

## BUY STATE BONDS OR WAIT FOR ROADS

State Highway Department Gives An Ultimatum To Districts.

The state highway department yesterday announced that unless highway bonds are taken by residents of the districts to be improved the building program will be correspondingly suspended.

The bonds are due to mature in five years, exempt from taxation and bear interest at five per cent.

The state has experienced so much difficulty in disposing of the bonds, because of the crowded financial market at present, that it was decided that unless the people in the various districts decided the new roads were worth the investment, no new construction would be made this year.

L. W. Carr, deputy commissioner, believes the bonds will be taken without further pressure. They are in small denominations, and are of sufficient appeal to interest the small investor.

### EVERY CYLINDER FIRING.

An enterprising automobile salesman was trying to interest a novice in motor vehicles in the purchase of a popular four-cylinder car, recently, when a passing "wise-guy" stopped and tried to "gum-up" the sale by inquiring if it was a six-cylinder machine. "No," replied the salesman "but she hits every time on just as

many cylinders as she's got." And some people are just like that; they are "missing" about half the time, with consequent lack of power and pep. A four-cylinder proposition which always hits good and hard on all four cylinders is better than a six, eight or twelve which misses on one or more of its power impulses at frequent intervals.

## BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Brief Session Was Held Tuesday In Ann Arbor; Little Business Elected.

At the special meeting of the board of supervisors for Washtenaw County in Ann Arbor, Tuesday, a number of important matters were discussed but action was deferred until the regular meeting in October.

County officials, especially those who expect to be candidates this fall, were anxious to have the board take some action on the matter of salaries, but nothing definite was done and the matter was left for the October meeting.

George D. Crippen of Superior township was elected chairman of the board.

The good roads committee of the board recommended that the county clerk and chairman of the board be instructed to sign a bond for the county's share of the federal aid road between Ann Arbor and Jackson.

## Hy-Ho-Hum—Spring Is Here



Supervisors U. A. Gates, G. A. Cook, F. E. Rawson, F. W. Roberts and Gilbert Madden were named on a committee to confer with county Red Cross officials in an effort to work out a plan to continue the present community nursing organization. Henry W. Douglas, who addressed the board on behalf of the Red Cross, declared that approximately \$15,000 would be needed to finance the organization.

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Brief Items of Interest in Chelsea And Vicinity, From Nearby Towns and Localities.

MILAN—The grocery of Throp Bros. here was destroyed by fire Wednesday morning.

HOWELL—John Haas was run over by a large auto-truck, Saturday, and his left leg was badly crushed.

ANN ARBOR—That the introduction of the meter system will result in a great saving to the water department is indicated by the fact that the city pumping station is now pumping approximately half as much water as at a corresponding period last year.—Times-News.

MANCHESTER—While working in the Handle factory Saturday, Merrick Hough suffered the loss of the tip of his thumb through an accident with a saw.

ANN ARBOR—Charles Kelly, who passed approximately \$200 worth of bad checks in Ann Arbor under the name of J. J. Mallon, has been arrested in Pittsburgh, according to word received by Sheriff A. C. Pack. Kelly has been taken to Auburn, N. Y., where he passed checks after leaving Ann Arbor.—Times-News.

## IN THE CHURCHES

### METHODIST

Rev. H. R. Beatty, Pastor. The pastor's theme for Sunday morning sermon will be "A Fish Breakfast With the Master." Bible school at 11:15. Union Inter-Church service at the Congregational church in the evening.

### CONGREGATIONAL

Rev. F. W. Dierberger, Pastor. Subject Sunday morning, 10:00 o'clock, "How Service Is Reckoned." Sunday school 11:15. Union service in this church at 7:30, in which all the Protestant organizations of Chelsea are uniting.

### ST. PAUL'S

Rev. G. W. Krauss, Pastor. Services Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor. Sunday school at 11 o'clock.

### 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.

### CARD OF THANKS

The children of the late Mrs. Girbach wish to express their thanks to relatives and friends for their kindness and sympathy following the death of their mother.

## ACCIDENT AT FRANCISCO

Ford Auto Rammed Electric Interurban Car Tuesday Noon.

A stranger from Freeport, Illinois, driving a new Ford touring car, was painfully injured Tuesday when he rammed the 12:33 D. J. & C. electric interurban car on the Francisco crossing.

The electric line crossing in Francisco has no warning bell and the view is so hidden by buildings that a stranger cannot see the tracks until he is practically upon them. Likewise, the view of the motorman who operate the interurbans is obstructed. The driver of the Ford did not realize that there was a railroad crossing there until the electric car passed almost directly in front of him and it was too late to stop his machine.

The automobile turned turtle after striking the electric car and pinned the driver beneath it. He was badly cut and mangled up, but his injuries were not considered serious, although he was taken to Ann Arbor to have his wounds dressed.

The interurban train consisted of two cars and had not attained full speed after stopping at the switch just west of the crossing, or the accident might have resulted more seriously.

## PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE SERVICE

Owing to the fact that some people in the townships of Sylvania, Lyndon, Lima, and Dexter do not understand or know that these townships provide a public health nurse, who is supported by the Red Cross organization in these townships, Red Cross officials are publishing a few facts which will explain more fully the duties of the nurse and by whom she may be called upon for service, as need may arise.

Miss Ruth Howe, public health nurse for Chelsea and the townships mentioned above, is located in Chelsea and may be found at either the Red Cross headquarters in the Wilkinson building, or at the residence of Mrs. Ella McNamara, phone 235-W.

Persons living in the above mentioned townships, and Chelsea, whether members of the Red Cross or not, may call on the nurse to help them at any time.

A fee of ten cents to one dollar is charged for regular visits, and from \$3 to \$5 for obstetrical cases. All money paid to the nurse for services is put into the Red Cross fund.

The nurse is provided with an automobile, so that she can make country calls as well as in town.

A free clinic is held every second Wednesday of each month at the Red Cross headquarters, from one to four p. m. All children under five years of age are entitled to free examination and advice at these clinics.

## WATERLOO NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beeman and Mr. and Mrs. Orson Beeman motored to Jackson, Tuesday.

Victory Day and Dedication Service will be observed next Sunday morning in the church. All who contributed to or are interested in the Interchurch Movement are urged to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foster and children of Chelsea spent over Sunday at Glad and Floyd Rowe's.

Last Sunday, Mrs. Earl Beeman entertained Orson Beeman and wife and Alva Beeman and family in honor of her husband's birthday.

Miss Rose McIntee has been visiting in Detroit.

Charles Daley visited his daughter, in Chelsea, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schlosser and daughter, of New Baltimore, spent part of the past week at Walter Vicary's.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Soper entertained on Sunday, Mrs. Charles Bunker, Mrs. Mary Soper, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Copeland and son, and Ben Taylor, all of Jackson.

Eather Collins of Jackson spent the week-end at home.

## WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents per line first time, 2 1/2 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.

LOST—Gasoline tank filler cap. Oakland-Dort Sales, Chelsea. 7011

FOR SALE—Ford One-Ton truck at Oakland-Dort Sales, Chelsea. 7011

FOR SALE—2 furnished cottages at Cavanaugh Lake. Phone 77, Chelsea. 7012

WANTED—Parties wishing to sell village property to get in touch with me, as I have frequent inquiries for same. L. L. VanGieson, phone 271, Chelsea. 7014

FOR SALE—Nice small house and 2 lots on Buchanan St., \$1200; \$200 on contract. L. L. VanGieson, phone 271, Chelsea. 7012

LOST—Bill fold containing \$12. May 12th. Reward. Mr. Barr, Cement Plant Laboratory. 7012

FOUND—Suit of child's blue denim rompers. Inquire Tribune. 7011

FOR SALE—Bay mare, 9 years old, ordinary wt. 1000, sound and will work anywhere, good rouder. Palmer's Garage. 7012

FOR SALE—Good Round Oak range, burns coal or wood. 625 North Main St. 6918

FOR SALE—Yellow Dent seed corn. E. A. Glenn, phone 145-F14, Chelsea. 6913

FOR SALE—Horse 4 yrs. old, broken single and double, also 12 acres of good marsh. E. Loeffler, phone 250-W. 6912

FOR SALE—9 thrifty shoats, wt. 80 to 90 lbs. G. A. McClure, phone 180-F28, Chelsea. 6912

DRESSMAKING wanted. Mrs. J. W. Vannatter, 410 McKinley street, Chelsea. 6813

FOR SALE—Two tons timothy and clover hay. Phone 159-F12. G. A. Kimball. 6813

FOR SALE—Young sow and 7 pigs; also day old chicks. Geo. Thomas, phone 285. 6813

ELECTRIC WIRING—All kinds of house wiring and electric fixtures; also motor repairing; work guaranteed. R. T. Evans, 136 Dewey Ave., Chelsea. 6714

EGGS for hatching, White Rock, Blue Andalusian, Black Minorcas; \$2 for 15. L. H. Wingate, RFD 1, Chelsea, Mich. 6714

JACKSON CITY HOSPITALS offer a 3 years' course in medical, surgical, obstetrical, contagious and tuberculosis nursing. Young women between the ages of 18 and 35, who can be credited with one year in the high school or the equivalent of same, will be received as pupil nurses. Unusual opportunity for those desiring special training in Public Health nursing. For further information write the Superintendent of Nurses, W. A. Foote Memorial Hospital, Jackson, Michigan. 75

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.

## - ENCOURAGEMENT -

Who has not experienced the warm glow of pleasure that encouragement gives, and felt the fresh urge to go on that it inspires?

WITHIN THE DOORS OF THIS INSTITUTION ENCOURAGEMENT IS FOUND!

Encouragement mirrored in the welcoming smile and courtesy of our employees, in the helpfulness and understanding of our officers, in the whole atmosphere of the place.

Encouragement to come oftener—to know us better and to be better known.

## THE KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

Chelsea, Michigan

Member Federal Reserve Bank



## "Exide" Starting and Lighting Batteries

have won their high place in the regard of motor-car owners by coming closest to giving 100% freedom from battery trouble and expense. They are built by the largest maker of storage batteries in the world.

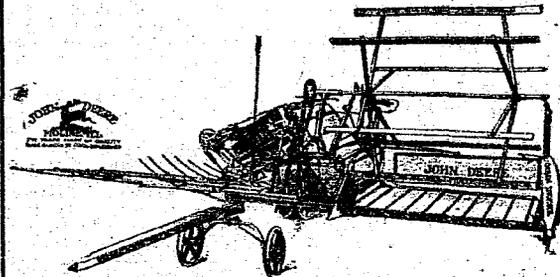
Let us show you how "Exide" Battery construction differs and what that difference means to you. Learn exactly how it enables you to get more power, more punch, more pep in the "Exide" "Giant" than in any other starting battery.

## "Exide" Battery Service

Provides for Every Need of Every Make of Starting Battery

PALMER MOTOR SALES COMPANY  
Chelsea, Michigan.

## HOLMES & WALKER



When You Think of Buying a Binder  
Always Think of the John Deere

## FURNITURE

Furniture is scarce, but we were fortunate in securing a nice shipment. See us when in need of anything in this line.

Also a complete line of Rugs and Linoleums.

## HOLMES & WALKER

"We Always Treat You Right"

## Saturday Specials

May 15th

- Classic White Laundry Soap per bar 7c
- Ko Ko Nut Oleomargarine per lb. 30c
- Best Pink Salmon, tall can - 20c
- Fancy California Lemons per dozen 25c
- Domestic Sardines, four cans for - 25c
- Rolled Oats, four pounds for - 25c
- Argo Corn Starch per pound - 9c

## KEUSCH & FAHRNER

The Pure Food Store

## Jones' Special For Saturday!

Set of 5 double end Wrenches, regular \$1.50 value, for - 79c

Can be used on Autos, Tractors and all kinds of Farm Machinery

Between Main St. and M. C. Depot **JONES' GARAGE**

PHONE 133—CHELSEA

## Annual Plant Sale

At O. D. Schneider's Grocery Store

May 20 to June 1, Inclusive

## A Grand Display of Choice Plants

Consisting of

Ornamental, Vegetable, Bedding and Flowering Plants

**ELVIRA CLARK-VISEL, Florist**

Phone 180-F21, Chelsea

## PRINCESS THEATRE

Open Every Night Except Mondays and Fridays, starting each night at 7:00; 2d show at 8:30  
Matinee Every Wednesday at 3:30

Saturday, May 15th

Wm. S. Hart in  
"BREED OF MEN"  
Bray Pictograph

Tuesday, May 18th

Albert Ray and Elinor  
Fair in

"THE LOST  
PRINCESS"  
Gaiety Comedy

Sunday, May 16th

Mae Marsh in  
"SPOTLIGHT SADIE"  
'Snub' Pollard Comedy

Wed. & Thurs., May 19 & 20

## CHECKERS

The greatest racing story in the world

# SAVE *the* AMERICAN EAGLE!



**H**AVE YOU ever seen a bald eagle—the "American eagle," our national emblem? Yes? Then you don't need to be told what a thing of beauty and power he is. No? Then take it on faith from those who have that there is no more impressive living thing than an eagle in the air.

Well, there are not many American eagles left. Civilization has crowded out what it hasn't killed off. Put a gun in the hands of the ordinary man and give him a chance at an eagle and he'll shoot it in a hundredth of an ordinary man will shoot. Why? Apparently just for the sake of killing. That's what a gun's for and that's the way "the ordinary man" is made. The writer expects to have it brought up to his credit on the judgment day that he once had such a chance and didn't shoot.

Most of the American eagles that are left are in Alaska. And now in Alaska the ordinary man is killing off the American eagle for the sake of a fifty-cent bounty. And the United States government which governs the Territory of Alaska, is in effect paying this bounty.

Naturally, there is protest against this most surprising fate of things. J. H. Davis, secretary of the publicity committee of the American Museum of Natural History, New York city, sends out a protest in which he says: "Much has been written in depreciation of the permitted extermination of the wild pheasant. Formerly found in almost incredible numbers in some parts of the United States, the species was utterly wiped out by unrestricted shooting and the destruction of its nests. And so rapid was the process of its extinction that the bird had vanished before the public realized its need of protection.

"A similar fate now immediately threatens the 'American' or bald eagle—our national emblem and one of our most beautiful and magnificent of our native birds. And by a curious irony, the destruction is being accomplished at public expense, as provided in the bounty law passed by the territorial legislature of Alaska on April 30, 1917.

"The bald eagle has never been an abundant species. Estimates of its numbers have generally been greatly exaggerated. It is only on the basis of the occupied nests that its real numbers—or rather its real scarcity—can be estimated. Computations based on observations of the birds themselves are obviously unreliable. For conspicuous by its size and habits and by its preference for coast regions and large rivers over remote forests and mountains, it is very apt to attract considerable attention, and the same individuals are doubtless seen again and again. This will be re-

peated in consideration of the bird's natural longevity and strong powers of flight, which make it possible for a single individual to be seen repeatedly over a period of many years and in widely separated places.

"Up to the present time, the only region where the bald eagle has maintained encouraging numbers has been the coastal region and large river valleys of Alaska. Here it did breed in numbers surprisingly large for a bird of its size. But the Alaskan bounty law, which provides for the payment of 50 cents for each eagle destroyed, although it went into effect only on April 30, 1917, had already, by April 10, 1919, resulted in the killing of 5,600 eagles. Moreover, the bounty seekers have undoubtedly not confined their depredations to Alaskan territory, but have extended them into the British provinces adjoining Alaska, in order to swell their gains. It is possible that by this time more than one-half—perhaps more than three-quarters—of the entire species have already been sacrificed.

"If action is to be taken, it must be at once. For protection, to be effective, must come not merely before the species has been annihilated, but before it has been so reduced as to suffer the weakening effect of inbreeding or the failure of the scattered individuals to find each other and raise young.

"In view of all that is known by naturalists of the habits of this magnificent bird, the hostility to the eagle in Alaska is based rather on misinformation and ignorant prejudice than on any real damage done by the birds. The tales of its ferocity and destructiveness to game or domestic animals are for the greater part pure fiction, for the rest, usually gross exaggerations. Moreover, it is the demonstrated policy of the United States department of agriculture—wise from experience—to discontinue bounty laws for the extermination of birds of prey. Much money is spent each year in the control of harmful rodents whose increase is favored by the destruction of such birds. For our American eagle there is the added plea of its patriotic significance. And finally, as it is a migratory bird, the right to destroy it cannot be claimed by any state or territory. Like most of our other migratory birds, it should be protected by the federal government, particularly as the effect of the protective laws adopted for its preservation in most of our states is being nullified by the action of a single territory.

The general indifference to the fate of the great bird of splendid tradition is due, beyond doubt, to the common lack of information regarding its threatened extinction. The situation calls for the widest publicity. The shrewd vandalism of the destruction of the bird should be checked, and checked at once. The crusade for its protection should enlist the enthusiasm and sincere effort of bird lovers and bird students throughout the country, of our scientific and patriotic societies, and of the public press. It is only by the prompt passage of a federal law protecting the American eagle that our national bird can be saved from total extinction."

Let me renew the adjuration of Capt. H. W. Shoemaker of Pennsylvania to do what you can to stop the slaughter of American eagles along the Alaska coast, a writer says in the Saturday Evening Post. By reason of the government bounty offer 5,100 eagles were killed in eighteen months. This is an "absolutely unnecessary waste of life.

Eagles have killed some of the young foxes on one or two fox preserves on Alaska islands, though they have never destroyed the wild foxes of Alaska in all the centuries they have lived together.

Eagles do kill a few salmon and eat a few that are found dead, but in no wise do they imperil any salmon fishery. They may kill rabbits now and again, but in no sense have they been destroyers of wild game. For the most part they hang along the coast and live on fish life. A dead whale tastes them a long while.

There is no reason on earth why these "bald eagles" of that species which we have been proud to call the bird of freedom, of that species which we have put on our coinage and our seal—should be destroyed under a bounty offered by any branch of the American government.

It was Capt. Shoemaker, by the way, who so far as I know was the first man to put into print the belief that the best protection of game did not consist in any officious war upon the enemies of the game on the part of man himself. Capt. Shoemaker's conclusions were that under the old laws of nature the strong specimens survived and that the best development of any species was in the midst of its natural enemies. His theory, bolstered by observation, is entirely against the modern proposition that you can save game or grouse by killing crows or hawks, or that you can save trout by killing salmon.

It is but a feeble defense that with some can erect out of its increasing knowledge of man and his deadliness. The natural learns to dive in three feet of water instead of six inches and so uses more open water, but he is not safe. The coxey of quail carries to fly to the densest swamp on the covey rise, but it is not safe. The sheep go to the highest mountains, the elk to the furthest fastnesses of the mountains, but they are not safe. Transportation and invention on the part of man have outrun all the resources of our wild game. So it comes simply to a question of whether we want it or don't want it.

Helpfulness Its Own Reward. Never let yourself worry as to whether those you help will be sufficiently grateful. Think of helpfulness as its own great reward.

## STANDARDS HELP FARM PROBLEMS

### Lesson Taught by Denmark's Success in Butter Business Is Emphasized.

### OF BENEFIT IN HOME TRADE

Recent Importations Bearing Well. Known Foreign Brand Call Attention to Value of Recognized Grades in Marketing.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

It was no loss a person than Shakespeare's Hamlet who asserted that there was something rotten in Denmark. But whatever truth there may have been in that assertion, American butter interests today readily acknowledge that there is nothing impure in Denmark's butter.

Danish butter usually is of very good quality. That, in fact, is the reason that dairy and butter interests in the United States have been looking with a suggestion of concern—more than is deserved, perhaps—on the importation of Danish butter which has been taking place at New York recently at the rate of several hundred cases weekly, each case weighing 112 pounds. Exports use this incident to emphasize the lesson which Denmark's success in the butter business teaches with respect to standardization. While perhaps the greatest value resulting from the application of standards in Denmark lies in its benefit to that country's export butter trade, in America a corresponding benefit could be enjoyed in domestic trade, since our home butter consumption normally far exceeds our exports.

**A Recognized Brand.**

The Danish government has a brand which the law provides can be placed on all butter meeting certain rather exacting requirements. This is the brand to be found on the cans which have been arriving at New York and which is recognized the world over as a guaranty of good quality. Experts in American dairy marketing problems point to the value of the Danish official mark not with the idea of advocating that this government adopt a similar plan of officially branding butter, but to emphasize the value which results from adopting recognized standards. They call attention to the fact that America is producing much butter which scores as high or higher than the Danish importations.

In some cases private brands are well enough known to profit fully by

the high grade maintained. But this can not be said of all American butter of the quality. Today no uniform grades are universally adhered to and consequently much butter has to be marketed at lower prices than it would otherwise bring because it bears no brand or some indicating its real value.

**Apply Grades More Widely.**

The government has established standards for scoring butter and anyone who will get in touch with one of the five principal butter markets where inspectors are maintained—Minneapolis, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston—can have his butter inspected at small cost. What is needed, it is claimed, is that the federal grades be more generally applied. Not only would high-grade butter more generally command the price it deserves, but many producers now more or less indifferent to grading would be induced to improve the quality of their output.

A few weeks ago perishable food inspectors representing the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, were called on to inspect 2,000,000 pounds of butter intended for export to a European country. The bureau was able to verify that most of the butter came up to the standard required by the exporting house. Having received federal certificates to this effect the exporters could safely proceed with their shipments to Europe. The incident is considered of special interest because the house exporting the 2,000,000 pounds had previously had trouble with an unimpaired shipment abroad because it did not come up to specifications. By utilizing the federal inspection service it was possible for these exporters to be sure that butter accepted for shipment was up to a certain standard.

**Standardization Promotes Efficiency.**

Since the inauguration of federal food inspection by the Bureau of Markets in 1917, an increasing number of producers, buyers, and sellers have come to appreciate its value, as is indicated by the demand for inspection of perishable fruits and vegetables and butter. This is a big advance in the right direction, market experts say, but immeasurably greater benefits can be enjoyed when producers and dealers generally come to understand the grades which inspectors apply, and constantly work with them to close. Standardization will promote efficiency, not only in the butter industry, but in handling most perishable fruits and vegetables.

With a wide acceptance of federal grades and standards, production could be carried on far more profitably and distribution far more economically than at present. Anyone interested in this question can secure full information by writing the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.



Part of a big importation of butter recently arrived in New York, which furnishes an object lesson in the value of standards and grades for food products.

## PROFIT FROM STOCK AND VARIOUS CROPS

### Enterprises Should Be Adopted That Are General.

Limited Demand for Some Product Not Generally Grown Will Sometimes Afford Few Farms Opportunity for Expansion.

As the crops and live stock the farm is producing for sale to the non-producers of the community or for export to other communities such as can be made profitable when produced and sold locally or exported?

The best guide here, says the United States department of agriculture, is the practice of the community; enterprises should be adopted that are found generally on its farms. A limited demand from the nonproducers of the community for some product not generally grown locally, and for which many local farms are not adapted, will sometimes afford a few farms opportunity for expansion.

For instance, the plan suggested by the department for providing dairy products should, if followed, produce enough surplus calves to develop here and there outfitting and cattle-feeding farms. Some farms will be specially adapted to this purpose by having an abundance of suitable but unsuitable by-products, cheap pasture, or pasture land unsuitable for cropping. Other farms may develop a considerable business in the production of pork, or of pigs for supplying farms where brood sows are not kept.

## "BETTER SIRES" FOR RABBITS

Official Emblem of Recognition Is Granted to Florida Man—Animals Not Officially Listed.

The first person in the United States whose "live stock" consists entirely of rabbits, and who applied for enrollment in the "Better Sires—Better Stock" movement, is Hamilton Coleman of Bay county, Florida. Rabbits are not officially listed among the classes of animals for whose improvement the better sires campaign is being conducted. However, in response to the spirit of co-operation shown and considering that the breeds of rabbits listed are raised for meat, the official emblem of recognition has been granted to Mr. Coleman. The rabbits listed include Flemish Giants, Spotted Giants, New Zealand and Belgian hares.

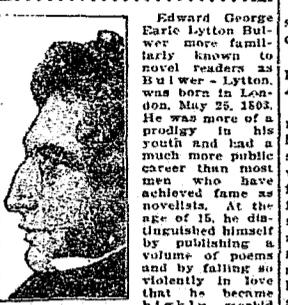
## GENERAL FARM NOTES

Test your seed corn ear by ear.  
Farm wages are higher than ever.  
Treat small grain seed with formaldehyde to prevent smut.  
Barley is an excellent grain feed for stock, being almost the equal of corn.  
Use of a muddy or rusty garden tool is a noticeable punishment by fall use.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

By EDWARD BULWER LYTTON  
Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick, Harsh of Cambridge, Mass.



Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton was more familiarly known to novel readers as Bulwer-Lytton. He was born in London, May 25, 1817. He was more of a prodigy in his early life than most men who have achieved fame as novelists. At the age of 15, he did not ungloriously himself by publishing a volume of poems and by falling so violently in love that he became highly morbid when his proposal of marriage was not taken seriously by the father of the girl he loved. She died a few years later and Bulwer said that the disappointment embittered his whole life. At Cambridge he won a medal for the excellence of a poem and published another book of verse.

In 1827, he had sufficiently recovered from his premature love affair to marry, against his mother's wishes, a brilliant beauty of society. The match was fore-doomed to be unhappy, for both Bulwer and his wife were too unrestrained to live together. They quarreled, were legally separated and continued to quarrel in print for years. Bulwer was rapidly winning renown. His first novels were successes but it was not until "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1834) that his fame was assured. Nine years later appeared "The Last of the Barons," which many good judges have considered his best work. He wrote numerous other stories, novels of society, or crime, or studies of family life. He was the most successful dramatist of his time. He dabbled in journalism. For 10 years he was a member of parliament, was later secretary for the colonies, and in 1856 was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He died on January 18, 1873.

## "GLAUCUS" THE ATHENIAN

His time has come, said a loud and clear voice; 'the lions await thee.'

"I am ready," said the Athenian. He had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapons raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

"But to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of its criminal. At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upturned air with impatient sighs; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. A lightning-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side, with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on falling, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage and once more laid itself down to rest.

"The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment. The manager called to the keeper:

"How is this? Take a good, and prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

"As the keeper, with some fear, but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle, voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and sudden silence at the reply. All eyes turned in after toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled, breathless, heated, half exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily around the ring. 'Remove the Athenian!' he cried; 'haste, he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian; he is the murderer of Apollonides!'

"Art thou mad, O Sallust!" said the praetor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Praetor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eye-witness to the death of the priest Apollonides. Room there! stand back! Give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces; there he sits. Room there for the priest Calenus!"

"Fame, haggard, fresh from the jaws of pain and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton. Calenus was supported into the very row in which

Arbaces sat. His releasers had given him sparingly of food; but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge!

"The priest Calenus! Calenus!" cried the mob. "Is it he? No, it is a dead man!"

"It is the priest Calenus," said the praetor, bravely. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apollonides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me, it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine, that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—he is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people; "remove the Athenian—Arbaces to the lion!"

"The power of the praetor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind; still, at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier; the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd, when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition; he beheld, and his craft restored his courage!

"He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder which stilled the roar of the crowd; "behold now the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The fires of the "avenging Orcus" were those of the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. Toward such a melodramatic climax, furnished him by Nature, the author had been spinning the lives of his characters in the little city which nestled under the shadow of the volcano.

The converging threads of the story are many, giving in the final weaving a complete picture of the life of Pompeii—its shops, its palaces, baths, forum, theater, circus, and all that daily took place in the energetic life of this top copy of Rome at the beginning of the Christian era. The story centers around Glaucus the Athenian, brilliant, gay, witty, descendant of a nobler race, wrivling himself away amid the coarser pleasures of the Romans, until finally all that was fine in him was brought forth by his love for Ione of Naples, who, like himself, was a child of Greece. And alongside this tale of love runs the pathetic story of Nydia, the blind slave girl, who centers all her hopes of happiness in winning the affection of Glaucus. To this end she gains possession of a love potion which the opulent Julia has had prepared in the belief that it will bring to her the much-desired Glaucus. In reality the potion is a poison which will drive the unfortunate drinker mad. It is designed by the sinister Egyptian Arbaces to clear his path to Ione from his rival Glaucus. In his raving, Glaucus comes upon Arbaces just as the latter has killed Ione's brother Apollonides, a young priest of Isis, who, much to the annoyance of Arbaces, has embraced the new Christian faith. Arbaces throws the guilt upon poor Glaucus with apparent success. But the priest Calenus was a hidden witness, with the final result shown in the great episode of the book. As the crowd in the circus turned their eyes toward Vesuvius, they beheld "a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiery luminous, now of a dim and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth, with intolerable glare. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled, and beyond in the distance they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crashing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheater itself, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower! No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to its couch dashing, pressing, crashing, against the other."

It was save himself who could in that night of horrors. Of the many episodes seen in the flashes of light was that of blind Nydia guiding Glaucus to Ione, and then leading both to safety, she the only one at home in the darkness in which she had always lived. And then, when they had gained a ship and put to sea and all but Nydia had fallen into exhausted slumber, "May the gods bless you, Athenian!" she murmured, "may you be happy with your beloved one; may you some time remember Nydia!"

A sailor, half dazing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the water. Drowsily he looked up, and believed, as the vessel merrily hounded on, he fancied he saw something white above the waves—

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## "Honor Among Thieves" Also

You have heard the expression, "honor among thieves." I have heard it many times, but I have never heard such a good illustration of the phrase as the one given by the author of the story, "The Honorable Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of the Portsmouth naval prison.

"Since the commencement of our mutual welfare league among the prisoners," said he, "we have had fewer escapes than ever before, although there is more opportunity to escape. Once, however, a fellow with a long term escaped. He was caught and brought back. I saw him and he asked me to give him another chance. 'I don't know just what to do with you, I said; you'd only try to escape again.' 'Well,' said the prisoner, 'I'll not try to escape again; you have my word for it now. Will you shake on it?'

"We shook hands and I knew he would keep his word. He never tried to escape, for there is honor among thieves."—Boston Post.

**African Bird Sweet Singer.**

The Cape canary is the only native bird of Africa that is well known for his sweet and continuous song. He is found even in the Orange River valley, which is otherwise devoid of song birds.

# The Man Nobody Knew

By HOLWORTHY HALL

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

And Hilliard had all a metropolitan's sensitiveness to the spirit and to the ethics of a men's club. He fathered on the very threshold; and if any other man than Dr. Durant had been his sponsor, he would have fled laconically, so as not to disturb that rare, indescribable atmosphere which only clubmen understand and respect.

The Doctor was scrutinizing the man; Hilliard, who faced the window, threw a glance over his shoulder. As he had fancied, the eyes of the room were upon him. They reminded him, oddly enough, of machine-gun batteries.

When at length the pair had gained the table nearest the window, Hilliard felt that he had undergone a strenuous ordeal; he was consumed by gratitude to his implacable host, but he had no inclination to repeat it.

"The table d'hôte's good enough for me," said the Doctor presently. "And you?"

"And for me, too," said Hilliard. "Anything to drink?"

"No, thanks."

The Doctor dropped the card and sat up straighter.

"Well, I won't keep you in suspense—I want some advice. As I said, I'm the worst business man in the world. Hilliard, I'm a mere child in your hands—so please treat me tenderly." He regarded his companion with mingled humor and seriousness. "James Cullen has been telling me about a wonderful plan of yours to make a nice shiny gold eagle grow where only a silver quarter grew before. In fact, he talked so enthusiastically that he's got me thinking about it, too. . . . I rather resent your not telling me about it yourself."

Hilliard recoiled.

"You shouldn't do that!" he said. "I . . . I wouldn't have tried to interest you in it, Doctor, because—"

"Oh, I can see your reasons," deprecatory the Doctor, smilingly. "You didn't want to trespass on a purely social relationship. I appreciate that. But the point is, I've got a few thousand dollars I don't exactly know what to do with. It's a rather extraordinary situation for a professional man, isn't it? I'll have to admit I'm puzzled about it myself. And the novelty might lead me into temptation. So I thought I'd ask your advice."

"You can have the best I've got," said Hilliard, averted. "But I'm not guaranteeing that it has much value, Doctor."

The Doctor nodded; drummed on the table.

"Do you ever let friendship interfere with business?"

"Often, sir."

"Will you let it interfere now—if you think you're justified?"

"Yes, Doctor. . . . I can promise that much, anyway."

The Doctor showed his approval.

"Well, tell me perfectly frankly—be yours the sort of proposition you'd let a man invest in, if you knew he had precious little money to lose? But if you also knew that he were quite willing to take the same chance as the rest?"

Hilliard shook his head slowly, and continued to shake it as he replied.

"I can't say that it is, Doctor. On the contrary—I don't think it's that sort of proposition at all." Dr. Durant's brows were contracted.

"But in the ordinary run of commerce, Hilliard—suppose the question of friendship didn't enter into this, and I hadn't brought up that subject—would you, in choosing your list of subscribers, and selecting the people you'd like to have share the plan with you, put a man like myself on any different footing than James Cullen? Or wouldn't you?"

"Doctor Durant," Hilliard's voice was slow. "Is it possible you haven't heard me . . . the criticism that's been flying around town about this syndicate of mine? Haven't you heard that there's some question whether it's quite sound?"

"I've heard it—yes." The Doctor was amazingly indifferent.

"Well—do you still think this is any time to discuss the possibility of your coming in with us?"

The Doctor's voice was strong, encouraging.

"I think it's the best time, and the only time—for me, that is. I've lived too long to be affected by chance rumors. And besides, I've got the money now."

"But are you sure you know what it's all about? The criticism, I mean."

"I don't know anything about it at all. That's exactly why I'm coming to you for advice. You certainly ought to know more about it than any one else does. And, therefore, I'd take your word for it before I'd take the rumor. I want to know if you'll accept me as one of the members of your syndicate."

Hilliard gasped and pushed himself back from the table.

"Doctor!"

"In a way," said Dr. Durant genially. "I'm putting you at a great disadvantage—I know that. But, as I said, I'm not a business man. I have to be guided more or less by instinct. Your business is to know all about these

things. So I'm coming to you for your honest opinion, and I know you'll give it to me . . . do you think I'm quite eligible?"

Hilliard's heart was in his mouth.

"Why," he stammered, "at this particular time—I can't advise you—"

"Now, don't be too cautious," warned the Doctor. "I'm not asking you if this is the best investment the world has ever seen—I'm asking if it's reasonably safe, as such things go, with a chance of something really good if your best expectations work out as you hope."

Hilliard's throat was dusty, and his reply came with some difficulty.

"In spite of . . . everything, you'd . . . you'd take my word for it, Doctor?"

"Yes, I would, and I've got Cullen and my own daughter to agree with me."



"You're Retiring Under Fire—Are You?"

me. Certainly I'll take your word for it. Would you let me invest say . . . seventy-five hundred dollars?"

Hilliard gulped.

"Not now—no, sir."

"Suppose I'd asked you a week ago—before this miserable story began to go the rounds?"

"I'd have taken it then—perhaps."

The Doctor's eyes snapped.

"You're retiring under fire—are you?"

"No, sir—digging in."

"Simply because of a fatherless reputation?"

"No, its parents are pretty lively. And the . . . the recent developments haven't been what we . . . expected. I can't account of the rumors that I can't let you in, Doctor—it's on account of the facts."

The Doctor remained silent until the waiter had served them, and departed. Then he looked keenly across the table.

"Cullen isn't going to lose his money, is he?"

"Not all of it, anyway."

"Some of it?"

"You never can tell."

"And are you obligated in any way to make good his loss? You, personally, I mean? Either legally or morally?"

Hilliard signed dispiritedly.

"Why, seeing that not one of these men ever saw the property, or knows anything about it or about copper mining in general, except what I told them, I feel morally responsible for every cent that's lost, whether I've any legal responsibility or not. That is, I'd make it good—if I could. Of course, I'm hoping that nothing will be lost, but—"

The Doctor's eyes brightened.

"Do Cullen and his friends understand that you hold yourself responsible?"

"I think not. I haven't said so to them yet."

"It isn't a part of your bargain?"

"No, sir."

"They're paying you a brilliant compliment, then."

"I realize that fully," said Hilliard, writhing. The Doctor toyed with his fork.

"You'd do the same for me, I suppose, if I were one of your group?"

"Why, of course—if you had been."

"You wouldn't advise me to go into it, you say, under present conditions?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't. I wouldn't permit it."

"I thought you wouldn't." The Doctor sipped a glass of water thoughtfully. "And that leaves me with seventy-five hundred dollars. I still don't know what to do with. Well, if you can think of any reasonable use for it within the next few weeks, let me know, will you? I'll keep it intact until I hear from you."

Something in his tone snatched at Hilliard's heart; he went white as paper.

"Doctor Durant!"

The Doctor smiled slightly. "Any reasonable use, I said. Any form of investment that—"

Hilliard was practically tongue-tied.

"Doctor Durant . . . if I . . . if I see what you mean . . . I . . . if you're willing to take my advice, why—"

"I'm sixty-three years old," said the Doctor calmly, "and I've made a fool of myself in every conceivable way but one. . . . That's in my own field; I'm a diagnostician. I've watched you very carefully, young man. . . . I think perhaps you need as much advice as I do, of a different variety. So here it is—when you want encouragement, or a medical prescription, or a good cigar and a chat, or a quiet evening with an old man and a girl who plays the piano rather pleasantly, or seventy-five hundred dollars which you've already shown you won't let me invest unwisely, come and see me. Now, let's drop business. Not another word; I'm tired of it. You're thorough as an expert; let's get back to old-fashioned friendship. Speaking of coming to see me—Carol's wondering if you're trying to slight her. We've seen very little of you lately? It's a week now, isn't it?"

When, sustained and soothed by that peaceful hour, by the Doctor's trust in his integrity, and by the sedative of a long and untroubled stroll out over the hills to eastward, Hilliard returned to the hotel, the room clerk greeted him with faint superciliousness.

"Somebody's been keeping after you on the telephone all morning," he said loftily. "New York call. Couldn't locate you. And here's some telegrams for you."

There were three of them; at sight of the signature of the first, Hilliard's eyes narrowed.

"Arriving Syracuse 4:15. Please meet me at train and stop all work in the meantime. Imperative."

"HARMON."

Hilliard's eyelids fluttered; this was evidently the initial result of Rufus Waring's efforts, and of those many letters he had written Harmon. He tore open the second envelope; the message was again from the broker, sent obviously from the Grand Central terminal just before train-time.

"Most important news received. Am just leaving, having wired you meet me at station 4:15. Find out who Bob Waring is and what he wants. Do all you can to stave off further inquiry. Absolutely imperative not talk to anyone until I see you. Have contract and all other data with you. Shall have to leave on short notice."

"HARMON."

And the third was from Albany: "Locate Bob Waring if possible and arrange meeting seven tonight. Urgently imperative." "HARMON."

Hilliard folded the three sheets methodically and put them in his pocket. He glanced at his watch; it showed a quarter to four. He had no dependence on Harmon, and no fear of him; he felt no obligation to Harmon, no sense of duty. To be sure, he had a cynical curiosity to see what was in the middle of the whirlwind, but that of itself wasn't strong enough to send him to a rendezvous with a man he despised and loathed.

"If I go," he said to himself, "I'll be sorry; and if I don't go . . . why, if I don't go, I'd always wonder if it would have done any good!"

For himself, there was nothing promising in the situation. But on the millionth chance that something of benefit to his subscribers might come out of it—on the millionth chance that Harmon might be frightened or persuaded into compromise—

So he went.

The very first passenger to reach the platform was Harmon. Indeed, he had been fretting in the vestibule for half an hour, intent on saving a useless fraction of a second when the train stopped. At sight of Hilliard, he beamed beneficently—all his earlier bitterness forgotten.

"Hello!" he said. "Glad to see you. Got all my messages, did you?"

He shook hands with great urbanity; Hilliard's grasp was hardly responsive.

"I got three," said Hilliard, dignified and uncommittal; and he continued to inspect his employer with ill-concealed disfavor and distrust.

"Well, that's all I sent. Now, where can we sit down and talk, for a couple of hours? There's a lot to go over, but I want to take the 9:40 West. Not to the Onondaga—I'd rather go somewhere quieter. How about the Kirk?"

"Suits me all right if it does you."

"Any luggage?" They were crossing the tracks to the waiting-room; and Hilliard, in spite of himself, couldn't refrain from the solicitude which any right-minded resident of a city feels for the transient just arrived.

"Only this Gladstone. I can check that here, I guess. Well, I'm certainly glad to see you. Say, were you able to make a date with this 'Waring person? It was pretty short notice, but you're such a live wire—"

Hilliard, fully comprehending the nature of the compliment, smiled faintly. The person of the broker was physically repulsive to him; unconscious of his edred further away.

"Not yet. But I've left word at his house for him to call me at the hotel,

and I'll telephone to the information clerk from the Kirk where he can reach me. He's sure to be in around five or half past."

"I hope so," Harmon swung his heavy bag to the brass-lined counter, and tossed out a dime with a phlegmatic gesture which made the attendant glare at him. "Who in thunder is he, anyhow?"

Hilliard had reason to be reticent with his facts, and he preferred not to be too specific at the outset.

"He's a law student—an old friend of the Cullens. He's looking after some of their interests, in one way and another."

"Oh! Working up a practice! Well, the way he's bombarding me with fresh letters, you'd think he was on a congressional investigating committee! Say! There's one thing I'd like to find out—how'd he know I'm in the thing? You didn't tell anybody, did you? Our agreement—"

Hilliard was guiding him to the street.

"Why, he probably got hold of your name when he wrote to some law correspondents of his in Butte about the property; and they looked it up for him. I'd judge they must have gone into it rather thoroughly."

"They did? Humph!" The broker's tone held less of rancor and more disappointment than Hilliard would have expected. "And they made an unfavorable report on it, did they?"

"Unfortunately, for you, they did . . . as you very well know."

Harmon turned on him sharply.

"What do you mean 'unfortunately for me?'"

Hilliard turned into a wide doorway.

"We go in here . . . Why, it puts the question on any last hope of yours that there's still some business to be done in Syracuse, doesn't it? I should think that's about as plain as daylight."

Harmon's brows went up.

"Wh-ah-? He said, and then, promptly, 'Oh, yes—of course. But you've been such a live wire from start to finish, I thought the harder the proposition, the better you'd—'"

"Don't make me wish I hadn't taken the trouble to meet you," snapped Hilliard. He slipped into the first unoccupied booth; Harmon followed him stolidly. "The thing's done for, and you know it. Don't act so innocent. Mr. Harmon—it isn't becoming to you, and it isn't helpful to me. We are in a position to talk English, I should imagine."

Harmon's eyes were very small and bright.

"What's he been saying around here?"

"Saying it's a fake promotion. What else would he say? He's quite intelligent. That's why it's unfortunate for you, and that's why we don't need to fool ourselves any further— isn't it?"

As Harmon removed his hat, he appeared to be somewhat warmer than the temperature warranted. His round face was now preternaturally blank; but his urbanity had increased until he was on the verge of yawning.

"So he's been giving out a pretty bad story, has he?"

"Only the bare facts. And if you don't know it already, I'll tell you that

the broker's smile was every moment more broadly ingratiating.

"Why, suppose I should hand you back every cent you've collected and paid in. This is just a suggestion—I want your opinion on it. You go 'round to your subscribers; tell 'em the mine isn't as promising as you thought it was; you're going to make good; give 'em their money back. Now—if you did that and left a first-class impression everywhere, could you start from scratch all over again and sell enough honest-to-goodness conservative stuff—municipals, or like that—to those same people to make up the difference?" He was studying his companion keenly.



"So He's Been Giving Out a Pretty Bad Story, Has He?"

he's got a representative out there on the ground, so that—"

Harmon bit his lip. "A representative? When did that happen?"

"Nearly a week ago. It's about time to hear from him, and then the goose will be cooked."

The broker reflected diligently.

"Haven't seen him today, have you?"

"No; not for nearly a week."

Harmon sat back, and massaged his forehead absent-mindedly.

"Well—has this made much difference to you?"

"How could it help it?" Hilliard grimaced. "This isn't New York city, or a deaf and dumb asylum. News doesn't have to travel fast to make the rounds. Everybody who's ever heard my name knows it by this time."

Harmon leaned forward on his elbows, and drew a quick, nervous breath. His eyes, now slightly dilated, sought for Hilliard's, found them, darted away again.

"That's tough . . . might be tough . . . I . . . I came up here thinking I might do something about it. Save the situation, you know. Too late, is it?"

"A good deal too late."

Harmon exhaled lengthily, and fancied for his invariable cigarette; Hilliard observed, without particular deduction, that his hands lacked certainty.

"That does sort of burst the bubble, doesn't it? Well . . . I suppose the next step you want to take is to get out of town."

"No," said Hilliard, "I'll stay till P's over with."

Harmon gasped.

"Stay? Stay here after the news is out? What for?"

"I hardly think you'd understand what I'm staying for, Mr. Harmon."

The fat broker shook his head in vigorous protest.

"Now, look here!" His voice was paternally kind. "You've been a fine sport through this whole business, except once, and we won't let that bother us now. As a salesman you've been a holy wonder. You've done all I expected you'd do, or could do, and then some. And your fare-up last time I was here don't hurt you with me one little bit. But here we are at the finish. My suggestion to you is to pack your duds and get out. Call it a day and quit. There's better business somewhere else. And if you'd like to plant yourself in some other good town, say, Detroit, and—"

"No, thanks," Hilliard's smile was out of genuine humor.

"Well, aren't you open to conviction?"

"No, I don't think I am. Please don't argue—that's final."

"Well, you're sure you can't do any more here, aren't you?"

"Not a nickel's worth—even if I wanted to. And would you mind getting down to brass tacks? Otherwise I can't see any benefit to either of us from prolonging this interview; can you?"

Harmon inspected him carefully and seemed to be struck with an inspiration.

"I'm not sure of it, at that. Look here now! I've got an idea! Let's try to get some benefit out of it. Suppose you get clear of this mess. Suppose we straighten it out from top to bottom. Everybody satisfied. Suppose you get out of it absolutely clean; do you think you could take your experience and your front and your energy and cash in on some better business?"

Hilliard exclaimed aloud; he could hardly credit his ears.

"What's that?" he managed. "I don't understand!"

The broker's eyes brightened. "It's easy enough if you put your mind to it. I've told you before," he said impressively, "I'm out for results. That's my middle name—R-E-S-U-L-T-S. And not results from minute to minute, but results in the long run. Now it does seem to me like an awful shame to have you come in here and spend all this time and money sub-dubbing around, and then have it all over with, and nothing to show for it but a lot of bellyaching customers. Of course we've made a little money, but when we let this scheme wind up in a big howl from everybody we've got into it we're losing the cumulative value of you. And it's you that was the backbone of the whole idea. Now—this is only a passing thought, but let's consider it—which way would be the best for us in the long run, to close up this deal and get out from under, and take a little profit and be in ditch here forever, or to be a couple of philanthropists and play strong for the future?"

"How do you mean?" Hilliard was aflutter with hope.

"The broker's smile was every moment more broadly ingratiating.

"Why, suppose I should hand you back every cent you've collected and paid in. This is just a suggestion—I want your opinion on it. You go 'round to your subscribers; tell 'em the mine isn't as promising as you thought it was; you're going to make good; give 'em their money back. Now—if you did that and left a first-class impression everywhere, could you start from scratch all over again and sell enough honest-to-goodness conservative stuff—municipals, or like that—to those same people to make up the difference?" He was studying his companion keenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Eyes of Plants.**

Of course we know that trees have circulation, not of blood but of sap, that goes upward in the spring and downward in the autumn. It has been demonstrated also that plants have eyes, certain epidermal cells being really convex lenses filled with clear sap that brings the light rays to a focus somewhere within the cells. These little lenses are able to form images just as the eyes of insects do.

**Simple Journalism.**

The editor of the Bano (Africa) Daily News does not have trouble over such matters as circulation or the high cost of paper. When he gets a piece of news he smooths off some slabs of wood, writes up the story in his best editorial style, and then gives the slabs to his office boy, who runs off with them and hangs them in conspicuous places so that he who runs may read.

**Ready to Oblige.**

Visitor—Have you any exhalations of a deleterious nature in your house? Host—No, but if you want while I will send out and get you some.

## TWO EXTREMES IN ATTRACTIVE SUITS



FROM the very plain tailored suits of wool to the handsomely embroidered sport suit of silk is quite a "far piece," but the interval is filled with suits that gradually progress from the plain model to its smart rival. Street clothes nowadays have a considerable flavor of sports styles, although there remains, and probably always will remain, the trim, strictly tailored, business-like utility suit that holds the allegiance of American women. These they must have, others they may have, and, if circumstances allow, several in varying styles they do have. One of them will be as simple and, we hope, as well tailored as the mannish suit pictured, another as definitely a sports style as the suit at the right, and others formal or sportish.

Blue serge, it almost goes without saying, is used for the first suit. Its plain skirt has a little flare and is made with box platts down the front and back. It doesn't take long to describe this very simple affair but it is worth while adding that it is perfectly fitted and tailored.

The clever and unusual coat has slashes at each side in its skirt round-

at the bottom and it is bound with braid. A group of three tucks or cords, stitched in the material and running parallel with the edge of the waist reveals a difficult piece of work done with precision. A panel at the back is simulated by a fold or cord stitched in the material that extends downward from the shoulders and terminates in a rounded end. There are plain coat sleeves and a small collar.

A heavy fiber silk makes the sport suit and a square-necked one-piece dress takes the place of a blouse and skirt to be worn under the coat. The bodice is extended to form a short yoke for the skirt, which is stitched on to it. In this suit it is the skirt that claims most attention for it is heavily embroidered in wool yarn. In the sweater coat a narrow shawl collar diminishes in width on its downward way to the hem, where it terminates. The very wide hem turns up on the right side providing place for deep pockets and the coat has no decoration other than four pearl buttons that finish off the long sleeves. The narrow belt is made of the goods.

## Blouses Ready for Summer



THERE are so many delightfully pretty and chic blouses, made ready for summer time, that it is not easy to choose among them. About the most noticeable thing in many of the new ones, is their front fastening, or occasional back fastening, negotiated with very obvious buttons and buttonholes. After following devious ways, leading to concealed buttons or snaps and leaving us to guess how they were got into, they have come back to a matter of fact mood and simply button up as in days of old. But there are still plenty of slip-overs and other styles with concealed fastenings.

Beginning at the beginning of blouse styles we have the plain tailored models in linen, wash silk or satin, crepe-de-chine and other suitable fabrics, followed by many blouses of sheer cottons with voile and batiste at the head of this dainty company. Made up with handsome laces and fine needlework, these may reach any degree of elegance. Finally there comes the georgette blouse—the flower of the flock—and apparently the greatest favorite.

A blouse and a short smock, both of dark-colored georgette among those ready for summer, are pictured here. In the blouse a piping of narrow satin is used to finish the edges. This model is provided with link buttons, satin-covered and joined by a small silk cord. Two colors in silk are used for the embroidery that embellishes it and

it is made with the narrow shoulder yoke which is generally becoming. Smocks have grown shorter and shorter until the model pictured may be classed among those that are moderately long. Except for being short this is a true smock, hanging straight from the shoulders and with long sleeves that flare. Its belt of georgette is tacked to the body of the smock at intervals to insure a neat adjustment at the back and sides. Embroidery done in French knots, outline and other stitches employs several colors. The selection of color for blouse or smock and in the embroidery silk, is a matter of individual taste and gives the capable needlewoman a chance to have something exclusively her own.

*Julia Bottomly*

**Hat That Should Please.**

In some form, everyone may wear the rounded or pouched crown and brim hat that turns upward at side, back or front, with flowers massed on the upturned under brim.

**Long Black Silk Gloves.**

Long black silk gloves are shown to be worn with this-sleeved black gowns.

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

LOCAL BREVITIES
Our Phone No. 190-W

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel were in Detroit, Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Updike spent the weekend in Detroit.

Frank Leach was in Detroit, Wednesday and Thursday, after feeding cattle.
Prohibition is an absolute failure insofar as the workhouses are concerned.

MICKIE SAYS
WEAR THESE KINDA PUNK TUNES 'T BE RUNNIN' A PAPER, WHET WITH PRINT PAPER UP IN 'TA CLOUDS IN SURETHING—BUT THESE ONE CONSOLATION—WHEN ALL 'TA PENITENTIARIES ARE BULGIN' OUT WITH PROFITEERS, US NEWSPAPER GUNS WILL BE RAMMAGIN' 'ROUND LOOSE JEST 'TA SAME AS PER USUAL!



LAFAYETTE GRANGE.
Lafayette Grange will meet with Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman, Thursday evening, May 20, 1920. The program follows:

Helped Where Help Was Needed.
"You told him to diet," said the young doctor's wife.
"Yess, I told him to eat only the very plainest food and very little of that."

For a Weak Stomach.
As a general rule all you need to do is to adopt a diet suited to your age and occupation and to keep your bowels regular.

DETROIT UNITED LINES
Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor Ypsilanti and Detroit
Eastern Standard Time—Effective October 26, 1919.

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.

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

-CASH GROCERY-
Onion Sets, quart 5c All Package Seeds 5c, 6 for 25c
Nice Rich Milk, quart 12c
Brite Mawnin Tea, best Japan half pound 35c
Brite Mawnin Jelly Powder, none better, package 10c
Brite Mawnin Yeast, large package 5c
Brite Mawnin Brooms 60c, 75c, \$1.00. Best yet

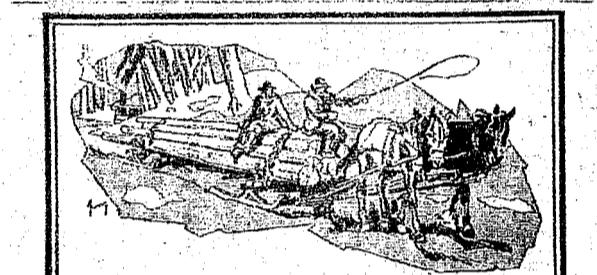
JOHN FARRELL
Walk Around the Corner and Save a Nickel.
NOTICE!
Just Received a Car Load of National Pipe and Pipeless Furnaces

Table with 3 columns: Resources, Commercial, Savings. Includes items like Loans and Discounts, Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, etc.

LIABILITIES
Capital stock paid in \$40,000.00
Surplus fund 40,000.00
Undivided profits, net 26,716.67

Shoes--For Men and Boys
Look at our lug in Boys' Shoes, \$3.50 to \$5.50. Sizes 9 1/2 to 5 1/2 MR. FARMER--We can't be beat in selling you a shoe for Comfort and Wear. Built for farm wear, \$3.65 to \$7.50. Look at our \$5.25 Special.

SCHMID'S



An Interesting Story

The evolution of the telephone pole, once a seedling, then a towering tree in the wilderness and now bearing the wires that carry the messages of millions, is material for more than an every-day story. The cutting, the trimming, the hauling, rafting and drifting over the white rapids and across still lakes, all this is unusually interesting.

Report of the Condition of the Farmers & Merchants Bank
At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business May 4th, 1920, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

Miss Barbara Walker of Bothwell, Ontario, was the guest of Miss Agnes Weber over the weekend.
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kalmbach and family, of Detroit, visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kalmbach, Tuesday.

George H. Mitchell returned to his home in Chicago, Wednesday, after spending the past two weeks here, visiting old friends.
"A Nautical Knot," an opera in two acts, will be given by the Chelsea High school chorus during the last week of this month.

B. A. Gray is now employed in the car repair department of the Michigan Central railroad and began his new duties Monday.
The members of the Chelsea high school basketball team entertained the members of the girls' team last evening at Firemen's hall.

St. Mary Altar society will give a progressive party Tuesday evening, May 18th, at St. Mary hall. Light refreshments will be served and all are invited.
Cousins of R. D. Walker and family, from Australia, who are visiting relatives in Seio, report that sugar is selling for only six cents the pound in that country.

Order of Publication.
State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 10th day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty.

LINER "ADS" EFFECTIVE.
One of the most effective forms of advertising is in the "liner" or classified column where a n investment of a few cents is certain to give prompt results. Tribune liner ads are always run under the heading, "Wants, For Sale, To Rent," in the same position on the front page where they are easy to find and invariably catch the eye.

Phone us your news items, 190-W.
Mrs. Claude Spiegelberg was in Ann Arbor yesterday.
L. L. VanGieson and H. D. Witherell were in Pinckney yesterday.

Joseph Thalhammer of Detroit has purchased the George Hoffman residence, on Taylor street, and will make his home in Chelsea.
A. G. Faust went to the hospital in Ann Arbor today. About a month ago he slipped and fell on the floor of his garage, injuring his knee cap.

Do Your Best.
Everyone should do all he can to provide for his family and in order to do this he must keep his physical system in the best condition possible. No one can reasonably hope to do much when he is half sick a good share of the time.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Joseph D. Colton, deceased.
Flora D. Colton, administratrix, having filed in said court her final administration account, and a petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

How's This?
We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces, expelling the poison from the blood and healing the diseased portions.

Dodge, Essex and Oldsmobile Service!
Electrical Repairing a Specialty
Between Main St. and M. C. Depot, Chelsea
-- Jones' Garage --
Used Cars For Sale--All Makes. Phone 133

Co-operative Wool
The Chelsea Co-operative association has been appointed assembling agents for this vicinity, and the wool received will be shipped to the Farm Bureau warehouse in Lansing for grading, the only expense incurred being the cost of handling and transportation to Lansing.
Wool will be received in Chelsea every TUESDAY at the Green Warehouse, next to McLaren's hay house.
For further particulars see--
G. W. COE, Manager

Caps to Cover All Sorts of Heads
LOW prices for caps become significant only when quoted by a reliable store for caps of quality. Caps for golfing, for autoing, for all sorts of outdoor sports or recreation, are sold by us.
Caps for everyday wear--the kind you feel are easy and comfortable and still look good. Hats too. Permit us to say that you can't beat our hat prices anywhere.
HERMAN J. DANCER
The Twice-a-Week Chelsea Tribune and Michigan Farmer, both one year for \$2.00. A real bargain!