

## RAID MOONSHINE STILL

Officers Confiscated Outfit Found in Full Operation in Home of John Greiza, West Middle St.

Village Marshal John Walz, assisted by his son Floyd, early Wednesday morning raided a moonshining outfit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Greiza, 706 West Middle street, arresting Mrs. Greiza and Adam Horowitz, and confiscating the still, a quantity of liquor, and a half barrel of mash.

Greiza was in the place when the officers arrived, but refused them entrance and escaped from the front door while they were forcing an entrance through the side door. He is still at large. He was arrested in Ann Arbor for bootlegging several years ago and paid a stiff fine at that time.

Mrs. Greiza and two children, a boy about five years of age and a baby only a few months old, and Horowitz were taken to Ann Arbor, Wednesday morning.

The house in which the still was located, generally known as the McCover place, had been under suspicion for some time as Greiza was believed to be manufacturing liquor, and had been searched on several occasions, but unsuccessfully until Wednesday morning about three o'clock.

The liquor was being manufactured from a wheat mash, flavored with a few slices of lemon. The outfit included a wash boiler mounted on an oil stove, a copper worm coiled in a large hard can of water, the liquor being caught in a gallon jar of glass. The joints in the outfit were sealed with dough.

Tried To Wreck Still.

When the officers entered the kitchen where the still was operated, Mrs. Greiza attempted to destroy the outfit, overturning the boiler full of boiling hot mash and throwing the coil out of doors. She managed to spill a part of the liquor, also, before halted by the officers.

Pay your subscription now; we can use the money.

## UNCONTESTED DIVORCE.

The uncontested divorce suit of Nina F. Lighthall vs. Cone W. Lighthall was heard in Ann Arbor yesterday and Judge Sample took the case under advisement.

Regarding the suit the Times-News said:

"Two of Mr. Lighthall's sisters supported their sister-in-law in her testimony and said that they had tried to induce the defendant to live with his wife but that he had refused. Under the property settlement announced in court Mrs. Lighthall will receive the house on Vaughn street and \$20 a week from her husband.

"The parties were married in 1905 and separated in April, 1921. In the city directory Mr. Lighthall is listed as factory superintendent of the Hoover Steel Ball and 'ny and president of the C. A. Sae company."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lighthall are former residents of Chelsea.

## LOCOMOTIVE OVERTURNED.

One of the small steam locomotives used on the Federal Aid road job overturned in the yards at the gravel depot at the foot of Wilkinson street late yesterday afternoon and a number of men were obliged to work until about eight o'clock last evening to right it.

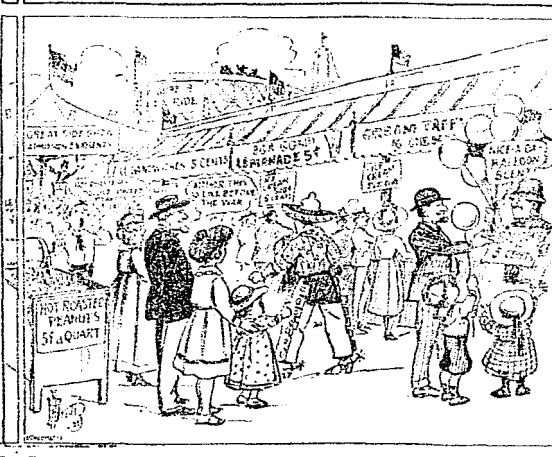
A little cement was laid at the Mill Creek bridge, Monday afternoon, but rain and an accident which resulted in the breaking of the boom of the paving machine have since delayed the paving work. It is expected some cement will be laid today.

## MRS. MAE HATTEN.

Mrs. Mae Hatten died Tuesday morning, September 13, 1921, at her home 127 West Mason street, Jackson. She was 48 years of age and the eldest daughter of Mrs. C. Oestrich, 313 North street, Chelsea.

Mrs. Hatten is survived by two daughters, Miss Sybil Hatten of Jackson and Mrs. Zelma Stull of Rives, two grandchildren, her mother, six sisters and three brothers. The funeral was held Friday in Jackson.

## Back to the Good Old "Jitney" Time



## M. E. CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS

Rev. Beatty Returns For Another Year: Who Will Be Pastors Of Neighboring Churches.

Rev. H. R. Beatty, who has been pastor of the Chelsea Methodist church for the past two years, was returned to Chelsea for the third year at the conference in Adrian the past week. Appointments in other Methodist churches in this vicinity follow:

Ann Arbor—First, A. W. Stalker; Broadway, Edgar Gerlach (supply); Brighton—U. G. Osterlander; Clinton and Springville—R. M. Millard; Dexter—J. A. Phillips; Ploverville—W. T. Wallace; Grass Lake—W. J. Dudgeon; Howell—J. S. West; Manchester—H. M. Smart; Milan—G. E. Edwards; Munith—D. H. Campbell; Saline—Ralph Brown; South Lyon—F. C. Walters; Stockbridge—S. J. Pollock; Tecumseh and Tipton—W. A. Gregory; Unadilla—Lee Hagle; Webberville—Fred Matthews; Williamston—G. W. Wright; Ypsilanti—Dunning Idle.

## MRS. JENNIE ALLYN.

Mrs. Jennie Allyn, widow of the late Charles D. Allyn, died Wednesday morning, September 21, 1921, aged 71 years, 11 months and 19 days. She had been in feeble health for several years past.

Mrs. Allyn was born in Canton Center, Steuben county, New York, November 19, 1849, her parents being Emory and Sarah (Sawyer) Smith. She was united in marriage with Charles D. Allyn at Canton Center in 1871. Four children were born to this union, one daughter, Miss Minnie Allyn, surviving. She is survived by one brother, Titus Smith of Corning, N. Y., also.

The funeral will be held from the house, 227 Railroad street, Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. Rufus Osborne of Coldwater conducting the service. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

## ST. PAUL AUXILIARY.

A large number attended the organization of the new Auxiliary of St. Paul church of Chelsea, Friday, at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Krause. The afternoon was spent in framing the constitution, and electing officers for the coming year; also many very interesting and instructive discussions were enjoyed.

The first meeting was well attended, enrolling 20 charter members, and the new organization promises to be a thriving busy bee in the near future. The following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. Ernest Butzel. Vice president—Mrs. Fred Goebel. Secretary—Mrs. A. Koch. Treasurer—Miss Cora Feldkamp.

## WATERLOO VILLAGE.

Several from around here attended the fair in Jackson last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mollenkopf and son, of Jackson, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George Reuschler, Mrs. Mollenkopf remaining a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Gabel of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Koelz.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Beeman and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Dykema.

John Moeckel is ill with rheumatism. Walter Koelz, who has been in different parts of the U. S. on business, returned to his home here Monday.

## PAPER WADS.

New jerseys and socks have been ordered for the football team and will be issued soon.

Lepoy Beuerle was elected captain of the Chelsea high school football team at a meeting of the squad Tuesday afternoon.

The basket ball baskets have been taken from the town hall and mounted on the school playground for out door basket ball.

Arrangements are being made for the first football game of the season, with Stockbridge high school, on the Chelsea gridiron, Friday, September 30.

Chapel was held Tuesday morning. Superintendent Clark gave a short address, Miss Mitchell led in several songs, and Miss Yak of the kindergarten sang two solos.

The high school now has a male quartette, something new in its history. The members are Llewellyn Hughes, Russell Jansen, Kenneth Broesamle, and Wayne Beatty. Wednesday afternoon they demonstrated their fine ability and talent by singing several selections.

Wednesday afternoon a mass meeting of students was held for the purpose of organizing an athletic association. Wayne Beatty and Gertrude Eppler, yell masters, led in the practice of several high school yells; Miss Mitchell led in the singing of a new school song; Wayne Beatty gave a talk on the purpose of school athletics, and Kenneth Broesamle gave a brief history of C. H. S. athletics. Officers were elected as follows: President, Gertrude Eppler; secretary, Wayne Beatty; treasurer, Dora Chandler. The athletic dues are fifty cents a semester, or one dollar the year. All students should join and so help support the several school teams.

## IN THE CHURCHES

### METHODIST

Rev. H. R. Beatty, Pastor. All services at the regular hours Sunday. The pastor will preach both morning and evening. Special music by the choir. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Bible school at 11:15. Epworth league at 6:00. Preaching service at 7:30. All are cordially invited.

### CONGREGATIONAL

Rev. Wallick of Ann Arbor will preach at ten o'clock. Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. No evening service.

### ST. MARY CHURCH

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.

### WATERLOO NEWS.

Charles Daly and daughter Adorna motored to Durand, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Beeman spent from Friday until Sunday in Jackson. Ben and Milton Barber and wives entertained on Sunday; Mr. and Mrs. George Shenk and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Rowe and baby.

Dr. Fogt and wife of Detroit have been visiting at Walter Viery's.

Mrs. Irene Mollenkopf and baby of Jackson are visiting her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beeman and daughter Mae and Mr. and Mrs. John Dykema spent from Friday until Sunday in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Meyers of Grass Lake spent Sunday at John Wahl's.

Chris Katz and family were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Riethmiller, Sunday.

## OUR NEIGHBORS' DOINGS

What's Happening In Neighboring Towns and Localities.

MILAN—The home of F. M. Miller, druggist, on East Main street, was partly destroyed by fire Tuesday. The cause of the fire is undetermined.

MASON—Of the 31 students who graduated last June from Mason high school, 22 will be either in college, normal or business schools this coming year.

ANN ARBOR—The business manager of the Ann Arbor board of education states that he has sold to local investors \$78,500 of the \$100,000 issue of 5 1/2 school bonds.

FOWLERVILLE—The Chevrolet touring car of H. S. Jacobs, editor of the Brighton Argus, was badly wrecked in a head-on collision with the Reo touring car of Robert A. Campbell, treasurer of the University of Michigan, early Friday afternoon near Williamston, when he and his wife were returning from Lansing. The Reo was also damaged. Mr. Campbell was accompanied by a gentleman friend. Mrs. Jacobs suffered a strained ligament in one of her feet—Review.

## WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents the 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.

FOR SALE—Small amount of fertilizer left. J. W. Henschelwerdt, phone 197, Chelsea. 412

FOR SALE—Good heating stove and other furniture. J. H. Gibbons, 212 Jackson St. 412

FOR SALE—8-room house, bath and electricity, good barn, abundance of fruit. J. H. Gibbons, 212 Jackson St. 412

FOR SALE—Ferrets, to hustle rats and rabbits; also taking orders for Tom Thumb pop corn. Sam Stadel, phone 134-F14. 412

WANTED—Second hand heating stove. C. W. VanNatter, 239 Washington St. 312

FOR SALE—5 acres of alfalfa on the ground. Russell Wheelock, phone 133-F23. 312

CIDER MAKING—Beginning Tuesday, September 27th, we will operate our cider mill every Tuesday until further notice. Price for making cider, per gallon, 3¢. Highest market price paid for cider apples the day we take them in. Empty barrels for sale. Schanz & Holmes, Chelsea. 312

WANTED—Live poultry and farm produce. Chelsea Greenhouse, telephone 180-F21. 1012

MACHINE OPERATORS wanted at Goebel Garment Co. 962.

JACKSON NEWS for sale at the Tribune office. Paul Axtell, Chelsea agent. 2312.

FURNITURE REPAIRING, upholstery and refinishing; go-carts re-tired, shears sharpened. E. P. Steiner, Chelsea. 9712

PAINTING by the day or job, in town or country. Schanz & Sloum, phone 182, box 415. 9212

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

SIGNS—Printed signs; No Hunting, No Trespassing, For Sale, For Rent, Rooms, etc., 10 cents each or 3 for 25 cents, at the Tribune office. 1012

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.

Phone Us for Printing on HAMMERMILL BOND PRINTING

Our plant is complete for everything you need in the line of printing and we can assure you first grade work on Hammermill stock. Ask us.

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

BEING A MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM we can quickly convert Commercial paper into Cash when the occasion demands.

Because of our being able to do this it means a large proportion of our Assets are just as available as though actually carried in Cash. To anyone desiring to form a banking connection or wishing to make a change we will be pleased to have them call on us and discuss the matter fully.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank  
Member Federal Reserve Bank. Chelsea, Michigan

Wear BECAUSE Lyons' Shoes Wear

A Few of Our New Fall Numbers

Every Pair Guaranteed Solid Leather

Growing Girls—Light dress. Brown calf, low heel, sizes 2 1/2 to 8— at \$4.48

Growing Girls—Medium weight school shoe. Brown calf, low heel, sizes 2 1/2 to 8, at \$4.18

Misses' Brown Kid Lace—School heel, sizes 11 1/2 to 2, at \$3.78

Misses' Brown Calf Lace—School heel, sizes 11 1/2 to 2, at \$3.58

Childs' Brown Kid Lace—School heel, sizes 8 1/2 to 11, at \$3.18

Childs' Brown Calf Lace—School heel, sizes 8 1/2 to 11, at \$2.98

Little Boys' Brown Calf Lace—Double sole, school heel, sizes 8 1/2 to 11 1/2, at \$2.78

Don't Forget our Men's Work Line.

SPECIAL—Men's heavy U. S. Army Tan Krome Kalf Blucher at \$3.28

The Most For The Price, No Matter What The Price May Be, at LYONS' SHOE MARKET

Three Things You Want

The three things that count in a battery, Exide gives in the maximum degree. These are:

- 1—Plenty of power—and then some.
- 2—Long life.
- 3—Freedom from repairs.

To make sure that the Exide gives this service, ask any motorist who uses one. To see why, call and dissect an Exide Battery with us.

Palmer Motor Sales  
Chelsea, Michigan

Exide

HOLMES & WALKER

Largest Display Room of Furniture in Washtenaw Co. Filled with Furniture Bargains

Heating Stoves and Ranges—All Kinds and Prices

HOLMES & WALKER

"We Always Treat You Right"

MILLINERY

The ladies of Chelsea and vicinity are cordially invited to call and inspect our stock of trimmed and untrimmed hats for Fall and Winter.

MILLER SISTERS

Automobile Repairing

Emmett Hankerd and Verne Reidel announce that they have taken over the Service Department of the Oakland-Dort Garage, and are prepared to repair cars of all makes.

Satisfaction Guaranteed





## 625,000 BOTTLES SOLD IN NEW YORK

Biggest Thing of Kind Ever Seen in That State, Declares Big Wholesaler.

The fact that 625,000 bottles of Tan-lac have been sold in the state of New York since its introduction there less than one year ago, is a big business item that will attract unusual attention throughout the entire East, for nothing like it has ever happened before. It breaks all records.

Mr. George B. Evans, manager of the Gilson-Shaw Company, the well-known wholesale druggists, with branches in Albany, Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse, recently announced that the preparation was now selling in their trade territories alone at the phenomenal rate of approximately 500,000 bottles a year.

"If the present rate continues," said Mr. Evans, "this state alone will probably require considerably over 700,000 bottles a year. This is a tremendous figure, but I am really conservative in making this statement."

Tan-lac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

### His Job.

"I thought you said your father was in the railroad business."

"I did not. I said he was a depot master."

"Yes, but isn't that a railroad job?"

"Not at all. He's depot master at a gasoline station."

## WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Jamaica, "Country of Springs." The name Jamaica is a corruption of xaymaco, a West Indian expression meaning "the country abounding in springs."

**CATARRHAL DEAFNESS** is greatly relieved by constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and assisting Nature in restoring normal conditions.

Circular free. All Druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.—Advertisement.

### No Ornament.

"Won't the new stenographer work?"

"No." "Well, fire her. She isn't that pretty."

### Cuticura for Pimples.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

### The Reason.

"Was his bankruptcy due to a lack of brains?" "Yes—a lack and a lass."—Wayside Tales.

Principles of acoustics are sound doctrines.

## WOMEN WHO CANNOT WORK

Read Mrs. Corley's Letter and Benefit by Her Experience

Edmund, S. C.—"I was run down with nervousness and female trouble and suffered every month. I was not able to do any work and tried a lot of medicine, but got no relief. I saw your medicine advertised in a little book that was thrown in my door, and I had not taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before I could see it was helping me. I am keeping house now and am able to do all my work. I cannot say enough for your medicine. It has done more for me than any doctor. I have not paper enough to tell you how much it has done for me and for my friends. You may print this letter if you wish."—ELIZABETH C. CORLEY, care of A. P. Corley, Edmund, S. C.

Ability to stand the strain of work is the privilege of the strong and healthy, but how our hearts ache for the weak and sickly women struggling with their daily rounds of household duties, and almost every movement brings a new pain. Why not tell the mass of letters from women all over this country, which have been published, convince such women that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help them just as surely as it did Mrs. Corley?



## The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "The Strange Case of Cavendish"

Illustrations by A. Weil

Copyright, by Randall Parrish

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Say, where the h—l have you been? What is this, a double-cross, Waldron?"

"What you mean?" ejaculated the other. "By Gott! it is rather you I should ask why you not tell me the truth?"

"Tell you? What the devil have I got to tell you? Don't get funny with me. You sent me a note this morning, didn't you?"

"Sure I did."

"Well, then, why didn't you meet me? I—n it, I've been hunting you all day long. What's the idea? Come, blurt it out, before I wing you a d—n Jew neck."

Waldron spread his hands, and lifted his shoulders in an expression more eloquent than words.

"What a man! You cuss me, but not wait to hear why this all was so. You sit down, and I tell you. Then maybe you tell me something else."

Harris stared at him, then sank into the vacant chair opposite, still scowling angrily across the table. A waiter passed at his elbow expectantly, and in response to something said, the thief jerked out a surly answer.

"No, I don't want anything to eat. Bring me some whisky—a half pint—with a little water. Yes, that's all; now get out of here."

At this moment Francois returned with our final course, obliging us to appear indifferent to the quarrel raging beyond the curtains. Both men must have lowered their voices, for our ears caught nothing of what was said. It seemed to me the waiter was unusually slow in rearranging the table.

"There, that will do, Francois," I broke out, at last, impatiently. "We will wait nothing else at present. When I need you again I will ring. That is the bell, I presume."

"Oui, M'sieur."

"All right; then leave us alone for a while."

Neither one of us touched a thing, the coffee growing cold in the cups, as we endeavored to distinguish what was going on at that second table out in the main dining room. I came around beside her, to where I could peer out also beneath the curtain fold, and thus gain glimpses of the two men. They were talking earnestly, but had lowered their voices, until they were nearly inaudible amid the din of the place. The anger and threat had gone out of both voices; but only occasionally could we weave together words into an understandable sentence; these came to us detached and unrelated, as the surrounding noise ceased suddenly, or the music came to a pause.

"You didn't get it? Then who the h—l did? Me, I should say no; why I never knew the old man had even slipped him the dough. That d—n girl rode down with him. Of course I do; I saw them go out together; that's why I thought I was playing safe to keep away. Somebody has played us for suckers. If you had kept your d—n mouth shut we'd a-had it easy."

Waldron broke in, stung by this last taunt into elevating his voice.

"What you mean, I keep my mouth shut? So help me, Moses, I tell no body."

"The h—l you didn't! You blabbed the whole thing to Daly. He told me so himself. That's what I was doing last night, blabbing him out."

"I tell Daly? Where you got that stuff? I ain't seen Daly for three years. Was he in this deal? Why you not tell me of Daly before?"

"Tell you! I never knew it until he told me."

A waiter brushed past him, bearing a tray, striking against one shoulder as he passed. Harris glanced up with a snarling oath, and before I realized the danger, his eyes must have caught a glimpse of me beneath the draped curtain. Instantly the fellow was on his feet, all else forgotten in a swift wave of passion.

"There's the guy now!" he burst forth. "He's hiding in that booth; I saw him. Come on, and we'll have the stiff couch up yet!"

I drew back swiftly, pushing the girl behind me. There was no place in which to hide, no chance for escape. Perhaps I could explain, but, if not, then I must fight. The two came plunging through the opening and faced us, the heavy curtains dropping behind them and shutting out all view beyond. Harris, inflamed by drink, glared about as though doubting the evidence of his own eyes, but his expression was that of savage hatred.

"H—l, if they ain't both of 'em here! Say, this is rich. So you two are in cahoots, hey? Thought you'd play me for a d—n fool, did you, Daly? Well, I'll show you what you're up against—you and yer girl. Come now, where's that boddy?"

"I know nothing about it, Harris."

"You're a liar. This dame went away with Alva in his car. I saw her go out with him. You cough up, both of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

He was reaching for his gun. It must have caught in his pocket, though I wasted no time. It was his life or mine, and I gripped the empty wine bottle on the table and smashed a vicious blow at his head. He went down like a log, his body half projecting through the curtains, while I wheeled about barely in time to meet the mad bull rush of Waldron. The Russian could not have been armed, for he came at me with bare hands, his grip like that of a bear. For an instant he had me throttled, scarcely able to breathe, my hands pinned helplessly in the grasp of his arms. But brute strength was all he possessed, no cunning, no subtlety, no strategy. He was crushed out of my fingers, yet I wriggled partially free, and got one hand twisted into his whiskers, jerking his head back, and side-wise, until the strained neck threatened to crack, and he had to release his grip to protect himself. It was all over in a minute, but hot while it lasted. I knew we struck against the girl, throwing her to her knees; I knew the fellow stumbled over Harris' legs, giving me a chance to drive home one fist square into his face. I heard him rip out a Hebrew oath, and saw blood staining his lips. I tried to break away from him, but it was no use; yet the effort opened his guard for a swift up-swing, and I let him have it straight to the chin. He crashed back across the table, and hung there dangling, arms outspread and head in a broken dish. Before I could strike again, or even recover my breath, the curtains were torn violently aside, and the head-waiter, came tumbling in over Harris' inert body. Even as they stared about, I helped the girl to her feet, and faced them.

"What happen here, M'sieur? What happen?" shrieked the excited Frenchman. "You fool to men? What?"

"No; they're just knocked out. A little private affair, that's all," I said, too exhausted to speak clearly. "See

of you, and be d—n quick about it, or you'll never get out of here with out a hole through you. You think you can double-cross me; I'll show you a trick of my own!"

## THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

She may not have been altogether pleased with my answer, for she said no more until we drew up in the hotel entrance. She waited while I settled with the chauffeur, and we crossed the wide pavement together.

"It may be best for you not to come in; she never knows."

"This is not a final parting, I hope?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps not. You do not wholly trust me. Some day I mean you shall. Good-night."

I felt her hand in mine, just for a moment; then the doors opened and closed, leaving me alone.

### CHAPTER X

The Proof of Murder—The Back Room of Costigan's

I watched her through the glass doors until she vanished among the crowd in the lobby. I could not permit her to go away like that; to get beyond my sight and knowledge yet I hesitated too long, until she had merged into the swirling crowd and was lost.

It was indeed a strange feeling of loneliness which swept over me in that moment. Never before had I felt such depth of interest in a woman, or experienced such regret at parting. With no apparent effort, seemingly utterly indifferent, she had nevertheless become intertwined with my life, her presence a necessity for my happiness.

The soft pressure of her body, the touch of her hand, was irrevocable; the glance of her eyes sent the warm blood pulsing through my veins. She had become to me an inspiration, a memory to dream over, a hope no longer to be resisted.

This was strange, so strange as to be beyond understanding. I argued it with myself, but to no result. The fact would not be denied. Here was an unknown woman, original and beautiful, to be sure, yet one whose very identity was shrouded in mystery. To all appearances she was actively engaged in conspiracy against the government of Chile, in a crime against human life. She was unquestionably the authorized agent of a gang of revolutionary plotters—I had witnessed their reception of her as one of their own, and could not

# THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

## Announces for the Season of 1921-2

### TWO BIG CONCERT COURSES

#### EXTRA CONCERT SERIES

Five Programs By The DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

With Solists as follows:

Nov. 8—ESTELLE LIEBMAN, Soprano  
 Dec. 12—RAOUL VIDAS, Violinist  
 Jan. 23—OSSIP GABRILOWITZ, Pianist  
 Feb. 20—HANS KINDLER, Violoncellist  
 Mar. 27—BRANDTSON NETZORG, Pianist

Course Tickets: \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00, \$21.00, \$22.00, \$23.00, \$24.00, \$25.00, \$26.00, \$27.00, \$28.00, \$29.00, \$30.00, \$31.00, \$32.00, \$33.00, \$34.00, \$35.00, \$36.00, \$37.00, \$38.00, \$39.00, \$40.00, \$41.00, \$42.00, \$43.00, \$44.00, \$45.00, \$46.00, \$47.00, \$48.00, \$49.00, \$50.00, \$51.00, \$52.00, \$53.00, \$54.00, \$55.00, \$56.00, \$57.00, \$58.00, \$59.00, \$60.00, \$61.00, \$62.00, \$63.00, \$64.00, \$65.00, \$66.00, \$67.00, \$68.00, \$69.00, \$70.00, \$71.00, \$72.00, \$73.00, \$74.00, \$75.00, \$76.00, \$77.00, \$78.00, \$79.00, \$80.00, \$81.00, \$82.00, \$83.00, \$84.00, \$85.00, \$86.00, \$87.00, \$88.00, \$89.00, \$90.00, \$91.00, \$92.00, \$93.00, \$94.00, \$95.00, \$96.00, \$97.00, \$98.00, \$99.00, \$100.00

Filed in advance in order of receipt.

For illustrated announcement or tickets, address  
**CHARLES A. SINK, Secretary, Ann Arbor, Michigan**

Special interurban cars will leave Hill Auditorium immediately after all concerts.

#### CHORAL UNION SERIES

##### SIX ARTIST CONCERTS

Oct. 20—ERNO DOHNANYI, Pianist  
 Nov. 22—JOHN MCCORMACK, Tenor  
 Dec. 5—IGNAZ FIEDMAN, Pianist  
 Jan. 9—FRITZ KREISLER, Violinist  
 Feb. 13—ROSA RAISA, Soprano  
 Mar. 14—GIACOMO RIMINI, Baritone

Course Tickets (including \$3.00 May Festival Coupon)  
 \$2.00 (first choice), \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00, \$21.00, \$22.00, \$23.00, \$24.00, \$25.00, \$26.00, \$27.00, \$28.00, \$29.00, \$30.00, \$31.00, \$32.00, \$33.00, \$34.00, \$35.00, \$36.00, \$37.00, \$38.00, \$39.00, \$40.00, \$41.00, \$42.00, \$43.00, \$44.00, \$45.00, \$46.00, \$47.00, \$48.00, \$49.00, \$50.00, \$51.00, \$52.00, \$53.00, \$54.00, \$55.00, \$56.00, \$57.00, \$58.00, \$59.00, \$60.00, \$61.00, \$62.00, \$63.00, \$64.00, \$65.00, \$66.00, \$67.00, \$68.00, \$69.00, \$70.00, \$71.00, \$72.00, \$73.00, \$74.00, \$75.00, \$76.00, \$77.00, \$78.00, \$79.00, \$80.00, \$81.00, \$82.00, \$83.00, \$84.00, \$85.00, \$86.00, \$87.00, \$88.00, \$89.00, \$90.00, \$91.00, \$92.00, \$93.00, \$94.00, \$95.00, \$96.00, \$97.00, \$98.00, \$99.00, \$100.00

Filed in advance in order of receipt.

## The Jackson News

Delivered by carrier anywhere in Chelsea—  
 Daily per week.....12 cents  
 Daily and Sunday per week, 15 cents

Paul Axtell, Agent

---

### EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

For Sale at your Dealer.  
 Conceded to be the Finest Pencil made for general use.  
 Made in five grades

Regular Length, 7 inches

EAGLE "MUKADO" PENCIL No. 174

---

### D. L. Rogers, Village Treasurer

I will be at the Kempt Commercial & Savings Bank each Saturday afternoon and evening during September : : :

## VILLAGE TAXES ARE DUE

## We Are In Our New Shop

And Just Received—  
 Another Car-load of Furnaces  
 All ready to do your Furnace work.  
 Come In and See Us

### EARL UPDIKE, The Furnace Man

---

## Auction Sale

I have decided to quit farming, and will sell at auction on the Will Troiz farm, 6 miles northwest of Manchester, 1 mile north of Sharon Hollow and 1 mile south of Washburne's Dance Hall, on  
**Tuesday, October 4, at 12 o'clock**  
 sharp, the following property: 7 horses, 7 cows, 4 head of young cattle, swine, poultry, hay, fodder, farm tools, household goods, etc. Usual terms of sale.

Frank D. Merrilnew, Auctioneer.  
 Bennett C. Root, Clerk.

### ELMER J. TROLZ

## Notice to Patrons of the Chelsea Tire and Battery Shop

Having formed a partnership, we are now prepared to give the best possible service on Tire and Tube Repairing. Also Battery Recharging and Re-pairing.

We also carry in stock a complete line of Tires and Tubes, and a Willard Thruaded Rubber Battery to fit any car.

Come in and try us out.

### Chelsea Tire & Battery Shop

REIDEL & BYCRAFT, Proprietors

---

### Tire and Battery Shop

Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents the line first insertion, 50 cents the line.

Adv.

Our manner of living makes us very susceptible to colds and a succession of colds causes chronic catarrh a very serious disease with which 10 per cent of our adult population are afflicted. It is highly recommended for colds and can be depended upon.

"Triune Thine" ads; five cents the line first insertion, 25 cents the line each subsequent insertion.

Adv.

Chronic Catarrh.

## ON DOING IT TODAY.

Anything that can be done next week or next year can be done now.

That is a rule to which there are few exceptions.

When a man says: "I am going to start saving money next year," you can put it down that he will never do it.

When another man says: "Next summer I am going to get out in the country more and take some exercise," you can be sure he will never get out until the doctor sends him half to death.

The time to begin to form a new habit, or to discard an old one, is now. If you can't do it now there is no reason to suppose you will be able to do it a year from now.

A lot of young men who are making \$150 and \$200 a month tell themselves that they will begin saving money when they get salaries of \$250 and \$300. They are just whistling pretty tunes.

Arrangements for an annual joint picnic of Chelsea and the following officers elected: President, Al. J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Miss Esther Chandler went to visit her mother, Mrs. Chandler, in the hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Arrangements for an annual joint picnic of Chelsea and the following officers elected: President, Al. J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Miss Esther Chandler went to visit her mother, Mrs. Chandler, in the hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Arrangements for an annual joint picnic of Chelsea and the following officers elected: President, Al. J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Miss Esther Chandler went to visit her mother, Mrs. Chandler, in the hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Arrangements for an annual joint picnic of Chelsea and the following officers elected: President, Al. J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Miss Esther Chandler went to visit her mother, Mrs. Chandler, in the hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Arrangements for an annual joint picnic of Chelsea and the following officers elected: President, Al. J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Miss Esther Chandler went to visit her mother, Mrs. Chandler, in the hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Arrangements for an annual joint picnic of Chelsea and the following officers elected: President, Al. J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Miss Esther Chandler went to visit her mother, Mrs. Chandler, in the hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Arrangements for an annual joint picnic of Chelsea and the following officers elected: President, Al. J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Miss Esther Chandler went to visit her mother, Mrs. Chandler, in the hospital yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Arrangements for an annual joint picnic of Chelsea and the following officers elected: President, Al. J. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook, who reside on Jefferson street in the Postville, are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

Miss Esther Chandler went to visit her mother, Mrs. Chandler, in the hospital yesterday