

## FOR RED CROSS WORK

Badge Will Be Issued to Those Who Have Given Regular Service.

It is the plan of the National Red Cross to recognize the loyal service given to that organization by the men and women of America.

This will be done by the issuance of certificates which carry with them the right to purchase and wear the Red Cross general service insignia. The insignia for women will be a badge with ribbon, bar and safety catch and for men a button to be worn in the lapel of the coat.

Certificates will be awarded to all persons who have given regular service to the Red Cross during a period of not less than six consecutive months provided the actual work done amounts to 800 hours.

This means, on the basis of an eight day: Four days a week for six months, three days a week for eight months, two days a week for a year.

Every sort of service may be counted which has been rendered since April 6, 1917, subject to the above conditions; work done in offices, workrooms, at home, motor corps, etc., and each worker is put on his honor to estimate conscientiously the number of hours devoted to Red Cross work.

For every additional 800 hours, a stripe is added to the ribbon of the badge. Work done in other chapters may be counted.

Every applicant for a certificate must secure a questionnaire from the office of his branch, fill out very carefully, secure the signatures of the persons under whom the work was done and return the same to the branch office.

These questionnaires are sent to the chapter committee on service badges and certificates are issued by Mr. H. W. Douglas on the recommendation of this committee.

All questionnaires should be in by February 15th.

Nurses sweater honor roll—Miss Bernice Prudden, Mrs. Otto Luick.

Miss Lula Glover, Mrs. Mary Depew, Mrs. Roepcke, Mrs. Florence Howlett.

Soldiers sweater roll—Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Wolff, Miss Margaret Farrell, Miss Ethel Kalmbach, Mrs. O. J. Walworth, Miss Ruth Saylor, Miss Jessie Clark, Mrs. H. W. Schmidt, Miss Nellie Hall, Mrs. L. T. Freeman, Miss Margaret Miller.

## OFFICERS CATCH DEMENTED MAN, NEAR DEXTER

Patient Escaped From Psychopathic Ward of University Hospital.

Harry Ake, who escaped from the psychopathic ward of the University hospital in Ann Arbor late Wednesday afternoon, was captured shortly after one o'clock yesterday afternoon, near Dexter by Deputy Sheriff Slayton of Dexter. He was taken back to the psychopathic ward at once.

Ake made his escape from the hospital through a window on the first floor. He evidently started for Dexter at once, for he was discovered there early yesterday morning, when he demanded entrance to several houses. In one of the houses where he was taken in, he preached steadily for over an hour, and then decided to go on. In another house into which he gained entrance while the family were away, he was apprehended, and an attempt was made to arrest him, which so angered him that he picked up a crowbar and attempted to kill Marshal Wyman, who attempted to take him into custody.

Escaping Wyman, Ake headed for the river, and after tracing him for two miles along the river bank, the footprints suddenly ceased, and it was feared that he might have met his death in the river.

The sheriff's force from Ann Arbor scoured the country around Dexter for several hours, the chase at the time of his capture having narrowed down to a few officers and a large number of farmers living in that vicinity and residents of Dexter.

Phone us your news items; 190-W.

## TWO VOTING PRECINCTS

Sylvan Township Divided on Account of the Big Increase in the Number of Voters.

Sylvan township has for a number of years polled one of the largest votes in the state and now that the women have been granted the right of suffrage, the number of votes cast will be greatly augmented. There has been some talk of splitting the township into two voting precincts for several years and recently the town board made the proposed division as follows:

Beginning at the west town line and following the Michigan Central right of way in a northeasterly direction to the center of Cleveland street in the village of Chelsea, thence south to the center of West Middle street, thence east to the west line of the town hall, thence north to the north line of the town hall, thence south to the center of West Middle street, thence east to the township line.

The above division is so arranged that the west half of the town hall is on the south side of the line in what will be known as precinct number one, and the east side on the north side of the line in precinct number two.

Voters living in precinct number one will vote in booths arranged on the west side of the hall, and those who live in precinct number two will vote in booths arranged on the east side of the hall.

Two election boards will have to be on duty and of course will count each set of ballots separately.

## NEIGHBORHOOD ITEMS

Brevities of Interest From Nearby Towns and Localities.

JACKSON—Stanley Overacker, a runaway boy, aged 14, whom the police found in the junction yards Tuesday morning, was sent to his home in Ann Arbor later in the day.—News.

HOWELL—The Dean oil station here burned Tuesday morning, the fire starting in some manner from the pumping engine. One of the big storage tanks exploded and added its contents to the fire, but streams of water played on the second tank kept it cool and it was saved. All the other equipment was destroyed. The plant belonged to the Dean Oil Co. of Ann Arbor.

MANCHESTER—An automobile containing five soldiers from Camp Custer rounded the corner near Ed. Saley's on the Manchester-Saline road so rapidly Friday afternoon that it overturned. Two wheels were badly broken and the car otherwise damaged. One of the young men had his nose injured, perhaps broken. As they were due in Battle Creek that night they were taken to Chelsea by Pete Staib.

ANN ARBOR—The importance and value of a fire drill for children in the public schools was demonstrated here Tuesday morning when a small fire started in a closet in the Tappan school and filled the building with smoke. The children marched out of the building in good order and in less than minute and a half after the school fire alarm was sounded the building was empty. Fortunately the fire did not amount to anything, and at no time was there any danger to the children.—Times-News.

BROOKLYN—Leman Austin, who has been in declining health for several years, died Monday night at midnight at his home in this place. Mrs. Austin, who had been caring for him and who was going up stairs to perform the last service of bringing new clothing for the body, fell on the top landing of the stairway and broke her collar bone.—Exponent.

STOCKBRIDGE—The Frank Ellsworth farm residence, one and one-half miles west of this village, and practically all of the contents, including furniture, clothing and winter supplies, were destroyed by fire Saturday morning. Mrs. Ellsworth was severely burned about the hands and face.—Brief-Sun.

## ACCIDENTS NEAR PINCKNEY

Near Drowning at Portage Lake, Had Burning at Anderson.

Several accidents of a near-serious nature occurred in the vicinity of Pinckney during the past week and were reported in the Dispatch as follows:

Monday, Paul Bock of Detroit, who has a cottage at Portage Lake, fell into the lake and was nearly drowned. Mr. Bock had been fishing through the ice and broke through a thin spot. He tried to climb out on the ice which broke off at every effort and each time he fell back he was submerged in the icy cold water.

He called for help repeatedly and finally Highway Commissioner Jas. Smith, who was fishing in a house on the lake, heard the calls.

When he discovered Mr. Bock in the water he hastily grabbed a sled runner which was near by, and ran to the rescue.

He pushed the runner into the opening where the helpless man could reach it, but when he tried to pull Mr. Bock out, the ice broke again, letting both men into the water.

Mr. Smith somehow clambered out onto the ice, and running to the fish-house, secured his spear. On his return to the scene he found Mr. Bock quite weak from the long exposure, but with the spear he was soon rescued from the water.

Verner Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall, was so severely scalded by steam and hot water Tuesday about noon that for a time it was doubtful whether or not the sight of one eye would be entirely lost.

With Ward Tupper he had been cutting wood on the James Marble land south of Anderson, and had left their lunch at the home of Frank Hanes, requesting Mrs. Hanes to put the pail containing coffee on the stove before noon.

When the boys came up for lunch, Verner lifted the pail from the stove when the steam blew the cover off, the hot water and steam completely covering the lad and causing excruciating pain for hours. His left arm was severely scalded, but it is hoped he will not be permanently injured.

## ANOTHER "Y" GROUP.

County Y. M. C. A. Secretary L. C. Reiman of Ypsilanti was in Chelsea yesterday to see about organizing another "Y" group of boys. E. P. Steiner is doing some fine work with first group and there is a demand for more groups.

The County "Y" has secured the services of Dr. C. V. Weller of the U. of M. for lectures on "Sex Hygiene" and a schedule for the Chelsea schools is being arranged.

"Father and Son Week" for the county has been set for February 11-18. A community banquet will be held in Chelsea during that week.

## \$10,000 WORTH HOUSE CATS.

Twenty thousand ordinary, plain house cats brought a total of nearly \$10,000 at the third day's session of the fur auction in St. Louis, Mo., Wednesday. They sold on an average of from ninety to ninety-five cents each. Naturally the cats had departed all of their nine lives and it was only their skins that were sold.

## IN THE CHURCHES

## METHODIST.

Rev. William J. Balmer, Pastor.

"The Meaning of Prayer" will be the subject of the discourse by the pastor Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The evening service at seven will be of a special nature. It will be a platform meeting with three or four five-minute speeches by special minute men. Sunday school at 11:15. Epworth league at six p. m. There will again be held simultaneous cottage meetings for prayer in each of the four wards, next Tuesday evening at seven o'clock. The places will be announced Sunday. The membership rally is on Thursday evening for council and prayer.

## CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.

Rev. Harry L. Meyer, assistant pastor of the Congregational church of Ann Arbor will preach Sunday morning at ten o'clock and Sunday evening at seven o'clock. Sunday school at 11:15 o'clock. Get ready for the inaugural of church night, January 30. Scrub lunch supper, praise service, social hour.

## ST. PAUL'S.

A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

German service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11 o'clock. Men's class will meet at the parsonage. Young People's service at seven o'clock conducted by the intermediates. Willing Workers meet every Wednesday afternoon. Choir rehearsal Thursday evening.

## CATHOLIC.

Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector.

Holy communion at 7 a. m. Low Mass at 7:30 a. m. High Mass at 10 a. m. Catechism at 11 a. m. Baptism at 3 p. m. Mass on week days at 6:30 a. m.

## BAPTIST.

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m.

## EXHIBIT UTILITY FOWL

County Poultry Show, to Emphasize Farm Flocks, Will Be Held February 18, 19 and 20.

The County Farm Bureau has found that many farms of the county have very good utility flocks of poultry. It is especially desired that such farms enter their flocks at the poultry show here February 18, 19 and 20. Substantial premiums will be awarded. The farm bureau desires to emphasize the poultry industry throughout the county during the coming year. A number of especially good flocks are desired as the foundation of breeding stock and to supply eggs for hatching. The show here next month will be an excellent opportunity for farms having good flocks to advertise their breed. Good utility birds are much in demand for breeding stock and eggs for hatching. Better poultry on the farms of Washtenaw county should be the slogan for the coming year.

## Average Egg Production Low.

Conservative estimates place the yearly individual egg production of the average hen of the farm flock to be about 70 eggs. A hen, to be profitable, with the feed at present prices, should produce 100 to 150 eggs annually. The quality of the average farm flock can be materially improved by using better breeding stock and culling out the drones each year. The county farm bureau is interested in promoting the development of better egg laying strains among the farm flocks. Practical demonstrations have shown that this can be done.

Methods of poultry management and improvement will be fully discussed at the County Poultry School and Show here, February 18th, 19th and 20th.

Phone your news items to the Tribune; call 190-W.

## WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents per line first time, 2½ cents per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15 cents.

TRY A LINER AD—when you have a want, or something for sale, to rent, lost, found, etc. The cost is trifling.

FOUND—Man's bicycle, left on my premises Sunday night, Jan. 19th. B. Steinbach. 3813

FOR SALE—Indian twin-cylindered motorcycle, good tires and excellent mechanical condition, cheap for cash. Ford Axtell, phone 190-W, Chelsea. 381f

FOR SALE—Oak sideboard, bookcase, 2 pedestals, new gas iron, lamps, iron bedstead, child's highchair, rocking chair, boys' 7x9 canvas tent, three burner gasoline stove. Mrs. H. G. Spiegelberg, 642 South Main St. 3813

FOR SALE—About 28 tons tame hay. Albert Eschelbach, phone 157-F20, Chelsea. 3713

WANTED—Laundress. Inquire of Matron, M. E. Old People's home, Chelsea. 3613

FOR SALE—Upright piano, gas range nearly new, dresser, commode ice box, hand power washing machine. 642 S. Main St. 3613

FOR SALE—Modern 7 room brick house, large lot, barn, fruit, good well and furnace; cheap for quick sale. W. W. Hendrick, 146 Park St., Chelsea. 3614

FARM FOR SALE—122 acres, 8 miles southwest of Chelsea, on Sharon-Sylvan town line, cheap; or will rent to responsible party. C. M. G., care Tribune office. 351f

FOR RENT—Farm four miles north of Chelsea. Mrs. George Miller, phone 111, Chelsea. 331f

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. 311f

FOR RENT OR SALE—Furnished house for rent, or sale, 147 Orchard St. Inquire 122 Orchard St. 301f

CREAM WANTED—Highest market price paid for delivery each Saturday before 2:30 p. m. E. P. Steiner, Agt. Detroit Creamery Co., Steinbach Bldg., 109 West Middle St., Chelsea. 291f

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

John Wanamaker

This Great American Merchant once said:

"There is no substitute for thrift. It is the very foundation of every man's mercantile business."

THRIFT IS THE FOUNDATION of Mr. Wanamaker's wonderful store in Philadelphia—for it was thrift that made its growth possible.

Mr. Wanamaker started at the very bottom to build that great institution. Its first evidences of expansion were made possible by his careful saving. He succeeded because he knew how to save.

So can you succeed if you will learn that wonderful lesson.

Start your financial education to-day by opening an account at this strong bank.

We offer satisfactory interest—absolute protection—courteous service.

A dollar opens an account.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The policy of the Ford Motor Company to sell its cars for the lowest possible price, consistent with dependable quality, is too well known to require comment.

Therefore, because of present conditions there can be no change in the prices of Ford cars.

An order placed now will save you waiting four or five months in the Spring as we we look for the greatest shortage ever known.

## PALMER MOTOR SALES COMPANY

## Saturday Specials

January 21st

Swift's Premium Oleomargarine, lb. 36c

Old Tavern Brand Catsup . . . 14c

Libby's Canned Apricots, large can 25c

Naptha Soap per bar . . . 6c

Sardines . . . . . 7c

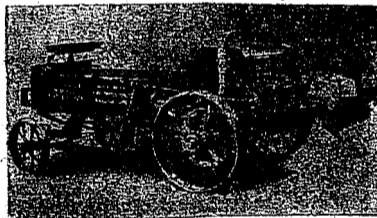
Men's Shoes and Rubbers at the Right Price

KEUSCH & FAHRNER

—The Pure Food Store, Chelsea—

## The Bellevue No. 10 Spreader

Low Down Wide Spread Light Draft



No Gears Large Capacity Positive Feed

To see is to believe, and we invite the most critical inspection of the Bellevue No. 10 Spreader, and suggest that a comparison be made with any other spreader on the market. By this method an intelligent and profitable decision may be reached.

## Splendid Showing Horse Goods at Attractive Prices

Largest and most complete stock of collars, harness, blankets, robes, and all kinds of horse goods just received.

SEE THE DISPLAY IN EAST WINDOW

## HOLMES &amp; WALKER

—We Will Treat You Right—

## After School



## "WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME"

tired and hungry what is better and more wholesome than a slice or two of our bread with butter or jam and perhaps a glass of milk and a doughnut?

Good wholesome cookies, too, are good for lunches. We have them.

Also a nice line of candies and chewing gum.

THE CHELSEA HOME BAKERY  
Smith & Armour, Props.

# The Thirteenth Commandment

By  
RUPERT HUGHES

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## CLAY'S ORGY OF SPENDING GETS HIM INTO AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

**Synopsis.**—Clay Wimburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kip, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall Street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Clay buys an engagement ring on credit and returns to New York. Daphne agrees to an early marriage, and after extracting from her money-worried father what she regards as a sufficient sum of money for the purpose she goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"This is too beautiful to go through so fast," Daphne cried. "It's wonderful. We ought to walk. Promise me we can walk home. It's such a gorgeous night."

"You're crazy, darling," he said. "I've got to get to my office tomorrow, and you've got to get home for breakfast."

"All right for you," she pouted. But it was none too serious a tragedy, and her spirits revived when the taxicab turned in through the shrubs about the old inn that had once been the home of Napoleon's brother and had heard the laughter of Theodosia Burr and of Betty Juniper in their primes.

Daphne did not like the table the head waiter led them to. It missed both the breeze and the view.

"Can't we sit over there?" she said. "I'll see."

The head waiter came reluctantly to the table. When Clay asked for the bill, the answer was curt:

"Sorry, sir; it is reserved."

Clay felt insulted. He whipped out his pocketbook and rebuked the tyrant with a bill. He thought it was a one-dollar bill, but he saw a "V" on it just as the swift and subtle head waiter absorbed it without seeming to. To ask for it back or for change was one of the most impossible things in the world.

Clay made it as easy for his new love as he could.

"I don't think you understood which bill I meant," he said, pointing to the one he had indicated before. "That one."

"Oh, that one!" said the head waiter. "Certainly, sir."

He led the way, beckoning waiters and omnibuses and snipping his fingers.

Clay ordered a supper as chastely perfect as a sonnet. It showed that he had both native ability and education in the art of ordering a meal. He impressed even the head waiter, and that is a triumph. That was Clay's purpose. Also he wanted to preserve his self-respect and the waiter's attention in the face of the supper that was being ordered at the next table. That was well ordered, too, but it was not a sonnet; it was a rhapsody. It was ordered by a man whose guests had not yet arrived. When Clay had dispatched his waiter he whispered to Daphne:

"See that fellow. That's Thomas Varick Duane, one of the wealthiest-known bachelors in New York. He was crazy about Lella."

"Not Bayard's Lella?"

"Yes. That's really why Bayard got married so quick. He was afraid Tom Duane would steal her. Nice enough fellow, but too much money!"

Daphne looked at the big man, and caught him looking at her with a favorable appraisal. She stared him down with a cold self-possession of the American girl who will neither flirt nor flinch. Duane yielded and turned his eyes to Clay, recognized him, and nodded.

"Hello, Wimburn! Hi! hi! hi!"

"Feeling fairly snappy," said Clay. Duane showed a willingness to come over and be presented, but Clay kept him off with a look like a pair of pushing hands.

Duane loitered about, waiting for his guests. He looked lonely. Daphne felt a mixture of charity and snobbery to her heart. She whispered to Clay:

"Invite the poor fellow over here till his guests come. I'm dying to be able to tell the people at home that I met the great Duane."

Again Clay shook his head.

"And that you introduced him to me."

Clay nodded. He beckoned Duane over with hardly more than a motion of the eyebrows. Duane came with a flattering eagerness. He put his hand out to Clay; said Clay, rising, made the presentation.

"You're not related to Bayard Kip, I hope," Duane said, with an amiable frown.

"He's my brother. Why?"

"I owe him a big grudge," said Duane. "He stole his wife from me, just as I was falling madly in love with her. Beautiful girl, your new sister."

"We were there tonight," said Daphne. "She's glorious!"

"Come on over and play in our yard, then."

Daphne had never met a famous actress. She was wild to join the group and to know Tom Duane better. But Clay spoke with an icy finality.

"Thanks, old man. We've already ordered." He still stood, and he had not invited Duane to sit down.

Tom Duane looked at Daphne and smiled like a boy rebuked. "All right, I'll go quietly. I know when I'm kicked out. But next time I won't go so easily. Good night."

He put his warm, friendly hand out again to Daphne and to Clay, who nodded him away with an appalling informality, considering how great he was.

Other people came in, some of them plainly sightseers, some of them personages of quality. Everybody seemed happy, clandestine, romantic. This was life as Daphne wanted to live it. But at length she yawned. Her little hand could not conceal the contortion of her features.

"I'm gloriously tired, honey," she confessed, with a lovely intimacy. "It's the most beautiful supper I ever had, but I'm sleepy."

He smiled with indulgent tenderness and said to the waiter, "Check!"

Daphne turned her eyes away decently as the slip of paper on a plate was set at Clay's elbow. But she noted that he started violently as he turned the bill over and met it face to face. He studied it with the grim ferocity of one reading a death-warrant. The amount staggered him. He turned pale. He recovered enough to say to the waiter, "You've given me the wrong check."

The waiter shook his head. "Oh, no, sir!"

Clay studied it again. He called for the bill of fare, and studied that. Daphne felt so ashamed that she wanted to leap into the river. Abroad, it is believed that the man who does not audit his restaurant bill is either an American tourist or some other kind of fool. But in Daphne's set it was considered the act of a miser. Clay worked over his check as if it were a trial balance.

"Ah, I thought so," he growled. "The bill of fare says that this Montreal

melon is seventy-five cents a portion. You've charged me three dollars for two portions."

A look of pitying contempt twisted the waiter's smile.

"The melon you ordered, sir, was all out. I served you a French melon instead."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did not think it mattered to the gentleman."

Clay sniffed. He was not to be quietly such a sop. He whipped out his pocketbook and laid down every bill in it. He stretched his legs and ransacked his trousers pockets and dropped on the plate every coin he had. He withdrew a dime and waved the head waiter.

It was evident, from the way the waiter snatched the plate from the table, that Clay had not tipped him. In fact, Clay said, "This will be a lesson to you."

They slumped down the steps. The

starter said, "Cab, sir!" and made to tilt his face to one side and smile. A motorcar went by with the silence of a leaping panther. Another car passing it threw a calcium light on Tom Duane and his guests and his chauffeur. How gorgeously they sped! If Daphne had had a bit of luck she would be with them, soaring on the plumes of money, instead of hobbling on without it.

Daphne took off her slippers and fondled her poor abused feet as if they were her children. But when she tried to thrust them back into her slippers for a final desperate effort she almost shrieked with the hurt.

"I'll have to go the rest of the way in my stocking feet," she moaned.

"Not if I have to carry you," Clay growled.

Before he had a chance to carry out his resolution a taxicab that had deposited its fares at an apartment house above went bowling by with its flag up.

Clay ran out and howled at it till it stopped, circled round, and drew up by the bridge-path. Then he ran to Daphne and bundled her into it, and gave her the address to the driver.

"But how are you going to pay him?" she sighed, biliously, as they shot along. "Not that I care at all!"

"I haven't figured that out," said Clay. "I'll drop you at home and then take him to my club and see if I can't borrow from somebody there. If I can't, I'll give him my watch or the fight of his life."

"That's terrible!" Daphne sighed. "To think how much I have cost you!"

"Well, I wanted to give you a good time on your little visit," said Clay, "and it's only two days till my next salary day."

Her heart sank. Her guess was right. His bank account was dry. It had gurgled out in amusing her. She felt that there was something here that would take a bit of thinking about—when she had rested enough to think.

The taxicab swung into Fifty-ninth street and drew up to the curb. Clay helped Daphne out and said to the chauffeur, "Wait!"

He said it with just the tone he had used when he said to the waiter, "Check!"

When Clay had kissed her his seventeenth farewell and was wondering how he could tear himself away from her without bleeding to death, Daphne pressed the bell.

Instead of her drowsy mother opening the door half an inch and feeling in her curl-papers, Bayard himself appeared in his bathrobe and pajamas.

"Bayard!" Daphne gasped as she sprang for him. "What on earth brought you home so soon?"

"Money gave out," he laughed. "Hello, Clay," he said as he put forth his hand. "Mother tells me you've been secretly engaged to my sister all this time, you old scoundrel! How are you? What's the good word?"

"Lend me five dollars," said Clay.

### CHAPTER VI.

The meeting of Daphne and her new sister-in-law was not what either would have expected, or selected. Daphne was tired in body and soul, discouraged, footsore and dismayed about her love and her lover. She had reached the door of the apartment in the mood of a wave-buffed, outworn castaway, eager for nothing but to lie down in the sand and sleep.

Daphne could imagine the feelings of her brother's wife when she reached her home after a long ocean voyage, a night landing, the custom-house ordeal, and the cab ride among the luggage, and found a mother-in-law asleep in her bed and a sister-in-law yet to arrive!

Bayard and Lella, serene in the belief that Daphne and her mother had gone back to Cleveland, entered the apartment without formality and went about switching on lights, recovering their little home from the night with magic instantaneity.

Mother Kip's awakening came from the light that Bayard flashed in his bedroom. Lella had a lovely disposition, but she was tired, and all the way up in the overloaded cab she had thought longingly of the beautiful bed in her own new home, and had promised herself a quick plunge into it for a long stay. How could she rejoice to find a strange woman there—even though she bore the sacred name of mother-in-law?

Mother Kip ordered Bayard and Lella out of their own room and when she was ready to be seen she had so many apologies to make and accept that the meeting entirely lacked the rapture it should have expressed. Even a mother could hardly be glad to see her son in such discouraging circumstances. All three exchanged questions more and more pertinently, and kept repeating themselves. The most popular question was, "I wonder where Daphne is?"

They could not know that she was hobbling down the wilderness of Riverside drive. She, too, was thinking longingly of her bed. But long before she reached it her mother had moved in and established herself across a good deal more than half of it. It was a smallish bed in a smallish bedroom.

Lella fell asleep in her tub and might have drowned without noticing the difference if her yawning husband had not saved her life—and very cleverly: he was too tired to lift her from the water, so he lifted the stopper and let the water escape from her. She almost resented the rescue, but eventually got herself to bed in a prettily swollen stupor.

From some infinite depth of peace she was dragged up protesting. Bayard was telling her of Daphne's arrival. Daphne's arrival.

Bayard said she began to prepare an

elaborate toilet, but Bayard hated her to tilt his face to one side and smile. A motorcar went by with the silence of a leaping panther. Another car passing it threw a calcium light on Tom Duane and his guests and his chauffeur. How gorgeously they sped! If Daphne had had a bit of luck she would be with them, soaring on the plumes of money, instead of hobbling on without it.

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Instead of her drowsy mother opening the door half an inch and feeling in her curl-papers, Bayard himself appeared in his bathrobe and pajamas.

"Bayard!" Daphne gasped as she sprang for him. "What on earth brought you home so soon?"

"Money gave out," he laughed. "Hello, Clay," he said as he put forth his hand. "Mother tells me you've been secretly engaged to my sister all this time, you old scoundrel! How are you? What's the good word?"

"Lend me five dollars," said Clay.

It was a Tribute to Both That They Hated the Collision More Than Each Other.

his mother and Daphne good morning, and he paced up and down the dining room like a caged leopard till Lella arrived.

Her trousseau had included boudoir gowns of the most ravishing description and she wore her best one to breakfast. Daphne and Mrs. Kip made all the desirable exclamations at the cost and the cut of it. Even Bayard paid her a tribute.

"Isn't she a dream, mother? Aren't you proud of her, Daph?"

They agreed that she was and they were, and Bayard drew his chair up to the table with pride.

It was the bride's last breakfast and the housewife's first. That is, Lella, was not really a housewife; only an apartment wife, with nearly everything done for her except the spending of her time. She had to spend her own time.

This breakfast was the funeral of the honeymoon, and Lella hung with graceful dejection over the coffee cup. It might have been a cup of hemlock, judging from the posture of her woe. But the he-brute, attracted by a portion of a headline, had his newspaper and was gulping it down with his coffee.

He was so absorbed in the mere clash of two Mexican generals and the danger of American intervention that he forgot the all-important demands of love, and ignored the appalling fact that he had only a few minutes left before he must take his departure.

It was a pitiful awakening to the new Mrs. Kip. She was being taught that she was not important enough to keep her husband's mind or his body close at home. He said that she was all the world to him, and, behold! she was only a part of it. He had said that he could think of nothing else and desired nothing else but her. Now he had her and he was thinking of everything else. He had to have a newspaper to tell him all about everything in the world.

The sight of Lella's anguish over the breakfast obsequies of the honeymoon chilled Daphne's hope of marriage bliss like a frost ravening among peach blossoms.

Every feminine reader of this paper can appreciate the situation in which Daphne found herself when she set out to buy all the pretty things that she felt she should have before becoming Clay's bride. Her limited purse did not fit in at all with the prices that confronted her at every turn. What did she do?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As He Understood Orders.

"Now," said the medical officer to the raw recruit, "having taken your height and chest measurement, we will try the scales." And the uncomplaining one immediately commenced "Do, do, do, do, do."

## "POOR RICH BOY" HAPPY AT LAST

Youthful New York Millionaire Is Now Assured Place to Eat and Sleep.

### TOO MANY FATHERS

Adoption Finally Set Aside After William Had Changed Hands So Often He Was Bewildered—Now on Farm.

New York.—Too many fathers, too many guardians and too many lawyers, all because he had too many dollars, are no longer causes to worry William Crossman Mills Lee Mills, the "poor little rich boy." Even the news that he has beaten a lawyer's claim for \$10,000 failed to interest the youngster, because for the first time in his young life he is reasonably certain where he will sleep and eat. The lad is living at Batavia, N. Y., with a private tutor, spending less than \$10,000 a year of the income from his \$1,113,000 fortune.

Although legally in the custody of DeWitt Lyon, William is actually in custody of his uncle, Herman Crossman, who is even richer than his young nephew and has a fine estate near Monroe, N. Y. When the lad is not at Batavia with his tutor, he is at the Crossman estate, where there are horses and does galore, and a youngster can have the time of his life.

Troubles Began Early.

William's troubles began several years ago, with the divorce of his parents, William Mills, Jr., and Mrs. Georgia Crossman Mills, daughter of George W. Crossman, the "coffee king." The boy was left in his mother's custody. Mrs. Mills married T. Frederick Lee. When Mrs. Lee died more than three years ago, the trust estate left by her father went to the boy. The lad's own father came East from Venice, Cal., and learned that his son had been adopted legally by the stepfather. Mills immediately began suit to have the adoption set aside and gain possession of the boy.

Habeas corpus writs, injunctions, appeals and other legal actions followed each other rapidly. The boy changed hands so fast he became bewildered.

"I don't care who has me," he whimpered on the witness stand. "I just

KEEP TRAVELED ROADS OPEN

Highway Commissioners of Several Eastern States Plan to Remove Snow This Winter.

Highway commissioners or their representatives from New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Delaware recently met with the Highway Traffic association of the state of New York and reported that plans had been made to keep the most traveled roads open every day this winter. Of an appropriation of \$1,000,000 made by New York for maintenance of the routes used by army transport trucks \$50,000 is available for snow removal. In Connecticut the cost of snow removal on 1,000 miles of highway aggregated about \$50,000 last winter, of approximately \$50 a mile.

WAR TEACHES GREAT LESSON

Soldiers Returning From France Tell of Many Advantages of Improved Highway System.

One of the great lessons at home which the great war taught us is that of good roads. Ask any of the soldiers from "over there" when they return how they found the roads and highways of Europe, and ask especially those engineers and members of the motor corps what, in their estimation, was one of the greatest advantages the allies had in the transportation of food and supplies and they will state that outside of a never ceasing flow of motortrucks and equipment, the excellent highways and roads permitted the uninterrupted use of this equipment.

ROAD OFFICIALS TO QUALIFY

Civil Service Examinations Required of Candidates for Highway Offices.

Some of the states and cities require candidates for appointment to the highway departments to pass a civil service examination, thus removing the offices from political influence. This is greatly to be desired. Men who have shown good administrative ability should be continued in office. In the communities where this policy has been followed there is general satisfaction with road and street conditions.

Caring for Highways.—Used now ten times as much as they were a year ago—nothing could fit the case so well as "a stitch in time saves nine."

Cellars for Vegetables.

Storage cellars for vegetables need a cool temperature. If there is a furnace in the cellar, partition off the space for storage.

Chicken Selective Draft.

Colling is the selective draft applied to your flock of chickens.

## GOOD ROADS

COMPLETE MILITARY HIGHWAY

Road From Alexandria to Camp Humphreys Is Longest Road Outside of Cantonments.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Nine miles of concrete road between Alexandria, Va., and Camp Humphreys, Va., soon will be ready for use, marking the completion of planning and supervisory work done by engineers of the bureau of public roads of the United States department of agriculture for the military authorities. The road from Alexandria to Camp Humphreys is the longest military highway outside of cantonments that has been planned and supervised



Building a Better Road.

by engineers of the bureau, although the total construction planned and supervised by these engineers aggregates several hundred miles and covers practically all the recognized types of construction, from sand clay to first-class bituminous surfaces and concrete roads. Seventeen highway engineers and one superintendent of construction were detailed to military work by the bureau in July, 1917, the period of their assignments varying from three to fifteen months.

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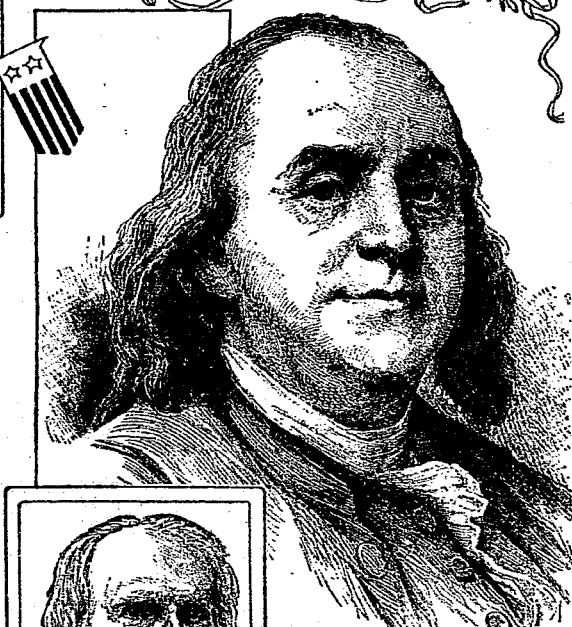
Colling is the selective draft applied to your flock of chickens.

# AMERICAN PEACE CONFERENCES OF PAST

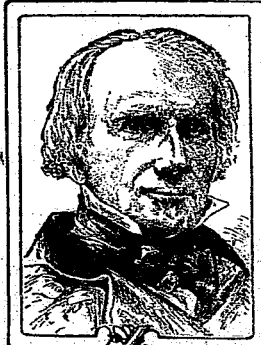
Noted Citizens Have Represented Nation in Four Held Since Close of the Revolution



WILLIAM REID, MEMBER OF AMERICAN PEACE CONFERENCE



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE AT VERSAILLES WHEN ENGLAND ACKNOWLEDGED AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE



HENRY CLAY, ONE OF NEGOTIATORS OF TREATY WHICH ENDED WAR OF 1812

THE list of peace conferences with foreign nations, exclusive of Indian tribes, to which the United States as a belligerent was a party reduces strictly to the following: The Peace of Paris after the Revolution; the Peace of Ghent with Great Britain after the War of 1812; the Peace of Guadalupe Hidalgo with Mexico, 1848; and the Peace of Paris after the war with Spain.

Of some pertinence, however, are the peace treaties forced on us by the Barbary pirates, 1794-97, and by us on them, 20 years later; and the Peace convention with France made in 1800. Technically in the latter case we had not been at war, even though our frigate Constellation had captured the French frigate Insurgente and had destroyed another, La Vengeance.

Our Independence Recognized. Our peace with Great Britain after the Revolution was concluded by commissioners of congress under the Articles of Confederation, and of course before an American president or constitution existed. Washington was simply commander in chief. The provisional treaty was signed at Paris November 30, 1782, the definitive treaty September 3, 1783. General Washington having declared cessation of hostilities in January, 1783.

The American commissioners in the first conference were John Adams, Franklin, Jay and Henry Laurens. In the second the same without Laurens. Richard Osgood negotiated for the king in the first conference. David Hartley, M. P., in the second. The four main questions in both were the boundaries of the United States, fishing rights off Newfoundland, the payment of private debts of American citizens to British and compensation by the United States to British loyalists (torries) whose property had been confiscated by the colonies during the war.

The two former questions had to be further adjusted later on, although presumably conclusive agreements were then arrived at, the United States getting the territory between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi, and getting the right to fish off the Newfoundland coast, but not to dry the catches on those shores. There was to be no lawful impediment to the recovery of debts either way, and American legislation was to recognize making the loyalists immune from confiscations or prosecutions.

It is unlikely that there will ever be an American peace commission of greater ability than this one. Franklin, our representative at Paris, had won for the struggling colonies the invaluable friendship and aid of the French government. John Adams was to be president, Jay to be chief justice of the United States Supreme court, Laurens was a former president of the council of safety of South Carolina and of the continental congress. Our convention of peace, commerce and navigation with France, which on

September 30, 1800, ended a war that was not a war, was negotiated for the United States by Oliver Ellsworth, William Richardson Davie and William Vans Murray; for the first consulate by the following counselors of state: Jerome Bonaparte, Charles Pierre, Claret Fleuriot and Pierre Louis Rodiere. The quarrel, on the French side, was a legacy from the directory to Napoleon's first consulate.

The change in the French government made possible a reconciliation without formal progress into war. By the convention France recognized the rights of neutral vessels and promised indemnities for her navy's depredations. Depending on what historian you read, America's success in the conference was mainly the work of Ellsworth or that of Murray. John Adams, Federalist, was president at the time. The vice president was Jefferson.

Two of President Adams' commissioners, Ellsworth, who had just resigned the office of chief justice, and Murray, who had been Washington's minister to the Netherlands, were strong Federalists. Davie, English born, a former governor of North Carolina and a veteran of the Revolution, seemed to have been a free lance in early politics. The scene of the convention was Paris.

Becoming tired of piracy and black-mail, American squadrons attended to the Barbary coast, and between 1805 and 1815, when Decatur finally made the whole thing sure, treaties were made with the deys and bashaws.

The Peace of Ghent. The peace of Ghent was concluded December 24, 1814. The United States commission appointed by President Madison, who was a Jeffersonian Democratic-Republican, included John Quincy Adams, then our minister to Russia; James A. Bayard, former United States senator; Henry Clay, speaker of the house; Albert Gallatin, who had been secretary of the treasury from 1801 to 1813, and Jonathan Russell, our minister to Norway and Sweden.

John Quincy Adams was a former Federalist from Massachusetts, a strong Federalist state. That is, he had been originally in opposition to Madison in politics. Later he had come into accord with Madison's government.

Bayard was another former Federalist, but he was the man who had brought about Jefferson's victory over Aaron Burr when that presidential election was thrown into the house of representatives. Clay was a conspicuous Madisonian, and so was Gallatin, the eminent financier. Russell was a second Massachusetts commissioner of Madisonian partisanship. Ten years later he was elected to con-

gress as a Democrat, in the present-day party sense.

For the achievement of our commission much of the credit has always been given to Clay. The best opinion nowadays overshadows him with Gallatin. The late Henry Adams, grandson of the American chairman on the occasion, and a conscientiously just New England historian, writes: "Far more than contemporaries ever supposed or than is now imagined, the treaty of Ghent was the especial work and the peculiar triumph of Mr. Gallatin."

The peace with Mexico, concluded in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, was a curious specimen of such negotiations. The lone hand American commissioner was Nicholas Philip Trist, chief clerk of the state department under President Polk, and, like Polk, a thoroughgoing Democrat as Democrats are today. There was nothing very intricate to negotiate with Mexico. We had gone to war to establish the boundary at the Rio Grande as against the Mexican contention for the Nueces.

The peace that was made not only satisfied our government as to that portion of the boundary but also fixed the remainder of it, giving us New Mexico and what was then called Upper California. Trist's job was to make those stipulations and conclude a treaty yielding to them. He first met Santa Anna's commissioners in the summer of 1847. General Scott had not been notified of Trist's mission, and quarreled violently with him when he appeared.

Treaty Made Without Authority.

During an armistice in August Trist, whose instructions as to New Mexico and California had followed him, failed to come to an agreement with the Santa Anna commission, which made counter proposals and rejected all the American demands. At the end of the armistice fighting was resumed, and in deference to Scott Trist was recalled by the authorities at Washington. Before the order reached him, however, he had made friends with Scott and by Scott's advice he remained on the ground regardless of the order. At Christmas time, 1847, Scott's army took the city of Mexico and Santa Anna resigned the Mexican presidency.

Trist then, without any authority except Scott's, resumed negotiations, procured the treaty that was wanted and took it back to Washington. Polk submitted it to the senate on February 23. Senatorial opposition caused modifications to which Mexico acceded, and ratification came on March 16.

Our treaty of peace with Spain was concluded at Paris, December 10, 1898. The American commissioners were William R. Day, late secretary of state, chairman; Senators Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye and George Gray, and William Reid. All but one of the men appointed by McKinley were of his own party. Senator Gray was a Democrat.

Spain relinquished sovereignty over Cuba, ceded Porto Rico, the Philippines and Guam, and received \$20,000,000.

What It Was About. A Canadian soldier and a public house loafer disturbed the peace one day of the little village inn.

The soldier, his face a study in concentrated wrathfulness, had the civilian by the scruff of the neck and was apparently just on the point of giving him a thrashing when a belated policeman put in an appearance.

"Now, then, what's all this about?" demanded the constable.

"What's it about?" replied the Canadian, giving the wretched loafer an

awful shake to emphasize his words. "Why, he called me a conscientious objector! Now watch him being ejected!"—London Tit-Bits.

Directed Raids by Radio. Investigation has disclosed that the German submarine U-56, which arrived at Santander, Spain, under its own power, had been in communication with other U-boats at sea. Commander Reisser of the U-boat was repeatedly signaling toward the sea, while the Spanish government

intercepted wireless messages from the U-56 after a French steamer was sunk and its crew killed by a submarine.

It is quite obvious the U-56 was sent to Santander to organize the destruction of allied and Spanish shipping from a favorable spot. It is believed.

A Well-Governed Mind. A well-governed mind learns in time to find pleasure in nothing but the true and the just.—Aristotle.

## For Wear Under Skies That Shine



In this sport suit for wear under skies that shine and in winds that are balmy, we are at liberty to observe, as long as we like, a special kind of apparel. Outdoors and leisure are written in every line of the coat and skirt. The summery, bright enough to require softening. It is for those who follow the summer or go to meet the spring along our southern coasts.

One can imagine this suit in beige and oyster white, or in green and white or in other colors with white. Both the skirt and the coat show how adaptable to needs of the tourist the looms of the silk weavers have become. The skirt is of a heavy, crepe silk, a sort of exaggerated crepe weave that seems especially made for the handiwork of sport clothes, and whatever the color of the coat, the skirt is in white. There are a good many tones of white, although we think of it as the absence of all color.

The thin appearing in this particular case is a gray—a cold oyster-shell white that is very elegant. It seems there is simply no color that can be chosen for the coat that will not combine well with this white. A row of big mother-of-pearl buttons, set up front of this plain skirt, are square instead of round.

The silk chosen for the coat is similar in texture to the skirt, but the weave in it is varied to form a check-board pattern. It is a straight affair with a bit of flare at the back, and a belt of the silk that slips through slashes at the side. It extends across the front and curves upward at the center in a pretty but eccentric line. It fastens with one of the square buttons used in the skirt. The flaring, turned-back cuffs are faced with white silk like that in the skirt, and so are the big patch pockets that turn down and fasten with a button. The wide turnover collar utilizes a silk fabric to bring becoming white next the face.

## Pretty and Dependable School Frocks



Serge and gingham are as dependable for the school girl as bread and butter, and bear the same relation to her wardrobe that her daily bread does to her diet. Hence they are presented each year with whatever is new in styles, sandwiched in with them, to add zest to these old, reliable and well-loved materials.

There are many new models in spring dresses for flappers and smaller girls, most of them made of washable fabrics and cut in one-piece effects without a waist line. But an exception to this rule appears in the flapper dress pictured, which has a skirt set onto a skeleton waist, both made of serge. The skeleton is merely a belt with suspenders attached, made of plain folds of serge. The belt fastens at the sides with bone buttons, for serge and bone are inseparable.

The simple blouse has two fairly wide plaits laid in the shoulder at each side. It almost goes without saying that the neck is round and finished with a plaited frill, for this is

the most approved of all neck arrangements for the present. These frills are bordered, in the blouse pictured, with a plain gingham of a darker shade than appears in the plaid of the blouse. The same frills finish the sleeves.

This same model is made with a wash silk or taffeta silk blouse in gingham pattern. These were introduced last spring, the plaits and check giving a utility suggestion which brought silk into the possibilities for children's wear. But fine gingham these days are more to be desired than almost any of the less expensive silks. Cottons are very high-priced, and we may come to the time when we will have to turn to silk to reduce the high cost of living.

The most suitable veil for the new leather toque is plain and of a dull color, but has a narrow-banded hem.

## Ambition and Ability

By R. RAY BAKER

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ralph Long lacked two essentials to success—ambition and business ability. At least his fiancée, Esther Remington, said he didn't have them. And those two essentials were among the things she admired most in men.

"How do you ever expect to get married on \$18 a week?" she wanted to know when they had their "final reckoning" on the night he asked his employer for a \$2 raise and was told "the firm can't afford it; besides, you're not worth it."

"It can't be done," Esther went on, jabbing a loose pin back into her fluffy red hair. "If old Wilbur won't give you a raise, why don't you dig out and try New York? Cut loose from this dead town, Ralph, and show them what you're made of in a regular city."

"You've been holding down that office job in Wilbur's cannery factory five years for that same measly \$18 a week, and if you'd had any ambition you would be manager by this time or you wouldn't be there at all."

Ralph remonstrated. He had worked hard, but simply had been unable to "make the grade," he asserted. "This is a pretty good job, anyhow," he said, "and I might not be able to get anywhere in the big town."

Esther's attractive red lips curved downward in disgust, and she forthwith severed relations. There was no room to hand back, because he had not been able to procure one, but she let him know in words that could not be misinterpreted that their engagement was a thing of the past.

"You can keep your 'good job' for ten years more if you like," she said, "but I'm going to the big town myself, and I'm going to make good in a regular position."

She resigned her place as saleswoman in Deorbon's department store, and a week later carried a handbag and a suit case to the railroad station, resolved to bid Brown City good-by forever. Ralph was there to see off and to ascertain if her decision was irrevocable.

"Come on, Es; forget that big talk and settle down here," he pleaded. "Never," was her reply, a steely glitter in her blue eyes. "It's all over between us, Ralph. I like you; in fact, I'm very fond of you, but I must forget you, because my husband must be a man who has enough ambition and ability to get to the front in the business world."

He set his lips firmly and shook hands with her and went back to his desk in the cannery factory, but made a miserable failure of his work that afternoon and for several days thereafter. He did a deal of serious thinking, and his jaw seemed to become firmer and a resolute light shone from his gray eyes.

Things went wrong with Esther. She arrived in New York with thirty dollars in money and a fortune in ambition. In one month the thirty had dwindled and the fortune was ebbing. If she had had "folks at home" she would have written for assistance, but her parents were dead and the only relative she could claim was an uncle whose address was somewhere in America. Just where she could not tell because he was a wanderer.

True, there were many good friends back home—Ralph among them—but she preferred starvation to letting them know that her prospects, which had been so alluring from a distance, had turned out to be a mirage.

For there seemed to be no position—not even a mere job—for Esther Remington in all New York. Her written recommendation had no effect, because experience was what counted—and experience in Brown City was not the same as experience in New York.

Although she answered every "help wanted" advertisement that seemed to fit her abilities even remotely, she could not find work. Either she was too late with her application or she lacked training for the job. Thus, at the end of a month's weary search, Esther was in dire straits.

Before long, however, fortune favored her. The goddess didn't smile at her, but she did lend a helping hand, and Esther obtained work in a laundry—sorting dirty clothes!

She kept this job a month, in lieu of something better, and lived from hand to mouth on \$6 a week, eating cold food in her dingy room in a dilapidated house on a dismal street. Then something better turned up. It was \$5 a week, with meals thrown in, as waitress in a restaurant, where the food was given a liberal coat of grease to make it slip down easily. Instead of being cooked, however, the patrons of the place appeared to like it that way, for they came back for more each day. Esther was allowed to keep all her tips, but the tips were ingratiating smiles from the male gluttons and an occasional cold "thank you" or "pleasant day" from the feminine diners.

If Esther had been able to save enough money to pay her fare back to Brown City she would have been tempted to return. But she would not have yielded to the temptation, because she felt that she had burned her bridges when she turned her back on the place of her birth, for the great opportunities that beckoned.

Every night when she crawled between the torn sheets on the 2 by 4 bed she visited the clean, shady old

town where she had grown up, and she longed for a glimpse of Deorbon's store and all her former associates there, and she wished she could go canoeing on Mirror lake and have the moon shine, and—yes, it would have been rather nice to have Ralph wielding the paddle.

At the end of two years, after surviving a variety of jobs, Esther held down a portion of the floor behind a dry goods counter in the Climax five and ten cent store, and every Saturday night she went out of the place with \$9 in her pocket. Twice she asked for a raise, and twice she was refused. "There are any number of girls waiting to take your place," she was told. Nothing was said about "affording" it, because the Climax covered a whole block and was doing more business than any two stores of the kind in the city.

One Friday evening, discouraged, heart sick, hungry, Esther walked across Seventh avenue, near Times square, immersed in thought. Her gaze fixed on an approaching automobile, she was struck by a big touring car coming from the opposite direction. She was knocked off her feet, but was not seriously injured because the driver applied the brakes in time to prevent a bad accident.

The car stopped and a young man clad in a plain brown suit got out, picked Esther up in his arms and placed her in the front seat. Then he got in beside her and drove away.

She was somewhat dazed and did not recognize the driver until they had gone several blocks. By that time she was coming to her senses and she gazed in wonder at the face of the man beside her.

"Can that be you, Ralph Long?" she exclaimed, incredulously. He smiled and extended an arm to indicate he was about to turn a corner.

"It can be—and it is," he affirmed, as they went up Broadway.

"Why—why—what are you doing here in New York?" she stammered.

"I'm driving this car," he replied, as he threw out the clutch and eased the machine through a traffic congestion. "I left Brown City soon after you did—to make good. And now I'm driving this car."

"Oh, a chauffeur!" she said, but the scorn that might have been in her tone two years ago was strangely lacking.

"Where are you taking me?" she presently inquired.

"Dinner," he said briefly. "The owner of the car won't care if I keep it out awhile."

During the meal she told her story without reserve, and he listened with grave interest.

"That's the way it is," she said when she had finished. "And I want to tell you, Ralph, that I was all wrong and I'm sorry I didn't marry you. If you—

you—if you think you care for me still and want me now you can have me. With your wages and mine we'll be able to get along."

Ralph lighted a long, formidable cigar and looked across the table with a whimsical expression.

"Of course I want you," he declared. "But my wages will support us. And now you've lost your job."

"What do you mean?" she asked, puzzled.

"I mean that you're fired from your job at the five-and-ten," he answered, as he blew a smoke ring ceilingward. "You see, I happen to be general manager of the Climax."

REIGN OF DANDY IS OVER

Present-Day Mode of Dress Gives No Scope to Would-be "Glasses of Fashion."

Arthur Symonds says in New Republic that it is a deplorable fact but the reign of the dandy is over. He died with Barbey d'Aureville, who had other interests and occupations than his cravats and laces, and was rather an amateur than a practitioner in the art. (Justus Barbey d'Aureville, an eccentric figure in French literary circles of the nineteenth century.) The cause of a large part of it is the degeneration of costume. A man can be well dressed, in the mode leaves only an inch of choice here and there between one curve or another. But variety and elegance have gone wholly out of the best-cut coat, the more carefully calculated trousers, the knee breeches and silk stockings and buckled shoes went every indication to dress personally and to outdo others in what was not a fixed fashion.

What form or substance of things could a dandy in these days find to work upon? The tying of a white linen tie is no longer an art; the stock with its dignity has given place to the high, hideous, shining and uncomfortable starched collar. And the dullness of the things that men wear—the shapeless black funnel, with its inch of irrelevant brim which we cram discomfortably over our heads! What dandy dare make himself conspicuous by even the extension of a brim or the loosening of those bandages of cloth which wrap our body with a graceless rigidity?

Collections of Little Value.

There is one American gentleman who takes pride in the possession of 500 walking sticks, not that he uses all of them, but because his taste as a collector runs to walking sticks. One of the most curious specimens is made of United States postage stamps, and absorbed enough postage stamps to transport 6,000 ordinary letters before the war, or 4,000 at the present rate. This seems rather a waste of good stamps, and to afford nothing like so desirable a walking stick as the kind that can be converted into a camp stool, if the owner feels like sitting down to look at the scenery.

## New Grocery Store

New stock of fresh groceries in a newly decorated store building, opening—

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28th

on West Middle St., opposite the Town Hall. "Walk around the corner and save a nickel."

JOHN FARRELL

## POINTS TO WATCH

When Buying Footwear

The Grade

The Workmanship

The Stock Used

The New Styles

The Price

—Our Stock Has All The Points of All Goods—  
Try Us On The Next Pair

## Lyons' Cut Rate Shoe Market

## Shelled Corn on Track

\$1.50

Per Bushel at the Car

## Chelsea Elevator Co.

Just In—A Fine New Line of Gloves



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

## HERMAN J. DANCER

**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 8:11 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, 11:00 p. m.  
Westbound—8:20 a. m., 12:51 a. m. Cars connect at Ypsilanti for S. line and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY**  
DR. H. M. ARNOUR  
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist  
Succeeding Dr. L. A. Maze. Also general auctioneering. Phone No. 84.  
Chelsea, Mich. Residence, 148 East Middle street.  
S. A. MAPES  
Funeral Director  
Calls answered promptly day or night  
Telephone No. 6.  
C. C. LANE  
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist  
Office at Martin's Livery Barn, Chelsea, Michigan.  
CHELSEA CAMP No. 7338 M. W. A.  
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month. Insurance best by inst. Herman J. Dancer, Clerk.  
—Chelsea Tribune—  
Twice-a-week \$1.00

### FOUR BOOTLEGGERS CAUGHT.

Four bootleggers and 308 quarts of whisky were captured near Ypsilanti on the Saline road Tuesday afternoon. The four men were Edward Zeluski, Steve Kyskosowski, John Ramon and Frank Schwartz, all of Detroit. The four were in two automobiles. When officers stopped the first machine, the men in the second machine turned their car around and fled. The officers followed for four miles before overtaking and arresting the bootleggers.

### WHO BACKS THIS?

One of the unaccountable propositions to come before the people is the vote this spring on the return to the use of light wines and beer in Michigan. Should the proposition carry it would be another year before it would become effective, and by that time national prohibition will have become effective. Who is back of the move and what is its purpose?

### SHARON.

Mrs. J. H. Sloat, who has been staying in Ypsilanti for some time, returned home Saturday.

Miss Mayme Reno spent several days last week with her sister, Mrs. Everett Lyon of Seio.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Brandt and children visited over Sunday with her parents near Wolf lake.

J. E. Grossman went to Toledo, Wednesday after his car, which he had repainted, and drove it home in the afternoon.

At the County Farm Bureau meeting in Ann Arbor, Saturday, Mahlon Smith was chosen director of poultry work.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weyer of north of Grass Lake called on Mr. and Mrs. Cooke one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Troitz and Master William, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Curtis and son James spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Curtis near Francisco.

Herbert Brightno and family are ill with the "flu." They lost one child Tuesday and three others are in bed. There are several cases in the Prospect hill neighborhood.

### GREGORY.

Harrison Bates and son Ivan, of Whitmore Lake, visited relatives and friends here over the week-end.

Mrs. Robert Leach was a Jackson visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Emory Glenn and Mrs. Blanch Lantis of Stockbridge were callers at the Henry Howlett home on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Anna Moore left last week Tuesday for Manitou Beach to make an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. Agnes Ball.

Mrs. Frances May and brother, George of North Waterloo were Gregory visitors the last of the week.

Mrs. Norman Whitehead spent several days last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Denton.

O. B. Arnold and family visited at the Robin Carr home near Fowlerville last Friday.

Mrs. Ed. Brotherton was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred Asquith, on Thursday.

Misses Mary Howlett and Lillian Buhl were Howell visitors several days of the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orla Gallup and Mrs. Melvin Conk were Chelsea visitors last Thursday.

Archie and Vancie Arnold spent Sunday at the home of Frank Kirkland at Fowlerville.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Denton and daughters, Mrs. Laura Whitehead and Miss Nellie Denton, were guests at the home of Charles Ellsworth last Saturday.

### NORTH LAKE.

Mrs. C. J. Trommel spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Homer Stoffer entertained her brother, Eugene Widmayer of Waco, Texas, several days last week.

Matthew Hanked of Chelsea spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Jas. Hanked and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Baird entertained at their home Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. John Schieferstein and daughter, of Chelsea, and Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt and children.

Mrs. Daniel Reilly and son Donald are visiting at Battle Creek.

Douglas Frazier of Detroit spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Becker.

Cured at a Cost of 25 Cents.

"Eight years ago when we first moved to Mattoon, I was a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation," writes Mrs. Robert Allison, Mattoon, Ill. "I had frequent headaches and dizzy spells, and there was a feeling like a heavy weight pressing on my stomach and chest all the time. I felt miserable. Every morsel of food distressed me. I could not rest at night and felt tired and worn out all the time. One bottle of Chamberlain's Tablets cured me and I have since felt like a different person."

### LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Mrs. Charles Martin was in Detroit, Monday.

Miss Lena Miller was in Detroit, Monday.

Mrs. Lewis Moore is visiting relatives in Mayville.

M. A. Shaver visited relatives in Detroit the first of the week.

Mrs. B. B. Turnbull entertained the Five Hundred club last evening.

Mrs. J. S. Cummings has been visiting friends in Detroit this week.

Ever notice that a horse eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth?

Miss Pearl Freeman of Ypsilanti visited Chelsea friends over Sunday.

Mrs. W. F. Kuntleher and Miss Eleanor Dancer were in Jackson, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ives and family of Owosso visited relatives here over the week-end.

Mrs. R. Sparrow of Detroit has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Musbach this week.

Arthur Farmer of Chicago visited his mother at the Methodist home the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barth of Lima are the parents of a son, born Monday, January 20, 1919.

Miss Ivah Beeler of Ann Arbor visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Beeler, yesterday.

The Bay View Reading club will meet with Mrs. Harper, Monday evening, January 27th.

Miss Beatrice Hunter of Springfield, Ill., is visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Mrs. C. C. Dancer of Port Huron visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klingler, over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary L. Boyd and D. H. Wurster visited Mrs. Elizabeth Walz of Ypsilanti, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ruen of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGuinness, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Feldkamp of Saline visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Katherine Koeder, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maltby and daughter, of Ann Arbor, visited her father, Alfred Kuercher, Sunday.

Aaron Hoffman was home from Camp Custer for a week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hoffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Kalmbach and little grandson, of Detroit, visited relatives in Chelsea and vicinity over the week-end.

Miss Mildred Geddes of Mt. Pleasant visited her grandmother, Mrs. Geddes, at the Methodist Old People's home the first of the week.

John Farrell will attend a meeting of the directors of the Columbian National Fire Insurance company in Detroit, Saturday and Monday.

Mrs. Eugene Smith of Cavanaugh lake returned Tuesday from Howell, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Martin.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger and F. E. Storms are attending a six days' training conference under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Custer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Witherell and granddaughter, Miss Marjorie Witherell, of Manchester, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Witherell, Tuesday.

A dancing party will be given Tuesday evening, January 28, at St. Mary hall. Delbridge & Miller of Jackson will furnish the music. Overture at 8:15 o'clock.

Speaking about stingy people, we've heard of a man who won't take or read his local newspaper on account of the wear and tear that it would cause to his spectacles.

An advertiser advises women customers to "shop by mail," but that wouldn't be shopping for most women who love to "look around" and see what's in stock; it would be just buying things.

The Sharon-South Sylvan Red Cross now has 72 members. Sixty-seven refugee garments, 11 pairs of socks, 2 pairs of wristlets and 3 pajama suits were sent to county headquarters in Ann Arbor, Saturday.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Frank J. Cheney, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. Gleason, (Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75 cents. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Miss Margaret Miller is spending today in Detroit.

Sheriff A. C. Pack has appointed Roy Evans a deputy sheriff.

The I. O. O. F. will put on work in the second degree Wednesday evening.

O. C. Burkhardt has purchased the Lewis Emmer residence, 154 Park St.

Mrs. Wilbur Reinensneider of Ypsilanti is visiting relatives in Chelsea and vicinity.

Miss Nina Belle Wurster is visiting Miss Dorothy Chandler of Detroit over the week-end.

Miss Laura Schoenhals has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Stanton of Detroit, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. DeGole of Wayne visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cole, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Williams and family have moved to his father's farm near Williamston.

Lawton Steger entertained several of his little friends in honor of his 8th birthday Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Norma Turnbull expects to spend the week-end at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. G. Nemethy of Detroit.

Lieutenant Paul O. Bacon is home from Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida, on account of the serious illness of his father.

Harry Knickerbocher has been honorably discharged from military duty at Camp Custer, and has returned to his home here.

The Pinckney cider mill is advertising an opening for October 3d. Evidently the proprietor believes there'll be a big crop of apples next summer.

Kenneth Walling entertained a party of his little friends Thursday evening, it being his 9th birthday. Covers were laid for 12 and a merry time is reported.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Glenn of Stockbridge are the parents of a son, born Saturday, January 18, 1919. Mrs. Glenn was formerly Miss Ethel Wright of this place.

J. W. Heselschwerdt of Sylvan has purchased the E. E. Winans residence, Madison and Adams streets, also O. C. Burkhardt's large barn just north of the Winans' residence.

Martin Wackenhut has received a card from his son, George, announcing his safe arrival in New York from overseas. He probably will be sent to Camp Custer in a few days.

Chelsea will hold a poultry exhibit February 18, 19 and 20 following with a school of instruction in connection with poultry raising. Let's all go over and take along our county agent. —Howell Democrat.

### 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.

### Chancery Notice.

State of Michigan, The Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery.

At a session of said Court, held at the courthouse in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1918.

Present, Hon. George W. Sample, Circuit Judge.

Laura Carley, plaintiff,

Frank Carley, defendant.

In this cause it appearing by affidavit on file that the defendant, Frank Carley, is not a resident of this state and that it cannot be ascertained in what state or country he, the said Frank Carley, now resides.

On motion of Jacob F. Fahrner, attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered that the appearance of the said defendant, Frank Carley, be entered within three months from the date of this order, and that in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof served upon the attorney for the plaintiff within fifteen days after service on him or his attorney of a copy of the said bill, and in default thereof that the said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendant, Frank Carley.

And it is further ordered that the said plaintiff cause this order to be published in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper published, printed and circulating in said county, and that such publication be commenced within twenty days from the date of this order, and that such publication be continued therein once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that the said plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be personally served on the said defendant, Frank Carley, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

George W. Sample, Circuit Judge.

Examined, countersigned and entered by me, Edwin H. Smith, clerk and register.

Jacob F. Fahrner, attorney for the plaintiff, business address, Ann Arbor, Michigan. 32P7

**F. STAFFAN & SON**  
UNDERTAKERS  
Established over fifty years  
Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich.

## Spotless Collars

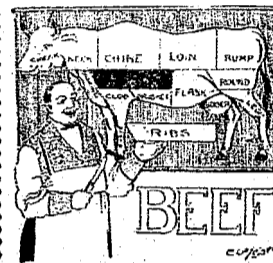
Beautifully laundered and shirts ironed just right, are bringing us more customers daily. In fact, all of our work pleases.

We send everything to the Varsity Laundry in Ann Arbor, twice each week — on Mondays and Wednesdays — and returning Thursdays and Saturdays.

We guarantee all work satisfactory and assure you that we are still in business and expect to continue at the old stand, in spite of reports to the contrary.

## THE CHELSEA LAUNDRY

H. C. BREITENWISCHER, - - - Proprietor



### SOME MAPS CHANGE

But Ours Won't!

And no matter what action the Peace Conference may take, Ribs of Beef will still be Ribs of Beef! The quality may vary considerably in some localities, but we assure you that only the best is in stock at this market. Come in and let us show you our quality cuts of beef.

ADAM EPPLER

Phone 41 South Main Street

## Swift & Company's 1918 Earnings

### How They Affected You

During the twelve months ended Nov. 2, 1918 (its fiscal year), Swift & Company transacted the largest volume of business on the smallest margin of profit in its history.

Profits of the meat business—under regulations of the United States Food Administration—were limited to a maximum of 9 per cent on capital employed but not to exceed 2½ cents per dollar of sales.

Swift & Company in the regulated departments earned 7.57 per cent on capital employed and 2.04 cents per dollar of sales, out of which had to be paid interest on borrowed money and taxes. Here is how these earnings affect you.

### Live-Stock Raiser—

Swift & Company killed 14,948,000 head of livestock, which weighed alive, 4,971,500,000 pounds.

Swift & Company made a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound liveweight.

### Consumer—

The sales of our meat departments were 4,012,579,000 pounds on which our earnings were less than ½ cent per pound.

The per capita consumption of meat in the United States is given as 170 pounds. If a consumer purchased only Swift & Company's products he would contribute only about 78 cents a year, or 1½ cents a week as profit to the company.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

