intimacy came to its end, and now it was public surmise that she was soon to marry Montfort!

The early March wind had held a hint of warmth when he came down the street, but in the courthouse, at work over his books, Barrett felt chilled and numb. When he came out the air was colder, and there was excitement in the town. There had been heavy rains and the ice gorge across the river just below the town (which the river circles) holding back the flood waters menaced the town. The gorge broke before the water reached the top of the banks, well and good! but if not, the town would be inundated. Hurred preparations were underway to break the gorge—a dangerous undertaking. But there were volunteers in plenty, so many that lots had to be drawn to make selection of the four required.

Alexander Penman, the chief of police, and Hyman S. Smart, a husky bus driver, were the first whose names were drawn, then James Newby and George Montfort.

For an hour the men worked with hoes and fuses; then suddenly and unexpectedly, the gorge gave way, and they were caught in the middle of the river on a high sand bar, now an island.

They were temporarily safe enough, perched on their narrow haven, but massive ice blocks filled the river—no boat could be moved to their rescue. There was nothing to be done but to wait until the river became more clear of ice. The college students made fires on the river bank and camped beside them, shouting encouragement to the imprisoned men.

In the early dawn, when a great crowd gathered on the bank, Angeline Riker was among the women. Montfort was out there, and Angeline was afraid for him, but something else than his danger weighed heaviest on her heart—another man's defection! Angeline, looking out on the river with weary eyes, believed she would be quite happy if Chaudier Barrett were out there too! When half the young men of the town were running over each other to get the chance to help break the gorge Chaudier Barrett had not offered himself!

The ice was still running—no chance of launching a boat before noon. But now came and the two boats that several times made the attempt narrowly escaped being capsized, and the men were compelled to turn back.

Dusk came with its promise of a bitter night.

"We can't let those four brute fellows freeze out there tonight," the mayor said that evening; "somehow we must get relief to them."

Out of the crowd stepped a big dark fellow, wearing no coat, but a flannel shirt, knickerbockers and tennis shoes. "I've a plan, sir," he said. "I've been thinking of it for several hours. A man might crawl along the river and the drop down on the bar—I believe the line is low enough—and get a rope to the bar. Then a boat could be pulled over. The rowing would be easier—coming this way."

"But it would be a desperate undertaking," the mayor objected. "I know," Barrett answered. "I'm willing to risk it. The mercury's steadily going down. We can't, as you say, let the boys pass another twelve hours out there. I am a good climber, and," he smiled, "I made my will, sir, an hour ago, I am not afraid."

With his shirt pockets bulging with cakes of chocolates for the marooned men and a slender cord tied around his waist, Barrett was hoisted to the wire.

As he crawled slowly hand over hand along the swaying cable, the watching crowd held its breath. Angeline's heart scarcely moved. And once when far out he slipped, she covered her eyes with her hands. But when she looked again the hink head was directly over the sand bar. Then he dropped down on the bar and the crowd caught his breath and cheered wildly.

With the aid of the cord Barrett carried a box of chocolates and a tin of

line!" Angeline, with the tears running down her cheeks, heard some one saying at her elbow.

George! For thirty minutes she had forgotten George was living.

Newby was so weak from hunger and exposure he could not help with the rope, but Barrett, with the aid of the others, succeeded in getting to the shore, with every man safe, in a remarkably short time.

Next day when he set in his room at the courthouse, a little pale but hard at work, shrinking from the applauding townsfolk, there came a tap at his door and Angeline came in.

"They're going to give you a Carnegie medal, Chan," she told him. "I wanted you to know it."

"His dark cheek flushed. 'I—I—why, Angeline—how is Montfort feeling today?'"

"Oh, he's all right," she answered carelessly. "Chaudier, why didn't you volunteer to help break the gorge?'"

"I'm too slow," he answered, "I never could jump or run quickly."

"And yet you weren't afraid to hang by your hands over that awful water!" she cried.

"I didn't have to hurry about that," he explained.

"Oh," she breathed, "George says he wouldn't have dared attempt that to save forty men! Oh, Chan, I nearly died when you—when you didn't volunteer with me, my heart lived again! I must go now," she faltered. "I just came to tell you about the medal."

She reached out toward the door, but he slipped in front of her and stood with his back against it.

"Then you—then I isn't Montfort?" His arms were outstretched, his eyes shining.

Angeline stumbled into the waiting arms and laid her head on his breast. "No, it isn't Montfort!" she whispered.

FIRST PRINTING BY STEAM

Date in November, 1814, is One Worthy of Remembrance by All the Civilized World.

The 29th of November, 1814, forms an important date in the history of printing, and consequently in that of civilization. It was the day on which a newspaper was for the first time printed by steam, instead of manual power. The common printing press, though much improved during the second half of the last century, could seldom strike off more than 200 or 300 impressions per hour, with one man to ink the type and another to work the press. It was the enterprise of the London Times that enabled inventors to surmount the difficulties of applying steam to printing presses. In 1833, the edition of 3,000, which was its daily issue, took many hours to strike off. Thomas Martin, a compositor on the paper, produced a model for a self-acting machine for working the press, and John Walter, the proprietor, supplied him with money to continue his labors. The pressmen were hostile to such innovation, and Martin was placed in fear of his life, and so Walter did not possess large capital, the scheme fell to the ground. As his pecuniary means increased, Walter encouraged invention. Finally, in 1814, the Koenig patent was tried secretly for fear of the pressmen, and the 29th of November, the night on which the machine was brought into use. It was about six in the morning when Walter went into the pressroom and astonished his occupants by telling them that the Times was already printed by steam; if they attempted violence there was a force to suppress it; but if they were peaceable their wages would be continued. Thus was the most hazardous enterprise carried through and printing by steam given to the world.

Made Trinkets Works of Art. In the Middle Ages there were many trinkets made of gold and silver, designed by the goldsmiths for the use of rich and highborn dames, for presents for the pretty bride or the good wife; and now and then a goldsmith would on his own account expend time, talent and money in order to produce a perfect and costly trinket for his sweetheart.

Among these was one Nicholas von Benschoten, who lived 500 years ago. His work was so beautiful and called for much attention to the trinket, that it gave rise to the fable that he had invented it; whereas, the fact was, that by his bringing it into notice it became an article of everyday necessity.

What Benschoten did invent was not the trinket itself, but the artistic ornamentation of it.

Rivers Have Seen History. The Nile and the Rhine, as they have flowed together at Strasbourg through all the centuries, have seen much history. They are undoubtedly the oldest features in the old town, although their actual waters may have been ever the most transient of visitors. They were there when the Roman legions marched through the passes of the Vosges on the "fertile plain," and captured the Celtic settlement which spread itself over the land where Strasbourg now stands, and they are there today, joining hands, and moving on together towards the Rhine.

An Aid to Art. A reformer blames the movies for encouraging the smoking habit. "How's that?"

"He says the heroes are always fighting cigarettes in the critical moments of 'photoplays.'"

How else does he expect them to win the 'insouciance'?—Bar.

Herbert.

The Old Gardener

We were talking, as he instructed me in simple work about the garden. I narrated that a famous Japanese said this war was to be the decline of European civilization. "It is the fulfillment of it," the gardener said, "it is the best it can do." I went ahead with the hoe. "A golden age is coming," he rambled on, "but not yet. This war is a picnic compared with the times that lie ahead."

through which we must pass before the world accepts the lessons of the master. There shall be lack of religion, food and coal, and every man's hand shall be raised against his brother."

As I often do, I expressed a doubt whether our country could make the transfer to another age intelligently. "No nation," the gardener said, "is Christian enough to avoid the chaos that is to precede the better day. It is written." Then the gardener and I went on with hoe and spade, I wondering, he calm in the

truth in which he is confident he dwells.—Norman Hayswood, in Lee-lic's.

Completely Lost. A member of a stevedore company, after attempting vainly to hold converse with an Algerian, entered his barracks with this announcement: "Heah, you fellers. Outside Ah done got a nigger who don know who he is or which he's from. I done think I was lost in France, but dis boy done got sunk widout a trace."

Watch the Window

What men can buy in Footwear under \$5.00!

OUR SALE is every day on all stock

THE CUT RATE
Lyons' Shoe Market



The Season's Greetings
To all our Friends and Customers, and the desire to serve you with quality meats during the year to come.

ADAM EPLER
Phone 41 South Main Street

Report of the Condition of the Farmers & Merchants Bank

At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business Dec. 31st, 1918, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department:

RESOURCES		Commercial	Savings
Loans and discounts, viz.: Secured by collateral	\$ 4,211.33	\$ 4,211.33	\$ 29,000.00
Unsecured	842.50		
Items in transit			
Totals	\$ 5,053.83	\$ 4,253.83	\$ 29,000.00
Real estate mortgages and securities, viz.: Real Estate Mortgages	392,676.94		
Municipal Bonds in office	31,911.75		
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness in office	15,000.00		
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness pledged	15,000.00		
War Savings and Thrift Stamps	28,284.82		
Other Assets	16,200.00		
Totals	\$ 43,852.51	\$ 272,115.19	\$ 215,501.01
Reserves, viz.: Due from Federal Reserve Bank	6,070.00		
Due from banks in reserve cities	24,437.77		
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness carried as legal reserve	37,700.00		
Exchange for clearing house	824.60		
Currency	6,627.00		
Gold coin	62.50		
Silver coin	450.80		
Nickels and Cents	215.27		
Totals	\$ 41,777.94	\$ 67,434.58	\$ 83,611.52
Combined Accounts, viz.: Overdrafts	2,200.00		
Banking House	115.84		
Outside checks and other cash items	1,600.00		
Totals	\$ 3,915.84		
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 25,000.00		
Surplus Fund	25,000.00		
Undivided profits, net	3,500.00		
Dividends unpaid	2,000.00		
Totals	\$ 55,500.00		
Commercial Deposits, viz.: Certified checks	\$104,832.40		
Commercial deposits subject to check	22.25		
Cashier's checks	675.10		
U. S. Governmental deposits	12,900.00		
Totals	\$117,590.75		
Savings Deposits, viz.: Book Accounts—subject to savings by-laws	253,226.63		
Certificates of Deposit—subject to savings by-laws	41,733.44		
Totals	\$294,960.07		
Total	\$256,590.83		

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. I, Paul G. Schaeble, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

Paul G. Schaeble, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of January, 1919.

A. G. Hildebrand, Notary Public.
My commission expires August 30, 1920.

CORRECT—Attest:
J. P. Waltraus
D. C. Barkhart
G. Johnson
Directors

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

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 13th day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah Fiedia Evans, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Roy T. Evans, son, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to H. D. Withcreek or some other suitable person, and that said person and commission-ers be appointed.

It is ordered, that the 10th day of January 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 Tribune, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Washtenaw.

[A true copy]

Emory E. Leland,
Judge of Probate.
Dorcas C. Donegan, Register.
Dec. 20, 27, Jan. 3, 10.

F. STAFFAN & SON
UNDERTAKERS

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CHELSEA CAMP No. 7328 M. W. A.
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month. Insurance best by test. Herman J. Dancer, Clerk.

Call phone 190-W for that neat order of job printing.

WOULD OUST JUSTICE DOTY.

The county farm agent wants more office room and is anxious to secure the room in the county court house now occupied by Justice W. G. Doty of Ann Arbor, who claims he has a lease to May 1st. The supervisors have instructed the county prosecutor to give Justice Doty proper legal notice to vacate the room.

GREGORY.
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Swan of Royal Oak spent New Year's day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Williams.

Miss Dorothy Budd returned to Jackson last week Wednesday, after spending a few days in this vicinity.

Mrs. Mabel Batron left for her home in Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday of last week.

Miss Mae Madigan of Jackson visited at the M. E. Kuhn home last Saturday.

Mrs. Angus McIvor was a Jackson visitor last Friday.

Lon Worden and family, Fred Worden, Mrs. Thurlow and Mrs. Jessie Mason and children of Jackson were New Year guests at the Ed. Richard home.

Fred. Howlett and family, Miss Lillian Buhl, John Burgess and family were guests on New Year's day at the home of Mrs. Howlett's and Mrs. Burgess' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jaskop of Stockbridge.

Mrs. Eliza Placeway entertained on New Year's day, Mrs. Romina Placeway of Ypsilanti and Roy Placeway and family.

Mrs. Kittie Bullis and son, Allen, of Jackson, spent four days of the past week visiting in this section.

LaVeta and M. J. Titmus and Mae Patterson, who have been visiting in Mason, were Friday night visitors at E. Hill's, on their way home to Rochester.

Mrs. G. M. Jones returned from Royal Oak to spend New Year's day here with her parents.

LOCAL BREVITIES

J. V. Burg was in Detroit, Monday. Dorothy Cavanaugh was in Jackson, Wednesday.

Regular meeting L. O. T. M., Tuesday, January 14.

Miss Nina Greening was in Ypsilanti, Wednesday.

Charles Tisch was in Jackson yesterday, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy French and son are ill with the "flu."

Will Cassidy motored to Manchester and Clinton, Tuesday.

H. D. Hewes left for Los Angeles, California, Wednesday.

E. A. Tisch has a very painful inflammation of his right eye.

Regular meeting of Olive Lodge No. 156, Tuesday evening, January 14.

Jay Tuttle of Flint is now employed in Dillon & Barbour's barber shop.

William Atkinson is nursing a painful infection in the thumb of his left hand.

Regular meeting of Olive Chapter O. E. S., Wednesday evening, January 15, 1919.

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 Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

DOG TAXES NOW DUE

Payable at Township Clerk's Office in Chelsea Standard Building.

Notice is hereby given to all owners of dogs who reside within the limits of the Township of Sylvan, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, that the tax is now due and should be paid not later than February 1st, 1919, as required by Act 347, Public Acts of 1917.

Section 2. It shall be the duty of each owner of any dog over four months of age on or before the first day of February of each year to secure from the clerk of the township a metal registration tag, showing the name of the dog, township and license year and the clerk's registration number thereon, and such tag or device shall be securely fastened to the collar of the dog and constantly worn by such dog.

THE KEMPF COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK

At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business December 31st, 1918, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department:

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, viz.: Commercial \$ 93,764.97 Savings \$ 93,764.97

Secured by collateral \$168,890.73

Unsecured 5,911.93

Items in transit

Totals \$174,792.66 \$ 93,764.97 \$268,557.63

Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz.: Real estate mortgages \$ 15,976.40 \$187,731.80

Municipal bonds in office 700.00 36,589.15

U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness in office 11,400.00 19,900.00

U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness pledged 45,000.00

Other bonds 17,000.00, 30,100.00

RESOURCES

Totals \$ 90,076.40 \$264,423.95 \$354,500.35

Reserves, viz.: Due from banks in reserve cities \$ 14,996.81 \$ 12,539.31

U. S. bonds and cert. of ind. carried as legal reserve 31,650.00

U. S. cert. ind. carried as cash reserve 10,000.00

Exchanges for clearing house 708.33

Currency 7,446.00, 7,000.00

Gold coin 1,132.50, 2,000.00

Silver coin 1,737.90, 1,000.00

Nickels and cents 434.48

Totals \$ 26,456.05 \$ 61,189.31 \$ 90,645.36

Combined accounts, viz.: Overdrafts \$ 1,838.09

Banking house \$ 15,000.00

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in \$ 40,000.00

Surplus fund \$ 60,000.00

Undivided profits, net \$ 20,000.00

Dividends unpaid 2,000.00

Commercial deposits, viz.: Commercial deposits subject to check \$149,545.97

Certified checks 418.81

Cashier's checks 837.26

Postal savings deposits 247.22

Time certificates of deposit 45,497.15

Savings deposits, viz.: Book accounts—subject to savings by-laws \$361,939.57

Certificates of deposit—subject to savings by-laws 37,293.48

Totals \$593,781.49

Bills payable

Total \$737,781.49

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss.

I, John L. Fletcher, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

John L. Fletcher, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of January, 1919.

D. L. Rogers, Notary Public.
My commission expires April 16, 1919.

Correct attest: D. C. McLaren, L. P. Vogel, D. E. Beach, Directors.

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GLOVES of all kinds for all sorts of hands and pocketbooks. New G goods, combining strength, quality and right prices. Gloves for the grmfer, for the workman, for every one. We will exchange your glove if not right. Full lines of haberdashery. See our store.

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