

START GRADING ON TERRITORIAL ROAD

Contractors Are Expected to Begin Operations Within Ten Days on Fine New Highway.

County Road Engineer John Cox and an official from the state highway department were in Chelsea yesterday making a final check on the survey of the Territorial road. They worked west from Chelsea to the Jackson county line in the morning, and in the afternoon east towards Ann Arbor.

Regarding the construction of the new road, Mr. Cox stated that the actual work of grading will start within the next two weeks or ten days. Contracts for two bridges in Lima have been let, while the two bridges in Sylvan, one just west of town and the other at Sylvan Center, will be built by the county road department.

The contracts for the grading will be let in sections, and specify that all grading must be completed ready for the concrete, early next spring.

The roadway is to be 28 feet wide, 18 feet concrete and the balance gravel on either side.

OUR BIRTHDAY TUESDAY.

With this issue the Tribune completes the twelfth year of its life, and the ninth year under the present editor and owner. We wanted to publish Mickie's picture in connection with this announcement, but he says: "Nix, nothin' doin' on this birthday stuff, 'specially when you're still wearin' your BVD's, an' they're mighty thin." We suspicion he is afraid of a spanking.

But we overheard him confiding to the office cat that, "The little ole Tribune is gettin' better—right along, surest thing you know cat—just as reliable as a Ford an' she hits on both cylinders twice every week, just as regular as clockwork. Some sheet, cat, some sheet for a town the size o' Chelsea!"

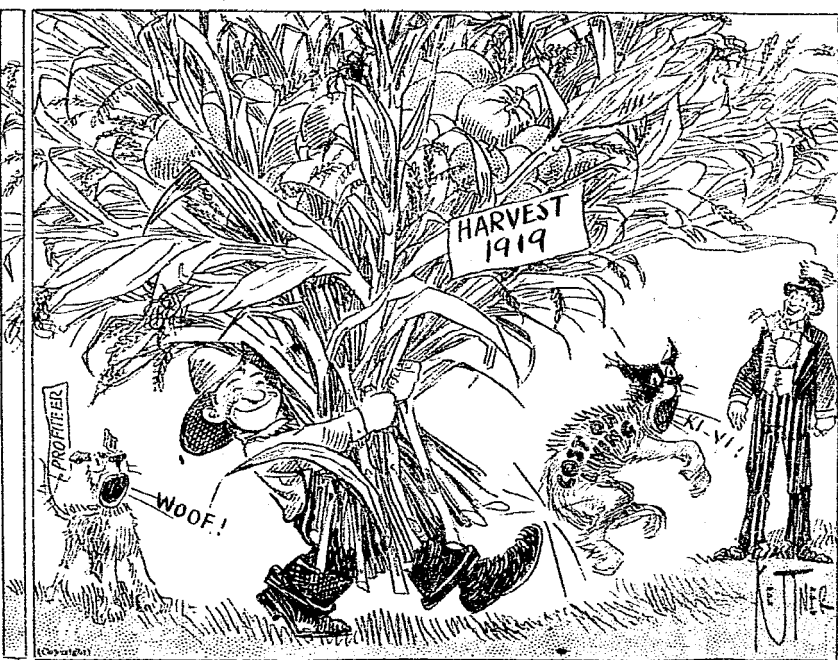
VILLAGE TAXES NOW DUE.

Village taxes are due and may be paid at any time at my store on Main street.

A. E. Winans,

Village Treasurer.

Some Bouquet



WRECKED GRISWOLD TRUCK.

George Griswold's motor truck was ditched about 3½ miles east of Ann Arbor, Wednesday, when Earl Brown of Jackson attempted to pass in the same direction and his rear wheel struck the front wheel of the truck. The big truck, loaded with household goods, was en route to Detroit. The front axle and springs were torn loose, but no one hurt. Mr. Brown arranged to have the truck repaired and to reimburse Mr. Griswold for his lost time.

LEGION GETS NICE SUM

Over \$1,106 is in Treasury as Result of Monday's Celebration.

Herbert J. McKune Post American Legion No. 31 has a bank balance of \$1,106.22 as the result of Monday's big celebration, a substantial and potential proof of the way Chelsea and vicinity backed "the boys" all through the war and the way she will now back the Legion.

A financial statement, prepared by one of the Legion officials, follows:

Receipts.	
Tags	\$ 38.78
Dance	95.05
Stands	34.12
Banquet, over and above actual expense	73.05
Subscriptions	1,179.10
Home Guards	96.45
Total receipts	\$1,516.55
Expenses	
Stand	\$ 18.55
General committee	351.00
Tags and dance tickets	9.75
Stationery and stamps	2.50
Prizes for tag girls	2.60
Telephone	6.83
Lumber and labor	15.00
Est. outstanding bills	4.00
Total expense	\$ 410.23
Bal. for Legion	\$1,106.32

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

(Official.)
Council Rooms, Chelsea, Mich., August 29, 1919.
Council met in regular session. Meeting called to order by president P. G. Schaible.
Roll called by the clerk.
Present, Trustees Dancer, Dunkel, Vogel, Schoenhals, Holmes, Bahnmler.
The following bills were read by the clerk:

General Fund.	
Howard Brooks, 2 fires, 19 men	\$ 19.00
Howard Brooks, work at barn	2.00
F. Kattchner, key to hand cuffs	1.50
H. M. Armour, salary Aug. 15 to Sept. 1.	37.50
Street Fund.	
G. Martin, 53 hours work	15.90
Geo. Simmons, 15 loads gravel	25.50
G. Bockres, 3 days work	6.00
Jacob Houck, 4 hours work	2.00
Electric Light Fund.	
Their order No. 16	1,000.00
August supplies	282.26
Moved by Vogel, supported by Bahnmler, that the bills be allowed and orders drawn for the amounts.	
Yeas, all. Carried.	
Motion made by Holmes and seconded Vogel that the clerk write W. Riemenschneider and Fred Clark, advising them that the board would favorably consider their applications for admission into the village corporation.	
Yeas, all. Carried.	
Motion made and carried to adjourn.	
H. W. FREEMAN, Village Clerk.	

BETHEL'S MISSION SERVICE.

An annual mission festival service was held at Bethel church, Freedom township, Sunday, there being three services. Among the speakers were: Rev. C. C. Haag, superintendent of the Deaconess hospital in Detroit; Rev. Otto C. Haas, also of Detroit; Rev. William H. Alber of LaPorte, Indiana; Rev. Albert A. Schoen of Chelsea; Rev. Herman Schoettle of Dexter; Rev. C. H. Wittbracht of Saline, and Rev. Frederick Krueger of Rogers Corners.
There was a large attendance and a collection of \$455 was taken for the missions.

NEIGHBORHOOD BRIEFS

Items of Interest to Tribune Readers From Nearby Towns and Localities.

LEONI—Argus Wahl, 65 years of age, hung himself in the barn at his home here Wednesday morning. In late years he had many melancholy spells and it is believed he killed himself during one of them. He leaves a widow, a daughter, Mrs. Ives, and a son, Elroy, all of this place.

MANCHESTER—Gottlieb Wahler, a man 66 years of age and living alone was found dead in his bedroom Monday morning. A neighbor, William Mahrie, noticed that it was quiet about Wahler's house and on investigating found him, apparently having been dead for several hours. He had been in poor health for some time. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Herman Hannewald and Miss Lillian of Detroit, and a son Edward.

HOWELL—Saturday two automobile loads of strange motley humanity struck Howell. They did their talking Saturday afternoon in front of Garland's opera house. Whatever propaganda they were promoting seemed to be thinly veiled by a sort of religious covering. Back to nature seemed to be their main theme. They were in almost full dress, no shoes, no hats, and very little other clothing. Simplicity of eating too was touched upon. Pastry and rich foods should be discarded. Their appearance indicated that the use of soap had been discontinued entirely.

POULTRY DEMONSTRATIONS.

Under the direction of the County Agricultural Agent H. S. Osler, poultry demonstrations were held during Monday and Tuesday of this week, where farmers were instructed how to select their best laying hens. These demonstrations were conducted by E. C. Foreman of the Michigan Agricultural college. Mr. Foreman is one of the members of the poultry department of that institution and spends his entire time among the various county agents in the state, assisting them to hold poultry demonstrations.

On Monday demonstrations were held at the farms of A. J. Rentchler and J. E. Burkhardt, of Lodi; Ben Breitenwischer of Freedom; Charles Maurer of Bridgewater; C. D. Finkbeiner of Saline.

On Tuesday demonstrations were held at the farms of H. C. Hollis and E. H. Cook, of Pittsfield township; L. E. Swaininger of Augusta; Mahlon Smith of Sharon; Charles Braun of Ann Arbor.

MANY PROPERTY CHANGES.

More papers have been handled at the county register of deed's office the past month than in any equal length of time in the history of the office, and the abstract offices report a record, showing that the exchange of real estate in this county has gone above all records for previous years.

In July the number of warranty deeds issued was 264, while in August 340 warranty deeds were made out, and the total number of papers taken care of during the past month in the register of deed's office was 558.

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.

FOR SALE—Good second-hand wagon. Holmes & Walker. 10413

NOTICE—The Chelsea cider mill will run every Tuesday until further notice; highest market price for cider apples; fresh empty barrels for sale. Conrad Schanz. 1041f

FOR SALE—Baby's bed, nearly new. 115 South St. 10413

FOR SALE—Young mare, wt. 1300, price \$60. Inquire Tribune. 1041f

FOR SALE—Rabbits. H. E. Haynes, phone 206-F3. 1041f

POULTRY WANTED—The Co-operative association is shipping every Tuesday. Notify G. W. Coe, manager, phone 237. 1041f

WANTED—Heating stove and kitchen table at once. John Greening, Chelsea. 10213

FOR SALE—Modern 7 room residence, with barn, on West Middle street. Inquire Tribune office. 971f.

GENERAL TRUCKING, night or day service, reasonable rates, a phone call brings truck to your door; also dealer in rags, rubber, iron and junk metals. G. H. Griswold, phone No. 223-F4, Chelsea. 86124

FARMER CITIZENS

ARE VALUABLE CITIZENS—A REAL ASSET TO THE COMMUNITY.

THIS INSTITUTION IS PROUD OF THE FARMERS' NAMES REGISTERED ON ITS BOOKS.

A CORDIAL INVITATION IS EXTENDED TO OTHER PROGRESSIVE FARMERS WHO NEED A RESPONSIBLE BANKING CONNECTION TO CARRY THEIR ACCOUNTS WITH US.

OUR FACILITIES ARE MODERN AND EFFICIENT; OUR OFFICERS ABLE AND CONGENIAL; OUR ONE DESIRE TO SERVE YOU WELL.

KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

Chelsea, Michigan

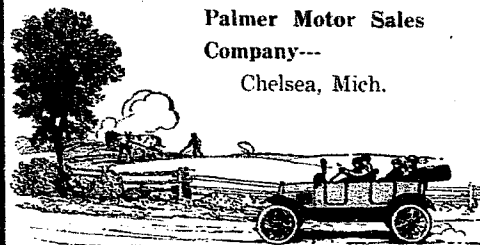
Member Federal Reserve Bank

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

There are more than 3,000,000 Ford cars in daily service throughout the world, and fully eighty per cent of these are Ford Touring Cars. There are many reasons for this, not the least of which is the simplicity in the design of the car, so easy to understand; likewise it is easy to operate; and mighty inexpensive compared to other motor cars. On the farm, in the city, for business and for family pleasure, it is the car of the people, and the demand is increasing every day. Let us have your order promptly if you want one.

Palmer Motor Sales
Company—
Chelsea, Mich.



HOLMES & WALKER

Builders' Hardware--

A complete stock, including Sash and Doors.

Stoves and Furnaces--

Ranges, Airtight Heaters, Laundry Stoves and Oil Heaters. In Furnaces we have hot air, steam or hot water—any kind you may want. See our line.

Furniture and School Supplies--

Largest lines in Western Washtenaw at lowest prices

You may shoot Fox Squirrels this fall. We have your License for you.

HOLMES & WALKER

"We Always Treat You Right"

Saturday Specials

September 13th

Galvanic Soap per bar	6c
A Good Tea, 1-2 pound	20c
Pure Silver Leaf Lard per pound	36c
Honey Cookies per dozen	14c
Best Crackers per pound	17c

KEUSCH & FAHRNER
Home of Old Tavern Coffee



The Merry-Go-Round will remain here for Saturday night.

Everybody come and have a jolly good time.

The Cash Grocery

One 10-oz bottle best Tomato Catsup	10c
One box best Matches—full count	5c
Two bars Kirk's Flake White Soap	15c
Three bars P & G Laundry Soap	26c
One can Karo Syrup	16c
Crisco	37c

These are not Saturday Specials, but every day prices. It pays to trade at the Cash Grocery.

JOHN FARRELL

"Walk Around the Corner and Save a Nickel"

FOOTWEAR FOR MEN and BOYS

Men's Fine Dress Shoes, all leathers, black or tan \$5 TO \$9.50
Boys' School and Dress Shoes in black or tan.

Every Purchase Means A Saving For You.

SCHMID'S CASH SHOE STORE

West Middle Street, Chelsea.

Twice-a-Week Tribune — \$1.50-a-Year

ARMY WORM and BOLL WEEVIL

by Robert H. Moulton



BOLL WEEVIL AT WORK

HUNDREDS of millions of dollars of tribute are to be levied by enemies within our midst. Just when we looked confidently forward to the restoration of peace it is brought home to us that we have got to do battle with other kinds of foes that cannot be halted by threat or the parade of armed forces. Our antagonists this time are hordes of the boll weevil and the army worm.

From Washington comes the news that the army worm has appeared again in Texas and that it has started to work its way northward right through the regions where our wheat fields flourish. It isn't a problem of guarding against the vast swarms which may have their origin in the far South, for those particular worms will really have but a circumscribed zone of aggressive movement; the task is to watch for them everywhere. The mildness of the past winter has favored the survival of many insects that otherwise would have been killed. Therefore extra millions of these insects are alive and multiplying their kind.

The army worm is particularly destructive to wheat, corn and other cereals, grasses and kindred forage plants. It is known to attack corn in a manner similar to the well known corn ear worm. The young larvae devour the tender folded leaves and, as the worms increase in size, they frequently burrow right into the heart of the growing ear and destroy it.

As far back as 1797 mention is made in a natural history of the army worm's harmful ways. During the summer and fall of 1845 the army worm invaded itself in Florida, and ten years later it aroused apprehension.

According to the entomologists there may be from two to three generations of the army worm during a single summer. And the same experts assure us that each succeeding generation usually becomes more destructive than that which preceded it. The authorities are commonly agreed that the army worm, especially the fall army worm, is of southern origin, and this fact helps to explain why it does not appear yearly in conspicuously injurious numbers. Its instinct prompts it to strive continually to obtain a foothold farther north than its natural range, and here is where weather conditions play an important part in its life history and its propagation in higher latitudes. Ordinarily, if the season is against them, they are killed off to great numbers during the fall and winter and therefore comparatively few are left to multiply their kind the following spring and summer.

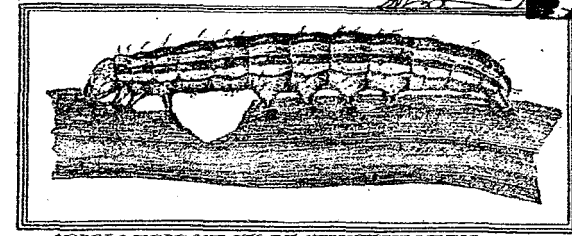
The early appearance of the army worm in Texas may justify the fear that states considerably to the north have become restocked by the flight of the parent moths from the southern breeding grounds in the warm swamp lands. The moth which produces the fall army worm is a member of the night-flying variety, and is of the same family which includes the parents of the beautiful cut worm, an importation from the old world, which long years of American acclimatization.

It is the habit of these nocturnal moths to develop their eggs in clusters on grasses, but when these insects occur in very large numbers they do this on leaves and twigs of trees as well as on the outer walls of buildings. The eggs are laid in lots of from fifty to sixty. The larvae at first are frequently so dark as to escape observation, except when moving in numbers, and their whereabouts are further concealed by the normal habit of hiding in the deep grass during the day time and feeding mostly at night. This explains why one may go to bed with his field, garden, or lawn unharmed, only to arise at dawn to find the place devastated. The mature army worm ranges from an inch to an inch and a half in length and is about a quarter of an inch through.

The life history of the army worm is not a long one. The first of the larvae or worms are from eggs deposited the fall before. Their manner



DITCH TO TRAP ARMY WORMS



ARMY WORM AND ITS DESTRUCTIVE WORK

of wintering is of interest. When full grown the larvae work their way into the ground to a depth ranging from a quarter of an inch to an inch and a quarter. In the spring the worms appear, work their way and, after a brief while, re-enter the earth. They remain in the cocoon state for several weeks, at the conclusion of which they emerge as moths. In their turn, lay eggs and start again the evolutionary life of the army worm. In the period of its active career the army worm can do a deal of damage, and to eradicate the pest it is essential to kill the parent moths as well as to destroy the worms themselves.

Luckily, the army worm has some natural enemies, and among these the sparrow is probably the most effective because of its numbers. The bluejay comes next, and then follow the meadow lark and a certain variety of beetle. These foes will not suffice to keep the army worm within bounds when their number is legion, and it is needful then to resort to man-made expedients. Trenching the fields, a generous use of kerosene and ample spreading of arsenical powders will aid in a crisis, but clean cultural methods will do much more toward eradicating the hibernating or slumbering pests. This is to say, keep the edges of the fields and the hedges of the gardens free from long grass and weeds, where the larvae lurk; fall plowing will kill those that have already entered the ground for wintering. Of course these efforts will not avail if the parent moths come from the South in the springtime. We cannot expect to detect the eggs and to destroy them before the worms are hatched out.

Just when the spindles of the world are preparing to resume their prewar activities, just when so many of the nations are anxious to obtain more cotton fabrics, comes the unwelcome news that the cotton boll weevil is up and doing with increased energy. Again we have the past mild winter to thank in large part for this disturbing state of affairs, a very considerable percentage of the hibernating weevils having survived when with colder weather they would have been in great measure exterminated.

The experts tell us that the boll weevil in a single year may occasion a cotton loss of more than 400,000 bales, and at present prices this would represent a money sacrifice of quite \$25,000,000. Today, at the present price of cotton, the toll levied by these insects would be equivalent to fully \$70,000,000. No wonder the United States department of agriculture has pronounced the boll weevil to be the worst cotton pest in this country and, probably, the most destructive cotton insect in the world. This ravaging creature apparently will not feed upon any other plant—it just insists upon eating the precious cotton boll.

Like many others of the conspicuously injurious insects present in this country, the cotton boll weevil is not a native of the United States. Its place of origin, so the entomologists

declare, was beyond question in the high plateau region of Mexico or Central America. The records indicate that the insect in all likelihood originated the abandonment of cotton-growing in parts of Mexico and Central America.

Our agricultural authorities inform us that since 1894 the boll weevil has extended its range from 30 to 70 miles, having made its first appearance near Brownsville, Texas, in 1892. During the first ten years after its advent into this country the annual rate of spread was 5,640 square miles. Since 1901 the annual infested territory has averaged 26,880 square miles. In 1904, an exceptional season, 51,500 square miles became infested.

The weevil has a periodic thirst and apparently there is just one liquid that appeals overwhelmingly to its palate. On the underside of cotton leaves, on the midrib, or principal vein, and sometimes on two other veins, can be found a little elongated depression which usually looks sticky and frequently holds a drop of liquid. On the outside of the squares at the base of each bract or leaflet are other little cups, and between the bract and the bud itself are three more cups. At the bottom of the flower cup still more of these tiny vessels are found. They are called nectar cups because they exude a sweet liquid. This is the tipple that the boll weevil is drawn to.

The adult boll weevil is about one-fourth of an inch in length, but its size depends upon the amount of food that it contains while in the larval stage. The boll weevil passes the winter in the adult condition. In the spring and throughout the fruiting season of cotton the eggs are deposited by the females in cavities formed by eating into the fruit of the plant. An egg hatches under normal conditions in about three days and the grub immediately begins to feed. In from seven to twelve days the grub passes into its pupal stage, corresponding to the cocoon of butterflies and moths. This stage lasts from three to five days. Then the adult issues and in about five days begins the production of another generation. Males and females are produced in about equal numbers. The males feed upon the squares and the bolls without moving until the food begins to deteriorate. The females refrain from depositing eggs in squares visited by other females. As many as fifteen larvae have been found in a single boll.

A conservative estimate of the progeny of a single pair of weevils during a season, beginning on June 20 and extending to November 4, is 12,755,100!

Government authorities have shown that the boll weevil can be held growth in check by proper cultural processes and also by the use of insecticides which can be sprayed upon the plants at certain stages of their growth. By the latter process the weevil's drink can be poisoned, and as it takes its thirst at least once every day its doom can be sealed.

Many Have Wished That.

His big brother had just been discharged from service and Tom was especially interested in the treatment the soldiers received to keep them well. He listened while his brother told him how the doctor had inoculated him against typhoid fever.

"Go," he exclaimed suddenly, remembering the little trip to the summer cottage, from which he had just returned, where the mosquitoes had been especially active. "I wish I could get inoculated against mosquito bites."

SUITS REVEAL A CHOICE IN SILHOUETTES



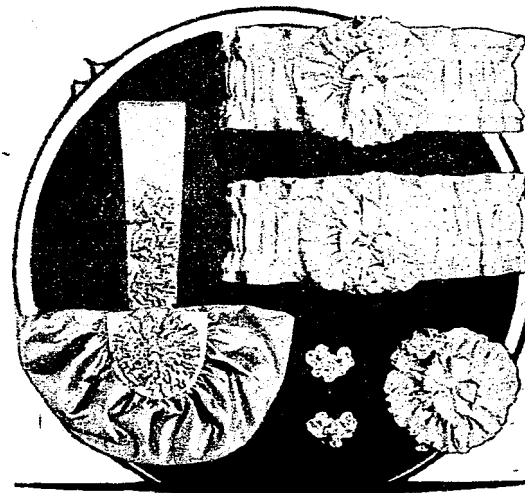
It is a little difficult to sum up the styles in suits when they are in the experimental stage. Some of the new features in them may prove short-lived and therefore not develop into fashions, but it is evident now that we are to have a choice of two silhouettes this fall. The matter of cloths is also settled and these range through several weaves, beginning with home-spun and serviceable tweeds and progressing to velours, duvetyn and zibeline cloths. Besides many similar weaves with a suede or velvet finish, of the same character as duvetyn, are dominant in the handsomer suits.

Skirts have not been shortened in the face of the precedent set by Paris. For street wear they remain ankle length and are generally plain. The coat's the thing. Designers have developed it, with many clever variations, along the straight lines with which we are familiar, and along Godet lines with full rippled cascade worn either a full skirt or a plain, fitted one. These straight-line coats are longer than those of last season, and are belted. On the formal suits fur and silk embroidery provide rich decorations.

The outstanding features in the new styles appear in two suits shown here. One of them is a utility model depending upon wide tucks and conspicuous buttons for garnishing. The three-quarter length coat, with narrow front panel, buttons straight up the front. This panel is flanked by wide bands of cloth at each side and extending below. These bands appear at each side of the back also, and five buttons on each hand mark the termination of five wide tucks in the side panels, that disappear under the bands. The narrow belt slips under scraps of cloth and fastens with a small buckle at the front.

A dressier set of velours shows a repetition of set-in panels at each side of the coat, but these panels are made of narrow vertical plaits set on under the arms. They extend eight inches below the bottom of the coat and are finished with a band of fur. There is a long shawl collar of fur, and the narrow belt of cloth fastens with a button at each side. Soft furs, like skunk, squirrel, mink, and raccoon and other pelts which are not so easy to recognize, are chosen for suits, but the limits of our choice are much wider than these.

Among Ribbon Novelties



New and gorgeous ribbons have made their entry into a world that apparently is willing to pay almost any price for silks. The prices of the most splendid of these are enough to take one's breath away, but they will sell at holiday time for making hand-some shopping bags. They look royal, with broadened figures in gold and silver or raised velvet flowers in wonderful colors. Bugs are smaller than they have been, so that only short lengths of these costly luxuries are needed to make them, but even so, prices just now are beyond those of other years.

But these very gorgeous ribbons are not adaptable to so many articles as plain satin ribbons are. These satins and printed patterns are destined to make most of the pretty belongings that women love. In the picture above a pair of garters, made of plain pink satin ribbon and narrow val lace, a rosette for lingerie, and a bag, are shown, in which wide and narrow ribbons are used.

Flat elastic is used for the foundation of the garters. Ribbon twice the width of the elastic is shirred over it, forming folds along each edge. Val lace, narrower than these folds, is gathered over them. Each garter is decorated with a rosette made of the same ribbon and having a small bow of narrow satin ribbon set at the center. The narrow ribbon is used to form the small flowers set on each

rosette. The picture shows these flowers separately. They are easily made and usually have artificial centers. The rosette to match the garters is sewed to a tiny safety pin so that it may be pinned on the chemise or night-dress.

Wide and very narrow satin ribbon is used to make the bag, which will serve for any one of several purposes that bags are made for. The photograph shows its construction so plainly that it is not necessary to describe it.

Julia B. Smith

Leather Hats for Street Wear.

Leather hats for women for motor wear have been shown by the milliners for some time, but now models are seen that are specially adapted to street wear. One natty hat of this type is made of dull, black leather, trimmed with a black leather quill, faced with bright orange.

Wash Pink Goods.

When washing pink cotton goods the color may be made fast by using "red" instead of bluing. Roll a piece of turkey red in a pint of water. Roll the pink goods in the liquid blue, then roll the pink goods in the liquid red until the right tint is secured.

Sammy's Sudden Shift

By JOHN HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Sammy Edwards, a taxi driver in a circus town, fell under the spell of the sawdust. So in the autumn, when the biggest of the four circuses came home to winter quarters, he struck the menagerie superintendent for a job. Fossdick sent him to McGuire, the "cat-house" boss, and after talking to McGuire for ten minutes, Sammy climbed back into his taxi an accepted member of the staff of the Great and Only, with orders to report Sunday morning.

After it was all settled, Sammy broke the news to Kitty Edwards—and Kitty, without any ado whatever, broke their engagement.

"If that's all the consideration I get from you, Sam Edwards," Kitty vehemently remarked, "all you get from me after this is none at all. It's off—all off, and off for good. Here's your hat!"

"But, Kit," expostulated Sammy, "you don't get it at all. It's only for one year. Look it. I qualify as a full-fledged keeper in a couple of months. Before the show goes out I'm a fancy trainer and go one trip with an animal act—see? I'll get us more than I could save in three years at the old job—enough to start right!"

"Two pup-shaws and a pup-piffle!" Kitty, you see, worked in a paper-box factory. "Do you see much green in my eye? You're going with the circus because you've gone nuts on it—like every little boy in this town. You in a ring act! In five months! You'll be sweeping out cages the rest of your life—chambermaid to a smelly lot of animated old fur sets. You've lost out with me, Mr. Edwards. My husband's gotta have a balance wheel that can't be queeried by circus charlots. Goodbye!"

There was a finality about this that sent Sammy on his way without further word. Whereupon Kitty climbed two flights of stairs and wept copiously for an hour.

Sammy didn't spend all that winter just chamber-maiding to cat animals. He got to be a keeper with a certain cage of peculiarly pernickety leopards as his most especial care. He soon learned, however, that he wouldn't be in any ring act by next spring. It was January before McGuire would let him go into the leopard's cage without a pointed iron bar in his hand, and February before he felt the least at home in that environment.

But when March came, Sammy had got along so far that when he signed up for the touring season there was a clause in his contract giving him forty-five dollars a month extra for riding in that cage of spotted cats in the daily parade—and the show furnished the fleshings.

Opening in the "Garden" at New York, where circus parades have long been a thing of the past, the second looking was in the show—and Sammy's—home town. As the fates would have it, it rained pitchforks at the first day's stand, and there was no parade. So that Sammy was called on to make his debut as an "animal king" before the eyes of his own townspeople. Also his first appearance in fights.

Now Sammy had never ceased to be sore in spirit over the defection of Kitty. Even among the sylphs whom he had encountered during the winter, prattling and rehearsing animal acts or careering about the ring in the equestrian pavilion, there had been none equal to the task of displacing Kitty in his heart—and some very nice girls there were among them, at that. Wherefore, as Sammy climbed into his nest of feline revolutionists it was with mingled emotions that he assured himself that Kitty would certainly be somewhere in the street crowds and that she could not fail to see him. What would she think, he wondered.

It was a new cage. Cat animals of all kinds hate new surroundings—witness Tabby at home. It was the first street parade. Caliph, the head devil of the leopard clan, detested the noise of band music. None of the family was overly fond of human beings, and crowds of them frazzled leopardian nerves completely.

A leopard with rasped nerves is dangerous. To make it worse, the cats, thanks to delays in the costume department, had never before seen Sammy in pink tights. And to top it all, Sammy was nervous himself—something a trainer has no earthly business to be, ever. And the more he thought of Kitty being somewhere in the crowd the more nervous he became.

The parade hadn't gone two blocks before Caliph, sensing the unrest in his master, began to show his independence. He snarled every time he passed Sammy in that never ending promenade of the cage, glared at him sideways and snarled—getting a rousing belt on the nose with Sammy's rawhide that didn't improve his temper. But Caliph wasn't alone in his mood.

Eliza, his big mate, never took her baleful eyes off Sammy for an instant, while Hindoo, the biggest of the youngsters, kept his mouth open and his teeth bared two-thirds of the time. Even Never and Forever, the hitherto fairly amiable cubs, frankly and open-

ly forebore allegiance to the banner of King Edwards.

It helped matters not at all that at the very first avenue crossing some one on the curb yelled: "Tipe Sammy Edwards all done up in pinkies! Gee, Sammy, but it brings out the legs great!"—an extremely embarrassing remark, since Sammy from boyhood had been painfully conscious of his slightly bowed nether limbs.

Well, what with the animals acting like the deuce and the kidding he got from old acquaintances along the line, and what with—most of all—keeping on the lookout for Kitty the eyes that should have been attending very strictly indeed to the leopards, it happened.

The spotted beasts, always the bane of menagerie men's existence at best, were on the verge of getting out of hand when the cage reached that particular juncture of two important thoroughfares where Sammy's taxi had been wont to stand o' nights.

Involuntarily Sammy let his eyes divert from his snarling, feverishly pacing charges, to the old spot. And there, on the edge of the sidewalk, stood Harriman, his old taxi days employer, and—evidently quite by accident, just beside him—stood Kitty!

Kitty was white, as Sammy's glance fell on her. Kitty was frightened. For Kitty had been able to sense what scarcely anybody in the crowd suspected, for she had been investigating this animal business a deal in the last six months, had Kitty.

She knew that things were going wrong in that cage. As her eyes and Sammy's met, she raised her hand in one imperious, undeniable gesture, and through white lips screamed over all the fanfare of the pageant, "Duck, Sammy!"

Sammy ducked—and the razor-like claws of Caliph missed him by the thickness of a whisker as the snarling beast hurtled through the air. There was a whirl of tawny, black spotted bodies and a horridly scrambling and snarling; an agile flashing of pink; one, two, three rapid blank shots in the faces of the frantic cubs—and, like a jack out of his box, Sammy emerged from the rear door of the cage, slamming in the flap behind him. In two jumps he reached the sidewalk.

There was no interlude. "Can I have my job back?" he demanded of Harriman.

"You can," replied Harriman. In just five seconds Sammy Edwards had quit one job and secured another.

"Come on, Kitty," he breathlessly urged, grasping that almost fainting young woman by the arm; "I'll borrow a raincoat in Ferguson's and we'll go somewhere and have a little talk. You can't kid me after the look that was on your face just now."

Kitty might, of course, have told him that she'd have felt just the same about a perfect stranger. But—oh, what was the use? She was too glad to have him back alive.

SCHOOLBOOKS OF LONG AGO

Ancient Tablets Show That Children of Past Ages Studied Much as Do Those of Today.

Professor Langdon of Oxford, Eng., has discovered that one group of the famous Nippur tablets stored at the University of Pennsylvania are in reality the oldest schoolbooks known to exist. They show, says the Christian Herald, that the children of the ancients learned much that the boys and girls of today have to study.

According to these tablets the children of 4,200 years ago were taught arithmetic, geography, history and grammar just like the children of today.

The multiplication tables are remarkably distinct, and in plain numerals show the incontrovertible fact that three times one are three and five times one are five.

On one tablet the school boy has been given a lesson in phonetic signs corresponding to the shorthand of modern times. The Sumerians, the authors of these tablets, also invented the use of writing syllables and combining them into words, being the first step toward the alphabet.

One Strange Result of War.

Strange, unknown flowers are springing up in shell holes and dug-outs over the scarred surface of No Man's land, and many are the conjectures concerning the strange phenomenon.

Botanists who have studied the strange plants have come to the conclusion that they have sprung from seeds buried in the earth for many decades. A well-known London botanist in a recent discussion said:

"It is known that seeds have been hurled for upwards of 60 years without losing their power of germination. Seeds of corn and wheat buried with Egyptian mummies thousands of years ago have been planted out in the 20th century and have germinated in the ordinary way. It is quite possible that strange flowering plants—that is, strange to the local inhabitants—are now flowering in the French battlefields. The heavy shell fire which has torn up the earth may have created conditions for their growth after lying dormant so long."

Return of the Wanderers.

"Tin kind of afraid of universal prohibition," remarked Cactus Joe. "But Crimson Gulch has improved vastly."

"Yes, When the Gulch went dry the worst element of our little burg went on over to that nearby gin mill metropolis, Coyote Center. With universal prohibition they're all liable to think they might be 'jes' as well off if they came back home."

Monotonous

Judson had run a general store for 20 years. The store old dust was on the shelves, and much of the original stock. When the place became a summer resort Judson, being a real humorist of the Chelsea variety in the middle of his career, had a chance to see the amount of dust. The second day the broom was up a woman spied it and brought it.

Judson put up another lantern, and

neither. As fast as he hung them, summer guests bought them up for decorative purposes. Finally the limit of Judson's patience was reached when the last woman came in and asked for a lantern.

"I don't got 'em no more," he said decidedly.

"Why?" asked the woman. "There ain't no sense in it. Can't you burn one of 'em in stock. As fast as I get 'em in come blamed fast women comes in and buys 'em."—Pittsburg News.

Dice of Destiny

By JACKSON GREGORY

Copyright

"WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?"

Synopsis—Senor Antonio de la Guerra, a fine old Spaniard living on his ancestral estate on the American side of the Mexican border, is informed by his American lawyer, Deighton, that there is a technical error in his will. He thereupon signs a new will, without reading it. While this is going on his adorable granddaughter and heiress, Senorita Teresa, is out on her horse-covered balcony listening to American love-making from Billy Stanway, owner of the Painted Rock ranch. Teresa goes to join her grandfather and finds him gone, with the drawing room in disorder and blood on the floor. The American takes command of the situation.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Twenty-five," replied Gaucho promptly.

"Good," cried Stanway. "Take twenty men with you; send the other five to the house. Pronto, Gaucho." Gaucho turned and ran, calling to his vaqueros as he went.

"Pedro," called Stanway to the chief of the house servants.

"Aqui, senor."

"Have the doors and windows shut. The shutters locked. When Gaucho sends the five men, put one of them upon the senorita's balcony, the others at the windows, especially the south windows. Pedro. Then put out all the candles and be silent, all of you."

"No one goes to bed again tonight. Each one, man and woman, find a gun of some sort. I do not think that there is danger, but remember that the border is just there, remember that they have taken the good secur from you, remember that we are leaving the senorita in your protection."

He spoke swiftly and turned to follow Gaucho out into the dark. Teresa, who had been watching him in silence, came to him and put her hand upon his arm.

"Senor Billy," she whispered. "You are going with Gaucho and the rest?"

"Yes," he answered shortly. "You are safe here; they do not dare an open attack in United States territory. And no doubt we shall be back before morning."

"What have they done with him?" she was asking, trying to speak steadily. "What do you think—did they—"

She broke off. He could see her lips trembling. One of the Indian women, through habit beginning to tidy the room, moved the rug Stanway had placed by the table, discovered the stain, went down on her hands and knees, and then rose with a shriek.

"Sangre!" she cried. "Jesus Maria! Sta muerto! He is dead. They have killed him. The beloved senor, who was so good—"

Stanway strode back to her, taking her by the shoulders and commanding her to stop her noise and go help Pedro lock the doors and windows. But Teresa had heard; they had all heard. She stood very still then, looking tall and slender and white.

"Go to the doors and windows as the American senor commands," she said steadily. "Leave no light to show that anyone is awake. Do whatever Pedro tells you to do, in swiftness and in silence. I shall come to see what you are doing in a moment now. Go."

They left as she commanded, in swiftness and silence. The doors closed behind them; and Teresa turned her great eyes, full of dread and suffering, upon Stanway.

"You saw it before?"

He nodded.

"You think that they have—killed him?"

"No," he cried, more assurance in his voice than in his heart. "It means nothing if there is a little blood after men have struggled as they must have fought here. And if they killed him, then why carry the body with them? He is alive; he must be."

"Yes," she answered, "I should feel it here." Her hands were pressed tight upon her breast. "Now go with them, Senor Billy. You are good to us."

"Good to myself," he laughed back at her, trying to speak easily.

Stanway passed out into the patio, running toward the corral where he had left his own horse saddled under a live oak. As he ran he heard the girl's voice calling to him:

"Remember, Senor Billy, that you are riding across the border tonight into Mexican territory. There is danger there. And—well, perhaps there is one who will pray for your speedy and safe return."

He saw a group of men mounted on horseback, at the corral, and knew Gaucho and his vaqueros were ready. He could see the glint of the pale night light upon the rifles in their lean brown hands.

He found his own horse, a tall, restive sorrel, swung into the saddle, called sharply to Gaucho, and then realized suddenly that something was



"I shall remain here."

the hacienda, "that I shall remain here with my kinswoman. There may be a second attack upon the rancho. Good hunting, senor."

He turned his horse, and, sitting easily, gracefully in the deep Mexican saddle, rode away through the moonlight. Stanway, frowning after the retreating form, hesitated a moment. Then, calling sharply to Gaucho Morales, he gave his horse the spur and turned southward.

"You understand what we're doing, Gaucho?" he said sternly. "We're invading Mexico, come right down to it. We're not supposed to have any business there just now. We've got to take care of ourselves."

"Si, senor," muttered Gaucho at his side.

CHAPTER IV.

Word from the Insurrectos.

Moon paled, stars died, the east flushed to the coming of the sun before they turned back from a fruitless quest, riding again close together toward the north.

Stanway and Gaucho had kept upon the trail through the fields, the others spreading out to east and west as they rode that there might be no chance of missing the party they sought in the night.

But in an hour they had come into a country where all tracks were mingled with the hoof marks of cattle and vaqueros' ponies, and their trail was smothered and lost.

keeping the men at the corral gate, that their voices were raised excitedly. Giving his mount the spur he dashed down to them.

"Que es?" he called, half angry at the momentary delay. "What is it, Gaucho?"

"I'll answer for Gaucho," came a deep, sonorous voice, unmistakably southern in accent. "It is I, senor."

"And you," snapped Stanway. "Who the devil are you?"

"One who is not accustomed to being addressed as if he were a mestizo," with a certain haughtiness which rode well upon the deep music of the voice, "Senor Don Eduardo Ramon Torre, at your service, senor."

"Oh, h—!" grunted the American under his breath. And then, riding into the heart of the excited group, joining in his sorrel close to a deep-chested black animal, its hide glistening with sweat, he said shortly: "Well, Torre, what is it? We are in something of a hurry."

Torre laughed.

"We? So you are one of us, senor? Bueno. It is a pleasure to know."

"He has met up with the riders, Senor Stanway," Gaucho snarled. "He was riding this way from across the river. He is wounded, see?"

Stanway saw that there was blood upon the young Spaniard's cheek, that there was a long cut which might have been made by a grazing bullet.

"Small reason we should loiter here," he said quickly. "What way did they go, Torre?"

"South, naturally, senor," replied Torre evenly.

"Gaucho!" cried Stanway then. "Scatter your men out as we ride so that we make a line a mile long when we come to the hills just across the line. Let them keep a sharp lookout, and fire if they see the rebels. We must not get too far apart, or we shall not be able to do anything. How many of them were there, Torre?"

"I forgot to count, senor. I should say, fifty, perhaps."

"We are twenty. That is enough. You are not coming with us?"

"I think not. Why, with so competent a leader as you, should I come also? No. I think, and he turned his horse toward the white walls of

Shortly before midnight they had come upon three men, ragged, ugly-looking Mexicans, sleeping about a camp fire which was fast dying. The men knew nothing or professed at ignorance. Stanway could not tell which.

After that nothing, although they had pushed many miles into the Mexican country until they realized the utter uselessness of riding farther.

"We may as well go back, Gaucho," Stanway said at last. "They will want ransom, I suppose. When they speak we'll know what to do."

And reluctantly, his face black with the wrath upon him, Gaucho Morales called to his men to turn back.

The sunlight lay bright and warm upon the oranges and their blossoms when they rode back to the rancho. Stanway threw himself from the saddle, a bit stiff from long hours of hard riding.

Then, walking slowly now, loath to greet Teresa de la Guerra with news of their failure, he came into the patio. She was there waiting for him.

"Nothing," he blurted out. "We have found nothing."

"I know," she said quietly. She came toward him, putting out her hands. "You have been good to us, Senor Billy."

He laughed a bit awkwardly.

"I don't know how," he retorted. "I have done nothing. You have not been molested here?"

She hesitated. He saw a quick frown gather her brows. Then, speaking lightly, she replied, saying: "No. But come; you must be hungry and tired out. Coffee is ready."

He went with her to the broad-open doors.

"Torre is here?" he asked, his eyes intent upon her face.

The frown came again, and was gone quickly. But he had seen it.

"He is here, yes. Asleep. I think. He was wounded. You know?"

"He is not badly hurt?"

Her tired eyes, into which sleep had not come during the long night, grew brightly contemptuous.

"It is only his beauty which is hurt," she said swiftly.

"Good morning, prima mia!" called a deep, laughing voice. "Ah, still with us, Senor Stanway?"

Torre, debonair in the dark, youthful beauty of him, greeted them at the doorway.

"Certainly Senor Stanway is still with us," said Teresa coolly. "He is my guest, my grandfather's friend, Senor Torre."

Torre laughed and lifted his shoulders.

"Enter," he said with a graciousness which was in some strange way vaguely insulting; it was as though he were the master here, and because of his generosity not only Stanway but the girl as well were allowed upon the premises.

Now it was Teresa who flushed.

"Come, Senor Billy," she said quickly. "We are going to have coffee together."

For the fraction of a second the two men stood fronting each other, their level eyes filled with challenge, with a mistrust which was little less than hatred.

Then the Spaniard, bowing again, turned away, with a slight smile playing under the small, pointed mustache, and Stanway followed his hostess.

Pedro himself superintended the serving of the simple breakfast.

"Senorita," Stanway said at last, pushing back his chair, "I should like to go back to the drawing room. There might be something there to give us a hint that will help us."

"Si," she said. "I had thought of that. I looked last night carefully after you had gone."

"You found nothing?"

"Nothing that I could understand," she answered quietly. "Something I could not."

He looked up at her quickly, his eyes full of question.

"This," she answered, not waiting for him to speak.

She placed a folded paper before him. He glanced at it, frowned, looked again, and turned once more to her.

"It is his will. Dated last night. But why has he made a new one?"

"Read it," as quietly as before, though her eyes were brightening with some surge of emotion he could not guess.

Well-Made Sanitary Wallow Is Like Coney Island Bathing Beach for Porkers.

CONCRETE TYPE IS POPULAR

Grower Faces Two Temperature Extremes in Many of Pork-Producing States—Many Farmers Neglect Proper Shelter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is as natural for the hog to want to wallow as it is for the small boy to hurry to the old swimming hole with the first breath of spring. Hot weather is hard on fat animals, the portly porker included. That is why a well-made, sanitary hog wallow is like a Coney Island bathing beach for the hogs. A popular and serviceable type of wallow advocated by the United States department of agriculture should be made of concrete about 12 inches in depth and large enough to accommodate the herd of hogs. The wallow should be supplied with a satisfactory intake and outlet so that it can be filled about two-thirds full of water and drained every few days, or as often as is necessary to keep the pool fresh and clean. At the present time a test is being made at the experimental farm of the department of agriculture at Beltsville, Md., to determine the value of the cement hog wallow as a comfort for hogs. The results of this investigation will be published upon completion early in the fall.

Temperature Extremes.

The hog grower in many of the leading pork-producing states faces two temperature extremes during the year. During the winter, unless he provides comfortable houses and warm quarters, his hogs are likely to suffer from the cold, while in the summer season he must handle the animals under conditions of extreme heat. Any animal as fat as the average hog which is to be marketed in the late summer or early fall suffers greatly during hot weather, and unfortunately many hog farmers neglect to provide shelter and protection for their hogs from the extreme

heat. During hot weather hogs need an abundance of shade—natural shade, such as is furnished by trees and bushes being the best.

Temporary Shelter.

Where natural shade and shelter are not available, the hog owner should put up a temporary shelter by building a framework about 4 feet high and thoroughly covering the top with brush, straw, grass or hay. This inexpensive structure should be of sufficient size to protect a herd of hogs in comfort as they lie under it. As a rule, the ordinary hog house should not be used for shade purposes during the summer. Each year hog mortality is comparatively heavy due to "porker sunstroke" induced by maintaining the hogs in the open without sufficient protection from the ruddy glow of Old Sol's furnace.

Some of Uncle Sam's Porkers at Beltsville, Md.

Failure of Many Trees to Produce Fruit Is Due to Lack of Necessary Plant Food.

Undoubtedly the failure, or partial failure, of many fruit trees to bring forth a crop is due to lack of plant food. Professional orchardists look after this matter, but the average farmer who has a few trees, which he dignifies by the name of "orchard," gives scant heed to providing them with fertility. He may turn the sheep or the calves in among them but such fertility as they add is apt to be of slight value, comparatively speaking.

YOUNG ANIMALS NEED CARE

They Should Be Given Such Attention as Will Insure Them Most Favorable Start.

The young animals should require such care and attention as will give them a favorable start. Every practical animal husbandman knows that unless he is in a position to give his young animals plenty of the right kind of feed and protect them from cool rains and other animals they will not thrive. This is where a good beginning means a favorable ending.

Stanway to Torre: "You can't get away with a thing like this. Explain it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What is a Mofussil?

"Mofussil" is a Hindoo word meaning "the provincial or rural districts" as opposed to the towns. The Gangetic delta is the land deposited by the river Ganges in India at its mouth, forming an extensive tract of very rich soil. The whole phrase refers to those rich, fertile districts near the mouth of the Ganges, where great quantities of rice are grown.

COMFORT OF HOG MOST DESIRABLE

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PURE SORGHUM SEED BY ROGUEING PLATS

Go Over Field and Carefully Remove Off-Type Plants.

Work Can Be Done Easily by Man on Foot With Dwarf Varieties, While With Taller Sorts It Is Practical to Use Horse.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In order to obtain pure sorghum seed it is usually necessary to go over the field carefully after it has headed out and remove the rogues or off-type plants. Every plant which does not conform to the type which is desired should be cut down, or, better, pulled up so that there will be no danger of the production of seed from tillers produced by the rogue.

In dwarf varieties the rogueing can be done easily by a man on foot, but in the taller growing sorts it is most practical to ride through the field on horseback so that the workers can see



Superior Sorghum Field.

over the top of the field and thus more readily determine the position of the rogues which must be removed. The horse can be securely muzzled to prevent injury other than that occasioned by the tramping down of plants.

It is not profitable to rogue fields which are intended for the production of grain or forage, but in the producing of seed, either for home planting or the market, careful rogueing gives returns both in dollars and cents and in the satisfaction of growing pure seed. Sorghums being open-pollinated are subject to almost endless hybridization if stray plants of other varieties are allowed to mature in the field. This intermixing of varieties results in lack of uniformity in ripening as well as in the size of the plants, thus causing difficulty in harvesting and marketing the crop. The use of pure seed varieties which are known to be adapted to the farmers' climatic conditions will be rewarded in bigger and better crops.

EXAMINE LAND FOR ALFALFA

Frequent Borings Should Be Made With Auger to Determine Character of the Soil.

In examining a tract of land for alfalfa frequent borings should be made with a soil auger to determine the character of the soil and subsoil as well as the drainage conditions. This instrument usually will be of greater value in determining the adaptability of a particular tract to alfalfa than a chemical analysis of the soil. A common 1 1/2-inch auger with the shank lengthened and a suitable crossbar for a handle is practical for this use.

FULL-CROP YIELD OBTAINED

Sufficient Fertilization, Pure Seed and Careful Cultivation Are of Importance.

There are three agents that are sometimes neglected, but through which the full-crop yield can be obtained. They are sufficient fertilization, pure seed and careful cultivation. The proper use of fertilizer will make the stalks and stems stronger and thus more impervious to the attacks of vegetable parasites or the spittle of insects. It will give weight, color and size to the fruit and materially hasten maturity.

GOOD STRAWBERRY TILLAGE

Always Run Cultivator or Rake Through Patch Same Way to Permit Runners to Set.

Let the strawberry runners set at will within the row. In tilling strawberries, always run the cultivator or rake through the same way each time. This allows runners to set which would be uprooted by a reverse tillage. But when a row is matted over two feet deep, stretch a line and chop off and hoe up all outsiders.

BURN DEAD WOOD IN ORCHARD

When Allowed to Lie in Heap It Furnishes Breeding Place for Insects and Rodents.

All dead wood should be burned at once, preferably in the orchard. If it is allowed to lie in a heap, it furnishes not only a breeding place for vegetable and insect pests, but a home for rats, lizards and other animals.



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FORD PARTS, LOW PRICES

Millinery Opening

Saturday, September 13th

MILLER SISTERS

Next Week IS THE Washtenaw Co. Fair!

Don't Fail To Be There!

Visit All the Big Exhibits!

See All the Sights!

Ride All the Rides!

Drink All the Drinks!

Eat All the Eats!

Have All the Fun!

TUESDAY, SEPT. 16—VICTORY DAY CELEBRATION

Grand parade and exhibition of war materials; barbecue for all ex-service men of the World war; elaborate display of fireworks, both day and night.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17—CHILDREN'S DAY

County field meet. See program for the features.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 18—RURAL DAY.

See program for the many varied attractions on this day.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 19—CITY DAY.

See program. Watch for announcements of fireworks display for this day.

AEROPLANE FLIGHTS DAILY.

Acroplane will carry passengers continuously. Anyone wishing to enjoy the thrills of air riding may do so at any time during the fair.

Grand Exhibition Flight Twice Daily. Fancy Stunts And Genuine Thrillers!

BIG FREE ACTS DAILY. DIRECT FROM THE BEST FAIRS IN THE CIRCUIT

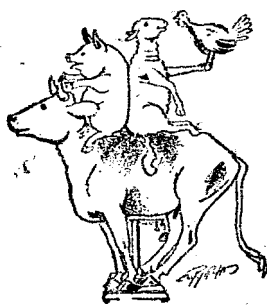
We are risking a great deal to bring the class of Free Attractions we have booked to our first fair, but we believe there is nothing too good for Washtenaw. We present the following:

Mons. LeMoines, Sensational Globe of Death, Looping the Loop in a Steel Cage.

Novelty Bicycle Act. A sure winner.

Higgins, The Frog Man, in 2—Two sensational acts—2

ALL ACTS APPEAR TWICE DAILY



WE'RE ALL HAPPY

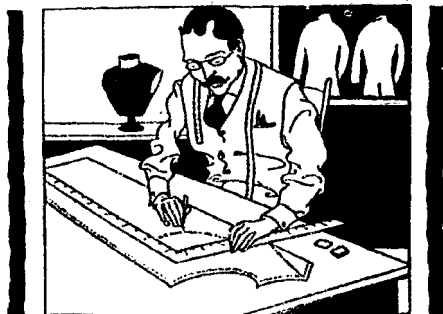
And smiling over the harvesting of fine crops and the prospect of excellent late crops still to be garnered.

And while you are thinking about the good things, don't forget that the finest meats are on sale at this market—they'll make you happy at any time.

ADAM EPPLER

Phone 41 South Main St.

Reliable and Reasonable Tailoring



FIRST and last you want a FIT. We guarantee it.

You select the material out of which you want us to have made your fall suit or overcoat; we will secure the right kind of garment.

We carry a fine exclusive line of fall suitings, all high class materials—worsted, serges, wools, etc. The workmanship is our pride. Try us and know satisfaction.

HERMAN J. DANCER

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

H. J. Smith spent Tuesday in Jackson.

R. S. Armstrong is reported seriously ill.

Harry Foster of Lyndon is driving a Ford truck.

James Wade visited in Detroit several days last week.

E. R. Lindeman of Dexter township spent Wednesday in Jackson.

Walter Runniman was home from Detroit the first of the week.

Miss Ursula Welch of Jackson visited Miss Margaret Burg, Monday.

Charles S. Wines, formerly of Sylvan, died Thursday in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lightbail of Ann Arbor visited Chelsea friends Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Adna Burnett and family, of Plymouth, called on Chelsea friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Johnson were in Jackson yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Musson of Howell visited relatives in this vicinity over the week-end.

The Bay View Reading club will meet Monday evening, September 15, with Miss Nina Crowell.

William Lewick of Dexter township has purchased the George Kantlehner residence on Lincoln street.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sawyer are visiting in Clinton at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Paul Geiger.

Loyal circle of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. Andrew Morton, Wednesday afternoon, September 17th.

Mrs. Norman Terry of Ann Arbor spent Monday in Chelsea with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wellhoff.

George Kempf, who had spent the summer at Cavanaugh lake, returned to his home in Detroit, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baker of Honolulu, Hawaii, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bowen, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dempsey of Detroit were the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Eppler, over Sunday.

J. J. Wood of Lima has purchased the John Kantlehner residence on South Main street and will move into Chelsea next spring.

Miss Ethel Gaffney of Los Angeles, California, arrived in Chelsea, Monday evening, for a visit with her aunt, Mrs. William Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Prudden and children and Misses Mame and Alma Pierce visited Ralph Pierce and family of near Williamson, Sunday.

The east door of the M. E. church is left unlocked this week for the convenience of those who left dishes there for the banquet Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wines and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luick left yesterday on an automobile trip to Hart, where they will visit Dr. and Mrs. Wood.

Mrs. G. R. Contant and daughter returned to their home in Sibley, Sunday, after a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Dutcher of Los Angeles, Cal., Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Beach and Mrs. W. M. Beach, of Howell, called on Miss Ella Barber, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster and daughter, Miss Nina Belle, left Tuesday for a few days' automobile trip to Detroit, Grosse Pointe, and other places.

George Weeks, well known in Chelsea, has been made general manager for Canada of a big motion picture organization, with six branch offices in that country.

L. H. Brower of Norvell was the guest of his brother, LeRoy Brower, over Tuesday night, en route to Ann Arbor to attend the reunion of the 20th Michigan Volunteer Infantry.

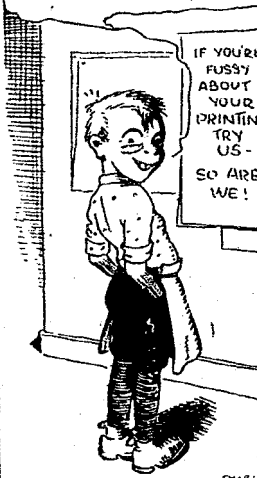
F. S. Goebel and A. W. Wilkinson returned Monday from a business trip to Chicago, where they arranged for a practically unlimited supply of percales for the Goebel Garment Co. The firm is swamped with orders, including some from large department stores in Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Cincinnati and other places in the mid-west. Additional machinery has been ordered and as soon as it is received more women operators will be employed. There are now 14 operators.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. One hundred dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Adv.

MICKIE SAYS

"YESSIR! A BUSINESS MAN MAY SAY HE 'DONT BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING' BUT HE ALWAYS GETS UNEASY WHEN HIS COMPETITOR STARTS DOIN' IT."



Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Mayett are in Jackson today.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Aldrich were in Jackson yesterday.

N. W. Laird had a fine exhibit of apples at the Jackson fair, taking six first and five second premiums.

Those in this vicinity who desire to exhibit fancy work at the Washtenaw County fair should notify Miss Florence Heselschwerdt before Monday.

Two tomatoes picked Wednesday in John Greening's garden weighed 2½ pounds, and they were only average samples of the whole crop. They are known as the "beefsteak" tomato and are of fine flavor.

George Spiegelberg passed away last night at 11:20 o'clock. He was 76 years of age and had been in failing health for the past fifteen weeks. The funeral will be held Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, from the house.

NORTH LAKE ITEMS.

School began Monday with Miss Harriet Stofor as teacher.

Fred Yorke of Brighton was a Sunday guest at George Webb's.

Mrs. P. E. Noah, Mildred and Lawrence, started Tuesday on a motor trip to Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. Floyd Boyce and children of Chelsea are spending some time at the home of her father, P. E. Noah.

R. S. Whalan and Charles McDaniels were in Detroit, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, and in Howell, Friday.

Miss Emma Lewick is teaching in the Waltrous district and Olive Webb in Sylvan.

Thursday evening Howard and Margaret Remnant entertained at their home the pupils of the B. T. C. class and their teacher, Mrs. E. W. McDaniels. The evening was spent in Bible study and games. Refreshments were served.

Miss Naomi Stanbridge spent several days of last week with Margaret Remnant.

Rha Arnold returned Monday to his home in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Murray, who have been spending the summer months in their cottage, Winnequah, have returned to their home in Ann Arbor.

Diarrhoea in Children.

For diarrhoea in children one year old or older you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy, followed by a close dose of castor oil. It should be kept at hand and given as soon as the first unnatural looseness of the bowels appears. Adv.

Miss Gladys Schultz of Ann Arbor was a guest at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. L. Allyn, for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Schultz and daughters, Irene and Gladys, spent Sunday at Albert Remnant's.

Sunday, September 14th, Sunday school at 10:30 a. m.; preaching services at 7:30 p. m. This will be the last preaching service before conference. The pastor, Rev. Harry Howard, will enter Albion college, September 22.

FRANCISCO NEWSLETS.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten, who had been visiting their daughter in Hastings, returned home Thursday.

Mrs. Henry Gieske, Mr. and Mrs. Elert Notten and Mrs. Judson Freeman attended Pomona grange at the home of Philip Brosamle of North Sylvan, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Reimenschneider, Mrs. Charles Reimenschneider, Miss Rieka Kalmbach and Mrs. P. Reimenschneider attended the G. M. E. conference in Detroit, Friday.

Mrs. John Miller and daughter Ora, who have been visiting relatives in Hastings and Schultz, returned home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Notten and family were Grass Lake visitors, Sunday, and while there called on Mrs. Louis Notten, who has been very ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. Bert Dowling.

Cavanaugh Lake grange met in the church basement Tuesday evening. The next meeting will be held in three weeks.

Several from this vicinity attended the Victory Day celebration in Chelsea, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Dancer and family, of Lima, spent Sunday at the home of Leonard Loveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Loveland, Mrs. Eric Notten and Mrs. Bertie Orbring attended the funeral of Nathan Hatt of Stockbridge, Saturday.

Miss Dorothea Notten is spending a few days with Mrs. J. Benter of Cavanaugh lake.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Schweinfurth and Albert visited at the home of N. Schweinfurth and Mrs. J. Benter, in Jackson, Sunday.

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dieberger, Pastor. Morning, "The Triumph of Christ." Sunday school at 11:15. Evening, "Does An Education Pay." The third annual reception to the teachers of the public schools will be held following the sermon. Miss Doris Schmidt and Miss Leona Froelich will furnish the music. Light refreshments will be served.

METHODIST

Rev. Harvey G. Pearce, Pastor. Morning, "The Gospel of a Person." Sunday school and Epworth league as usual. Evening, "The Joy of Life."

CATHOLIC

Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector. Low Mass at 8 a. m. High Mass at 10 a. m. Baptism at 11 a. m. Mass on week days at 8 a. m.

ST. PAUL'S

A. A. Schoen, Pastor. German service 10 a. m. Sunday school 11:15 a. m.

BAPTIST.

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m.

Phone us your news items, 190-W.

After School



When The Lads 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—always fresh.

Also a nice line of all kinds of baked goods—try us for good things to eat.

THE CHELSEA HOME BAKERY

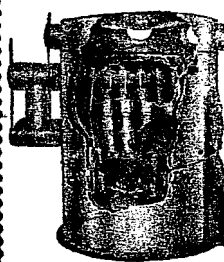
Wear Lyons' Shoes BECAUSE Lyons' Shoes Wear

Bargains For All!

Not a few odds and ends on a bargain table, but Every Pair of Shoes in Stock at Money Saving Prices. Call and look us over. We shoe the whole family.

Rubber Boots and Rubber Footwear of all kinds

Lyons' Shoe Market



Can You Beat This?

Pipeless Furnace installed in your home and all ready to kindle the fire for only \$125.00

Call phone 66-W for particulars, or see—

UPDIKE & MURPHY

N. Main St. Chelsea, Mich.

Experts or Theorists—Which?

The packing industry is intricate, complex—far more so than the railroads or the telegraph.

Every day multiplying needs of society increase its problems and multiplying responsibilities demand more of it.

Highly trained experts, specialists of years' experience, thinkers and creative men, devote their lives, their energies, their activities, to solving the problems of the packing industry and meeting its widening duties.

Swift & Company is not a few dozen packing plants, a few hundred branch houses, a few thousand refrigerator cars, and a few million dollars of capital, but an organization of such men. It is the experience, intelligence, initiative and activity which operates this physical equipment.

Can this intelligence, this experience, this initiative and creative effort which handles this business at a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound from all sources, be fostered through the intervention of political theorists, however pure their purposes? Or be replaced by legislation? Does Congress really think that it can?

Let us send you a Swift "Dollar". It will interest you. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

