

INTERURBAN WRECK AT FRANCISCO SWITCH

Motorman Edward Webb Dies From Injuries Received In Rear End Collision Sunday Evening.

Edward Webb of Jackson, 42 years of age, a motorman on the Detroit, Jackson & Chicago electric interurban railway, died Sunday evening at 8:45 o'clock at the Foote Memorial hospital in Jackson as the result of injuries received in a rear end collision between two interurban cars Sunday evening about 6:30 o'clock at Francisco, about eight miles west of Chelsea.

The car of which Motorman Webb was in charge was the second section of an eastbound train which left Jackson at 5:55 p. m. The train had orders to take the siding at Francisco to allow a westbound car to pass. The first section took the siding according to orders, and came to a stop, closely followed by the second section, which crashed into the rear end of the standing car.

Just how the accident happened to occur has not been explained. It is supposed that Motorman Webb forgot about the car in front of him, or misjudged the distance between the two cars, and the crash came before he could stop his car.

The front end of the second car was

crushed in and the motorman was found half-way back in the smoking compartment. The injured man was sent to Jackson on a passing west-bound car, but died soon after reaching the hospital.

It is said that the controller of the second car was found reversed and that the brakes were in good working order.

Mrs. Ed. Kuniack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Breitenwischer of this place, was a passenger on the wrecked car, and yesterday was taken violently ill. It is believed her illness is the result of the shock of passing through the wreck.

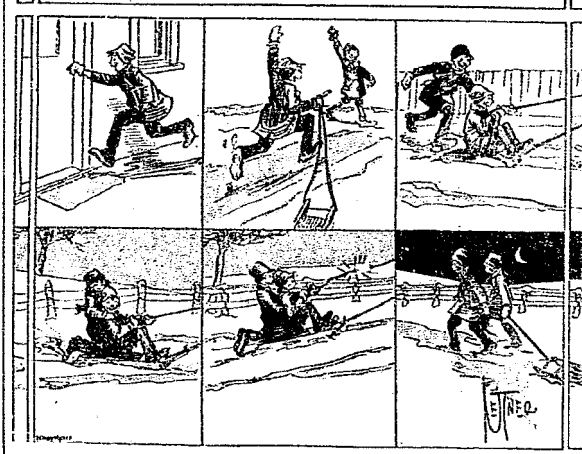
STRUCK BY FAST TRAIN

Lewis Stapish Had Narrow Escape From Death Saturday.

Lewis Stapish had a narrow escape from death or serious injury Saturday evening when his wagon loaded with wood was struck by Michigan Central passenger train No. 10 about 6:30 o'clock on the McKinley street crossing. Fortunately, neither Mr. Stapish nor his team were hurt, but the wagon was wrecked.

Mr. Stapish was driving north at the time, coming into town with a load of wood. He claims that he neither saw or heard the train until it was directly upon him, also that he does not

The End of a Perfect Day



recall hearing the warning bell on that crossing.

The Michigan Central signal men, in charge of the electrical signals say that the crossing bells were in ringing order, and crossing-tender J. W. Graham, on duty at the North Main street crossing, two blocks west of McKinley street, says that his bell, which is on the same circuit as the McKinley street bell, rang as usual.

The collision with the big passenger train was held here until another engine could be secured. The disabled engine was towed back to Jackson by a freight engine.

FINE MUSICAL PROGRAM.

A splendid musical concert will be given Sunday evening, December 28, at seven o'clock, at the Congregational church.

Fred H. Lewis of the Lewis Spring & Axle company will play several organ selections and Robert R. Dieterle of Ann Arbor, baritone, will sing several solos, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Wines.

Mr. Dieterle is a graduate of the University School of Music and is now a member of the faculty. He has sung at the May festival concerts at Hill auditorium, and in concerts in Detroit, Grand Rapids, and other cities. Last year he won first place in both the Michigan state contest and the sectional contest for young musicians conducted by the national federation of Women's Musical clubs. His part of the program will be as follows:

- (a) Flander's Fields, Berger;
- (b) Song of Brother Hilario, Cox; (c) The Jasmine Door, Scott.
- (a) O Little Town of Bethlehem, Spross; (b) God Shall Wipe Away All Tears, Harker; (c) Birthday of a King, Neidinger.
- (a) Requiem, Homer; (b) A Banjo Song, Homer; (c) In An Old Fashioned Town, Squire.

HER TENTH BIRTHDAY.

Miss Virginia McLaren of Jackson, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren of this place, celebrated her tenth birthday Saturday. The Jackson News reported the event as follows:

"Virginia, the interesting daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McLaren, celebrated her tenth birthday yesterday, when seven of her friends went to her home to spend a merry afternoon.

"Pink and white was the pretty color scheme, carried out in the home and in the delicious turkey dinner which was served.

"Miss Virginia received some pretty presents, and her tenth birthday will always be remembered by her friends and herself."

NORTH SYLVAN GRANGE.

The members of North Sylvan grange will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Skinner, Friday evening, December 26th, at 10 o'clock, in the Chelsea. The program follows:

Music, orchestra; roll call, Christmas thoughts; recitation, Lee Weiss; recitation, Robert Horton; recitation, Leona Weinberg; recitation, Melvin Lesser; recitation, Ivan Klink; duet, Gertrude Weinberg and Ray Knickerbocker; recitation, Helen Laird; recitation, Harry Young; solo, Mrs. Estlin Kalmbach; recitation, Florence Broesamle; recitation, Ruth McClure; duet, Mrs. Laird and Mrs. Lesser; recitation, Florence Laird; recitation, Lucien Broesamle; recitation, Carabelle Young; music, quartette.

HARD ON TROUSERS.

From now on you can spot a rural mail carrier by the burnished dome of his trousers.

The post office department has issued a new order requiring rural mail boxes to be placed on the right hand side of the carrier as he passes so that he may always keep on the right side of the road instead of running the risk of collision by having to cross from side to side. The change has one objectionable feature—it is hard on the bosom of the carrier's pants for most machines are left-hand drive and the carrier will have to slide back and forth on the seat cushions in getting the mail into the boxes on the right.

SYLVAN TOWNSHIP TAXES.

Taxes for Sylvan township, including dog taxes, are now due and may be paid at Keusch & Fahrners store. The dog tax must be paid on or before January 10, 1920. William Fahrner, Township Treasurer.

NO PAPER FRIDAY

The usual Friday's issue of the Tribune will be omitted this week, in order that the office force may observe Christmas day on Thursday and enjoy the universal holiday, which would be practically impossible were we to issue the paper as usual.

All news and other matter, which would regularly appear in next Friday's issue, will be published in next week Tuesday's issue on December 30th.

MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

On Christmas morning when I wake and sleep-dust from my eyes I shake, I see a sight that makes me start and causes thumpings in my heart; A Christmas tree—oh, pretty sight—with candles, bells and lights slight. With holly and dots and sugar plums, and skates and trains and beating drums. And, oh, it is a wonder tree, with heaps of things for me to see, holly gifts hang upon the side, which I need not take; cannot bite. A soldier doll, a doll house, too, and strings of gold come to my view, and as I look I hear sweet Christmas music, soft and clear. A merry Christmas, it seems to say, A merry, happy, holy day!



FARMERS' CLUB OFFICERS.

The Farmers' club has elected officers as follows: President—C. W. Saunders. Vice Pres.—Mrs. A. B. Spencer. Sec.—Mrs. S. A. Mapes. Treas.—Mrs. John Jensen. Chaplain—Rev. Bentley. Pianist—Mrs. H. E. Fletcher. Chorister—Mrs. H. O. Knickerbocker. Flower Com.—Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt. Mrs. Elmer Weinberg. Menu Com.—Mrs. N. W. Laird.

A CHRISTMAS WALK.

In silvery softness the anthem closed Like a slowly silenced bell; The sacred calm of a peace divine Like a benediction fell; And out on the morning light that spread A glimmer of amber gray, I walked with Margery home from church On an old, old Christmas Day.

A bland, mild day—for the rugged month Had chosen a kindly mood, Like a wonderful mellow aftermath From the Autumn's plenitude. With scarcely a tang of wholesome cold Did the Winter's breezes blow, As Margery walked from church with me On a Christmas long ago.

The earnest words that had touched our hearts— The warnings, kindly and wise— Had left a shadow of tenderness In Margery's violet eyes; The merry, homely maid I'd known For a twelvemonth's flying space, Had taken on that old Christmas Day, A new and womanly grace.

As through the tremulous opal clouds That shifted and swayed apart, A sun ray lighted the rosy face, The wish was born in my heart That down the trail of the unspent years, Whatever their trend might be, The soft-eyed maiden beside me then, Might walk to the end with me.

Absently watching the velvet flakes By the white gale set a-wing, I breathe the spirit of other years While the bells of Yuletide ring; And near me, smiling with happy eyes At our children's romping play, Is the girl who walked from church with me On that old, sweet Christmas Day. —Harriet Whittier Durbin, in People's Home Journal.



Try a Tribune "sure-shot" liner ad.

JUMPED FROM A TRAIN

Young Man Was Painfully Injured Saturday Afternoon.

Horne Welch, a repairman at the plant of the Michigan Portland Cement company, was painfully injured about the head Saturday afternoon, several stitches being required to close the wounds received when he jumped from a rapidly moving freight train.

Mr. Welch and two companions had boarded the freight at the cement plant, three miles east of Chelsea, to ride into town rather than wait for the regular motor-bus. They supposed the train would stop or at least slow down enough to allow them to get off here, but the train was a fast through freight and went through Chelsea at comparatively high speed. Nevertheless, Welch jumped, but his companions, seeing that he had been injured, stayed on the train and were carried into Jackson.

PUBLIC SCHOOL TAXES.

Eaton Rapids recently voted down a proposition to bond for \$220,000 to build a new school house. There were 432 votes against, and 60 for the issue. There was a total of 492 voters out to vote, probably ten or twelve times more than were present at the regular school meeting in the summer, which goes to show that a big majority of the taxpayers take interest in matters pertaining to the education of the young only when it is going to cost them money. We believe—we do not know—that a large per cent of the "Yes" votes in Eaton Rapids came from those taxpayers who attend the annual school meetings and who realize the inadequacy of the present building. Probably—again we are not sure—the amount asked, \$220,000, is more than that small city should spend for a school building, and unless the plans are modified, the bond issue will be repeatedly voted down.

Comparatively speaking, school taxes are not high in Chelsea this year, or at least no higher than for several years past, while in many surrounding places they have taken a big jump. But it is a fact, too, that if the past high standard of the school is to be maintained, some provision must be made for paying better salaries to the teachers, which will mean some increase in the school tax. We believe—we do not know—that it will be impossible to secure a really good grade teacher for less than \$100 per month next year. We believe that will be about the minimum salary.

For instance, last week in Ypsilanti a recent Normal college graduate without any teaching experience, was employed to teach first grade in a Pontiac school at \$110 the month. She was only an average student and without experience, but she was practically the only teacher available and the Pontiac board was glad to engage her.

One of two things is certain—either Chelsea must pay her teachers more another year, or she must be satisfied with a second-rate school.

Meanwhile, it should be a source of satisfaction to taxpayers here that we have a school building which should care for our needs for some time to come. The same building, if erected now, would cost probably three times as much as when it was built.

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 RENT—Light house keeping rooms, 310 South St. 2913

FOR SALE—Buzz-saw outfit, complete. Chas. Klagor, 617 So. Main St., Ann Arbor. 2912

FOUND—Package left in my auto, may be had by paying for this notice. J. W. Heselshewerdt. 2912

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Jersey cow, 7 yrs. old, been fresh 7 weeks. C. W. Saunders, phone 102-F31, Chelsea. 2912

FOR SALE—80 acres good land, good house, good barn 32x20, good woven wire fences; would consider 40 acres in exchange. Write for full description. N. Smalley, Gladwin, Mich. 2913

LOST—Gray leather pocket book, containing \$5 bill, change and Lyons' shoe repair check. Ethel Kalmbach, phone 63-J. 2814

FOR SALE—Figs eight weeks old. Sherman Pierce, phone 155-F21, Chelsea exchange. 2713

FOR SALE—Good organ, walnut case, good condition. Mrs. J. G. Wagner, phone 127-W. 2713

WANTED—Will pay cash for good second-hand safe. Inquire Tribune office. 2713

FURNITURE REPAIRING, cabinet work, upholstering, rebuilding and refinishing; go-cart wheels re-tired. E. J. Steiner, Steinbach Bldg., West Middle St. 2217

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

WANTED—People in this vicinity who have any legal printing required in the settlement of estates, etc., to have it sent to the Chelsea Tribune. The rates are universal in such matters, and to have your notices appear in this paper it is only necessary to ask the probate judge to send them to the Chelsea Tribune.

Christmas - 1919

WITH THE YULETIDE COMES THE PLEASURE OF EXTENDING TO OUR MANY FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS THE

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON

MAY THE HOLIDAYS MAKE HAPPY THE CLOSING OF 1919 AND USHER IN A JOYOUS NEW YEAR, BRIMFUL OF OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE, FOR HAPPINESS AND FOR SUCCESS.

THE KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

Chelsea, Michigan

Member Federal Reserve Bank

Wear **BECAUSE** Lyons' Shoes Wear

Don't Wonder What Your Gift Will Be—

A Pair of Slippers is Just The Thing

We have them for Men, Women and Children. Sizes from Child's 5 to Men's 12

SPECIAL-

Men's U. S. 4-buckle all rubber ARCTICS \$3.75 at...

Just Arrived—Men's Sheep Wanagans

LYONS' SHOE MARKET

110 North Main Street, Chelsea

Willard Battery Service

--Let Us Care For Your Battery This Winter--

When you lay up your car for the winter, don't make the mistake of leaving the starting and lighting battery in the car.

We are in a position to give our entire attention to the proper storage of any make of battery, eliminating the possibility of unnecessary deterioration. Come in and let us explain this to you.

Also tire and tube vulcanizing.

Chelsea Storage Battery and Vulcanizing Shop

Merkel Building

Phone No. 244

So. Main St.

We Do
BILL HEAD PRINTING
ON
HAMMERMILL BOND

F. STAFFAN & SON

UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich

Don't Forget to Renew That Subscription

Chelsea Hardware Company

CALL ON US WHEN IN NEED OF

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|--------------------|------------------|
| Shelf Hardware | Furniture |
| Heavy Hardware | Rugs and Carpets |
| Builders' Hardware | Matting |
| Stoves and Ranges | Linoleums |
| Furnaces | Window Shades |
| Washing Machines | Sewing Machines |
| Sash and Doors | Glass |
| Electric Sweeper | Hand Sweeper |
| Tractors | Wagons |
| Gas Engines | Manure Spreaders |
| Feed Grinders | Door Trucks |
| Wood Saws | Door Hangers |
| Feed Cutters | Stanchions |

We endeavor to have a complete stock of quality merchandise at all times, at prices always consistent with value offered.

Chelsea Hardware Company

PHONE 32

PRINCESS THEATRE

Wednesday, December 24---Special

Cecil B. DeMille's production

Don't Change

Your Husband

by Jeanie Macpherson

and featuring

Gloria Swanson and

Elliott Dexter



THE VIBE in
CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
"Don't Change Your Husband"

Admission

10c and 20c

FOOTWEAR

Is a suitable gift. You will find a saving here in Men's Vici Romeos, Dress and Work Shoes, Hi Cuts and Rubber Footwear. Boys' Hi Cuts, Dress and School Shoes.

SCHMID'S CASH SHOE STORE

West Middle Street, Chelsea.

1920 "Swearing Off" and "Best Wishes"



John and I

Swearing Off

Resolved: That after January 1
I'll conquer every evil habit,
And if one shows its ugly head,
Directly through the heart I'll
stab it.

Resolved: That lying is a vice—
All moralists alike decry it.
Henceforth I will not tell a lie
Unless I can make something by it!

Resolved: That gossiping's a crime
To be condemned with censure icy.
Hereafter I will tell no tales
Unless they're singularly spicy.

Resolved: That robbery is sin,
And so I will not rob my neighbor
In any way that might involve
A term in prison at hard labor.

Resolved: That I will go to church,
(Unless some other occupation
Seems more attractive at the time).
And so enhance my reputation.

Resolved: In short, that I will be
A moral man, as some men view it.
And when the path of virtue lures,
That I will zealously pursue it!
—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

WEARING OFF is said to have originated in the twelfth century with Louis IX of France, who decreed that on a certain New Year's day the soldiers of his army should take a vow to refrain from indulgence in strong drink for a whole year.

The practice of beginning the new year with good resolutions, however, is very, very old. The custom goes back to the beginnings of recorded history and was common to many peoples.

Time was when the New Year's resolution was a solemn affair, marked by elaborate religious ceremonies. For example, the Japanese 200 years before Christ, made much of the day. All outstanding accounts and debts were cleared away, all enemies were ended under penalty of the law. The dwelling house was swept and garnished; old furniture and old clothing were cast away in exchange for new in the belief that the assumption of a new conscience was complete only with the assumption of a new covering for the body.

By contemporary peoples was the New Year day regarded as time of solemn renunciation of all follies and an amendment for the future. In the days of the Pharaohs the Egyptians symbolized their purification with elaborate baths and fasting; the Persians and Phoenicians greeted the New Year with prayer to the heathen images and with libations.

With the passing of the centuries old New Year's vows have lost their former character. "Turning over a new leaf" is now a matter of individual and not national concern. "Swearing off" is even a favorite jest with the humorist and cartoonist.

Nevertheless, the modern man is more sensitive to the appeal of the New Year than he shows in public. What makes the New Year is the newness of life that human nature brings into it. It is a New Year to everybody according as everybody tries to live over again, and pushes forward and turns into action and discouragement to hope. People rely too much on resolutions to make a year new.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

With the disappearance of the custom of making New Year's calls from the circles whose members consider themselves "in society" in the big cities of the land went one of the most cherished resources of the professional joke foundryman, for it furnished amny a situation that was truly humorous when regarded from his viewpoint.

For the temperance lecturer, too, the absence of New Year's calls must



Turning over a New Leaf



"Make My Husband Jealous"

"No Ambition"

Best Wishes

I wish that we might seek and find
That which would benefit mankind;
A joy that would unfold the earth
And hourly visit at each hearth.

A ray of sunlight to the blind,
A bit of heart to the upkind;
An understanding gift to some
To help along another one.

To those who wish good deeds to do
Success for them I'm wishing, too;
And those whose lives a burden bear,
I wish that I might take a share.

And all the ones who hungry go,
I wish into their hands might flow
A wealth of coin for things to eat
That they could have both drink and meat.

For those who feel cold winter's blast
Warm clothes and shelter I would ask;
And for the whole world, God's great love
To help us earn our home above.

MRS. BLANCHE MASON.

"BEST WISHES" will be written, printed and engraved on millions of New Year's cards this year as usual.

Whaddayacuan "Best Wishes"? Surely all "Best Wishes" are not alike. They are as different as best girls—who are generally supposed to be best because "so different." Well, here's some sample "Best Wishes" which are out of the ordinary, anyway:

"My best wish for myself is that John will learn to see things the way I do," said a charming newlywed.

"And," she added, "maybe that's a real good wish for John, too."

"I wish I could make my wife happy," said Jimmie.

"I wish I could make my husband jealous," said his wife. "He wants me to be happy and he doesn't care how. If he only loved me the way I love him he wouldn't want any such thing. I don't believe there's a man living who knows what love means."

"My best wish for all my friends," said a writer, "is that they should have financial success. Perhaps money can't buy happiness but it can buy all sorts of things to keep happiness in. It can buy health and strength, freedom from anxiety and leisure to do the things you want to do. I never had any un-

happiness that money couldn't cure, aside from the actual death of a loved one; and in one case money could have prevented that. It doesn't follow that a man will be happy because he is rich; but if a rich man knows how to be happy, he has a clutch. A poor man may know how and be all the more miserable for knowing. I wish with all my heart that you had a million—and would lend me about four hundred."

"What I want first is life," said the alleged philosopher. "The will to live is fundamental, and needs no explanation. I want health, because without it I am half dead. I want food, shelter and clothing to sustain life; and I want association with my fellows in order to expand it. I want freedom to satisfy these wants to the fullest extent; therefore, I want everyone to be free. And I want everyone to want freedom so that they will co-operate with me in getting it. I want knowledge to understand my wants and give me the power to satisfy them; and I want others to share this knowledge so that we can work together for still greater satisfaction. I want no master to restrict my energies, and no slave to restrict my independence. I want cultured and educated people about me; therefore, I want everyone to have education and culture. I want to live in a world where no one is nervous, or worried or afraid. Therefore I want to abolish poverty and the competition of man against man. I want all the energies which the world is now exhausting in war applied to the manufacture of the things we want. And I want these things distributed freely for the people's use, by a system of distribution which would make war unthinkable. So I don't want much—only a world-wide revolution."

"There's no need of wishing you prosperity," said a young woman of sixty-five. "That is equivalent to wishing that somebody else has worse luck than you. I can't wish you more happiness, because that may mean anything from intoxication to vegetation. What I wish for you is youth—the constant consciousness that life is ahead of you, not behind, and a constant willingness to go ahead and welcome it."

"My best wish," said a man who thinks he is a thinker, "is that your own best wish comes true. The trouble with most people is that they want you to have what they want and think you ought to want, not what you actually do want yourself. I don't know what you want most and I don't care, but I hope you get it."

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Closing the Story of Winter Coats



styles in winter coats, launched at the beginning of the winter season, proved so altogether satisfactory that there has been no need for the introduction of new departures in them. Manufacturers had only to feature and emphasize the points that appealed with such success to the buying public, as they turned out new examples of established modes. Using the softest of thick and pliable materials they have exaggerated the big muffer collars, the roomy sleeves and the general ample appearance of the top-coat of the early season. In everything (but price) the coats of today suit the smartly dressed woman down to the last detail. She grumbles at the unheard-of prices—but she pays them.

The story of winter coats draws to a close with the introduction of interesting new ways of putting them together; tricks of cutting and shaping the sleeves or of adding decorations that are unusual, or varying the shape of the huge collars. The two handsome models pictured bring out these points

in coats of approved materials made up on approved lines. But the coat at the left reveals a yoke and sleeves cut in one piece and a muffer collar that is shaped differently from the original and much-copied model. It is made of silverstone, with big patch pockets and depends upon narrow braid and buttons for a striking embellishment. It seems like painting the lily to add any adornment to a cloth so rich—but it is done, by way of variety.

In the handsome coat at the right the outlines are much the same as those in the coat of silverstone, but the designer pursued a different path to arrive at the same goal. Unconcerned with the cloth used and the sleeves are covered by a braided pattern that enriches even this luxurious material. The most voluminous of all muffer collars snugly up about the throat and a narrow belt of the fabric draws attention to the fact that there is such a thing as a waistline, without getting very near to it.

Resort Hats Do Their Turn



here is a continuous performance in the drama of millinery, and now the headliner is due to appear. Resort hats are about to enter and to take the center of the stage, eclipsing the gay company of dance and theater hats that preceded them. Never have they arrived in such force or such variety before—for at least half the world appears to be going a-touring, bearing with it the most beautiful millinery that money, spent recklessly, will buy.

The genius of designers blossoms into its loveliest creations in these resort hats. They are made for people who are discriminating and appreciative, to whom price means little, but style and distinction everything, and they set the pace for spring—in several lines. For the term includes several classes of hats, with street and sports hats holding their place among them and fragile, short-lived but lovely dress hats flashing into and out of existence in a brief but glorious career. Some of these leave a trace in the styles that follow for spring and summer, while the street and sports hats just about decide this matter of styles.

In the group shown above, a sports hat, two dress hats and one that will serve for various occasions offer an alluring variety for the consideration of the younger tourists. How on row of very narrow ribbons with a pleated edge covers the sports hat at the top of the picture. Its broad brim, faced

with a cross-hair pattern in crepe, assumes the responsibility of standing between the sun and the face of its wearer. Many hats, similar in shape, are made of organza in light colors, and there is a fad for angora embroidery on these dainty affairs.

The large and picturesque hat at the left appears to be made of plaited faulle silk with plain facing of georgette crepe. It can be imagined in any of the favorite colors, as orchid, pink, cerise, blue—making a background for the bouquet of small wild flowers tied with narrow ribbon that rests at the right side. Opposite it a wide-brimmed hat of net has a crown almost covered with roses posed flat against it and many rose petals flung about the brim. The small hat at the bottom appears to be covered with crepe, although there are several fabrics at hand for the milliner that could be used as effectively. Its wreath of large silk pansies, without much attempt at being true to life, complete a very unusual and beautiful hat. Unusual and beautiful—these are the most desired of all things in resort hats. They give a zest to the parade which passes in mending variety along the paths that lead through sunny lands.

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HER SACRIFICE

By L. W. RENEAR.

(© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
Horror was written on the comely face of the white-haired Melinda Bassett as she stood at the telephone, talking to her daughter-in-law, a bride of a few weeks.

"Yes," she faltered, "I heard you. What did they ask you to make?"

The voice which came rippling back to her was young and intense with the joy of life.

"A frosted lemon pie, a sponge cake and three dozen doughnuts."

"Seems to me they ain't a mite bashful about asking for considerable!"

"Well, Mrs. Rodgers said she'd heard what a good cook I was, and that everybody would be anxious to taste my things, and they'd sell like hot cakes. I knew you must have told her. Mother Bassett, for you're the only one who has been to a meal here yet."

Involuntarily Melinda closed her eyes to shut out the vision of that nightmare feast—tough meat, half-raw vegetables, fallen cake and a pie—she shuddered at the memory, but poor, unsuspecting Jean, who had never in her life before so much as boiled water, radiated pride in her achievement.

Mrs. Bassett had never wanted her son to marry the little city girl. She had urged him to choose a capable housekeeper from the Willowdale girls. Not yet had Melinda overcome the little feeling of hurt resentment when she thought of her son's wife, a nice enough little thing, but—

And now Ophelia Rodgers had laid this trap for the unsuspecting girl. "A good cook or nothing," was Willowdale's slogan, and rivalry was keen. Honors had been even between Mrs. Rodgers and Melinda Bassett for some years, but the former cherished a bitter hate for anyone who threatened her culinary position. Thus, then, was she determined to humiliate the house of Bassett.

"My sorrows," breathed Melinda, "that child mustn't carry her dreadful messes to that food sale. What'll I do?"

Aloud she said: "It's pretty near half-past eight, Jean; you'll have to hurry to get ready by two o'clock. Do you want me to help you?"

The reply was joyfully scornful of aid. "Oh, no, thank you just the same. I love to work in my dear kitchen."

"Well, good luck to you, Oh, Jean, ask Prescott to step in here on his way to the sale with your things, will you; I may want him to carry something for me. Good-by."

That afternoon, while Prescott was busy with half a coconut custard pie, his mother surveyed Jean's cookery. It was worse than she had feared, but there was no time to waste in lamentation. Swiftly she packed her own toothsome viands and slipped a note into Jean's basket, which was the counterpart of her own. She turned an innocent face upon her son as he entered the kitchen.

"Don't stub your toe," she warned him.

Jean Bassett reached the food sale almost on the heels of her husband. The twin baskets had just been lifted to a table for inspection when she hesitated in the doorway. Every woman present was bent eagerly over the Bassett baskets and no one heard her enter. Mrs. Rodgers lifted a cover in deathly silence.

"For the land's sakes!" she ejaculated, and lifted out a pie with blackened crust, leathery meringue and oozing lemon, altogether a most pitiable pie. A cake with a deep depression in the center, which had been filled with sticky frosting was next. A pile of deep-brown, greasy doughnuts completed the list. Mrs. Rodgers laughed shrilly.

"Appetizin', ain't they?" she chuckled. "Oh, here's a note." Her bony fingers twitched it open and she read aloud:

"Dear Peely—My rheumatism's bad today and I ain't had real good luck with my vittles. Yours, M. Bassett."

"Good luck," echoed Mrs. Rodgers; "I should say not! Melinda's fallin' fast; she's gettin more childish every day. The idea of sendin' such truck to a sale!"

Awed silence reigned; a mighty rival had fallen; the reign of a mistress-of-her-art was over.

"Well," said Ophelia briskly, "let's see what my new daughter can do."

She had done amazingly well. If the brown and golden triumph in pastry, the frosting-crowned cake and the tempting doughnuts were a sample of her skill. A respectful hush prevailed as Mrs. Rodgers spread them forth. A pleasant-looking woman broke the silence.

"Looks like there'd be a first-rate cook in the Bassett family for a spell yet, even if Melinda is fallin'!"

Melinda, rocking placidly by the window as she darned socks, was startled by the tempestuous entry of a fearful girl, who flung herself down beside the horse-hair chair.

"Mother Bassett, you get your bonnet and come over to that sale this minute! We'll show them whether you're falling or not! I'll tell them just what you did—yes, I shall, too! You'll teach me to cook, won't you? I didn't dream how awful my messes would look with those rows of lovely cakes and things! Oh, mother, I thought you didn't like me very much! Pres laughed at me, but somehow I felt—"

Melinda smoothed the brown hair gently. "We women-folks get terrible queer notions sometimes, dearie," she said.

WIDOW IS SLAIN AND HOME RIFLED

Reputed to Be Miser With Vast Hoard Hidden in Her House.

WAS LOCAL TRADITION

Several Persons Arrested on Suspicion, Including Victim's Son-in-Law, Said to Have Been Last to See Her Alive.

Hoopston, Ill.—Although they lived within a few blocks of each other on the outskirts of this town, Mrs. Mary Buhler visited her mother, Mrs. Subina Cummings, only once a week—on Sunday, after church.

Mrs. Cummings was noted in the section for her desire for solitude, which even her daughter could not invade.

When the daughter called at noon one day recently she found the front door open. This had not occurred in the eight years since her father's death. She saw also a light in the sitting room.

She entered and found the body of her mother lying on a lounge. The old woman was dead. The body was covered with blood. The head had been caved in by a heavy blow. The room was in great disorder.

Thought to Have Hoard.

Mrs. Cummings, who was eighty-two, was reputed to be the miser of Hoopston, and her little two-story frame house, which she owned, was known as the "golden house." Natives frequently pointed it out to visitors with the remark:

"The old lady has got thousands and thousands of dollars hidden there."

It became a town tradition. When the husband of the aged woman died eight years ago a search of the house was made. In out-of-the-way places more than \$18,000 in cash was found.

Subsequently the rumor spread that this was but a tithe of the wealth of Mrs. Cummings. Not even her daughter could tell how much money was in the house.

The authorities had warned Mrs. Cummings to put her money in bank. They told her the rather isolated situ-



The Old Woman Was Dead.

ation of her house, her own feebleness and her reputed wealth would prove a temptation which in time might result in tragedy.

She refused all counsel and asked to be let alone.

Last Seen by Son-in-Law.

She was seen alive last at 5:30 on a Saturday afternoon by her son-in-law, Fred Buhler.

That night, between eight and ten o'clock, neighbors tell of seeing two men cross the fields and make for the house. In the course of the evening the same two men were seen to drive away in an automobile.

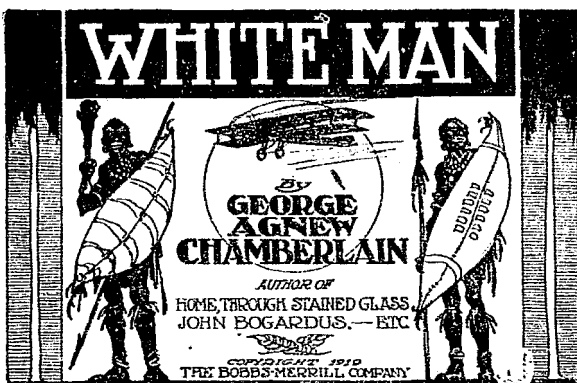
Nobody saw them enter the house. The place was found to be thoroughly ransacked. Not an article of furniture had been left untouched. Tin boxes had been found opened and their contents strewn about the rooms. Papers were thrown about, pictures smashed in an effort to locate money hidden there.

The police believe that about \$10,000 in loot was secured by the woman's slayer. Several persons have been arrested on suspicion, including the son-in-law of the dead woman, who, it is said, was the last person to see her alive.

Co-eds Rout Air Mice.

Greencastle, Ind.—Armed with tennis racquets, brooms and other weapons, the 60 co-ed residents of Mansfield hall, DePauw university, waged war on mice of the winged variety. After an hour's battle, during which the girls wore towels about their heads to prevent the hats from lodging in their hair, the entire neighborhood had been aroused from its slumbers and 32 bats had been put to sleep for all time. The night fliers gained entrance to the dormitory through an open window in an unoccupied room.

Julia Bottomley



ANDREA WITNESSES AN EXCITING ELEPHANT HUNT.

Andrea Pellor, handsome daughter of Lord Pellor, impeccable aristocrat, is doomed to marry an illiterate but wealthy middle-aged diamond mine owner. She disconsolately wanders from her hotel in South Africa, and discovers an aviator about to fly from the beach. Impulsively, or perhaps hesitatingly, she trips will be merely a pleasant excursion, she begins to be taken for a night, although she does not know him. He somewhat unwillingly agrees, and they start. When she realizes her unknown aviator is not going back Andrea in desperation tries to choke him with one of her stockings. He thwarts her and they sail on into the very heart of Africa. Landing in an immense crag, Andrea finds the natives all bow in worship to her mysterious companion. While Andrea continues deaf to Andrea's pleadings to be restored to her friends. She goes on a day's hunting trip with White Man and thoroughly enjoys the exciting experience. White Man by a skilful shot saves her from the attack of a snake and she is fast becoming reconciled to her fate after eight days in the crag. On another expedition the donkey on which Andrea is mounted runs away with her and she is for a moment made ridiculous. White Man explains the African method of wife purchase, "obolo." She is horrified.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The river was a treacherous-looking stream, deep, sluggish, bordered for the most part by flat-topped banks. Where its shores were broken into shelving slopes these were covered with a towering growth of reeds and matted elephant grass. There was a sand-spit here and there and on each were lying what appeared to be logs cast up by flood.

As the expedition reached the crest of the bank, thereby coming into full view of the river, the logs, one by one, elevated themselves a foot into the air through all their length and moved silently, swiftly, horribly into the water. Andrea caught her breath. She had seen crocodiles in captivity, but never like this, never free to scurry on distorted legs, to sink silently into murky depths and lurk.

"White Man," she whispered, "are they as awful as they look?"

"They are," he answered. "It is pretty generally accepted that more natives succumb to crocs in Africa annually than to any other one cause, not excepting famine and smallpox. It sounds unbelievable until you know the native mind. A man will be taken at a certain crossing and half an hour later you may see his companions leisurely wading the stream the same place. The explanation is that they consider that the victim lost his life solely by reason of the cheap brand of 'medicine' he carried. Each one is convinced that his own bit of stone, rag or twisted wood is the real thing and nothing can disuade him until the moment when he too is snatched under."

"How ghastly," said Andrea, "and how pitiful."

"Yes, it is," said M'sungu, and added: "Sort of knockout to faith, isn't it? But even crocs have character. There are certain crossings swarming with them where they are known to be friendly and where no one has ever been attacked."

By the time he finished speaking the natives had hailed out a wide, clumsy scow and M'sungu nodded to Andrea to slide down the slippery landing chute and climb in. She was worried as to how Marguerite was to be managed when, to her delight, four blacks picked him up bodily and deposited him in the center of the leaky craft. He did not deign to more than half



Propelled Laboriously Up-Stream by Poles.

open his eyes. Propelled laboriously up-stream by poles and then across by clumsy paddles, it took them the best part of half an hour to make the opposite landing. Andrea was surprised

er squatted by one spoor and then another. He held up three fingers.

"All males?" said M'sungu.

The tracker nodded.

"Big ones?" said M'sungu, with that half-smile of exaltation.

The boy grinned.

M'sungu touched the edge of the mighty spoor with his toe. "M'uh?"

"Stabeka!" murmured the tracker, and rolled his eyes up into the trees.

"He says it's a whopper," whispered M'sungu, and promptly went into action.

He took off his jacket and jersey, rolled up his sleeves and tightened his belt. The tracker stripped to his breech-clout and took from one of the wickered a slender-shafted assegai.

The three old hunters laid aside the rifles they had been carrying and the gunbearers quietly picked them up.

M'sungu turned to Andrea. "Get on the donkey," he ordered. When she was mounted her eyes were on a level with his own. "Listen," he said.

"You'll ride now, because when we strike the bush you can't. Please listen, because from now until the kill nobody is going to speak to you and if you should say a word out loud you might get six inches of spear in the excitement of the moment."

"Go ahead; I won't speak," said Andrea, and pressed her lips together.

"When you begin to get hot," continued M'sungu, "just take off what you don't want and drop it. We people ahead can't lose anything if we try. The boys used to pick up my dead matches until I stopped them. When you come to the bush, shed your skirt, get off Marguerite and leave him. Walk lightly and hang on till you drop. If you last long enough, you'll see me take the big gun. That's the beginning of the end and when it happens you are to do just one thing. Look around you. Somewhere near you are bound to see a big tree looming out of the bush. Go to it, hug it, stay with it whatever happens till I call you."

A moment later, they were off at a terrific pace, the tracker in the lead, M'sungu next, then the gunbearers, Andrea, and after her the tagging rest. For hours they kept on without a break or a pause.

Andrea watched M'sungu's long stride, fascinated by its unvarying pendulum swing. The gunbearers took shorter

steps. They walked pivoting on the ball of the foot; just before each step, their heels jerked inward sharply for the thrust back. She leaned forward; Marguerite had his eyes wide open. He seemed to be breathing softly, as though he, too, were bent on playing the game.

Quite suddenly they came out of the forest into a broken mangy space. The heat and glare was terrific. Here and there were scraggy groups of thorn, apparently burnt up by the sun, but in reality very much alive. To one side, an enormous acacia cast its grateful blot of shade. The tracker, pausing at last, looked straight up, transfixed in an eloquent pose.

Andrea followed his gaze. At an incredible height she saw a branch, freshly broken. Her reason battled with incredulity; it told her that only one thing could have reached the branch and snapped it—the up-flung trunk of the rearing beast they were following. For the first time in her life, measuring again that height, she felt actual awe. M'sungu cast a glance over his shoulder. His face was alight; his eyes shone with a swimming brilliance.

A few minutes later they came to the ragged edge of the elephant bush. The tracker cast left and right with quick, jerky steps. Here the three bulls had separated. Joyful sign, for it showed intention to feed. The tracker came to a halt, dropped the tip of his assegai shaft to a chosen spoor. M'sungu looked back at Andrea impatiently. She threw herself from Marguerite's back and hastily stripped off her jersey, unbuttoned her skirt and let it fall. She stood in helmet, khaki shirt and breeches, puttees and light-laced boots—an admirable study in brown. But M'sungu had no time for artistic effects; he turned from her with a nod and plunged into the bush in the wake of the tracker.

Fortunately for Andrea the going

was now much slower. It was not that the spoor was harder to follow—in fact, it was much easier, for through the jungle of stunted sapling no man could pass save where an elephant had plowed a way—but that now every indication of the game's progress had to be read, studied and accurately valued. Here began the exercise of that finished science which M'sungu had placed so high, giving due credit to those forefathers who had marked its stages with their life's blood.

The state of a parted vine, or a half-masticated leaf, bore some message upon the true reading of which hung the delicate balance of success or failure. Slower and slower fell the pace and in measured proportion silence was born and seemed to grow and spread and throb till it hung in the air like some stilling all-permeating mist. Beneath it the heart beat with an irregular rat-tat-tat and breath came in hurried gasps. In spite of the men before her, Andrea felt alone, adrift on a sea of unseen but hovering perils. She looked over her shoulder. Only Bathub was in sight behind her, tense, one foot in air, waiting for her to take her next step before he placed his foot. His naked body, exposed to the merciless sun, streamed with sweat.

Andrea's shoulders ached from holding her arms before her face to ward off the interminably encroaching vines and branches that seemed to oppose the way, but invariably parted at her touch. Her tongue was parched, all her clothing laid hands on her every motion with a clammy grip and her body quivered on the fine edge of exhaustion, but she hung on, her eyes above dark shadows casting agonized glances at M'sungu. If only he would reach for the big gun! If only he would really stop for even a fleeting rest.

The next moment she found herself crowded into the halting group in front. They stood in the sparse shade of a big tree, their eyes sweeping the ground beneath their feet and rising to meet each other's gaze with swift intelligence and swifter understanding. Here was a great reading, the anti-climax of suspense, the pregnant moment of final premonition. The three elephants had come together, they had milled beneath this tree, they were even now indubitably beneath the next they had encountered—for when a feeding elephant walks in a circle for no apparent reason it is because his thoughts are entirely fixed on taking his noonday nap promptly.

The tracker stood unbelievably erect, heels off the ground. It was as though by an effort of will he had suspended himself in air, so still was he, so wholly was his body consecrated to the act of listening. Suddenly his wide nostrils quivered with a visible fluttering and distended till their outer rims showed white. A look of sensual and ineffable content spread over his face as he drew down into his lungs that breath of tainted breeze. He smelled the prey; the wind was right.

Presently Andrea caught the odor and her whole body trembled as from an overmastering physical contact. This smell was unlike all others; the mind gave it color and substance. It crept through the forest like a dark cloud, an ominous warning to all frail creatures to get out of the way. She felt suddenly cold and glanced over her shoulder with a half-formed notion of retreat; then her eyes fell on M'sungu and she forgot all else in an absorption that was above fear.

He had become filled with an essence of youth, as though years of life had rushed from past and future to fill to overflowing the cup of this one transcendent moment. His face was tense but alight and his ordinarily gray eyes had attained to an unfathomable blue that seemed to deny measure to the depth of his emotion. His thin lips were drawn in the crooked line of a fixed smile—a smile that struggled on the verge of an infinite solemnity. When he moved he gave an indefinite impression of disembodied action as if spirit alone passed on, leaving flesh behind. Like a black monitor the tracker went before him.

Andrea was suddenly aware that M'sungu carried the big gun. Its dead weight of eleven pounds lay in his hands lightly as though it also were sustained by a spiritual force. She had not seen him take it and there was something ghostly in the mere fact of his possession of it. Her mind was in a turmoil; she knew that upon the taking over of the big gun had hung some vital instruction to herself but in that primal moment of suspense, memory was an agonizing blank and nothing more. She followed blindly in the cautiously pausing footsteps of the single gunbearer that crept before her, close on the heels of his master.

Infinitely seemed to come and go before they had advanced twenty paces. She came to the bare trunk of a big tree whose top had been felled by lightning and at that moment M'sungu looked back, a terrible frown on his face. Without taking her eyes from his she leaned against the stump of the tree and put her arms around it. Memory came to her. She remembered what he had told her to do. She hugged the tree in a great relief while her eyes still followed the white man and the two black shadows that he seemed to throw, one before, one behind.

Suddenly the tracker paused with an unmistakable finality. His hands went up in an even, swift gesture of warning. His body sank gradually lower and lower till it stretched flat and still as a log at the side of the narrow trail. With long-studied, cautious movements the white man passed over him and stood erect, at once steady

and quivering, as heat waves quiver steadily in the air arising from parched soil.

Not forty paces from where Andrea hugged her protecting trunk and scarcely twenty in advance of M'sungu, the domes of two trees topped the even mass of the saplings about them. Into the shadows beneath these trees he was peering with an intensity that communicated itself to Andrea. She too stared desperately as though by an effort she might send light into darkness with her gaze.

Presently she was rewarded; three shadows within the shadow slowly

The white man still stood tense but immovable.

took form. Once seen, they advanced in distinction until they stood out to vision as does the Coal Pit on a starry, moonless night. They were three clouds, ominous, dusky, thunderous. Suddenly from one of them came a rumble that rolled ponderously away through the silent world. Andrea, ignorant of the majesty of the intestinal commotions of the mightiest of beasts, snatched a fleeting impression that somewhere beyond the brazen sky, a storm was brewing.

The white man still stood, tense but immovable. Gradually Andrea's senses gathered to the fact that this was no pause. He was waiting—waiting deliberately or was it as one who stands fatally fascinated and paralyzed on the threshold of disaster? Her heart was beating with a deafening throb. She was sure the natives about her could hear the equal tumult in their own breasts.

Then her eyes, glued to the three black clouds, saw one of the lesser of them move, raise vast blankets of ears and flap them, starting an audible gust of wind. A great trunk wound and uncoiled, rose lazily to incredible heights, reached a limb and tore it with a scream of rending fibers from the parent tree. The beast turned slightly to avoid the avalanche of boughs. Instantly the white man's arms swept into motion. He leveled the big gun at an upward slant upon the still immovable central cloud and fired.

All the silence in the world was rent asunder by that shot. With a rending crash as of a thousand gaffing guns, one, two, twenty elephants swept through the sea of saplings and away. It was as though an angry god had snatched up the forest like a sheet and ripped it apart. In the terrific whirlwind of sound gone mad, the second bark of the rifle was quite lost to the ear.

M'sungu turned and automatically seized his supporting gun. His eyes swept the back trail, looking for Andrea. She was gone. "Bathub!" he roared.

The boy ran to him, his face working with every emotion known to the black breast—joy, triumph, greed, cupidity and fear. The last was predominant and with reason, for M'sungu dropped his gun, shot out both hands to the black's throat and lifted him straggling into the air. "Damn you," he growled, "where's your missis! Where is she?" The boy's eyeballs protruded farther and farther from his contorted face.

"Here I am," panted Andrea.

M'sungu relaxed his grip; Bathub dropped to the ground like a nerveless sack but bounced up again, all his emotions except fear once more in full cry across his grinning face.

Andrea laid both hands on M'sungu's arm. "It wasn't my fault," she gasped. "I started to do just what you told me, White Man. You know you saw me hugging the tree. But when I heard the Day of Judgment right on top of me—I just had to give it a run for its money!"

Andrea becomes despondent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Most Unkind.

Miss Antique—Don't you think this age is corrupt?

He—Doubtless. How does it compare, in your opinion, with previous ages?—Life

INCREASING DEMAND FOR RABBIT MEAT OFFERS OPPORTUNITY TO HELP INCOME



A Family of Belgian Hares—The Flesh of Home-Grown Rabbit Is Practically Indistinguishable by Taste From Chicken.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

For many years rabbits have been raised in this country as pets and as fancy stock for competitive exhibitions, but now it has become profitable for many living in the country, and even city dwellers, to raise these animals for the food market.

Until war and postwar prices set everyone to thinking about the food problem, there had been no real incentive to breed rabbits for practical ends, as they were not actually needed for food, and better far than theirs could be had for little money. However, the great change in economic conditions has materially changed their status.

The general introduction of any kind of a food product is dependent upon the public's familiarity with that product. American people in general have learned something of the value of rabbit meat through the rather general use of wild rabbits, which were hunted and trapped by farmers and sportsmen and others in almost all parts of the country. Home-grown rabbits do not have the gamey flavor of wild rabbits, their flesh being practically indistinguishable by taste from that of chicken.

Because of the well-remembered Belgian hare boom which took place some years ago, there is considerable disinclination on the part of many to undertake rabbit raising for profit. Experiments along this line in the past should not be confused with rabbit raising as now advocated by the

United States department of agriculture. The Belgian hare boom spread rapidly for a time and continued as long as there was a demand for breeding stock, but when this demand was changed to a meat basis the boom collapsed, as there was then no real need for a new source of meat.

Experience in more recent years has proved, however, that rabbit raising for the purpose of supplying the meat trade is profitable. City and suburban dwellers are raising rabbits in backyards. Although the total production is as yet comparatively small, it is steadily increasing. In such scattered sections of the country as California, Washington, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, the domesticated rabbit is recognized as a regular meat animal. Rabbits are shipped alive to market in crates or are neatly dressed ready for cooking and are packed in a sanitary manner for transportation.

There are numerous instances of profitable rabbit raising. A resident in Kansas City, Kans., has raised 500 to 400 pounds of rabbit meat for use on his own table, at a cost of about half the present meat prices. A large institution in Nebraska has raised rabbits instead of poultry and reports the meat more satisfactory than chicken, and also a most profitable product. On a county farm in Washington, rabbits were grown to provide for the county hospitals, furnishing a substitute for chicken.

Europeans Eat Many Rabbits. Further evidence of the marketing possibilities in rabbit raising are to be found in the experience of France and Belgium and other European countries. In the greater part of Europe, except the most northerly portions, rabbit breeding was an industry of considerable importance before the war. About 100,000,000 rabbits were marketed annually in France, approximately 2,000,000 were raised in Belgium per year for home consumption and export. The value of rabbits annually exported from Ostend to England exceeded \$1,000,000, while, including wild hares raised in English preserves, England itself was producing from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 rabbits. The consumption in one year before the war in London amounted to half a million pounds daily and in Paris to 200,000 pounds. What has

been done in the way of developing a market for rabbit meat in these countries indicates clearly the large possibilities for progressive growers in the United States. The shortage of meat furnishes an opportunity which should be made highly profitable to the rabbit grower.

Another economic phase of the question is indicated by the fact that meat produced at or near home saves freight and several profits. The example of Europeans and the experience of breeders in America alike indicate that the utility rabbit, particularly if grown near the market, can be made a large factor in solving the meat problem, to the mutual profit of consumers as well as producers. There are seven breeds of rabbit which come under the designation of utility animals. They are comprised in three types, represented by the so-called Giants, the Belgian hares, and the New Zealand red rabbits.

Feeding Problem Simple. The problem of feeding the rabbits is relatively simple. In every garden there is feed that is apt to be wasted unless it is given to the rabbits. Dandelions are a pest in lawns, but they are excellent to feed, with alfalfa and clover and oats or other grain, as also leaves of the burdock, yellow dock, and other weeds and prunings from apple and cherry trees. The construction of proper housing for these animals is relatively simple. The United States department of agriculture is prepared to furnish advice on the breeding and marketing of rabbits and to offer practical suggestions regarding their feeding and housing.

DISEASED CARCASSES DANGEROUS AS FOOD

Numerous Instances Where Hogs Contracted Tuberculosis.

Live Stock Owners Urged to Have Careful Autopsy Made on Animals Dying Because of Sickness—Feeding Offal Is Bad.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Warning against the feeding of diseased cattle carcasses to hogs is sounded by the United States department of agriculture. A conference of state and federal officials, to deal with matters of tuberculosis eradication, brought to light numerous instances where hogs contracted tuberculosis after feeding on carcasses of tuberculous cattle. In one case nearly an entire drove of hogs showed lesions of tuberculosis which at first the owner could not account for. Later he admitted to the veterinarian investigating the case that several months before he had fed to the hogs the carcass of a cow that "never did very well."

The bureau of animal industry urges live-stock owners to have a careful autopsy made on animals dying on the farm or killed because of sickness in order that the definite cause of trouble may be learned. Carcasses that show lesions of infectious diseases should not be fed. Instead, such carcasses should be buried so that no part can be eaten by hogs. Thorough destruction of the carcass by burning, or by deep burial under a liberal application of quicklime, is the proper procedure in such cases. Attention is called also to the danger of feeding offal from slaughtered animals to swine, as such a practice is another source of infection.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Getting rid of the scrub hogs is a mighty progressive move.

Concrete floors make it easier to provide sanitary places for animals.

Keep the hog lots, troughs and watering places in sanitary condition.

A calf requires 10 to 15 pounds of whole milk a day, until four months old.

Where alfalfa can be successfully grown there is no better grazing crop for hogs.

Blackleg vaccine has been in use many years to immunize young cattle against the disease.

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

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

Published Every
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
Office, 102 Jackson street
Address all communications to the
Tribune, Chelsea, Michigan.

The Chelsea Tribune is mailed to any address in the United States at \$1.50 the year, 75 cents for six months and 40 cents for three months.

Notice of Chancery Sale.
State of Michigan. In the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery. Harmon S. Holmes, Plaintiff, vs. William T. Utley, Grace C. Utley, and Claude Miller, Defendants.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery, made and entered on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1919, as amended by decree of said court made and entered on the fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1919, in the above entitled cause, I, the subscriber, a Circuit Court Commissioner of the County of Washtenaw, hereby give notice that I shall sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder at the south front door of the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County of Washtenaw, (that being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said County of Washtenaw), on Thursday, the eighth day of January, A. D. 1920, at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, all those certain lands and premises described as follows, to-wit:

The east fifty-seven feet and two inches in width of that tract of land lying and being situated in the City of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, and described as follows: The east one-half of lot number five in block three south of Huron street, range number six east, excepting the east two rods in width

thereof included in Division street, and also excepting sixty-six feet in width off from the north side of the said east one-half of said lot number five according to the original plat of the Village (now City) of Ann Arbor, excepting and reserving a right of way four feet in width over the east side of the tract intended to be conveyed to Martha Louise Hinz and Anna Eva Ludwig, July 2d, 1913, and also granting a similar right of way over the west four feet of the land now conveyed to party of the second part, which four feet is hereby excepted and reserved for such right of way, this right of way is made for the purpose of a domestic driveway, for the use of the owners and tenants of the two properties above mentioned.

Dated at Ann Arbor, Michigan, November 25th, 1919.
Frank C. Cole,
Circuit Court Commissioner.
H. D. Witherell, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Business address: Chelsea, Michigan.
Nov. 25. Dec. 2-9-16-23-30.



Hubby—It's all rot and nonsense to try to wake children believe there's such a character as Santa Claus. They ought to be taught better.

Wife—Our children don't need to be taught better. They know there's no Santa Claus in this house.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Mrs. A. L. Steger was in Ann Arbor, Saturday.

Mrs. John Spiegelberg spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Florence Howlett spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Dancer were in Ann Arbor, Saturday.

Miss Alfa Davis is home from River Rouge for the holiday vacation.

Mrs. Fred Broesamle and daughter Lucile were Jackson visitors, Saturday.

Miss Florence Spring is spending the holidays at her home in Geneva, Ohio.

A good New Year resolution—that you will do your Christmas shopping early next year.

Miss Carrie Krell of Battle Creek is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Brower over the holidays.

Austin Balmer was in Chicago the past week, after a car load of feeding cattle, which arrived Saturday.

Mrs. Guy Sprague and son Graham, of Detroit, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Graham.

Miss Norma Turnbull is home from Flint to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Turnbull.

Last chance shoppers—those who neglected to do their Christmas shopping early—are now working overtime.

On New Year's day a community dinner will be served by the ladies of Salem M. E. church in the church basement.

The Chelsea postoffice will close at nine o'clock Christmas day, but the rural carriers will cover their routes as usual.

A fine Christmas program has been prepared by the Methodist Sunday school, and will be given Christmas eve. All are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Axtell and sons, Ralph and Paul, motored to Perry, Sunday, to visit Mrs. Axtell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Benjamin. Mrs. Benjamin accompanied them home for a week's visit.

The next regular issue of the Tribune, which would be the day after Christmas, will be omitted in order that the office force may enjoy the holiday on Thursday. Please remember—no paper on Friday this week.

The next regular meeting of Cayamague Lake grange will be held in the basement of the Salem M. E. church on Tuesday evening, December 30th. All candidates for initiation in the first and second degrees should be present.

The Dexter Agricultural association, which handles farm supplies, operates an elevator and also live stock on the co-operative plan, has made arrangements to accommodate those farmers who desire to participate in the live stock shipping department only.

Sunday, December 28th, communion services will be held at the Salem M. E. church. Dr. Miller will preach. In the afternoon, Rev. Holtkamp of Detroit will speak and in the evening Rev. Pfeiffer of Detroit will give a talk. Scrub lunch at noon in the basement of the church.

Henry Schenckels of Howell, father of H. R. Schenckels, was painfully bruised early Wednesday morning when he fell down stairs at the home of his son. Fortunately, his injuries were not of a serious nature and he has since returned to his home, although suffering considerably from shock and bruises.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar T. Steinbach of Wallace, Idaho, and Misses Helene and Charlotte Steinbach, and Miss Frieda Fruhofer, of Cleveland, Ohio, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steinbach for over the holidays. H. A. Steinbach of Dexter and Albert Steinbach of Detroit were here for over the week-end, also.

Mrs. Mary Kirt and Mr. Martin Rorig were united in marriage Sunday afternoon, December 21, 1919. Rev. Albert A. Schoen of Manchester, officiating. Rev. Schoen officiated at the christening of little Catherine Mary Rorig also. Following the ceremonies a fine wedding feast, in charge of S. Schuller, was served.

Old H. C. L. has no terrors for us since yesterday, when we received a fine five pound dressed chicken from our good friends over on Overlook Farm in Dexter township. The fowl was beautifully dressed—we've never seen better—and we'll say that Dexter township folks and Dexter township chickens are right. We certainly appreciate the gift and the spirit in which it was sent. Needless to say, a Dexter grown and fattened chicken will be served on our Christmas dinner table.

Two fire alarms, one Saturday and one Sunday, kept the fire department on the jump the past few days. The alarm about eight o'clock Saturday morning was for a fire at 239 Jefferson street, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Belsor. A fire had started in the floor through which a stove pipe passed. The fire Sunday morning, also about eight o'clock, called the department to Bert Taylor's residence, 520 McKinley street, where another stove pipe had set fire to the flooring. Fortunately, both fires were quenched with small resulting damage.

\$100 Reward, \$100

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

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

MICKIE SAYS

"HESSIE! THIS BUSINESS OF MAKIN' A BIG DRIVE ABOUT CHRISTMAS TIME IS NO JOE—BUT TW' FELLER AT RUNS HIS 'LIL 'AD STEADY ALL TA' YEAR ROUND IS TW' BIRD THAT REALLY KNOWS HOW T' ADVERTISE!"



Mrs. Albert Widmayer and daughter Alma were in Jackson, Saturday.

Miss Doris Whitaker visited friends in Ann Arbor over the week-end.

Mrs. George Barth was called to Pontiac today by the death of a relative.

Miss Alice Gorman of Detroit is expected today for an extended visit with Chelsea relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kuntelner and daughter Francis visited relatives in Detroit, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Leach of Manchester are the parents of a son, born Saturday, December 20, 1919.

Miss Minnie Howe visited at the home of her brother Ignatius Howe of Jackson, Sunday and Monday.

The trees were all decked out in beautiful frost garbments this morning—a sort of white Christmas, we'd say.

Olive Chapter No. 140 R. A. M. will hold a special meeting Friday evening, December 26. Work in past master degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ruen and little son, of Detroit, well known in Chelsea, will leave soon for Palm Beach, Florida.

Mrs. Ella Tuomey and Miss Caroline Whitaker, of Ann Arbor, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Beach of Lima, Sunday.

Mrs. Raynon Razell of Washington is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Peter Gorman. Mrs. Razell was formerly Miss Genevieve Young of Lyndon.

Mrs. John Goettsch returned to her home in Detroit, Wednesday, after spending several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Reule.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Haarer of Detroit and Ralph Holmes and family of Battle Creek are expected to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Noyes.

NORTH LAKE NEWS ITEMS.

Claude Burkhardt, principal of the Crystal Falls high school, is spending the holidays at the home of his mother, Mrs. Ella Burkhardt.

Mrs. Charles Johnson is suffering from a severe cold.

Mrs. Mary Trenmel is enjoying a vacation from her school duties in Ann Arbor.

Misses Hazel and Eleanor Eisenbeiser, who are teaching in Jackson county schools this year, are spending their vacation with their parents here.

Clayton and Raymond Webb of the U. of M. and Olive Webb of Sylvan are at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Webb, for the holidays.

Lucile Brown of Ann Arbor is spending several days at the home of her parents.

Irene Stofor spent several days of last week at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Wedemeyer of Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Recker and children will leave Wednesday to visit her mother, Mrs. Currie of Detroit.

Miss Clara Fox is home from Adrian for the Christmas season.

The bazaar held at the hall, Friday evening, December 19th, under the auspices of the L. A. S., was very well attended. The supper receipts and sales netted about \$70.

On Tuesday evening the schools of North Lake and Pumpkin college held a combined Christmas entertainment at the North Lake hall. The exercises were enjoyed by all. Miss Hattie Stofor and Mrs. Max Kalmbach are the teachers.

Friday evening, December 26, is the date set for the Christmas exercises to be given by the North Lake Sunday school. A special program has been prepared in observance of the White Gift Christmas. Contributions of money and other offerings will be sent to the M. E. Orphan home in Highland Park. Santa Claus is expected to arrive in time to give the North Lake kiddies a merry half hour.

Miss Mildred McDaniel of Detroit is spending two weeks vacation at her home here.

A new electric lighting plant is being installed in the church this week.

Sunday, December 28th, preaching services at 10:30 a. m. Sermon by Rev. W. H. Harris. Sunday school at 12:00. Everybody welcome.

Do You Enjoy Your Meals?

If you do not enjoy your meals your digestion is faulty. Eat moderately, especially of meats, masticate your food thoroughly. Let five hours elapse between meals and take one of Chamberlain's tablets immediately after supper and you will soon find your meals to be a real pleasure. Adv.

SPECIAL BOARD REVIEW.

The special board of review of the Village of Chelsea, Michigan, will meet at the council rooms, in the town hall, in said Village, on December 29, 1919, at 7 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of reviewing the special assessment roll of East and Washington Streets Curbing District Number Two, and will hear any and all objections to said roll.

Dated, Dec. 2, 1919.

2812 H. W. Freeman, Clerk.

Chamberlain's Tablets.

These tablets are intended especially for indigestion and constipation. They tone up the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. They act gently on the liver and bowels, thereby restoring the stomach and bowels to a healthy condition. When you feel dull, stupid and constipated give them a trial. You are certain to be pleased with their effect. Adv.

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 Ypsilanti only, 11:50 p. m.

Westbound—8:20 a. m., 12:51 p. m. Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DR. H. M. ARMOUR

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
Succeeding Dr. L. A. Maze. Also general auctioneering. Phone No. 84, Chelsea, Mich. Residence, 143 East Middle street.

S. A. MAPES

Funeral Director
Calls answered promptly day or night
Telephone No. 6.

C. C. LANE

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
Office at Martin's Livery Barn, Chelsea, Michigan.

CHELSEA CAMP No. 7338 M. W. A.

Meets 2d and 4th Friday evenings of each month. Insurance best by test. Herman J. Dancer, Clerk.

Chancery Notice.

State of Michigan. In the circuit court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery. John W. Oldenburg and Mabel Oldenburg, Plaintiffs, vs. Timothy Lyon, Thomas I. Wheeler, Marcus Lane, Rhoda Walker, Rhoda Gardner, Jeremiah Scott and William S. Warner, and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Defendants.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery, on this 8th day of December, 1919, it appearing to me the subscriber, Circuit Judge of the 22nd Judicial Circuit and of the County of Washtenaw therein, from the allegations contained in the sworn bill of complaint filed in the above entitled cause and from the affidavit annexed thereto, that said plaintiffs do not know and have been unable after diligent search and inquiry to ascertain the names of the persons who are included as defendants therein without being named and that it cannot be ascertained in what state or country the said defendants Timothy Lyon, Thomas I. Wheeler, Marcus Lane, Rhoda Walker, Rhoda Gardner, Jeremiah Scott and William S. Warner reside, and their unknown heirs, devisees and legatees, therefore, on motion of Cavanaugh & Burke, attorneys for the plaintiffs, it is ordered that the above named defendants and their heirs and assigns, cause their names to be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order; and in case of their appearance they cause their answer to the said bill of complaint to be filed and copy thereof to be served on the attorneys for the plaintiffs within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill of complaint, and a notice of this order and that in default thereof said bill of complaint be taken as confessed by each and all of said defendants and also that within forty days from the date of this order plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county of Washtenaw and that such publication be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants and each of them at least twenty days before the time prescribed for their appearance.

George W. Sample,
Circuit Judge.

Cavanaugh & Burke, Attorneys for Plaintiffs. Business address: Ann Arbor Savings Bank Block, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Notice—The foregoing suit involves the title of lands described as the east half of the southeast quarter of section eight, and also twenty-nine acres off the north end of the east half of the northeast quarter of section seven, all in township one south range seven east containing one hundred and nine acres more or less.

Cavanaugh & Burke, Attorneys for Plaintiffs. Business address: Ann Arbor, Mich. Dec. 12-19-23. Jan. 2-9-16.

Plumbing & Heating

- ☐ Steam, Hot Water and Vapor Heating.
- ☐ I also carry a line of Pumps—any kind you want.
- ☐ Windmills, Gasoline Engines and Pump Jacks.

Come in and give us the once over, at the new place—

Wilkinson Building, Chelsea.

J. F. ALBER

MERRY CHRISTMAS

IF IT IS JEWELRY
DIAMONDS
WATCHES
OR SILVERWARE
YOU WANT, SEE US

W. F. KANTLEHNER

World Conditions

Deficiencies in the telephone service which have been quite obvious for a long time are due to the unusual conditions prevalent throughout the entire manufacturing, mercantile and domestic world.

The war took men and women from their accustomed duties where they did good work and sent them in every direction to new tasks, and in many instances inexperienced people took their places.

The various industries are gradually getting back their former efficient workers, but the spirit of service has not yet fully returned; that it will come back in a short time is a foregone conclusion.

The telephone service is probably no better or no worse than the general average of the business and domestic routine.

The telephone management is in a vigorous campaign to get its service back to the old standard of speed and accuracy. Nothing will be left undone to reach this desirable result.

MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE COMPANY



GLASGOW BROTHERS

Noted for Selling Good Goods Cheap
129 to 135 E. Main St. JACKSON, MICHIGAN

SANTA'S ARRIVAL AT GLASGOW BROS.

Santa arrived at Glasgow Bros., Saturday afternoon, where he will remain until Christmas Eve. All kiddies are invited to visit Santa in his Crystal Tavern with his many toys.

TOYLAND

Our Toyland is a veritable paradise for the kiddies, with its hundreds of mechanical toys and playthings from which they derive so much pleasure and profit. There are educational playthings, such as mechanical constructions and erector or building toys. There are nursery toys for the tiny tots, and for the little girls there are dolls of many kinds and sizes. Besides, there are games, wagons, buggies, and autos.

STATIONERY FOR GIFTS

We have a fine assortment of stationery, good texture and finish, varied in design, which are ready for holiday gift seekers. There are new ideas of all sorts being shown, even in the stationery for the little tots; there are highly desirable gifts. Priced 25c to \$1.50.

BOOKS FOR EVERYONE

Is there a friend or acquaintance whom you wish to remember with a good book? This section is now complete with works of the best authors. We have also a fine selection of Children's Books, such as Cut Out Books, Paint Books, Bedtime Stories, Mother Goose Books and all kinds of Lined Books. A book chosen from these would surely please any youngster.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

Christmas Seals, Cards, Candle Holders, Tinsel, Stickers, Gunned Ribbon and Corn, Tissue Paper, Christmas Boxes, Greeting Folders and Christmas Calendars.

FARMER "LALLEY" LIGHT AND POWER PLANTS

Electric Automatic Pumps for any kind of wells.

Electric Washing Machines, Milking Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Flat Irons.

The above can all be run off of the Lalley Light and Power Plant. Come in and look them over at our new place.

Wilkinson Building
Chelsea, Mich.

Bohm & Alber

WE WANT WHEAT

Highest Market Price

At the Mill

Wm. Bacon-Holmes Co.