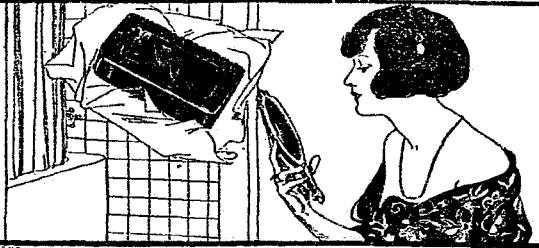


The Chelsea Herald, Est. 1871
The Chelsea Standard, Est. 1889

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1923

VOLUME 53, NO. 7.



Soap and Cold Cream for Delicate Skins

After a summer of tennis, golf or other outdoor activities, your skin needs special attention to bring it back to normal. Choosing the correct Soap or Cold Cream is one of the first steps in accomplishing this result.

We have a complete stock from which you may select just the proper Soap or Cold Cream for your Skin.

For your teeth we recommend P. D. & Co. tooth paste.

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"Try the Drug Store First"

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You know Johnson's Floor Polishing Wax—it's used by housewives everywhere. We want you to know Johnson's Floor Varnish, too. Johnson's Varnish is just as good as their Wax. To prove this statement we offer you 50c worth absolutely FREE. Use coupon below.

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Johnson's Floor Varnish is very easy to apply and has good body. It dries dust-free in two hours and hard over night—gives a beautiful, high gloss which will not chip, check, mar, blister or scratch white. Has great elasticity—is pale in color—and absolutely waterproof. Johnson's Floor Varnish will stand all reasonable tests.

Johnson's Floor Varnish is fine for tables, chairs, furniture, woodwork, trim, oilcloth and linoleum. It will rejuvenate the whole interior of your home. Do not hesitate to use it wherever a beautiful varnished finish is desired.

FREE OFFER

Bring the coupon below to our store and we will accept it as a 50c credit on a pint, quart, half-gallon, or gallon of Johnson's Floor Varnish. Or, the coupon and 10c will entitle you to a half-pint of Johnson's Floor Varnish.



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Only One Coupon Accepted From Each Family

TWO KILLED IN AUTOMOBILE WRECK TUESDAY MORNING

Young Couple from Detroit and Wyandotte Meet Death in Ditch by Side of M-17 Early Tuesday Morning While Returning from Visit.

Emil Bendick, 23, 8370 Vanderbilt Ave., Detroit, and Miss Evelyn Bickley, 22, 31 Center street, Wyandotte, were killed, probably instantly, when their car, a light roadster, overturned in a ditch five miles west of Chelsea, early Tuesday morning.

Bendick and Miss Bickley were returning from a week's visit in Aurora, Illinois, where they had been in attendance at the wedding of a school-girl friend of the latter and it is thought had driven all night, possibly with the idea in mind of reaching home early Tuesday morning. This, however, is still a matter of conjecture.

The accident was first discovered about five o'clock Tuesday morning, when A. J. Perry, of Jackson, driving a Johnson Transportation Company truck enroute east, noticed lights at the side of the roadway and under the bridge at the point where the overturned machine lay. According to his story related shortly after, he stopped his truck, climbed down the embankment and examined the machine which was completely upside down. Partially righting the car he examined the bodies of its occupants and, finding life extinct, immediately made an effort to rouse farmers residing near. Unable to succeed in this he hailed passing motorists, two of which refused to stop, but the third brought the truckman to Chelsea where Deputy Sheriff L. G. Palmer was notified. Deputy Palmer called Justice Howard Brooks to his assistance, and, the latter acting in the capacity of coroner, they proceeded to the scene of the wreck.

Examination of the occupants of the wrecked machine confirmed the fears of the truckman, and Undertaker Staffan of Chelsea, was called. Soon after the bodies were removed to his parlors and after examination by local physicians to determine, if possible, the direct cause of death, they were prepared for burial.

The exact cause of the accident which resulted fatally for the two young people probably will never be known. The machine started on its mad plunge down the embankment perhaps a hundred feet west of the bridge, the loose sand apparently dragging the machine slowly but surely toward the buttments of the cement culvert bridge. Upon collision with the bridge the machine evidently turned turtle lighting squarely on the fragile top of the machine and crushing the two occupants. A smashed body, bent radius rod, broken steering apparatus and other parts were noted on the machine which was brought to the Palmer Motor Sales garage for repair and on Wednesday was driven to Detroit by J. B. Oker, employee of the garage.

The exact time at which the accident occurred is only a conjecture. When the machine was first discovered the bodies were still warm, indicating that they had been dead only a short time. The discovery was made about five o'clock.

Examination of the effects of the young woman, who was a clerk in one of the five and ten cent stores at Detroit, disclosed photographs of the wedding party they had attended, a wrist watch, diamond ring, pearl necklace and the usual stock of wearing apparel, none of which had been disturbed following the accident. It was thought the young couple were engaged to be married in the near future.

Relatives of the accident victims were notified by local police officials, they arriving here in the early afternoon to take charge of their dead and make arrangements for their removal to Wyandotte and Detroit.

In spite of the fact that the road at the point of the accident is practically straight many complaints have been registered against the unsafe conditions existing for a considerable stretch on both sides of culvert. Weeds on both sides shut off view of the condition of the road shortly outside of the main driveway and there is no railing to prevent motorists who accidentally get into a soft, miry sand at the side of the road, from slipping into a five-foot ditch made by the fill-in when the road was constructed.

CARD OF THANKS

The Lima Parent-Teacher Association wishes to thank the public for their generous patronage at their social Monday evening. Special thanks are due representatives of the Deleo and Matthews lighting companies and the Chelsea band. Your support made the evening a complete success.

Buy your canning peaches now, at Freeman's.

WILLIAM H. LAIRD SUCCUMBS TUESDAY

Prominent and Highly Respected Farmer Reaches End of Useful Career; Active in Community and Church Life.

William H. Laird, a well-known and respected resident of this community for the past 64 years, died at his home in Sylvan, Tuesday morning, September 11, 1923, after an illness that has confined him to his bed for almost a year.

Mr. Laird was born in Prince Edward Island, March 1, 1847, and was a son of Charles and Mary Laird, who came to Michigan when Mr. Laird was 12 years of age, and located at Unadilla, where they resided for one year and then moved to Chelsea.

At an early age the deceased joined the M. E. church and later joined the First Baptist church of this place and he held his membership in the church to the time of his death. He was active in his church work, the farmers' club, and grange. He was one of the organizers of the Northwestern Washtenaw Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. and for many years he served as president of the company and retired when his health began to fail him.

On March 16, 1871, he was united in marriage with Miss Ellen Jane Guthrie, and the couple, following their wedding, located on the homestead farm of Mrs. Laird's mother, which has been their place of residence for over 50 years.

He is survived by his wife, one son, Nathaniel W. Laird of Sylvan, one daughter, Mrs. Leora J. Stiles of Middleton, Ohio, two granddaughters, one sister, Mrs. Libbie Day of Newage, one brother, Prof. S. B. Laird of the State Normal College, of Ypsilanti, and a number of nephews and nieces.

The funeral was held at the home at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon, his son-in-law, Rev. Franklin Stiles, of Middleton, Ohio, conducting the services. Burial Maple Grove cemetery, Sylvan Center.

BERNADINE WERNER

Bernadine Werner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Werner of Lincoln street, was born in Chelsea, May 7, 1921, and died at Maplehurst hospital in Ann Arbor, on Thursday evening, September 6, 1923, after an illness of a few days duration.

She is survived by her parents, one brother, one sister, the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Merker and several uncles and aunts.

The funeral was held in St. Mary church, Saturday morning, Rev. Fr. VanDyke conducting the services. Burial in Mt. Olivet cemetery.

HOLD OPEN HOUSE AT METHODIST PARSONAGE

Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Risley of the Methodist Episcopal church, entertained members and friends of their congregation Friday afternoon and evening when they opened the parsonage for their inspection following completion of the remodeling which has been under way for some time. More than one hundred people enjoyed the hospitality of the pastor and his family during the day.

The parsonage, which presents a neat appearance both inside and out, was beautifully decorated with flowers and opened throughout for inspection by visitors. Many were the expressions of admiration at the completeness and beauty of the pastoral home. Expenditure of a considerable sum of money has placed the parsonage on an equal with the balance of the Methodist congregation's church property and has added much to the general appearance of Park street.

Punch and wafers were served guests who called.

Buy your canning peaches now, at Freeman's.

NEGRO WORKMAN ACCIDENTLY KILLED

Coal Conveyor Belt Carries Michigan Portland Employee to Death at Four Mile Lake Plant.

Thomas Balls, a negro, aged 18 years, lost his life Sunday evening, when he was caught in a belt of the coal conveyor at the Four Mile Lake plant of the Michigan Portland Cement company.

The young man was seen in the engine room of the plant about 8 o'clock and his body was discovered about 8:40, lodged between the belt and a large pulley and the motor that drove the conveyor was at a standstill. The boy had been in the employ of the company for about four months and so far as is known he had no relatives here. It is thought that his mother resides in St. Louis, Mo., and officials of that city were asked by local officers to locate her but as yet no word had been received.

Howard F. Brooks, acting as coroner, accompanied by local officers, was called to the plant and after viewing the body decided that an inquest was unnecessary. The body was removed to the undertaking rooms of Geo. P. Staffan where it is being held until word is received from his mother, if she can be found.

WIDMAYER FAMILY REUNION

The annual reunion of the members of the Widmayer family was held Sunday at the home of Albert Moeckel and his mother of Waterloo township. There were about 70 present and a picnic dinner was served on the lawn.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President—C. Grau, of Freedom. Secretary—Arthur Widmayer, of Webster.

Treasurer—Mrs. Carrie Schiller, of Jackson. Those from this vicinity who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Widmayer and family, Chas. Meseriva, Mrs. F. G. Widmayer and son, Mr. and Mrs. C. Grau and family, and Mr. and Mrs. John Grau and family.

RESIDENTS AT M. E. HOME ENJOY BIRTHDAY PARTY

Assisting in the celebration of birthday anniversaries of fourteen of the residents at the Methodist Old People's Home, on Tuesday evening, a number of Chelsea residents gathered there to join with them in the festive occasion. Birthday anniversaries which have occurred in the past three months were celebrated.

Following a delicious dinner served by Mrs. Brosius, matron of the home, an entertainment of music and addresses, presided over by Rev. Walker, pastor of the Methodist church at Grass Lake, as toastmaster, was given which all enjoyed. Special numbers were rendered by S. P. Foster and daughter, accompanied by Miss Izora Foster in duets, A. B. McClure, solos, accompanied by Mrs. A. G. Houck, and a trio by Rev. Risley, Mr. Foster and Mr. McClure, accompanied by Miss Foster.

Short addresses were delivered by Rev. J. B. Oliver, of the Home, Rev. Risley and Rev. Walker.

A feature of the evening greatly enjoyed by all was the reading of the names of those in whose honor the event was held, with responses from the ones named in which they gave their age, their birthplace and other incidents which were more than ordinary in their lives. Combined ages of the 14 persons having birthday anniversaries during the last three months totaled 1127 years with an average age of slightly more than eighty years.

The honored guests were: Mr. Weller 92, Mrs. Converse 87, Mrs. Torbrun 86, Mrs. Seelie 85, Dr. Defendorf 84, Mrs. Weller 83, Mrs. Armstrong 83, Miss Blom 81, Mrs. Harrison 79, Mrs. Griffith 79, Mr. Ford 78, Mrs. Jones 76, Mrs. Black 76, Mr. Bangs 68.

JAPANESE RELIEF FUND

The Chelsea Chapter of the Red Cross has made arrangement with both the Farmers & Merchants Bank and the Kempt Commercial & Savings Bank to receive contributions for the relief of the earthquake stricken residents of Japan.

The Japanese nation, stricken by what is probably the greatest disaster of the modern era, with thousands of her residents suffering with hunger, injured without shelter, and many thousands killed during the upheaval, are greatly in need of assistance. The American people are contributing very liberally to the relief fund that is being raised by the American Red Cross Society.

The local chapter will forward to the headquarters of the society any contributions, no matter how small, that the residents of this community may leave at either bank for the relief fund.

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Red Band Blend

Coffee

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EXCLUSIVE

FREEMAN'S

The Busy Store on the Corner

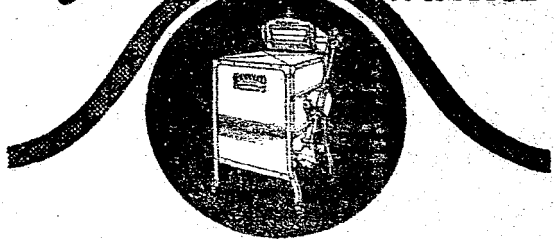


New Fall Millinery

You are cordially invited to call and inspect our new Fall and Winter offerings.

MILLER SISTERS

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SAFE!

CRYSTAL Washers start right in to wash at the first revolution of the cylinder and keep right on washing until the clothes are thoroughly clean.

The CRYSTAL is quiet and efficient. All moving parts enclosed for your protection.

Hardware and Furniture

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CHELSEA HARDWARE

COMPANY

GENERAL HARDWARE, FARM IMPLEMENTS, FURNITURE

Phone 32, Chelsea, Michigan

The Misses Lizzie and Nellie Maroney left last week Wednesday for Portland, Oregon, where they will attend the convention of the American Association of Ticket Agents. They will also visit the Yellowstone National Park, and other points of interest.

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Editorial

SCHOOL AGAIN

School days are here again. Children pretend they're sorry but they're really glad, and parents pretend they're glad to have children out of their way for five hours, but are really lonesome all day. It's a queer season, school time. It affects everybody in town, from town loafers who watch kiddies hurrying by to family physicians who keep an extra watchful eye on little tots for signs of illness.

An interesting season for parents, especially. Increasing danger they may neglect proper attention to their youngsters. Health is only one thing to watch. There are more serious things. Johnny or Mary may come home one day giggling over a questionable story, or silent with a guilty secret, or practicing a newly-acquired slang remark or worse. School and misery make strange companions. All classes mix on the playground and innocence has little show against youthful sophistication.

Another thing. School work will count for little unless it is applied at home. Grammar should be practiced twenty-four hours a day, not merely studied half an hour under a teacher. Cleanliness is taught in school but should be enforced out, as well. Teachers urge mastication of food, but if parents let children gorge, their meals, teachers can't do much good. Punctuality, conduct, honor, obedience, kindness, these are but few of the things school teaches. They are tardily acquired unless parents help, too.

School time. A good time for everybody to watch his step. A splendid opportunity for grown folks to brace up a bit, under the stimulus of youth, marching gaily along the old, old path. A time for renovation, rejuvenation, consideration, refinement, and education in a thousand ways. It brings youth to the fore, where it really belongs. It places new emphasis on principles rather than theories, and puts crabby quibblers to shame.

Not a man or woman but would be glad to trade places with the lad in knickerbockers or the girl in pinafore. School time is the essence, the privilege, the glorification, the romance of childhood. Beautiful old age cannot come if the significance of school is neglected.

ALOOFNESS OR AID?

The action of the Conference of Pastors of the Lutheran Missouri Synod in condemning by resolution the participation of the church in politics, especially reform politics and civic functions, is exactly contrary to the general conception of the privilege and duty of any religious organization.

"A growing evil of the present day," said the resolution, "namely, the interference of the churches as such in matters of political reform and purely civic functions, which invites and often results in interference in church matters by civil powers, thus endangering religious liberty and the separation of church and state should be and is condemned by this Synod."

Delegates to the conference declared it was not the duty of the church to take part in the closing of Sunday amusements or the enforcement of the Sunday "blue laws."

In view of modern tendencies and favorable results of church participation in civic reform, this is a surprising stand to take. The church is organized to promulgate its own beliefs and put them to practical use. If it remains aloof from active part in bringing about what it insists is necessary, its demands can carry little weight.

The church is not too much removed from the world to lend it a helping hand. If it remains true to its ideals, it will not be thus contaminated. Besides, it has the very great advantage that its motives in reform are not questioned. Other organizations and individuals are accused of hypocrisy, graft and self-interest, but not the church. This asset of confidence is invaluable, and must be justified by sincerity. Faith without works is dead, and so is evangelism without effort.

The church is the strongest organization there is for the betterment of mankind. Its field of usefulness, and its power, are unlimited. If it should forsake its opportunity to oppose real evils, who would lead the crusade? And if it should plead purity which must not be defiled, would not others offer the same excuse?

The danger of church and state interference has never been a reality in America. They are well situated to help one another. They have a common purpose, to whose realization both are necessary. Cooperation will aid both to attain their fundamental aims; isolation would engender friction and conflict which even present tentative mutual cooperation does not know.

in politics according to ordinary party methods. It does propose to work as a body for proper legislation and against the improper, utilizing tested, approved and legitimate means, whether those have been wrongly utilized or not by other groups. One does not refuse to walk in a street because crooks also use it. Present indications and the principles of its existence. And since politics is only a means to a worthy end, it may with all propriety utilize that means, and perhaps purge it of some of its shortcomings.

WARNING ALIENS

Two ships bearing 1,800 aliens were sent back to Europe because they were two minutes ahead of time in trying to enter during the first few seconds of September. The August quota was filled; that of September needed but a few ships. So a dozen crowded liners rushed to port at midnight, August 31. Two were sent back with their passengers as a lesson to stop the dangerous practice of night racing.

The law permits only a few immigrants to enter each month. As with every other law, its spirit can be violated while its letter is kept. It can be stretched, reduced, interpreted and ridiculed as only laws can. Yet we somehow insist that laws are necessary as standards if not modes of practice, and that violations do not void statutes. There are always people, anyway, to whom laws mean but playthings.

We sympathize heartily with aliens who read wild tales of American milk and honey in the European press and become dissatisfied with their lot. Sometimes they are really oppressed, and we sympathize more. And, of course, foreigners already here want their relatives with them, and vice versa. That is normal sentiment.

But sentiment has a limit, and if America were turned over to heart rule instead of head rule there would be turmoil. There is almost that now. Sentiment is playing havoc with immigration restrictions, none too strict as they are. Loopholes in the law are as plentiful as individuals in high places desire.

Perhaps some day, Europe will learn, after bitter experience, that American streets are not gold-paved, nor our cities a paradise. Our experience will be equally unpleasant, of course. We, like they, will learn as we live. Sending two thousand immigrants back home may be cruel, but all parties concerned can profit by it. The law cannot be a football. It cannot be a sham, a phrase, a loop to be opened or closed as favored sons may wish. The immigration law should be a never-sleeping sentinel, guarding our nation against subtle influences more dangerous than armies.

BETTER NEWS

According to the American Farm Bureau Federation, farmers gained \$200,000,000 in gross sales of their products last year. The forecast for this year is \$8,710,000,000.

This is cited as an example of the increasing stability of things. Other gains are reported in iron consumption, building, and exchange of merchandise, while railroad traffic continues unusually heavy with gains of two to ten per cent over last year. Labor surplus has been absorbed by the addition of an extra shift in the steel industry, it is claimed, and such barometers as bank clearings and mail order profits show a good increase, we are told.

The optimistic report of the Federation is surely based upon facts, and would not be much exaggerated. We see evidence all around us that people are, or should be, more prosperous, and if we shut our eyes to certain obvious conditions, we could well believe we had reached a state of Utopian bliss.

It is declared, however, that national farmers face an unusually hard winter, despite their increased sales. Naturally, their condition will reflect on us all. If farmers are forced to borrow large amounts of money despite the alleged good returns, banks will feel the strain, merchants will sell less and have to charge more, and living costs will endeavor to keep pace with our wealthy state. When the condition of farmers is considered good by one group and bad by another, and when the same figures underlie conflicting estimates, we can only judge national affairs by personal knowledge, and sane observation. It is good, however, to learn that we are not facing an immediate famine.

It has been decided to hold the Republican Judiciary Convention on September 29, in the Appellate Term Court, Brooklyn.

The next number on the program will be football. Just as soon as school opens the pig skin will come into its own and have its place on the sporting pages.

President Coolidge is not talking any more than he ever did but he is acting with the same decision that has characterized his whole career. The President is among those who talk when they have something to say and who keep still when silence is the best of oratory. Some men who actually talked themselves out of business, but the New Englander now occupying the White House will not suffer that fate if he continues to run true to form. A man can be pleasant without being profane.

NAME OF CRABAPPLE

The name crabapple appears to be of Scandinavian origin, and akin to the Swedish "krabapple," says Nature Magazine. Skeat offers the explanation that the Swedish word is related to the name "krabba," as applied to the sea creature. He adds that application of the word to the fruit was perhaps "from some notion of pinching, in allusion to the extreme sourness of the taste" of the crabapple. In this he finds resemblance to the "pinching" action of the claws of the crustacean.

WHAT PUZZLED HIM

A Scotch professor was advocating the advantages of athletic exercises. "The Roman youth," he declared, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast." Observing a smile on the face of one of his students, the professor demanded: "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement."

"I was just thinking, sir," the student replied, "weren't the Roman youths puzzled to get their clothes at the end of the swim?"—Edinburgh Scotsman.

WHY OF DOGWOOD

Authorities differ on the origin of the name dogwood. One attributes the word to the Celts in kinship with the apparently unrelated "dagger," says Nature Magazine of Washington. It is stated that the flowering tree was called "dogwood" because of the exceedingly hard character of its wood. This hardness and the fact that the wood polishes smoothly and takes a fine point, caused it to be used for the making of butchers' skewers; and as a skewer was like a dagger, or a "dag," as the weapon was once known, the tree itself took on a name which became perverted to "dogwood" instead of dagwood.

WAS JUST LIKE THE REST

Teacher in Small Town Finds Every One Related to Every One Else.

I went to a small town to teach school, and found that every one seemed to be related to every one else. That cut me off from all chance for friendly gossip, for one could never tell when she would be gossiping in front of some adoring aunt or cousin.

I was explaining this, laughingly, to a girl in the town who had been nice to me. She remarked: "Yes, that is so, but I am one exception—we have no relatives here outside our immediate family—you may gossip to me about any one."

"Well, the people I want most to gossip about are some newlyweds—don't know their name, but she calls him 'darling Donnie dear,' and they are too silly to be around sane people."

"Oh," replied my friend, "I had forgotten about my brother Don and his wife—they've been married about a month, but we don't think they are sillier than anybody else."—Exchange.

Pantomime 22 Centuries Old

The word "pantomime" is about twenty-two centuries old, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It originally meant an actor and not the act. Literally, the word means the "mime" or imitator of everything, and imitate everything the old Greek and Roman actors could and did. Their plays were usually in dumb show, and movements and gesticulations formed the actor's chief art.

Later, the pantomime—which now has come to mean the act—was continued into the Middle Ages in the form of the play of Pantomime, Columbine and Harlequin—Clown was a later addition—who are supposed by some scholars to represent the ancient deities of the original pantomime. A little later still, pantomime had turned into a ballet, still without words and still centering round Harlequin and the rest.

Hawthorn Respected in Ireland. Whitethorn, or, as it is better known, hawthorn, blooms in May. Its blossoms are much whiter than those of the blackthorn, and have a delicious perfume.

In Ireland hawthorns are regarded with much respect as belonging to the fairies, and certain large trees all over the country are known as "gentry bushes," gentry being a name by which fairies are sometimes designated, says the Detroit News. The cutting down of one of these old hawthorns was supposed to bring bad luck. In Sir Samuel Ferguson's poem, "The Fairy Thorn," reference is made to the disappearance of one Anna Grace, who went to a dance under one of the ancient bushes.

It is likewise believed that to carry a spray of hawthorn into a house forbodes the coming of death to one of the inmates. In the south of England the fruit is called "pixies' pears."

Taking the Cure

Mrs. Peck.—"Your husband seems to be getting quite thin." Mrs. Portleigh.—"Yes, poor fellow! You see, I was getting so dreadfully stout we have to diet."—Boston Evening Transcript.

To Be Happy at Work

If you are the sort of woman who cannot work well except under pleasant conditions, it is economy to buy the things that mean this to you. It may only be pretty curtains, light woodwork or a certain kind of wallpaper, but it means everything to certain types of women and results in much more being accomplished.

SUBMITS ANNUAL CHURCH REPORT

Rev. C. S. Risley Makes Public Report of Work at First M. E. Church Near Close of Year's Pastorate Here.

In a report submitted to the fourth quarterly Conference of his church and made public this week, Rev. C. S. Risley, pastor of First Methodist church here, sets forth the results of his first year's work in this community. The report was first submitted July 25 and is considered very encouraging to members of the congregation who have been highly pleased with the efforts of Rev. and Mrs. Risley.

The report follows:

We assumed the pastorate of this church in October, 1922, and have been trying to take reasonably good care of the same. Upon arrival the first thing that engaged our attention was the need of either a new or remodeled parsonage. After some agitation, a committee was appointed to look after the matter and after due deliberation, it was decided to remodel the old parsonage. The work is nearing completion, and when completed, Chelsea church will have a home for their pastor and family that they need not be ashamed to own. It is a decided improvement and will add greatly to the desirability of the charge, pleasure and enjoyment of both occupants and membership. The church work in general is holding up very well; it could be better.

The Sunday school, under the efficient leadership of the Superintendent, together with officers and teachers, has gone forward and will show a fine average attendance for the year. The total number of scholars enrolled are 211. Average attendance to August 1st, 120. Officers and teachers, 20.

The Epworth League, with a membership of perhaps 30, has been holding their regular devotional meetings on Sunday evenings, with about 50 per cent attendance. During the months of July and August, the League has discontinued their services, intending to begin in September. The prayer meeting, likewise, has a vacation during July and August. But with the beginning of the new Conference year, it will again take up its regular services. During the winter we had Church Family Night, which proved very profitable and interesting. Our attendance ran between 40 and 60. Our Bible study was "John, The Interpreter of Christ." The special days during the year were properly observed and the offerings taken were generously supported. The following amounts were received: Hospital Day \$35, Children's Home \$125, Near East Relief \$65, Board of Epworth League \$5, Easter \$25, Children's Day \$18, Ashbury Fund \$5.

The L. A. S., Mrs. S. P. Foster, President, has had a year of good work as the report will show, and I am informed, raised more money this year than last. Amount on hand at beginning of last year \$241. Amount received during the year from all sources \$549. Total amount \$791. Expenditures during year \$434. Balance on hand \$356.

The W. H. M. S. has held their regular meetings during the year. The interest has been good and the year closes with a good report. We have no W. F. M. S. though we have a contribution of \$35 to foreign work.

Our men's brotherhood has had some very fine meetings. The Junior League of about 40 members has been a live wire. The boys and girls of this age have greatly enjoyed their meetings. Mrs. Steiner has proven herself to be a splendid leader, as superintendent. They begin their work in September. On taking over the pastorate of the charge last fall, we found on the church roll 319 names. On more recent information, we find at least 47 non-resident or residence unknown. There has been six deaths, and eight dismissed by letter, a total of 61 deducted from the 319, leaving on roll 258. We have received into membership 17. Present membership 275. We have had 9 baptisms, 7 marriages.

The attendance upon the regular services of the church during the year has been very good considering preacher in charge. The usual slump, during summer months, has been quite noticeable, especially evening services. The new year, we trust, will open with great promise, and should it be our lot to remain another year, we will try to accomplish more.

Aside from the regular line of church work we have officiated at several funerals, gave a number of special addresses, and assisted the workmen in remodeling the parsonage.

In closing this report, I have not desired to tool my own horn, but to give you some fair and adequate report of the work of the year now closing. Also to show you that I have held myself in readiness for any call that might come to me for services, not to exalt myself, but to honor your church and mine, and give it a place of recognition in the community. Thanking one and all for your kindly assistance, your overlooking of my blunders, mistakes, etc., I submit this, my first yearly report of the charge.

X Marks in United States Towns. There are fewer than a dozen towns in the United States whose names begin with X. The most of these are Texas.

MICKIE SAYS—

DON'T KICK BECAUSE YER EDITOR DONT "PRINT ALL 'TH' NEWS", BECAUSE YA WILL PROBABLY SEE 'TH' TIME WHEN YU'LL BE DARN GLAD HE DONT!



OUR leg of lamb is delicious. Our chops and steaks are of the finer order of excellence that brings smiles of approval from every member of the family.



Younger Generation Amazes.

A twenty-year-old bridegroom has applied for a divorce, and declares married life is bunk. The intelligence of the younger generation is a source of increasing amazement to us.—Topeka Capital.

Yes, Indeed.

"I see the helicopter which cost its builder \$225,000 to build has lifted him 20 feet into the air." "But that's too expensive a way to get upstairs to ever become popular."—Houston Chronicle.

Birds and Their Nests.

The average time taken by a bird to build its nest is about a week, but if the first one is destroyed a second house may be built in a day. A few lazy birds repair an old nest of last year.

The Ananias Club.

"No," said his wife firmly, "even if the Smiths have bought a new car we are not going to buy one until we have saved up the money for it and have enough in bank to buy gas and keep it in repair."

To most everybody
30 x 3 1/2 means
USCO

NATURALLY USCO'S
could hardly have delivered such money's worth—
—tire after tire—without making a clean sweep.

It's been a pretty performance every time—no two opinions about that.

And no two opinions about what tire to get again after a man has once used USCO.

United States Tires
are Good Tires



Where to buy U.S. Tires

Palmer Motor Sales

Mack's Basement Store

New Fall Styles are Here

Merchandise is Priced Lowly



Fall Hats
\$5.00

As for the new fall hats there are jaunty fells for sports costumes, priced \$2.98 and \$3.98. The hats for dress and semi-dress wear are of velvet in becoming styles. Close hats are especially good for the coming season but are apt to have a feather placed jauntily on one side, or a slightly flaring brim at the side! These smart velvet hats are priced popularly, \$5.00.

Wool Dresses

\$6.50 up

The wool dresses are of a mode that may be worn during the first fall days as street costumes. The wool frocks are rather simple of mode in straight line styles; yet their simplicity is not too much exaggerated, for novelty trimming and flaring flounces adorn them in unique manners. The wool dresses are priced from \$6.50 up.



Ann Arbor

Mack & Co.

Ann Arbor

ALL SET FOR BIG WEEK
AT WASHTENAW FAIR

Washtenaw County's Gala Week, when everyone forgets their work and joins the throngs which will fill the big forty acre fair ground to overflowing, will be inaugurated on Tuesday morning, September 18 at 8 o'clock when Chas. J. Hutzel, president of the fair, hoists the large American flag, which will complete the scheme of decorations provided for the fair grounds and on which the contractors have been busy for a week past. Thousands of yards of beautiful bunting and hundreds of American flags are being used to provide a patriotic and festive appearance.

Fair visitors this year, besides seeing wonderful exhibits of live stock, poultry, fruits, vegetables, flowers, fancy work, and splendid displays of automobiles, farm implements and merchandise, will be entertained with elaborate programs of fireworks, day and night, and with the very highest class of platform acts including world famous acrobats, perfectly trained animals and a bucking mule which claims the proud distinction of never having been ridden for ten consecutive seconds. Uncle Hiram and Aunt Samantha, with their Fanny Little Old Pig, will provide endless amusement and entertainment for the crowds that visit the fair, while the world famous Railroad Jack will be present each day giving demonstrations of his remarkable powers of memory and his

original Irish humor.

Fair patrons are assured of some of the fastest races this year when seventy-five short ship entries will endeavor to lower the record of 2:12 3-4 hung up last year by June Hal, on the new track. On Saturday, the final day of the fair, automobile races will be staged with a full afternoon program, one of the outstanding features of which will be a race between Sam Ross of Ann Arbor, who holds the State record and Howard Taylor of Flint, the lower the state record for a mile on a half mile track.

Dance pavilion, five rides and six big shows will provide continuous amusement and entertainment on the midway.

Origin of Word "Brandy."

The original name of the liquor known as brandy was brandywine, from the fact that (in the countries where it is not prohibited by law) it was, and still is produced by the distillation of wines. The word lost its "wine" part because the English language has the happy faculty of dropping unessential parts of words to save time.

"Brandy" traces its origin to the word "brand" as in "brand from the burning," for the simple reason that the product known as "brandy" or "cognac" was produced by the process of burning, which in all the Germanic languages is designated by some form of the word "brand." To the word "brand" as in "brandy," the word "burn" is also related.

STUDY MAN-MADE LIGHTNING

Engineers Confident That Experiments Going On Will Prove to Be Successful.

Two-million-volt artificial lightning is being created in the research laboratories of the General Electric company, Pittsfield, Mass., in order that buildings and high power electrical transmission lines may be protected against the powerful "electrical dynamite" that nature discharges during storms, reports the Kansas City Star. F. W. Peet, Jr., engineer in charge of the spectacular experiments now in progress, explains that in addition to the trouble that engineers have in keeping power current from escaping from the conductors there is the very important problem of lightning protection. A few million horsepower are released in a fraction of a millionth of a second when lightning crashes. Electrical engineers must know how to prevent this destructive force from reaching the conductors of power lines or they must arrange so that it will discharge harmlessly to the ground when it does get to the line.

The highest voltage actually used at the present time for the commercial transmission of power is 220,000 on a line in California, but the General Electric company has an experimental million-volt line. Mr. Peet declared that it is too early to say whether such high voltages will ever be acquired in practice.

RETORT WAS RATHER GOOD

Evidently There Were Humorists in the Missouri Legislature of the Year 1857.

W. O. L. Jewett of the Shelby Democrat tells an incident in the legislature of 1857, in which Mark Twain figured:

"Henry Newman, representing Randolph county, was the wit of the house, and was trying to secure the passage of a bill to amend the stock law. This Robert Bodine, representing Monroe county, was opposing. Mr. Newman said in his humorous style: 'I was in the gentleman's county once. I made a speech at a big picnic in Florida, and I thought I made a good one. In it I referred to the fact that we were close to the place where Mark Twain was born. After I was through, one of the gentleman's constituents, a tall, raw-boned long-haired, unkempt individual, came up and shaking his finger in my face said: 'What hints you politicians are. I have lived here nigh onto fifty years and there was nary a man named Twain about here.'"

"The gentleman from Monroe county immediately was on his feet to reply: 'Mr. Speaker, I want it distinctly understood that when the gentleman from Randolph was in Monroe county it was before the enactment of any stock law.'—Kansas City Star.

Not Prepared.

The old deacon was the kindest of men, deeply religious and always ready with a good word. One day while he was driving to town he overtook an Italian peddler with a large pack on his back. Stopping his horse, the deacon suggested that the man ride. The Italian carefully stored his pack in the back of the spring wagon and then climbed to the seat beside the good deacon.

For some time the two talked pleasantly. Then there was a rather long pause, and, thinking to improve the occasion in a religious sense, the deacon turned and asked, "My friend, are you prepared to die?"

With a shriek the Italian sprang to the ground and disappeared into the nearby woods. The culls of the deacon only hastened the fellow's flight, and neither old deacon nor any one else ever saw him again in that neighborhood. It seems that the peddler was not prepared.

Sentiment and Sense.

It was evening by the sea and the poetess walked with the professor along the margin of the ocean. "Don't you love to see the phosphorescence on the waves?" she said. "What can it be, I wonder? Is it the mermaids lighting up their lamps, or the glow from the sea fairies' ballroom? Or can it be the reflection of golden treasure stored in the vast caverns of the deep?"

"I think not, madam," said the professor. "It is only quite recently that the discovery of luminous bacilli has rendered possible any general explanation of the phenomenon, and even yet its wide applicability remains to be proved. It is, however, generally attributed to the decaying organic substances of diseased fish."—Boston Herald.

She Had It Right.

Two Irishmen had visited St. Paul's cathedral. One was from the country and had been taken to the famous building by his friend, who wished him to be duly impressed by its grandeur.

As they came out, the resident of the city said: "Well, Mike, and phint do you think of it? Isn't it grand?" "Pat," said the one from the country, "it bates the divil!" "That," said his friend, "was the intention."

Every Day Is Sabbath Day.

Every day is Sabbath somewhere in the world. The Greeks observe Monday; the Russians Tuesday; the Assyrians Wednesday; the Egyptians Thursday; the Turks Friday; the Jewish people Saturday, and the Christians Sunday.

BREVITIES.

Hudson—A complete change in the N. Y. Central railroad tracks in Hudson is in progress to accommodate increased business.

Jackson—The Jackson Baptist Association will be held the 20th and 21st of September in Jackson at the Ganson street Baptist church.

Plainfield—Rev. VanDoren and family returned from the Gull Lake Conference Monday evening. They have been given the Caro work in Tuscola County, while a Rev. Hunter will follow them in Plainfield.

Tecumseh—The concrete paving on six miles of the La Plaisance Bay pike through Tecumseh, which was begun last year, is nearly completed. There were three miles east and three miles west, besides that within the corporation.

Clinton—The high school opened Tuesday morning with a good enrollment. The total enrollment will number about 125 in the six high school grades. The six lower grades have an enrollment of 122, making a total enrollment of 247.

Hawell—Ronald Bird, of Brighton, has completed a canoe trip from Lakeland to Lake Erie, on the Huron River, a distance of 150 miles. Mr. Bird is a graduate of the Howell high school and great grandson of the late Philo L. Reed of Marion—Democrat.

Jackson—Motion picture theater owners of Michigan will meet in Jackson 300 strong October 16 and 17 for their annual convention. W. S. McLaren of the Capitol theater is president of the association and together with Mrs. Grace Hawkins, assistant manager of the Capitol theater, have made extensive arrangements for the visitors' entertainment.

Brooklyn—A valuable horse owned by James Tilden, R. F. D. 2, Brooklyn was struck by lightning and instantly killed during a slight thunder shower Thursday afternoon. The animal was running loose in a pasture field and when found by Mr. Tilden the tell-tale burns where the lightning fluid has entered the horse's body showed in what manner it had met death.

Manchester—Mrs. B. C. Root (Edna Crockett) died Sunday at 4:30 a. m. of dropsy. She was born in St. Clair in 1890 and came to Manchester in 1909 to teach school. She became the bride of Bennett C. Root in 1913. Mrs. Root had a large circle of friends and was a member of the Eastern Star. The funeral was held at her home Tuesday at 2 p. m., burial at St. Clair. Rev. E. L. Moon of Ann Arbor officiated, assisted by Rev. Scheurer of this village.

Clinton—At the regular meeting of the village council, held Monday evening, September 3, it was unanimously voted to hold a special village election September 24. The question to be voted on is that of issuing bonds of the village amounting to \$20,000 to pay for widening the pavement on Chicago street beyond the 20-foot strip that will be built by the Michigan State Highway Department when the Chicago turnpike is paved. The paving will undoubtedly be done next year.—Local.

Brooklyn—Brooklyn schools opened Monday with an enrollment of 208 and with prospects of increased attendance before the close of the week. The high school already has an increase of two over last year, the senior and junior classes increasing. The primary enrollment is not quite as large as last year but 12 have already entered the beginners class of the kindergarten. With the same efficient corps of teachers as last year the classes have been quickly organized and work has already started with good interest.—Exponent.

Ypsilanti—A loss of nearly \$5,000, with insurance of \$1500, was caused Monday at about 11 a. m. when a four-year old son of Andrew Schroen, living on a farm four and a half miles west of this city, ignited a pile of hay in his father's barn and the quickly spreading flames were beyond control when the frightened child had run and told his mother. Two hundred and fifty bushels of wheat in the granary and the one horse tied in the barn were saved. Eighteen tons of hay and some machinery were destroyed. The barn and granary burned to the ground.—Record.

Manchester—The project of putting in a new sewer in the west part of town has met with the approval of our citizens, especially those who will be benefited by it. County Drain Commissioner Clayton E. Deane will have charge of its construction and was on hand with surveyors Wednesday morning. The sewer will start near the corporation line on Jackson street, run east on that street and Madison street to Macomb, south on Macomb past the Manchester Lumber Co.'s office and across Block 11 and down "Farrell's alley" in line with Vernon street to the river. When the survey is completed Mr. Deane will advertise in the Enterprise for bids on its construction and if everything goes right active operations may be begun soon.—Enterprise.

BEFORE SHE COULD STOP HIM

Bride's Husband Thoughtlessly Reveals Hidden Unwashed Dishes to Her Mother-in-Law.

I had been married only a week, and my husband was proud of my good housekeeping. As he came home from his work tired at night, I decided not to let him help me with the dishes, and yet I wanted to remain fresh and dainty for him in the evening. I solved the problem in this way.

The stove in our kitchen contained two ovens—one large, and my husband thought, useless. However, I was of a different mind regarding it, for after I had washed the pots, pans, silver, and glassware, I rinsed the remaining dishes and surreptitiously shoved them into the large oven—which we never used. The next morning I washed them with the breakfast dishes, and my friend husband was none the wiser.

My husband's mother was the last word in housewifely neatness, and I had often heard George laud her system in the kitchen. One evening she came bag and baggage to pay us an unexpected visit. The next morning at breakfast, my husband directed her attention to our dainty kitchen—and then before I could stop him opened the large oven door to exhibit its spiciness—revealing the hidden unwashed evidences of my sloth!

The look of housewifely horror on the face of my mother-in-law is never to be forgotten.—Chicago Tribune.

LESSENING RISKS TO LIFE

Automatic Illumination of Lifeboats When They Are Launched From Ship Is Tested.

An invention for lessening risks to life at sea by the automatic illumination of lifeboats when they are launched from a ship's side has just been tested by British board of trade officials.

The inventors are two partners in the firm of Messrs. T. Blair & Co., ship's store merchants, in East London.

By their device two small electric lamps are switched on by contact established from a float contained in a tube fixed to the sternpost of the lifeboat.

The float is forced up the tube by water when the boat is launched. Storage batteries capable of giving twenty-four hours' continuous light to the lamps are carried on board.

Under present board of trade regulations every ship's lifeboat has to carry an oil lamp and a dozen boxes of matches in a sealed watertight tin. The inventors of the new device claim that it will eliminate much of the risk of lifeboats being run down.

A Genius.

A crusty banker who had risen to affluence from an humble start on a farm had half promised a boyhood friend to give the latter's son a place in his office. The old farmer came in to talk the matter over and was rather flummoxed about the boy's qualifications, explaining that he was just a country lad who knew how to plow, take care of pigs and milk. He wound up by stating: "The boy knows enough to keep his mouth shut. That's about all I can say."

The listener for the first time displayed interest.

"That's enough," declared the banker. "That's education enough for any man."

OH! MY BACK!

The Expression of Many a Kidney Sufferer in Chelsea.

A stubborn backache is cause to suspect kidney trouble. When the kidneys are inflamed and swollen, stooping brings a sharp twinge in the small of the back, that almost takes the breath away. Doan's Kidney Pills revive sluggish kidneys—relieve aching backs. Here's Chelsea proof:

Mrs. D. H. Adams, 532 McKinley street, says: "My back ached and pained so I could hardly get through my housework. Dizzy spells also came over me, especially when I stooped or raised up suddenly. Everything turned black before me, too. My kidneys acted too frequently, and caused great annoyance. As another member of my family had used Doan's Kidney Pills with benefit I decided to try them. After taking one box I was all over the trouble and have felt well ever since."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Adams had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dexter—An elderly colored man who was riding between the cars of a freight train had a foot badly crushed in the car couplings as the train slowed down for this station Friday evening. Dr. W. C. Wyllie gave first aid and he was removed to the University hospital at Ann Arbor.—Leader.

Manitowish—Brigham Suylandt, 80 years old farmer living on Manitowish Route 3, about 1 1/2 miles northeast of the village, reports that vandals have visited his watermelon patch several nights lately and have committed extensive depredations among his melons. Initials were cut and then the melons smashed, green melons were torn from the vines and Mr. Suylandt gives fair warning that the offenders will be summarily dealt with if caught.

5 AND 6 PER CENT ON SAVINGS



30 years successful business under State Supervision without loss of a penny to any investor. We pay 5 and 6 per cent on savings and even more on our Cumulative Certificates, which for years past have earned not less than 6 1/2 to 7 per cent. Your money back ON DEMAND with interest or earnings added. Write for booklet.

CAPITAL & SURPLUS, \$7,350,000

CAPITOL SAVINGS & LOAN CO.

Laosung, Mich.
Local Agents: W. D. Arnold, Anna B. Tiebenor.

Exclusive
Engines
Cleaners



Cleaning
Pressing
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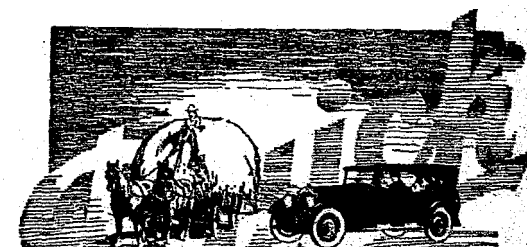
"The Home of Engines"

Swisslized Garments Stay Clean Longer

209 S. 4th Ave. Phone 2508 Ann Arbor

Visit Our Booth at the
Washtenaw County Fair

September 18-22



Safety for Emergencies!

Buick Four-wheel Brakes

Buick four-wheel brakes meet the demands of present day traffic conditions by having power in reserve to insure a rapid, safe and reliable "stop".

Actual braking effectiveness is practically doubled by Buick four-wheel brakes. This is accomplished by slowing down the two front wheels. Each brake band has a three-quarter wrap or grip on its brake drum, rather than the half-way wrap in common practice.

The Buick four-wheel brakes are an integral part of the Buick front axle design. Their arrangement and operation are simple. The front brakes are coupled in relation to the rear so that when the brake pedal is operated more pressure is put on the rear brakes than on the front.

Buick four-wheel brakes (on all models) are one of many definite advances in motor car operation and maintenance that the 1924 Buicks have contributed to automobile transportation.

E-7-15-23

ANN ARBOR BUICK SERVICE CO.

Phone 494

Ann Arbor, Mich.

When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them

GIRLS WANTED

In an Akron Factory
An Opportunity
To Earn High Wages
A Good Starting Rate
Paid While Learning

For Further Information
Write The B. F. Goodrich Co.
Box No. 111, Akron, Ohio.

Red Crown Is Fast "Gas"

WHEN you step on the accelerator you sense speed as you do in a spirited horse — "arin' to go." The speed is there if you want it. The desirable feature of potential speed is that a car capable of doing seventy miles an hour can do thirty with ease for hours.

Also, potential speed goes hand in hand with flexibility. With Red Crown in the tank you

Have a Live Engine

Your engine starts instantly, summer or winter—it gets away quickly—accelerates smoothly, and develops an abundant flow of even, smooth, rhythmic power—all without effort; no sputtering; no lagging.

If you don't know Red Crown get acquainted now before cold weather is here. Red Crown turns winter driving from hardship to sheer pleasure.

BUY RED CROWN

At the following Filling Stations and
Garages:

Walter H. Jones, Drive-In Service
Station
A. R. Jones, Service Garage
C. C. Freeman (General Store)
Buick-Chevrolet Sales & Service (W. P.
Schenck & Co.)
Palmer Motor Sales
And at any Standard Oil
Service Station



Standard Oil Company, Chelsea, Michigan
(Indiana)

Princess Theatre

Shows at 7:30 and 9 p. m.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

PRISCILLA DEAN

and a great cast in a remarkable picturization of one of the best novels by

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT
"THE FLAME OF LIFE"

Also James Aubrey Comedy "His Jonah Day"

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

THE KINGDOM WITHIN

The most beautiful love story ever told. It will tug at the heart strings of the world,

Featuring RUSSELL SIMPSON, PAULINE STARKE and GASTON GLASS

Also Buddy Messenger Comedy

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, SEPT. 19-20

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW

The picture that stood the world metropolis on it's head.

One solid month to record-shattering audiences in New York—

Like the mighty Hammers of Thor, it deals shattering blows to the Forces of Deceit, Extravagance and Hypocrisy and reveals the American Policeman as a simple, God-fearing, home-loving man, actuated by the noblest of instincts.

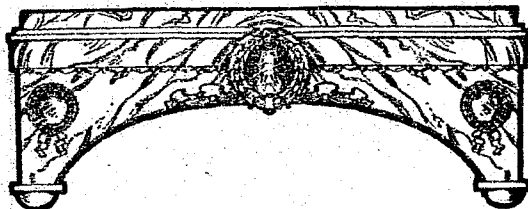
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

First—We have Ford Bread Flour in stock. As the amount is limited, would suggest that you lay in your winter supply soon as possible. Price as usual, 80c per sack of 25-lbs. net. You take no chance when you buy Ford Flour.

Second—Tuesday, September 18th, we will have a large supply of choice ripe Barnard or Prolific Peaches for canning purposes. Telephone in your orders or be on hand early Tuesday a. m. to secure your needs.

Our price on Cane Sugar is right. See us before buying. We want your spring chicks and old hens, also eggs. Highest cash price.

CLARK & BRONSON PRODUCE CO.

"The Little Store Around the Corner"
Phone 174-W, Chelsea, Michigan

Your Family's Welfare

Is more dependent on your ability to Save than on your ability to Earn.

It matters not, when adversity overtakes you, how much you have earned—it is what you have in the bank, that counts.

Planning the future of your children, and saving money to give them those advantages, go hand in hand.

If you have not already made your start, now is a good time to join our growing list of depositors.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Under State and National Control

VILLAGE TAXES

The Chelsea Village taxes are now due and can be paid at Hinderer Bros. Store every day except Saturday.

Otto H. Hinderer,
Treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Scouter and son, Earl, of Niagara Falls, New York, are spending this week with relatives and friends in this vicinity. For several years Mr. and Mrs. Scouter were residents of North Lake and owned the farm known as the Wm. H. Glenn place, which they sold to the late Mr. Cannon.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL

Fred Aichele made a trip to Lansing Friday afternoon on business for Holmes & Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Davis of Jackson, spent Friday evening with Chelsea relatives and friends.

Wm. Swickerath of Detroit, was a week-end guest at the home of his brothers, Matt and Carl Swickerath.

Frank Novess is having an addition built to his residence on Adams street, which he recently purchased of J. J. Bareis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wacker of Lansing, were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kantlehner, Sunday.

Miss Lillie Wackenhut gave a six o'clock dinner at her home Monday evening in honor of the officers of the S. P. I. club.

A new state law says that cider manufacturers must install an apple washer and that all fruit must be washed before being crushed.

Mrs. D. S. Howe and Mrs. Julia Buckmasters of Homer, were guests Friday and Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kantlehner, Geo. Kantlehner and F. G. Broesamle of Detroit were guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kantlehner.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Foster and family of Ann Arbor, and Mr. Foster's brother, a resident of California, were guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Snyder.

Miss Julia Monroe of Syracuse, N. Y., spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davidson. She was returning to her home from a visit in California.

Mrs. A. W. Wilkinson was in Detroit Saturday, where she attended the wedding of her brother, James F. Howe and Miss Helen Harrington, both residents of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Witherell and son Leonard, who spent the month of August at their summer home at Lewiston, Michigan, returned to their home here Thursday evening.

Miss Helen Lowry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lowry of Sylvan, will attend the high school in Ann Arbor the coming year. Mr. and Mrs. Lowry expect to move to Ann Arbor in the course of a few weeks.

R. H. Fitzsimmons, for many years engaged in the general mercantile business in Dexter, until about a year ago when he retired, has purchased a grocery business in Ann Arbor.

At the annual meeting of the Circuit Court Judges, held in Lansing Thursday, Judge Geo. W. Sample of the Washtenaw County Circuit Court was elected vice president of the association.

Elmer L. Hammond spent the fore part of the week in Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, visiting with friends. He will leave Saturday for West Virginia where he will resume his teaching duties at the State University at Morgantown.

O. D. Schneider, who recently purchased the Congdon property, corner of Main and Lincoln streets, is having the dwelling remodeled and a field stone porch has been built across the front of the house. When the work is completed the residence will be occupied by his mother, Mrs. David Schneider, of Lima.

Freight and passenger traffic on the D. U. R. was inconvenienced for some time Monday when a freight car was derailed at the switch just west of the Methodist Home. The car left the tracks about nine-thirty in the forenoon and passengers were transferred around the wreck for several hours. No one was injured and no extensive damage was done.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Niehaus arrived in Chelsea Saturday, having just returned from a tour through Wisconsin with a chalet company. Mr. Niehaus is a member of the ElDay quartet of Chicago and will leave about October 15 for a winter tour through the southern and western states. Mrs. Niehaus will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Koch.

The Lima township board held a meeting Friday afternoon at the home of Martin Merkel to take action on the petition of the property owners who desire to have the Mill Creek drain cleaned out, from what is known as Taylor's Lane to the culvert of the Michigan Central railway at the Bowen road. County Drain Commissioner Deake was present. Village Attorney John Kalmbach was present on behalf of Chelsea and he vigorously objected to the proposition to have Chelsea and Sylvan pay a large percentage of the cost of the clean-out job. The Lima township board voted to grant the prayer of the petitioners.

Buy your canning peaches now, at Freeman's.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fenn were Jackson visitors, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mushbach spent Sunday with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Martha Weinmann and daughter, Emilie, were Jackson visitors, Saturday.

Born, on Thursday, September 6, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Klingler, a daughter.

F. W. Schumacher of Ann Arbor, was a guest at the home of Miss Minnie Schumacher, Sunday.

Mrs. W. D. Arnold left Monday for Mt. Clemens, where she will take a course of mineral baths.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Bagge entertained at their home Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. James King of Detroit.

Will Schatz last week received a registered English Bull Terrier pup which he purchased in Merrittton, Ontario.

Mrs. E. H. Klose, son and daughter, of Toledo, were guests Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bowen.

A school of instruction was held by the members of Chelsea Lodge, I. O. O. F. at their meeting last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leonard of Detroit, are occupying the L. P. Vogel cottage at Cavanaugh Lake, this week.

The State Judge of Probate Association held their 27th annual meeting in Ann Arbor, Tuesday, Wednesday and today.

Mrs. Dorothy McWatters and son of Detroit, spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Speer.

Mrs. B. B. Turnbull and Mrs. D. L. Rogers were hostesses at a bridge party at the home of Mrs. Turnbull Saturday evening.

The official board of the M. E. church requested the return of Rev. Risley for another year at their last board meeting, Monday evening.

L. L. Van Gieson has sold his farm known as the John Doll farm, to Flint parties, taking residence property in Flint as part payment.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Riemenschneider entertained a company of relatives Sunday in honor of the former's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. William Eckard of Watts, California.

Mrs. J. D. Watson, who has been spending the last two months at the home of her mother, Mrs. Clara Staphish and with other relatives and friends here, left Wednesday for her home at Walla Walla, Washington.

The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Jensen who fell Labor Day and fractured one of her arms is recovering as rapidly as can be expected. This is the second time that the little girl has fractured an arm in the past few months.

Mrs. Vinola Alger returned home Wednesday from several days visit with relatives in Detroit and Fenton. Her son, Bennie, who has been spending the past month with his grandmother in Fenton, returned home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Daly, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Weidert of Ann Arbor and Charles Daly and daughter Adorna of Waterloo, motored to Durand Sunday and visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Daly and family.

H. R. Schoenhals, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Webster and E. H. Chandler, spent Sunday in Detroit. Mrs. Schoenhals, who spent several days of last week in Detroit, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Geddes, returned home with the party.

Harold Gage has moved from the residence on the J. N. Knapp farm in Sylvan to the residence on the farm of Geo. T. English. Mr. and Mrs. John Broesamle who have occupied the premises for some time, have moved to the residence of J. Vincent Burg on South Main street.

The annual meeting of Oak Grove Cemetery Association was held in the directors' room of the Kemps Commercial & Savings Bank Saturday afternoon. The secretary and treasurer's reports were read and showed that the association was in a flourishing financial condition. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, W. K. Guerin; secretary, L. P. Vogel; treasurer, D. C. McLaren. The board of trustees are the same as last year.

Four thousand resident citizen hunting licenses have been received by Jay G. Pray, county clerk, in preparation for the open season on ducks, coots, geese, brant and a few other game birds which begins September 16 and will last until December 31. Not all of these licenses will be issued for duck hunting, but it is expected that before the open season on game birds and animals hunted in the county closes, more licenses will be needed at the clerk's office.



New Fall and Winter Coats

With Fur Collars Are Now in Stock

Made of Imported and Domestic Fabrics of Plain Colors and of Novelty Stripes and Plaids in striking color combinations. The collars are of Fluffy Fox, Wolf, Beaver, Opossum and Coney. Prices are \$19.50 to \$100.00.

Newest Fashions Expressed in New Tailored Frocks of Cloth For Autumn Wear

—Smart interpretations of the straight-line silhouette in frocks that are made of beautiful twills, in Navys, Shades of Browns. They are simple in style, and given a note of novelty through unusual treatment of sleeves, touches of embroidery, dainty collars of organdie or lace. Plenty of the famous Betty Wales dresses are here. Price \$15.00 to \$45.00.

"Color Fast" Cotton Fabrics

We are showing a big lot of beautiful cotton materials in all colors and shades that are absolutely "color fast." This means that these materials cannot be faded nor the colors "bleed," nor run in laundering under any condition.

We agree to refund the money paid for these color fast fabrics plus the cost of making the garment for any piece that has changed color in any way in exposure to

sun or weather, in boiling in soap suds or any kind of washing. We guarantee you cannot fade color fast materials no matter what you do to them. These are on sale in the most delicate shades and colors, also in Printed Dress Fabrics and in Draperies. The Plain or Printed Drapery Fabrics may be hung in south exposures and if the color changes in any way before the material is gone we agree to refund the price paid.

VOGEL & WURSTER

A. J. Greening of Lyndon, spent Tuesday in Jackson.

Mrs. Louis Eiseaman of Detroit, is visiting friends here.

Supervisor Geo. W. Beckwith was in Ann Arbor Saturday on a business trip.

The 58th annual reunion of the 20th Michigan Volunteer Infantry was held in Ann Arbor Wednesday in Alumni Memorial hall. A banquet was served at 12:30 p. m. in Trinity Lutheran church. The 20th Michigan was recruited from Washtenaw and Jackson counties almost entirely. Those of the regiment who reside in this vicinity are John Strahle and C. C. Dorr.

The Service-Progress Special of the New York Central Lines will be in Chelsea tomorrow, Friday, from 8:00 to 11:00 a. m. No doubt large numbers of residents of this vicinity will take advantage of this opportunity to see the many changes made in railroad progress since the time of the invention of the first steam engine. This will all be shown on the visiting train which will be sidetracked here for three hours.

Buy your canning peaches now, at Freeman's.

SALINE FIRM CALLED ON AUTO LICENSES

As a part of its campaign to compel automobile dealers to comply with the motor vehicle laws, the department of state Saturday served notice on Heininger & Heintinger of Saline to appear in Lansing Wednesday to show cause why the firm license should not be revoked. It is alleged that transit license plates were furnished by the firm to purchasers of cars with instructions that they could be used until September 1, when the half-rate license fee became effective.

That alleged violation was brought to light when Ralph Mann of Ann Arbor was arrested for driving a private car with paper transit plates. Another man named Bates also was said to have been using the paper plates. Both claimed, according to the secretary of state, that the plates were furnished by the Saline firm.

A crowd of several hundred people gathered at the Glenn Barbour home at Lima Center on Monday evening when the Lima Center Parent-Teacher Association held a social affair on the Barbour lawn. Ice cream and cake, "hot dog" sandwiches and coffee, candy, popcorn and soft drinks were served until a late hour. Smith's band, of Chelsea, played a concert during the evening.

PILES

and all other rectal inflammations quickly relieved by HEM-ORRHOL.

If you are suffering from piles (hemorrhoids), a trial will convince you that you cannot afford to be without it. Send for it today.

Mailed to your address on receipt of price, \$1.00.
Dr. A. B. Clark, Peoples National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

Chas. W. Miller, of Ithaca, spent Wednesday at the home of the Miller Sisters.

C. H. Fenn was awarded the second premium at the Jackson County Fair Wednesday on his German police dog "Blitz." He lacked only a few points of receiving the first award.

The Modernized Bible.
New York wants a modernized Bible. One, we suppose, that will make it easy for the rich to enter heaven.—Greenville Piedmont.Fine Natures Easily Read.
Fine natures are like poems; a glance at the first two lines makes for a guess into the beauty that awaits you if you read on.—Raeve Lyton.

W. N. U. DETROIT NO. 37-1900

John Solomon, Incognito

By
H. Bedford-Jones

Copyright by H. Bedford-Jones

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER

SYNOPSIS.—Aline Lavergne, owns Cypressmont, a plantation in the Louisiana bayous. She leaves the management to John Philbrick, an old retainer and faithful, but not a good business man. As Al Lee the Maroon, who is trying to help Aline, explains to the mysterious John Solomon, Aline's uncle, David Macarty, and his son, Felix, under pretense of looking after her interests, plot to get control of the plantation. One of their schemes is to gain the bayou and thus dry up her rice fields. Then they try to get rid of Philbrick. Aline suspects the Macartys and confides Jack Fortier, a young lawyer, who takes her case. He finds a big fight on his hands, for the Macartys are all-powerful. They try to bribe him off. Then they have him beaten up, but he is rescued by John Solomon. The Macartys drop open hostilities and invite Fortier and Aline to go on their yacht, the Watersprite, to inspect the plantation. Solomon has secured the job of steward. Aline keeps a telegram from Philbrick, saying that he is going away for a while and has left the plantation in charge of Captain Wrexham. The Watersprite starts on her hundred-mile voyage.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

The girl kept the bit of paper in her fingers. Presently, as though reluctant to sever this link with her past, she slowly tore it into fragments and let the wind carry them over the rail. Fortier had resumed his survey of the documents.

"Your father died suddenly, I understand?" he asked presently.

"Yes. Very suddenly. It was heart failure."

"Then, I suppose, you never learned the meaning of this writing?"

Fortier passed her a legal form. On the blank reverse side of this folded paper were written some words in penitently evident, a hurried scrawl. It bore an abbreviated date, at sight of which the girl's eyes widened.

"Oh! Why, this must have been written just before father died! I never noticed it."

"Read it," said Fortier. "I don't understand it myself."

Aline read, in puzzled silence:

"Aline. Show Aline stones held in trust. Senanau, Queen of Sheba, & Dhalini in separate case."

"Why, that is singular!" murmured the girl, frowning a little. "What did you mean by stones held in trust? And Dhalini—that means the twins, Castor and Pollux?"

Fortier saw the harking figure of Gross Michel turn and dart a scintillating look at the speaker. He quietly held out his hand and took the paper.

"There's no telling," he said, inwardly cursing his lack of caution. "Something that he meant to tell you about, Aline. Perhaps Philbrick will know."

"Of course he will!" exclaimed Aline, relieved. "Philbrick knows everything, my father always told him everything. And there's uncle now. Shall we have tea served here, Uncle David?"

Macarty came up, and Fortier put the papers in his pocket. He attached no importance to this hurried note, yet it might have some meaning. He determined to ask Philbrick about it upon reaching the island.

That evening, Aline retired early, leaving the two men to smoke together. Fortier found his host no less cordial than at their first meeting; Macarty seemed exerting himself to make a favorable impression on the young attorney.

Fortier smiled, for he could read the man's mind like a map. Macarty noted that his guest was a raw youth, very impressionable, who could be easily won, a deft finger without trouble.

He studied Macarty. Fortier could read the quality that he cherished an intense respect for Macarty's opinion. And Macarty was just shallow enough to know no better.

His little game amused Fortier a deal, and did no harm.

At ten o'clock when Fortier returned to his little cubby of a cabin, he was met by a word with Wright, who was on the bridge, and learned that, barring trouble, they would reach Lagniappe in the morning. When he had passed, he crowded himself into a small but comfortable berth, and fell asleep immediately.

He was awakened by the sound of a door slammed violently shut. He sat up, blinking. A glance at the illuminated watch told him that it was almost exactly midnight. Had the door been open. It was certain that he had looked it upon retiring, and been awakened in the night?

He sat there, hesitant, he heard a sound of bare feet on the deck. After this, a sharp cry, "George, something's up!"

Fortier, and sprang out of his berth on his coat over his pajamas, he planted out into the passageway, and the door opened. There he found the electric lighted on, and several men looking at a dark object. The door closed at him.

"What's the trouble?" asked Fortier, and the chief officer curtly turned over the bridge to him.

"There's a man on the bottom deck, and he's going below."

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Michel. The man had, apparently, been stabbed in the side and lay there dead. Yet, oddly enough, as the body lay on its face, one hand was twisted about to the back of the neck.

The chief officer stooped, lifted one hand from the arm, and examined the knife that still lay gripped by the dead flesh. A startled exclamation burst from his lips, and he straightened up.

"Ask Mr. Thompson to step down here," he snapped at the nearest man. Then, as he stood erect, the hand of Wright shifted to his coat pocket. Fortier caught the gleam of metal.

"No disturbance now," commanded Wright sharply. "Don't wake any one. Mr. Fortier, I'll be glad to have you remain. If you will, I believe you're a lawyer."

Fortier assented quietly, sensing something strange about this murder. The second officer appeared.

"What's this, Wright?" he demanded.

"Gross Michel murdered? Why—murdered, Mr. Thompson," said the mate. "I'd like to have you look at the knife that did the work. Do you recognize it?"

Thompson stooped. An oath fell from his lips as he straightened up. "My knife!" he cried, amazement in his sunken face. "My knife! Why, why what?"

"Perhaps you can explain how it got where it is?" said Wright calmly. The second officer stared at him, then swore furiously.

"Here, none of that talk, Mr. Wright! How the devil should I know how it got here? It's my knife, all right—got my name on it. But I lost that cursed knife yesterday! Must have mislaid it somewhere."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the mate. "Did you mention the loss to any one? This may be serious, Mr. Thompson—go slow now!"

"What the devil have I to go slow about?" stormed Thompson, perplexed and furious. "Anybody says I'm a murderer, I'm a murderer! Yes, I told the steward I lost the knife—that little fool of a cockney, Solomon! He promised to keep a lookout for it."

"Good! Call Solomon," ordered Wright.

"Here he is," said somebody.

"Here he is, sir!"

Solomon was pushed forward. An officer was slung over his right arm, and he blinked stupidly from the body on the deck to the keen scrutiny of Wright.

"See here, steward!" said the latter brusquely. "Did Mr. Thompson have any conversation with you yesterday in regard to a knife?"

"No, sir, not as I know of," returned Solomon wheedlingly.

"Did a young fellow, named Thompson, engage?" "Don't you dare to do that!" Wright lifted his pistol.

"Not a word, Mr. Thompson! Now, steward, you think hard about this. Tell me just what Mr. Thompson said to you about his knife."

Solomon started suddenly. "Oh!" he exclaimed. At this word, at his evident recollection, there was a general movement of interest. Every eye was intent on the steward.

"Out with it," said Wright.

"Oh! Yes, sir, it comes back to me now, just like that!" said Solomon.

"Why, Mr. Thompson, he comes to me and he says as 'ow that knife is a worry line one and as 'is name on it, and 'ow 'e is mortal proud of it! Yes, sir, I remember now."

There was a general relaxation. Obviously, Thompson was cleared.

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"Out with it," said Wright.

turbed and frightened. "I 'opes, sir, as it ain't u-goin' to get Mr. Thompson in trouble!"

Wright did not answer the question. He ordered two of the men to bind Thompson and to carry him forward. Then he looked around.

"This is a h—l of a mess!" he uttered fervently. "Anybody know any cause for this thug?"

There was no response.

"Anybody seen Gros Michel and Mr. Thompson together the last four hours?"

It was Solomon who spoke up.

"They was 'aving a bit of an argument outside the galley door, sir."

"When?" snapped Wright.

"About an hour ago, sir. I was a-layin' some oatmeal in the fireless cooker, sir, and I 'eard them two talkin' werry 'ard at each other."

"That's a fact, sir," spoke up one of the men. "But there wasn't no harm in it. They was arguing about what color shirt was best suited to Michel's complexion."

"That's enough," snapped Wright. "Carry the body forward and get this deck holystoned before daylight."

Fortier, obeying a sudden impulse, leaned over and touched his fingers to the neck of the corpse.

"Steward, fetch some ice water to my cabin, please."

"Werry good, sir," rejoined Solomon.

Fortier went below, switched on the light in his stateroom, and waited. Presently Solomon appeared, bearing a tray.

"Set it down," ordered Fortier. "Shut the door. Now, look here!"

"That man," said Fortier, "was not murdered by the knife. He was killed by being hit a terrible blow at the base of the skull, Solomon. What do you know about it?"

"Me, sir? I knows nothing and I says nothing, just like that."

The blue eyes were very wide and guileless; the round face was entirely blank.

"Confound you!" exclaimed Fortier. "I don't know what to do. I owe you a good turn, but I'm cursed if I'll compound murder! And I don't believe you're half the simpson you look. Solomon, where's that knife of yours—the one with the lead haft?"

"Why, sir, I lost that 'ere knife today. Lost it over the side, sir."

"After it struck Gros Michel, it went overboard, eh?"

Solomon made no response, but stood in placid silence.

"See here," exclaimed Fortier angrily. "I think your testimony's a mass of lies. Why on earth would you swear an innocent man into the noose?"

Solomon chuckled. "Me testimony don't count, sir, until it's took down in court, just like that! And if so be as I changes my mind, why, Mr. Thompson, 'e won't be convicted."

"Oh!" Fortier gasped at the audacity of the little man. "Then you actually confess that you murdered—"

"I ain't done 'no such thing, sir," spoke up Solomon suddenly. "That 'ere man was not murdered, sir. 'E was killed in self-defense, sir! What's more, nobody can be convicted for a-killing 'im, 'cause why, 'e ain't inside the law! 'Is right name, sir, is 'Emanuel, and 'e's the brother of that 'ere Philbrick."

Fortier spring to his feet. Petit Jean—Michel! The brothers who were outlaws!

"Is that a fact?" he demanded swiftly.

"Yes, sir. That 'ere Thompson is a-goin' to get 'eld in jail until they find out that this Gros Michel was an outlaw. That's all, sir. And, if I might make so bold, these 'ere papers was in 'is and when 'e was killed, sir."

Solomon held out an envelope, then departed. Fortier did not prevent his going. He stood there, staring at those papers like a man paralyzed. For they were the identical ones he had received that afternoon from Aline Lavergne.

It all flashed upon Fortier suddenly—the claim of his cabin door to Gros Michel had left with the stolen papers, the heavy fall on the deck.

"By gad," that man Solomon is a smart one!" murmured Fortier admiringly. "He caught the fellow in the act—and Michel got killed. Then Solomon threw the blame on Thompson—arranged to have Thompson jailed—why? Did he know that Thompson was one of Macarty's henchmen? Did he know—"

Fortier turned out the lights and lay down again to think it over. The more he thought, however, the more John Solomon became to him nothing but a startling, perplexing question mark. Who and what was this little, pudgy man?

John Solomon—

CHAPTER VII

In the great white manor house of Cypressmont, John Philbrick sat at dinner with his guest, Capt. Tom Wrexham, listened without saying very much at first. His protruding eyes were always staring at the wonders of the huge rooms—had stared, thus, ever since his arrival. He seemed never to see enough.

Uncle Neh, black and wrinkled, served the two men punctiliously. Wrexham ate like a professional. He seemed to appreciate the silver and glass and snowy linen, as a man who has been deprived of such things for a long while.

The dining-room was a great chamber all paneled in black old mahogany, lighted by candle sconces and a squat candelabrum on the table—the mahogany table, fully extended, would seat fifty guests. In the dark recesses of the room lurked black shadows and the dim sheen of silver; smoked portraits about the walls, a mammoth carved buffet loaded with plate.

"I might ha' had a place like this of my own," said Wrexham suddenly, "only for the law. No use for the law. That was up in Canada; place like this, all the same."

John Philbrick nodded his shaggy head with a sage air.

"Thought all along you might be a Canuck," he commented. "Funny how folks around here brag about Louisiana being settled by the French! It was really Canadians, Iberville and

desired his experiences might astonish any one. Something of this crept into his talk.

"I don't like it," he said, apropos of nothing. "I'm used to action, and up in these seas it's a rum go. A rum go, and no mistake!"

Philbrick pushed over the whisky decanter, and laughed. "You can get your action," he said. "Go shoot up that devil, young Macarty."

The skipper shook his head very decidedly.

"Not me," he said, with emphasis, and poured a tall drink. "I know when I'm well off."

The two men drank. Philbrick chuckled as he set down his glass.

"You can get action in the bayous. Outlaws there, and no end of them—honest men they are, too! The sheriff never bothers the canebrakes. I'd not be surprised to see these myself one of these days. You know that big nigger I shot the other night?"

Wrexham nodded, with a curious glance.

"You don't mean they'd get after you? For shooting a black?"

Philbrick shrugged his wide shoulders. "All things are possible. An odd situation, this one! Did you ever see anything to beat it?"

"Often," said Wrexham calmly. "Often. If you want to see queer things, go pearlin', or after bird-skins, or even shell. Why, I remember—"

He broke off, smiled thinly at his glass, fingered his beard. After a moment:

"Dashed rum go, down there! I owed a man a debt, d'ye see? Owed him a good deal—passed my word on it. Well, I had the chance to pay it back. In order to pay it back, I had to play a rotten trick on another crowd. I managed it, but it left a bad taste. Two men and a woman, they were. I went away from there in a hurry. I can tell you! Didn't know 'em, never saw 'em before or since. Left a bad taste just the same."

The jerky speech was followed by silence. Suddenly Wrexham went on, thinking aloud:

"I'll make it up some day," he said thoughtfully. "Only I've never had the chance. And I've been lookin' for one, off and on."

"Come in on this deal," offered Philbrick, watching intently. "You know the odds. You know the situation here. If they get me who's to watch out for the girl? Nobody. Throw in with me."

Wrexham smiled sardonically.

"Not me! You can run your own blessed show. And I don't want to mix with your friends Macarty; don't like his looks. I've got enough enemies now, without taking on more."

His eyes went insolently in the troubled gaze of old Philbrick. He seemed to bristle against some offer which tempted him, yet which he was resolved to reject. Philbrick sighed, and rose.

"Come along to the library. Uncle Neh! Bring out coffee and cigars."

The old dandy followed them with the black creole coffee and a box of cigars into the library. Here a smoldering fire in the great fireplace banished the damp chill of evening. The two men settled into deep chairs.

"Confounded pretty face!" said Wrexham. He was staring at an enlarged photograph which stood on the mantel. "That man—that face, that!"

Philbrick merely grinned. He seldom betrayed in words the poetic urge that was in him. Sometimes it came forth in deeds, but he shrank from talking of it. Not for worlds would he have it generally known that he wrote verse. It was in him, however, and it came forth in more ways than one—sometimes very surprisingly.

"Aline is a wonder-girl," he said. "Looks exactly like her mother, too."

Had Wrexham rightly understood this remark, it would have altered his entire life. But he failed to heed it. He was staring at the picture on the mantel.

The aroma of the parched coffee and good tobacco mingled pleasingly in the room. It was a large room, paneled like the others and not confined to books, Jewels, both artistic and intrinsic, hung upon the walls. Through a hundred years and more the men of this family had brought their spoils home to this room, spoils of diplomacy and work and battle.

A case of jeweled eiders; presentation swords incrust with gold and gems; four ancient oils worth their weight in hundred-dollar bills. A woman's picture—Aline's grandmother—set in a frame of ivory, studded with huge, rough sapphires; and so on, in an infinitude of detail. Wrexham glanced about the walls, a predatory glitter in his eyes.

"Wonder your niggers don't walk off with some of this truck!" he observed.

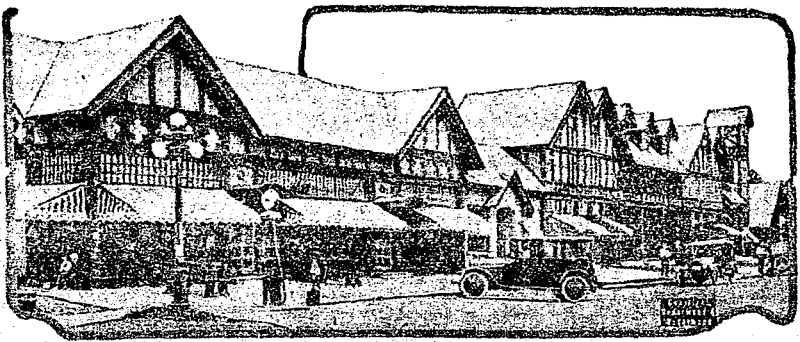
Philbrick granted again. "Nonsense! They're family dainties."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had Was in Danger.

One windy day my brother, three, was having quite a bit of trouble trying to keep his hat on his head. Finally he said, "Say, alater, has the wind got a head, too?" I replied

Entire Town of Elcho Lives in This Hotel



Elcho, Wis., boasts of the largest hotel and community center in the world in proportion to its population. Last February the town was wiped off the map by fire, not a single house escaping. Charles W. Fish, president of a lumber company, decided to build a hotel and community center, and within 90 days had erected a building occupying one block and containing a movie theater, bank, drug store, barber shop, general store and a hotel consisting of 60 rooms and equipped with every modern convenience. The entire population lives at this hotel, and the only other building in the city is the community center, which everyone is welcome to join.

Planning to Get Out the Woman Vote TO SUCCEED HIS FATHER



The women political leaders are coming to the fore and are canvassing the country from coast to coast to get a line on the political views of the women voters. Mrs. Elliot Cheatham of Atlanta, Ga., director of nine southern states and the District of Columbia, visited headquarters in Washington with the exhibit which she will use at county fairs in the various states this fall to interest women in voting.



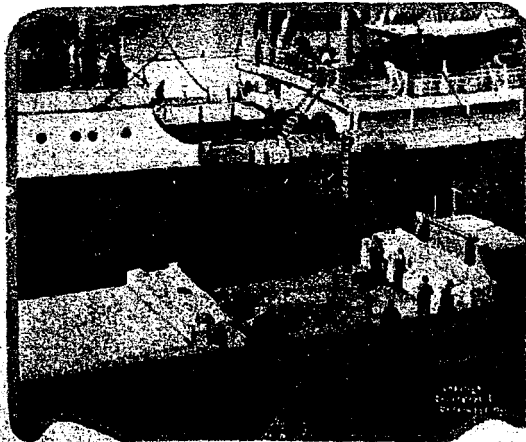
Portrait of Jai Dastur Cursetji Parry, A. B., son of the high priest of the Parsis, Bombay, India, who is now at Columbia university. He has won numerous prizes and scholarships from many of the famous schools of Europe and graduated with honors from the Bombay university in 1920. Mr. Parry was to proceed to England to compete for the Indian civil service examination as well as to be called to the bar, but sacrificed this program at the earnest request of some of the leading Parsis of Bombay who persuaded Mr. Parry to qualify himself for the position of the high priest and thus walk in the footsteps of his great father while the latter retires. At present he is working for his doctorate and will finish his studies for the Ph. D. degree at Columbia in 1924.

Free State's Martyrs Honored



While hundreds looked on, President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State unveiled this cenotaph in Dublin, Ireland, erected to the memory of Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith.

Cheap German Bricks Imported



This shows the first of a series of shipments of bricks from Germany, that are manufactured at a cost very much lower than is possible in America, being made in a factory from the U. S. Westphalia at New York. Due to the fact that the Germans in this country at the present time are getting very few orders for bricks, they are now being sold at a very low price.

CAPTAINS OF ADVENTURE

By ROGER POCOCK

Copyright by Bobbie Merrill Company

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO A. D. 1519

"Hernando Cortes spent an idle and unprofitable youth."

So did I. And every other duffer is with me in being pleased with Cortes for setting an example. We, not the good boys, need a little encouragement.

He was seven years old when Columbus found the Indies. That was a time when boys hurried to get grown up and join the search for the Fountain of Youth, the trail to Eldorado. All who had time to sleep dreamed tremendous dreams.

Cortes became a colonist in Cuba, a sore puzzle to the fiscal in command. When he clapped Cortes in irons the youngster slipped free and defied him. When he gave Cortes command of an expedition the fellow checked him. When he tried to arrest him the bird had flown, and was declared an outlaw.

The soldiers and seamen of the expedition were horrified by this adventurer who landed them in newly discovered Mexico, then sank the ships lest they should wish to go home. They stood in the deadly mists of the tropic plains, and far above them glowed the Star of the Sea, white Orizaba, crowned with polar snows. They marched up a hill a mile and a half in sheer height through many zones of climate, and every circumstance of pain and famine to the edge of a plateau crowned by immense volcanoes, a land of plenty, densely peopled, full of opulent cities. They found that this realm was ruled by an emperor, famous for his victorious wars, able, it seemed, to place a million warriors in the field, and hungry for captives to be first sacrificed to the gods, and afterward eaten at the banquets of the nobility and gentry. The temples were actually fed with twenty thousand victims a year. The Spanish invading force of four hundred men began to feel uncomfortable.

Yet if this Cortes puzzled the governor of Cuba, and horrified his men, he terrified the Emperor Montezuma. Hundreds of years ago a stranger had come to Mexico from the eastern sea, a bearded man who taught the people the arts of civilized life. Then birds first sang, and flowers blossomed, the fields were fruitful and the sun shone in glory upon that planet of eternal spring. The hero, Bird-Serpent, was remembered, loved and worshipped as a god. It was known to all men that as he had gone down into the eastern sea, so he would return again in later ages. Now the prophecy was fulfilled. He had come with his followers, all bearded white men out of the eastern sea in mysterious winged vessels. Bird-Serpent and his people were dressed in gleaming armor, had weapons that flashed lightning, were mounted on terrible beasts—where steel and guns and horses were unknown; and Montezuma felt as we should do if our land were invaded by winged men riding dragons. To the supernatural visitors the emperor sent embassy after embassy, loaded with treasure, begging the hero not to approach his capital.

Set in the midst of Montezuma's empire was the poor valiant republic of Tlascala, at everlasting war with the Aztec nation. Invading this republic Cortes was met by a horde of a hundred thousand warriors, whom he crushed in three engagements, and when they were humbled, accepted as allies against the Aztecs. Attended by a Tlascalan force he entered the ancient Aztec capital, Cholula, famed for its temple. This is a stone-faced mound of rubble, four times the size and half the height of the Great Pyramid, a forty-acre building larger by four acres than any structure yet attempted by white men.

By the emperor's orders the Cholulans welcomed the Spaniards, trapped them within their city, and attacked them. In reply, Cortes used their temple as the scene of a public massacre, slaughtered three thousand men, and having thus explained things, marched on the City of Mexico.

In those days a salt lake, since drained, filled the central hollow of the vale of Mexico, and in the midst of it stood the city built on piles, and threaded with canals, a barbaric Venice, larger, perhaps even grander than Venice with its vast palace and gardens, and numberless mound temples whose flaming altars lighted the town at night. Three causeways crossed the lake and met just as they do today at the central square. Here, on the site of the mound temple, stands one of the greatest of the world's cathedrals, and across the square are public buildings marking the site of Montezuma's palace, and that in which he entertained the Spaniards. The white men were astonished at the zoological gardens, the aviary, the floating market gardens on the lake, the cleanliness of the streets, kept by a thousand sweepers, and a metropolitan police which numbered ten thousand men, arrangements far in advance of any city of Europe. Then, as now, the place was a great and brilliant capital.

Yet from the Spanish point of view these Aztecs were only barbarians to be conquered, and heathen cannibals doomed to hell unless they accepted the faith. To them the Cholula massacre was only a military precaution. They thought it right to seize their generous host the emperor, to hold him as a prisoner under guard, and one day even put him in irons. For six months Montezuma reigned under Spanish orders, overwhelmed with shame. He loved his captors because they gave them his royal treasure of gems, and gold, and brilliant feather robes. Over the plunder—a million and a half sterling in gold alone—they squabbled; clear proof to Montezuma that they were not all divine. Yet still they were friends, so he gave them all the spears and bows from his arsenal as fuel to burn some of his nobles who had affronted them.

It was at this time that the hostile governor of Cuba sent Narvaez with seventeen ships and a strong force to arrest the conqueror for rebellion. The odds were only three to one, instead of the usual hundred to one against him, so Cortes went down to the coast, gave Narvaez a thrashing, captured him, enrolled his men by way of reinforcements, and returned with a force of eleven hundred troops.

He had left his friend, Alvarado, with a hundred men to hold the capital and guard the emperor. This Alvarado, so far that the natives called him Child of the Sun, was such a fool that he massacred six hundred unarmed nobles and gentlemen for being pagans, violated the great temple, and so aroused the whole power of the fiercest nation on earth to war of vengeance. Rarely in time to save Alvarado, Cortes re-entered the city to be besieged. Again and again the Aztecs attempted to storm the palace. The emperor in his robes of state addressed them from the ramparts, and they shot him. They seized the great temple which overlooked the palace, and this the Spaniards stormed.

In face of awful losses day by day the Spaniards, starving and desperate, cleared a road through the city, and on the night of Montezuma's death they attempted to retreat by one of the causeways leading to the mainland. Three canals cut this road, and the drawbridges had been taken away, but Cortes brought a portable bridge to span them. They crossed the first as the gigantic sobbing gong upon the heights of the temple aroused the entire city.

Heavily beset from the rear, and by thousands of men in canoes, they found that the weight of their transport had jammed the bridge, which could not be removed. They filled the second gap with rocks, with their artillery and transport, with chests of gold, horses, and dead men. So they came to the third gap, no longer an army but as a flying mob of Spaniards and Tlascalan warriors bewildered in the rain and the darkness by the headlong desperation of the attacking host. They were compelled to swim, and at least fifty of the recruits were drowned by the weight of gold they refused to leave, while many were captured to be sacrificed upon the Aztec altars. Montezuma's children were drowned, and hundreds more, while Cortes and his cavaliers, swimming their horses back and forth conveyed the column, and Alvarado with his rear guard held the causeway.

Last in the retreat, grounding his spear butt, he leaped the chasm, a feat of daring which has given a name forever to this place as Alvarado's Leap. And just beyond, upon the mainland there is an ancient tree beneath which Cortes, as the dawn broke out, sat on the ground and cried. He had lost four hundred fifty Spaniards, and thousands of Tlascalans, his records, artillery, muskets, stores and treasure in that lost battle of the Dreadful Night.

A week later the starved and wounded force was beset by an army of two hundred thousand Aztecs. They had only their swords now, but, after long hours of fighting, Cortes himself killed the Aztec general, so by his matchless valor and leadership gaining a victory.

The rest is a tale of horror beyond telling, for, rested and reinforced, the Spaniards went back. They invested, besieged, stormed and burned the fast-stricken, pestilence-ridden capital a city choked and beaped with the unburied dead of a most valiant nation.

Afterward, under the Spanish viceroy, Mexico was extended and enlarged to the edge of Alaska, a Christian civilized state renowned for mighty works of engineering, the splendor of her architecture, and for such inventions as the national pawn-shop as a bank to help the poor. One of the so-called native "slaves" of the mines once wrote to the king of Spain, begging his majesty to visit Mexico and offering to make a royal road for him, paying the two hundred fifty miles from Vera Cruz to the capital with loads of pure silver as a gift to Spain.

Letters marked "Private" are apt to contain something unpleasant.

DAIRY FACTS

Dairy Cows Respond to Good Feed and Treatment

A dairy cow will respond to good feeding and good treatment, perhaps better than any other farm animal. Each individual dairy cow should be a unit by herself. Unlike other farm animals, dairy cows cannot be efficiently fed in a feed lot, as the requirements for each cow may be different.

The best feed for dairy cows is an abundance of pasture grass when that is available. A good pasture provides a balanced ration. Some high-producing cows will require a little grain as a supplement to pasture.

During the time of the year when a good pasture is not available, a cow can be fed efficiently by providing:

1. An abundance of palatable feed.
2. A balanced ration.
3. Succulent feed.
4. A moderate temperature in barn.
5. Comfortable surroundings.

A dairy cow is fed for the following purposes:

1. For maintaining the body.
2. To supply material for milk.
3. For development of fetus.
4. For growth of animal, if immature.
5. At times to produce gain in weight.

Three general classes of food material are required for feeding cows:

1. Protein or nitrogenous material.
2. Carbohydrates and fat to supply heat and energy.
3. Ash or mineral matter.

A well-balanced dairy ration will contain the above food material in the proper proportions. In making up a feed for dairy cows, it is usually most convenient to balance the roughage and concentrates separately and then feed all the roughness each cow will eat and adjust the grain mixture to the amount of milk of butterfat produced by the cow.

A good general rule to use as a guide in feeding is to feed from one-fourth to one-half as much of a balanced grain mixture per day as the cow gives milk per day. Cows giving rich milk usually give less per day but need a little more grain in proportion of the milk.—A. C. Baer, Professor of Dairying, Oklahoma A. and M. College.

Summer Suggestions on

Care of Dairy Utensils

It is more or less difficult to give adequate care to the dairy utensils during the summer months. This is due to the fact that hot, scalding, water or steam is more troublesome to obtain. Proper care of these utensils is important during the summer months due to the temperature which favors the multiplication of bacteria. In the production of high-grade milk it is necessary that all utensils be thoroughly cleaned, for if any organic matter is left in any of them, it is almost impossible to produce the desired quality of milk.

If the utensils are cleaned with water just as it comes from the well or tap, some bacteria will remain which will multiply very rapidly during the warm weather of the summer months. The utensils should be sterilized, and this is done by exposing them to live steam for several minutes. In cleaning of tinware they should first be washed with cold water and then with hot water and a washing powder that is alkaline in nature. Ordinary soaps are not satisfactory in the cleaning of the utensils of the dairy. After the tinware has been thoroughly cleaned it should be sterilized. Sterilization is the most important factor in the production of high-grade milk.—B. W. Fairbanks, Associate Professor Animal Husbandry, Colorado Agricultural College.

Series of Experiments

to Decide Value of Corn

Recently a series of experiments was run to decide the value of grinding corn. In these tests it was found that cornmeal produced 7 per cent more milk and 14 per cent more fat than ear corn. Where corn and meal were compared with cornmeal it was found that the cornmeal was slightly in the lead, having a 2 per cent better production in butterfat. Even though the corn is extra cheap, the cows will give a better account of themselves to the tester if they are fed corn that has been ground.

Regularity of Feeding

Is of Much Importance

Regularity of feeding is of greater importance than time of feeding. In the care of dairy cows, the dairy cow should have regular meal hours. More roughage will be consumed if it is fed two or three times a day instead of only once.

Feeding of Minerals to

Cows Is Not Profitable

Feeding of mineral mixtures to dairy cows did not show profit in pounds of milk produced at the Ohio station, where it was carefully tried out.

To supply minerals to dairy cows in forms that can best be used is by feeding legume roughage, such as alfalfa hay, clover and soy bean hay, rich in minerals and nitrogen. This applies both in raising young animals and feeding for milk production.

WRIGLEYS



Take it home to the kids.

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.



Winthrop Tapered Asphalt Shingles

The heavy butts of these shingles are built up of extra coats of everlasting asphalt.

They lie close and flat—are best for laying right over an old roof.

Three non-fading colors of crushed slate surfacing, permanently imbedded in the asphalt.

They Last and Stay Beautiful

Retail lumberman have—or can get for you—these shingles, made in Michigan for Michigan climate.

See them at your lumber yard today or write us for sample and information.

Beckman-Dawson Roofing Company

14217 Monnier Road
Detroit - Michigan

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrup & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Suspicion. He was sober—hadn't drunk a drop. It was 4 a. m. He struck the keyhole at the first attempt and entered. He was quiet. He put his hat and coat on the hall rack and was about to take off his shoes before going upstairs when an old familiar voice sounded gruffly in his ear. "Is that you, Jack?" "Yes, Nell."

Then he began: "It's three minutes after four. I did not let the cat follow me. I've just returned from one of our conferences. The gas is turned down low. The doors are all locked; the windows fastened. I paid the taxes this afternoon. Mary's baby's got the measles. That isn't our dog barking." "And when he tumbled into bed Nell looked at him out of sleepy eyes and said: "Jack, you've been drinking."—Houston Post.

Progress is just a slow business of falling in line with the schemes of minorities.

Plain human nature too often tries to feel happy rather than to feel righteous.

Every table should have its Daily Portion of Grape Nuts

This is a delicious cereal made from whole wheat flour, and is a most nutritious and palatable food.

SHOES

We are in a position to know from shoes we get to repair that some one is stinging you on your footwear—paper insoles in many cases, Flank soles, etc. You may buy them at so-called bargains, but they cost you more in the end.

BUY YOUR FOOTWEAR HERE—

We stand back of every pair—you can't lose. The innersoles of our shoes are solid sole leather. There is a foundation to work to when they come to half soles or other repairs.

We also fit you as you should be fit, which means more wear per pair.

We have many new numbers for Men, Women and Children.

BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES

Note these prices—compare them with any catalog or others. Remember, Calfskin uppers, solid leather.

Boys' Brown Calf, perforated tip, rubber heel, sizes 10 to 13½, at\$2.58

Boys' Brown Calf, perforated tip, French toe, rubber heel, sizes 1 to 2, at\$2.98

Boys' Brown Calf, perforated tip, French toe, rubber heel, sizes 2½ to 6, at\$3.18

Railroad Men, Farmers, Cement Workers

ATTENTION!!

Men's U. S. Army "Field Shoe," the best work shoe in the world (I may not be able to get another shipment) while they last, at\$3.98

LYONS SHOE MARKET

STOVES

We offer a complete line of all kinds of Heating Stoves, Oil, Wood, Coal and Combination: Stove Pipe, Elbows, Dampers, Stove Rugs and Stove Boards.

We also have Galvanized Furnace Pipe and Elbows. We can save money for you on these lines.

GLOVES

We have a complete stock of gloves and mittens in canvas, cloth, Jerseys and leather. A fine assortment at rock bottom prices.

FLASH LIGHTS

A fine line of Flashlights, Batteries and Bulbs, No. 6 dry cells and hot shots, all new stock. Priced right.

GUNS

For shot guns and rifles, ammunition, hunting coats, casting rods, etc., call on us. We have a fine line. We have hunters' licenses. Guns for rent.

A. G. HINDELANG

PHONE 2

A Reliable Bank

The bank for you is a strong, reliable bank, where you never have to worry about the safety of your funds. Isn't that true?

Now, that's the kind of a Bank we conduct. We are careful of our loans, demand ample security, do not speculate, but confine ourselves to conducting a legitimate banking business. Our reserves are ample, our vaults secure and insured. That is why our bank is growing stronger every year.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

Member Federal Reserve Bank

Established 1876

Resources \$800,000

PERSONAL AND LOCAL

C. H. Penn of Michigan Center, was a Chelsea visitor Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Marshall of Manchester, were Chelsea visitors Monday.

The Harding Memorial stamps went on sale at the Chelsea post-office this morning.

N. W. Laird is making an exhibit of apples at the Jackson County Fair this week.

The Miller Sisters had a very attractive display of millinery at their opening on Saturday.

Mrs. W. E. Canfield of Detroit, was a week-end guest at the home of her sister, Miss Abbie Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ford of Munnith were guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Hirth.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fahrner and Mr. and Mrs. Reed Lewis made an auto trip to Toledo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wheeler and family have moved into their new residence on South Main street.

John Luech and C. Moore of Jackson, were guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Broesmanle.

Mrs. Ernest Moore and sons Carl and Clarence, of Jackson, spent Friday with Miss Sophia Schatz.

H. J. Dancer is employed as a clerk in the department store of Mack & Co. of Ann Arbor.

Miss Evelyn Mayer of Sharon, was a week-end guest at the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Kilmer and husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harris spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. VanNatter of Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Schenk were entertained Sunday at the summer home of Mrs. Myron Bailey at Portage Lake.

Miss Grace Bacon of State College, Pa., is spending a short time at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bacon.

The decorators have completed the work of redecorating the First Congregational church and it presents a very handsome appearance.

Miss Clara Belle Young of Ann Arbor, was a week-end guest at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Broesmanle.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Lane and son have returned home from Pennsylvania, where they spent some time with relatives.

The 38th annual reunion of the 28th Michigan Volunteer Infantry will be held in Jackson on Friday, September 14.

John Miller of Detroit spent several days of the past week at the home of his sisters, The Misses Miller, of East Summit street.

During the past week a number of the farmers in this vicinity have filled their silos and others have commenced cutting their corn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Bronson are making arrangements to move into apartments in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Schenk on South street.

Born, on Friday, September 7, to Dr. and Mrs. Don F. Roedel, of Highland Park, a daughter, Dr. Roedel is a son of Mrs. Alice Roedel of Harrison street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Walker and daughters Misses Jennie and Josephine, were guests Sunday at the home of Mrs. Jennie Parker of Lansing.

Canton No. 30, I. O. O. F. of Ann Arbor, held a picnic at North Lake, Sunday, which was well attended by members of the order and their families.

C. Hummel, Sylvan treasurer, has received a check from county treasurer Mabel E. Blum, for the primary school money for the various school districts of the township.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Steiner and family and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Wimbles of Fowlerville, were guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Steiner.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pielemeier and child returned to their home at State College, Pa., Thursday, after an extended visit at the homes of their parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watkins and family of Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Watkins and family of Detroit, were guests Sunday at the home of Mrs. J. L. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark and daughter, Miss Jessie, and Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Bronson attended the marriage of their nephew, Clyde Whitaker of Salem, which took place in Plymouth Monday.

Buy your canning peaches now, at Freeman's.

THE GAME LAWS

Several important additions and changes were made by the last state legislature in the game and fish laws of Michigan. Contrary to general belief there has been no open season declared on male Chinese Ring-necked Pheasants. Their hunting is still prohibited.

The open season on ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, has been changed in the Upper Peninsula to October 15 to November 9, inclusive. Bon White or quail remain protected indefinitely but are still classed as game birds. The season on Sora Rail opens September 16 instead of September first. Cotton tailed rabbits may now be hunted until January 31.

The season on ducks and coots opens September 16 and closes December 31. The bag limit is 25 in one day. It is also unlawful to have ducks in possession more than 10 days after the season closes. Ducks may be hunted one-half hour before sunrise to sunset.

The season on geese and brant is the same as that for ducks. The bag limit is as follows: 15 in one day; 6 in possession at one time; 25 in one season.

CHURCH CIRCLES

CONGREGATIONAL

E. L. Sutherland, Minister

Sunday, September 16th, 1923—

The creeds of Christendom do not contain the ideals of Jesus, yet the salvation of humanity depends upon belief in and practice of these ideals. Christ in us, means living and working for these ideals. The highest loyalty is not to church or creed, but to Christ and His ideals.

Morning service 10:00 a. m. Subject, "Theory of Prayer."

Evening service 7:30 p. m. Subject, "The Day of Broadcasting."

Sunday school service at 11:15 a. m.

Morbus Sabbaticus or Sunday Sickness.

I trust that you are not afflicted. The symptoms vary, but never interfere with the appetite.

It never lasts more than twenty-four hours, and no physician is ever called. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul. It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is destroying thousands every year.

So come to church Sunday, September 16th. Everybody welcome.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

P. H. Grabowski, Pastor.

Sunday, September 16—

As this will be "Rally Day" at St. Paul's church, the Sunday school will take charge at the morning services. Every teacher, officer and scholar should be present. Vacations are over! Summer is drawing to a close! On the above date we want to rally anew all the forces of our church. Let us joyfully respond. Beginning with Rally Day let us show a new interest in the church and in her great work. Services will commence at 10. Everyone in attendance, old or young, will receive a pretty souvenir.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. S. Risley, pastor.

Public worship 10:00. "Eye Witnesses of His Majesty."

Sabbath school 11:15. "Luke, the Physician."

Evening Service 7:30. "The Church and Young People."

We are placing special emphasis on our services for Sunday. The last Sunday before going to Conference. Something new for the morning hour. The evening hour should be of vital concern to young and old. Are you alarmed over the younger generation? What are we doing, what can we do, to meet the problem? Hear both addresses and we will do our best to interest you. Come to church. Choir practice Friday night.

SALEM METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Near Francisco, Mich.

Rev. Carl Ertel, Pastor

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m.

Morning worship at 11:00 a. m.

Evening League at 7:30 p. m.

Evening service at 8:00 p. m.

The present pastor's new appointment is Hopkins, Michigan. Rev. Fredrick Schweinfurth is my successor.

The pastor does not plan to move immediately.

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.

REVIVAL MEETINGS CLOSE

(Communicated)

Evangelist L. D. Kirby, of Owosso, Michigan, closed his special revival meetings which started September 3 last Sunday night. The attendance was very small, interest fair, except some rude young folks who tried to break up the meeting by throwing a song book across the hall, while we were in prayer. Another jumped up and shouted "amen" while we were praying, while another paid a small boy 10 cents to throw a stone inside. It seems that the city of Chelsea ought to enforce their laws, and see to it that when a stranger comes to the place, he should be respected. Many thanks for past favors of the citizens of Chelsea.

(Signed) L. D. KIRBY.

To Be Well Dressed

You have to have a certain degree of individuality together with good wool material and the best of trimmings.

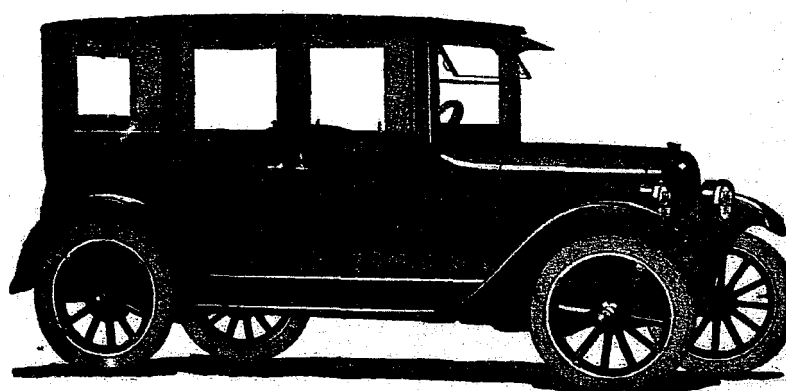
You get these in "International Clothes."

Pick out your fabric for fall, we will take care of the measuring and "International" will do the rest. One look will convince you that our values can't be beat.

Fall Merchandise of all kinds now on display.

Walworth & Strieter

"Outfitters from Lad to Dad"



New Low Prices Effective September 1, 1923

f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	-	-	\$490
Superior Touring	-	-	495
Superior Utility Coupe	-	-	640
Superior Sedan	-	-	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	-	-	395
Superior Light Delivery	-	-	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	-	-	550

Quality Cars at Quantity Prices

Buick-Chevrolet Garage

W. P. Schenk & Company

Park Street

Chelsea, Mich.

Sell It Through the Standard Want Column---Get Results

When They Found Love

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

(© 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE Man heard the party laughing through the palm trees and swore. In the nine months that he had resided on the quay he had been in solitude.

He was no misanthrope, only a writer. He was writing a wonderful book, a book which contained all the beauty in all the world. In a year, when it was finished, he was going back to the world of men.

To write this book he needed only two things—love and solitude. As yet the love had not come to him, and so the book was incomplete; but he had the solitude of the waves and starry nights, in the palm-tree-wood cabin that he had built. He was very happy there, two miles across the waters from the Gulf settlement.

Then the party came to camp on the island and picnic there. It was a company of strolling players, whose tent was set up on the sands near the hotel opposite. They were very happy, merry, rather intoxicated by the warm sunlight and perhaps something stronger.

Della, the lugenue, wandered away from them. She had suddenly lost her happiness. She remembered days when her ambitions had soared high, days, too, when she had dreamed of a home and wifehood. Now this ecstatic, roving life had suddenly begun to pall on her.

Then, face to face among the palm-trees, she saw the Man.

The Man and she looked at each other.

"Are you a faun?" asked Della.

"No, a poor writer."

"Writing a book? Tell me about it."

He told her, and all the beauty of the book was in his voice and face as he spoke of it.

"And you live here alone?"

"Till the book is completed. I must have solitude and—"

"And?"

"Love," he said, with a laugh. "But that hasn't come yet."

"Will it come, Man?"

"Does it ever come?"

"Sometimes I think it doesn't, that it's a mirage, a wonderful vision of something that exists only in heaven."

"But heaven sometimes comes to earth," said the man.

He was looking into her eyes, and Della knew that love had come for them. But how long would it last? No matter—it was love, and this was the first time in which they stroled to and fro, forgetful of time, of everything except that vision.

"Tell me about yourself."

Della told him. And all the longings of her heart, never revealed even to herself, were in her voice, in that revelation. Hours must have passed before she started at the sound of her friends calling her.

"Good-by, Man," she said. "I shall always remember our talk here. It was good to have tarried with a friend, even though we never meet again. It will send me into the world again better equipped to fight."

"It has given me what I needed," said the Man. "Now I shall finish my book."

She turned from him.

"Stay," said the Man, bending over her.

But Della was gone, running down to the shore, where her friends were searching, calling for her.

They rallied her on the way home. Where had she been? Why did she look like that? Della was silent. But in the tent that night she acted as never before. Some inhibition had broken in her, something that had held her down through all those years of struggle.

She knew now that the most priceless gift of life had been vouchsafed to her, and that never again would she know doubt or loneliness.

Frantic applause followed the falling of the curtain. Della, standing alone outside the tent, heard her name called tumultuously.

Over her were the tropic stars, on the shining boat was drawn up. And in the boat sat the Man.

"Come!" said the Man.

He stood in the moonbeams, holding out his arms toward her. "Come!" she heard him whisper.

Within the tent the shouting was increasing. And suddenly it all seemed a symbol to her—on the one side that success which she knew now was hers at last; on the other the gift of love.

"Come!" said the man.

The boat dwindled to a distant speck upon the water. In it sat two persons, immeasurably contented. They had found that thing, that one thing.

George Fixed It

A Broadway druggist permitted the display of a card advertising a charity show in a window of his store recently. A week later he said to his negro porter: "George, that charity show has been held." He supposed George would take the hint and remove the card, but he didn't. Next day the druggist noticed the card still there. "George, there's that card," he said.

"Tensah," replied the porter, "but Ah fixed it so it won't fool nobody." At the bottom of the card he had written: "All over now."—El Paso Herald.

Jurles Too Easy

Belle—What's the reason she never married? Crossed in love?
Bob—No, her fellows found out that she was the revolver championship one year.—From Associated Newspapers.

BATTLE SCENE TO BE SHRINE

Place Where Americans First Fought Under Own Flag to Be Museum Site.

New York.—After years and years of indifference and neglect something has been done at last to set aside as a park and national shrine Brooklyn's most historic ground—the site of the Battle of Long Island.

The board of estimate has voted to acquire the buildings on the block where the chief engagement of the Battle of Long Island was fought. Here General Stirling, August 27, 1776, with less than 500 men, held back 20,000 British and charged them five separate times, preventing the British from closing the iron ring, so that the Americans might escape across the marshes to the refuge of the inner line of fortifications on Brooklyn Heights. And if the present generation does not know it, Washington's officers relied to the full the mighty deeds performed by General Stirling and his Marylanders that day and called General Stirling "as brave a man as ever lived."

Near 148th Anniversary. Now the first step has been taken to clear the ground for a memorial park in which shall rise dignified columns which shall stand forever a reminder of the valorous deeds performed there on that day.

It is an appropriate time for action, for in another year one hundred and forty-eight years will have passed since the Marylanders stood against the best troops Europe ever sent to these shores and fought them to a standstill, although outnumbered twenty to one. And while they held them at Nicholas Veeche's old stone house the shattered remnants of the Continental army escaped across the marsh lines in the very nick of time.

The stones of that house, which possessed the added distinction of being Washington's headquarters before the battle, are still buried under the ground, historians say, and the house may be restored. It was built in 1669 and covered when the land was filled in.

All these years Brooklyn has never marked the spot. Maryland has, however, a bronze tablet which bears testimony to the heroisms of the sons of Maryland.

The first national battle fought in America was that of Long Island. It was the first battle in which American troops fought under a flag of their own.

It was the first time American troops met the flower of the British army in open field fighting and proved a match for them.

The largest British army that ever came to the shores, approximately 25,000 men, took part in the battle. It was the first attempt on the part of the British to work out an elaborate strategic plan, which had for its object the crushing of the American army at one blow and the breaking of all resistance.

It was the first time the Americans ever met German troops in battle—the Hessians under De Heister.

No Shaft Marks Spot. The bones of some of the best men of Maryland lie under the ground—men who saved a nation—but no shaft rises, no green park is there.

The plan for the restoration of the Veeche house contemplates its use as a museum for historical objects. The Brooklyn Heights Forum, which has been urging the establishment of the park, has a plan to put a stadium and playground there and erect two dignified memorial shafts. One of these shafts would be faced with white Rutland, Vt., marble, and built in 13 sections to represent the 13 original colonies. The other would symbolize the 48 states.

Hard Shelled Beetles Devour Live Chickens

Wheeler, W. Va.—An army of beetles of a variety unknown to this city has taken possession of the million dollar fruit orchards hereabouts, and, unless checked, will destroy the crop of fruit.

The pest is a hard-shelled beetle about the size of a coffee bean, and a shoe box, filled with the bugs, has been sent to the state agriculturist for classification and a recipe for extermination.

The beetles are not only devouring the foliage and green fruit, but are literally eating chickens alive, reports from rural districts disclosed. Paris green, arsenate of lead and boiling water have no effect on them.

Last of Indian Tribe Dead. Eugene, Ore.—Jeff Harney, last full-blooded male member of the Stovian tribe of Indians, is dead at his home near Florence, Ore. He was said to be one hundred and twenty-five years old.

Toad Takes 5 Days to Hop 75 Miles

Frederick C. Sidney took a homing toad, with a metal tag on its leg, to Winchester, Mass., and liberated it. Sidney lives at Wakefield, 75 miles distant. Five days later the toad arrived back in Wakefield. The metal tag, still on its leg, proved its identity.

The Family Feud

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

(© 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)

THERE was a feud between the Rabinowitz and the Epstein families. One of them had done something to one of the other in the past, in the old country. Ephraim Rabinowitz, a stern, bearded patriarch, guarded his legacy like the apple of his eye from Jacob Epstein. What mattered it if Jacob had been to college? One of Jacob's ancestors had offended one of his ancestors in the old country.

Ephraim was reputed wealthy. He sat all day long in Mirowitz place, playing chess, challenging all comers. No one could beat Ephraim. He had one wonderful move, half-way through the game; a gambit no one could follow. It always won.

On the day after Becky eloped with Jacob Epstein the old man was in his corner as usual. One of the bystanders, who had not heard the news that was percolating through the East side, asked him how his daughter was.

"Daughter? I have no daughter," replied old Ephraim mildly.

Ephraim was like that, mild in manner, bitter at heart. He never acknowledged that he had had a daughter, even though Jacob was making good as a salesman and they lived in a fine apartment uptown.

Day by day he continued to sit playing chess in Mirowitz place. It was a point of honor with him to take on all comers. Once Becky used to stand beside his chair and watch. Now there was no Becky. That.

There were stories of a Becky who had come to the apartment with a child in her arms and seen her father face to face. "No, no, I do not know you, madam," Ephraim had answered. That "madam" was the crowning insult. It signified that she was no longer of his race. Even on Yom Kippur, when Jewish people are reconciled, he had denied Becky.

He was sitting in his corner. Suddenly the onlookers gasped. Jacob Epstein, looking very prosperous and pale, had pushed forward. "I will play a game with you, Mr. Rabinowitz," he said.

For a moment old Ephraim was non-plussed. He could not give vent to anger, for, according to his hypothesis, he had never heard of Jacob. He hesitated and glared.

"Sit you down," he said coldly.

"But, Mr. Rabinowitz, shall we not have a little stake on the game?" asked Jacob.

Ephraim shrugged his shoulders. "What you will."

"Listen, then. If you win, I pay you a thousand dollars. If I win—my wife and I adopt you as our father."

Ephraim looked thunderstruck. Then a holier-than-thou look seized him. "Sit you down!" he roared. "What is your name, my future son?"

"Jacob Epstein," replied the other.

Ephraim chuckled. It was evident that he meant to give Jacob the trimming of his life, daughter or no daughter.

Everybody watched with bated breath. The game proceeded along strictly orthodox lines until Ephraim's move was due. He made it. What happened? A lightning change in the situation, the sudden huzling of his forces forward?

No! Something had happened. Ephraim looked bewildered. He had made his famous, mysterious move, and Jacob had countered. He sat gawking at his board in perplexity. Then he looked up at Jacob. And suddenly he burst into such oaths as had never been known to come from his lips before. With a single motion of his hand he swept every piece from the board.

He sank back in his chair, glaring defiance about him. At Jacob—at Becky, who had appeared, who had come forward into the circle of spectators.

"My game," said Jacob coolly. "This lady is my wife, Mr. Rabinowitz. I call upon you, as a man of honor, to fulfill the terms of the compact."

Old Ephraim's bloodshot, haggard eyes passed from Jacob's to Becky's. Becky was standing where she used to stand beside her father. Nobody stirred.

"Do you honor your word, sir?" Jacob asked.

Old Ephraim looked at Becky, and a spasm shook him. "Oh, oh!" he moaned. "You taught that fellow my gambit, traitress!"

"But, father, I was no longer your daughter," pleaded Becky. "Oh, father, say that you will forgive us."

Ephraim rose up from his chair. "I forgive," he muttered. "Come home, children. We've got to keep that gambit in the family."

Uses for Skimmed Milk

It is said that in France 20,000 quarts of skimmed milk a day is used for making substitutes for horn, ivory, amber and such things. The casein in the milk is precipitated by a chemical process and then mixed with formalin. This produces gallinoli, or petrified milk, a hard, elastic, insoluble substance that is easily worked. The French dairy experts think that the demand for the skimmed milk for this purpose will be great enough to increase the profit in the butter-making business by producing a ready market for the by-product.—Washington Star.

Prepared

"I don't see where we can put up this lecturer for the night."
"Don't worry—he always brings his own bunk."—Princeton Tiger.

AMAZED AT YANKEE TEETH

French Farmers Marvelled at the Sight of Doughboys Seemingly Enjoying Cow Fodder.

The French lockkeeper is sometimes an old soldier, but oftener is some black-clad woman who took up her husband's duties when he was called to the front, and who (for he never came back) will continue them until her little Francois is grown up—or, as she sometimes sadly puts it, "Until he comes back safe, as I hope, from the next war, m'sieu."

For five more days we paddled along the 100-kilometer stretch of stream that unfurls itself ribbonlike among rolling, windmill-topped slopes between Redon and Nantes, writes Melville Chater in the National Geographic Magazine.

We found that the countryside still fondly recalled the passage of American troops in 1918—how they had swum in the canal and had given the children little packets of chewing gum and had strangely delighted in, consuming cow fodder.

This last detail was related to us by a farmer, who added: "Most vigorous young men those, m'sieu. Wonderful teeth, wonderful stomachs. How they could even digest that stuff was the wonder of the countryside." And he pointed to one of those fine fields of Indian corn which in France are cultivated exclusively as cattle food.

"Why, that's easy," he confided; "all Americans eat that." And we described the manner of preparing and dispatching an ear of corn. Suddenly a light broke on the listener's face: "Ah," he exclaimed, "I understand. Then one doesn't eat it, cob and all, like the cow; one just picks at it as if it were an artichoke, n'est-ce pas?"

FREEZE OUT INSECT PESTS

Method is More Economical Than Gas, Says an Expert on the Subject.

The usual procedure, when flour mills become infested with the Mediterranean moth, the larvae of which get into the flour, is to close the mill tightly and "gas" the insects. Last winter a mill at Williston, N. D., however, requested the local weather bureau office to notify the company whenever a temperature of 20 degrees or lower for at least several hours could be anticipated. As soon as weather sufficiently cold was forecast, the company put out all fires and opened doors and windows. That night the temperature reached 30 degrees Fahrenheit, and did not go above 17 degrees Fahrenheit the next day. According to the report of the company to the United States Department of Agriculture, through the weather bureau, all moths and most of the eggs were frozen, and the process will not have to be repeated for at least two years. Many dollars' worth of chemical insecticides which would have been necessary for "gassing" were saved.

Once More Extended

It is certain that the limits of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan were once more extended than now. It is reasonably probable, say students of the subject, that some of the territory now drained by the Wabash and Illinois rivers was once covered by the waters of Lake Michigan. The case of Lake Tippecanoe, Lake Geneva, and the lakes of the Oconomowoc chain is evidently a modified descendant of the so-called lake herring. Its origin most likely dates from the time when these small deep-lakes of Indiana and Wisconsin were connected with Lake Michigan. Several of the larger fishes, properly characteristic of the Great Lakes region, are occasionally taken in the Ohio river.

Confirmed Bachelor Shad

The shad in the Farmington river in Connecticut are all bachelors. In the opinion of the fish and game commission of that state. Effort has been made for some time to obtain shad eggs for experimental purposes, and the constant report from one of the best fishing grounds was that only buck shad were obtainable. Then the superintendent of fisheries decided to do some fishing himself. He had a force of men spread nets and when they were drawn in, all the shad were bucks. Once more the net was spread and drawn in, this time with but little more success, one female, or roe shad, being caught.

Papyrus Trees of Ancient Egypt

The tree from which the ancient Egyptians obtained their papyrus flourished in the lowlands along the Nile river. It grew to a height of about ten feet, and seems to have been known only in Egypt. The paper obtained from it was formed from a sort of inner bark, which consisted of thin sheets growing around the wood.

Various colored liquids were used for ink; these were usually black, but sometimes red or green. A species of lamp-black, or ivory-black, similar to that used in painting in modern times, was employed to make the black ink sometimes.

Eskimos Have Strongest Teeth

Less than two Eskimos out of 100 have any signs of tooth decay. Chewing coarse frozen food keeps their glands active and their teeth safe. One of the domestic duties of the women is the chewing of thick walrus hide to make it pliable enough for the men to work it into shoe soles.

Today the soft-cooked foods of the civilized nations have allowed the glands to slow down. As a consequence 30 people out of 100 have decayed teeth.

FRANCISCO

Rev. F. Boehm has returned from Rogers Corners, where he attended a two days' conference. Farmers are busy filling their silos.

Mrs. Alma Walz is teaching the Lehman school in Sylvan township, north of town, and Miss Alma Glenn is substituting for Mrs. Myrta Bidwell in the Maute district, west of town.

Fred Hoffman will leave his farm home, west of town, and go to Munich to live. He has rented his house to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bidwell of Clark Lake, who expect to move here the first of November.

The Gleaners met Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Eric Notten north of town. There was a good attendance and following the business meeting the evening was spent socially. During the evening refreshments were served.

Rev. Carl Eitel of Salem M. E. church spent the past week in Newport, Ky., where he attended the German Methodist conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Riggs of Detroit, who are spending some time at their farm, east of town, had for their guests the past week Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Pasquell of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Harvey of North Francisco entertained relatives from Pontiac part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Notten of Jackson, were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten part of last week.

C. C. Dorr left last week for Texas with a carload of sheep.

Owing to the screener in the Henry Bohne gravel pit being out of commission Saturday three trucks and their drivers and a number of other men were out of work. This screener has cost the taxpayers a heavy sum this season, because it has been out of repair much of the time, it is said.

Mrs. E. A. Dean of Ann Arbor, who came to attend the funeral of her brother, Charles Hickman, of Grass Lake, Monday, spent a few days the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. John Helle and daughter, Mrs. Sadie Frey.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thelen and children spent Sunday with her brother, Thydas Moeckel and family of Waterloo.

Albert Benter and family of Detroit were week-end guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Bertha Benter.

Mrs. Henry Behne and daughter, Miss Velma, spent Saturday in Jackson.

Mrs. Earl Allen of Grass Lake spent Friday with Mrs. John Thelen. Miss Luella Walz of Jackson, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Catherine Walz.

The Young People's League of St. John's church met Saturday evening with Miss Rose Asfahl of West Francisco. Following the devotional meeting the evening was spent socially. During the evening refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walz and family of West Francisco, Mrs. Mary Moeckel of Kansas, and Mrs. Dorothy Moeckel of Waterloo, spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Thelen.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Main of Petoskey were recent guests of their aunt, Mrs. Martha Keeler.

Mrs. Frank Moore, who has been receiving treatment for infection in her hand at W. A. Foots Memorial hospital, Jackson, the past five weeks, is improving and it is reported she may be able to come home this week.

Otto Mayer and family of Sharon, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Plow Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winfield of Jackson, visited their sister, Mrs. Martha Taylor, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Heile spent Sunday with relatives in Fishville.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Orthing of Freedom were guests of Mrs. Bettie Orthing of North Francisco, Sunday.

Mrs. Rowena Peterson was in Grass Lake Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Shelly and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shelly and children of Grass Lake, visited Mrs. Martha Taylor, Sunday.

Dell Hammond of Ann Arbor, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hammond of North Francisco.

WATERLOO

Mrs. Martha Runciman and daughter Ethel and Mrs. Emory Runciman spent Saturday in Jackson.

Miss Marie Harr and Mr. and Mrs. W. Vicary and children were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beeman on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dykemaster of Jackson, spent the week-end with relatives here.

The Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Mary Barber on Wednesday, September 19, for supper. All welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mollenkopf and children of Jackson, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rentschler.

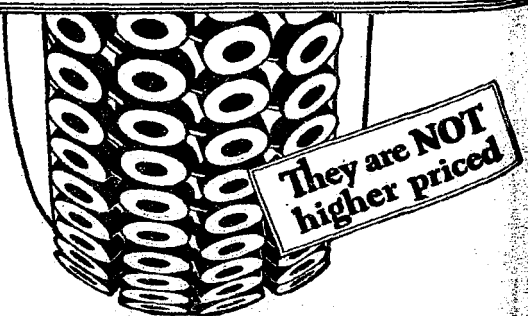
The Y. P. A. held their business meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Durkee on Friday evening. Clayton Artz was elected President, Gordon Ritzmiller vice president, Jessie Wahl secretary, Daniel Emmons treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown, Kenneth Runciman and Etta Bowdish of Stock bridge, visited the Runciman home on Sunday evening.

Emory Runciman and family called on Wm. Rothman and Chris Katz, and family Sunday.

Rev. Rhoads will preach his last sermon before conference, on next Sunday.

VACUUM CUP TIRES



DOUBLE REDUCTION!

Price reduction ranging to 15% and

Effective for a limited time only, we are giving absolutely free, with each regular Vacuum Cup Tire purchased,

ONE TON TESTED TUBE

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Put in your winter supply of Coal this summer, so you will have summer in your home this winter.

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That we are now located in our new offices in

THE CHELSEA MILL

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UNITED LINES

Chelsea Time Table
(Effective July 10, 1923)

Standard Time.

Limited Cars.

Depart—8:45 a. m. and every 2 hours to 9:13 p. m.

Express Cars.

Depart—7:14 a. m.; 9:30 a. m.; 11:52 a. m. and every 2 hours to 7:30 p. m.

Express Cars—10:25 a. m. and every 2 hours to 8:25 p. m. 10:22 p. m. Express Cars make local stops west of Chelsea.

Local Cars.

Depart—10:25 p. m. To Ypsilanti, 11:52 p. m.

Depart—8:25 a. m.; 12:39 p. m. and 8:25 p. m. To Ypsilanti for Plymouth and Wayne for Plymouth and

OF MORTGAGE SALE

James Randolph Cooke and Ann Cooke, wife, of the Township of Washtenaw and the County of Michigan, made and executed a mortgage, bearing date of May, A. D. 1914, to the Village of Chelsea, of the Village of Chelsea and State aforesaid, recorded in the office of the clerk of deeds of the county of Washtenaw on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1914, at 1:55 o'clock p. m., in Liber 134 of the records on page 418.

Whereas, the amount claimed upon said mortgage is the sum of four hundred and thirty-three and 88/100 dollars, and no suit thereon has been instituted to recover the debt now remaining thereby, or any part thereof, default has been made in the payment of the money due on said mortgage, whereby the same has become due and payable, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of said power of sale in pursuance thereof, the statute in such case made, the said mortgage will be sold by a sale of the mortgagor, at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the south side of the court house, at the City of Ann Arbor, in said county of Washtenaw, on the 14th day of September, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; the description of the premises contained in said mortgage is as follows: All that certain pieces or parcels of land in the Township of Chelsea, of the County of Washtenaw and the State of Michigan, and described as follows: The southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Section eight of the north half of the quarter of Section eight

June 18, 1923.

Jacob Lehman, Mortgages.

Kalmbach, Attorney for Mortgagee, address, Chelsea, 9-13

OF PUBLICATION

Michigan, County of Washtenaw, held in the Probate Court of the County of Washtenaw, held in the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 6th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Emory E. Leland, Judge of the Estate of Gorman, deceased.

And filing the petition of E. Gorman, administrator of the estate, praying that she may be appointed to sell certain real estate therein at private sale for the purpose of paying debts and for the purpose of

ordered. That 9th day of October, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, said Probate Office, he appeared for hearing said petition.

That this order be published successive weeks previous to the date of hearing, in the Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Washtenaw.

Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

C. Donegan, Register.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE

Michigan, County of Washtenaw, undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court of the County of Washtenaw, to examine and adjust all claims against the estate of Susan E. Canfield, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that four months from date of order of said Probate Court for creditor's to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of said Probate Court, in said county, on the 12th day of November, next, at ten o'clock, a. m., to examine and adjust said

September 10th, 1923.

H. D. Willsell, Commissioner.

OCTOPUS IS SHY, NOT MAN-KILLER

Sliced Tentacles of "Devilfish," Caught Like Flies in Trap, Table Delicacy.

San Francisco.—Devilfish, better known as "polypus octopus bongkongensis," are being caught at Santa Cruz, Cal., like flies in a trap, and the tentacles are being shipped to fish markets in San Francisco, New York and other cities, where they are sliced and sold at from 50 to 60 cents a pound, according to C. B. Florence, secretary of the California state fish exchange here.

Mr. Florence says the sliced octopus tentacles make a succulent table delicacy when properly fried.

While fishermen emulate Victor Hugo and other writers of fiction by telling of terrific battles with giant devilfish, usually ending by explaining how the fish reached one of its eight arms above the water and wrapped it around the boat, breaking the craft in two, Mr. Florence and Prof. Harold Heath, department of zoology, Stanford university, California, state that this is physically impossible. Professor Heath describes the octopus as being "of a shy and retiring disposition."

"The devilfish has no bones or no structure of any kind," says Mr. Florence. "It cannot swim, but can only float on the water, or propel itself on the floor of the ocean by means of forcing its suckers on a rock and pulling itself along."

Don't Frighten Fishermen.

"Each of the eight tentacles is covered with cup-shaped suckers, and these form a vacuum when fastened on an object. Fishermen haul them out of the traps with their bare hands and throw them in boxes in a manner that is extremely undignified to a fish that has an age-old reputation of being a man killer and boat smasher."

In the picturesque food shops that line the narrow streets of San Francisco's colorful Chinatown, the tentacles of the devilfish may be seen hanging from hooks alongside many other edibles that are strange to the native American. On the floors of the wholesale fish houses here the devilfish may be seen stacked in jellylike heaps, with tentacles, in some cases, extending ten feet across, five feet from each side of the small, egg-shaped head.

The traps at Santa Cruz, where the majority of the devilfish are caught on the Pacific coast, are built like fly traps, only much larger. The traps are made of wire, with a cone-shaped entrance for the octopus to squeeze through in order to reach the bait.

Changes Color in Moment.

Instead of being a fighter, the devilfish protects itself from attack by changing its color and hiding from its enemy, according to Professor Heath. He says:

"To agility and naturally acute senses should be added their surprising ability to change their color to harmonize with that of their surroundings, so that prey and enemies alike are usually unaware of their proximity. This color change is based upon minute elastic sacs filled with pigment and supplied with muscles for causing their expansion."

"As a devilfish crawls about on the sea bottom its color can be seen to change in a twinkling from deep chocolate through dull red and to gray. If sand or rock is encountered on the journey the skin is usually thrown into lumps and ridges, so that under all conditions the body is practically invisible."

20-Acre Concrete Tank

World's Largest for Oil

Whittington, Cal.—The world's largest oil storage tank is nearing completion here. It will cover 20 acres and hold 1,750,000 barrels. The concrete tank will rise only eight feet above the ground, half of it being below the surface.

The sides and bottom will be only four inches thick, as the soil under the excavation for the tank has been repacked until it is much more dense than before. This mammoth tank is the only large concrete project of its kind built of poured concrete; usually they are constructed of steel.

Flies on Eightieth Birthday.

Los Angeles, Cal.—James W. Heinicke celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birth by making a flight in an airplane. "That's what I've wanted to do for just 50 years," he said.

Skunk Flees When Girl Hurls Perfume

The pungent American skunk can stand for almost anything, but he balks and quits the game when thrown up against some of the screeching perfume used by the girls of today.

Three young women were camping along the Desplaines river, near Chicago. A skunk invaded the camp one evening. One of the girls opened a bottle of perfume and spread the liquid on the ground. The skunk turned tail and fled.

Code of the North

By ANTHONY REIMERT

(By Western Newspaper Union.)

FOUR seven weeks Jean Lavel had been trudging steadily northward, a black fury in his heart that steadily increased with each mile that brought him nearer to the cabin where Pierre Lacroix was spending the winter, laying his trap lines. For Pierre Lacroix had stolen Marie Duchesne, to whom Jean had been engaged when he started south the spring before to sell his furs.

Jean had returned to find Marie gone—gone with Pierre. And he had set off with murder in his heart.

Pierre was wanted by the police for theft. He had held up a sleigh mail the preceding winter and helped himself to two dogs. It was true his own dogs were dead, and that he had no alternative save a five-hundred mile trudge southward. But Canadian law is ignorant of fine distinctions. Pierre had stolen, and even now the police were after him.

Jean knew this, but he had no intention of notifying the police. His quarrel with Pierre was strictly a personal one, and he meant to settle it in his own fashion. He meant to fight it out with him, man to man, on the snows; and Marie would fall to the winner.

So he trudged north beside his sleigh, the rage in his heart ever increasing as he neared Pierre's cabin. And when at last the cabin came in sight Jean's heart beat so that it nearly burst.

He drove his dogs up to the door and halted them. He rapped upon the door. Marie opened it.

"At the sight of Jean she uttered a little scream, and stood staring at him, heretofore speechless."

"You know what I have come for," said Jean.

"He is not here."

"Where is he?"

"Laying his lines."

"When will he return?"

"I do not know. A week perhaps."

"Good. I shall wait for him. He pitched his tent at Marie's door."

Marie came to him. "Jean, will thou not forgive me?"

"I shall forgive when I have repaid," answered Jean.

"Pierre and I loved each other. I was the more to blame. He did not wish me to come with him. We are married. Would you make me a widow?"

Jean ground his teeth in his fury. "All that is nothing to me," he answered. "Thou wast affianced to me. A man seeks revenge for betrayal."

Marie came nearer to him. "If not for my sake," she pleaded, "for the sake of the babe unborn."

Jean started, stared at her. And the flame of anger that overcame him made everything turn red. "All the better!" he cried loudly. "That will be a better revenge than I had dreamed of!"

With a cry Marie fell prostrate in the snow.

Jean stood there, smiling, until she picked herself up moaning. And suddenly she began staring out across the plain.

Jean, following her eyes, saw a figure tramping toward the cabin, beside a four-dog sleigh. So Pierre was already returning. She had fled to him, as she had fled before.

Still smiling, Jean drew the pistol from his coat and waited. He saw the look of terror frozen on Marie's face. It was strange that she made no move to intercept him, to save her man, no plea; just stood there looking at him in that frozen silence.

"Good!" said Jean. "I shall not murder. He and I shall fight it out, man to man. Perhaps he will kill me. Then you will be at peace all your days."

And still Marie said nothing. And now the figure was coming nearer and nearer. The setting sun, shining in Jean's eyes, blinded him, and his hat, too, blinded him, so that he could only stand, clutching his pistol, waiting till his enemy was at hand.

His dogs, seeing those of the newcomer, set up a discordant howling. Suddenly, so quickly that Jean was taken by surprise, the other had drawn a pistol and covered him.

"Hands up, Pierre Lacroix!" he cried exultantly. "I have you now."

And then Jean saw that this was not Pierre, his enemy, but a corporal of the North-West Mounted. And he realized that he did not know him.

Jean glanced at Marie, and suddenly something broke within him. He flung his hands up, letting the pistol fall.

"Yes. I am Pierre Lacroix, and I will go with you quietly," he said.

First "Cozy Evening" at Home.

It was a remark of Mrs. McSnab's to her husband at a movie that resulted in the experiment which ended so disastrously.

"Mac," said she, "we haven't spent an evening at home together in years. Let's." Mac grunted and agreed.

The next night, having consumed dinner, says the New York Sun story, the two sat down in the living room to "a cozy little evening" by themselves. That was at 8:05. At 8:10 Mac picked up the newspaper and with some remark about the market began to read.

At 8:15 his cigar went out and the paper slipped from his hand. At 8:20 he commenced to nod and at 8:25 he was frankly and unashamedly snoring.

At 8:25 1/2 Mrs. McSnab wept bitterly at what she called his perfidy. At 8:30 she shook him till he awoke and the rest of the evening till bedtime was spent in mutual recriminations.

SUGAR LOAF LAKE

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Rowe spent Sunday in Jackson with George Rowe and family.

Clarence Fair and Peter Wells of Jackson spent several days last week with Dan Wells, and family.

Doris Leach of Chelsea spent the week-end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Leach.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wells attended the State fair at Detroit last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Meyer spent Sunday with Dennis Leach and family.

L. D. Guinan is working in Detroit.

James Bush, jr., is cutting corn for Gottlieb Sager.

Fred Sager is cementing the cow stable floor for Mr. Griffin this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Guinan entertained Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. George Krouse, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunn of Monroe and Henry Liedel, sr. of Maybee.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vicary spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bee-man.

THACKERAY AND THE MOVIES

Member of School Class Says His Novel "Gives a Picture" of Time of Queen Elizabeth.

A class in a certain school in the city was reading the biography of William Makepeace Thackeray. The lesson was an intensive one, and the object was to read a paragraph, then give every point it contained.

One boy had recited in full supposedly, when Clifford became much concerned as indicated by his wry face and an eagerness to be heard.

"He left out a very important point," he said.

The class members registered disapproval on their countenances and negative nods here and there. Clifford bristled slightly at the idea of disagreement.

"He did leave out an important point," he urged, insistently.

"What was that?" asked the teacher.

"That Thackeray was in the moving picture business," replied the boy. The class snickered in spots, and it was necessary for the teacher to intercede.

"Where did you read that, Clifford?" she said.

With flourish and decision he promptly opened his book and read: "Thackeray's novel, 'Henry Esmond,' gives a picture of the time of Queen Anne."

Cement of Wood Ashes.

Wood ashes and common salt, made into a paste with water will stop cracks in metal, and fill holes in plaster.

Pleasure Before Duty.

An amateur photographer in Maine, before going to the rescue of his wife, who had lost her balance and fallen into a lake, took a snapshot of her.

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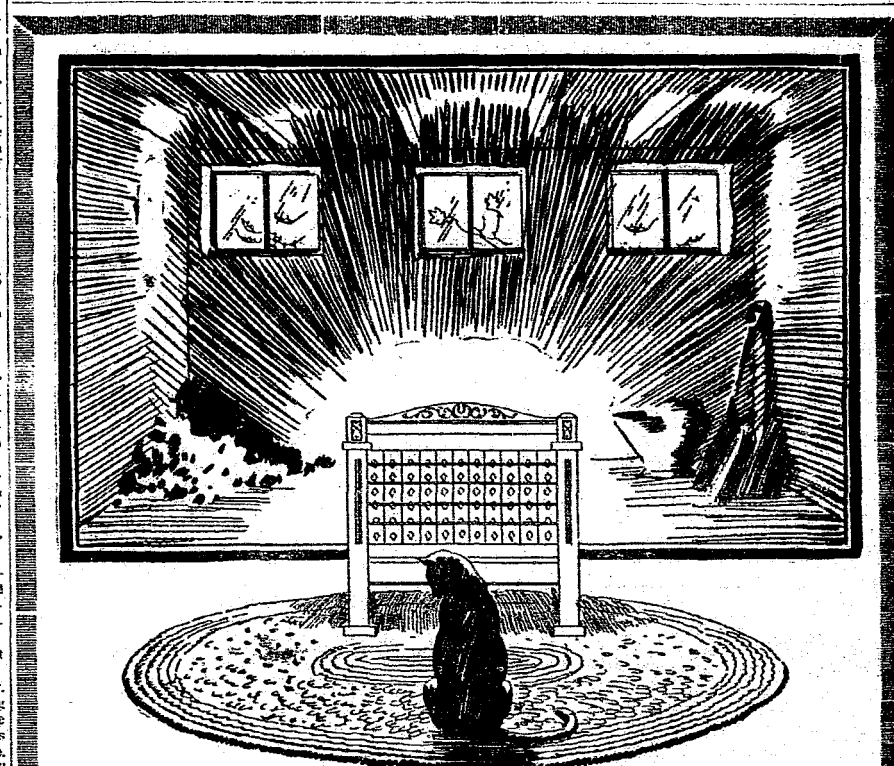
CHELSEA MICHIGAN

Timely Definition.
"An optimist," observes an exchange, "is one who believes the decorators when they tell him they'll paint and re-paper his house in two weeks."

Can Rise Above Circumstances.
"He who wills can do," said the ancient philosopher. Life itself is largely exercise of will power, rather than the result of circumstance. To plead the latter is virtually to confess weakness of mind and heart.

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Nickel Plating.

The object to be nickel plated is made the cathode of a battery or dynamo delivering a current of about six volts. A piece of nickel is made the anode. The electrolyte between the poles of the dynamo is a solution of soluble salt of nickel. The passing of the current from the anode through the solution to the cathode causes a deposit of nickel on the object.

Root Cause of Nearly Every War.
During the World war a well-known French publicist was invited to address a large audience of children from the elementary schools of an American city. Walking quickly onto the stage, he commenced speaking in his own tongue, and then smiling at the bewildered children, he said, in perfect English: "You do not understand me, do you? There, my dear children, you have the root cause of this and nearly every other war. Only through a lack of proper understanding of the point of view of other nations are wars possible."—Christian Science Monitor.

"Santos" Coffee From Sao Paulo.
It is against the law now to label as "Java" coffee that does not come from Java or Sumatra. Real Mocha is grown in Arabia, and after the coffee became well known and very popular some unscrupulous dealers applied this name to coffee from other countries. Coffees frequently take their names from the ports from which they are shipped. The most widely used variety in this country is called "Santos," after a port of Sao Paulo, the great coffee-producing state of Brazil.

Volcanoes in United States.
While there are no active volcanoes in this country, there are a number of extinct or dormant volcanoes in the West. These include the San Francisco mountains of Arizona, Mt. Taylor in New Mexico, Mt. Shasta in California and the following peaks in the Cascade mountains: Mt. Mazama, Union, Scott, Three Sisters, Jefferson, Hood, Adams, St. Helens, Rainier and Baker. The Spanish peaks of Colorado are also the remains of ancient volcanoes. Most of these mountains have visible craters on their summits or on their sides.

Origin of the Dollar.
The dollar was introduced into America by the West India trade before the Revolution. The currency act of the 2nd of April, 1792, legalized it and established it as a unit of American currency. The inconvenience of the English system of money led congress in 1781 to instruct Robert Morris to devise a system of national coinage. His suggestions were not adopted, but those proposed by Jefferson were approved. He proposed the dollar as a unit to be equivalent to one hundred cents.

Cultivate Friendship.
The heart is always hungry. No man lives happily alone. The wisest and the best is wiser and better for the friends he has.—H. D. Hitchcock.

Thought for the Day.
Say the kind word today and postpone the unkind word until tomorrow, and you will make yourself and the world richer.

She Made a Clean Sweep

By ANTHONY REIMERT
(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

HORACE BROWN sat brooding bitterly in his den in the four-room apartment, listening to the sounds of his wife's broom coming slowly nearer like inexorable doom.

She had swept the dining room, she had swept the living room, she was sweeping the passage, and next . . . Bitter thoughts assailed him as he sat at his desk wrestling with the problem of his heroine—for Horace was an author. What was May to do next? He wouldn't decide.

He gasped, the sweat streamed down his face. May refused to keep on being a heroine. He was thinking of his wife instead.

Elizabeth hadn't a particle of literary taste. She had never been a mental helpmate. All she cared about was that d-d broom. There it came! Fate! She was opening the door.

"Horace, dear, would you mind going out for a few minutes while I do your room?"

"You did my room last month. What do you want to do it again for?"

"Horace, it's choked with dirt. You have no idea how dust accumulates. The place is like a pig-sty. It's positively got to be cleaned."

Horace got up with a bitter grunt. What was the good of trying to oppose this fanaticism?

"A little walk will do you good anyway. You can go down to the butcher's and order a pound of round steak for me."

Bitterly Horace put on his hat and left the apartment. He walked out into the bright sunshine. Children were playing in the road, but their infantile frolics did not interest him. A dog ran up to play with him. He kicked at it with his boot, and it fled, yelping.

An innocent squirrel—the Brown lived in a suburb—came near and looked at him with a peanut expression. Horace stooped, picked up a stone, flung it at it, and missed. The squirrel sat up with a pained expression a dozen feet farther away.

Horace pondered over his problem on his way to the butcher. Elizabeth and he had been married nearly two years now. They had never had a single happy day together. She never showed the slightest interest in his literary struggles. He had simply married a housekeeper.

By George, why shouldn't he get a divorce? That was the ticket. He never wanted to see Elizabeth again. Probably Elizabeth felt the same way about him. Then what was the sense of two people making each other miserable?

It was simply a case of aggravated incompatibility. Poor Elizabeth was not to blame. She couldn't help loving that broom of hers. It was the same thing to her that his literary aspirations were to him.

To his astonishment he found himself strolling back instead of going downtown. Something was in his hand, something soft and flabby, oozing a nasty red substance over the paper. Horace looked at it. It was the pound of round steak.

Automatically, and without the slightest knowledge of the fact, he had been to the butcher's and made his purchase, and now he was returning. And something else had happened. He had solved the problem of his heroine May. Of a sudden everything had grown clear.

By George, he must hurry back and get it down on paper! He was no longer angry with Elizabeth. She no longer occupied any place in his thoughts. He was just interested in May, that was all. He didn't mind the broom any longer. Of course, all his papers would be disarranged, but that was one of the penalties of married life.

He let himself into his apartment. He stopped. He heard a voice, a shrill, horrible voice—the voice of his neighbor, Mrs. Emory.

"Yes, Mrs. Emory," Elizabeth was saying, "I had to send Horace out for a walk. Poor boy, he has been having such a hard time over his new novel. You know, it's really the most arduous work you could imagine, harder than cleaning even."

"I suppose it must be," said Mrs. Emory. Elizabeth laughed a ringing laugh. "Whenever I see Horace in that state of mind I find some errand for him to do, and then he comes back composed and able to take up his work again. He doesn't know that's why I send him out. A man has to be managed, you know."

"You're right, my dear," responded Mrs. Emory emphatically. Horace crept into his den. Everything had been rearranged, but he didn't mind that any more. Elizabeth was a darned good thoughtful wife. He didn't know what he would have done without her. He sat down at his typewriter. Everything had grown clear. Elizabeth had swept the cobwebs away.

The Making of Character.
Edith Wharton writes: "Will-power is not a thing one could suddenly do or cease one's self to possess. It must be built up imperceptibly and laboriously out of a succession of small efforts to meet definite objects, out of the facing of daily difficulties, instead of cleverly eluding them, or shifting their burden on others. The making of the substance called character was a process about as slow and arduous as the building of the pyramids."

Buy your canning peaches now, at Freeman's.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The S. P. I. club will meet with Mrs. Lester Winans Monday evening, September 17. Miscellaneous program. Election of officers.

Special meeting, Olive Chapter, No. 140, R. A. M., Friday evening, September 14. Work in M. M. degree.

Sunday at the Congregational church will be in the nature of a rally day. Let everyone be present to greet our new pastor, Rev. E. L. Sutherland and family. You will also be interested in seeing the new decorations in the church and to get back into the regular program of the church work. Morning service at 10. Sunday school at 11:15 and the evening service at 7:30. Everybody come.

Attention K. of P's. There will be a cantaloupe and watermelon lunch Monday evening, September 17th at K. of P. Castle Hall.

The yearly meeting of the St. Paul's Auxiliary will be held Friday, September 21, at the church. Election of officers. All members are urged to be present. Scrub lunch supper at parsonage.

Regular meeting W. R. C. at their hall Tuesday, October 18, at 3:00 o'clock. Initiation. Scrub lunch at 6:15.

TRAFFIC LAW CHANGES

Michigan's new state traffic code, effective now, being enforced rigidly according to announcements from the secretary of state's office. State police and city and county officials have been notified to see that all its provisions are followed from the date the law went into effect. Secretary of State Charles Deland declared. The law, in a number of instances conflicts with the city traffic regulations of a number of communities. These have been advised to modify their regulations to the state rules.

The provisions which most frequently conflict with individual city traffic codes, according to Deland, are:

Vehicles traveling on streets occupied by street railway tracks must halt behind the street car, when the car is at a full stop, and cannot proceed until the passengers are out of the way.

Vehicles on state trunk lines shall have the right of way over vehicles on intersecting roads.

When two trunk lines intersect, the vehicles on the right of the driver shall have the right of way.

Left turns shall be made as near the center of the corner as possible. It shall be unlawful to park vehicles on the traveled track or paved surface of a highway outside village or city limits.

NOTTEN ROAD

Rev. Ertel returned from Conference Tuesday. He will have charge of the pastorate at Hopkins, Michigan and Rev. Schweinfurth will have charge of the work here.

There was a small attendance at the grange which was held at the home of Chas. Riemenschneider Tuesday evening, owing to the rain.

The Ladies' Aid met at the home of Peter Young west of Francisco, Wednesday of last week.

T. G. Riemenschneider and wife spent Sunday at the home of Fred Riemenschneider near Chelsea.

Miss Cora Zick of Grass Lake, called on her grandmother, Mrs. M. Schenk, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Myers of Quincy called at the home of Fred Notten, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Riemenschneider, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Riemenschneider, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Riemenschneider, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schweinfurth, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gieske, Miss Rieka Kalmbach and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Notten attended a party at the home of E. J. Notten at Chelsea, given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eckard, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Henry Gieske spent Sunday with friends at Chelsea.

Herman Fahrner and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Steinbach.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eckard of Watts, California, who have been spending the summer with relatives, started for their home Tuesday. Mrs. Birdie Notten, Miss Martha Riemenschneider and Fred Notten and wife accompanied them as far as Jackson by auto, and after their departure, spent the balance of the day at the fair.

Fred Notten and wife and Miss Leona McCoy spent Sunday calling on friends at Ann Arbor.

Our Favorite Recipe.

"How may we evict the skunks from under our house?" is the somewhat startling question asked by a reader of an agricultural magazine. Another reader, from the depths of a wider experience, answers the question thus: See that the wall is tight where they live, but leave an opening for them to go out. Take a bottle of household ammonia, pull out the cork, slip a long stick in its place, and shove the bottle into the skunk's habitation. Raise the stick and smash the bottle. The skunks will all march out, saying: "Our odor may be a little disagreeable to our enemies, but here they are using poison gas on us! We call that low down!" They dislike the fumes so much that it is said they never come back.—The Outlook.

Buy your canning peaches now, at Freeman's.

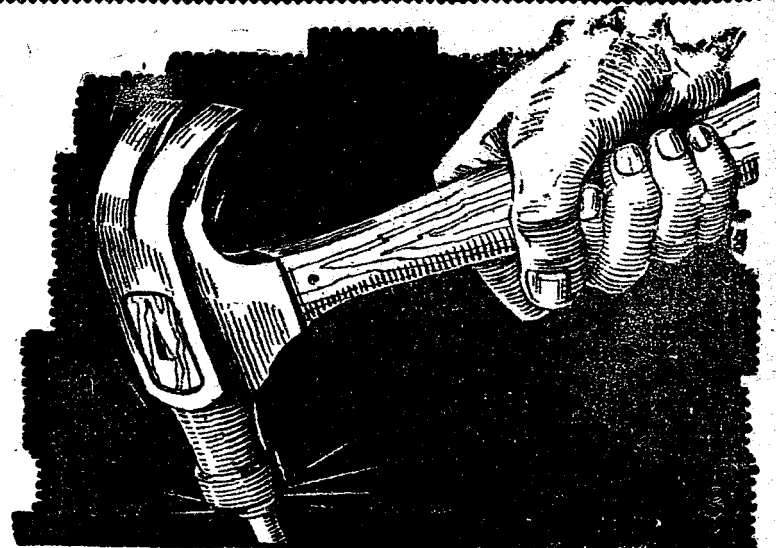
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