PUBLISHED TWICE-A-WEEK

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

FIFTEENTH YEAR—NO. 22 CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1921. $1.50 THE YEAR

DECEMBER TERM JURORS

Who Will Serve In Circuit Court; Must Report December 6th.

Jurors for the December term of the circuit court have been drawn and notified to report for duty at the court house in Ann Arbor on Tuesday, December 6th, as follows:

Ann Arbor city—Anna Parshall, Clyde C. Kerr, George Seybold, J. Herbert, Lawrence Moore, William Briggs, Mary Norris, Fred Maulbetsch.

Ann Arbor twp.—Charles Smith.
Augusta—J. S. Childs.
Bridgewater—William Merz.
Dexter twp.—Gerhart Lesser.
Freedom—Gedfrey Trinkle.
Lima—George W. Parker.
Lodi—George Guenther.
Lyndon—Wirt Boyce.
Manchester—Albert Trolz.
Northfield—August Boos.
Pittsfield—Julius Schniring.
Salem—H. Peebles.
Saline twp.—C. F. Hildner.
Sharon—Floyd O. Pardee.
Scio—Clarence Alley.
Superior—Edwin J. Haas.
Sylvan—M. A. Lowry.
Webster—John Wheeler.
York—William Dicken.
Ypsilanti twp.—Clarrie E. Boutell.
Ypsilanti city—Mrs. C. V. Brown, William Reader.

Advertising is the hyphen that brings buyer and seller together.

L. O. T. M. MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

Pageant, "American Yesterday and Today," Will Be Given at Close.

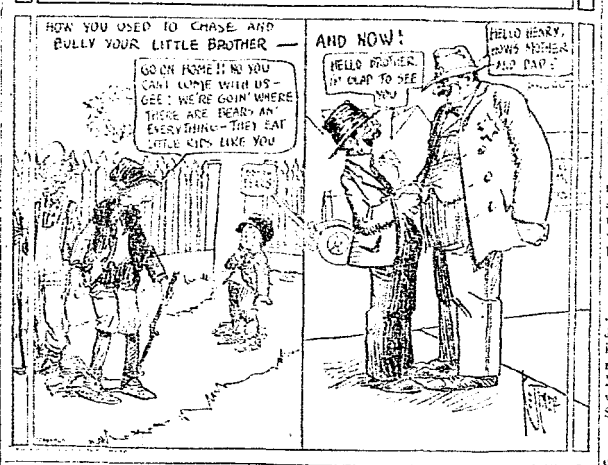
A conference meeting of the L. O. T. M. commanders of Washtenaw county was held in Ann Arbor recently to formulate plans for a membership campaign for sixty days under the direction of Lila M. Campbell, deputy grand commander, of Chelsea.

A pageant will be given at the close of the campaign, "America Yesterday and Today," with Mrs. Harriett Williamson of Grand Rapids, first member of the great executive committee of the L. O. T. M. as the pageant director.

The class of new members will be presented to Mrs. Frances E. Burns in honor of her twenty-five years of faithful service as great commander of the order. She has the honor of being the only woman in the world to serve an order for a quarter of a century as its chief executive.

A majority of the commanders from all of the twelve hives in this county was present at the conference. A fine lunch was served at noon by Arbor hive.

Here's to our Great Commander, with her smiles and tears,
Who has worked hard for the order for twenty-five years;
For her faithful service we could not repay
If we would get a new member on every day;
But that of us she does not ask,
Only in the next sixty days we secure a good class.



SHARON BOY ASSAULTED

Fatally Injured On Shipboard In New York Harbor.

Charles Burch, former Sharon boy, son of Dan. Burch, was fatally injured Saturday in New York harbor. He was chief engineer of the merchant vessel Half Moon and had discharged a subordinate on account of drunkenness. Later, the discharged man waylaided Mr. Burch, striking him on the head and knocking him down a stairway, resulting in a fracture of the skull which caused death about five hours later.

Mr. Burch left Sharon about 30 years ago. He served in the navy during the Philippine war and being on the naval reserve was called to serve in the World War, and was made chief engineer on the naval steamship Martha Washington, which transported troops to and from France. He had only recently received his discharge from the navy and had just returned from a six months trip to the far east.

FOCH MEMORIAL FUND.

Washtenaw county school children **have contributed $124.60 to the Foch Memorial fund, to present to France** the replicas of two of the finest high school buildings in the United States. There are 11,994 children of school age in the county and as the amount asked was one cent per child, this county exceeded its quota.

The Chelsea public school contributed $4.25 and St. Mary academy $3.60, a total of $7.85 from the school children of this place.

The contributions of other schools in this vicinity follow:

District 4fr. Lima, Minnie Allyn, teacher, 10 cents.
District 12fr. Lyndon, Howard Artz teacher, 28 cents.
District 4fr. Freedom, Helen Bradbury, teacher, 20 cents.
District 2 Lima, Mrs. J. C. Bowne, teacher, $1.00.
District 1 Lima, Esther Beach, teacher, 40 cents.
District No. 9 Sharon, Dorothy Curtis, teacher, 25 cents.
District No. 7 Lima, Mrs. Blanche Cronin, teacher, 20 cents.
District No. 4fr. Lima, Jessie Cole, teacher, 20 cents.
District No. 4 Lima, Eleanor Dancer, teacher, 30 cents.
District No. 4 Lyndon, Jennie Docking, teacher, six cents.
District No. 4fr. Sharon, Hazel Dresselhouse, teacher, 50 cents.
District No. 11 Lyndon, Lelah Ellsworth, teacher, 26 cents.
District 2 Freedom, Eunice Fetterly, teacher, 40 cents.
District No. 10fr. Lima, Mrs. R. D. Gates, teacher, 25 cents.
District No. 14 Lyndon, Margaret Guinan, teacher, 20 cents.
District No. 10 Sylvan, Marie Guinan, teacher, 25 cents.
District No. 5 Lyndon, Kathryn Giltner, teacher, 10 cents.
District No. 8 Sharon, Emily Higgins, teacher, 20 cents.
District No. 3 Freedom, Sara Kuhl, teacher, 75 cents.
District No. 6 Freedom, Helen Koblishka, teacher, 25 cents.
District 8 fr. Lima, Emma Lewick, teacher, 15 cents.
District No. 8 Lima, Maryrose LeBeau, teacher, 10 cents.
District No. 9fr. Freedom, Mary Monoghan, teacher, 15 cents.
District No. 4fr. Dexter, Hazel Slayton, teacher, 10 cents
District No. 2 Sharon, Emma Schlicht, teacher, 27 cents.
District No. 5 Freedom, Flora Schanz, teacher, 15 cents.
District No. 6 Sharon, Irene Schaible, teacher, 10 cents.
District No. 2 Sylvan, Irene Vail, teacher, 12 cents.
District No. 2 Dexter, Olive Walsh, teacher, 16 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Walker were in Ann Arbor, Sunday, to attend the funeral of the late Edwin R. Deane, formerly of Dexter, and well known in Chelsea.

NEW CANCELLING MACHINE.

A new stamp cancelling machine was placed in service at the Chelsea postoffice, Monday, and the old "armstrong" cancelling outfit has been put away for the long, long sleep.

The new machine is not so large or impressive -looks something like an outboard motor -but its every move is business like and it eats into a bunch of correspondence like a house afire.

All the operator has to do is to feed in a bunch of letters at one end, give the flywheel dingus a swift twirl and those letters do a 'double-quick-step through that machine in a jiffy. It makes no difference whether an envelope contains a staid and sober business letter or a perfumed and pulsating love-note; the machine just takes them as they come. And just between you and me, it never even misses a beat to read the postal cards, either.

MRS. MARTHA DEAN

Daughter of Sylvan Township Pioneer Passed Away in Charlotte.

Mrs. Martha Dean died Thursday, November 17, 1921, at her home near Charlotte. She spent all of her early life in and near Chelsea, and was the last surviving child of the late Henry Depew, who took up from the government and held until his death, the farm just south of town, now owned by H. O. Knickerbocker.

Mrs. Dean is survived by two children, Henry Dean and Mrs. Etta Smith, both of Charlotte.

Chelsea relatives who attended the funeral Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Aichele, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Prudden, Mrs. W. K. Guerin, Mrs. Thomas Leach, and Mrs. H. E. Foster.

IN THE CHURCHES

METHODIST
Rev. H. R. Beatty, Pastor.

Sermon topic Sunday morning at ten o'clock, "World Voices." Miss Marion Steinbach will sing. Bible school at 11:15. Epworth league at six o'clock. Topic at the evening service at seven o'clock, "The Right of Personal Liberty."

CONGREGATIONAL.
E. A. Carnes, Pastor.

Morning services at ten o'clock; topic, "God's Faith in Humanity." Sunday school at 11:30. Evening service at seven o'clock; topic, "Jesus as a Teacher."

ST. PAUL'S
Rev. G. W. Krause, Pastor.

Sunday morning at ten o'clock, first advent. English preaching; topic, "The Return of Christ." Good music. Sunday school at 11:15 a. m.

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.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH
Rev. Carl Ertel, Pastor.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Epworth league at 7:30 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m. All services fast time.

Bible study class Saturday morning at ten o'clock.

A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the winter is over and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the first indication of a cold appears and before it has become settled in the system. There is no danger in giving it to children as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. Adv.

OUR NEIGHBORS' DOINGS

What's Happening In Nearby Towns And Communities.

The Consumers Power company is rebuilding its distributing lines and its transforming station in Mason. All the city lights and power are obtained from this plant and the demand had far outgrown its facilities.

Richard D. Roche, prominent attorney of Howell, died Friday as the result of an operation for perforated ulcers of the stomach. He leaves a widow and infant son, also several brothers and sisters.

State Presiding Judge Harry J. Dingeman of Detroit has assigned Judge Henry A. Mandell of Detroit; Judge Charles B. Collingwood of Lansing; and Judge Ernest Snow of Saginaw to sit on the bench in Ann Arbor, Monday, when disbarment charges will be heard against Attorney A. J. Sawyer, Jr.

A $700,000 sanitarium is to be erected in Ypsilanti on the site of the old Tuhal Cain Owen property, where in 1884 Mr. Owen found a wonderful mineral water spring, said to possess curative properties. The project includes a plant to bottle the water, also, and to manufacture medicated soaps, toothpaste, and other similar articles.

R. D. Walker was in Detroit, Tuesday, on business.

The Ladies Guild of the Congregational church will hold a rummage sale Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 29, 30 and December 1st, in the church parlors. A chicken pie supper will be served Thursday from five until all are served.

WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents the line first time, 2½ cents per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15 cents. TRY A "LINER" AD when you have a want, or something for sale, to rent, lost, found, etc. The cost is trifling.

WANTED—Girl for office work. Palmer Motor Sales. 22t2

PUBLIC AUCTION—Bankrupt sale of Ellmendorf garage stock, Dexter, Saturday, November 26, at one p. m. Automobile, automatic gasoline pump, vulcanizer, and all kinds of accessories. Henry Dieterle, trustee in bankruptcy. 21t2

SWEET CIDER for sale. Otto F. Wagner, phone 29, Dexter. 21t2

WANTED—Small family washings. Inquire 307 North St. 21t3

LOST—Plain oval gold wedding ring; liberal reward for return. J. H. Gibbons, Chelsea. 20t6

SIGNS for sale, No Hunting, No Trespassing, For Sale, For Rent, Rooms, etc., 5¢ each or six for 25¢ at the Tribune office. 20tf

FOR SALE—100 cords good second-growth oak wood, no dead or old stuff, priced to sell. Clark Bros., phone 103-F32. 20t3

FURNITURE REPAIRING, upholstering and refinishing, go-carts retired, shears sharpened. E. P. Steiner, Chelsea. 19t f

CORSETS—Genuine Stewart made-to-measure Corset for $6.00, from now until December 1st. Mrs. W. K. Guerin, agent. 17tf

PORK, BEEF, MUTTON, CHICKENS on sale Saturday at our market. Leach & Downer. 16tf

FOR SALE—Ford chassis, excellent condition. Inquire Tribune office for particulars. 14tf

FOR SALE—10 HP. gasoline engine on trucks. Conrad Schanz, phone 182, Chelsea. 11tf

MACHINE OPERATORS wanted at Goebel Garment Co. 96tf.

SAWS GUMMED AND FILED, leave your work at Chelsea Hardware or 304 West Middle St. Conrad Schanz, phone 182. 11tf

DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor Ypsilanti and Detroit
Eastern Standard Time—Effective April 18, 1921.

Limited Cars

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

For Jackson 9:13 a. m. and every two hours to 9:13 p. m.

Express Cars

Eastbound—7:30 a. m. and every two hours to 7:30 p. m.

Westbound—10:25 a. m. and every two hours to 10:25 p. m. Express cars make local stops west of Ann Arbor.

Local Cars

Eastbound—10:25 p. m. For Ypsilanti only, 11:52 p. m.

Westbound—8:25 a. m., 12:39 p. m.

Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

The Twice-a-Week Chelsea Tribune and Michigan Farmer, both one year for $2.00. A real bargain

Fed at Last.

He was the most down-and-out looking specimen of a tramp who had applied at the back door of this particular farmhouse for many a year. The housewife viewed him with disgust.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe you've washed yourself for a year."

"Just about that," agreed the hobo. "You see, I only washes before I eats."

Choice of Evils.

For a long time a beggar occupied a position in the street with a "blind" placard on his breast. One day the benevolent Mrs. Holmstierna finds him with the word "dumb" on his money box. She looks at him in surprise and says:

"How is this? Have you recovered from your blindness?"

"Not exactly, but I got too many trouser buttons."—Kansas City Star.

Made It Plural.

Frank, whose father is bald, caused much merriment by asking his mother, who was entertaining friends, "Mother, was daddy bald headed when we married him?"

If a man is a "cheerful cuss" it doesn't matter much unless he is helpful.

Women are extremists; they are either better or worse than men.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 48--1921.

SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"WHAT A MESS—MESS—MESS!"

"No," she whispered to herself, almost audibly, "no—it can't be that! It can't be Cherry and Peter—Oh, my God! Oh, my God, it has been that, all the time, that, all the time—and I never knew it—I never dreamed it!

"It's Peter and Cherry! They have come to care for each other—they have come to care for each other," she said to herself, her thoughts rushing and tumbling in mad confusion as she tested and tried the new fear. "It must be so. But it can't be so!" Alix interrupted herself in terror, "for what shall we do—what shall we do! Cherry in love with Peter. But Peter is my husband—he is my husband. . . . Peter, who has always been so good to me—so generous to me—and it was Cherry all the time.

"Poor Cherry!" the older sister said aloud. "Poor little old Cherry—life hasn't been very kind to her! She and Peter must be so sorry and ashamed about this! And Dad would be so sorry; of all things he wanted most that Cherry should be happy! Perhaps," thought Alix, "he realized that she was that sort of a nature, she must love and be loved, or she cannot live! But why did he let her marry Martin, and why wasn't he here to keep me from marrying Peter? What a mess—mess—mess we've made of it all!

"Cherry would be disgraced, and Martin—Martin would kill her, if he found her out! . . . Oh, my little sister! She would be town talk; she is so reckless, she would do anything—she would be a public scandal, and the papers would have her pictures—Dad's little yellow-headed Charity! Oh, Dad," she said, looking up into the dark, "tell me what to do! I need you so! Won't you somehow tell me what to do?"

Indeed, it is a "mess." For Alix is Cherry's older sister. And Peter is Alix's husband. And Cherry is married to Martin. And Alix loves both Peter and Cherry. And Martin and Cherry are drifting apart. And Dad is dead and can't help any of them.

So Alix tries the only way she can see out of the mess. It works for her, but for the others the results are unexpected. But who shall say not for the best?

Kathleen Norris, as everyone knows, is a California authoress who has proved her ability to handle big stories like this. "Sisters" is a good example of the type of stories that has given her so large and friendly a public.

CHAPTER I.

—1—

Cherry Strickland came in the door of the Strickland house, and shut it behind her, and stood so, with her hands behind her on the knob, and her slender body leaning forward, and her bosom rising and falling on deep, ecstatic breaths. It was May in California, she was just eighteen, and for twenty-one minutes she had been engaged to be married.

She hardly knew why, after that last farewell to Martin, she had run so swiftly up the path, and why she had flashed into the house, and closed the door with such noiseless haste. There was nothing to run for! But it was as if she feared that the joy within her might escape into the moonlight night that was so perfumed with lilacs and the scent of wet woods. She was afraid that it was all too wonderful to be true, that she would awaken in the morning to find it only a dream, that she would somehow fall short of Martin's ideal—somehow fail him—somehow turn all this magic of moonshine and kisses into ashes and heartbreak.

She was a miser with her treasure, already; she wanted to fly with it, and to hide it away, and to test its reality in secret, alone. She had come running in from the wonderland down by the gate, just for this, just to prove to herself that it would not vanish in the commonplaceness of the shabby hall, would not disappear before the everyday contact of everyday things.

Dad was in the sitting room, with the girls. The doctor's house was full of girls. Anne, his niece, was twenty-four; Alix, Cherry's sister, three years younger—how staid and unmarried and undesired they seemed tonight to panting and glowing and glorified eighteen! Anne, with Alix's erratic help, kept house for her uncle, and was supposed to keep a sharp eye on Cherry, too. But she hadn't been sharp enough to keep Martin Lloyd from asking her to marry him, exulted Cherry, as she stood breathless and laughing in the dark hallway.

An older woman might have gone upstairs, to dream alone of her new joy, but Cherry thought that it would be "fun" to join the family, and "act as if nothing had happened!" She was only a child, after all.

Consciously or unconsciously, they had all tried to keep her a child, these three who looked up to smile at her as she came in. One of them, rosy, gray-headed, magnificent at sixty, was her father, whose favorite she knew she was. He held out his hand to her without closing the book that was in the other hand, and drew her to the wide arm of his chair, where she settled herself with her soft young body resting against him, her slim ankles crossed, and her cheek dropped against his thick silver hair.

Alix was reading, and dreamily scratching her ankle as she read; she was a tall, awkward girl, younger far at twenty-one than Cherry was at eighteen, pretty in a gipsyish way, untidy as to hair, with round black eyes, high, thin cheek-bones marked with scarlet, and a wide, humorous mouth that was somehow droll in its expression even when she was angry or serious.

Anne, smiling demurely over her white sewing, was a small, prettily made little woman, with silky hair trimly braided, and a rather pale, small face with charming and regular features. Anne had "admirers," too, Cherry reflected, looking at her tonight, but neither she nor Alix had ever been engaged—engaged—engaged!

"Aren't you home early?" said Dr. Strickland, rubbing his cheek against his youngest daughter's cheek in sleepy content. He was never quite happy unless all three girls were in his sight, but for this girl he had always felt an especial protecting fondness. He had followed her exquisite childhood with more than a father's usual devotion, perhaps because she really had been an exceptionally endearing child, perhaps because she had been given him, a tiny crying thing in a basket, to fill the great gap her mother's going had left in his heart.

"Mr. Lloyd had to take the nine o'clock train," Cherry answered her father dreamily, "and he and Peter walked home with me!" She did not add that Peter had left them at his own turning, a quarter of a mile away.

"I thought he wasn't going to be at Mrs. North's for dinner," Anne observed quietly, in the silence. She had been informally asked to the Norths for dinner that evening herself, and had declined for no other reason than that attractive Martin Lloyd was presumably not to be there.

"He wasn't," Cherry said. "He thought he had to go to town at six. I just stopped in to give them Dad's message, and they teased me to stay. You knew where I was, didn't you—Dad?" she murmured.

"Mrs. North telephoned about six, and said you were there, but she didn't say that Mr. Lloyd was," Anne said, with a faint hint of discontent in her tone.

Alix fixed her bright, mischievous eyes upon the two, and suspended her reading for a moment. Alix's attitude toward the opposite sex was one of calm contempt, outwardly. But she had made rather an exception of Martin Lloyd, and had recently had a conversation with him on the subject of sensible, platonic friendships between men and women. At the mention of his name she looked up, remembering this talk with a little thrill.

His name had thrilled Anne, too, although she betrayed no sign of it as she sat quietly matching silks. In fact, all three of the girls were quite ready to fall in love with young Lloyd, if two of them had not actually done so.

Cherry had not been at home when Martin first appeared in Mill Valley, and the older girls had written her, visiting friends in Napa, that she must come and meet the new man.

Martin was a mining engineer; he had been employed in a Nevada mine, but was visiting his cousin in the valley now before going to a new position in June. In its informal fashion, Mill Valley had entertained him; he had trumped to the big forest five miles away with the Stricklands, and there had been a picnic to the mountain-top, everybody making the hard climb except Peter Joyce, who was a trifle lame, and perhaps a little lazy as well, and who usually rode an old horse, with the lunch in saddle-bags at each side. Alix formulated her theories of platonic friendships on these walks; Anne dreamed a foolish, happy dream. Girls did marry, men did take wives to themselves, dreamed Anne; it would be unspeakably sweet, but it would be no miracle!

It was just after that mountain picnic that Cherry had come home; on a Sunday, as it chanced, that was her eighteenth birthday, and on which Martin and his aunt were coming to dinner. Alix had marked the occasion by wearing a loose velvet gown in which she fancied herself; Anne had conscientiously decorated the table, had seen to it that there was ice cream, and chicken, and all the accessories that make a Sunday dinner in the country a national institution. Cherry had done nothing helpful.

On the contrary, she had disgraced herself and infuriated Hong by deciding to make fudge the last minute. Hong had finally relegated her to the laundry, and it was from this limbo that Martin, laughing joyously, extricated her, when, sticky and repentant, she had called for help. It was Martin who untied the checked brown apron, disentangling from the strings the silky gold tendrils that were blowing over Cherry's white neck, and Martin who opened the door for her sugary fingers, and Martin who watched the flying little figure out of sight with a prolonged "Whew-w-w!" of utter astonishment. The child was a beauty.

Her eighteenth birthday! Martin had been shown her birthday gifts; books and a silver belt buckle and a gold pen and stationery and handkerchiefs. A day or two later she had had another gift; had opened the tiny Shreve box with a sudden hammering at her heart, with a presage of delight. She had found a silver-topped candy jar, and the card of Mr. John Martin Lloyd, and under the name, in tiny letters, the words "Oh, fudge!" The girls laughed over this nonsense appreciatively, but there was more than laughter in Cherry's heart.

From that moment the world was changed. Her father, her sister, her cousin had second place, now. Cherry had put out her innocent little hand, and had opened the gate, and had passed through it into the world. That hour was the beginning, and it had led her surely, steadily, to the other hour tonight when she had been kissed, and had kissed in return.

"So—we walk home with young men?" mused the doctor, smiling. "Look here, girls, this little Miss Muffet will be cutting you both out with that young man, if you're not careful!"

Alix, deep in her story, did not hear him, but Anne smiled faintly, and faintly frowned as she shook her head. She considered Cherry sufficiently precocious without Uncle Lee's ill-considered tolerance.

She Found a Silver-Topped Candy Jar and the Card of Mr. John Martin Lloyd.

He would have had them always children, this tender, simple, innocent Dr. Strickland. He was in many ways a child himself. He had never made money in his profession; he and his wife and the two tiny girls had had a hard enough struggle sometimes. Anne and her own father had joined the family eight years ago, in the same year that the Strickland patent fire extinguisher, over which the doctor had been puttering for years, had been sold. It did not sell, as his neighbors believed, for a million dollars, but for perhaps one-tenth of that sum. It was enough, and more than enough, whatever it was. After Anne's father died it meant that the doctor could live on in the brown house under the redwoods, with his girls, reading, fussing with a new invention, walking, consulting with Anne, laughing at Alix, and spoiling his youngest-born.

It was a perfect life for the old man; it was only lately that he began uneasily to suspect that they would some day want something more, that they would some day tire of empty forest and blowing mountain ridge, and go away from the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais, and into the world.

Anne, now—was she beginning to fancy this young Lloyd? Dr. Strickland was surprised with the fervor with which he repudiated the thought. This young engineer, who had drifted already into a dozen different and distant places, was not the man for staid little Anne.

"What did you want to see Mr. Lloyd about tomorrow, Dad?" Cherry interrupted his thoughts to ask.

"The rose vine. What did he say about coming over, Cherry?"

Cherry remarked, between two rending yawns, that Mr. Lloyd was coming over tomorrow at ten o'clock, and Peter, too—

"Peter won't be much good!" Alix commented. Cherry looked at her reproachfully.

"You're awfully mean to Peter, lately!" she protested. Her father gave her a shrewd look, with his good-night kiss, and immediately afterward both the younger girls dragged their way up to bed.

Alix and Cherry shared a bare, woody-smelling room tucked away under brown eaves. The walls were of raw pine, the latticed windows, in bungalow fashion, opened into the fragrant darkness of the night. The beds were really bunks, and above her bunk each girl had an extra berth, for occasional guests. There was scant prettiness in the room, and yet it was full of purity and charm. The girls, like all their neighbors, were hardy, bred to cold baths, long walks, simple hours, and simple food. In the soft western climate they left their bedroom windows open the year round; they liked to wake to winter dawn and fog, and go downstairs with blue finger-tips and chattering teeth, to warm themselves with breakfast and the fire.

Alix rolled herself in a gray army blanket, and was asleep in some sixty seconds. But Cherry felt that she was floating in seas of new joy and utter delight, and that she would never be sleepy again.

Downstairs Anne and the doctor sat staidly on, the man dreaming with a knotted forehead, the girl sewing. Presently she ran a needle through her fine white work with seven tiny stitches, folded it, and put her thimble into a case that hung from her orderly workbag with a long ribbon.

"Wait a minute, Anne," said the doctor, as she straightened herself to rise. "This young Lloyd, now—what do you think of him?"

She widened demure blue eyes.

"Should you be sorry if I—liked him, Uncle Lee?" she smiled.

The old man rumpled his silver hair restlessly.

"That's the way the wind blows, eh?" he asked kindly.

"Well—you see how much he's here! You see the flowers and books and notes. I'm not the sort of girl to wear my heart on my sleeve," Anne, who was fond of small conservational tags, assured him merrily. "But there must be some fire where there's so much smoke!" she ended.

"You're not sure, my dear?" he asked, after some thought.

"Oh, no!" she answered. "It's just a fancy that persists in coming and going." She got to her feet, saying brightly, "Well! we mustn't take this too gravely—yet. It was only that I wanted to be open and above-board with you, uncle, from the beginning. That's the only honest way."

"That's wise and right!" her uncle answered, in the kindly, absent tone he had used to them as children, a tone he was apt to use to Anne when she was in her highest mood, and one she rather resented.

"Cherry, now—" he asked, detaining her for a moment. "She—you don't think that perhaps Peter admires her?"

"Peter!" Anne echoed amazedly, and stood thinking.

Peter was more than thirty years old, thin, scholarly, something of a solitary, the sweet, dreamy, affectionate neighbor who had shared the girls' lives for the past ten years. For some reason she could not, or would not, define, Anne liked the idea of Cherry and Peter falling in love—

"Somehow one doesn't think of Peter as marrying anyone—" she said slowly, still trying to grasp the thought.

"You darling—you little exquisite beauty!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cold Comfort.

The maiden of forty or so was upset. Said she to a younger friend: "Kate talks so outrageously. Yesterday she told me I was nothing but a hopeless old maid."

"That's pretty frank," exclaimed her friend. "Still, it's better than having her tell lies about you."

So Have We.

"Isn't it rather difficult for one to buy the clothes he ought during these hard times?"

"No, I don't think so. I have a suit for every day in the week."

"Is that so?"

"Why, yes; this is it, the one I have on."

STEWARD LET DOWN LIGHTLY

In View of Silly Assertion, One Would Have Liked to See Him More Harshly Handled.

A hotel steward said to be known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and for forty years an observer of people who eat in public dining rooms, is reported as saying at a convention of public food purveyors that "American women have forgotten how to cook." The gentleman speaks without knowledge of the facts. We may excuse him only because he has been penned up in public eating places for so many years that he has lost all sense of proportion and lacks facts for comparison. American women have not forgotten how to cook. Their good, wholesome, well-prepared food for home dining room feeds, and feeds amazingly well, 80 per cent of the population. So general is good home cooking that every man forced by circumstances to get his meals at public places regards himself as unfortunate because he cannot always eat at home, or at somebody else's home. This hotel steward is full of—misinformation.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

A Parent's View.

"I dread having our girls expose their ears."

"Why so?"

"There'll always be the danger of their starting a more expensive fad, like wearing diamond earrings, and I have three daughters."—Boston Transcript.

The surest way to be a hundred percent American is to be a hundred percent man.

How to cure a nomadic instinct: Get a library of 2,000 books. You'll never move.

Bloodhounds Carried by Airplane.

The police of Colorado Springs, Colo., have utilized an airplane to carry bloodhounds promptly to the scene of a crime.

EASY THING TO PLACE HIM

Colored Man Might Have Thought He Was a Lion Tamer, but Comrades Knew Otherwise.

Three negro soldiers in France were engaged in the great American pastime of slinging it.

"Will Johnson, wat yo' business back in de States?"

"Ah runs de biggest alleviatuh in Washington."

"Sam Jeffason, wat yo' do in de States?"

"Ise de champeen crapshootah of Richmond, Vahginny."

"Yo' niggas mighty po' class, suah nuff," said Bo Jackson. "Ah's a lion tamah fo' de circus. Ah takes dem fresh, fierce lions an' twists 'em by tail until they turns round an' tries to snap me. Den I grabs dar tongues and pulls 'er out, so dat when they tries to bite me, dey bites dar own tongue, and dat away Ah tames a lion in 'bout foh houahs."

"Go 'way, Bo, yo' ain't no lion tamah—yo' is a lyin' niggah."—The Home Sector.

Limited Enthusiasm.

The leading lady of an incoming theatrical company met the leading man of an outgoing troupe at the railroad station.

"Did you have a good house here?" she asked eagerly.

"No, pretty small," he admitted.

"Too bad, but perhaps you got a lot of applause?"

"Well," he hesitated, "there was a dog that managed somehow to get into the place and once I noticed him wag his tail."—American Legion Weekly.

Travel may not always cure ill-health. It helps one to forget it.

Letter to the Dean.

"My son will be unable to attend school today, as he has just shaved himself for the first time."—Northwestern Cauldron.

Always the Way.

"This film is too bad to show."

"Nonsense! Label it as educational."—Film Fun.

Hear Him Coming.

Flubb—"Dixon believes in blowing his own horn." Dubb—"That's why people always dodge him!"

A sentimental man grieves $10 worth over every dollar he has misinvested.

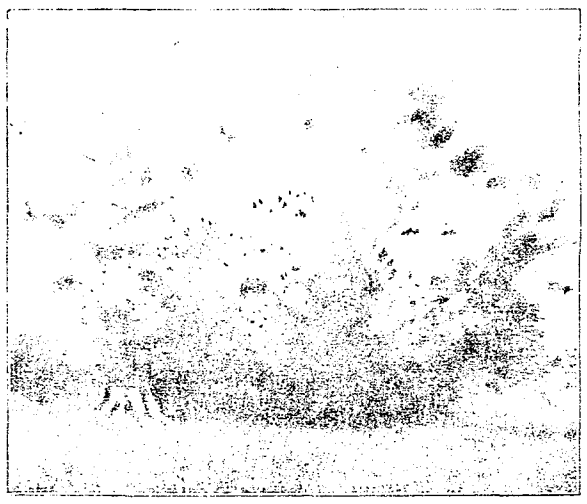
There was no grief among the swine because pearls were not cast before them.

Art is superior to nature in many instances; but never in a landscape.

He Alone Was Conventional.

Western Paper—The groom in his conventional black suit was looking quite handsome, and the bride, attired in her pure white lingerie, was indeed a lovely and attractive picture.—Boston Transcript.

PICRIC ACID MADE FOR WAR IS USEFUL FOR BLASTING STUMPS



To Blast a Stump Successfully Requires Experience and Judgment.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Distribution by the United States Department of Agriculture of 12,500,000 pounds of picric acid salvaged *from the war stores and designed to* be used for farm explosives will arouse interest in the desirability and practicability of blasting stumps to clear off old wood lots for crop purposes.

The picric acid for distribution has been allotted to the states according to areas of cut-over lands. It is planned to establish an agency in each state to cooperate with the department, and the agricultural college in each state has been asked to act in that capacity.

Not Commercially Available.

Picric acid is rather higher in explosive power than ordinary commercial dynamite as used in agriculture, but for manufacturing reasons is not likely to be on the market after the government's supply is disposed of. For stump and rock blasting work it is used in practically the same way, being exploded by a detonating cap, either with a fuse or an electric detonator.

In blasting stumps, the proper location and size of the charge depend upon the kind, size and age of the stump; the kind of soil and the amount of moisture in it; and the method of firing the charge which is to be used.

For tap-rooted stumps a good method is to dig away enough earth at the side to permit boring an inclined hole well down past the center at the depth where it is desired to cut the root off. The hole should be at least eight inches deeper than the length of the cartridge to allow for tamping. This charge may be fired by fuse or electricity, or two or more charges may be placed in holes around the outside of the root and fired with an electric blasting machine. Sometimes even one large charge, planted deep on the outside of the root, will do the work.

Where stumps have lateral roots, some experience and judgment will be necessary in placing the explosive, especially if only one charge is used. Generally the center of resistance will be the center of the stump, although sometimes roots on one side are much stronger than on the other.

The depth requires careful consid*eration. For small stumps the charge* should be at least two feet deep, while larger stumps with wide-spreading roots should be loaded deeper. Sandy soil requires a deeper charge than clay or loam.

Size of Charge.

The size of the charge cannot be specified briefly, but one authority recommends roughly one-half pound of 20 per cent dynamite for each square foot of stump. With picric acid, co-operative investigations by the United States Department of Agriculture and other institutions indicate that success can be attained with one-fourth of a pound for each square foot of white-pine stumps, with larger charges for hardwood stumps. The inexperienced blaster should begin experiments with small stumps and adjust the charge.

Holes in soil may usually be made *by driving a 1½-inch crowbar with a* ten-pound maul. In wood, of course, an auger is required. Sometimes it is wise to set off a small charge in the bottom of the hole to form a chamber and after the hole has cooled tamp it full of slit cartridges. If the soil is dry, the paper covering of the cartridges may be slit with a sharp knife and the cartridges tamped into a solid mass with a wooden stick. Cartridges may be divided by slitting the paper around and breaking. Never attempt to slit a frozen cartridge.

To prime the charge, cut off the proper length of fuse, allowing at least 2 feet per minute required to get to safety after firing.

Open the cap box and allow one cap to slide into the hand. Never pick or pry out a cap with a stick or wire, as they are very sensitive. Slip the end of the fuse snugly into the open end *of the cap. Crimp the cap on with a* crimper. If the charge is to be fired in water, apply a little grease around the top of the cap.

With the crimper handle, or a stick the size of a lead pencil, make a hole in the side of the cartridge, inclining it so the part to be occupied by the cap will be parallel with the side of the cartridge. If the cartridge is to be fired under water, apply some waterproofing substance. Tie the fuse in place with a string around the fuse and the cartridge. Then carefully place the cartridge in the blast hole, making sure the cap stays in position. Priming for electric discharge is much simpler. Directions go with the apparatus.

Wooden Stick for Tamping.

Having placed the primed charge, it is necessary to tamp it. Any straight round stick, about 1¼ inches in diameter and 5 feet long, will do for tamping. Never use iron. Moist clay, moist loam, and moist sand, following *one another in the order named*, make the best tamping material. The material should be packed lightly for four or six inches, and then rammed as hard as the surrounding soil.

Before firing see that everybody is out of the way. In firing a safety fuse it is best to split it, exposing the powder for an inch, apply a match until the powder spits, and then run to safety. If the charge fails, let it alone until next day. For large jobs it will often be found advisable to buy an electric blasting outfit, which will fire several charges at once.

The bureau of public roads of the United States Department of Agriculture will give information about the distribution of picric acid and the use of this and other explosives. The distribution, however, will be made only through state agencies.

USE GREEN MANURIAL CROPS

Gradually Taking Place of Stable Manures to Keep Up Supply of Organic Matter.

Prof. R. L. Watts, writing in the Market Growers' Journal, sums up the fertility problem of the market grower in the following:

"While we have pinned our faith to the use of stable manure in producing good crops, green manurial crops are gradually taking the place of stable manures. It is fortunate that we are able to maintain in this manner the supply of soil organic matter. Let us remember some essentials in the successful use of green manures. They might be given as follows:

"1. Soil adaptation. We should be careful to select the right crop for the soil under cultivation, which also fits properly into the system of cropping.

"2. Use a bountiful supply of seed.

"3. Use sufficient commercial fertilizer to insure a heavy growth.

"4. Sow in ample time, especially in the fall of the year, so that the crop will get a good start before winter.

"5. Take advantage of every opportunity to grow a manurial crop."

FEEDING MINERALS TO HOGS

When Given in Balanced Rations They Have Little Effect on Economical Gains.

Minerals fed in balanced rations to hogs had little if any effect on rapidity or economy of gains, report Ohio and Illinois stations. They find that minerals strengthen the bones of the animals. When pigs are not receiving a balanced ration, but are being fed *without pasture*, milk or tankage, minerals are a valuable aid. They may pay when fed to breeding animals.

Minerals used in these tests were ground limestone, air-slaked lime, rock phosphate, bonemeal in various forms, slaked coal and salt. Every practical hog man knows the worth of charcoal, wood ashes and salt for hogs, especially in winter when hogs can't get into the soil.

Lightning Rod Points.

Farmers' Bulletin 842 from the Ohio experiment station gives the following advice for the installation of lightning rods:

Conductors should be installed in as straight runs as possible. Where bends are necessary, use curves of at least one foot radius.

Rods are best secured to the building by the single piece screw fasteners.

Aerials should be spaced along the rods.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Furnished by the American Legion News Service.)

SERVED IN WORLD WAR AT 70

Lieutenant Colonel Wood Began Fighting for His Country at Age of Fifteen.

One of the most remarkable war records ever brought to light is that of Lieut. Col. Marshall W. Wood, U. S. A. (retired) of Boise, Idaho, who began fighting for his country in the Civil war at the age of fifteen years and, after surviving campaigns in the Indian and Spanish-American wars, entered the World war when seventy years old, serving nearly three years.

Today, although seventy-five years old, Colonel Wood is inspector general *of the Grand Army of the Republic*, and is chaplain of the John Regan post of the American Legion, Boise, Idaho, which he organized and served as its first commander.

Colonel Wood was born June 4, 1846. Fifteen years later he was bearing a musket in the Civil war. He was twice wounded during this service. Later, he served in the Indian wars as senior medical officer in two expeditions against the Cheyenne and Sioux. In the Spanish-American war he was chief surgeon of the First division of the Fifth army corps from its organization until its abandonment after the Santiago campaign.

In the World war Colonel Wood was on active duty from June 23, 1916, until February 28, 1919. He was under fire in all except the World war and received three medals for distinguished service.

PLAN FOR CANADIAN LEGION

War Organizations Approve Proposition to Amalgamate All Veterans Similar to American Body.

The amalgamation of all war veterans of Canada into a Canadian Legion to be founded on principles similar to those of the American Legion has been approved by officials of the various war organizations. More than 10,000 leaders in the veterans' associations have pledged their support of the merger.

It has been shown that one organization can operate more effectively and at less expense than a half a dozen organizations with a common interest and purpose. The merger will make possible a closer co-opera*tion between the veterans and the* Canadian government, which has already spent $84,000,000 in the establishment of returned soldiers on land.

A recent report shows that 27,000 individual ex-service men have been benefited by the laws, the objects of which were soldier re-establishment and the development of the agricultural resources of the dominion. Under the law, any ex-service man eligible from a military standpoint, having seen service overseas, may apply for loans up to the maximum of $7,500 for the following purposes: For the purchase of land, $4,500; for stock and equipment, $2,000; for permanent improvements, $1,000. If on incumbered land, the ex-soldier is entitled to loans amounting to $5,000; if on free land, to loans amounting to $3,000. In the case of purchased land the settler must pay 10 per cent of the cost price *of the land as a guarantee of good* faith.

DEFENDS THE DISABLED MEN

Medical Director Decries Statements Regarding "Fakers," and "Compensation Chasers."

In an appeal for the proper care of disabled veterans of the World war, Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, takes occasion to decry the statements regarding "fakers," "goldbrickers" and "compensation chasers." "Let us not be misled by this loose talk about fakers," says Doctor Salmon, who is a member of the American Legion Hospitalization committee. "Of course there are such men among those who apply for relief. But you will find them everywhere; in business, in colleges, in politics and even in the churches."

Doctor Salmon, in his plea for complete and efficient care of the disabled men, answers the assertion that there are 6,000 empty beds in the government hospitals. He explains that beds alone cannot cure the disabled and besides, he says, most of the 6,000 empty beds are needed to constitute the reserve that every hospital with an active service needs.

GOLDEN HEART

By SADIE M. STULL.

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"Nannie child, remember the courtesy always due new neighbors.

"Not when they are funk troopsects! Just look at your pansy bed, Mumsy, darling, and then at our new neighbor actually petting the brute of a raider!"

Before gentle Mrs. Marcy could frame further remonstrance Nancy darted out the garden gate. "I'll teach him he cannot add insult to injury," she flung back over her shoulder.

At any other time, Nancy would have admired the new bungalow.

Now she saw only the offending entrance and the man, whose indifference to her approach added the match to her smouldering wrath.

"That beast deserves the whip instead of a caress!" she dared. "He has a whole skin this instant simply because Mumsy Darling's middle name is Forbearance. And that, mind you, after he had ruined the pride of her garden—Heartsease Corner, she delighted to call it!"

Nancy waited dramatically.

Instead of the anticipated apology came a tantalizing drawl: "Really, did Rob Roy do all that?"

Nancy caught her breath. "Oh!" "Couldn't you see him do it?"

The amused smile faded from the boyish lips. "Not very well, Miss Spitfire. I cannot see you now."

Nancy caught her breath sharply. "Oh!" she gasped in swift contrition, "how rude—how cruel you must think me."

"Not at all"—he was smiling again. "You didn't know."

There was a moment's strained silence. Then the true Nancy, warm-hearted and impulsive, advanced to the veranda steps.

"We are your nearest neighbors Mumsy Darling, Teddy Boy and"—with roguish emphasis—"Miss Spitfire Teddy Boy is lots of fun and Mumsy Darling bakes the most delicious mocha cake every Saturday. Mem-m-m—today is Friday—you wont have long to wait. About 4 tomorrow be prepared to receive Teddy Boy with a generous heaping of said mocha cake. A little peace offering for my rude introduction," she concluded with her irresistible laugh.

"I say, but it's jolly good of you," his earnestness thrilled Nancy. Drawing a small whistle from his pocket he blew two short blasts. Almost instantly, it seemed, a smiling little Jap glided from the bungalow. "Here, Mr. Ray."

"Yetsu," ordered his master, "cut the very choicest of those roses Mr. Jack says are such beauties." He turned again to Nancy: "Yetsu is a flower magician. It's characteristic of his race I learned when we toured the Orient. I had my sight then, and the memories I stored up are like luminous bits of fairyland to the present darkness."

She infused an added blithesomeness into her own voice. "Boston and New York comprise my itinerary to date, but I often make dream journeys to far distant lands—always in cherry-blossom time to Japan."

His sensitive fingers traced the velvety petals until convinced of their worthiness. "A little peace offering for Rob Roy's rude introduction."

Nancy laughed merrily at his clever mimicry.

Then, as she stepped nearer to take the *roses, she felt a sudden tightening* of her throat.

He looked even younger than from the walk—scarcely nineteen. And what at first sight she had dubbed a "sissy" wave covered a deep scar extending across his forehead.

Fearing her silent pity might be misconstrued, Nancy hastened to say enthusiastically: "Such perfect specimens of the Queen of Flowers!"

"You are too good!" His buoyancy matched her own. "When Brother Jack comes out tomorrow I'll get him to coach me in my new role—a most grateful neighbor."

Wonderful days followed; wonderful for Nancy—for the blind boy—and for the man whom sorrow and responsibility had made cruelly old beyond his years.

It was his first glimpse of Nancy that restored John Kenilston's most cherished *ideals. The memory of it* transformed his daily office grind as if by magic. Even the factory's giant dynamos sounded rhythmical.

But though time sped on golden instead of leaden wings, John waxed impatient.

And then, in the purple dusk of a rare autumn day, John sought Nancy.

"Ray made me blissfully happy today," he began boyishly. "He said he had told you of the accident, and you understood my mental torture. God knows the machine, not I, was at fault! Even so, the youngster's very cheerfulness seemed a reproach, until kind fate sent us among you and yours."

He took both Nancy's hands. "Then, dear little miracle woman, I knew it was no longer forced, that I might once again think of love and happiness." His voice became a caress. "Tell me, Nan, sweetheart, have I dreamed aright? Can I tell Ray that when June roses bloom again his offering shall be to Sister in Lead or Neighbor Golden Heart?"

His compelling gaze made Nancy look up at him. The awakened heart of her heart so unmistakably she could not speak, but John read his answer in her frank, adoring eyes.

DADDY WOEFUL BACK NUMBER

How Is It Possible for Young America to Look Up to a Father Like This?

Dad was forty-five, well dressed, evidently all business. Son was fifteen or sixteen. Both were standing up on an East Tenth street car.

"Son, this fellow Ruths—Babe Ruths you call him—is he the mascot for the team?"

"No, dad," replied the lad with an embarrassed grim, "he's heavy hitter for the Yankees. What made you think he was a mascot?

"Why, Babe, you know. Babe, I thought he was a little fellow. And what is it you say, 'Yank'?"

"No, dad, Yanks, Yanks." Then, after *a moment, disgusted*: "Say, dad, didn't you ever hear of John McGraw?"

"McGraws, McGraws. No, I can't remember that name."

The lad was visibly perturbed, and, getting closer to dad, he whispered: "Say, dad, when we get home I'll slip it to you who some of these birds are so you will know next time."—Indianapolis News.

Uncle Eben's Idea.

"De man dat puts on airs over de common people," said Uncle Eben, "is sittin' in the mos' dangerous kind of a draft."

Economy is near to the keystone of character and success.—Gladstone.

SMALL GIRL GOT HER WISH

Little One Took a Good Deal for Granted, but as It Turned Out, She Was Justified.

My new young man took me to call on his sister, who was married. I wanted to make a good impression, so dressed in my best dress and was on my best behavior.

Two brothers dropped in, and I overheard them say they "wanted to give Fred's girl the once over."

A four-year-old niece administered the finishing touch when she asked, in a voice that could be heard in the kitchen, "When you and Uncle Fred get married, may I be your flower girl?"

The brother grinned, brother-in-law *in the kitchen howled, while I turned* a most unbecoming red.

The youngster thought she'd waited long enough for an answer, so she said, "May I?"

I managed to say yes and two years later we were, and she was.—Chicago Tribune.

Sustenance of the Young Kangaroo.

Young kangaroos, while living in the marsupial pouch, do not suck milk from the mother's breast, but it is pumped down their throats by the action of the muscles of the mother.

Correct Physics.

Teacher—Johnny, what is steam?

Johnny—Water crazy with the heat. —American Legion Weekly.

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE
Ford Axtell, Editor and Prop.

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WATERLOO NEWS.

Chas. Rose [illegible] Mrs. Mabel [illegible] and Mrs. Emery Rose motored to Charlotte, Sunday, to [illegible] funeral.

Thanksgiving [illegible] at the Brethren church [illegible] and pot luck [illegible] at the North church. At the Lutheran church there was a harvest [illegible] and the Ladies Aid [illegible] at the parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Bergman spent the week-end in Grosse Ile, where they attended a funeral.

The Ladies Aid [illegible] Saturday at Mrs. Oren Barnes'. All invited.

Dallas and Ira Bergman [illegible] in Jackson, last Thursday.

Mrs. Martha Bergman and daughter Ethel, Mrs. Albert Richmeier, and Mr. and Mr. Arthur Walz and children spent a few days last week in Fowlerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Raushan and children spent Sunday at Henrietta.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vieary spent Monday and Wednesday in Jackson.

John Dykenhouse, [illegible] a Ford touring car.

Mrs. Hattie Gorton is in Detroit, caring for the little granddaughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dykenhouse, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Beeman and baby spent Sunday in Fitchburg.

Remember the bazaar the evening of December 2, at the Waterloo town hall.

Chamberlain's Tablets Have Done Her a World of Good

"Chamberlain's Tablets have done me a world of good," writes Mrs. Ella L. Button, Kirkville, N. Y. "I have recommended them to a number of my friends and all who have used them praise them highly." When troubled with indigestion or constipation, give them a trial and realize for yourself what an excellent medicine it is. Adv.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

F. G. Schaible was in Detroit, Monday, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frymuth were in Jackson, Tuesday.

E. E. Coe is visiting relatives in Buffalo and vicinity.

Frank Staffan and Fred Belser were Detroit visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance Ogden spent yesterday with their parents in Clinton.

Miss Ida Klein visited her sister, Mrs. Ignatius Howe of Jackson, Monday.

Lyle Runciman of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Runciman over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Schettler of Detroit are visiting his mother, Mrs. C. Schettler.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Quinlan of Detroit were guests of the Misses Miller yesterday.

Lawrence Coe has enlisted in the U. S. navy and left Friday for Norfolk, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carpenter of Highland Park visited old friends here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel were guests of relatives in Grand Rapids over Thanksgiving.

The Bay View club will meet on Monday evening, November 28th, with Mrs. Rose Gregg.

Howard Holmes visited his father, H. S. Holmes, in the Battle Creek sanitarium, Monday.

Mrs. Alban of Clinton visited her daughter, Mrs. Vance Ogden, several days of the past week.

Walter Spaulding of Ingersoll, Canada, is visiting at the home of his brother, Harold Spaulding.

Mr. and Mrs. August Tirb of Clinton were Sunday guests at the home of her mother, Mrs. C. Schettler.

Mr. and Mrs. William Zincke of Cleveland, Ohio, visited relatives in Chelsea and vicinity over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warblow of Warren were guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Henry Winters, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. John Koch and daughter Amanda were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Keubler of Manchester yesterday.

Duke's six-piece orchestra of this place will furnish the music for a dance in Dexter, Friday evening, December 2nd.

Misses Lizzie and Nellie Maroney returned on Saturday from a three weeks' visit in Temple, Texas, at the home of Mrs. C. A. Woodin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kempf left today for Memphis, Tennessee; Jackson, Mississippi; and Gulfport, Mississippi, where they will spend some time.

Regular convention of Chelsea Lodge No. 194 K. of P. on Monday evening, November 28th. Nomination of officers and work in the rank of knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Lehman attended the wedding in Ann Arbor, yesterday afternoon of Miss Alta R. Lehman and Dr. Jethers Rubley, at 2:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. P. J. Lehman of Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McDaniels entertained at dinner yesterday: Ed. McDaniels and family of North Lake, and Donald and Miss Woman of Ann Arbor.

Miss Juanita Stout spent several days of this week in Brooklyn and yesterday was bridesmaid at the wedding of her friend, Miss Marion Monagan of that place.

Dr. and Mrs. N. E. Phelps and children and Dr. Samuel Schultz and daughter Gretchen, of Coldwater, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Bacon over Sunday.

Miss Florence Reichelderfer has accepted a position in the mail order department of the J. L. Hudson Co. of Detroit and entered upon her new duties the first of the week.

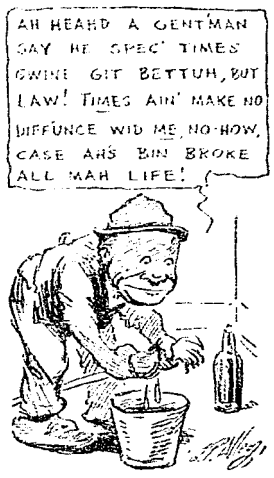
Mr. and Mrs. John Lucht of Lima are arranging to move to Chelsea and will occupy the house at Railroad and McKinley streets, which they purchased some time ago from the James Taylor estate.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Holmes and sons, Robert and David, of Battle Creek, visited Chelsea relatives Sunday, Mrs. Holmes remaining for a few days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Noyes.

Mrs. J. C. Taylor went to Detroit on Tuesday to attend the wedding that evening of her grandson, Russell J. Taylor to Miss Amy Bell of Detroit. She spent Thanksgiving at the home of her son, George, in Detroit.

The Michigan Portland Cement Co. ceased production work the first of the week, as is the custom in winter when the machinery is overhauled for the following season's production. The past year has been the most successful in the operation of the plant. Most of the employes will be retained on the repair work.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS



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Elbert Notton has purchased a new Dodge car.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Smith entertained several friends at "Five Hundred," Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Kelly of Detroit spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lusty.

Mrs. H. E. Fletcher and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Vogel of Ann Arbor yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Wood and little son, of Detroit, spent Thanksgiving with his mother, Mrs. H. L. Wood.

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Steger and sons, Arnold and Lawton, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Alva Steger, in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Witherell and son Leonard were guests at the home of his brother, in Manchester township yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Steinbach, Albert Steinbach, and Miss Marion Steinbach spent yesterday at the home of Henry Steinbach of Dexter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Boorom, and Joseph Lloyd and son, of Jackson, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Belcher yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Benton and daughter Winifred, of Jackson, and Mr. Carrol of Bronson were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Evert Benton yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Storms left on Tuesday for Berea, Ohio, to spend over Thanksgiving with their son Harold and to visit at the home of Albert Storms.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McDaniels entertained at dinner Saturday evening: Miss McRobb of Ann Arbor, Misses Singler and Grace Shepherd and Leonard Shepherd, of Sanduskey, O., and Lloyd and Leland Kalmbach.

CHELSEA CAMP No. 7338 M. W. A. Meets 2d and 4th Friday evenings of each month. Insurance best by test. Herman J. Dancer, Clerk.