

## MANY AUTOS ON FARMS

Agricultural College Has Taken A Census of Washtenaw Farms; With Surprising Results.

That most Michigan farmers in certain sections of the state, at least, own their own automobiles is shown by the report of a farm census in Washtenaw county, which was issued recently by the extension division of the Michigan Agricultural college. Automobiles are owned on 1337 of the 1753 farms covered in the county census, or by practically three-fourths of the farmers.

These figures come as a distinct shock to those who have imagined that the cities own a corner on the automobile game, for it seems that the rural neighbors do a full share of riding these days.

On these 1753 farms 61 trucks and 82 tractors are owned. Most of the farmers are shown to own their own land, although there are 256 sharecroppers, 79 cash renters and 30 paid managers on the farms on the list. Silos are found on 1034 of the farms.

While Washtenaw is listed as one of the wealthiest counties of the state, and it is certain that a census in most of the other localities would not show so great a percentage of automobiles and farm improvements, the extension men of the college point out that the farmer is coming to be a full-fledged business man, and that in most cases he has the accessories that go with a business life.

Tribune "liner" ads; five cents the line first insertion, 2½ cents the line each subsequent insertion.

## HARKINS-MERKLE

Miss Doris Harkins of Seio and Mr. Edward Merkle of Webster, formerly of Sylvan, were united in marriage Tuesday, October 21, 1919, at St. Joseph church, Dexter. They were attended by the bride's cousin, Miss Genevieve Cunningham and by the groom's brother, Joseph Merkle. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served to the immediate families at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary Harkins of Seio. Following their return from a honeymoon trip through Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Merkle will make their home on the Merkle farm in Webster.

## THIS WAITRESS WAS BRIGHT

There is an old saying that it is a poor rule that will not work both ways and an intelligent waitress in a restaurant recently put it in practice on the manager of the telephone exchange. She called for a party in a neighboring village, but was unable to get her friend on the line, although later she was presented with a bill for the "report" that she could not get the party. A few days later the telephone manager came in the restaurant and in finishing his meal called for cherry pie, but the supply was exhausted and he was thus informed. When his check was presented he was charged for cherry pie, which he loudly disclaimed as not having received, and the waitress upon being called allowed that the charge was not for cherry pie, but for the "report" that there was none.

## PAPER WADS.

This is examination week. The Teacher's institute in Ypsilanti, last week was well attended. Ellen Will left the second grade, this week, and has gone east. The football team lost the Howell game last week, 40 to 0. This afternoon the team plays Manchester. The Latin I vocabulary contest last Friday resulted in a victory point for Mable's side. Mable gained the point herself, but Anna Rogers of the other side held her own until the last. Next week Thursday and Friday, October 30 and 31, the Michigan State Teacher's meeting will be held in Detroit. The teachers of the Chelsea schools plan to attend, consequently there will be no school on those days.

## WATERLOO NEWSLETS.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Beeman, Earl Beeman, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Collins, Herbert McIntee and Howard Collins attended the Michigan-M. A. C. football game in Ann Arbor, Saturday. Marie Harr and Olive Beeman were in Jackson, Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Mont Ballard and son, of Cement City, and Edwin Ballard of Parma spent Sunday at D. N. Collins'. Harry Foster and family spent Sunday at Arthur Waltz'. Glad Rowe and son Floyd spent Sunday at E. Parks' in Munith. Mrs. Jessie Wahl and son spent the week-end in Stockbridge. Mr. and Mrs. George Beeman and daughter Mae spent from Saturday until Monday at John Breitenbach's in Battle Creek. The C. E. society will give a chicken pie supper Halloween night, October 31, at Harry Foster's. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schlosser and son of New Baltimore are visiting at Walter Vicary's. On Monday they all motored to Jackson. Mr. and Mrs. Isham of Plainfield spent Sunday at Floyd Durkee's. Lucille Gregory of Fowlerville is clerking at the store. Will Barber and family of Stockbridge have moved back here. John Dykema is working in Jackson. Henry Melankolp of Jackson spent the week-end at George Rentschler's. Rev. Rhoades and family and Ethel Runciman motored to Norvell, Sunday, to attend a C. E. convention. Fred Durkee and wife spent Sunday at Jake Hommel's. Friday afternoon the Larkin club motored to Stockbridge and were entertained by Mrs. Herbert Collins. Mrs. Stoker and Mrs. Vogel of Ann Arbor spent the week-end at George Nuoffer's.

## An Agreeable Surprise.

"About three years ago when I was suffering from a severe cold on my lungs and coughed most of the time night and day, I tried a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and was surprised at the promptness with which it gave me relief," writes Mrs. James Brown, Clark Mills, N. Y. Many another has been surprised and pleased with the prompt relief afforded by this remedy. Adv.

## THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Waltrous of Lima Celebrated Event Tuesday.

Fifty years ago Tuesday was the wedding day of Miss Ada Jewett and Mr. John F. Waltrous, and Tuesday evening, last, they celebrated their golden wedding.

About 60 guests were present, including David Dixon of Dexter and Miss Caroline Whitaker of Ann Arbor, who attended the bride and groom of 60 years ago. Three others of those present Tuesday attended the wedding of a half century ago. They were Mrs. U. S. Townsend, Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt and W. K. Guerin, all of Chelsea.

Following a pleasant social time, lunch was served. Then Mr. and Mrs. Waltrous were presented with a purse of gold and a basket of yellow and white chrysanthemums, the presentation being made by Rev. P. W. Dierberger.

Those present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Morse of Mason, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Dixon of Dexter, Miss Caroline Whitaker and Mrs. Ella Tuomey of Ann Arbor, and Mrs. Etta Stocking of Detroit.

## KAERCHER-BAHNMILLER

Miss Alma M. Kaercher and Mr. Clarence O. Bahnmiller were united in marriage Saturday evening, October 18, 1919, at the home of the bride in Seio township, Rev. Thrum officiating. The groom is the son of William Bahnmiller of this village, and is an ex-service man. Miss Esther Bahnmiller and Mr. Edward Kaercher were the attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Bahnmiller will make their home in Chelsea.

## IN THE CHURCHES

## METHODIST

Rev. H. R. Beatty, Pastor. A special treat is in store for the people of Chelsea next Sunday. Dr. Rockwell Clancy, who has been in India for the past 36 years, is to spend the day in Chelsea, speaking both morning and evening. His subject Sunday morning will be, "The Mass Movement in India." Bible school at 11:15 o'clock. Epworth League at 6 o'clock. Topic, "How to Use the Bible." Evening service at 7 o'clock with Dr. Clancy as speaker.

## CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor. Sunday morning, "Echoes From the National Council." Sunday school at 11:15. Evening; celebration of the third anniversary of Rev. Dierberger's pastorate, "Facts and Fiction of a Preacher's 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. English service at 10 o'clock. Subject, "The Prodigal's Brother." Sunday school 11:15. Young peoples service 7 p. m.

## BAPTIST.

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m.

## COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

(Official) Council Room, Chelsea, October 20, 1919. Council met in regular session. Meeting called to order by President P. G. Schaible. Roll call by the clerk. Present—Trustees Dunkel, Holmes, Schoenhals, Bahnmiller. Absent—Vogel, Dancer. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The following bills were read by the clerk:

General Fund.	
Rent fire hall 1919	\$ 100.00
Musical sal. 1st to 15th	37.50
P. & M. bank, int.	82.00
Kempf C. & S. bank, int.	54.80
F. & M. bank, bonds 19-20	500.00
F. & M. bank, bonds 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Sept 23, 1919	1,500.00
F. & M. bank, 16 coupons	200.00
F. & M. bank, bonds 7 & 8	500.00
F. & M. bank, 10 coupons	125.00
F. & M. bank, bonds 19-20	500.00
October 1st	500.00
F. & M. bank, 2 coupons	25.00
Street Fund.	
Gil. Martin, 40½ hrs.	\$ 14.85
C. Martin, lab. and team	184.50
C. Aug. 27 to Sept. 17	25.00
C. Martin, labor and team	17.10
Gil. Martin, 57 hrs.	87.20
Geo. Shanahan, 218 hrs.	74.00
Clark, 18½ hrs.	76.00
E. Benton, 9½ days	
E. L. & W. W. Fund.	
Their order No. 20	\$1,000.00

Motion made by Holmes, seconded by Dunkel, that the bills be allowed and orders drawn for the amounts. Yeas—All. Carried. Enter Dancer. Motion made and carried to adjourn. H. W. Freeman, Clerk.

## MRS. JOHN G. SCHMIDT.

Mrs. John G. Schmidt died Wednesday evening, October 22, 1919, as the result of injuries received Sunday, October 5th, when she fell down stairs. She was 81 years of age and had been a resident of Chelsea for the past 35 years. Her husband, two sons, Edward of Cleveland, and John of Sylvan, and two daughters, Mrs. Henry Messner of Lyndon and Mrs. J. J. Pareis of Chelsea are left to mourn their loss. The funeral will be held Saturday afternoon at two o'clock from St. Paul's church, Rev. A. A. Schoen officiating.

## TROUTEN-HOFFMAN.

Married, October 18th, in Jackson, Mrs. Hattie Trouten, formerly of this place, and Mr. Frank C. Hoffman of Jackson, Rev. L. Wallick officiating. They will be at home to their friends at 214 W. Wesley street, Jackson.

## 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—Coarse wool ram, Phone 103-F31. 1213

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Kentucky fox hound; hunts either foxes or rabbits; 5 years old. Alva Beeman, Waterloo. 1213

FOR SALE—Garland gas stove with broiler; also two burner gas plate. Lyons Shoe Store. 1213

FOR RENT—Light house keeping rooms, furnished. Phone 64, 1213

LOST—Ladies' gold watch and leather fob. Reward for return to Tribune office. 1213

LOST—Two pairs of shoes and one odd shoe, worn and brought in for repairing and placed in wrong auto by mistake. John Young, phone 104-E2. 1211

FOR SALE—Good heating stove; also Singer sewing machine. M. L. Burkhardt, phone 155-F12. 1212

FOR SALE—10 lambs, 2 half-blood rams, 6 head young cattle. K. H. Wheeler, rfd 1, Dexter. 1213

FOR SALE—High test gasoline at Palmer's garage, Chelsea. 1113

FOR SALE—19 yds. heavy linoleum, \$1 yd.; sanitary wire cot, \$3. McKinley St. 1112

FOR SALE—Man's bicycle, good condition. Frank Adams. 1113

FOR SALE—Black and white feather turban, never worn, cheap. Phone 210. 1113

LOST—Pocket account book, no value except to owner, being my farm and Chelsea. James Gorman. 1112

FOR SALE—205 acre farm, one of the best in the county. Good house, 3 good barns, 5 ton scale, scale house, garage, tool, hog and chicken house, electric lights in all buildings. Soil is rich dark loam, level, not a stone in the fields, 4 acres apple orchard, 8 acres permanent pasture, 12 acres timber, balance plow land. Located 1½ miles from street car and cement road. Price \$100 per acre, \$7,000 cash, balance easy terms. Address box 182, Dexter, Mich. 1112

FOR RENT—Light housekeeping rooms. 507 So. Main St. 1013

WIRE FENCING—Just received a carload; special prices for 30 days. Fencing will be higher in the spring. Holmes & Walker. 1013

FOR SALE—Quantity new wine or cider kegs, 5 to 30 gal. sizes. Conrad Schanz. 917

FOR SALE—Black Top rams, registered yearlings; from old Chas. Kleckler flock. John Wrigglesworth or Geo. Gehring, Cohasset, Mich. 919

WANTED—To buy machinist's vice in good usable condition, cheap for cash. Ford Axtell, phone 130-W, Chelsea. 917

FOR SALE—Registered Oxfords ram lambs; sow and pigs; one O. I. C. boar pig. S. F. Hadley, Gregory, Mich. 916

POULTRY WANTED—The Co-operative association is shipping every Tuesday. Notify G. W. Coe, manager, phone 237. 1031F

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

## A FINANCIAL CLUB

A BUSINESS MAN COMING TO OUR BANK UPON BEING ASKED BY A FRIEND HIS DESTINATION REPLIED:

"I'm on my way to the Financial Club."

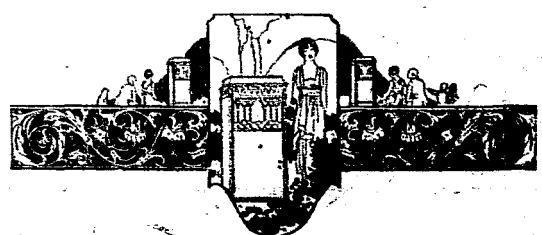
The title is good—that is just what we want this bank to be—The Financial Club of the Business Men of this Community.

The cumulative knowledge of our Officers assures an essentially efficient guide in the financial end of business.

## THE KEMP COMMERCIAL &amp; SAVINGS BANK

Chelsea, Michigan

Member Federal Reserve Bank



3 Million Dollars

but---

It bought MUSIC

No finer example of courage is known to the world of science than Thomas A. Edison's work in perfecting the phonograph. The skeptics rose in full chorus when he proposed a better phonograph,—an instrument "that could produce music as human as artists who first gave it utterance."

Mr. Edison's experiments exhausted the entire field of research in sound reproduction. He built and rebuilt until his final, perfected model cost him Three Million Dollars.

## AND THE RESULT?

Ask some one who attended the Glen Ellison recital at the Methodist church recently. There was the public proof. Mr. Ellison sang in comparison with the RE-CREATION of his voice by the New Edison. And no one could distinguish the living voice from its RE-CREATION.

## The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With A Soul"

If you love music, you will agree with Ellison's enthusiastic audience:—The New Edison represents Three Million Dollars well spent.

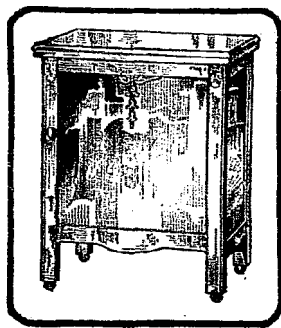
The soul of song is cheap at any price. Yet it is now brought within reach of your pocketbook. The instrument used in the Ellison RE-CREATION test is a duplicate of Mr. Edison's Three Million Dollar Model. It sells for \$285 (in Canada \$431).

Palmer Motor Sales Co.

Chelsea, Michigan



## HOLMES &amp; WALKER



At every vital point the FREE Sewing Machine has valuable improvements that make it far superior to all other machines:

- The FREE sews faster.
- The FREE lasts longer.
- The FREE runs lighter.
- The FREE is more beautiful.
- The FREE has less vibration.
- The FREE is easier to operate.
- The FREE makes an absolutely perfect stitch.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE—A complete stock, including sash and doors.

STOVES AND FURNACES—See our line of Ranges. Air-tight Heaters, Laundry Stoves, and Oil Heaters. In Furnaces we can sell you any kind you may want. Hot Air, Steam or Hot Water.

FURNITURE—We have the largest stock in Western Washtenaw county—all of the best things at the lowest prices.

## HOLMES &amp; WALKER

"We Always Treat You Right"

## Saturday Specials

October 25th

- Henkel's Pancake Flour per pkg - 9c
- Best Graham Wafers per pound - 18c
- Rub-no-more Washing Powder, pkg 5c
- Argo Gloss Starch, 1 pound pkg - 8c
- Classic White Laundry Soap, 3 bars 20c
- Old Colony Fudge per pound - 30c
- Honey Cookies, iced or plain, doz. 14c

## KEUSCH &amp; FAHRNER

Home of Old Tavern Coffee

# Dice of Destiny

by Jackson Gregory

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## CHAPTER X—Continued.

It seemed to him that suddenly it had grown cold there in De la Guerra's bedroom.

He shivered, and, taking up his candle, went his way back through the drawing room, with no word to Torre, with no glance even, for he feared that now he could not let his eyes go to the handsome, evil face and keep his hand back, and at last to Pedro's bedside.

Pedro, waiting for him impatiently, tried to lift himself upon an elbow, and falling in that turned his bright black eyes upon the American.

"What did she say, Josefa?" he asked quickly. "Is the master's key?"

"Yes, Pedro," answered Stanway dispiritedly. "But what is the use? She does not know what door it opens."

"But I know!" said Pedro brightly. "You know!" Stanway laid his hand on the wounded man's arm. "Tell me, quick!"

"When the master was young he lived in Spain, where the old master, his father, sent him to school. In the home there, builded of stones like an old castle, senior, was a room where many times he was locked up by his tutor because he was wild and did not fall in love with his books. I have heard him laugh and tell about it to the padre from La Pampa. When he came away he brought the key to that prison room with him. That is the key you have, senior!"

Stanway looked at the man with swift suspicion. Pedro seemed excited over the key; a look of great shrewdness was in his eyes, and the key unlocked a door in Spain! If he was becoming delicious—

"I am not in a fever, senior," said Pedro quickly, seeing the thought in the American's eyes. "But that key tells me something. Every night before going to my bed I go to the master's room to see if he wishes anything, to take any commands for the next day. I went last night after it was late, just before I went to the seniorita's door. It was habit, senior. I could not have gone to sleep unless I went there."

"Well?" sharply.

"I heard a little sound. It was the scratching of a window shade. I went, closed the window, and locked it tightly. And while looking for the sound I saw the key in its place. It was there at eleven o'clock last night, senior."

"You are sure, Pedro? You are very certain that this key was in the master's room at eleven o'clock?"

"Very certain, senior."

"Then—But it is impossible, Pedro! You say that you locked the windows? All of them?"

"All, senior."

"And the door as you came out?"

"I locked, senior. The key was under my bed. I gave it to you just now. And there is only one key upon the rancho—only one in the world which will unlock it!"

"But then it is impossible!"

Stanway, restless, upon his feet, strode back and forth, frowning. If the key had been there last night, if door and windows had been locked, if they had been locked when he went to the room—then how could one of the men who attacked Pedro have had it in his hand at three o'clock in the morning?

"You mean," he said slowly, coming back to the bedside, "that the attack upon you and Celestino was made by men who are among the house servants or the De la Guerra vaqueros?"

"No, senior. There was no hesitation—the voice was confident. The men wore handkerchiefs about their faces, but I knew that they were not of our men. They were strangers to me."

"But," cried Stanway, "how could such a thing be? How could they have gotten into the master's room? Then how could they have gotten to the seniorita's room without some one of our men seeing them? And why should they have brought the key?"

"The key is heavy, good to strike a hard blow," replied Pedro. "If a man had lost his knife and needed a weapon he might take it. No, senior."

"But how—"

Stanway broke off, his eyes ran from Pedro's face to sweep the room, a sudden light came into them, and the blood ran into his face.

"My God," he cried, "I see it!"

"You are wiser than I, senior," Pedro smiled contentedly and closed his eyes, looking very pale and weak. "You will let me have news when there is anything, senior? I could get well quickly with good news."

Stanway promised, took Pedro's hand quickly, turned and hurried out.

of the room. His step was quick, his eyes very bright.

"I understand now Torre's signal on the window," he muttered as he went. "And—by heaven, how blind I was! I knew what he meant when he said he was taunting a man whom he did not like! It's the boldest game a man ever played!"

## CHAPTER XI.

"You Have Overplayed Your Hand."

"I am afraid that I have been indiscreet, Stanway," Torre, with his old smile charged now with something of mockery and much of triumph, held out a little piece of white paper to Stanway, who, key in hand, had just come from Pedro on his way to the master's room. "But I think that I can plead an altogether unusual position as my excuse. You will pardon me, senior?"

Stanway took the paper, guessing what it was, and read it swiftly:

MI Querido Senior Billy:

To save papa grande, to save me from all that is horrible, there is no way but to do what Torre asks. In grandfather's room, behind the great mahogany bed, there is a painting on the wall.

There is a spot in the woodwork, three feet from the floor, ten from the northwest corner where you must press with your finger. It will disclose the balcony. Give him the money—for the sake of Your Teresa.

"You will pardon my having read it?" again smilingly from Torre.

"Where did you get this thing?" cried Stanway.

Torre pointed to the window, whose panes he had broken just before three o'clock.

"There. On the floor. Some one threw it in on the floor while you were running so giddily across the border. You see this is very well planned, senior. Is it not? Even my lieutenants—"

"If I do not do as she asks?" cut in Stanway, his low-lidded eyes sharp upon Torre's.

Torre shrugged.

"Who knows? Perhaps they will take the trouble to find a priest to give the seniorita in holy matrimony to—"

In sudden rage Stanway, his nerves jangling, his rage reddening his face, leaped at the man, and as he leaped struck, struck hard—his hand, clenched fist smashing into the evil smile, cutting the lips so that the blood ran back from them, sending Torre reeling backward across the room.

"Shut up!" he cried hoarsely. "You mention the seniorita once more and—"

His teeth closed with a little ominous click. Torre, wiping the blood from his lips, glared at him with a boundless, almost speechless, rage.

"Coward!" he sneered. "Since I am a prisoner, with a half dozen men ready to spring upon me, you attack me—"

"Gaucha!" called Stanway.

"Si, senior! Gaucha's brown face brightening, his eyes looking happier than they had looked for two days.

"Do not interfere. Do not let your men take hand, no matter what happens. Then he swung about upon Torre. "Do you want to finish it now?" he said curtly.

But Torre was once more himself, smiling, at ease, only a fierce hatred in his eyes.

"Gracias, senior!" he returned. "I shall merely make you pay for that blow in my own way. And now I ask another ten thousand dollars as ransom for the old man and the girl. Ten thousand dollars for a blow, senior! Do you care to strike again?"

Stanway shrugged.

"You have overplayed your hand, Torre," he said quietly. "This note from the seniorita makes me sure of what I was beginning to suspect. Gaucha, come with me."

With no further word, leaving Torre's mystified face looking after him, he went out, Gaucha at his heels.

"Gaucha," he said, speaking swiftly from beyond the closed door, "I want you to come to the master's room. Bring some men with you—six, ten—I don't know how many we shall need. Let two of them bring axes. Let all carry side arms. Bring the picked men, Gaucha; the hardest men on the rancho. I think that there is going to be fighting this time."

"The master?" cried Gaucha. "The seniorita? You know—"

"I know nothing. But I think that they have never for a second left the house!" Hurry, Gaucha!"

And Gaucha hurried, his own face as mystified as Torre's. Stanway went quickly to the bedroom.

"Somewhere in these great thick walls there is a passageway," he whispered to himself. "It runs from this room throughout the house and to the east wing where Teresa's rooms are."

"Somewhere, down below perhaps, there is a room, a dungeon, I think that it is just under the drawing room; I

I think that that is where De la Guerra is; that many of the things which Torre said were meant to be heard by the old man that they might taunt and mock him; I think that Torre's men down there heard the crashing glass the words which went with it. I think that we are going to find De la Guerra and Teresa there."

He studied the walls.

There was nothing to hint at a secret door.

He moved out the bed, found the spot which Teresa's note told of, set his thumb to it, and saw a panel drop down, shelfwise, showing a great iron safe set in the wall. The safe was locked, the key missing. But he knew that he had found De la Guerra's bunk. He closed the panel swiftly as Gaucha and his men came to the door.

"Que es, senior?" Gaucha asked quickly. And the black eyes of the dark-faced men thronging behind him—eager, expectant—told as well as words that Gaucha had whispered to his men that the American had a plan, that hope lay behind it.

"Come in, Gaucha. Shut the door. How many men?"

"They entered as he spoke. He counted as the last man closed the door behind him.

"Ten, senior. Five more are coming."

"And"—sternly—"you can vouch for them, for all of them? You can trust every man to the uttermost, Gaucha?"

"To the uttermost, senior," as sternly. "To the death in the service of the master and"—his voice breaking a little—"the seniorita."

"And the other five?"

"The same."

"Good! This is my plan. Come close, all of you."

He addressed them in Spanish, speaking swiftly, his voice lowered so that the men must crane their necks and lean forward to hear. He told them of his hope that these they sought had never been taken out of the hacienda.

"Now," he ended, "there is no doubt a passageway running from here to the seniorita's rooms. If we find this end of it and attack they may escape at the other end. So we must be ready."

"Gaucha, send two men into the seniorita's rooms. Let them be ready, armed and watchful. Send two more to the stairway. Let Torre and Juarez be bound and watched over by one man only, a man whom you can trust and who will blow their brains out before he lets them escape."

"Let every other man in the house be armed and ready. Then—"

"Then, senior?" eagerly.

"Then—with quiet determination—"we shall find where the passage is! We have to tear down the walls. Hurry, Gaucha!"

Gaucha ran upon his errand, calling by name the men he wished to go with him. Stanway, hiding those with him to be very silent, not knowing what means the men he sought might have of overhearing what happened in the room, began a silent search for some sign of a passageway in the thick walls.

And now at last fate and the quick eyes of a vaquero-aided him. There was a little scratch on the redwood of the wall just opposite the door through which they had entered, a fresh white scratch. It was Mendez, a young Mexican, who saw it; it was Mendez who found a mark of a greasy thumb upon the same panel, some four feet from the floor.

"Aqui, esta!" he muttered. "Senior, look!"

Stanway's heart beat wildly when he saw what Mendez had found.

"The door of the passageway!" he whispered. "Sh! Be still! Even take off your boots, compañeros. We are going to give them no warning. But first, Mendez, bring Dempston here, quick! I think he is going to talk now."

Mendez hurried, and presently came back, he and the immense Vidal, walking at Dempston's right and left.

"Dempston," whispered Stanway, meeting him, "make no sound. If he cries out"—to Vidal and Mendez—"if he makes a sound choke the life out of him. Do you understand, Dempston?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Slaves in Abyssinia.

The inhabitants of the Gensira country in Abyssinia are pagans. They appear to believe in a divinity inhabiting the sky—not to be identified with the Wah of the Galla—and also in secondary gentils dwelling on the earth. Slavery is not officially recognized, but it exists in fact, though with some extension in form. The slave is not free to change his master; he is put in chains if suspected of an intention of escaping; he is beaten if he does not work or march at the will of his master, and he receives no pay. On the other hand, he can be "presented" and he cannot be openly sold, and must be designated as a "subject" (not a "slave"). Even these differences disappear in distant provinces like Gensira, and in times of disorder. Those who will not submit live as fugitives in the forests.

External Substitute.

Here is a famous Chinese humorous story. A traveler stopped at a house and asked for a cup of tea. Having none on hand, the host sent his son out to procure some. Meanwhile the host put a pot of water on the fire to boil. The son did not return, and it became necessary to add some more water to the pot. This was done several times. The son still remained absent, and finally the wife said to her husband: "Inasmuch as the tea does not seem to be forthcoming, perhaps you had better offer your small bath."



The following simple recipes have no harmful ingredients and will accomplish results as well as ready mixed remedies for the same ailments.

## An Astringent Cream.

A well-recommended astringent cream is made from four ounces of mutton tallow, one and a quarter ounces of glycerin, one-half a dram of tincture of benzoin, a quarter of a dram of spirits of camphor, one-eighth of a dram of powdered alum, one-quarter of a dram of Russian isinglass and one-half an ounce of rose water. The rose water is warmed in a china cup set in hot water and the isinglass is dissolved in it. The mutton tallow, which has previously been tried out at a gentle heat and added to the glycerin, is then blended with the rose water, and the other ingredients are added while the mixture is being beaten. This makes a cream which is astringent, tightening the skin, without allowing it to become flabby, as often happens when one is reducing flesh.

## Receding Gums.

Good teeth are requisite for both health and good looks. Go to a dentist and have the tartar removed from under and around the gums, then use table salt on the gums several times a day. Scrub the teeth downward, never crosswise. The teeth should be cleaned before breakfast, after each meal and before retiring.

## For a Slight Scar.

Spirits of camphor, touching the skin with it twice a day, will sometimes eradicate the spots left from pimples. The liquid should be gently rubbed in.

## To Remove Corns.

Salicylic acid, 1 dram; trim the corn with a very sharp knife or razor blade. Apply the acid; cover with a piece of court plaster. In three days remove the plaster and the corn will come with it. Soft corns may be cured

by wrapping the afflicted toe with a soft linen rag which has been saturated with turpentine, night and morning. Care should be taken to wear shoes sufficiently wide but not too large.

## Excessive Perspiration.

Sponge off the parts affected at least once a day with boric acid; use 20 parts of hot water to one of acid. Also dust the face and neck and wherever it is necessary with a dry boracic powder.

To Overcome Odorous Perspiration. When bathing put a few drops of ammonia in the water, dry the skin well and dust with the following powder: Oleate of zinc, ¼ ounce; powdered starch, 1 ounce; salicylic acid, 1 scruple.

For Chapped Lips. To prevent the chapped lips that so frequently result from the high winds try rubbing the lips each time before going out with rose water and glycerin, mixed in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter.

## For the Feet.

No. 1—Wash the feet in warm water to which a little hydrochloric acid or chloride of lime has been added.

No. 2—Bathe the feet often in a strong solution of borax or in common kitchen soda dissolved in water. Change the hosiery every day.

## Breakfast Linen.

Colored breakfast linen is in favor. Square cloths which hang only a few inches over the edge of the table and small napkins, about 14 inches square, are either of colored linen or else are bordered with color. Some in sets show border wreaths of red roses, some show red roses with bright green leaves. They suggest breakfast sets of English china with its gay colors and stiff figures. The all-colored sets show pink, blue or yellow flowers on tan or gray linen.

## Slim Lines and Gorgeous Fabrics



Dinner and evening gowns, perhaps as the result of a reaction after the restraint of war times, have swung to the other extreme and are as elaborate as ingenuity can make them, and rich beyond anything that has gone before for many a year. Cloth of gold and silver, satins with gold or silver figures scattered over their surfaces, brocades, rich embroideries studded with jewels, laces and nets that are a mass of twinkling sequins, fringes of all kinds, and always more gold and silver cloth, either those who are looking for regal titles to choose from. Metallic threads are woven in with silk in all the lovely evening shades so that rose and silver, turquoise and gold, pale green and silver make wonderful shimmering cloths. Wherever fashionables foregather there will be much glittering this winter.

And these rich fabrics are not monopolized by the full-dressed women of society. The younger set is allowed them as the foundation for frocks, usually veiled with tulle. Artificial flowers drape over pretty dance frocks and sparkling bands of sequins in all colors are used on tulle to match in color. For older women ostrich plumes enrich gowns where one might look for flowers, and are used in the evening

coiffure and in the most splendid of fans.

A lovely example of a sequin-covered gown for evening appears at the right of the two pictured above. It is a combination of white and black, in which these glittering fabrics are at their best. This gown has long and almost straight lines and the skirt shows the disposition to grow shorter which is making itself felt. It is shortened at the front. A tuft of ostrich feathers at the left side in black and a big fan of black ostrich find themselves in a perfect setting. A wonderful Spanish comb makes a simple cuffure, impressive and in keeping with the gown.

But not everyone cares for so much glitter even for evening wear. At the left is a less pretentious gown that is dignified and beautiful. Black satin, georgette crepe and beaded bands of lace are put together in a composition that can hardly be improved upon—its lines are classic. Three-quarter length sleeves and a draped skirt (that is unusually long) take cognizance of the mode.

"A call," repeated Janet Noble interestedly, as she took up some plain sewing.

She was president of the woman's auxiliary, secretary of the parish aid society, and soprano of the church choir, besides being a tall, handsome girl with bright brown eyes and vivid color.

"Yes," Mr. Marble returned with enthusiasm. "I am called to Shooting Rock, Arkansas—a beautiful, lonely spot 20 miles from a railroad track. 'Oh, it would be glorious!' she interrupted him eagerly.

"What afternoon at 3:30 a telegram was despatched to the bishop of X. in which the Rev. Ronald Marble accepted unreservedly and with enthusiasm the call to Shooting Rock, Ark. He went alone.

## Cupid—and a Call

By EDITH MORGAN WILLETT

(Copyright.)

The rector of All Souls paused in the hall to remove his clerical hat and smooth the ruffled auburn hair beneath it; then he pushed back the portiere and briskly entered Mrs. Minton's luxurious drawing room.

Half past ten o'clock.

He glanced dubiously at the gilt timepiece opposite. A trifle early for a morning visit, but he couldn't help that. There was no time to lose. This matter must be settled without delay, and his letter written to the bishop and off by the 3:30 train.

Dropping with satisfaction into a deep, cool Morris chair, Mr. Marble congratulated himself resolutely on the step he was about to take.

It had been a serious problem and hard to decide, especially (as he acknowledged) for a man of his whimsical, over-fastidious tastes. Even now he realized keenly that there were other women in the world—girls even, good looking ones too! (a reminiscence flashed over his carefully shaven face)—but for charm, position, and—well, general attractiveness (there his eyes strayed appreciatively out of the window toward conservatories and well-kept lawns where many gardeners peered about) there was no one in Wheatley better fitted than Lydia Minton to adorn—

At this point with some eulasm—ment he rose to greet her.

"I was especially anxious to see you this morning," Mr. Marble told his hostess boldly after a tactful prologue of banalities. "There is something exceedingly important I desire to communicate to you."

"To me?" echoed Mrs. Minton.

She looked at him with innocent, illusive blue eyes and fingered her rings pensively.

"What can it be, I wonder? Has that wretched vestry been bothering you again, or is it the poor throat? Do you know you're looking very badly?" She leaned toward him with pretty earnestness. "What you want, my dear friend, is rest—a complete rest and change!"

Want it! Of course he did, but the rector of All Souls, being a subtle student of the other sex, walked delicately—like Agass!

"Not much rest for me!" he ejaculated with a tired smile. "The bishop is seriously urging me to accept a call to Shooting Rock, Arkansas."

And at her cry of dismay—

"Yes, it's a good way off," he said grimly—"a lonely spot 20 miles from a railroad track. A mission of a thousand miners that have never felt a civilizing or refining touch; pretty desperate characters, some of them, I understand, but of course it's a splendid field."

He paused as Mrs. Minton laid a white, restraining hand on his arm.

"Don't say another word," she begged. "It's too awful! How can you even talk of going to that dreadful place, you might think of us!" There was a touching catch in her voice.

"What would I—do without you at Wheatley? Oh, Mr. Marble, say that you won't go!"

"There is only one consideration that would induce me to remain!" said the Rev. Ronald with decision.

His moment had come, and he seized it with characteristic promptness; also her unresisting hand. How soft it was, and how her rings sparkled!

"Lydia," he cried, putting the time-honored question with striking originality. "Will you be mine? Will you make me the happiest of men?"

Twelve o'clock struck, and Mr. Marble rose, somewhat flushed and disheveled from a kneeling posture.

"Then it's irrevocable, and you won't have me," he queried blankly.

The fact, even now, seemed preposterous, incredible.

Mrs. Minton nodded and dabbed her eyes with a few square inches of real lace.

"It's not that I wouldn't have you," she explained lucidly. "It's Jack! Don't you see—can't you understand that my poor husband wouldn't have liked it if he'd been alive, and isn't it just the same now—that he's dead and gone—even more so?"

Mrs. Minton put out her hand. "We can be friends, at least, can't we?" she pleaded. "And you won't go away?"

The Rev. Ronald Marble turned the knob. "If I do," he said sternly, "it is because you have made it impossible for me to remain! Good morning!"

And the portiere swung to behind him.

The rector of All Souls followed Janet Noble into her cosy sitting room.

"I wanted especially to see you this morning," he said with real emotion, coming to a standstill by the fireplace.

"I have just received an important call, and you ought to be the first to know it."

"A call," repeated Janet Noble interestedly, as she took up some plain sewing.

She was president of the woman's auxiliary, secretary of the parish aid society, and soprano of the church choir, besides being a tall, handsome girl with bright brown eyes and vivid color.

"Yes," Mr. Marble returned with enthusiasm. "I am called to Shooting Rock, Arkansas—a beautiful, lonely spot 20 miles from a railroad track. 'Oh, it would be glorious!' she interrupted him eagerly.

"What afternoon at 3:30 a telegram was despatched to the bishop of X. in which the Rev. Ronald Marble accepted unreservedly and with enthusiasm the call to Shooting Rock, Ark. He went alone.

Her hands were clasped tightly together and her kindling eyes made his pulses throb exultantly. "Of course you must take up this great work! We shall miss you here undoubtedly"—there was the faintest tremble in her voice—"but one mustn't think of oneself! Those poor people need you! It is your duty to go."

How beautiful she looked with the sunlight on her hair, the inspiration in her eyes!

"There is only one consideration that would induce me to go," said the Rev. Ronald with decision.

"Janet," he cried, "will you be mine? Will you make me the happiest of men?"

The words pouring from his lips had a strangely familiar sound, and, alas, it was with a strangely familiar pang that Mr. Marble listened to her answer.

When it was all over—and he had defectively picked up his hat for the second time that morning, Janet walked with him to the gate he had opened so hopefully a half-hour ago.

"I'm so sorry," she faltered, as he lingered in spite of himself at the wicket. "I wish I could help you with that great work!" There was a ring of genuine missionary regret in her voice. "You must see for yourself how impossible it is!"

Poor Mr. Marble, looking at her, could not see it at all.

"Then, there's no hope for me!" he asked gloomily.

"I'm afraid not, as far as I'm concerned," she responded. "But there's always hope! Mightn't there be some one else, Mr. Marble—some other woman better fitted for you?"

The rector of All Souls only gave her a scorchingly reproachful glance and turned away without a word.

As he bent his lonely steps towards his boarding house, Mr. Marble became aware of other steps, feminine ones, approaching behind, and a furtive glance around showed him Miss Cornelia Wythe, his district visitor and devoted aid, in close pursuit.

"What's the matter?" she panted, overtaking the flying cleric just as he reached the corner. "You seem to be in a great hurry!"

Mr. Marble turned and faced her with a dazed smile.

"I am," he said, then quite involuntarily: "There's a letter to the bishop that ought to be written and off by the 3:30 train. I wanted especially to see you this morning." With astonishment he heard himself utter this last statement. The well-known formula had rushed unbidden to his lips, and helplessly, parrot-like, he floundered on: "I've just received an important call to Shooting Rock, Arkansas, and you ought to be the first to know it!"

Miss Wythe's glance of pleased interrogation only added to poor Mr. Marble's confusion.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she inquired practically.

"Do!" ejaculated the Rev. Ronald, and with the recollection of the morning's wrongs laid upon him he gave an impressive groan. "What on earth do you expect a man to do, with never a woman to help him?"

Afterwards, when he was quite calm again, Mr. Marble saw clearly just how she had taken it—that innocent little speech of his—but in the blackness of the moment all he could realize was that Miss Cornelia Wythe had taken him, "for better or worse" and entirely without his own consent.

It was long after luncheon time that the Rev. Ronald turned his steps at last towards his boarding-house—engaged, he told himself blankly, to a lady he had never for a moment contemplated in a matrimonial light.

This was the result of his morning. Crimson waves of mortification, horror, and actual dread surged up into his high cheek-bones at the thought of it all.

He, the rector of All Souls, offered himself to three women in as many hours!

It was scandalous, unpardonable, in any other man! What would Wheatley say when it heard, as it must soon of its fickle, frivolous rector?

What would they think of him, those two whom he had wooed so ardently in quick succession—sweet Mrs. Minton and Janet Noble? His heart smote him! How he had pleaded with them!

"Then upon his sombre meditation—"Mr. Marble!" broke in a voice he knew, and, raising his head, the horrified rector beheld at his very elbow Janet's mother—an exceedingly large woman—coming towards him with cordially outstretched hands.

Involuntarily he shrank from her beaming face. What did it mean? Mrs. Noble's next words enlightened him only too well.



# King Cotton's Worst Foe

By Robert H. Moulton





**GOOD BOLL AND BAD**

**TO GO ON THE FIVE**

**BURNING OF TWENTY**

SEARCHING for a small, thin, rose-tinted, almost white caterpillar in 10,000 acres of Texas cotton land; confronted with the necessity of making certain that in all that area no single caterpillar made good its concealment in boll or stalk or leaves or grass or trash; forced to sweep every inch of the 10,000 acres as closely as a scrupulous housewife sweeps the kitchen floor and to sift every pint of the sweepings as carefully as a miser would sift dirt with gold nuggets in it—there is a task beside which the one of searching for a needle in a haystack appears simple and as requiring no patience worth mentioning.

But that is exactly what the United States department of agriculture, with the help of the state authorities of Texas did in the campaign for the elimination of the pink bollworm of cotton. It was done so successfully that not a single egg, larva, or nymph of the pink bollworm appeared in 1918, a result that appears to justify the characterization of the job as the biggest successful entomological experiment of its kind in history.

When it was first found that the pink bollworm of cotton had gained a footing upon the soil of the United States, the consternation that resulted was hardly less than it would have been if the discovery had been made that German submarines were coming up the Mississippi river. But the consternation was among agricultural scientists. The general public did not know the desperate danger. The scientists knew, however, that, unless checked, the little bollworm meant an annual loss of not less than \$50,000,000. If, indeed, it did not threaten the existence of the cotton industry, and their alarm was not materially lessened because the infested area was limited to small areas around Trinity Bay, Beaumont, and Hearne, Texas.

For the pink bollworm spreads, not by yards or acres, but by hundreds of miles at a leap. The chief agent of dissemination being man with his railroad trains, the distance from Texas to Georgia or North Carolina is no great jump, and it probably would not be a direct jump. The larva would be loaded into a car of cotton at Beaumont, say, shipped to New Bedford, Mass., and left in the litter at the bottom of the car, which would then go to Brockton for a load of shoes consigned to Atlanta, and would finally get swept out on some siding in the Georgia cotton fields.

And there it would begin anew the devastation that it has wrought in Egypt, India, Japan, the Philippines, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, the Hawaiian Islands, Brazil, Mexico, and practically every cotton-growing country on the globe except the United States. It is the most destructive of all enemies of cotton, often reducing the yield of lint by 30 per cent and sometimes by more than 50 per cent, and greatly lessening the quantity of oil produced from the seed. In the Hawaiian Islands the cotton industry has been practically abandoned because of it, and wherever it has gone the industry has suffered terribly. That is why the department of agriculture, when the worm appeared in Texas, thought it worth while to undertake a campaign of all proportion to the area infested.

The danger from the pink bollworm had long been recognized, and regulations were made by the government requiring the fumigation of all cotton from foreign countries before it could be landed in the United States. Every possible precautionary measure was taken, but there came one thing against which even the government could not guard. The great storm that ravaged the Gulf coast in 1915 washed ashore around Trinity Bay, and possibly elsewhere on the Texas coast, great quantities of cotton lint and cotton seed.

Nobody gave any special thought to the matter at the moment, but when the next year the pink bollworm appeared all around the bay, it became apparent that some of the washed-up cotton must have come across the Gulf from the Laguna district of Mexico, where the pest had gained a footing some time earlier. That may not have been the only source of infestation, but it was the one that gave the greater part of the trouble.

An oil mill at Hearne had received some seed from Mexico in 1910, and the bollworm appeared in a few fields in the immediate neighborhood of the mill. The infestation at this point was entirely eliminated in short order, however, by uprooting and burning all growing cotton, collecting and burning all scattered parts, the prompt mulling and destruction of the seed, and the shipment to Europe of the harvested lint.

A mill at Beaumont, too, had received seed from Mexico and had violated its agreement to use it only for milling. It developed that some of this seed was sold to planters throughout a radius of 20 or 30 miles from the mill. Each sale was traced and the surrounding district included in the clean-up operations.

But it was the washed-up cotton infestation at Trinity Bay that developed the really alarming situation, involving more than 6,000 acres of cotton surrounding the bay, and it was there that the really big operations were undertaken.

A large force of experts and laborers—not less than 800 negroes—with the voluntary assistance of any number of farmers and members of their families, was assembled, camps were established, and the clean-up was begun on a thoroughly systematized plan that involved every inch of surface, to make sure that no lurking place was left for a larva to winter. All the cotton grown in this area was taken to Galveston under supervision and shipped to foreign countries. All seed was milled under the direction of government agents. The work ended with the whole area as clean as the top of a table.

The result, naturally, was awaited with much anxiety. In the spring of 1918 the entire area was watched. The planting of cotton was prohibited, of course, and every stalk of volunteer cotton was pulled up and destroyed after a visitor after the doctor had finished an amazing sort of highland fling. "A very remarkable state of affairs, when they shut me up here and leave him on the outside!"

At the end of the season the reports of all the investigators showed that absolutely no evidence of the presence of the bollworm could be found.

But the success of the campaign will not be regarded as absolutely certain until two other summers have passed. In the meantime the quarantine will be rigorously enforced.

Prior to the discovery of the actual presence of the pink bollworm in Texas, the state, taking precautions against its presence, not far away in Mexico, had enacted legislation giving authority to establish a zone free from cotton culture on the border of Texas adjacent to Mexico. Since that time, quarantine and cotton-free zones have been declared in three areas.

The normal planting of cotton in the largest of these areas is about 50,000 acres and the inability to plant has, of course, entailed hardship on the planters. Individuals—137 to be exact—disregarded the law and planted some cotton, a total of a few hundred acres. Legal action was taken against them and they have since signed an agreement to bear all the cost of cleaning up their farms, under the supervision of government inspectors, and to leave the disposal of the cotton grown absolutely in the hands of the authorities.

It is interesting to note that a considerable number of these so-called outlaw cotton fields were discovered by aerial observation. Much of the country in the infested areas is heavily timbered. Roads are neither plentiful nor good in many places, and it was possible for an outlaw planter to sneak away a few acres of cotton in some nook of the woods beyond probability of discovery by ordinary means.

This gave the inspectors of the federal horticultural board the idea of using airplane observers to spy out the hidden bolts. The scheme worked admirably, the first flight alone revealing no less than seven outlaw cotton fields which had escaped discovery by all other means.

While a feeling of reasonable safety is justifiable as to the elimination of the bollworm from Texas, the danger of new infestation remains so long as the bollworm exists in Mexico, and, therefore, extreme vigilance will not be relaxed. All railway cars and other vehicles coming across the line are inspected, cleaned, and fumigated. The disinfection of cars and freight with gas from generators placed within the cars has been discarded as giving no security against insects that might be resting on the exterior of cars. Disinfection houses have been erected into which cars are run and disinfected both internally and externally.

The question is now raised: Has the recent Gulf of Mexico hurricane brought the pest again to the Texas shore? The storm ravaged the Gulf shore from Brownsville beyond to Key West. If the storm of 1915 brought the pest to the American shore from Mexico, why should not the same conditions now obtain?

At the Nebraska Agricultural College seed grown on the farm was planted beside seed grown within sixty miles of the college, and beside prize winning corn from Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Seed grown on the farm produced 48.8 bushels an acre; seed grown within sixty miles of the farm produced 45.6 bushels an acre, and the prize winning seed from other states produced 30.8 bushels an acre, a loss of nine bushels an acre by sending out of the state for seed.

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## TREATMENT FOR WANING ALFALFA

Old Field Cannot Be Revived By Reseeding After Cultivating in Autumn.

### SEED IS WASTED ANNUALLY

Best Plan, Where Sod Is Beginning to Show Ravages of Wear, to Plow Up and Grow Some Cultivated Crop, Such as Corn.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

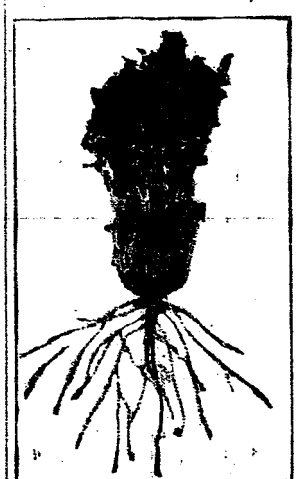
It is practically impossible to try to make an old alfalfa field look like new by attempting to sow more seed after flaking or cultivating in the fall. Thousands of dollars' worth of seed are wasted in unsuccessful attempts to revive the waning stand of alfalfa. Specialists recommend that fields on the decline should be plowed up and reseeded.

Even though the seed germinates successfully, the plants mature at periods different from those of the old plants, while ordinarily the young plants are smothered out before they make much growth. Even where an alfalfa field is patchy and covered with practically bare spots, it is not advisable to attempt to reseed except by breaking up the entire field and again sowing down with alfalfa.

#### Not Profitable to Cultivate.

It is always objectionable, according to the specialists, to cultivate or disk an alfalfa field irrespective of its age and condition, as carefully conducted experiments have shown that the only section in which it was profitable to cultivate the alfalfa crop in any way was in the irrigated belt of the far West.

Usually unfavorable results attend where alfalfa is disked under eastern conditions, although in the case of alfalfa fields which have been badly in-



Four-Year Old Alfalfa Plant.

festated with weeds, it has been the practice of many growers to disk after the alfalfa has been cut, with the disks set nearly straight.

#### Plow Up Alfalfa Sod.

The best plan, where the alfalfa sod is beginning to show the ravages of wear, is to plow up the field and devote it to some cultivated crop, such as corn, for one or two years, and then to reseed it to alfalfa after preparing a proper seed bed, liming the soil if necessary, properly inoculating the soil or seed, and sowing the seed early enough in the fall so that the crop will establish a vigorous root system and produce sufficient growth to weather the winter successfully.

### FATTENING FEED FOR STEERS

Experimental Stations Recommend Corn Silage and Concentrates as Best for Cattle.

Corn silage and concentrates are highly recommended as fattening feed for steers. Experimental stations report that silage and all meal or cottonseed meal invariably prove to be cheaper than corn or even than hay or corn with concentrates or silage and hay by themselves.

It is admitted that a steer cannot be finished for beef properly and to the best advantage on an all-silage diet. But the most polished steer on the market is not always the most profitable one. High priced feed may surmount the high priced carcass.

### TEST OF CORN IN NEBRASKA

Loss of Nine Bushels Per Acre From Specialty Choice Seed From Other States.

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## SECURE WINTER FUEL FROM FARM WOODLOT

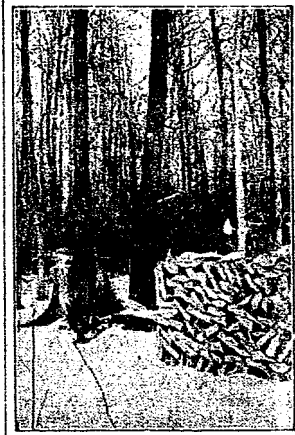
Town Markets Will Keep Active for Several Months.

Excellent Opportunity Afforded to Improve Woodland By Removing Poorer, Less Valuable Trees—Let Good Ones Grow.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many farmers now have their home supplies of wood for winter fuel, but the town markets will keep active for several months, and thousands of cords of wood will still be cut for local use on the farm.

In cutting cordwood, an excellent opportunity is afforded to improve the



Clean Up the Woodlot and Get a Supply of Fuel for Winter at Same Time.

woodland by removing the poorer, less valuable trees, leaving the better ones to grow. Many farmers who have never before given this subject a thought are taking a real interest, because they see how quickly nature responds in better growth when given a little guidance and aid.

The kinds of material to be removed for firewood include trees unsuitable for lumber, crooked trees crowding out straight ones, badly diseased and decaying trees, small trees overtopped and stunted by larger and better ones, dead trees that are mostly sound, tree tops left from former cuttings, and trees of the less valuable kinds, where others of greater value are present which need the room and will prove faster money-making trees. Handling farm woodlands rightly is an indispensable part of profitable farm management.

If lists of manufacturers or other information are desired regarding portable wood-sawing outfits, and wood-splitting and tree-felling machinery, the forest service of the department of agriculture will be glad to furnish such material upon request.

### ROOFED SILO IS PREFERRED

Helps Prevent Freezing of Silage, Keeps Out Snow and Protects Walls of Silo.

(By R. L. PATTY, South Dakota Experiment Station.)

The old notion that it is unnecessary to roof the silo was wrong. Experience shows that a silo roof helps to prevent the freezing of the silage, keeps out snow, protects the silo walls from empty, and thereby adds to its life service.

The roof is necessary on a stave silo to give it rigidity in addition to protection. If the roof is put on after the silo is filled, no inside scaffolding is necessary.

Common types of silo roofs are shingled, concrete, light hollow brick, prepared roofing on light sheathing and metal. The roof should match the silo. If one builds a fire and windproof silo, he should by all means put on a fire and windproof roof. The roof should be made to last as long as the silo. A short-lived roof should not be put on a long-lived silo.

### PORK REQUIRED FOR WINTER

Farmers Who Raise Hogs, Kill and Cure Their Own Meat Save Cost of Marketing.

Porkers ought to be grazing in fields and pastures getting food to transform into pork for their winter meat supply. If farmers do not raise enough hogs for their own meat who will?

Some one must supply farm homes with pork, bacon, lard and sausage. Those who buy from the stores are likely to find the cost of handling excessive. But those who raise the hogs, kill and cure their own meat will save the cost of marketing.

### WATCH FOR NOXIOUS PLANTS

Make Sure That None Go to Seed and Prevent Spreading of Root Stalks of Perennials.

In looking for quack grass it would be well to watch also for other noxious weeds, making sure that none go to seed and that the root stalks of perennials are prevented from spreading as much as possible.

## IN BERRY TIME

By JOSEPHINE S. BROOKS

"You seem pretty sure, Lena," Addie Corners laughed. "But millionaire heiresses have the advantage over us poorer girls."

"You'll see, girls. If you are sure that James Warrington is to spend his vacation in Creekville, I'll cure him of being a woman hater. I wonder what he looks like? Dark and nice-looking, you say? All the better. But hurry off the train, or you'll get carried on. Good-by."

Arrived at Creekville, Lena soon found herself jogging along behind her host's faithful old horse.

"I know I'll like it, knight or no knight. How pretty it is," she thought.

As the days passed Lena became a favorite with everyone. Unselfish and helpful, she at once seemed more of a healthy country girl than an heiress. Thus she was to be found one hot day cotton-gowned, face covered with perspiration and berry-stained, picking berries in the pasture. A most bewitching picture she made.

So thought a passing autoist as he trotted his horn to arouse her.

Lena had started up, and sat staring at young James Warrington.

He called out, "Say, miss, can't you sell me some of those berries?"

"Yes, but they are awful dear, forty cents a box!" she teased, trying hard to conceal her amusement.

"May I know the name of the fair berry-picker?" The man bowed low.

Lena Willoughby Carrow, curtsying gracefully, answered soberly:

"Lena Willoughby, kind sir, and yours?" she asked coyly.

"James Lathrop Warrington, at your service, little country lady," bowed the young man.

The girl started slightly, a gleam in her pretty blue eyes.

"May I help fill your other pan? Then I will drive you home, if I may," he pleaded.

"Perhaps—ah—won't approve. But it's so hot, and the pans are heavy," feigned the plighted miss.

Later, with the pans piled high with berries, as well as the scarf full, which Warrington stowed away safely, they started homeward.

"See here, Miss Willoughby. If your aunt is so proud of you, why not meet me in the berry pasture tomorrow, when I'll bring the scarf, you know?" spoke the artful James.

"We—el, just this once," said the girl, shyly. "Now please set me down on this side of the fence. Aunt won't like it if she sees you," she cautioned.

After repeated warnings the autoist sped out of view.

"I've met him, the woman-hater; a 'little country lady' has conquered him. Well, well!" she triumphed.

That night a letter to her club told the girls of her wonderful success.

As vacation waned another letter rushed to the club, and it ended:

"I know you will be surprised to learn that James W. and I have promised to pick our berries together all our life. Can you believe it, he is a woman hater? Here's a secret: J. L. W. doesn't dream that I am an heiress; he thinks I am a poor girl. It's so heavenly to be worshipped for one's self alone. I wish he were not wealthy. We arrive Tuesday. You'll like him, etc."

It happened on the evening after their arrival, the party given in their honor, Lena never forgot that party, where James appeared with his cousin.

"Lena, let me present my cousin, James Gordon Warrington," he announced. "I nearly said, the woman hater of fame, but since he has seen my bride-to-be, I can see his views are changing."

Lena's face went white, then red. Accustomed to controlling her emotions, she straightened and said, "I should say brothers instead of cousins, so great is the resemblance."

The pretty, soft voice grew tremulously low at the wonder of it all. Her James poor, not a millionaire, not a woman hater! How glad she was.

"I have heard of Miss Carrow, I am almost converted," James, the cousin, bowed low.

"Miss Willoughby, Jim—your mistake," corrected James.

"No mistake, James. I am Lena Willoughby Carrow, the heiress."

The man's face sobered as she begged forgiveness.

"Not here, not now!" he said huskily.

Later he chided her. "How could you, Lena?"

"How could you, James?" she playfully mocked.

"But I'm a poor man," he confessed.

"I'm so glad, J. G. W. Can't you match my poor J. L. W. To think it all matters in a berry pasture!"

"Forthrightly by the scarf, dear. Don't ever lose it, dear little country lady," he breathed, holding her close.

"Not this!"

Lena held up the half-dollar. "And you kept it! You dear deceiver," he laughed.

All the club girls could say was: You weren't so sure of the woman hater after all, were you, Lena? The rich woman hater is left for another girl to cure.

"By his own acknowledgment I have converted him, or partly. Perhaps you, Addie, may effect a permanent cure," she retorted, this happy heiress. (Copyright, 1918, McClure, Van Nostrand & Co.)

## POULTRY FACTS

### PURE-BRED POULTRY IS BEST

Growers Everywhere Are Coming to Realize That There is More Money in Standard Breeds.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The story of Reuben Lowe of North Shapleigh, Me., illustrates the possible profits from poultry keeping where careful management is practiced. During 1918 this poultryman, who devotes only part of his time to chicken raising, kept 250 birds, which paid him a profit over feed cost of more than \$1,000, equivalent to \$4 a bird. Included in this amount are the sales of a few eggs for hatching, about \$3 cockerels sold for breeding purposes at \$3.50 to \$5 each, as well as the market eggs, which were disposed of in large quantity. Mr. Lowe keeps



Maine Poultryman Realizes \$4 a Bird From His White Wyandottes.

White Wyandottes of a strain that wins in the show ring when judged according to either the standard of perfection or a utility standard.

One pen of 20 pullets owned by this Maine poultryman produced eggs as follows: November, 1918, 418; December, 1918, 418; January, 1919, 389; February, 1919, 320; March, 1919, 456; a total of 1,903 eggs, averaging 99.65 eggs per bird in five months.

It pays to keep poultry of this kind, and growers everywhere are coming to realize that there is more money in keeping better fowl and feeding them properly balanced rations than in wasting time with inferior birds.

### OHIO LICE POWDER FORMULA

Mixture of Gasoline, Carbolic Acid and Plaster of Paris is Inexpensive and Efficient.

One of the cheapest home-made lice powders for poultry is made by mixing three parts of gasoline and one part of crude carbolic acid with as much plaster of paris as the liquid will moisten, as determined by the Ohio experiment station. The powder is allowed to dry before using; it may be kept in an air-tight container where it retains its strength for a long period. The powder is inflammable and must be kept away from fire.

Infested fowls when thoroughly dusted are soon relieved from the attacks of lice; about 125 birds may be dusted in one hour, one pound of the mixture being needed to dust ten mature fowls.

For head lice on chickens the use of blue ointment or mercurial ointment has been found effective. One part of the ointment is mixed with two parts of vasoline and a lump of the mixture about the size of a pea is rubbed thoroughly at the base of the feathers about the head.

### WHEN FOWLS BEGIN TO MOLT

Plenty of Good Food in Considerable Variety is Essential to Maintain Good Health.

When the fowls begin to shed their feathers be sure that they have plenty of good food, in considerable variety, so they can maintain their health and strength and at the same time grow a perfect new set of feathers.

Bran is a good regulator for poultry of all ages. Purchase well-matured pullets rather than hens.

Having moribund, separate nest boxes makes it easier to clean them as well as the house.

Don't expect great success in hatching and raising chicks unless you have had some experience.

There is no better place for turkeys to roost than in the trees, in the open air, during the summer and fall.

Chicks that get too warm in coops do not grow well and therefore do not make the best use of their feed and opportunities.

If the wing feathers of little chicks grow too rapidly and make the wings hang down they should be cut off so that they will not sap the vitality of the chicks.

Don't expect great success in hatching and raising chicks unless you have had some experience.

## Candid Criticism

An official of an insane asylum is a firm believer in the value of amusement on a drugged mind; and, being a good amateur comedian, he occasionally assists at an entertainment. His last performance was especially ludicrous; but one man in the audience sat through it with a grave and unmoved countenance, a look of perplexity in his eyes. "It certainly is a remarkable state of affairs," he con-

fided to a visitor after the doctor had finished an amazing sort of highland fling. "A very remarkable state of affairs, when they shut me up here and leave him on the outside!"

### In Holland, Too.

The typical Dutch housemaid in wooden clogs and multi-colored skirts has passed away to make room for a totally different kind of being. An Amsterdam lady engaged not long ago a new housemaid who stipulated that she should have two evenings a week

to enable her to attend rehearsals. Asked to explain, "Dientje" said that she was a member of the orchestra of the Concertgebouw (the Queen's hall of Amsterdam), and needed leisure moments in which to practice Brahms, Spohr, Bach and Beethoven for the autumn concerts.—London Daily Express.

### Chinese University Expands.

The Fokien Union university of Foochow is about to erect a million-dollar group of buildings.

**THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE**  
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 Entered at the Postoffice at Chelsea,  
 Michigan, as second-class matter.  
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**TUESDAY AND FRIDAY**  
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 any address in the United States at  
 \$1.50 the year, 75 cents for six months  
 and 40 cents for three months.

**IN MEMORIAM.**  
 In loving memory of our dear, be-  
 loved sister, Helena Koch, who died  
 one year ago, October 24, 1918:  
 Days of sadness still come o'er us,  
 Tears in silence often flow;  
 For memory keeps her ever near us,  
 Though she died one year ago.  
 A bitter grief, a shock severe,  
 To part with one we loved so dear;  
 Our loss is great, we'll not complain,  
 But trust in God to meet again,  
 Gone never to be forgotten.  
 Her loving sisters.

# LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Miss Fern Klingler is visiting in  
 Lansing.  
 Miss Helen Knickerbocher was home  
 from Detroit over Sunday.  
 Edward Vogel has been spending a  
 few days in New York city.

Harry Knickerbocher visited rela-  
 tives in Detroit the past week.

Mrs. J. R. Gates is taking treatment  
 at the Battle Creek sanitarium.

Miss Gertrude Mapes was home  
 from River Rouge over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Baxter and fam-  
 ily visited his mother in Linden, Sun-  
 day.

A card from Tobias Stipe says he is  
 well and again back in Sebring, Flor-  
 ida.

Mrs. G. A. Runciman visited her  
 sons, Lyle and Walter, in Detroit, yes-  
 terday.

Misses Almerene Whitaker and  
 Florence Fenn spent the week-end in  
 Jackson.

Allen Crawford of Detroit visited  
 relatives and friends here over the  
 week-end.

Mrs. Frank Storms has purchased  
 B. Steinbach's double house, 128 West  
 Middle street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alba Gage of Sylvan  
 are the parents of a son, born Monday,  
 October 20, 1919.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burgess moved  
 to their new home, 717 West Middle  
 street, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Coe of Lima  
 are the parents of a son, born Sunday,  
 October 19, 1919.

Frank Leach delivered 400 head of  
 lambs to Dr. Lyons and John Dunn of  
 Sylvan yesterday.

H. H. Lyons has purchased Mrs.  
 George A. BeGole's residence, Summit  
 and Congdon streets.

The Lewis Spring & Axle Co. re-  
 ceived a carload of steel for the spring  
 department Wednesday.

Mrs. Rudolph Beck and daughter, of  
 Jackson, spent the week-end with her  
 mother, Mrs. Clara Faulkner.

The Bay View Reading club will  
 meet with Mrs. P. W. Dierberger,  
 Monday evening, October 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Wade and son  
 of Battle Creek were the guests of Dr.  
 and Mrs. H. M. Armour over the week-  
 end.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Koons and sons,  
 Clarence and Richard, of Quincy, vis-  
 ited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitmer,  
 Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Depew spent the  
 week-end in Ann Arbor and attended  
 the Michigan-M. A. C. football game  
 Saturday.

Don't forget to turn your clock  
 back one hour Saturday night. The  
 new time goes into use Sunday, Oct-  
 ober 26th.

Francis Dunlay submitted to an  
 operation for the removal of his tons-  
 ils and adenoids, Monday, at St. Jose-  
 ph's hospital, Ann Arbor.

Frank Leach and Charles Downer  
 have purchased 70 acres of land ad-  
 joining the Mary Gross farm, which  
 they have owned for some time past.

A letter from Dr. Byron Defendorf  
 states that he is well pleased with his  
 home at the Methodist Old People's  
 Home at Chelsea.—Fowlerville Re-  
 view.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Avery and the  
 former's mother, of Howell, and Mrs.  
 Frank Bailey of Plymouth, were the  
 guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Avery  
 and family over Sunday.

Tribune "liner" ads are still on the  
 job and giving good service. This  
 week they sold a cow for Lewis Stap-  
 ish, found a lost hat for a young lady  
 west of town, sold a stove for M. L.  
 Burkhardt of Lima and probably ren-  
 dered many other like services which  
 have not been called to our attention.  
 It pays to use Tribune "liners," also  
 to watch them carefully.

The automobile service department  
 of the Lewis Spring & Axle Co. has  
 been moved from its location on North  
 Main street to the basement of the No.  
 8 building on East street, but this is  
 only a temporary arrangement and  
 the service department will be located  
 elsewhere in No. 8 later when suitable  
 entrances are arranged. The build-  
 ing formerly used for the service de-  
 partment will be repaired and utilized  
 for a spring assembly shop.

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured  
 with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as  
 they cannot reach the seat of disease,  
 greatly influenced by constitutional  
 conditions, and in order to cure it you  
 must take an internal remedy. Hall's  
 Catarrah Medicine was prescribed by  
 one of the best physicians in this  
 country for years. It is composed of  
 some of the best tonics known, com-  
 bined with some of the best blood pur-  
 ifiers. The perfect combination of the  
 ingredients in Hall's Catarrah Medicine  
 is what produces such wonderful  
 results in catarrhal conditions. Send  
 for testimonials, free.  
 F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
 All druggists, 75c.  
 Hall's Family Pills for constipa-  
 tion. Adv.

Mrs. B. C. Whitaker is in Ann Arbor  
 today.

Mrs. John Spiegelberg was in Ann  
 Arbor, Wednesday.

George Wackenhut has purchased a  
 meat market in Jackson.

J. N. Dancer has purchased the Hub  
 Fuller residence on Jefferson street.

Mrs. Ed. Hammond and Mrs. J. S.  
 Cummings were in Jackson yesterday.

John and Lewis Miller of Chicago  
 are visiting at the home of Mrs. George  
 Miller.

Mrs. William Campbell attended the  
 Jackson County Association L. O. T.  
 M., at Rives, yesterday.

Germaine Foster and family, of  
 Grass Lake, visited at the home of  
 Chauncey Hummel, Sunday.

Carl Lehman broke his right arm  
 just above the wrist Sunday when an  
 automobile jack slipped and the lever  
 struck him.

Mrs. Ruby E. Lillibridge and little  
 grandson, of Detroit, were week-end  
 guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McMill-  
 len of Lima.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gibbons have  
 moved to the Winans residence on  
 South street, formerly occupied by  
 W. H. Benton and family.

Elmer Weinberg is carrying his  
 arm in a sling again as the result of  
 a recurrence of an attack of blood  
 poisoning in his left hand.

"Old-timers" say that 50 years ago  
 Wednesday it snowed hard and that  
 the ground was covered with snow  
 from that time until late spring.

Charles Moore, past grand of Chel-  
 sea Lodge 101 I. O. O. F., has been in  
 Detroit the past week as delegate to  
 the grand lodge, in session there.

O. D. Luick of this village has been  
 appointed a member of the board of  
 county road commissioners to fill the  
 vacancy caused by the death of the  
 late B. C. Whitaker.

Warren J. Beasley, son of Mr. and  
 Mrs. John Beasley of Detroit and a  
 nephew of James Beasley of this place,  
 died Saturday, October 18, 1919, in  
 Detroit. The body was brought here  
 for burial in Oak Grove cemetery  
 Tuesday.

Fred Hall has a broken forearm as  
 the result of an accident this morning.  
 He was returning from the plant of  
 the Michigan Portland Cement Co.,  
 driving one of the company cars. A  
 heavy fog obscured his vision and  
 he drove off the north side of the cul-  
 vert, just west of A. D. Baldwin's.

Miss Mary Jane Judson, 79 years  
 of age, died Wednesday, October 15th,  
 at her home in Kalamazoo and the  
 body was brought here for interment  
 in Vermont cemetery Friday. She  
 taught in this vicinity for many years  
 and several of her former pupils, in-  
 cluding E. A. Ward, C. F. Hathaway,  
 Adelbert Baldwin, and Michael Mer-  
 kel, acted as pall bearers. The de-  
 ceased was an aunt of A. W. Wilkin-  
 son, Tommie and Miss Nen Wilkinson  
 of this village.

Yes, we give a receipt for each sub-  
 scription when paid. Have you got  
 yours?

## COMING TO

Chelsea, Michigan, Crescent Hotel,  
 Friday, November 14th, 1919.

One Day Only Hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

**UNITED DOCTORS SPECIALIST**

Brings the knowledge of their organ-  
 ization and experience in their  
 successful treatment of  
**THOUSANDS OF CASES**

Offers Services Free of Charge

The United Doctors is an organiza-  
 tion of reputable, licensed physicians.  
 They are all specialists in the treat-  
 ment of certain diseases. They treat  
 without surgical operations diseases  
 of all internal organs, stomach, intes-  
 tines, constipation, piles, liver spleen,  
 heart, nerves, skin, rheumatism, sci-  
 atica, goitre, tape-worm, leg ulcers and  
 all long standing, deep seated diseases.  
 Many years of experience. The com-  
 plete record of thousands of cases suc-  
 cessfully treated prove that their  
 methods are right. They were among  
 the first to earn the name.

### "BLOODLESS SURGEONS"

Each staff member has at his com-  
 mand the knowledge and resources of  
 the organization. Many people suffer  
 from diseases that can be alleviated  
 just because they cannot afford to go  
 to high priced Specialists and Hospi-  
 tals at a long distance from their  
 home. No community has a sufficient  
 number suffering from these diseases  
 to support special hospitals for their  
 treatment and cure. The United Doc-  
 tors have solved the problem. Their  
 highly trained Specialists go to each  
 community and will advise a proper  
 course of treatment for the sufferers  
 and instruct them how to take care of  
 themselves at home. No matter what  
 you have been told or the experience  
 you had with other physicians, consult  
 him on this visit. It costs nothing.  
 If your case is incurable he will give  
 you advice as may stay and relieve the  
 disease. Married ladies must come  
 with their husbands and minors with  
 their parents or guardians.

**LABORATORIES:** Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Adv.

## NORTH LAKE ITEMS.

Douglas Frazier and family, of De-  
 troit, spent Sunday at their home here,  
 the Inverness farm.

Mrs. George Reade spent several  
 days of last week with her daugh-  
 ters in Lansing.

Mrs. E. W. McDaniels spent Sat-  
 urday and Sunday in Detroit with her  
 daughter, Miss Mildred. She attend-  
 ed the convention of the National W.  
 H. M. S. while there.

Rev. and Mrs. Harris made several  
 calls in this community, Friday. They  
 were guests of P. E. Noah and family  
 for dinner.

C. D. Johnson is selling his apples  
 on the Western market in Detroit.

Preaching services Sunday, October  
 26, at 10:30 a. m. Good sermon and  
 good music. Stay for Sunday school  
 at 12 o'clock.

## GREGORY BRIEFS.

Dick Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Chas.  
 Clark, of near Chelsea, visited at the  
 Hill home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrill and Mr.

## PRINCESS THEATRE

Open every night except Monday and  
 Fridays, starting each night at 7:00

Saturday, October 25

BABY MARIE OSBORNE

in

"Dollie's Vacation"

Sunday, October 26

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in

"Sauce for the Goose"

Tuesday, October 28

ANNA G. NILSSON

in

"The Way of the Strong"

Wednesday, October 29

WILLIAM S. HART

in

"The Border Wireless"

Thursday, October 30

ENID BENNETT

in

"When Do We Eat?"

## DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor  
 Ypsilanti and Detroit

Eastern Standard Time--Effective  
 October 26, 1919.

### Limited Cars

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

### Express Cars

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

### Local Cars

Eastbound--10:20 p. m. For Ypsi-  
 lanti only, 11:50 p. m.  
 Westbound--8:20 a. m., 12:51 p. m.  
 Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Sa-  
 line and at Wayne for Plymouth and  
 Northville.

### Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This remedy is intended especially  
 for coughs, colds, croup and whooping  
 cough. From a small beginning its  
 sale and use has extended to all parts  
 of the United States and to many for-  
 eign countries. This alone is enough  
 to convince one that it is a medicine of  
 more than ordinary merit. Give it a  
 trial and you will find this to be the  
 case. Adv.

## F. STAFFAN & SON

UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich



## Try This Good Loaf--

Put it on the table for dinner. Don't tell  
 the family it is bakery bread and see what  
 they say.

Many folks think they don't like bakery  
 bread, but they haven't tried our bread.

They will surely like this loaf and you  
 will be spared all the trouble of baking day.

Fresh baked cakes, pies, cookies also.

**The Chelsea Home Bakery**

# Do Not Miss That Car!

## Eastern Time on the D. J. & C. R'y Commencing October 26th

## New Chelsea Timetable---

**LIMITEDS**—For Detroit 8.45 a. m. and every two  
 hours to 8.45 p. m.

For Jackson and points west 9.11 a. m. and every  
 two hours to 9.11 p. m.

**EXPRESSES**—For Detroit 7.34 a. m. and every two  
 hours to 7.34 p. m.

For Jackson 10.20 a. m. and every two hours to  
 10.20 p. m.

**LOCALS**—For Detroit 10.20 p. m.; for Ypsilanti 11.50  
 p. m.; for Jackson 8.20 a. m. and 12.51 a. m.

# Chestnut Coke

Suitable for use in baseburners.

A car load just received —

**CHELSEA ELEVATOR COMP'Y**

## -CASH GROCERY-

SALT MACKEREL--Nice, large and fat.

"CHOP SUEY TEA"--A blend of the finest tea, and  
 will please any lover of good tea.

We have an awful good Tea Siftings that will please  
 you for 25c per pound.

**JOHN FARRELL**

"Walk Around the Corner and Save a Nickel"

## "ROUGE REX" SHOES--

For the man who works -- factory or farm.

## McELWAIN DRESS SHOES--

For style, fit and quality, at a moderate price.

## SCHMID'S CASH SHOE STORE

West Middle Street, Chelsea.



## PURE LEAF LARD

Best Home Rendered

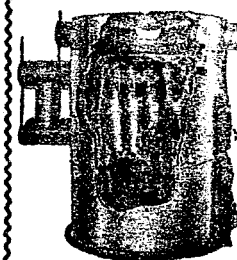
Stock, Only

35cts per Pound

ADAM EPLER

Phone 41

South Main St.



## 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 particu-  
 lars, or see --

**UPDIKE & MURPHY**

N. Main St.

Chelsea, Mich.

## Young Man, Do You Need a Sweater?



**SWEATERS** are now all the go  
 with young chaps.  
 Take a tip right here. When you  
 buy a sweater, be sure you buy  
 right.  
 Go to a reliable dealer.

If you feel convinced that we are  
 that kind we will be pleased to  
 show you our big line. Quality plus  
 low price.  
 All sorts of fine specialties in hab-  
 erdashery.

**HERMAN J. DANCER**