

FAVOR PROPOSED COMMUNITY HOUSE

Board of Commerce Will Take Over
Welfare Building If Heating
Can Be Arranged.

At a meeting of the Board of Commerce last evening it was decided to accept the offer of F. H. Lewis, president of the Lewis Spring & Axle Co., of the free use of the Welfare Building for a community house, providing satisfactory arrangements can be made to heat and light the building.

The building is a part of the Lewis plant, and is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is offered. It is one of the several beautiful buildings erected in Chelsea by F. H. Glazier, at a cost of \$60,000. It is equipped with a large assembly room where athletic games or similar events may be staged, a swimming pool, space for bowling alleys, reading room, a game room with pool table, a regularly equipped stage with foot-lights, dressing rooms, piano, etc.

The Lewis plant is not in operation and so its regular heating plant is not available. But the Welfare building as it is commonly known, is located only about 100 feet from the village light and water plant and the exhaust steam from the municipal plant can be utilized for heating if suitable piping is arranged. Estimates as to the

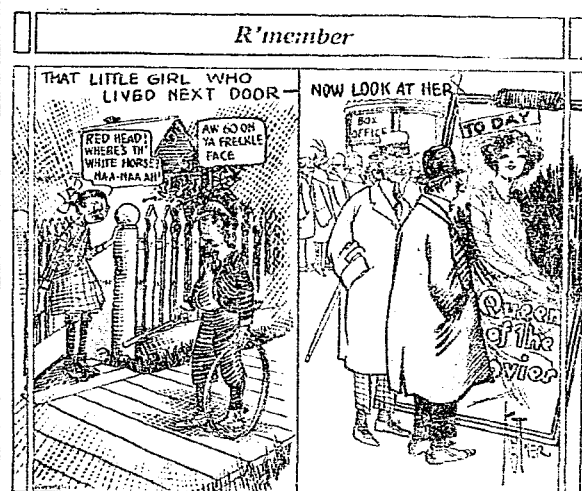
cost of such piping vary from \$350 upwards to \$1,500. Mr. Lewis says it can be done for the lesser amount.

The Board of Commerce voted to accept Mr. Lewis' liberal offer providing the expense for arranging the heating facilities does not prove excessive. Howard Holmes, R. D. Walker, and Dr. A. L. Steger were appointed a committee to investigate the matter with power to add two more members to the committee if desired.

Other matters which came up for discussion included the following: The road committee reported that they are circulating petitions asking the state officials to arrange the routing of trunk line M-92, which is the Stockbridge-Chelsea-Manchester road, through the business part of town, but their canvass is not completed.

The drain committee has engaged an attorney and is taking steps to have the construction of the Goose Lake-Mill Creek drain dropped. All bowling alleys, reading room, a game room with pool table, a regularly equipped stage with foot-lights, dressing rooms, piano, etc.

In the course of the discussions Mr. F. H. Lewis gave an excellent talk regarding the organization of the Jackson Chamber of Commerce and its work, and Mr. F. O. Redick of Mecosta, secretary of the Mecosta Board of Commerce, who was present as a visitor gave an interesting talk. Rev. E. A. Carnes outlined a program



OUR NEIGHBORS' DOINGS

What's Happening In Nearby Towns And Communities.

The next meeting will be held on Thursday evening, December 15th.

BLUNT—WILLIS.
Miss Dagmar Blunt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Blunt, and Mr. J. T. Willis, both of Jackson, were united in marriage Thursday morning, December 1, 1921, at 9:30 o'clock, at Plymouth Congregational church parsonage, Rev. Hague officiating. Both the bride and groom are former residents of Chelsea and have many friends here.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served the bridal party at the home of the bride's parents, after which Mr. and Mrs. Willis left for a motorcar trip to Detroit and other points east, and stopped en route in Chelsea, taking dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis will be at home to their friends at 1910 Leroy street, Jackson, after December 15th. The groom is the senior member of the firm owning and operating the Quick Service Printery in Jackson, which he established in January, 1920. For several years before going to Jackson Mr. Willis was employed in the Tribune office.

ADVERTISING THAT PAYS.
We like to keep pounding away on the idea that advertising is not confined to the printed word. Advertising begins back in the store or office, and from there it projects itself into the daily business. A good product or a good service is the root of all advertising. An attractive office, courteous salesmen; a telephone or office girl with a smile in her voice; letters well written and neatly typed—these are advertisements just as surely as words painted on a billboard or printed in newspapers.

Every transaction is an advertisement. A satisfied customer comes back for more, and we know of no cheaper way of getting business. Much of the money spent on printed advertising is wasted because neither the goods nor the service back up the printed promises. What does it profit a bank to advertise friendly, helpful, courteous service if a corps of sour pessimists is behind the windows?

What is the sense of advertising prompt service when your store is so jammed that you know you'll have to break your word? Sometimes we hear it said that a certain prosperous and successful business does not advertise, but if we look closely we'll find that it is advertising all the time in acts, if not in words. And if coupled with printed advertising it is probable that the business would be even more successful.

This is not argument against printed advertising; it is just a suggestion that unless printed advertising tells the truth it cannot be very effective.

WATERLOO NEWS.
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Brown spent Thanksgiving at Frances Allenwood's. Mrs. Earl Brown is entertaining her mother from Waldron.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beeman entertained the Musbach family reunion on Thanksgiving day. Sixty-three sat down to turkey dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shenk, Sr., and son, of Detroit, spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. George Shenk, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Durkee spent part of last week in Jackson. Mrs. Peterson and son of Six Lakes are visiting at the parsonage.

Orson Beeman, Sr., pulled radishes out of his garden Wednesday, the last day of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Rowe and baby and Glad Rowe spent Thanksgiving day in Jackson.

BERNHARD OKER.

Bernhard Oker was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, August 22, 1845, and died at his home in Chelsea, Wednesday, November 30, 1921, after a lingering illness.

Mr. Oker was united in marriage to Barbara Grau, October 5, 1868, and to this union three children were born; Mrs. John Schanz of Lima, Mrs. Ferdinand Faulhaber of Clinton, and John B. Oker of this place.

In 1874 Mr. Oker and family came to America and settled in Freedom township, where they lived until 1883, when they moved to a farm in Sharon. In 1909 they left the farm and moved to Chelsea, Mr. Oker working at the shoemakers trade until about a year ago when failing health compelled him to give up active work.

Mr. Oker is survived by his widow, two daughters, one son and ten grandchildren.

The funeral will be held from St. Mary church Saturday morning at nine o'clock. Rev. Father Vandyke celebrating the Mass. Interment at Mt. Olivet cemetery.

MRS. CHRISTIAN VISEL.
Mrs. Mary Visel, widow of the late Christian Visel, died Friday, November 25, 1921, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Christian Schneider. She was 64 years of age.

Mary Hinzmann was born in Waterloo township, January 1, 1857, and was united in marriage with Christian Visel, December 8, 1870. To this union seven children were born, six of whom are living, as follows: Mrs. Christian Schneider, Mrs. Gottlieb Sager, Albert, Christian and Oscar Visel, all of Chelsea, and Robert of Jackson. She is also survived by four grandchildren. Mr. Visel died June 30, 1917.

The funeral was held Monday from the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. Schneider, Rev. Krause conducting the service. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

SYLVAN TOWNSHIP TAXES.
I will be at the Farmers & Merchants bank in Chelsea each Monday, Wednesday and Saturday to receive Sylvan township taxes.
Theodore Wedemeyer,
Township Treasurer.

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.

WANTED—Child's second-hand go-cart. Mrs. Sell, North St. 241f.

CHRISTMAS TREES—Phone E. A. Tish, No. 75, or leave orders at Crescent hotel. 241f.

FRESH FISH from Lake Superior, on sale Friday and Saturday at Leach & Downer Market. 232f.

FOR SALE—Pure white clover and basswood honey. 20¢ lb. J. W. Graham. 232f.

LOST OR STRAYED, young Alredale dog, answers to name of Spike, right eye injured. Reward, Phone 9 or 87, Chelsea. 232f.

FARM FOR RENT—200 acres on shares to responsible tenant. References required. New 8-room tenant house. Inquire Tribune, or on premises, 4 miles southwest of Manchester. C. D. McMahon. 232f.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS, beautiful designs with blank space for the sender's name to be printed in, make an individual sort of Christmas remembrance. We have samples suitable for either individuals or for business firms. Make your selections early before the assortments are broken. Tribune office. 233f.

LOST—Plain oval gold wedding ring; liberal reward for return. J. H. Gibbons, Chelsea. 201f.



"MONEY TROUBLES"—Many of the troubles of the average person are "Money Troubles." Why not prepare for the future while you are prospering?

BANKING EACH WEEK—Every salaried man or woman or wage earner should make it a rule to bank a part of their income each week.

CHECKING AND SAVINGS ACCOUNTS—We invite the checking and savings accounts of men and women and provide every service and protection for our depositors.

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

FOUR WEEKS TO XMAS!

What more appropriate gift for Christmas can you select than an article of jewelry, a watch, clock, ring or silverware?

We invite your inspection of our line, which is complete and at reasonable prices.

See our complete new line of silverware.

A. E. WINANS & SON, - - Jewelers

... This Week's Specials ...

1921 Ford Coupelet.....	\$425
1917 Ford Coup. Fisher starter	230
1918 Ford Sedan.....	295
1915 Ford Touring	75

Remember, you will have to pay 25 to 40 per cent more for cars in the Spring.

We suggest that you see these cars at once if interested, as those we advertised last week went in three days.

... PALMER MOTOR SALES ...

Ready For Business

The Empire Cream Separator Co. have opened a show room in the Brimble Tire and Supply Co. store, N. Main St., and will carry Empire Separators, Gasoline Engines and Milking Machines, and the West Bend Barn Equipment. Call and let us demonstrate

A. W. SMITH, Sales Manager

HOLMES & WALKER

Headquarters For

HOLIDAY GOODS OF ALL KINDS

SANTA CLAUS stopped off here on his way north this week. He says we are in good shape to take care of his wants this year, and that he will return before Christmas.

So whatever you want, leave your order here. We have the goods. Everything new and up to date, and—

AT PRE-WAR PRICES

HOLMES & WALKER

"We Always Treat You Right"

Automobile Painting

We are now prepared to do first-class automobile painting and to guarantee

AS GOOD A JOB FOR THE MONEY ASKED AS CAN BE SECURED ANYWHERE

We use only the best of paints and varnishes and have a first-class workman to do the job. We can store your newly painted job, also, until the roads are in condition to take your refinished car home, and so avoid an unnecessary washing. We are prepared, also, to do all kinds of trimming, including new tops, curtains, plate glass windows, etc.

Early jobs will have the preference, and those done now will have a much longer time to dry and will last longer for that reason. Inspect the work we have done and judge for yourself whether you are getting your money's worth.

..OVERLAND GARAGE..

Dear Little Girls and Boys:

You will be glad to know that I shall make my headquarters this Christmas Season at Glasgow Bros. Department store. I am sending toys of all kinds to them every day and expect to be with them from now until Christmas.

I wish every one of you would write me a letter right away, telling me what to bring you. Take or send your letter to Glasgow Bros. and be sure to come and see me at the Magic Crystal Cavern.

Yours very truly,

SANTA CLAUS, at Glasgow Bros. Store, Jackson, Mich.

IN THE CHURCHES

METHODIST
Rev. H. R. Beatty, Pastor.
The pastor will speak on "The Aim of the Bible," at 10 o'clock. Special music by the choir. Bible school at 11:15. The Epworth League will conduct the evening service. A fine program will be carried out, and the Double Male Quartette will sing.

ST. PAUL'S
Rev. G. W. Krause, Pastor.
If you are staying out of church you are teaching others to do the same, and your influence counts against the best interests of the community. Morning services (German) at 10 o'clock. S. S. at 11:15 a. m. The Events are ten points ahead. Come on Odds, let's beat them now. Get your classmates to come regularly and win the perfect attendance banner. Come to the little church with the big welcome. The Young People's League will meet at 7:00 p. m. Everyone invited.

CONGREGATIONAL
E. A. Carnes, Pastor.
Topic Sunday morning at ten o'clock, "Mission of Jesus." Sunday school at 11:15. Evening services at seven o'clock. Topic, "Message of Amos."

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.

Are You a Mother?

Health Your Most Valuable Asset. Here is How to Take Care of It

Lansing, Mich.—"After motherhood I became so weak it seemed impossible for me to regain my strength. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the first bottle brought me wonderfully. I took five bottles and by that time was in perfect health. I can't say enough in praise of the Favorite Prescription as a tonic and strengthener for the young mother, not judging by my own experience only but by my daughter's as well."—Mrs. Carrie Russell, 512 Anderson St.

Don't wait a moment if you're weak or procure this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at your nearest drug store. If you are troubled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, in Buffalo, N. Y., and receive good medical advice in return, free of all expense.

Cause for Flight.

"I know as well as you do that the grand jury didn't in session now," said a citizen of the Rumpus Ridge region, when Chap Johnson, while even hunting had found evidence in a cave. "I keep posted on the march of events better than that. I'm hiding out simply because my wife is the most peculiar woman in seven states—dogs right up in the tree tops over nothing. Night before last I was settling there, not looking for trouble any more than a sucking dove, when wife spoke up and said that next day was the twentieth anniversary of our wedding. I never believe in aryanism, and as I just let it go at that. But when she said 'well better tell the home hag and invite in the neighbors,' I said, 'What do you want to kill the home hag for? The pore varmint hadn't time for something that happened twenty years ago.' And then she said, 'I just want to see you.'"

MOTHER, QUICK! GIVE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP FOR CHILD'S BOWELS

When a sick child leaves the "fruit" taste of California Fig Syrup. If the little one is constipated, or if your child is listless, cross, peevish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

One day not long ago there entered the office of a western business man a friend who had been much intrigued by an incident he had witnessed some days before in that same office.

"Jones, old top," said he, "that was a queer conference you had with Studt the other day. When I looked in on you, both of you were spinning round the office like two racers or two prize fighters."

"Jones frowned. 'Well, you see,' he explained, 'I'm very well read in this chit-chat stuff, and I know, of course, that in an important conference you must always have your back to the light so that your thoughts cannot be read. But Studt, you know, has been taking an efficiency course, I suppose. He was certainly wise to that degree. Why, when we finally got down to business we were both sitting on the window sill.'—Harper's Magazine.

IN BUYING ASPIRIN ALWAYS SAY "BAYER"

Look for the Name "Bayer" on Tablets. Then You Need Never Worry.

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" can be taken safely for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Joint Pains, Neuritis, and Pain generally.

To get quick relief follow carefully the safe and proper directions in each package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." This package is plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross."

The "Bayer Cross" means the genuine, world-famous Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years.—Advertisement.

Learning at a Discount.

"You are willing to concede that knowledge is power?"

"I don't know. Did you ever see a college professor trying to attract the attention of a hood clerk when a multi-millionaire was approaching the desk accompanied by half a dozen overcoated bullies?"

Then He'll Learn.

"Did you see anything in college?" Apparently not. Now he wants to get married.

"It is better to be beaten in trying to do what you are not supposed to do, than to be beaten in doing what you are supposed to do."

ACUTODAY—DON'T DELAY

Get your colds in 24 hours. Get your coughs in 3 days. Get your cures in 7 days.

Get your colds in 24 hours. Get your coughs in 3 days. Get your cures in 7 days.

SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright by Kathleen Norris

MARTIN LLOYD.

Synopsis: Doctor Strickland, retired, is living with his family at Mill Valley, just out of San Francisco. Anne, the doctor's niece, is twenty-four. Alix, the doctor's daughter, is twenty-one. Cherry, the other daughter, is eighteen. Their closest friend is Peter Joyce, an odd, lovable sort of recluse. He is secretly in love with beautiful Cherry. Martin Lloyd, a visiting machine engineer, falls court for Cherry and wins her promise to marry him.

(CHAPTER I—Continued.)

"Peter is a dear fellow," the doctor mused. "But Cherry—why, she's barely eighteen! He—don't suppose he really ever kissed her?" The old man hesitated, began again: "Just fancy," he assured her. "Just an old father's fear that she is growing up too fast!"

"Because we all, and you especially, spoil her," Anne reminded him, smiling. "Peter," she added thoughtfully, "has kissed us all, now and then." She stooped for a dutiful good-night kiss, and was gone.

Downstairs, the doctor sat on, thinking, and his face was grave. He was thinking of little Cherry's good-night kiss, half an hour ago. She had rested against his arm, and he had held her there, but what had been the thought behind the blue eyes so near his own?

He realized with a great rush of fear that some man had kissed Cherry to-night, had held her against a tobacco-scented coat, and that the girl was a woman, and an awakened woman at that. Cherry—kissed a man! Her father's heart winced away from the thought.

Young Lloyd and Peter had walked home with her. But if Anne was right in her suddenly suspicious of Lloyd's intentions, then it must have been Peter who surprised little Cherry with a sudden embrace.

And as he came to his conclusions a certain relief crept into the old man's heart. Peter was an odd fellow; he was ten years too old for the child. But Peter was a lover of books and gardens and woods and music, and all that, and Peter's father and this old man musing by the fire had been "Lee" and "Paul" to each other since boyhood. Peter might give Cherry a kiss as innocently as a brother; in any case, Peter would wait for her, would be all consideration and tenderness when he did win her.

Cherry, he reflected fearfully, was as pretty as her mother had been at eighteen, with the same rounded chin and apricot cheeks, and the same shadowed innocent blue eyes with a film of corn-colored hair blown across them. She had the strange, the indefinable quality that without words, almost without glances, draws youth toward youth, draws admiration and passion, draws life and all its pain. Her father for the first time tonight formulated in his heart the thought that she might be happily married.

Married—nonsense! Why, what did the knowledge of life, of submission and courage and sacrifice? It would be years, many years, before the snowy frills, and the pale gold hair, and the firm, brown little hand would be ready for that!

Not many hours after he went slowly up to bed morning began to creep into the little valley. Alix, at her early bath, heard quail calling, and looked out to see the last of the fog vanishing at eight o'clock, and to get a wet rush of fragrance from the Persian lilac, blooming this year for the first time. At half-past eight she came out into the garden, to find her father somewhat ruefully studying the ruined ruin of the yellow bankish rose. The garden was still wet, but warning fast; she picked a plume of dark and perfumed heliotrope, and began to fasten it in his coat lapel while she kissed him.

"We'll never get that back on the roof, my dear boy," Alix said maternally.

Her father pursed his lips, shook his head doubtfully. The rose, a short week ago, had been spreading fantastic branches well toward the ridge-pole, a story and a half above their heads. But the great wind of yesterday that had ended the spring and brought in the summer had dragged it from its place and flung it, a jumble of emerald leaves and sweet clusters of creamy blossoms, across the path and the steps of the porch. Alix tentatively tugged at a loose spray, and stood biting her thumb.

Her attention was distracted by the better puppy who came clumsily crawling toward her. "Hello, old Bumpy-doodles!" she said with rich affection, kissing the dog's silky head, and burying both hands in his feathered collar. "Hello, old Bump!"

"Alexandra, for heaven's sake stop handling that brute!" said Peter Joyce disgustedly, coming up the path. "If you can't get your dog's head, first, either. Go wash your hands!"

"Morning, Doctor?"

Father and daughter turned to stare upon him, a tall, lean man, with a young face and a finely groomed head and with touches of premature silver in his temples.

He was a bachelor, just entering his thirties, a fastidious, critical, exacting man by reputation, but showing his best side to the Stricklands. They had a vague idea that he was rich, according to their modest standard, but he apparently had no extravagant tastes, and lived as quietly, or more quietly, than they did. He liked solitude, books, music, dogs, and his dress. The old doctor's one social enjoyment was in visiting Peter, and the younger man went to no other place so steadily as he came to the old house under the redwoods.

"Morning, Peter," said Doctor Strickland now, smiling at him. "Have you had yours?"

"My house," said Mr. Joyce, fastidiously, "is a well-managed place. Say," he added, pursing his lips to whistle, as he looked at the rose tree, "did Tuesday's wind do that?"

"Tuesday's wind and Dad," Alix answered. "Will it go back, Peter?"

"I don't know," he mused, walking slowly about the wreck. "If we had a lever down here, and some fellow on the roof with a rope, maybe."

"Mr. Lloyd is coming over!" Alix announced. Peter nodded absently, but the mention of Martin Lloyd reminded him that they had all dined at his house on the very evening when the mysterious gale had commenced, and with interest he asked:

"Cherry catch cold coming home Tuesday night?"

"No; she squeezed in between Dad and me, and was as warm as toast!" Alix answered casually. "How'd you like Mr. Lloyd?" she added.

"Nice fellow," Peter answered. "He's awfully nice," Alix agreed.

"Who is he?" Peter asked curiously. "Where are his people and all that?"

"His people live in Portland," the girl answered. "He's a mining engineer, and he's waiting now to be called to El Nido; he's to be at a mine there. He's lots of fun—when you know him, really!"

"Talking of the new Prince Charming, of course," Anne said, joining them, and linking an arm in her uncle's and in Alix's arm. "Don't bring that puppy in, Alix, please! Breakfast, Uncle Lee. Come and have another cup of coffee, Peter!"

"Prince, Charming, eh?" Peter echoed thoughtfully, as they all turned toward a delicious drift of the odor of bacon and coffee, and crossed the porch to the dining room. "I was going down for the mail, but now I'll have to stay and see this rose matter through! Thanks, Anne, but I'll watch you. Where's Cherry?" he added, glancing about.

Cherry answered the question herself by trailing in in a Japanese wrapper, and beginning to drink her coffee with bare, slender arms resting on the table. Nobody protested, the adored youngest was usually given her way.

"I heard you all laughing under the window and it woke me up!" Cherry said dreamily.

"It seems to me," Anne, who had been eyeing her uneasily, said lightly, "that some one I know is getting pretty old to come downstairs in that rig when strangers are here!"

"It seems to me this is just as decent as lots of things—bathing suits, for instance!" Cherry returned indignantly.



"Hello, Old Bumpy-doodles!" Said Alix, Burying Both Hands in His Feathered Collar.

stainily, gathering the robe about her, and giving Anne a resentful glance over her blue cup.

"I have a rope somewhere—" the doctor ruminated. "Where did I put that long rope—what did I have it for, in the first place?"

"You had it to guy the apple tree," Alix reminded him. "The tree that 'Ah, yes!' said her father, his attentive face brightening. 'Ah, yes! Now where is that rope?' But even as Alix observed that she had seen it somewhere, and advanced a tentative guess as to the collar, his eyes fell upon Cherry, and went from Cherry's

absorbed face—for she was dreaming over her breakfast—to Peter, and he wondered if Peter had kissed her.

"Come on, let's get at it!" Alix exclaimed with relish. "Come on, Sweetums," she added, to the dog. She caught his forepaw, and he whipped his beautiful tail between his legs, and looked about with agonized eyes while she dragged him through a clumsy dance. "He's the dearestest pup we ever had!" Alix stated to Cherry, who was departing for the upper regions and a complete costume.

"Bring your cigarette out here, Peter," the old doctor said, crossing the garden to look in the abandoned greenhouse for his rope. "It's not here," he stated. Then he began again, "You brought Cherry home last night?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't," Peter answered, in his quick, precise tones. "I came with Lloyd and Cherry as far as the bridge, then I cut up the hill. Why?" he asked sharply.

"What's up?"

"Nothing's up," Doctor Strickland said slowly. "But I think Lloyd admires—or is beginning to admire—her," he said.

"Who—Cherry?" Peter exclaimed, with distaste and incredulity in his tone.

"You don't think so?" the doctor, looking at him wistfully, asked eagerly.

"Why, certainly not!" Peter said, his face very red. "She's much younger than Anne and Alix—"

"It doesn't always go by that," the doctor suggested.

"No, I know it doesn't," Peter answered in his quick, annoyed fashion. "I should be sorry," Cherry's father admitted.

"Sorry?" Peter echoed happily. "But it's quite out of the question, of course! It's quite out of the question. She—she wouldn't consider him for an instant," he suddenly decided in great satisfaction. "You wouldn't forget that she has something to do with it! Very fastidious, Cherry. She's not like other girls!"

"That's true—that's true!" Doctor Strickland agreed, in great relief. They turned back toward the garden. In time to meet Alix and several dogs streaming across the clearing. Over the girl's shoulder was coiled the great rope; she leaped various logs and small bushes as she came, and the dogs barked madly and leaped with her. Breathless, she stumbled and fell into her father's arms, and both men had the same thoughts, one that made them smile upon her tempestuous indulgence: "If this is twenty-one—eighteen is three long years younger and less responsible!"

CHAPTER II.

Immediately they gathered by the fallen rose vine, all talking and disputing at once. A light rope was tied; an experimental tug broke it like a string, tumbling Alix violently in a sitting position, and precipitating her father into a foamy bed. Anne, who was bargaining with a Chinese fruit vendor frankly interested in their undertaking, had called that she would help them in a second, when behind Alix, who was still sitting on the ground, another voice offered help.

A young man had come into the doctor's garden; work was stopped for a few minutes while they welcomed Martin Lloyd.

He was tall and fair, broad, but with not an ounce of extra weight, with brown eyes always laughing, and a ready friendliness always in evidence. Anne's heart gave a throb of approval as she studied him; Alix flushed furiously, scowled a certain boyish approval; Cherry had not come down.

"Can you help us?" The doctor echoed his question doubtfully. "I don't know that it can be done!" he admitted.

"What's that you're eating—an apricot?" Martin said to Anne, in his laughing way. "I was going to say that if it was a peach, you are a cannibal!"

"Oh, help!" Alix ejaculated, with a look of elaborate scorn.

"No, but where were you last night?" Martin added in a lower tone when he and Anne could speak untroubled. The happy color flooded her face.

"I have to take care of my family sometimes!" she reminded him demurely. "Wasn't Cherry a good substitute?"

"Isn't she sweet?" Anne asked enthusiastically. "She's only a little girl, really, but she's a little girl who is going to have a lot of attention some day!" she added, in her most maternal manner.

Martin did not answer, but turning briskly toward the doctor, he devoted himself to the business in hand.

They were all deep in the first united tug, each person placed carefully by the doctor, and guys for the rope driven at intervals decided by Martin, when there was an interruption for Cherry's arrival on the scene. With characteristic coquetry she did not approach, as the others had by means of the front porch and the gar-

den path, but crept from the study window into a veritable tunnel of green bloom, and came crawling down it, as sweet and fragrant, as lovely and as fresh, as the roses themselves. Her bright head was hidden by a blue sunbonnet, assumed, she explained later, because the thorns tangled her hair; but as, laughing and smothered with roses, she crept into view, the sunbonnet slipped back, and the lovely, flushed little face, with tendrils of gold straying across the white forehead, and mischief gleaming in the blue, blue eyes was framed only in loosened pale gold hair.

Years afterward Alix remembered her so, as Martin Lloyd helped her to spring free of the branches, and she stood laughing at their surprise and still clinging to his hand. "The day we raised the rose tree" had a place of its own in Alix's memory, as a time of carefree fun and content, a time of perfume and sunshine—perhaps the last time of its kind that any one of them was to know.

Cherry looked at Martin daintily as she joined the laborers; her whole being was thrilling to the excitement of his glance; she was hardly conscious of what she was doing or saying. Martin came close to her, in the general confusion.

"How's my little sweetheart this morning?"

Cherry looked up, her throat contracted, she looked down again, unable to speak. She had been waiting for his first word; now that it had come it seemed so far richer and sweeter than her wildest dream.

"How can I see you a minute?" Martin murmured, snapping his big knife shut.

"I have to walk down for the mail," stammered Cherry, conscious only of Martin and herself.

Both Peter and her father were watching her with an uneasiness and



Laughing and Smothered With Roses, She Crept Into View.

suspicion that had sprung into being full-blown. Both men were asking themselves what they knew of this strange young man who was suddenly a part of their intimate little world.

Peter, in his secret heart, had a vague, dissatisfied feeling that Lloyd was a man who held women, as a class, rather in disrespect, and had probably had his experiences with them, but there was no way of expressing much less governing his conduct toward Martin by so purely speculative a prejudice. Somewhat appalled, in the sunny garden, struggling with the banksia, Peter decided that this was not much to know of a person who might have the audacity to fall in love with an exquisite and innocent Cherry. After all, she would not be a little girl forever; some man would want to take that little corn-colored head and that delicious little pink-lip person away with him some day, to be his wife—

And suddenly Peter was torn by a stab of pure pain, and he stood puzzled and sick, in the garden bed, wondering what was happening to him.

"Listen—want a drink?" Alix asked, coming out with a tin dipper that spilled a glittering sheet of water down the thirsty nasturtiums. "Rest a few minutes, Peter. Had wanted a pole, and Mr. Lloyd has gone up into the woods to cut one."

"And where's Cherry?" Peter asked drinking deep.

"She went along—just up in the woods here!" Alix answered. "They'll be back before you could get there. They've been gone five minutes!"

Five minutes were enough to take Cherry and her lover out of sight of the house, enough to have him put his arm about her, and to have her raise her lips confidently, and yet shyly, again to his. They kissed each other deeply, again and again.

Their talk was incoherent. Cherry was still playing, coquetting and smiling, her words few, and Martin, having her so near, could only repeat the endearing phrases that attempted to express to her his love and fervor.

"You darling! Do you know how I love you? You darling—you little exquisite beauty! Do you love me—do you love me?" Martin murmured, and Cherry answered breathlessly:

"You know I do—but you know I do!"

"Congratulate these creatures—they are going to be married!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WOMAN'S METHOD

By LILLIAN DOUGHERTY.

© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"It's been hard enough for me to fall in capturing this jewel thief without having this new worry about you, Miriam, you haven't given me one evening this week. Are you ceasing to cure?"

"Nonsense; my editor—" "Now, dearest, he doesn't send you out on late assignments," John Ralston, detective, protested.

Miriam's lips closed tightly. "Stop bothering, John. You must get this man. It means so much to both of us. You are positive about his methods?"

"Yes, he is the slickest in years. Gets intimate with maids in the big houses, makes love to them, gets them to hand over jewels, then they see him no more. My promotion hangs on this job," John spoke dejectedly.

"I wish I could help you," Miriam said wistfully.

John shook his head. "This isn't a woman's job, Miriam—" he broke off. "Come for a walk."

"I can't, John; I have an engagement."

John paced the room. "I am jealous, I know. I saw you meet a man in the park Friday evening."

Miriam gasped. "You did? Did you see him well? Would you know him again?"

"No, I was looking at you. You were smiling up into his face," John sighed. "Well, I must report. Will you come on tomorrow evening?"

"Perhaps. John, go now, please."

As soon as the door closed after John, Miriam slipped out of her evening dress, hurriedly put on a dark blue serge suit, smoothed her hair neatly behind her ears, put on a small hat and veil and stammered out of the house and over to a small park a few blocks away.

Once there, she sauntered slowly along the most frequented paths. In a few minutes a tall, smartly dressed young man turned to walk with her.

"You're a peach for promptness. Let's go over to this nice retired hotel."

He drew her hand under his arm. Miriam looked up at him with a dawning interest.

"You do look so nice," Miriam said, ecstatically. "I really believe you are an English duke, isn't it?"

The man laughed. "Well, I have been in the best houses in England. And in a few here, too."

Miriam sighed. "They are so tiresome, these wealthy people. With their jewels and luxuries, when we have so little. It isn't fair."

"Of course, it's not fair, my dear, and so many of them leave their jewels around, right under our hands, as if to tempt us, now don't they?"

"My mistress does," Miriam answered. "Why, two weeks ago I put her sapphires away, and she thought they had gone back to the vault."

The man bent over her solicitously. "You should have them, too, little sapphire eyes. Of course, she has other jewels?"

Miriam's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Do you mean to say that you don't know about the diamonds and the great Amherst ruby?"

"Ah, I have heard of it." The man spoke eagerly. "So that is where it is. Have you ever been in Italy?" he asked fervently.

"No, but oh, how I long to go."

"I could never go there without you," the man sighed. "The skies would speak of you. They're blue—sapphire blue." He stopped and added, thoughtfully: "And the price of a few of these sapphires would take us. If I only had money."

"I know. If I had the nerve to run off with my mistress's necklace, couldn't we go with that?" she said.

"You're a little queen for me," The man's voice was caressing; he leaned closer to her. "Just the kind I need to keep going. You're right. With that string and the ruby—but you're little and scared. I might manage the pearls—"

Miriam flared. "I've never fallen down on anything yet," she protested. "I—I thought you liked me."

"Sure I do. You're great."

Miriam sighed with relief. "I must go now, tomorrow night?"

"Say," the man whispered. "Get this: Wednesday night you'll see the finest strings—" His lips were close to her ear. "But only, if—if you—"

Miriam grasped his arm tightly. "I know," she whispered. "The ruby and the sapphires—I'm a little bit frightened, but you are big and strong."

The man patted her shoulder reassuringly, and she hurried away.

Wednesday night the slickest jewel thief in the country was arrested by John Ralston. He had the famous lost Marston two-yard string of pearls in his pocket, and the hiding place of nearly half a million dollars' worth of jewels was no longer a secret from the police.

Then John faced Miriam for an explanation. It was brief.

"I wanted you to get him, dear," Miriam said sheepily; "and I thought, too, that it was a woman's job. At least, she could help."

Ample Proof.

Little—Is your young minister so very fascinating?

Little—Fascinating! Why lots of girls in our church have married men they hated just to get one kiss from the pastor after the ceremony.

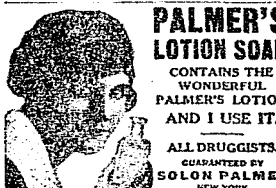
The Same Old Backache!

Does every day bring the same old backache? Do you drag along with your back a dull aching ache? Evening find you "all played out"? Don't be discouraged! Realize it is merely a sign you haven't taken good care of yourself. This has probably strained your kidneys. Take things easier for awhile and help your kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Then the backache, dizziness, headaches, tired feelings and bladder troubles will go. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case

John Price, Pulford St., Howell, Mich., says: "I had backache and sore lumbago muscles. At times it would hurt to pass the kidney secretions, and I had to get up during the night. A neighbor told me to take Doan's Kidney Pills, and I got some. I didn't have to take many before the trouble left me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



PALMER'S LOTION SOAP
CONTAINS THE WONDERFUL PALMER'S LOTION AND I USE IT.
ALL DRUGGISTS. GUARANTEED BY SOLON PALMER NEW YORK

PALMER'S LOTION
REMOVED ALL MY BLEMISHES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

ABSORBINE
Reduces Bursal Enlargements, Swollen Testicles, Carbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from Bruises or Strains; stops Spavin Lameness, always pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. Only a few drops required at each application. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Double A free. W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



Vaseline

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

Ford Axell, Editor and Prop.

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and 40 cents for three months.

WATERLOO VILLAGE.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Moschel and
daughter, Mrs. John Moschel, and
Mrs. Laura Moschel spent Wednesday
with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moschel.

Dr. Walter Koch of Ann Arbor and
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schaefer and
family of Jackson spent Thanksgiving
with Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Eddle.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Marsh and
family spent the weekend with Mr.
and Mrs. A. H. Leimons and family
of Stockbridge.

Mrs. Mary Harwood, Mrs. George
Bentley and Mrs. Glenn spent Fri-
day in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Moschel and
daughter spent Sunday with Mr. H.
Lehman.

Mrs. Will Bartlett is visiting with
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wark of Pitts-
burg.

NORTH LAKE NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Thorne of Ann
Arbor spent Thanksgiving at R. S.
Whelan's.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Boyce and chil-
dren were Thanksgiving day guests at
the home of Samuel Boyce of London.

Miss Eleanor Elmholtz of Yps-
ilanti and Miss Elsie Elmholtz of Je-
ferson county spent their vacation with
their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jank and little
daughter, of Ann Arbor, visited at
C. M. Weber's Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Allen enter-
tained on Thursday Mr. and Mrs.
Samuel Schultz and daughter, Irene
and Gladys, of Ann Arbor.

The L. A. S. will hold a children's
supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
P. E. Neuh, Friday evening, Decem-
ber 2nd. A novelty lunch containing
suitable Christmas gifts will be one of
the attractions.

The service last Sunday was very
well attended. Twenty-seven fami-
lies had a 100% attendance record.
The program was very excellently
given.

Sunday, December 4th, announce-
ments are: Sunday school at 10:30;
a bright and breezy song service will
be led by Stanley Richards; evening
worship at 7:30 p. m.; sermon by the
pastor, Leigh H. Hazle. The public
is invited.

LINER "ADS" EFFECTIVE.

One of the most effective forms of
advertising is in the "liner" or class-
ified column where a small investment
of a few cents is certain to give prompt
results. Tribune liner ads are always
run under the heading, "Wants, For
Sale, To Rent," in the same position
on the front page where they are easy
to find and invariably catch the eye.
Only five cents the line for the first
insertion, 2 1/2 cents the line for each
subsequent insertion. Next time you
want to buy something, or have some-
thing for sale or rent, try a Tribune
liner.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Those who are in a "run-down" con-
dition will notice the "run-down" con-
dition more than when they are in good
health. It is not a disease, but a con-
dition, and it is caused by a weak
urinary system. It is a condition
which is caused by a weak urinary
system. It is a condition which is
caused by a weak urinary system.
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urinary system. It is a condition
which is caused by a weak urinary
system. It is a condition which is
caused by a weak urinary system.



Heres Relief

Why suffer from nerv-
ousness, insomnia, hy-
steria, nervous dyspep-
sia, nervous prostration
or any ailment due to
a disordered condition
of the nerves?

DR. MILES NERVINE

will give you prompt
and lasting relief.

It produces refreshing
sleep, builds up the shat-
tered nerves and pro-
motes a normal distri-
bution of nerve force.

Your Druggist Sells It, Ask Him.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Chauncey Freeman has an attack of
neuritis.

Conrad Lehman was in Detroit,
Tuesday, on business.

Mrs. Andros Gulde entertained the
Mystic Eight, Tuesday evening.

The Bay View Reading club will
meet Monday evening with Mrs. H. R.
Beatty.

Miss Margaret Miller entertained
the Five Hundred club Wednesday
evening.

Rev. H. R. Beatty attended the
Near East Relief state conference in
Detroit, Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Depew returned on
Wednesday from a visit with relatives
near Vicksburg.

Charles Tisch of Stockbridge spent
several days of the past week with his
son, E. A. Tisch.

Mrs. Charles Carrier and Miss Mar-
ion Steinbach were Jackson visitors
the last of the week.

Mrs. Vinola Alger of Fenton visited
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Spear
the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sawyer spent
Thanksgiving in Ann Arbor with Mr.
and Mrs. Earl Hatfield.

James Spear visited at the home of
his son, George Spear and family, in
Highland Park, Friday.

The Oddfellows will give a scrub
lunch supper Tuesday evening, Decem-
ber 6th. Bring dishes.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy McNamara were
guests of his mother, Mrs. Ella Mc-
Namara, for Thanksgiving.

Regular meeting of Chelsea Lodge
No. 101 I. O. O. F., Wednesday eve-
ning. Work in the first degree.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eder visited
at the home of their daughter, Mrs.
Mary Brown of Jackson, Sunday.

Rev. H. R. Beatty was called to
Madrayra, Thursday, to conduct the
funeral services for an old friend.

Miss Hilda Appleton of Detroit was
the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. J.
Dunkle, several days of the past week.

Frank VanRiper and family returned
Wednesday from an extended visit
with relatives in Mendon and Hills-
dale.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleon Wolff of Jack-
son were guests of his parents, Mr.
and Mrs. William Wolff, for Thank-
sgiving.

Special convention Chelsea Lodge
No. 194 K. of P., Monday, December
5, 1921. Rabbit and scrub lunch sup-
per at 6:30 p. m., followed by work in
the rank of page.

Mrs. Andros Gulde was in Detroit,
Friday.

The Chat'n Seau club will hold a
bake sale at Freeman's store, Satur-
day, December 10th.

The basket ball girls of the Chelsea
high school will hold a bake sale Fri-
day afternoon at two o'clock at Lodi-
fer's market.

Miss Marion Steinbach, who had
been visiting relatives and friends
here for several weeks, returned to
her home in Flint yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward French and
Mrs. Fred Shafer of Dayton, Ohio,
visited Mr. and Mrs. Ray French sev-
eral days of the past week.

Mrs. A. E. Johnson is spending
some time at the home of her daugh-
ter, Mrs. Gilbert Contant of Wyand-
otte. Mr. Contant is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Clark and lit-
tle daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Wil-
liam Wright visited Mr. and Mrs. C.
W. Glenn of Stockbridge, Sunday.

Emmanuel Feldkamp of Lima has
purchased the Rheinfank property
at Park and Madison streets, and ex-
pects to move into Chelsea in the
spring.

Mrs. Harry Russell, nee Miss Min-
nie Kilmer, of Edgewater, Colorado,
arrived in Chelsea yesterday after-
noon and will spend some time with
relatives here.

Boy French went to Detroit, Wed-
nesday, to accept a position in the
state automobile license bureau at
that place. Licenses for 1922 were
placed on sale yesterday, December
1st.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Gallagher, who
conducted a bazaar store here for sev-
eral years, closing out their business
in February, 1920, have recently pur-
chased a bazaar stock and business in
Owosso, formerly conducted as The
Star Bazaar House.

Those neither absent nor tardy in
Dist. No. 7, Sylvan township, during
the month of November were: Lela
Hasselschwerdt, Wilbur Klingler, Vi-
vian Damon, Easton Toth, and Kath-
leen Toth. Miss Dorothy Satterth-
waite is the teacher.

The Epworth League of the Meth-
odist church will conduct the Sunday
evening service on December 4th, at
seven o'clock. Short addresses will be
given by the following members: E.
L. Benton, F. W. Hamlin, P. M. Broes-
amle, E. L. Clark, E. P. Steiner. The
Men's chorus will sing.

Julius Kaecher's automobile was
considerably damaged Sunday eve-
ning near Fiegle's, on the new cem-
ent highway between Chelsea and
Ann Arbor. He and Roy Wiley were
returning from Ann Arbor, when an
Indian student at the U. of M. struck
them head-on.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DEY CALLS A POLICEMAN
A "PEACE OFFICER" BUT
IT SHO'DN' FEEL VEY
PEACEFUL WEN DEY GIT'S
ROUN' WHAH ARS AT!!



Copyright, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

O. D. Luick was in Lansing, yester-
day, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Burg, Jr., of
Detroit have been visiting Chelsea
friends for a few days.

Unity class of the M. E. Sunday
school will hold a candy sale Saturday
at the Chelsea Hdw. Co. store.

The Woman's Baptist Missionary
society will meet December 7th at two
o'clock with Mrs. E. E. Coe. Topic,
Baptist Work in Porto Rico.

Daniel Shell was painfully bruised
Saturday evening when F. G.
Loeffler's truck struck him as it was
driven from South Main street into
the alley way just north of M. J. Noy-
es' residence. Mr. Shell was just
crossing the alley and the truck driv-
er did not see him until too late to
avoid the accident. Fortunately, the
truck was moving slowly.

When You Are Constipated.

To insure a healthy action of the
bowels and correct disorders of the
liver, take two of Chamberlain's Tab-
lets immediately after supper. They
will not only cause a gentle movement
of the bowels, without unpleasant ef-
fects, but banish that dull, stupid feel-
ing that often accompanies constipa-
tion. Adv.

Advertising is the hyphen that
brings buyer and seller together.

Frank Hammeslager, 67 years of
age, died at two o'clock this morning
at his home, 230 South Main street.
The village council has had ballots
prepared to ascertain the preference
of the community regarding eastern
or central time, or eastern time in the
summer and central time in winter.
Ballots have been mailed to all citi-
zens who pay water or electric light
bills at the village. Light and water
plant, which includes nearly all in
the village. Others may secure bal-
lots by calling on D. H. Wurster, vil-
lage president. Central time is now
in use and if any change is made it
will be announced for Sunday, Decem-
ber 11th. Ballots so far returned
indicate a preference for eastern time.

J. Edward McKune,
Henry H. Penn,
Commissioners.

Dec. 2-9-16.

Do your Christmas shopping early.

Phone us your news items; 100-W.

Paul Pierce, Treasurer.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
The Mother's Favorite.

The soothing and healing properties
of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its
pleasant taste and prompt and effec-
tual cures have made it a favorite with
people everywhere. It is especially
prized by mothers of young children
for colds, croup and whooping cough,
as it always affords quick relief and
is free from opium and other harm-
ful drugs. Adv.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor
Ypsilanti and Detroit
Eastern Standard Time—Effective
April 15, 1921.

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

For Jackson 9:15 a. m. and every
two hours to 9:15 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 Ypsi-
lanti only, 11:52 p. m.
Westbound—8:25 a. m., 12:39 p. m.
Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Sa-
line and at Wayne for Plymouth and
Northville.

Special For Saturday

December 3d

Guaranteed Pastry Flour per sack	: 88c
Pure Black Pepper per pound	: 19c
Best Crackers per pound	: 12c
Dandelion brand Butter Color per bottle	25c
Pearl Toilet Soap per bar	: 4c
Hawaiian Canned Pineapple per can	: 20c
Best Salted Peanuts per pound	: 13c

United States and Goodyear Brands Rubber Footwear for Men.

KEUSCH & FAHRNER

Home of Old Tavern Coffee

- TIRES -

TUBES AND
ACCESSORIES

Brimble Tire & Supply House

Phone 287-W Chelsea, Mich.

LARD! LARD!

ONLY 12 1/2 C
THE POUND

F. C. KLINGLER

Commissioners' Notice.

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Judge for said County, Commissioners, to re-
ceive, examine and adjust all claims
and demands of all persons against
the estate of Margaret Kelly, late of
said county, deceased, hereby give
notice that four months from date are
allowed, by order of said Probate
Court, for creditors to present their
claims against the estate of said de-
ceased, and that they will meet at the
office of H. D. Withers in the Village
of Chelsea in said county, on the 30th
day of January and on the 30th day
of March next, at ten o'clock a. m., of
each of said days, to receive, examine
and adjust said claims.

J. Edward McKune,
Henry H. Penn,
Commissioners.

Dec. 2-9-16.

Do your Christmas shopping early.

Phone us your news items; 100-W.

S. A. MAPES

Funeral Director

Calls answered promptly day or night
Telephone No. 6.

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

F. STAFFAN & SON

U. DENTAKERS

Established over fifty years
Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich.

Phone us your news items; 100-W.

'The Dream That Came True'

A three-act Comedy-Drama, will be given by the
Epworth League of the Methodist Church
at the Town Hall in Chelsea

Thursday Evening, December 8, 1921
at 8:00 o'clock

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Nam Worthington, one of the people	Marjorie Mitchell
Gordon Clay, foreman of the works	Joseph Schnebelt
Margaret Byrnes, loyal and true	Winnie Gardner
Mrs. Jenkins, keeper of the boarding house	Bertha Steiner
Angelina Maude, her daughter	Lucile Broesamle
Jack Brown, a cub reporter	Ray Knickerbocher
Miss Louisa Hawkins, one of the boarders	Zelma Hepburn
Florabel Mullins, a poetess	Luella Sturm
Miss Mable Biddle, a suffragette	Margaret Israel
Bobby Byrnes, averse to college women	Evert Benton
Emmy Lou Morton, fond of fairy tales	Doris Foster
Nora, a maid	Elizabeth Comfort
Dolphine Norton, a college graduate	Margaret Israel
Peggy Gilbert, a Browning fiend	Letha Alber
Billy Best, captain of Varsity team	Claude Isham
Mrs. Allaire, the chaperone	Lillian Robinson
Doris Hall, an athletic girl	Jessie Clark
Lord Algernon Reginald, straight from England	Fred Hamlin
Charles Norton, owner of the works	Eugene Steiner
Winnie D. Gardner, Director	

Scene—A Factory Town

Act I—Parlor in Mrs. Jenkins Boarding House a
week before Christmas.

Act II—Living Room in the Norton home the day
before Christmas.

Act III—Parlor in the Norton home on Christmas
evening.

Music by Elite Orchestra of Five Pieces

Specialties between acts—Violin solo by Mr. Henry Isham;
Trombone solo by Mr. Marion McClure.

Tickets on sale by all members of the cast

Admission—25 and 15 cents Reserved seats—5c extra

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