

The Chelsea Standard

THE CHELSEA HERALD, Established 1871
THE CHELSEA STANDARD, Established 1889

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1915.

VOLUME 45. NO. 22

LAXACOLD

Acts Quickly and
Is Tasteless

Quick! Things are moving faster today than ever before, people demand it, likewise they demand Medicine that will act quickly.

Laxacold Breaks Up a Cold

in the shortest possible time. Laxacold contains no quinine, therefore the unpleasant effects of this drug are never produced by it. It relieves pain, acts gently on the bowels, and is tasteless.

35 Doses 25 Cents

Grocery Department

True economy in Groceries is in the buying of such high-grade goods as the following, at these low prices.

Bismark Mince Meat, large jars.....	25c	Three 10c Cans Pet Milk.....	25c
Three Packages Lighthouse Mince Meat.....	25c	One 2-Pound Package F. H. Prunes.....	25c
Monarch Catsup, 25c bottle.....	20c	Fancy Cleaned Currants per Package.....	15c
Three Packages Reindeer Macaroni.....	35c	Fancy Cleaned Raisins, per Package.....	13c
Four Packages of Monarch Corn Flakes.....	25c	Fresh Oysters, solid meats, per Pint.....	25c
Three 10c Cans Corn.....	25c	Six 7c Boxes Sardines.....	25c
Three 10c Cans Peas.....	25c	Six Boxes of Blue Ribbon Matches.....	20c

Chase & Sanborn's Teas and Coffees are always fresh

YOURS FOR SATISFACTION

HENRY H. FENN COMPANY

HOLIDAY SPECIALS

Lebkouchen Springerle Mixed Nuts
Candies Oranges Bananas

TRY OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Special—Pound Can of Silver Quarter-Coffee, with tumbler, 25c

CHELSEA HOME BAKERY

Phone 67

T. W. WATKINS, Prop.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

The Farmers and Merchants Bank wishes its friends and patrons a happy and prosperous New Year.

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Holiday Greetings

To All Our Friends and Patrons

FOR the liberal patronage of the past year we thank you, and we trust that the service of this store may merit your continued patronage during the year to come. Let us prove to you that our motto—"We Will Always Treat You Right"—is backed up by an earnest endeavor to please and serve all our customers.

Our Specials—Bobsleighs and Cutters

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

Mrs. Thos. Jackson Burned to Death

Accident Occurred
Wednesday

Cause of Accident
Is a Mystery

Mrs. Thomas Jackson was burned to death about 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at her home, corner west Middle and Wilkinson streets, a portion of which was occupied by her daughter, Mrs. C. Heselschwerdt, and children.

Just how the accident occurred is unknown, as Mrs. Jackson was alone, and the door between the two apartments being locked, but it is thought that her clothing ignited from the stove.

Mrs. J. A. Conlan and Mrs. Jas. Dann were passing the residence when they saw the blaze, and with Mrs. Heselschwerdt forced an entrance to the room.

Mrs. Jackson was standing near the stove trying to beat out the flames. The three ladies wrapped the blazing form in a quilt and smothered the flames, but every particle of clothing was burned from her body, which was covered with blisters, and her face was burned to a crisp.

The woodwork in the room was slightly scorched.

Justice Avery, acting as coroner, empaneled the following jury: Chas. F. Rook, E. J. Whipple, Thos. Howe, James Dann, John Visel and John Kelly. The inquest will be held Monday evening at 7 o'clock, at Justice Avery's office.

Mrs. Jackson was 73 years of age and has been a resident of Chelsea for many years. She is survived by three daughters and several grandchildren.

Killed by German Shell.

Ann Arbor was shocked Christmas evening to learn that Richard Hall, 21, youngest son of Prof. and Mrs. Louis P. Hall, had been killed Christmas eve while on duty with the American ambulance corps in France. Details are most meager, but it is known that he was dispatched with other ambulance drivers to the Vosges mountain districts, where the fighting was most severe last week, and that while in the performance of his duty the ambulance which he was driving was shattered by a German shell and Hall instantly killed.

Hall, who took his A. B. degree from Dartmouth last June, left immediately for France to enter Section 3 of the American ambulance corps. He enlisted for three months, as did the other Dartmouth boys, but when their term of service was ended, he and several others re-enlisted for an indefinite period. At this time he was joined by his older brother, Louis Hall, jr., who was also on duty in the Vosges mountain fighting when young Hall was killed.

St. Joseph's Sodality Officers.

St. Joseph's Sodality at the recent election of officers chose the following for the year 1916. They will be installed Sunday, January 2.

Spiritual Advisor—Rev. W. P. Conside.

Prefect—Herman Weber.

First Assistant—Henry Merkel.

Second Assistant—Leonard Wheeler.

Secretary—Leo Gulnan.

Ass't Secretary—M. P. Schwikerath.

Treasurer—Franklin E. Gieske.

Standard Bearer—James Heim.

Marshals—Louis Eder, Sylvester Weber.

Consultors—John Kelly, Chas. Neuberger, Leo Merkel, John Walsh, Hubert Schwikerath, W. F. Wheeler.

Miss Phyllis Monroe.

Phyllis Monroe, only daughter of Claude Monroe, of this place, was born June 5, 1898, and died at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Anna Lorringer, in Detroit, Friday morning, December 24, 1915.

She has made her home in Detroit for the last two years, and has been in failing health for the past six months. Her mother died several years ago, and Phyllis made her home with her grandmother, Mrs. Emma Monroe, until she went to Detroit.

She is survived by her father, two brothers, her grandmother, Mrs. Mon-

roe, grandfather, John Conaty, and an aunt.

The remains were brought here Friday evening and the funeral was held Monday morning at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Rev. Father Conside celebrating the mass. Interment at Mt. Olivet cemetery.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were Mrs. Anna Lorringer and Miss Dora Harrington, of Detroit, and Mrs. A. Ross and son Leonard, of Chicago.

Checker Tournament.

Beginning January 1 the annual state tournament of the Michigan Checker Association will be held at the Y. M. C. A. in Jackson.

A business session will be held at 10 o'clock in the morning when officers to serve during the year will be elected. A call has been issued by the state secretary, Ralph D. Lyons, urging all members to be present at the tournament and to secure as many new members as possible.

The method of play will be substantially the same as at the last national tournament. The winners will be awarded cash prizes.

An interesting exhibition will be given by Newell W. Banks, of Detroit, national champion. He will play at from four to ten boards at the same time, blindfolded.

Several of Chelsea's crack players will attend the tournament.

Warren Coe Writes From the West.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 14, 1914.

The Chelsea Standard:

I am writing to give you some idea of what one can see by taking a trip across our great United States.

After spending eleven weeks in the one great Chicago studying its many parks, and peoples of all nationalities, I bought a ticket for the sunny California. I did not see the sights, great or small as they may be, between Chicago and Denver, as I took the evening train.

I took advantage of the hour and one-half stop at Denver the following day to take pictures of what looked attractive to me.

Denver is considered the "Queen City of the Plains," because of its mile high capital. It boasts of its clear air and 320 days of sunshine a year.

After leaving Denver on the Denver and Rio Grande road, the train began to climb a sharp divide, where on the right a quarter of a mile from Louvers are the works of the Dupont Powder Co., where high explosives are manufactured.

At Sealia the government lookout post on Devil's Head mountain, a ragged peak with rocks towering high up from the plains, is plainly seen 20 miles to the west. Pike's Peak can be seen from Castle Rock, a distance of 37 miles.

At Palmer Lake is the crest of the Great Divide between the Platte and the Arkansas rivers.

Arrived at Colorado Springs at 10:50 Wednesday morning. This city is an ideal home city, and one of great wealth. Pike's Peak and Cheyenne mountains loom close on the west, also the celebrated mining camps of Cripple Creek and Victor.

At Manitou the ascent of Pike's Peak, 14,099 feet, is made by a cog road. Now we pass on to the Grand Canon of the Arkansas. After rounding a long curve the steep, saggy hills between which hurries the green water, give place to rock, and following the immense breach in the granite the train seems to penetrate the very bowels of the earth. The canon through which the Arkansas pours from the high country to the lower is ten miles long, and the railroad by a marvel of engineering enterprise and dint of much blasting and ballasting, has made of it a thoroughfare renowned the world over. Clinging close to every twist and turn the train proceeds. There is scarce space between the wall and river for the single

track. The red granite and gneiss walls, sparkling with mica, tower aloft on either hand 2,627 feet. At one point, the Hanging Bridge, the width is but ten yards, and a roadbed has been built out over the river. The river boils madly through, the engine sways now to the right, now to the open again. A way is always found, and ever there is the ruddy granite, in walls and in high broken masses, and the side canons, wooded and mysterious. Bands of mountain sheep are seen almost daily on the high cliffs. Falling back to the Hanging Bridge, I must say at the right of this bridge there is a crevice that, by the eye, looks as if cut by a huge knife straight down through the mountain. This is the largest crevice of its kind known. It opens some five, ten and fifteen feet in width. One can see the sky and mountains, far beyond, through this huge crack.

From Royal Gorge to Leadville is a steady rise in altitude, a rise from 5,498 feet to 10,200 feet above sea level. Leadville has a population of 7,508, one of the greatest of mining camps, combined with a modern city, the highest in the world. It has an annual output in excess of \$15,000,000.

From Leadville the Denver and Rio Grande Blue River branch reaches on over the picturesque Fremont Pass, the highest pass crossed by a traction road, to the gold region of Dillon.

The Tennessee Pass was crossed during the early evening, with its altitude of 10,200 feet. The train climbs the four per cent grade, winding over the Continental Divide. The crest of this pass is pierced by a tunnel one-half mile long, the further end opening upon the Pacific slope.

Passengers around me complained of having trouble to breathe, and in some weaker cases were holding their bleeding noses. The train stopped on the top, where some of the passengers got off. There was eight inches of snow covering the ground, whereas two hours before in Granite City one could comfortably go about in their shirt sleeves.

Upon descending we passed through many small canons, junctions and passes until we came to the long ascent of the famous Marshall Pass, skirting Mt. Shavano with Mt. Ouray (extinct volcano) opposite, climbing 211 feet with every mile, and onward led by a succession of sweeping, billowy curves embracing magnificent reaches of heavy timber and glassy slopes, the train attains the crest, 10,856 feet aloft. This is the top of the Continental Divide, the watershed between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Jumping from this great height we land into the canon of the Grand river 351 miles from Denver. For 16 miles the eye is constantly bewildered by the variety of the changing views. The canon opens, closes, opens again, is now woody, now bare; now ruddy, now darker, and the immense enclosing walls, 2,500 feet in height, are tilted and cut in fantastic figures.

Three tunnels are encountered, and at one point the portals, railroad and river occupy all the narrow passage.

Whisking out of the last tunnel the train rolls into Glenwood springs, one of the best known buttes in the picturesque Elk mountains.

No let us go on into Utah. There are many beautiful scenes to look upon through this state. We will stop at Castle Gates, from which the station gets its name, where the maroon and apricot sandstone juts abruptly 500 feet into the clear air on either side of the track. The train ascends Price River canon.

There are nine miles twisting like a mountain ram's horn, between kaleidoscopic sandstone, changing hue and shape with every rod, proffering bold promontories, jagged battlements, menacing boulders, faces, couchant figures, and through unexpected embrasures the most delicious vistas. It was called by the Mormons in the old days, "Entrance to the Promised Land."

The Rice River comes leaping, tumbling down, counter to the train. From here we go on up to Soldier summit, a distance of 78 miles from Castle Gate. At this point the altitude stands at 7,464 feet. With a four per cent grade we climb and descend to Castilla and on to Salt Lake City. This distance of less mountainous country. The chief farming products are those of hay and enormous quantities of sugar beets.

The capital of the state is Salt Lake City. Zion, the city of Saints. With an hour stopover at this place I strolled up town. Temple Square the first scene that attracted my attention, contains the chief Mormon buildings, the Temple, Tabernacle and Assembly Hall. Rivaling in interest the evidence of Mormonism, past and present, with which the city

Money Savers

Mixed Nuts, pound.....15c
Mixed Candies, pound.....10c
California Oranges, dozen.....20c

We Are Selling:

Candies, pound.....10c to 40c
New Soft Shell Walnuts, pound.....20c
Chelsea made Leader Brand Flour.....80c
Chelsea made Phoenix Brand Flour.....85c
Ann Arbor Roller King Flour.....90c
Russel-Miller North Dakota Occident Flour.....95c
Lake Shore Pumpkin, Conneaut, Ohio, 3 cans.....25c
Golden Heart Celery, nicely bleached, 3 for.....10c
Baltimore Shucked, Solid Pack, Canned Oysters, Pints, 25c.
Quarts, 45c.
Oysters in bulk, solid meat, gallon.....\$1.75
Raisins, Currants and Citron for the Cake at lowest prices
California Navel Oranges, per dozen.....20c, 25c and 40c
Ripe Bananas, per dozen.....15c and 20c
Choice Florida Grape Fruit, 2 for.....15c
Candies, per pound.....10c, 15c, 20c and 25c
Fancy Mixed Nuts, per pound.....20c
Wisconsin full Cream Cheese, per pound.....23c
Lyndon full Cream Cheese, per pound.....20c
Vegetables of all kinds in season.
Coffee, our famous Red Band, the biggest seller to people who like good coffee at a fair price, pound 33c.

HERE ARE A FEW EVERYDAY BARGAINS

Acme Soap, 8 bars for.....25c
Lenox Soap, 8 bars for.....25c
4 Cans Corn for.....25c
8 Pounds Rice for.....25c
Jellycon, 4 Packages for.....25c

L. T. Freeman Co.

30 Days
Free Trial

Ask us for Demonstration

Motor
High Speed
Washer

Runs easier loaded than other do empty. The quick and sanitary way

WE Are Here to Serve YOU.

Dancer Hardware Co.

ARCHIE B. CLARK, Pres. J. N. DANGER, Treas. J. B. COLE, Sec.

FLOUR

Chelsea Phoenix, Stott's Diamond, Stott's Columbus, Henkel's Bread, Jackson Rose Bud, Grand Rapids Lily White.

You can't make a mistake on any of the above Brands.

The best Crackers in Chelsea, 8c per pound. Jitney Biscuit, 5c dozen. Our Bacon is the best that can be produced. Our Lard is fine and white as snow. Our prices are the lowest, our goods the best. When you are in need of Work Shoes or rubbers look us over.

JOHN FARRELL & CO.

Hindelang & Fahrner

1916 Headquarters for the Best in
HARDWARE IMPLEMENTS VEHICLES
HARNESS BLANKETS ROBES

In fact everything for the farmer

WE WISH YOU A PROSPEROUS YEAR, 1916.

PHONE 66 HINDELANG & FAHRNER

REPORT OF LOCKS SHOWS INCREASE

TOTAL TONNAGE AT THE SOO IS GREATER THAN 1914 BUT BELOW 1912 AND 1913.

21,233 BOATS GO THROUGH

Wheat and Copper Both Set New Records While Nearly Every Line Shows Gains Over Previous Season.

Sault Ste. Marie—Freight, aggregating 71,290,304 tons, passed through the U. S. and Canadian locks at Sault Ste. Marie in 21,233 vessels, during the season of navigation just closed, according to a report made to Lieut. Col. M. M. Patrick, district U. S. engineer at Detroit, by L. S. Sablin, superintendent of the American canals.

This traffic exceeded the total for 1914 by 15,920,370 tons, but is less than the records for 1913 and 1912. Wheat shipments were 255,481,555 bushels, an increase of 105,197,465 bushels. Copper shipments aggregated 156,436 short tons, or 64,872 more than 1914.

The largest movement of wheat in any previous season was in 1913, when 204,821,507 bushels were sent down the lakes. The highest previous record in copper shipments was 148,070 tons in 1910.

The movement of iron ore was 45,213,604 tons, an increase of 13,799,831 tons, or 44 per cent. General merchandise aggregating 1,595,398 tons represented a gain of 278,093 tons, or 21 per cent.

The record movement of ore was 48,109,353 tons in 1913. Shipments of general merchandise were 1,770,800 tons in 1913.

The lumber movement was 456,451,000 feet, an increase of 4,303,000 feet, or 1 per cent.

The hard coal movement was 2,030,730 tons, a decrease of 209,775 tons, while soft coal shipments of 11,326,328 tons were 920,388 tons short of the total in 1914.

CAPTOR OF JEFF DAVIS DEAD

Corunna Man With Unique War Record Passes Away Friday.

Corunna—Lewis A. Wilcox, civil war veteran and for 20 years in the government service at Washington, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Pettibone, here Friday night.

Mr. Wilcox, who was 77 years old, was a member of Company B, fourth Michigan cavalry, and was one of the men detailed to capture Jefferson Davis. He with Corporal Charles F. Parker, of Owosso, captured John H. Regan, who was postmaster-general of the Confederacy.

Mr. Wilcox was a close friend of William P. Steadman, of Owosso, and also connected with the government service at Washington, who died a few weeks ago. It is believed that the death of Mr. Steadman hastened Mr. Wilcox's end.

ROAD MAY PAY BACK TAXES

Ann Arbor Asks for Statement of 1913 Levy and is Expected to Settle Part.

Lansing—The Ann Arbor railroad which at present is mixed up with the state in a law suit over the two-cent fare legislation, is apparently preparing to pay some of its back specific taxes. It has asked the auditor general for a statement of its 1913 levy.

The tax for 1913 has been paid, but the road still owes the state the defaulting interest at the rate of 1 per cent a month, amounting to \$20,044. The specific tax for 1914, due last May, and amounting to \$135,966, is unpaid, as is the interest on that date, amounting to approximately \$11,000.

Automatic Phone at Muskegon.

Muskegon—At noon Tuesday the city of Muskegon and some 3,500 telephone subscribers stopped using an old system and began operating a \$250,000 automatic phone plant, the most modern in Michigan. No ceremony marked the institution of the new service, the subscribers merely being advised that at noon the automatic would begin operations, the cut-over to the new copper circuits and underground lines having been made at that time.

MICHIGAN NEWS ITEMS

Bay City schools will be closed after the holidays until a majority of the 18 teachers and a few hundred pupils, as well as Frank A. Gause, superintendent, recover from the grip.

Muskegon must pay \$1,815 damages to the widow of a former city employee as the result of the supreme court decision placing municipalities under the workman's compensation act.

Morris Atwood, Blenden township farmer, convicted of manslaughter last January, in connection with the death of his secretly wedded wife, Zelma Loving Atwood, has been denied a new trial by the supreme court, and will be sentenced soon in the circuit court at Grand Haven. Mrs. Atwood's body was found hanging to a tree near her home.

MICHIGAN NEWS BRIEFS

The Pontiac city commission has passed a jitney ordinance which does not require a bond and fixes fares at five and ten cents.

The largest sum of money for 1916 automobile licenses received thus far came last week from the Detroit Edison Co. The request for the new tags was accompanied by a check for \$1,683.30.

The appeal of the city of Detroit for taxes for the year 1913, paid under protest by St. Joseph's Episcopal church, was granted by the supreme court and the action of the court below reversed.

Four Flint men, John Roney, Mike Evanoff, William Cascades and John Russell, have been sentenced to a total of 210 days in Detroit house of correction on conviction of violating the local option law.

State Highway Commissioner Frank Rogers is asking support for a law in congress providing for a federal appropriation of \$25,000,000 for roads. The law was drafted by the American Association of State Highway Officials.

Frederick Thomas, 72 years old, a millionaire and a resident of Lansing nearly all his life, died Tuesday morning of heart trouble. He owned extensive real estate in Lansing, including several business blocks. Three children survive.

The body of Jacob Shirts, 82, who wandered from his home at Laingsburg Friday night, was found Monday covered by snow near the Michigan Central tracks north of that village. It is believed he lost his way in the storm and was struck by a passenger train shortly after midnight.

Chemists at the laboratory of the Dow Chemical company at Midland have developed a process for making indigo blue dye. This week a half-ton shipment was sent to the Pacific mills at Lawrence, Mass. This is believed the first manufacture of this dye on a commercial scale in this country.

The Grand Trunk Railway company, Monday at Pontiac, settled with A. L. Ross, executor for the August Stoldt estate, for \$875 for the accident at Frazer in which seven members of the Stoldt family met death in a motor car demolished by a train. The coroner's verdict was that Stoldt was negligent.

Gladwin county road commissioners, Midland county officials and representatives of the Tittabawassee power interests met with the state highway commissioner in regard to a dispute over the route of a road which could run through the site of a proposed dam. After a stormy session it was voted to make a detour of the road.

The election Monday of F. E. Wetmore, Democrat, Gov. Ferris' appointee, to succeed Probate Judge Frank Van Winkle, who resigned when an alleged shortage in his accounts was disclosed, is considered a rap at the Oceana board of supervisors for calling a special election at a great expense to the taxpayers.

Paid for chiefly by penny contributions by the 7,000 school children of Jackson, a \$125 diamond ring was Christmas morning presented to Edward Page Cummings, city superintendent of schools, who shot himself accidentally some days ago while cleaning his shotgun. The physicians have pronounced Mr. Cummings out of danger.

Michigan Central railroad has spent \$30,000 in the last few weeks enlarging the track facilities of the Jackson yards. The action was taken after the traffic committee of the Chamber of Commerce represented to officials that the yard facilities were insufficient to take care of the freight and local manufacturers were complaining.

Firemen, policemen and hospital nurses carried 13 patients from Butterworth hospital at Grand Rapids just before midnight, Monday, when an overheated furnace set fire to the building. The patients were carried from the building on mattresses and placed in nearby buildings. The fire burned through the first floor. The damage was \$100.

A jury in circuit court, after being out five hours, awarded a judgment for \$15,000 to Miss Lillian Boyle, of Leslie, Mich., who was injured about two years ago at Thompson, Mich., a junction point of the Pere Marquette and Ann Arbor railroads, while changing trains at that place. The verdict is the result of a joint suit for \$25,000 against both railroads.

Jamer R. Henry, of Indianapolis, appears to be the latest victim of "Charley Ross," known by name only, to Felix H. Flynn, county clerk, as a land shark. Henry's inquiry about "land" he "bought" in Liberty township, is the eleventh Mr. Flynn has received since he has been clerk and each time "Ross" has been the seller. Henry is said to have exchanged \$500 cash and city property for the "farm."

Seventy-five farmers of Parma and Sandstone townships met in Parma and discussed a proposal to hold an annual stock sale or series of sales in Jackson. The sentiment was distinctly in favor of an organization being formed for this purpose.

Alger county, which voted on local option last April, will remain wet another year. The first count gave the dries a majority. A recount reversed the majority into the wet column. The circuit judge upheld the board of canvassers and the supreme court has affirmed the lower court.

FRENCH STEAMER IS TORPEDOED

SUNK IN MEDITERRANEAN WITH-OUT WARNING IS CLAIM OF PARIS.

NO AMERICANS ARE ON BOARD

Majority of Passengers and Crew Are Picked Up By English Ship After Submarine Sinks Big Vessel.

Paris—The French steamer Ville de La Ciotat, with many passengers on board, was torpedoed without warning and sunk in the Mediterranean by a submarine December 24, the ministry of marine announced Monday. Many of the passengers and members of the crew were lost.

The statement follows: "The steamer Ville de La Ciotat was torpedoed and sunk on the twenty-fourth in the Mediterranean by an enemy submarine, without warning. A majority of the passengers and crew were picked up by an English steamer. Details have not been received."

The Ville de La Ciotat was returning from the far east and was due to arrive at Marseilles Monday. The survivors were taken to Malta, arriving there Sunday morning. There were no Americans on board.

BRITISH LOSS IS 112,921

Entire List of Men Killed and Wounded at Dardanelles.

London—Great Britain's loss of officers and men at the Dardanelles up to December 11 was 112,921.

This is the grand total of officers and men, including the naval lists, of killed, wounded and missing. The number killed was 25,279. In addition to the total of casualties, the number of sick admitted to hospitals was 96,633.

The losses were distributed as follows: Killed: Officers, 1,609; men, 23,670. Wounded: Officers, 2,969; men, 72,222. Missing: Officers, 337; men, 12,114.

In the house of commons this afternoon Harold J. Tennant, parliamentary under-secretary for war, declined publicly to give the names of officers relieved from commands in connection with the landing of British troops at Suvla Bay, on the Gallipoli peninsula.

It was suggested that the names were public property. Mr. Tennant replied that if this were so an announcement would be more punitive than informative. He denied a report that one officer had been cashiered.

BIG BRITISH SHIP IS SUNK

Arianza Goes Down Off Port of Archangel Says Report.

New York—The big British liner Arianza was sunk off the Russian port of Archangel, probably by a floating mine, December 10, according to authoritative information reaching shipping circles here Monday.

The news is said to have been suppressed by the British censor, for fear that neutral ship owners might be alarmed at the possible danger in Russian waters.

Excepting the Lusitania and the Arabic, the Arianza is the largest steamer sunk by mines or submarines since the beginning of the war. She was owned by the Royal Mail Packet Co., displaced 15,044 tons and was 570 feet in length. She was built in 1912, and it is believed here, was commandeered by the British government at the outbreak of the war.

To Investigate Petrol Raise.

Washington—Officials of the department of justice said Monday night that the continued rise in the price of gasoline probably would be made the subject of an inquiry to determine whether there had been any violation of the Sherman anti-trust act. No formal complaints have reached Washington so far, but attorneys connected with anti-trust prosecutions expressed the view that an investigation could be begun on the department's own initiative.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Sixty members of the Girls' Glee club of University of Michigan, garbed as monks, sang Christmas carols outside the homes of Dr. Harry B. Hutchins, president, and other members of the Michigan faculty.

Henry Beach, of Hamilton, 75 years old, went out hunting, and when he failed to return search was started. It was found that he had died of heart failure in the woods.

An epidemic of grip is raging in Port Huron and in the surrounding territory. Many schools are practically closed because of the number of pupils confined to their homes with the disease. In one school of this city there are 193 pupils absent, while two of the teachers have been taken ill with the grip.

SAID TO BE STARTING NEW MEXICAN REVOLUTION



GENERAL OBREGON.

Washington—It became known here Monday that the United States government has secret information of a new revolutionary outbreak in Mexico and that the president and his advisers are greatly disturbed. The information is understood to be to the effect that Gen. Obregon is at the head of the new movement which has for its object the ousting of the Carranza government.

SUBMARINE SINKS JAP LINER

Great Liner Was On Its Way From London to Japan With 120 Passengers and Crew of 160 Aboard.

Tokio—Great excitement prevailed here Tuesday following the receipt of news that the new Japanese liner Yasaka Maru, bound from London for Japan, had been sunk in the Mediterranean.

There was an uproar from the people as the news spread throughout the city.

The Yasaka Maru is said to have carried 25,000,000 yen (about \$12,500,000) in Japanese gold. The insurance on the vessel amounts to 5,600,000 yen.

The Nippon Yusen Kaisha, owners of the Yasaka Maru, are discussing the feasibility of abandoning the Suez canal route for future sailings of their vessels in favor of a route around the Cape of Good Hope.

Advices received by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha state that the Yasaka Maru was torpedoed without warning and that she sank in 49 minutes. This occurred in the afternoon of Tuesday, and it was midnight when the passengers and crew were rescued by the French gunboat.

The new Japanese liner Yasaka Maru, which was sunk in the eastern Mediterranean Tuesday by a submarine, while the steamer was on her way from London to Japan with 120 passengers and a crew of 160 aboard, was sent to the bottom without warning, according to a report received from Port Said from the agents of the owners.

All of those on board the ship, including one American passenger, W. J. Leigh, were saved. The nationality of the submarine is not mentioned by the agents and previous reports referred to the sinking of the ship as done by either an Austrian or a German submarine.

The Yasaka Maru was sunk Tuesday afternoon. A French gunboat picked up the passengers and crew at midnight and landed them at Port Said Wednesday morning. The company provided hotel accommodations for them and is arranging to forward them to their destinations. On the passenger list were 51 men, 54 women and 15 children, most of whom were British subjects. The agents in their report say further:

W. J. Leigh is an American citizen, born in China. His father was a Californian.

Mr. Leigh has spent most of his life in China, but recently has lived in England. He was returning to China on the Yasaka Maru to take a position with a business house. His family is in London. Mrs. Leigh has received a cable message saying her husband is safe.

NEWS BRIEFS.

The new \$450,000 Masonic temple in Grand Rapids will be dedicated February 3. The work will be completed January 15, when the furnishing will be started. Grand Master George L. Lusk, of Bay City, will dedicate the building.

Three bicycles, toys, suit cases, jewelry and hardware were found in a room in the tower of the federal building in Kalamazoo by officers investigating thefts from local stores. Two boys, 10 and 12 years old, are accused.

The Knights of Pythias and Pythian sisters, of Greenville repeated their annual custom of giving a Christmas tree and dinner to the poor children of Greenville. One hundred and twenty-seven boys and girls have been clothed and every girl received a doll and every boy a sled.

REFORM WARDEN INDICTED IN N. Y.

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE ACCUSED BY GRAND JURY OF VARIOUS CRIMES.

BEST KNOWN PRISON HEAD

Took Position at Sing Sing in Order to Bring About Reforms Conceived When He Lived With Convicts.

White Plains, N. Y.—Two indictments containing seven counts were Tuesday returned against Thomas Mott Osborne, reform warden at Sing Sing, by the Westchester county grand jury, which has been investigating conditions in the prison.

One indictment charges the warden with having committed perjury in his testimony at the recent inquiry conducted by Dr. Rudolph Dieding, of the state prison commission. The other indictment contains six counts.

The first charges that Osborne absented himself from the prison. The second embraced allegations that he failed to perform the duties imposed upon him; that he failed to prevent felonies in the prison, and that he failed to report immorality among the prisoners.

The third count charges the warden with permitting convicts to go into the death house to visit Charles Becker, former police lieutenant, before his execution. The fourth count charges failure to maintain proper discipline and the fifth alleges that he permitted fights between convicts.

The sixth count contains allegations against the moral character of the warden in his relations with prisoners. The accusations, according to Osborne's friends, grew out of a systematic campaign to force his removal from office.

Osborne is probably the best known prison head in the United States because of the radical reforms he has instituted. Though credited with being a millionaire, he accepted the post as warden of Sing Sing because he desired to put to a test his theories regarding prison reform.

Osborne attracted attention two years ago by going to Auburn, N. Y., prison under the alias "Tom Brown," and living with convicts to learn something of the abuses of the old prison system. When he went to Sing Sing he organized the Mutual Welfare Prison league, encouraged sports within the walls and established other reforms.

Only recently he was banqueting in New York by a number of former convicts who had been discharged from Sing Sing during his administration.

PROMINENT MEN ARE NAMED

Indictments for Fomenting Strikes Returned Against Congressman.

New York—Eight men, including Congressman Frank Buchanan of Illinois, former Congressman H. Robert Fowler, of Illinois, and former Attorney-General Frank S. Monnett, of Ohio, were indicted by a federal grand jury here Tuesday on a charge of conspiring to restrain foreign commerce, in violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, by fomenting strikes in American munition factories through the medium of Labor's National Peace council.

The indictment, the first important result of months of investigation by federal officials into the alleged campaign of German agents to stop the export of war supplies to the Allies, accuses the eight defendants of seeking to promote strikes and to do other things to hinder the transportation of supplies to Russia, England, France and Italy.

SON OF MRS. EDDY IS DEAD

Geo. W. Glover Was Not Scientist and Sued for Portion of Mother's Estate.

Sioux City, Ia.—George W. Glover, 72 years old, only son of the late Mrs. Baker Glover Eddy, founder of Christian Science, died Monday at his home in the Black Hills near Lead, S. D.

Glover attracted national attention before the death of Mrs. Eddy, by instituting a suit in Massachusetts to obtain a portion of his mother's fortune.

He was awarded about \$250,000 after her death. He was not a Christian Scientist.

TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

London—The British treasury has advanced £200,000,000 to British firms to enable them to meet their obligations during the early days of the war.

Berlin—The movement for an increase of taxation by the German states has begun with Baden, where the diet has just passed a bill increasing the income tax 20 per cent on incomes above 2,400 marks.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.
DETROIT—Cattle—Market steady; best heavy steers, \$7.25; best heavy weight butcher steers, \$6.70; mixed steers and heifers, \$5.50; light butchers, \$4.50; best cows, \$5.50; butcher cows, \$4.25; common cows, \$3.75; canners, \$2.50; hogs, \$5.50; heavy hogs, \$5.50; bologna hogs, \$4.75; stock hogs, \$4.40; feeders, \$5.50; stockers, \$5.50; milkers and springers, \$4.00.
Veal Calves—Market steady; best grades, \$10.50; others, \$7.00.
Sheep and lambs—Market steady; best lambs, \$9.50; fair lambs, \$8.75; light to common lambs, \$7.00; yearlings, \$8; fair to good sheep, \$5.50; culls and common, \$4.40.
Hogs—Market 10c lower; pigs \$5.50; others \$6.10.

EAST BUFFALO—Receipts of cattle, 90 cars; market very heavy; and shipping grades 25 to 35c lower; butcher stuff 15 to 25c lower; yearlings, dry-fed, \$8.50; choice to prime shipping steers, native \$8.50, fair to good \$7.50; 75 lb. plain and coarse \$7.75; Canadian steers, 1,400 to 1,450 lbs., \$7.75; do 1,300 to 1,350 lbs., \$7.75; do 1,050 to 1,100 lbs., \$6.50; choice to prime heavy butcher steers, native \$7.25 to 7.65, fair to good grassers \$6.50; light common grassers \$5.50; prime fat heifers, \$6.50; good butcher heifers and steers, mixed, \$6.50; light grassy heifers, \$5.50; best fat cows, \$5.75; 6.50; butcher cows, \$4.50 to 5.25; cutters, \$3.50; canners, \$3.40; fancy bulls, \$6.50 to 6.75; butcher bulls, \$5.50 to 6.25; sausage bulls, \$5.25 to 5.75; light bulls, \$4.50; stockers, \$4.50 to 6.25; feeders, \$6.25 to 7; milkers and springers, \$6.00 to 100.

Hogs: Receipts, 110 cars; market 10 to 15c higher; heavy, \$6.80 to 6.85; Yorkers, \$6.75; pigs, \$6.25.

Sheep: Receipts 33 cars; market 15 to 25c higher; top lambs, \$10.45 to 10.50; yearlings, \$8.90; wethers, \$6.75 to 7; ewes, \$6.50.

Calves: Receipts, 500; market steady; tops, \$12; fair to good, \$10 to 10.50; grassers, \$4.50.

Grains, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat: Cash No. 2 red, \$1.23; December opened with an advance of 1-2c at \$1.25 and declined to \$1.23; May opened at \$1.31 3-4 and declined to \$1.29 1-4; No. 1 white, \$1.20.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 70c; No. 3 yellow 71 1-2c; No. 4 yellow, 70c.

Oats—Standard, 46c; No. 3 white, 44c; No. 4 white, 41 to 42 1-2c; sample, 39 to 41c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, 96 1-2c.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$3.55; December, \$3.55; January \$3.45.

Cloverseed—Prime spot and December, \$12.25; March, \$12.15; prime alfalfa, \$10.25.

Timothy—Prime spot, \$3.80.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$18 to 19; standard timothy, \$17 to 18; light mixed, \$17 to 18; No. 2 timothy, \$15 to 16; No. 1 mixed, \$14 to 15; No. 2 mixed, \$10 to 12; No. 1 clover, \$10 to 12; rye straw, \$7.50 to 8; wheat and oat straw, \$6.50 to 7 per ton in carlots, Detroit.

General Markets.

Apples—Baldwins, \$3.25 to 3.50; Spies \$3.50 to 4; Steel Reds, \$4 to 5 per bbl; western box apples, \$1.75 to 2.25.

Beans—Lima, 6 1-2 to 7c per lb.

Butter—Official prices: Creamery extras, 34c; firsts, 32 1-2c; packing stock, 18c; dairy, 22c per lb.

Cauliflower—\$2.00 to 2.25 per doz.

Cabbages—\$1.50 to 1.75 per bbl.

Cheese—Wholesale prices: Michigan flats, 16 1-2 to 18 3-4c; New York flats, 17 to 17 1-2c; Limburger, 18 1-2c; 1-lb, 16 1-2 to 17c; domestic Swiss, 20 to 25c; imported Swiss, 35c; long horns, 18 to 18 1-2c; per lb.

Celery—Michigan, 20 to 25c per doz. Dressed calves—Fancy, 13c; common, 10 to 12c per lb.

Dressed hogs—Light, 8 to 8 1-2c; heavy, 7 to 7 1-2c per lb.

Eggs—Fresh receipts, candled, cases included, 31c; current receipts, 30c per doz. Receipts 27 cases.

Honey—Fancy white, new 15 to 16c; amber, 10 to 11c; extracted, 8 to 9c per pound.

Onions—\$1.90 to 2 per 100-lb sack; Spanish onions, \$1.50 to 1.60 per crate.

Joultry—Springs, 13 1-2 to 14c; Leghorns and lightweights, 12 to 13c; heavy hens, 11 to 12c; medium hens, 10 1-2 to 11c; No. 2, 9 to 10c; roosters, 9 to 10c; ducks, 16 to 16 1-2c; geese, 14 1-2 to 15c; spring turkeys, 23 to 24c; old turkeys, 17 to 18c per lb.

Tallow—No. 1, 6 3-4c; No. 2, 5 3-4c per lb.

Dressed poultry—Springs, 13 to 15c; fowls, 12 1-2 to 13c; geese, 15 1-2 to 16c; ducks, 17 to 18c; turkeys, 24 to 27c; old 18 to 20c per lb.

Hay—Detroit dealers are paying the following prices, f. o. b. Detroit: New hay, No. 1 timothy, \$18 to 19; standard timothy, \$17 to 18; light mixed, \$17 to 18; No. 2 timothy, \$15 to 16; No. 1 mixed, \$14 to 15; No. 2 mixed, \$10 to 12; No. 1 clover, \$10 to 12; rye straw, \$7.50 to 8; wheat and oat straw, \$6.50 to 7 per ton.

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THE PONTE DELLA PIETRA

THE bombardment of Verona by Austrian aviators added a new chapter to the history of a town which was "no mean city" in the great days of imperial Rome, says Sir Martin Conway in *Country Life*.

Twenty-two thousand spectators could then have found accommodation together in the stately amphitheater which still exists. Diocletian built it (about 290 A. D.) of white and red Verona marble, and all sorts of princes have caused it to be restored. Its royal platform has been occupied by who shall say how many famous personages, but none of them greater than Theodorico the Ostrogoth, who made this city one of his capitals, and took his name from it in medieval legend. Dietrich of Bern. The Veronese indeed, taught by bigoted churchmen, scarcely held his memory in due honor. If they are rightly represented by the inscription on a sculptured figure of him by the door of San Zeno's, where he is described as an Arian heretic (which he was) and is said to be riding to hell on the horse given to him by Satan!

Other Roman memories are preserved by the city in its ruined theater and in remnants of fortifications and gates. The walls, as they now stand,



THE MARKET PLACE

belong to five different periods of building and rebuilding, and the earliest of these (temp. Gallienus) were doubtless not the first. Theodorico's work comes next; considerable fragments of its courses of stone and herringbone brick can be discovered by anyone who hunts for them. A later style is shown in the work ascribed to Charlemagne; and after that come medieval and renaissance fortifications, each marking a period of prosperity in the city's fortunes. It is not, however, Roman Verona that people love and travel to see, but the Verona of the middle ages, the Verona of Romeo and Juliet, of the Scaligers and the great artists—Pisanello and the rest—a city of the south in which the northern breezes also blow, and where between east and west, Lombardy and Venice, divergent ideals meet and sometimes mingle.

Lombards Were Active There.

Theodorico and his Ostrogoths belonged by desire and in fact to the last age of Rome, but their successors the Lombards clearly ushered in the middle age. They came over the Alps as barbarians, but in time Italy civilized them, and during that process Lombard architecture was born. Anywhere from Cividale in the east to Pavia in the west, traces of their early activities may still be found—barbarous at first, presently growing nobler, till by the seventh century they were capable of raising churches which are still delightful to men of modern refinement. At Verona the Lombards were particularly active and, were it worth while, we might display the remnants of some of their very early efforts. Such fragments, however, are interesting only to antiquarians; but when we come to the great churches, San Zeno, for instance, or the cathedral, it is evident enough that these are works of architecture capable of a far wider appeal.

San Zeno's, indeed, is perhaps of all purely Lombard churches the finest as a work of art. It is simplicity itself in form, but well proportioned and in every way agreeable to look upon. The existing church was built in the eleventh century, the nave rebuilt in 1138, and the choir in the fifteenth century. The most noticeable exterior feature is the great portal in the middle of the west end. It is a plain oblong opening, surmounted by a gabled porch which is carried on

GOOD JOKES

CHESTNUT LEAVES.



Griddo—Cumsio is a dry joker, isn't he? They say he keeps his jokes in a humidor.

Kiddo—I know he does. I smoked one of them the other night.

When Friends But In.

His friends say: "What can he see in that awkward maiden, slim?"

Her friends say: "What a silly girl to throw herself away on him!"

Great Sufferer.

"So you belonged to the Shut-in society for many years?"

"Yes, mum," replied the tattered applicant for breakfast.

"Poor man! I've been an invalid myself. Did you suffer much?"

"Yes, mum. Dere wur't er warden or er guard on de place dat didn't give me er pain ever time I looked at im."

Jarring the Hostess.

"So glad to have you here," murmured the hostess, who hadn't noticed him before. "You have certainly been the life of the party all the evening."

"I can hardly believe that."

"That is due to modesty."

"No; it is due to the fact that I have but this minute arrived."

Complete Convert.

"What are your views on the subject of woman suffrage?"

"I'm for it," replied Senator Sorghum. "And if women get the vote I hope they'll go a step further and take the privilege away from a lot of the men who have been misusing it."

—Washington Star.

His Views.

"Then you have no castles in America?"

"Not yet."

"You mean things are tending that way?"

"Well, it seems to be sometimes that some people are trying to classify us according to the automobiles we own."

She Wasn't Urged.

"Was Miss Yowler prevailed upon to sing last night?"

"No."

"Then she didn't sing?"

"Oh, yes—four or five songs."

"But you just said—"

"According to one definition in the dictionary, the verb 'prevail' means to urge."

A Simple Solution.

"We'll never quarrel, will we, Henry?"

"Never, dear."

"All you will have to do will be to let me have my way."

"Huh! How about my way?"

"That will be all right if your way happens to be my way, too."

Getting First News.

"What are your reasons for wanting to be appointed postmaster of your village? The pay isn't much."

"No," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "But I kind o' thought as long as St Simlin had been gettin' first go at our postal cards for years, it was only fair for me an' ma to have our turn at theirs."

Getting to a Busy Man.

"It's a mistake to call on a busy man at his office if you can possibly avoid it."

"That's right. Go out and ring him up on the telephone. If you call and send in your card, he hasn't the slightest curiosity to know who is trying to talk to him."

As Defined.

"What is love?" asked the very young man after the manner of his kind.

"Love," answered the man with the absent hair, "is an obsession that causes two otherwise sane young people to leave their happy homes and become flat dwellers."

No Wonder.

"Is your neighbor a man for peace?"

"On the contrary, I have reason to think that he believes in the mailed hand."

"What reason is that?"

"He's a postman."

An Injustice.

Biggs—I understand that Higgins is quite a clever financier.

Diggs—Nonsense! Why, I don't believe that man ever lost anybody out of a cent in his life.

SARCASTIC.

"I wish to thank you for your great forbearance," said the departing guest. "Oh—er—don't mention it," answered the proprietor, with a slightly puzzled look. "I'm glad you're pleased."

"Yes," continued the d. s., "considering the capacity of the attendants in this hotel, I deem myself fortunate in not being locked in my room and held for ransom."

A Perfectly Good Husband.

Two small boys belonging to the divorce colony in Reno, Nev., met on the street one day. Billy's mamma, a divorcee, had just married the ex-husband of another divorcee.

"So you've got a new papa, Billy," remarked Harry.

"Yes," rejoined Billy. "Mamma found a perfectly good husband that some other lady threw away."—Judge.

Avoiding Trouble.

"This scientist claims that oysters have emotions and that these same emotions affect those who eat oysters. To eat an oyster when the bivalve is angry, for instance, would be apt to make you ill. A lonely oyster is apt to affect your digestion."

"A lonely oyster, eh? I'll be careful hereafter when I order a stew."

NO DOUBT.



"Reggy's wife has sued him for a divorce."

"Will she marry again or go back to the stage?"

"Yes."

Degrees.

The way some fellows (just a few). Leads one to think they're working for Temperature, instead, you bet.

Getting Even.

"Dubwaite exasperates me."

"What's wrong with Dubwaite?"

"You know his mania for telling old jokes?"

"Oh, yes."

"When I don't laugh he acts as if he thought they were over my head."

Fiction.

Editor (to contributor)—Why don't you make your story true to life? Contributor—What's the matter with it? Ed.—What's the matter with it? Why, here you say that "there was the sound of a shot, and immediately the street swarmed with policemen."

—Judge.

How to Make It Pay.

"Is this a problem play?"

"Yes, but you can't see the problem."

"Why not?"

"The manager is wrestling with it in the box office."

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.



"Are you sure your chauffeur can be trusted?"

"Yes, sir. We belong to the same college fraternity."

Safety in Study.

New laws should play a helpful part as valiantly they make 'em. The man who hears 'em all by heart. Will have no time to break 'em.

Profiting by the Advice.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," he quoted. "Shakespeare abounds in sapient sayings."

"He does so."

"And he gives excellent advice, too. I love to read it. I wonder where I could borrow a copy."

Causes for Action.

Hyker—I understand Newpop is suing his wife for divorce.

Fyker—Because why?

Hyker—Because she insists on naming the baby after her first husband.

DAIRY



FEEDING POTATOES TO COWS

Value of Tubers for Milk Production Depends Upon What Other Kinds of Feeds Are Given.

The value of potatoes for milk production depends to a considerable extent upon what kind of feed they are fed in connection with. With clover or alfalfa hay, potatoes would have greater value than if fed with wild or timothy hay or corn fodder. This is true because potatoes are rich in starch, or what is known as carbohydrates in feeding terms, and low in protein. Clover and alfalfa are rich in protein, while the other feeds mentioned are low in protein. Putting two feeds together that are both low in protein does not bring as good results as when they are combined so that the feed low in protein can be fed with a feed high in protein. By combining potatoes with some feed high in protein, they could be made to equal about one-fourth the feed value of oats (ground) for dairy cows; that is, pound for pound. Combined with ordinary farm-grown feeds, potatoes would hardly have this value for milk production in comparison with ground oats. According to this estimate, potatoes would be worth only 15 cents a bushel or less when oats are worth 32 cents a bushel.

Potatoes have a somewhat higher value for meat production than for the production of milk and are more valuable for pigs or for fattening cattle than for milch cows. With the price of potatoes below 25 cents a bushel it generally pays to feed them on the farm, especially if there is a shortage of grain or a long distance to haul to market.

EARLY TRAINING FOR HEIFER

Much Difficulty Experienced on Some Farms With Young Animals—Kindness Is Favored.

On some farms great difficulty is experienced in training the young heifer to be milked. Often the methods resorted to are brutal, and the permanent result is more or less a failure. The actual training of a dairy heifer should begin long before she comes in milk. In fact, when she is a little calf is none too soon.

All dairy animals should be taught to lead, to be groomed and handled in every way while they are young. The important thing is to manage



Young Holstein.

them in such a way that fear of human beings is never instilled into them.

Above all things, they must be handled with gentleness and never abused. A heifer which has been raised in this manner does not need to be broken to milk, but accepts the procedure as a matter of course.

WHEN SILAGE IS DANGEROUS

May Not Seem to Injure Some Animals, but It Has Lost Its Food Value—Learn Little Details.

(By PROF. C. H. ECKLES, Dairy Department of University of Missouri.)

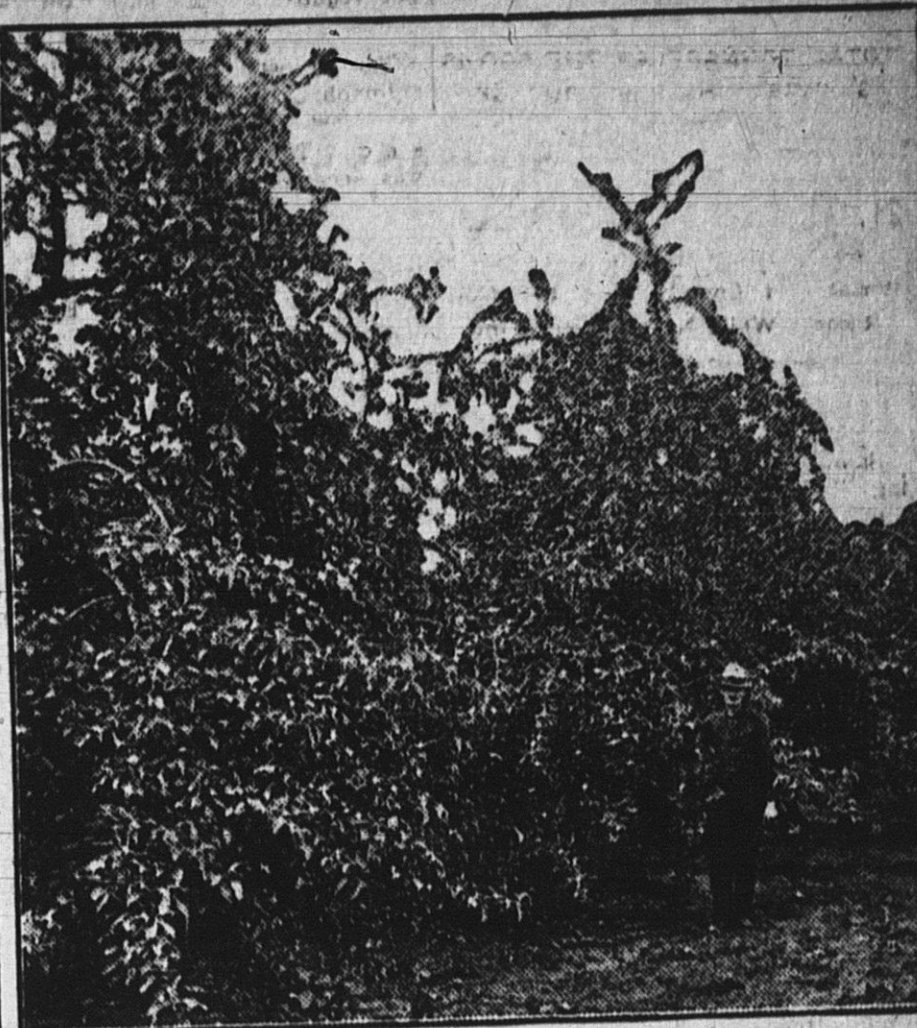
Spilled silage may not seem to injure some farm animals, but it is dangerous to others, and has lost much of its food value for all. The loss results almost entirely from mold, and could have been prevented, although the only thing to do now is to study what has happened in your silo and learn how to do better next year.

Unless the silo was sealed or feeding was begun immediately after filling, from six inches to a foot at the top is sure to be spoiled. It should be put where it cannot be reached by any farm animals. Lower down, the presence of spoiled silage always indicates the presence of air, as the molds which give it the appearance of rotten manure could not work without air. The lack of sufficient water in silage is the commonest cause of the presence of air, but sufficient tramping in an airtight structure is also necessary. Red mold, which sometimes causes alarm, is no more dangerous than the less conspicuous forms which often pass unnoticed.

Age to Breed Heifers.

Early breeding stunts growth. Heifers should be bred to drop their calves when about two years old or older.

MANAGEMENT OF SMALL APPLE ORCHARD



Heavy Load of Snow Apples in Michigan Orchard.

(By M. C. BURRITT, United States Department of Agriculture in Farmers' Bulletin 421.)

Throughout the humid regions of the United States there are large numbers of small apple orchards. In many sections there is scarcely a farm which has not its small home orchard. These orchards vary in size from a few trees to several acres. They were planted mainly for the purpose of having a home source of supply of this excellent and popular fruit. In most cases they were not intended as commercial plantings nor was the fruit grown for sale. They were planted in order to have apples to eat during the long winter evenings, to make the famous apple pies, and to lay in a stock of sweet cider and vinegar.

Farmers of earlier days knew little of scientific orchard management and cared less. It was sufficient for them to know that the trees lived, grew, and eventually bore fruit. Not being a source of income, the orchard was naturally left to take care of itself. As a result, where the conditions were favorable some very good trees were grown, but where they were unfavorable the trees became stunted, scrubby, diseased, and unproductive. As a rule set too thick, they grew up in the air, the lower limbs died or were pruned off to get them out of the way, and high-headed, almost unreachably trees were the result. The trees usually stood in sod, and in most of these orchards the hay was cut and removed or the grass pastured off. In many places the regular rotation of crops was followed in the orchard. Too often it was planted on the poorest soil, site



Apple Tree Killed by Meadow Mice.

and location on the farm, and received little or no care. Is it any wonder that these orchards have become unprofitable, not to say unsightly?

The old apple orchard, be it 20 trees or 200, may form an important source of income on the general farm. An effort should be made to make this unit a productive one and so to rejuvenate and care for these old trees that they will contribute as much as they are able to the net farm income.

Profitable Renovation.

It usually will not pay to renovate orchards composed largely of worthless or very poor varieties. Nothing is to be gained by increasing the yield or grade of a variety which cannot readily be sold in the open market at a good price. When trees of such varieties, however, are not too old—not more than thirty years—and are fairly good vigor, they often may be top-worked to advantage. The best method of doing this is by cleft-grafting in early spring. Under favorable conditions a tree may be changed from a poor variety to a desirable one and made to bear fruit in from three to five years.

There is some question as to whether it will pay to renovate summer apples in the northern states. To make renovation of these trees profit-

able requires either a good demand in the local market or exceptionally good transportation to and demand in a more distant market. Much the same is true of odd or uncommon varieties.

Some of the characteristics which make a variety poor are unattractiveness in shape, size or color; inferior quality; lack of hardiness in tree or fruit, making them subject to disease; small production; and being comparatively unknown in the markets and therefore not in good demand. To make a variety worth renovating, then, it should be fair to good quality; attractive; a fair or better, prolific producer; a good keeper and shipper; and in good demand at good prices in the market. All these factors should be considered before renovation is attempted.

Unfavorable Conditions.

An apple orchard set on a wet soil which cannot be readily drained is worthless. Trees set on poor soils require too much fertilization to get them in shape to allow of much profit. Trees growing on soils that are too dry or leachy are less amenable to renovation. In like manner orchards located in frost pockets, at elevations too low or too high, or sites too much exposed, or on slopes too warm or too cold will not pay returns on the money spent in renovating them equal to the returns from those better situated. The renovation of orchards at a considerable distance from the railroad, with poor highways and poor shipping facilities, and in isolated and inaccessible places will not prove as profitable as the renovation of orchards in better locations. In short, orchards in sites or locations which are naturally unfavorable to apple growing will be more expensive to renovate and less profitable in the end, and, in fact, may not give any profitable returns because of these adverse conditions.

Four important steps must be taken in the improvement of the general farm orchard. These steps are practically the same as those which would be employed in the average orchard under normal conditions. With but little modification, the methods to be outlined may be continued after renovation. These are: (1) Pruning, (2) fertilization, (3) cultivation, and (4) spraying.

A general outline of work or a plan of campaign may be briefly summarized as follows:

(1) If the orchard is and has been in sod for a number of years, plow in the fall about four inches deep. If not, plow either in late fall or early spring.

(2) During the winter put on from 12 to 15 loads of barnyard manure per acre, or one load to from three to five trees. Another plan is to apply in the spring 100 to 244 pounds of nitrate of soda, 300 to 500 pounds of acid phosphate, and 150 to 300 pounds of sulphate or muriate of potash.

(3) In the winter or in early spring before growth starts, cut out all dead and diseased wood from the tree, head back the highest limbs, and then the branches to admit sunlight.

(4) Apply 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of lime per acre and work it and the manure or fertilizer into the soil thoroughly with a disk harrow or spring-tooth harrow. Keep up this cultivation until midsummer.

(5) After cultivation ceases for the season, sow a cover or green-manure crop to plow under the following spring. Clover is one of the best leguminous crops in the North, while cowpeas are widely used in middle latitudes and in the South. For a nonleguminous crop rye is the most extensively used, though buckwheat is commonly used in some sections of the North.

(6) Spray the trees in accordance with the directions given in government and state publications on this subject.

Cleanliness in Dairy Barn.

The milk should be handled always that he is handling a human food which is very easily contaminated. Soap, clean water and towels must be readily accessible in the dairy stable.

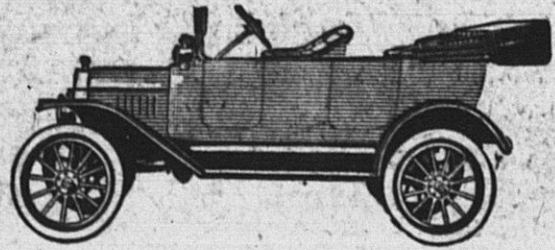
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O. T. HOOVER.
PROPRIETOR.

Terms—\$1.00 per year; six months, fifty cents; three months, twenty-five cents. To foreign countries \$1.50 per year.

Entered as second-class matter, March 5, 1908, at the postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Ella Barber spent Christmas at Holly.

J. W. Schenk spent Christmas at Ann Arbor.

H. S. Holmes spent Christmas in Grand Rapids.

Miss Tressa Winters spent Christmas in Detroit.

Miss Bessie Allen, of Jackson, spent Friday in Chelsea.

Mrs. Nellie BeGole is spending the holidays at Dowagiac.

Allen Crawford, of Detroit, is the guest of C. G. Hoover.

Dr. H. E. Defendorf, of Fenton, is visiting his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Allen and son spent Christmas in Detroit.

Mrs. Kate Donovan, of Detroit, spent Christmas in Chelsea.

Dr. Henry Wood, of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mrs. H. L. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Updike, of Detroit, were in Chelsea Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Witherell and son spent Christmas at Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Benton and daughter spent Christmas at Jackson.

Lawrence Dunn, of Ann Arbor, is visiting his sister, Mrs. F. E. Belser.

Mrs. Michael Wackenhut, of Jackson, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Miss Mary Haab if spending the holidays with her mother in Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes and sons spent Christmas in Marion, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Staphis spent Christmas with their sons in Detroit.

Jerry Casey, of Detroit, spent Christmas with John Kelly and family.

M. D. Sullivan, of Lyndon, spent Christmas with his sister in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Sweetland spent several days of this week in Jackson.

A. T. Cowell, of Castalia, Ohio, is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. C. J. Doyle.

Roy Sanborn, of New York, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cole.

Miss Dora Harrington, of Detroit, was in Chelsea the first of the week.

Miss Nina Belle Wurster is spending several days with friends in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Bahnmiller and daughter spent Christmas at Grass Lake.

Bert Walz, of Chicago, spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Walz.

Jack Dunn and Linus Foster, of Ann Arbor, were Chelsea visitors Sunday.

Miss Margaret Eppler, of Battle Creek, is spending her vacation in Chelsea.

Miss Carrie Krell, of Battle Creek, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Leroy Brower.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Howe and children, of Jackson, are guests of C. Klein.

Dr. W. A. Conlan, of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McKune.

H. I. Davis and son, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Davis.

Mrs. Verona Fletcher and daughter Grace are spending the week at Belleville.

John P. and E. J. Miller, of Chicago, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Geo. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lyons and daughter spent Christmas with Jackson relatives.

Misses Margaret, Anna and Josephine Miller are spending several days in Detroit.

Mrs. M. Brenner, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rheinfrank.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. A. Kalmbach.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Myers, of Lansing, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dryer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. BeGole, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cole.

Clarence Weiss, of Flint, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weiss.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Burkhardt, of Perry, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt.

Mrs. Florence Putnam and daughter of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ulrickson, of Jackson, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Laros, of Flint, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hinderer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hagadon, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward French, of Dexter, visited their son, Roy French and family last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Palmer, of Jackson, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Stephens.

Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Zincke, of Cleveland, Ohio, are spending this week with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Corwin and children, of Toledo, O., spent Christmas with Mrs. Mary Winans.

Harold and Irene Sullivan, of Lyndon, spent Christmas with their uncle, John Ryan, of Howell.

Mrs. Chas. Steinel and son, of Suttons Bay, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glory Dennis Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Moulds, of Detroit, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Riemenschneider.

Miss Lucille McKernan, of Detroit, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McKernan.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Koons entertained J. Coons and his daughter Carrie, of Jackson, Christmas.

Mrs. Wm. Green, of Detroit, and Mrs. Clifford Green, of Dexter, spent Monday with Mrs. Chas. Martin.

Mrs. Bert Riley, of Detroit, spent several days of this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fenn entertained Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Foster and family, of Grass Lake, Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ward and son, of Detroit, spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenbals and children spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stanton of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Haze Bennett, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Young.

Mrs. Ed. Holtslander and son Earl, of Flint, spent several days of this week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Storms.

Leo and Misses Loretta and Helen McQuillan, of Detroit, spent Christmas with their mother, Mrs. T. McQuillan.

Miss Ella Davis, who is teaching at Union City, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frymuth spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Siegrist, of Waterloo.

Misses Josephine Hoppe and Glenna Gage are spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hauer, of Woodland.

Miss Vivian Klingler, who is attending Albion College, is spending vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klingler.

Guy and Joseph Murphy, of Detroit, spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Murphy.

Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Prudden, of Fostoria, O., spent several days of this week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Prudden.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Marty, of Highland Park, and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Miller, of Jackson, spent Christmas with Mrs. Jas. Runciman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stimer, of Jackson, and Guy Stimer and family of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Percy McDaid.

James Geddes has returned from California, where he has been spending the past two months. Mrs. Geddes will not return for several months.

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Steger entertained for several days Alva Steger, of Detroit, and Misses Eppie and Veronica Breitenbach, of Jackson.

Mrs. and Mrs. Roy Davidson and son, of Grass Lake, and Miss Ethel Davidson, of Grand Rapids, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davidson.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Avery entertained on Christmas Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Avery and Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Avery, of Howell, and Bruce Avery, of Duluth.

SIDE LIGHTS

The state board of health is going to examine to examine the jails and inmates in its anti-tuberculosis campaign. If they ever get a squint at the jail here and some of its occupants they will find more than tuberculosis germs.

Eleven thousand Detroiters have petitioned the common council to go back to central standard time. There is just one more thing that they should petition for, and that is an examination of the heads of the originators of the change to eastern standard time.

Taxpayers of Lyndon.

I will be at Lyndon town hall, Friday, December 17; at the Farmers & Merchants Bank, Chelsea, on December 18, 24 and 31, and January 8th, for the collection of taxes.

22 HOWARD COLLINGS, Treasurer.

Notice to Sylvan Taxpayers.

I will be at the Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank, December 21, 1915, and January 5th, 8th, and every Wednesday and Saturday evenings thereafter until further notice, to receive taxes.

22f THEO. H. BAHNMILLER, Township Treasurer.

Lima Taxpayers.

I will be at the Lima town hall every Friday during December for the collection of taxes. On Saturday, January 8, 1916, I will be at the Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank, Chelsea, and on Friday, January 7th, at the Dexter Savings Bank.

22 Wm. LUTICK, Township Treasurer.

Notice to Dexter Taxpayers.

I will be in Chelsea at the Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank, on Friday, December 24 and Friday, January 7, and in Dexter at the Dexter Savings Bank on Saturday, December 18 and on Saturday, January 8, to collect taxes for Dexter township.

22 H. V. WATTS, Township Treasurer.

All Coats and Suits For Women, Misses and Children Must Be Closed Out Now Entirely Regardless of What They Cost

Women's Newest Printess Coats, were \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00, Now \$10.50, \$12.50 and \$15.00.

Women's Newest Cloth Coats in black, navy, brown and green, some half lined, others full lined, now \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$8.25.

Several Women's Coats, were \$12.00 to \$15.00, now \$2.00 and \$3.00.

Women's Newest Suits, black and navy only, now HALF PRICE.

You can now buy a real good newest style Suit at \$7.50 to \$11.00.

We have altogether too many Children's Coats, sizes 4 to 12 years, in stock, now marked at \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.75.

One week's time will find our stock in this department badly broken for sizes and styles.

Look Now

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.



We Wish You A Happy and Prosperous New Year

We want to thank our friends and patrons who have given us a share of their business the past year, and hope to extend the same cordial relations for the ensuing year.

We Still Have a Good Line of Overcoats

Sheep Lined Coats, Mackinaw and Work Coats. Also all kinds of Footwear, from the finest "Packard" Shoes to heavy High-Cuts. Rubber Footwear in both "Red" and "Black," with all combinations.

COME IN

WALWORTH & STRIETER

Rural Route Patrons

There Is Only One Morning Newspaper in Detroit

and that is

The Detroit Free Press
"Michigan's Greatest Newspaper"

It is the only Detroit newspaper that can reach you on the day of publication. All Detroit week-day newspapers except the Detroit Free Press are printed in the afternoon and reach mail subscribers the next day.

The Detroit Free Press is printed every morning just in time to catch the outgoing trains for state points. It is delivered to you the same morning, fresh from the presses, with all the latest and best Foreign, National, State, Local and Sporting news. Its telegraphic and other news-gathering facilities are unequalled. The market pages are the latest and most complete.

Take Advantage of

This Big Special Offer

The Detroit Free Press . . . Daily All Four For
The Michigan Farmer . . . Weekly \$2.50
Green's Fruit Grower . . . Monthly
The Housewife . . . Monthly For One Year

This Special Rate Applies to Rural Routes in Michigan Only and in Towns Where We Maintain No Delivery Service

If you are at present a subscriber to any of the publications, your subscription will be extended one full year.

Cut out this Ad. Pin to it your personal Check, Postoffice or Express Money Order.

MAIL TODAY TO

The Detroit Free Press

CIRCULATION DEPT.

DETROIT, MICH.

WANT COLUMN

RENTS, REAL ESTATE, FOUND LOST WANTED ETC.

MAN past 30 with horse and buggy to sell Stock Condition Powder in Washtenaw county. Salary \$70 per month. Address 9 Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana. 22

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A farm of 170 acres, good orchard of 1000 trees three years old, and other varieties of fruit; good buildings; 3.4 mile east of Waterloo village. Inquire of D. N. Collins, r. f. d. 4, Chelsea. 23

FOR SALE—Ten yearling White Leghorn hens; 11-3x12 rug; dining room table; gas flatiron and couch. Inquire of Dillon & Barbour. 22f

FOR SALE—Good Portland cutter, cheap. Inquire of Dr. S. G. Bosh. 22f

LOST—A mink muff. Will the finder kindly leave at Wm. Schatz' barber shop and receive reward. Mrs. Wm. Schatz. 22

FOR SALE—Black minorca and partidge wyandotte cockerels. Inquire of Wm. Schatz. 22

LOST—On Wednesday evening, an olive green hat. Finder please leave at Standard office. 22

WANTED, BOYS—A prominent automobile company in Detroit employing over 500 office employees, has openings for bright, self-reliant, courteous, neat appearing boys who have completed their grammar or high school education. Rapid promotions recently from the messenger service have made openings for a number of live young fellows, whose education will permit us to advance them when thoroughly familiar with their surroundings and work. Many men holding responsible positions in our establishment have worked their way up from the messenger service. Answer in own handwriting, and state age, height, weight, number of years grammar or high school education, subjects in which you made your best grades, whether you have any physical defects, salary you must receive to start and earliest date you could report for duty. Give names of three persons (not relatives) who can vouch for your character. Do not reply if you use intoxicants or cigarettes. Address P. O. Box 45, N. E. Station, Detroit, Mich. 22

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—I will be in Chelsea with buckwheat flour every Wednesday and Saturday, beginning with December 20. Geo. Klink, phone 103-F6. 22

FOR SALE—Surrey, almost new. Two sets of wheels, rubber and steel tires, pole and thills. Hair stuffed cushions covered with broadcloth. Less than half price. Inquire at Standard office. 19f

FOR SALE—A quantity of oak lumber at \$17 per m., also ash wagon tongues. Inquire of Walter Vicary, Waterloo village. 23

FOR SALE—Five acres of land, with good house and barn and other out-buildings, about two miles from Chelsea, on electric line. Inquire of Mrs. Frank Buss, Chelsea. 22

CONKEY'S Famous Poultry Remedies are for sale by Glenn Barbour, phone 43-F3, Chelsea, Mich. 22

GASOLINE Lamps of all kinds cleaned and repaired on short notice. M. A. Shaver's harness shop. 10f

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE for farm property, half interest in the seed dryer at Waterloo. Inquire of C. J. Daly, Waterloo, Mich. 21f

Try Standard Want Column. You get results

A Happy New Year TO ALL OUR PATRONS

Ready-to-Wear Clothes

We have everything that is considered correct in men's clothing to offer you foremost in quality, style and fit and our low range of prices makes it impossible for any man to offer cost as an excuse for not dressing up.

\$12.00 to \$25.00

Made-to-Measure Clothes

We have a very fine line of Sample Patterns of the latest weaves and colors. Absolute fit.

\$15.00 to \$35.00

Furnishing Goods

All the latest in Hats and Caps, Neckwear, Shirts, Collars and Gloves, is ready for your inspection.

Footwear

The largest and most complete line we have ever shown—made by the best manufacturers. Shoes with a reputation. All the latest and most attractive styles await your inspection.

DANCER BROTHERS.

OPEN EVERY EVENING



Holiday Poultry

THERE ARE SEVERAL KINDS OF FOWLS

but there's only one kind worth talking about and that's the kind we sell—a meaty well conditioned bird whose appetizing flavor adds a joyousness to meal time, and pleases the entire family. That's our job—pleasing the entire family.

Fresh Meats

We kill only grain fed native Steers and Hogs, and our Holiday stock this year is very choice. Note the following prices:

Beef Roast, per pound.....	15c
Pork Loin Roast, per pound.....	15c
Pork Shoulder Roast, per pound.....	12c
Pork Chops, per pound.....	16c
Choice Boiling Beef, per pound.....	12c

All kinds of Sausage, Salt and Smoked Meats, and pure steam-kettle rendered Lard.

ADAM EPPLER

PHONE 41

FREE DELIVERY

Happy New Year

May your joys be fat and your troubles lean
In nineteen hundred sixteen

In 1915 we assisted many people in increasing their joys and reducing their troubles. May we put you on our list for 1916? Every modern banking facility is at your command here.

The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Abbie Chase is ill of pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Walker will entertain the High Five Friday evening.

Mrs. L. T. Freeman entertained a number of ladies at bridge Wednesday evening.

J. E. Weber has been presenting his friends with a novelty comprising a calendar and ink well.

Thirty-three and one-third per cent of the Standard force has been laid up with the grip this week.

The monthly offering for St. Mary's Academy will be taken up Sunday, January 2, in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Through the kindness of Thomas Fleming we have had the pleasure of looking over a bunch of San Francisco papers giving a description of the closing of the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Allen and children, of Wenatchee, Wash., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Walters. They will remain until about the first of March, when Lou says he must get back and make garden.

The Farmers and Merchants Bank will present its stockholders with a five per cent. semi-annual dividend. A substantial amount will be added to the surplus. This institution has enjoyed a prosperous year.

A large audience witnessed the basket ball game at the welfare building Thursday evening between the Chelsea high school team and the Victors, of Ann Arbor. The score was 37 to 18 in favor of the latter team.

The clock in the tower at the Lewis Spring and Axle Co.'s plant has been out of repair for several weeks, and has been missed by all. Its welcome chime is once more heard, repairs being completed the first of the week.

Next Saturday, January 1, 1916, will be the Feast of the Circumcision of Christ. Services will be held in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart as on Sundays. Low mass at 7:30 a. m.; high mass at 10 a. m., followed by benediction of the blessed sacrament.

The Lewis Spring and Axle Company has purchased the balance of factory buildings, and will use them for assembly rooms. This is one of the results of the good news announced exclusively in the Standard last week, of the concentration of their entire plant at Chelsea.

The board of directors of the Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank has declared the regular semi-annual dividend of six per cent. and an extra one of two per cent. The dividend checks will make very acceptable New Year's presents to the stockholders of this sound financial institution.

The state of Michigan has gone into the bird-feeding business, as part of the plan on game conservation which has been taken up lately by the public domain commission, and word has gone out to the deputy game commissioners throughout the state to see that the quail are properly fed this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jensen entertained on Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McIlwain and Herman Jensen, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wenk and son, of Ann Arbor; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ives; Mrs. H. G. Ives and Misses Jennie, Louise and Florence Ives, and Mr. and Mrs. M. Jensen, of Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Bacon entertained on Christmas, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Schultz and children, of Coldwater; Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Bacon and daughter, of Detroit; Miss Grace Bacon, of Virginia, Minn.; Miss Dorothy Bacon, of South Haven; George Bacon, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., and Donald Bacon, of Olivet.

Congressman Beakes has been promised some relief from the mixup caused by the recent changes in the rural delivery service. He is now out with an inspector looking over the situation. It is to be hoped that something can be done for those who live within sight of Chelsea, but are compelled to get their mail from other places.

Married, on Saturday, December 18, 1915, Miss Esther Palmer and Harold Luick, both of Detroit. Mr. Luick is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luick, of Lima, and was a graduate of the Chelsea high school with the class of 1910. He is employed by the Ford Motor Co., and they will be at home to their friends at 132 Church street, Detroit, after January 15, 1916.

The Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was crowded Christmas morning by a very devout congregation. The decorations were very beautiful and impressive. Very Rev. Father Forster, Sandwich, assisted the Reverend Pastor, and preached very eloquent sermons on the Birth of Christ. The congregation was highly honored in having such a distinguished priest and educator with them on the great day. The choir under the direction of Sister Gonzaga sang in excellent style, and received many compliments. The beautiful Christmas carols were an attractive feature in the service. The offering to the pastor was the largest he has ever received, and was a tribute to the part of the people to his worth. The Christmas music will be repeated on New Year's day, and the handsome decorations will remain until the Feast of the Epiphany, on January 6.

Mrs. Mary Winans and Mr. and Mrs. Willis Benton entertained twenty-three relatives at dinner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Holmes and sons, of Battle Creek, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Noyes.

The Chelsea Screw Co. has been sending to its customers this week a felt banner containing a picture of its factory building and a calendar.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Atkinson entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harry Love, of Jackson, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller and daughter Gertrude, of Highland Park, Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Gildart and daughter, of Cleveland, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Winchell and children of North Adams, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Brown.

Secretary of State Vaughan says that automobile dealers and owners are sending in personal checks for 1916 automobile licenses, contrary to instructions from the state department. No licenses will be issued to anyone until the application blank is accompanied by certified check or U. S. money order.

St. Mary's Academy will reopen Thursday, January 6. It would have opened January 5, but Rt. Rev. Monsignor DeBever, of Dexter, who recently celebrated the diamond jubilee of his priesthood, was the recipient of many favors at Christmas from the Sisters and pupils of St. Mary's Academy, and asked Rev. Father Conidine for an extra free day, which was granted. The Monsignor is in his 86th year and in fairly good health.

Church Circles.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. Charles J. Dole, Pastor.

Morning worship with communion and reception of members at 10 o'clock.

Sunday school at 11 o'clock a. m., with classes for all.

Vesper service at the Baptist church at 4 o'clock p. m.

Annual business meeting of the Church and Society Monday evening, January 3rd. Church family supper served at 8:30. All members of the congregation are urged to attend as important business will come up.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Rev. G. H. Whitner, Pastor.

Preaching at 10 a. m.

Bible school at 11:15 a. m.

Epworth League at 8 p. m.

Evening services at 7 o'clock.

Thursday prayer meeting 7 p. m.

A cordial invitation to all.

BAPTIST.

C. R. Osborn, Pastor.

Church service at 10 o'clock.

Our Sunday school meets at 11.

Everybody invited to join with us.

Vesper service at 4 o'clock in the Baptist church.

Covenant meeting Saturday afternoon at 2:30.

ST. PAUL'S.

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

Teachers' meeting this evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Services on New Years Day at 9:30 a. m.

English preaching service, Sunday, at 9:30 a. m.

Sunday school at 10:30 a. m.

ST. JOHN'S, FRANCISCO

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

Services on New Years Day at 1:45 p. m.

English preaching on Sunday at 1:45 p. m.

Sunday school at 2:45 p. m.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH,

NEAR FRANCISCO.

Rev. G. C. Nothardt, Pastor.

Girl's choir practice Saturday 2 p. m.

Sunday school Sunday 9:30 a. m.

German worship 10:30 a. m. Followed by English talk.

Epworth League 7:00 p. m.

English worship 7:30 p. m.

Everybody most cordially invited.

The Ladies Aid Society will serve a New Years' dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Riemenschneider on Saturday.

Princess Theatre.

SATURDAY—NEW YEARS

"Eyes That Cannot See," a feature photo-play in two parts, featuring Jackie Saunders and Henry King. In the eyes of love, a little misunderstanding is magnified to frightful proportions, and dark suspicion lurks in the dread shadow of doubt. "The Gorges of the Lure," a scenic in the natural colors. (Picturesque France).

"Fresh From the Farm," a laughable comedy, in which many new features are introduced.

MONDAY—FEATURE NIGHT.

World Film Corporation presents the beautiful star, Beatriz Michelena, in "The Lily of Poverty Flat," from the story by Bret Harte, in five acts. A story of the gold rush of early California days.

WEDNESDAY.

"The New Exploits of Elaine," fifth episode, entitled "The Sewing Circle."

Announcements.

The B. V. R. C. will meet with Miss Jessie Everett Monday evening, January 3d.

Special meeting of Olive Lodge, No. 156, F. & A. M., Tuesday evening, January 4, 1916. Work in third degree.

Harmony Chapter will meet with Mrs. Julia Crowell, Wednesday, January 5. A full attendance is requested.

The L. O. T. M. M. will watch the old year out at their ball on Friday evening, December 31st. All Lady Macabees and families, Sir Knights and families are invited, and as many friends as they care to furnish for. Scrub lunch. Good music. Bill 10c. Bring dishes.

LOWER PRICES



THE VALUES WE OFFER ARE SO BIG THAT WE WANT YOU TO SEE THEM. COME IN NOW. WHILE THE STOCK IS COMPLETE. AND SEE THE QUALITY OF OUR GOODS AND THE PRICES WE PLACE ON THEM. THAT'S ALL WE ASK. WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL BUY AND BUY LOTS. BECAUSE YOU WILL FIND THE QUALITY TO BE GOOD AND THE STYLE TO BE CORRECT. OUR PRICES ARE NOW THE LOWEST OF THE YEAR. WE ARE MAKING OUR CLEAN-UP. "MONEY-SAVING" SALE.

Women's Misses' and Children's Coats

Thirty-six Women's Coats and fourteen Children's Coats is all we have left, and we are going to clean them up quick. Every garment is a perfect gem. Correct in style, beautiful materials, and satin linings to match. The tailoring could not be better if the price was double.

Here are garments to fit the woman or miss at half the price you would expect to pay.

Best quality corduroy and channel stripe Velvet Coats, satin lining throughout, with either black martin or natural fur trimming, reduced to **\$10.00**.

Plain black and blue Cloth Coats, fur trimmed, reduced to **\$7.50**.

All wool novelty weave Coats, real swell garments, reduced to **\$6.50**, and some as low as **\$5.00**.

The Children's Coats will be closed out at from **\$2.50 to \$4.00**.

Furnishings

Broken size in Underwear, Gloves, Mittens, Sweaters, Slippers and Shoes at greatly reduced prices.

Overcoats

Wonderful bargains in Men's Overcoats **\$37.50, \$10.00 and \$12.00**.

Bed Blankets

Mark down prices on Cotton and Wool Bed Blankets.

Horse Blankets

Here you can save money on Horse Blankets.

Large size square wool blankets at **\$6.50**, worth \$8.50; at **\$8.00**, worth \$10.00; at **\$11.00**, worth \$14.00.

W. P. Schenk & Company

Not An Argument For Trading At The H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.'s But Some Mighty Good Reasons Why You Should During 1916

Our stocks are always right up to the minute. We are always on the alert for new things and get them

Everything we sell is guaranteed—your money cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied.

Our store service is "different." We are always glad to have you come and look around even though you do not wish to buy.

We believe in honest merchandising and honest advertising—and offer you the very best values for your money.

CLOSED ALL DAY NEW YEARS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916

H. S. Holmes Mercantile Co.



WE HANDLE

a choice stock of poultry at all seasons of the year. Fine country-fed fowls, young and tender. You can always depend upon getting the best of everything when dealing here. A trial order will convince you.

Order your New Years Poultry now, and we will deliver it when desired.

Try our Fresh Oysters

Phone 59

Fred Klingler

1564

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, made on the 29th day of November A. D. 1915, four months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Aletia J. Stedman, deceased late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 29th day of March next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on the 29th day of February and on the 29th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, November 29th, A. D. 1915.

WILLIAM H. MURRAY, Judge of Probate.

LEGAL PRINTING—The Standard requests its patrons who have business with the Probate Office to ask the Judge of Probate to order the printing sent to this office.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS By C. D. RHODES

COPYRIGHT
A. C. MCCLURE & CO.

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"True; if Fox comes through alive; but Cowan and Raymond are both here, and I know not which I distrust the more. I did wrong to permit your ever coming with me; to risk your life in so desperate a game."

"Do not say that, Tom," her voice eager and earnest. "I am no worse off here than I would be if you had left me in Lewisburg. It was my choice, and even now I would rather be here with you. Why," she paused, drawing in a quick breath, "if I had remained behind I might be helplessly in the grip of Anse Cowan! Have—have you forgotten that?"

"No, I had not forgotten; but there is danger enough here—more than you realize. You have never seen men mad with battle lust, crazed from victory. They see through a red mist, and forget sex. They are coming in here presently, firing and killing, smashing their way through from wall to wall. Your cousin is not the kind to ever raise a white flag—he'll go down fighting, and his men beside him. I've been thinking of it all, my girl, and there is one thing I want you to do now, before the final assault comes."

"What?"

"Let me send you out under flag of truce to the protection of Captain Fox. He'll guard you as he would his own daughter."

"And—leave you men in here to die?"

"To take our chances, of course; that is a part of the trade. Your remaining with us cannot change the result, whatever it may prove to be—and, with me, it is merely a choice between bullet and rope."

She buried her face in her hands, but there was no sound of sobbing. I waited, ashamed of my inconsiderate words, yet when her eyes were again lifted they were tearless.

"I know," she said, "and you feel that it will be best for you—for you, if I go?"

"Yes, Noreen," earnestly. "The very knowledge that you are here spurs my courage. Surely you can understand why this should be so, for the more desperate our defense the more ruthless our enemies will prove in the hour of victory. The very knowledge of what the result may be would almost lead me to surrender, and, to a less degree, your presence here must affect your cousin."

"The lieutenant! Why to a less degree?"

"Because," I broke forth swiftly, "you are less to him. There is no tie between you, except a distant relationship, that is all. His solicitude is merely for the protection of a woman, while I cannot forget that you are my wife."

"A temporary matter, a mere form. So you wish to forget?"

"I did not say that, and have never thought it."

"Yet you regret?"

"Only because of the danger—here comes Harwood."

"Ah! my bold gunner of Staunton," he exclaimed as he stepped on to the pulpit platform, "and is everything still quiet here? Now you know what it means when they sing if you want a good time fine the cavalry. Let me get a glimpse without."

He stooped forth into the moonlight, and our eyes took in the same scene. Except for the dead bodies lying in the open, there was little to see, although a few figures, apparently of men, moved back and forth at a distance well beyond range.

"As I thought, Wyatt," said the lieutenant, finally turning about. "They are massing their forces again at the front. My lady, you will witness some real war presently."

"They may delay the next attack till daylight."

"No such luck; those fellows are soldiers, not Indians, and are anxious to get through with the job."

"I have been urging your cousin to let us send her out under flag of truce," I said quietly, "to the protection of Captain Fox."

"That is really what I came back here for," he admitted, "and we haven't any time to spare. What say you, fair cousin?"

She stood between us, and before she answered her eyes sought both our faces.

"My choice is to stay." Suddenly I felt her hands on mine. "You will not refuse me this privilege, Tom?"

"No," reluctantly; yet at the same time strangely delighted at the prompt decision. "But I thought the other best."

Harwood laughed lightly.

"Again the blood," he said gayly. "But so far as I was concerned the asking was mere form; the answer was already in the lady's eyes. But I must go back to my lambs."

"You have secured the door?"

"The best we can; braced it with benches solid to the wall. The wood will not resist long, but will make an ugly abatis for the Yanks to climb over."

He lifted his cap gallantly, and turned away, assuming some guy tone

softly as he felt his way along the moonlit aisle. His very light-heartedness left me sober and depressed. She must have realized all this, for her handclasp tightened.

"You are sorry? You wished me to go?"

"I hardly know, Noreen; I have every confidence in Fox—who is making that noise? Is it the preacher?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

One Way of Escape.

He was propped up against the wall, not far from us, and I bent over, noting how he was bound. Instantly I cut the cords and began rubbing the man's wrists to restore circulation.

"I never noticed you were strung up like that, Nichols," I said earnestly. "Who did the job?"

"The sergeant," he answered, choking. "I tried to speak as soon as I saw you an' the lady yere, but I couldn't git the gag out er my mouth. Bend down a bit lower; I don't want none o' them sojers ter hear."

"All right—what is it?"

"Yer ol' Jedge Wyatt's boy, ain't yer?"

"Yes."

"An' she's the darter o' Major Harwood?"

"This is Noreen Harwood."

"I thought so, but that ain't hardly light 'nough fer me ter be sure. I married yer over cross ther mountains—an' is Anse Cowan along with them Yanks out thar?"

"Yes, and all the gang, excepting old Ned, who was shot last night."

"You shot him?"

"Well, it was my pistol; we were fighting together. Suddenly a thought swept through my mind. 'See here,



She Buried Her Face in Her Hands.

Nichols, you are in as bad shape as we are. Anse has treated you like a dog, and he will never forgive you for that marriage, even if it was performed to save your life."

"It wasn't," he chuckled. "I wasn't afeerd yer would shoot. I was ter mad at Anse I didn't care; but I reckon he'll 'bout skin me alive if ever he ketches me yere."

"Do you know of any way out?"

He glanced about cautiously, to assure himself that no soldier was within earshot.

"The baptistry under the pulpit; this is a Baptist church, and there is an opening in the floor just back of where you are. Feel a little to the left—yes, about thar—don't you touch an iron ring? What? Well, thar's one thar, an' it lifts two puncheon slabs spiked together."

"Yes, but what is below—just a tank?"

His voice trembled with eager excitement, and he gripped me tightly.

"I ain't afeerd ter tell you, 'cause I knew both yer daddies, an' I reckon yer'll take me 'long with yer, won't you? Yer won't leave me yere fer ter face that Anse Cowan? Yer'll promise me that?"

"Of course, Nichols," I said soothingly, the man's cowardice almost disgusting. "If you show us a way of escape we'll go together if the chance comes—what is it? Speak quick!"

"I know the ol' trail over the mountains down ter Covington; I reckon as how you couldn't never git thar without me. I—I thought it all out while I was lyin' yere trussed up like a turkey, but they never git no chance fer ter get loose. Now I you folks will cut this yere rope off my legs I'll show yer how fer ter get out—an' nobody'll never know nuth' 'bout it."

"Explain first," I said shortly. "As far as trust goes, I have confidence in you, Nichols, just so far as I can see you. What is below?"

"Five steps leadin' down into a wood tank," he explained slowly, realizing that his only hope of release lay in a full description. "It's empty now, an' dry as a board; ain't been a ban-

tion yere in six months. The place whar the water runs out is at the south side, right down 'gainst the bottom; ther cover ter the opening is screwed tight by a wheel. Ol' Ned Cowan made ther contraption, an' yer kin stand ther upper step an' open an' shut the thing, an' never git yer feet wet."

"And how big is the opening?"

"Wal, I don't jist know, but I've crawled through thar fixing a leak, an' if I did it onct, I reckon I kin again. 'Taint mor'n 'bout six feet beyond ther wall till it hits the edge o' ther ravine. Ther's why the Yanks didn't make no attack on thet side o' ther church—thar ain't no room."

The whole situation lay clear before me. I had no thought of utilizing this unexpected opportunity myself, for I meant to stay with the others, and perform my part of the fighting to the end. But here was protection, and possible escape, for Noreen. Yet could the preacher be trusted? Would he play fair if I released him, and left them alone together? Did not his interests also lie in getting away safely? What act of treachery could he commit, and, besides the girl was armed.

"How do you light this church?"

"Candles mostly," surprised at the question, "yer ain't goin' fer ter light up, are you?"

"Not here—no; but below; where is there one?"

"I reckon on thet thar shelf in the pulpit yer'll find a dozen er so."

"Bring a couple here, Noreen."

She slipped across silently, and came back with two in her hand.

"You are going to try to get away?"

she whispered cautiously.

"No, not now. An opportunity may come later. If it was possible to slip all these men out I would gladly do so—but it is already too late for any such attempt. But there is a chance for you, and it is even barely possible that, when all hope of defense is over, I may find some way of joining you."

"You—you promise that?" she asked. "If I consent to go, you—you will come later if you can?"

"Yes; I will pledge myself to accept every chance, when I can do no more fighting. I'll come to you, if I live. Now, Nichols, listen—I am going to set you free, and permit you to slip down through that trap door with this lady. She is armed, and she knows how to shoot. Attempt one treacherous trick and you pay the penalty."

"Ain't thet kind," he whined.

"Oh, yes you are; but it will never pay this time. Don't take your eyes off him, Noreen; the moment that trap door closes light the candle, and keep the revolver ready. Make him unscrew the cap, and leave it off out of the way. Set the candle down in one corner as far back as possible. You better go out first."

"I—I am not to wait for you?" he whispered.

"Not in there—no; outside, for they might fire the building. Nichols, where is the best place for the two of you to hide so I could find you?"

"In the woods to the west; there is a trail half way down the ravine a climbin' up—an' ol' hog trail."

My fingers touched his throat, and I bent lower staring straight into his eyes.

"Now, mark well what I say, Nichols. I am going to release you, and give you a chance to get away. But you stay with the woman—do you hear! Stay with her until you both reach the Confederate lines at Covington. If I ever get out of here alive, and learn you have attempted any trick, I'll run you down, Nichols, if it takes ten years. Now I'll cut the rope, and you creep over to where that ring is in the floor, and wait my order."

Evidently his limbs were numb from the tight cord, for he crept the few feet painfully, and then sat up rubbing the afflicted parts with both hands. I swept one glance out through the window, and then about the dim interior, endeavoring to locate the men nearest us. Only one stood close enough to observe our movements, and I sent him with a message to the sergeant.

"Now, Noreen," I whispered swiftly. "This is the best time. Take these papers; they are for Jackson; give them to the first Confederate officer you meet, and have them forwarded at once. Don't trust Nichols for a single moment out of range of your revolver."

"You will not come?"

"Not now; you would not wish me to desert my comrades—would you?"

"Oh, I do not know! I do not know. It is so hard to decide. You really wish me to go? It will please you?"

"Yes."

"And you will come if—if you can? I am to wait, and—hope for you?"

"I pledge you my word, dear girl. She clung to my hands, her face uplifted in the moonlight."

"I—I am your wife," she said softly, and I—I want you to—"

Three shots rang out clear and distinct without, and a voice shouted hoarsely.

"Stand to it, lads!" cried Harwood from the dark vestibule. "The Yanks are coming!"

I swung her light form across the platform to where Nichols crouched. "Quick now, both of you! Careful; don't fall, Noreen! Go on, man; I'll close the trap—and God help you if you don't remember!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

The End of Defense.

I had no time for thought—action called me. Yet her last unfinished sentence rang in my memory. Could it be that she cared also? That out of this strange association there had grown an awakening interest? For a single moment I stood there motionless, my feet on the lowered trap, dimly conscious of the uproar about me, yet scarcely able to realize the imminence of the peril. They were pouring volleys into the front door—the roaring of discharge ending in the sound of splintered wood, and sharp cries of pain. Carbines cracked in response, and Harwood's voice sounded continually through the hideous discord.

"Get back, men! Get back! Ay, beyond the partition, you fellows in front there! No, don't leave the windows; they'll charge presently, and there is no use firing those carbines now—the range is too long. Load again—load! and stand ready. Wyatt!"

"Here, sir."

"Any work for you there?"

"No; only a half dozen Yanks in sight from this end."

"Bring all but two men, and come here! Wharton, stand ready to take a hand. Ah! there the blue-bellies come, lads—now give them the lead! Fire! damn you—fire!"

The little squad of us leaped down the aisle, and Wharton's men clambered over the benches, cursing and yelling. Already the smoke of the carbines filled the church, and we could see little except in the flash of the gunfire. The swirl of bodies buried me to the right, away from where Harwood stood, and brought me in front of the opposite door. Through this opening and the narrow window beyond, I got a glimpse outside—at a black mass of men sweeping straight toward us, their guns gleaming viciously, their voices echoing in savage shout. It was a mere glimpse, an infernal vision, and almost at the same instant they came crashing against the shattered door, beating it down with their gun-stocks, and leaping through into the maze of overturned benches littering the vestibule. The door fell in splinters. How they got through that tangle of death I know not. Into their very faces we poured our fire—our own men, caught within the narrow space, striking at them with clubbed guns—but they were too many to be held. Over the dead poured the torrent of living, firing, cursing, striking, jamming the few gray-jackets against the inner wall, and in two relentless streams, hurling themselves against both vestibule doors.

Wedged in the portals, I saw all this so clearly that each detail stands out in memory—the infuriated faces, the falling bodies, the disfiguring bloodstains, the savage glint of steel. Those who came first were not soldiers—they were Cowan's men, gaunt, rough fellows, bearded and dirty, their fierce curses sounding above the uproar. And they fought like fiends, driven by Cowan's voice, and pressed remorselessly forward by the cavalymen behind. I saw him once, a blood spot on his cheek, and I fired over the heads of those between us, but though he fell, he came to his feet again and was swept to one side by the rush of men. I saw all this, and no more; it was like a flash on the screen—and then everything became an indistinct blur.

URGE KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Many Reasons Have Been Advanced as to Why Cruelty Should Be Avoided.

Here are some of the reasons why we should do all we possibly can to protect animals, says an exchange.

1. They are, humanly speaking, dumb and defenseless.

2. They are especially liable to cruel treatment.

3. They are the victims of science, sport, fashion, ignorance and prejudice.

4. There is so much suffering in this world that we ought to do everything we can to lessen, and not to increase it.

5. It is cowardly and contemptible to cause a living, sentient creature unnecessary or avoidable suffering.

6. The animals do so much for us in so many ways, ministering to our needs, that they earn exemption for their various races from cruelty, suffering and ill treatment.

7. Selfish and callous disregard of their rights can only react disastrously upon the moral nature of the human family, and make other similar evils appear excusable. It is a short step from cruelty to animals to cruelty to human beings. The parents who train their children to be kind, considerate and thoughtful for the animals are laying up treasures which they themselves will reap when those children are grown up.

8. As Jeremy Bentham, the great jurist, wrote of the claims of animals: "The question is not—'Can they reason, nor can they talk, but can they suffer?'"

Shadow Pictures for Children.

For shadow pictures hang a sheet in a double doorway, if possible. Have a lamp, or preferably a bull's-eye lantern, set about two feet from the floor at the back of the room used as a stage. All kinds of interesting and amusing shadow pictures may be given with the help of stiff paper cut-outs, which may be pinned to hair and costume to change the outlines. Large paper noses, pointed chins and beards may even be fastened to the features with a bit of paste. Indians with paper feathers and cardboard tomahawks, and Puritan maids and men with paper caps and broad-brimmed hats, can give appropriate historic scenes.—Modern Priscilla.

Way Out of the Difficulty.

"The American ambassador," announced the imperial chamberlain, perturbedly, "refuses to wear knee breeches at court!"

"Ask him if he has any objection to wearing ordinary pants with bicycle clips at the ankles," commanded the despatch, who, while clinging to the memorial usage, was not indisposed to concede something to the virile democracy of the West.—Puck.

Fairy Lightness in Party Frocks



Party frocks for the young maid could not symbolize more clearly youth and gaiety and irresponsibility than they have this season. The thinnest and most vapory of materials have divided honors with laces in point of favor for making them. And everywhere silver and gold-thread laces lend sparkle to the general radiance of white and light colors in the sheers of materials.

One of the prettiest is made of white net and Venice lace. A fine quality of voile might be used instead of the net, with good effect. Two-inch tucks, with spaces of equal width between, are hemstitched in the material, covering all the surface. The skirt is short and round and the bodice is cut in the surplice fashion, with the tucks in both running around the figure. There is a crushed girde of soft wide satin ribbon about the waist. Very short sleeves, that hardly amount to more than a cap over the arms, are finished with a frill of lace which extends only half way round them.

Over this dress a long straight-hanging and sleeveless coat is worn, made of Venetian lace. Bows of satin ribbon with floating ends are caught to the coat at the shoulders. They are of narrow ribbon, matching the girde in color. Black velvet ribbon may be used for them and for the girde if a touch of dignity is needed to adapt this gown to an older wearer.

In the party gown pictured above, silver-thread lace edges the underskirt of thin crepe or satin. A wide overdress of chiffon is edged with a satin-covered cord at the bottom. Chiffon roses decorate the bodice and are repeated in a wreath in the hair. This is one of those very dainty frocks whose usefulness begins and ends with evening dress. The gown previously described may be worn both for afternoon and evening.

In January the new "lingerie" gowns will appear for the use of those who journey South. They are in the making and awaited with the keenest interest, for they are the most adaptable and refined of dainty things. But they will not displace the party frocks of tulle and lace, given over to airiness and sparkle which make a grace of being gay.

Some Pretty Ribbon Things



There is actually no part of the apparel of women, from head to feet, in which ribbons are not playing a prominent role this season. The patron saint of weaving, or the goddess of the looms, appears to have turned especial attention to the fostering of this particular article of adornment. The result is that the beauty of ribbons has compelled attention and inspired their universal use. They crown the head and clothe the feet and touch up all the belongings of womanhood.

Just a few of the pretty things that have kept the ribbon business brisk are shown in the picture given above. These include a pair of houndslippers with heels, and a pair without them, a pair of gaiters with small pendant sashel bag, and a ribbon bag.

The last is suited to many purposes, but is found chiefly useful for carrying the necessary accessories to evening parties. There is an immense variety in ribbon bags, including those made for shopping and those for holding gloves, handkerchiefs, slippers, toilet articles, etc. Besides these there are workbags with fittings required for mending or sewing. But they are frivolous-looking affairs, so

gay and pretty that it is hard to believe their intention to be useful is serious.

Ready-made soles are bought for making the ribbon slippers, and they are covered on the inside with plain satin ribbon. Flowered and brocaded patterns lined with the plain satin ribbon are used for the upper part. This is cut in the proper shape and sewed by hand to the soles. A very narrow ribbon quilling usually finishes the edges of these gayly attractive slippers.

The gaiters are made by shirring narrow satin ribbon (usually in two colors) over flat elastic. Bows and rosettes finish them, and the addition of tiny sashels is a new touch.

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Colored applique trimming, such as was used a number of years ago, has been seen upon one recently created gown. It is doubtful, however, if it will succeed in establishing itself in this season of comparative severity.

Julie Bottomley

THE KITCHEN CABINET

It is a splendid thing to hear a man voice lofty sentiments, but one single sentiment not made use of.

We cannot properly understand others unless we have something of the elements in our own nature.—Wm. Hunter.

GOOD THINGS FOR TABLE.

The tough ends of steaks are a problem with housekeepers. Here is one way of saving them.

Chop them coarsely, cook in a little butter, dredge with flour, add seasonings and cream, when hot serve with baked potatoes.

Codfish Puffs.—Mix codfish and mashed potatoes as for codfish balls, place in a buttered baking dish, brush with the white of an egg and brown in a hot oven. Serve from the dish in which it was baked.

Carrots are good cooked until tender, then mashed and seasoned with a little lemon juice and salt, using plenty of butter and a few dashes of cayenne. Serve garnished with parsley.

Any leftover cake may be steamed and served with a cold or hot custard, making a nice, simple and easily prepared dessert.

Queen Pudding.—Heat three-quarters of a cupful of milk, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of chopped raisins. Add two teaspoonfuls of gelatin to a half cupful of hot water and add to the first mixture. While still warm add the beaten whites of the eggs, flavor with vanilla and put into a mold. Serve with cream.

Nut Cream Pie.—In a double boiler cook a cupful of milk with a cupful of sugar. Add the yolks of three eggs and a tablespoonful of flour, then the juice of a lemon and half a cupful of pecan nut meats, chopped. Bake a single crust and pour in the nut filling; cover the top with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs. Brown and serve cold.

Orange Preserve.—Wash oranges and cut them in slices a fourth of an inch thick, cover with cold water, a pint to each orange, and let them stand 24 hours. Cook them in the water until tender but not soft, add one pound of sugar and the juice of a lemon for each orange. Cook until transparent. Place in glasses and cover with paraffin. A slice of this preserve with a little of the sirup makes plain ice cream appear very stylish.

A SYMPOSIUM OF SALADS.

Because it is winter need not deter us from enjoying our daily salad, for there are numerous combinations which may be prepared with the foods at hand. Those who enjoy grapefruit will find no more delicious salad than the grapefruit carefully removed from the skin and heaped on head lettuce. Sprinkle it with chopped almonds and dress with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

Pear sprinkled with preserved ginger and dressed with mayonnaise arranged on lettuce is another well liked combination.

For a simple salad which may be quickly prepared, chopped apple, a few raisins and a little celery with any boiled dressing is good, but with the addition of nuts it is much better.

Date Salad.—Clean and stone 10 pounds of dates removing all the fiber. Cut three oranges in thin slices after removing all the peeling. Mix a cupful each of chopped apple and celery and half the dates with any good salad dressing. Place the center slice of orange on a bed of lettuce, spread with the apple mixture and cover with the next slice in size, then another slice of apple and dates and another slice. Top the salad with a generous spoonful of mayonnaise.

Fruit Salad.—Wash and cut in strips a pound of figs. Remove the pulp from two oranges without breaking the sections; slice three bananas, cover with a tablespoonful of lemon juice, mix all together and serve with a few sliced nuts on lettuce with any desired dressing.

Pineapple Salad.—Take a can of grated pineapple, mix with a cupful of white grapes, seeded and peeled; a half a cupful of pecans, broken in bits; a cupful of marshmallows, cut in quarters; a cupful of whipped cream, to which two tablespoonfuls of boiled dressing has been added; served in apple cups is a most delightful salad in both appearance and taste.

Nellie Maxwell

From the General.

Rear Admiral William H. Ensign, while attached to the navy yard, New York, had under his command a young Barbados negro whom he enlisted as a mess attendant while at the island. The admiral was dully suggested with a large amount of official mail when the mess attendant came in hurriedly announcing: "A message from the general, sah."

"General who?" inquired the admiral. "General Delibery, sah," replied the innocent looking negro, handing the admiral a general delivery letter.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

By RANDALL PARRISH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

They were upon us, jammed in the narrow doorways, each man fighting for life. I used gun and revolver. In the red mist before me were black shapes, hateful faces. Twice I lost foot and fell, but was up again, fronting them. I stepped on dead bodies, slipped in pools of blood; falling men caused me to stagger; a slug of lead tore burning through my shoulder; a glancing knife blade ripped my forearm. I had no time; no room, in which to reload; my hands gripped the hot carbine barrel, and I swung the stock like a flail.

Inch by inch they won through the door; we could kill, but not stop them, and they hurled us back, stumbling over the dead, clambering across overturned benches, but unable to stem the increasing tide. We were all together now—Harwood, Wharton—the sole handful left, and we made a fight of it, the best we could. There was a moment's pause, the merest instant in which to breathe, and my eyes met Harwood's. He was naked to the waist, hatless, blood dripping from a cut over one eye, the stock of his carbine shattered.

"Ah, gunner of Staunton," he called out cheerily, although his voice cracked with dryness. "Didn't I tell you if you wanted a good time to fine the cavalry?"

"Forward, men, forward!" It was Fox's voice, although I saw nothing of him. "Once more, and it's over with—forward!"

"Now, lads, meet them!" burst out Harwood. "About me, Third Kentucky—here they come!"

They drove us in so as to encircle us, yet the jumble of benches served as some protection to our rear. Perhaps the fact that there were Yankees between us and the pulpit prevented firing for we met hand to hand in a death grapple. I have seen battles, yet nothing like that; it was as though beasts of the jungle fought; men struggled with naked hands, struck death blows, fired into each other's faces, trampled over writhing bodies, cursing, or yelling defiance as they fell. We scarcely knew friend from foe, blue from gray. I cannot even tell what occurred to myself in those breathless moments. I know I fought madly, blindly—again and again sweeping a space clear with my weapon; hands gripped my throat, my hair, and I tore loose; fingers clutched at my legs, but I kicked free. I was conscious of blows, of wounds; I knew when Harwood fell, and was trampled under foot; I heard others scream; I saw the hated face of Anse Cowan in the ruck and leaped for him, but whom my mad blow struck I could not tell. Some rush, some quick pressure of bodies, hurled me sideways, caught me in a vise; I tripped over a dead man, staggered to my feet again. I got footing on the pulpit platform, and held it for an instant, my gun-barrel crashing into the mass of faces below. Wharton joined me, a bull mad with rage; I saw him rend the pulpit stand from the floor and hurl it with all his strength into the ruck. Then twenty hands gripped him, hauling him down, a clubbed musket descended, and the sergeant pitched forward like a log of wood. There was a shot, the blow of a rifle barrel, and I went down, the very breath of life seemingly knocked out of me.

I fell on the platform, back of where the pulpit desk had stood, and a body lay across me. If I lost consciousness it was for no more than an instant, yet my whole body felt numb and useless. I could scarcely move my fingers to unclasp them from the gun barrel, and every breath I drew was in pain. Still I realized all that happened, distinguished voices, and the shuffling of feet on the pulchre floor. I heard Fox shouting orders, as the mad hubbub ceased.

"That's enough! That's enough, men! It's all over with. Here, sergeant, round up those prisoners; God knows there are few enough of the poor devils left. Guard those able to walk outside. Now, Herzog, carry the wounded over here. What? Why, of course, you idiot, we are not savages—those fellows fought like men, and are to be treated decently. No distinction, mind you. Let the dead lie where they are till daylight, but don't overlook a wounded man. Where's Cowan?"

"Shot, sir; he's here in this pile somewhere."

"See if the fellow is alive. Who is his lieutenant?"

"Am, sir; my name's Kelly."

"Well get your damn crew of scoundrels out of here, what's left of them. Do you hear! This is soldier work, and I want you fellows outside."

"You used us all right when that was fightin' ter do—"

voice answered from the vestibule, "but he went outside. I think he was touched a little in one arm."

"Pity it wasn't in the mouth; has anyone seen a woman?"

No one answered.

"No! That's strange! Here Green, take a couple of men, and feel your way along the walls; Jasper, make a light of some kind—who wants me? Colonel Moran? Tell him I am the only officer present, and I can't leave. By God! The place is a shambles!"

The searching party was to the right of me, against the black shadow of the wall. This was my chance, my one and only chance to slip away unobserved. In five minutes more the searching party would find me there, and bear me along with the others. I wriggled out from under the weight of the body lying across my legs, and groped about in the dark until my fingers encountered the ring embedded in the floor. The light of the sputtering torch still left the pulpit platform in shadow; Fox was at the other end of the church, his sharp voice rasping out orders. I got to my knees, and lifted the trap barely far enough to squeeze through. There was a gleam of light below; sufficient to reveal the dark outline of the steps leading down. Some eye might distinguish the glimmer, yet I thrust my body through the narrow opening noiselessly, and lowered the cover to the floor level.

There was no cry, no sound indicating that the movement had been observed. I waited an instant, crouched breathlessly on the upper step, listening. My eyes surveyed those contracted surroundings curiously. The candle, a mere fragment, burned dimly in one corner, revealing what appeared to be the interior of a huge box, with a platform built half across it, its outer edge protected by a low rail. A small wheel ingeniously arranged to operate a lever, occupied one end of the platform, and directly across was an opening in the side wall next the floor, barely large enough for a man's body to squeeze into. Nothing else was visible; no evidence left of the two who had already passed that way.

I slipped down the steps, lowered my body silently to the damp floor. I entered the hole head first, dragging and pushing with hands and feet, eager to get quickly into the open. Almost before I realized the possibility, my head and shoulders emerged into the outer air and I hung suspended over a rock ledge, staring blindly down into the unknown depths of a ravine. The ledge itself was barely wide enough to afford foothold, yet I succeeded in creeping out upon it, and then in standing upright. The shoulder of the hill was sufficiently steep and high to shut out all view of the log walls of the church, while below was a black void, out from which arose the faint splashing of distant water. But the church itself must have been lit up by this time, for a reddish glow of light tipped the bank above, and bridged the dark ravine. The rock ledge extended to the right, a fairly smooth path, and I followed it cautiously, finding no other available passage. It led gradually downward, until it seemed to merge into a beaten track, running directly south through a tangle of underbrush not far above the stream. The way was intensely black, yet not difficult to follow by the sense of touch, while the incessant roar of the nearby water blotted out all sound from above. Once I heard the crack of guns, but they sounded at a distance, and looking up, I could perceive the red reflection on the trees lining the bank far above. But for these I was plunged in a black solitude, through which I must grope my way, each step liable to plunge me into uncertain peril. A hundred yards, two hundred, and the trail swerved more to the right, and began to mount upward, zig-zagging among the trees. Slowly, cautiously, my head arose above the crest, and the moon, just peering out from behind the edge of a cloud, gave me glimpse along the level plateau.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

With Nature's Weapons.

To the right of where I lay was the outline of the church, the windows alight, several blazing torches, bobbing about within, revealing passing figures, although the distance was too great to permit any sound of voices reaching my ears. The rear door, however, stood wide open, and a considerable body of men were grouped there. Straight across from me, a squad of horsemen were moving northward, and a single rider was spurting rapidly between them and the church. The grove of trees where I was to meet Nichols and Noreen was to the left. It was dark and silent, a shapeless shadow, and the forest growth of the ravine extended far enough over the crest to hide my approach. Satisfied that no searching parties were near by, I advanced swiftly along the edge of this fringe of trees, yet taking every precaution. "Twas well I did, for suddenly the horseman swerved, and rode straight toward me, through the moonlight. I sank down into the brush, revolver in hand, and

waited. Once he stopped, and called out something; then came on along the edge of the wood, walking his horse slowly. The rider was not a soldier, but beyond that fact, evidenced by lack of uniform, I could make no guess as to his identity, although I believed him one of Cowan's guerrillas. A gun, poised and ready, forked out from his horse's neck, and he leaned forward in the saddle, peering into the shadows. A few feet beyond me, he suddenly reined in his horse, and called again:

"That you, Lieutenant?"

A single figure seemed to emerge from among the trees—a mere shadow, formless and silent.

"Yes; who are you?"

"Kelly—Dean told me you were here; the damn fellow has got away, and the girl with him."

"How do you know?"

"We've looked over every dead body, the wounded and prisoners, and searched every inch of the church—they're not there, sir."

"By God! Where could they have gone! They were there; he was any how, for I heard his voice. Did you talk with any of those fellows?"

"There ain't many ter talk ter. The Reb lieutenant is a goin' ter pull thro', I reckon, but he's hurt too bad ter talk. Enyhow Fox wouldn't give me no chance fer ter git him. I asked a sojer, a young feller, an' he sed Wyatt an' the girl was both in there; he sed 'em together just afore we charged. But I'll be damned if they're ther now."

Raymond muttered something, a smothered oath no doubt, and then burst forth:

"Well, good God, man! They are both flesh and blood. If neither are there then they must have found a way of escape. We had every side of the church guarded so a mouse couldn't get through in this moonlight—I saw to that myself."

"Because there was no room to post any. The church walls are on the edge of the ravine; Cowan said there were none needed there."

"Wall," insisted the other, half angrily. "I didn't think so neither, nor whar we made a mistake. Them two's skeddaddled, an' thar warn't no chance fer 'em enywhar else. Thet's plain 'nough, ain't it? I don't know nuthin' 'bout whar's thar, fur I never ain't been 'long thet edge, but if them two ever got out inter thar ravine they're thar yet, fer thar's no way leading out 'cept along thar trail yonder."

"What trail? Where?"

"Back thar, 'bout a hundred feet, I reckon—an' ol' hog trail thet leads down ter the creek. Thar couldn't nobody cum up it without yer seein' 'em from here."

"And so you think they're down there yet?"

"Sure; less they got wings they couldn't a come up no other way."

The lieutenant strode forward, and grasped the rein of the horse. I could see him clearly now, the moonlight on his upturned face.

"Then we've got them, all right," he asserted, a new confidence in his voice. "You know the way down, don't you, Kelly?"

"Hell, yes; I hid out thar fer six weeks onct. They call it the Devil's glen, an' I reckon tain't a bad name neither."

"All right then; I've got three men here who'll go with you. That will

be enough. I'll stay up here, so if the fellow slips by I'll nab him. Jones—all of you come here. Come, Kelly, there's a hundred dollars in this for you."

"By God! It's worth it, fer some body's liable ter get shot." He rolled out of the saddle, but with evident reluctance. "I reckon I'll let one of them sojers go ahead. Yer must wait thar. Reb powerful bad, lieutenant."

"I do," grimly, "dead or alive."

Three other figures joined them; they were on foot, but I could see the guns in their hands, and the gleam of buttons in the moonlight. Raymond spoke swiftly, pointing with one hand, but his voice was lowered so the words were not heard. No doubt he was briefly explaining the plan, and giving orders. Kelly added a brief sentence, and then the whole crew tramped past me, the lieutenant leading the horse, me, the lieutenant coming so close to where I lay I could have touched him with an eye I could have reached him with an extended hand. Scarcely venturing to breathe I watched their passage along the edge of the bluff, until they halted

at the point where I had come up the trail. They remained grouped there for a moment, talking earnestly; then the shadow formed disintegrated, and Raymond and the horse alone remained distinguishable. I knew the others had disappeared in the blackness of the ravine, and that they were destined to search its depths in vain, for what little trail I might have left in my crawl upward could never be deciphered in that darkness. I waited motionless for what I believed to be ten minutes, anxious that the fellows get far enough down to be safely beyond earshot. At first I could hear them slipping and stumbling along the steep, stony path, but these sounds grew fainter and finally ceased. The lieutenant led the horse back a few yards, and fastened his rein securely to the limb of a tree; then took his own position within the brush shadow, where he could watch the head of the trail. From where I crouched I could no longer see the fellow.

I had no thought of going on and leaving him there on guard. Not only did I feel an overwhelming desire to punish the man for his treachery and insolence, but I wished to gain possession of the horse. Such an opportunity as this was the gift of God, and I was only in eager to accept it. The wide plain in front of us was deserted, the cavalry troop having disappeared. The glare of torches had disappeared from within the church, which was now a mere shapeless shadow in the moonlight. My vision did not extend to the road in front, but there were sounds indicating that the Federal forces were either going into camp, or preparing to resume their march. Satisfied that my own way was clear, I crawled out to the edge of the line of brush, and arose silently to my feet. To reach Raymond I would have to pass where the horse was tied, and to approach on hands and knees would be liable to frighten the animal. Trusting that the lieutenant's whole attention would be devoted to the trail, and that he would anticipate no approach from behind, I walked straight forward and laid hand on the horse's head. He snelt of me curiously, but made no noise, and, looking across his back, I could dimly perceive the man a few paces beyond. He stood erect, his back towards me, perfectly motionless, his entire consciousness concentrated on his guard. I stole forward step by step, noiselessly. I was actually within reach of him before some sense told him of my near presence, and he wheeled about only to find a leveled revolver staring him in the eyes.

"We meet again," I said coldly, "and it seems to be my luck to hold the cards."

"You! Good God! I thought—"

"I know what you thought, for I was within ten feet of you when you talked to Kelly. Put up your hands, Raymond! Yes, of course, but don't attempt any play—I only need an excuse to hurt you."

He glared at me savagely, yet his hands went up, although I could see him glance backward over one shoulder into the darkness of the ravine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEARTY EATERS ARE THESE

Commissariat Department of the British Army Will Have to Move to Keep Up With Them.

From close observation of the habits of the young Maori men in training in Auckland (New Zealand) for active service, it appears that the modern Maori has inherited, almost unpaired, the genius for practical frugality which was one of the vital qualifications of his forefathers in the strenuous struggle for existence. They have scoured the country in the neighborhood of the camp and won eels by the score from places where the white man never dreamed there was any edible wealth at all.

The ability of the sturdy Maori recruits to assimilate comestibles is a constant source of wonder to his pale brethren.

The camp rations are admittedly generous and sufficient in their way, but the canteen is a pleasure resort, and is patronized as such. Supper is an institution, not a meal. Here is one warrior's effort at 8:30 p. m.: Two bottles of raspberry, a tin of sardines and a big lobster. This is a typical instance, and yet everyone is up, merry and bright, for physical drill at half-past six in the morning.

High School of Commerce.

In 1914 the city of Worcester, Mass., an important business center, established a high school of commerce. When the school opened in September, 1914, 1,335 pupils were enrolled, and in February, 1915, 48 per cent of all the pupils entering the high schools of the city elected the high school of commerce. The present enrollment of this school is nearly 1,500.

It is the policy of the school to offer courses of studies holding a mutual ground between the purely cultural and the strictly vocational, and in these courses are English, Latin, French, German and Spanish. There are, of course, several sciences, and there are commercial history, civics and commercial geography, to the latter two years being devoted. There are also included stenography, bookkeeping, typewriting, banking, commercial law, accounting and penmanship. A course under consideration is on salesmanship, and it is hoped soon to introduce the teaching of advertising and window dressing.

World Is Unsympathetic.

Don't parade your troubles before the unsympathetic world. Bury them as a dog does old bones, and growl if anyone tries to dig them up.

HIS OBJECT LESSON

By CATHERINE CRANMER.

"Larry, have my horse ready at five today." As Harold Brentley spoke his attention was attracted by old Larry's unusual lameness as he started off toward the stables. "Hold on, Larry," called Harold. "What has got into your legs. Are you doing anything for that rheumatism?"

"Sure, Mr. Brentley. I can't see how medicine I swallow is going to help my legs, but old Doc Whitley says to keep on taking it."

"I'm afraid that cooking you do over there is none too good for you, Larry, why didn't you marry, and now you'd have a wife to take care of your aches and pains?"

"Well, Mr. Brentley," began Larry slowly and standing with his left hand on his hip and his right hand holding his knee, "it was just because I was too hard-headed to give in on anything, and while I was waiting for the girl to give in on everything she married a fellow that was so glad to get her he didn't care who give in nor how much."

"That is rather a vague explanation, and a surprising one to me, Larry. I never found you hard-headed." Harold was curiously interested.

"But you never found me till after I'd learned a thing or two," responded Larry. "It's a long story, but if you want to hear it all I'll tell you."

"Go ahead, Larry," Harold smiled encouragingly.

"You see," began Larry, "Mary Glenn and me was the same as engaged, and I was so jealous I didn't want her to dance with the other fellows. She was a girl with as many ways of smiling as a mocking bird has of singing, and, of course, the fellows flocked around her. One evening I got mad 'cause she danced three times with the same fellow, and I guess I took a nip more than was good for my temper, and on the way home I laid down the law to Mary. She didn't get riled, but she said, just as calm as you please: 'Whenever you get ready to quit bullying me and to let drink alone as much as you want me to let the other boys alone, then I'll be ready to give in about anything in reason. There's got to be giving in on both sides, or we don't keep company any more, and that's all I've got to say.'"

It was all she said, too, and my storming around about a girl trying to interfere with a man's personal liberty didn't draw one word from her. When she reached her father's gate she flounced into the house quick as lightning and at Christmas the same year she married another fellow."

"And you, Larry—what did you do then?" Harold asked this perfunctorily to bring Larry's mind from the far-away past.

"Me? I sailed for America, and I've been here ever since. So," concluded Larry, "you see, here I am, with no wife to help me carry the load that comes with the years."

"Yes, Larry, I think I do see," said Harold slowly. Then he got up abruptly and went into the house. He closed his study door and went straight to the telephone. During the brief interval until he received a reply no visible muscle moved, but his face grew very pale and his heart pounded away like a stationary engine.

"Colonel Hunter's residence?" Then, almost instantly, "May I speak to Miss Eunice?" His attitude remained rigid as he awaited her voice in the receiver.

"Eunice, this is Harold. May I talk to you a little while?" The hand that held the receiver was trembling.

"There's a lot I'd like to say that could hardly be said over the telephone, but if I told you that I've begun to see some things differently would you let me come to see you and explain?" And Harold, whose arguments in court were noted for their directness, found himself floundering for words in which to present his side of the case to the calm-voiced young woman at the other end of the wire.

"Well, no; perhaps that is not exactly explicit. The only way I can be explicit is to say frankly that I'm ashamed of the attitude I took when I dictated to you about your professional associates any more than you about mine." Harold almost embraced the telephone instrument as he added, in his most persuasive tones: "And, Eunice, you've made such a success as a social worker among unfortunate women, won't you undertake to set right and make happy one mere man whose mind is open to conviction and whose heart is starving for you?"

A very brief pause marked the birth of a blissful expression on Harold's face.

"You say 'Central' is not deaf? I'm not either, Eunice, and it makes me happy to hear that gentle tone in your voice. If I come by in fifteen minutes will you go for a long ride and supper at the Country club?" The interval that followed was infinitesimal. "I'm on my way now, dearest!"

The receiver was still swinging on its hook when Harold went from the room and called to Larry:

"Never mind about the horse, Larry; I'm going out in my car."

"And you're not going alone either, or I miss my guess," chuckled Larry to himself, as he limped away toward the stables.

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A motor road has been built in Bolivia that crosses the Andes 17,000 feet above sea level.

TO STOP TERRIBLE RHEUMATIC PAINS

Get a box of true Mustarine in the original yellow box for about 25 cents at druggists. Rub it on the inflamed joints or muscles, and that almost unbearable agony will go at once.

No rheumatic sufferer can afford to be without true Mustarine, for it never fails to give blessed relief. Use it for aches or pains anywhere, and for sore throat, bronchitis and pleurisy. There's relief in every rub! It stops pain and congestion. True Mustarine is made by Berg Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

It Did—And It Didn't.

With a groan and a snort the express stopped at the wayside station, because the signal stood at danger.

On the platform stood a number of passengers waiting for the next train—a slow. Glad of the chance of traveling more quickly, they began to open the carriage door and enter.

The guard's face turned purple with wrath. Rushing wildly along, he signaled to the daring passengers to keep back.

"Stand away, there!" he ordered. "Stand away! This train doesn't stop here!"

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Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Expression of Gratitude.

"Have you been reading the war news?"

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "And I must say one thing for the censors. They have done everything in human power to spare our feelings by making the terrors of war as uninteresting as possible."

To Prevent the Urip

Colds cause Grip—Laxative Bromo Quinine removes the cause. There is only one Bromo Quinine. E. W. GROVE'S signature on box assures genuineness.

The Real Thing.

Little Lemuel—What is a miser, paw?

Paw—A miser, son, is a pocket edition of mankind.

A genius is usually a person who has the reputation that he could do wonderful things, if only—

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"He told me it was the last time."

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Ever notice that boys never tie tin cans to a bulldog's tail? A bulldog won't stand for such foolishness.

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The Difference.

The mistress of the house found Truda, the cook, very busy writing at the kitchen table, though it was past time for getting dinner. For a half minute perhaps she watched the laborious process of literary composition. Then she spoke with asperity. "How much longer," she exclaimed, "are you going to be over that beggarly post card?" Truda looked up indignantly.

"Beggary post card!" she said. "Beggary post card! I'd have you know that this is no beggarly post card! Not much! It is a field post card, it is to the exempt reservist, Hieronymus Weinszierl, with the Third Bavarian army corps, Fifth Bavarian Division, Fourteenth regiment of infantry, Second company."

One Man's Wisdom.

Said She—What do you think of that singer's high note?

Said He—I can't indorse it.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

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"Foley Kidney Pills have done me more good than \$150.00 worth of other medicine," Chas. N. Fox, Hmrod, N. Y.

When backache comes on and it seems as if you can't stand the pain and pressure across the small of your back, hurry to your drugstore and get relief through a box of Foley Kidney Pills. They will stop the cause of that pain very quickly, spur the sluggish kidneys to regular action, enable them to throw the poisons out of the blood. They will get rid of pain and rheumatism for you, quiet your nerves, stop your backache, and limber up your stiff joints and sore muscles.

Frank W. Sherman, Lacona, N. Y., writes: "I suffered with kidney trouble, had a tired feeling in my back, did not have any ambition and felt all tired out. I used Foley Kidney Pills and in a few days began to feel better, and now I have entirely recovered."

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

Notice to Hunters.

We, the undersigned, freeholders forbid all hunting, trapping or trespassing on our farms.

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A. B. Skinner. Fred Keen
Albert Widmayer. W. J. Beach
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"NO HUNTING" SIGNS for sale at the standard office.

BREVITIES

ANN ARBOR—A bankbook containing records of a deposit of \$500 in a local bank was given to William MacKinnon as he lay on his bed in a ward of the Homeopathic hospital this Christmas morning. This was Ann Arbor's present to one of the bravest and sorest afflicted men who ever spent Christmas day in a hospital.

MANCHESTER—Alexander Littman probably knows more about gasoline than he did before he attempted to start a fire in the furnace with some of that dangerous fluid. His hands and clothing were somewhat burned but he ought to be thankful that he is alive after trying such a foolish experiment.—Enterprise.

JACKSON—Richard Ketchum, of Battle Creek, has reason to be thankful that H. B. Crosier of this city has taken an active interest in the work of the Boy Scouts, especially that of the first aid branch. Ketchum was nearly dead from the fumes of gasoline while at work in a garage, but was kept alive by Mr. Crosier until the arrival of a physician. Another feather for the Boy Scouts.

BROOKLYN—Somebody gave C. E. Teachout a rabbit's foot the other day as a good luck token. C. E. kept it until his pig died, then he gave it to Will Taylor. The latter's horse died next day and he tried to give it to Geo. Blowers. There was a gentle but firm refusal on the part of George and since the foot has been consumed in the postoffice furnace no bad luck can be traced to it.—Exponent.

JACKSON—Frank L. Heaton has his memory stirred by the account of the bones of the mammoth found near Tecumseh, which appeared recently in the Morning Patriot. He says he thinks these were originally exhibited in this city just before or during the war, in the Hull store, which stood where the American Express Company is now located. He recalls that the wide-sweeping tusks of the skeleton he says were black as ebony. It also reminded him of a discovery made on a farm owned by his father, near Sand Lake in Spring Arbor. In digging a drainage ditch two immense teeth, having a width of 8 1/2 inches, 4 1/2 inches thick and about 10 inches long, were found. The jaw bone which held them crumbled on exposure to the air, but the teeth were bought by Dr. Tunnell for \$25 and are now in the museum at Ann Arbor.—Patriot.

For Rheumatism.

As soon as an attack of rheumatism begins apply Sloan's Liniment. Don't waste time and suffer unnecessary agony. A few drops of Sloan's Liniment on the affected parts is all needed. The pain goes at once.
A grateful sufferer writes:—"I was suffering for three weeks with chronic rheumatism and stiff neck, although I tried many medicines, they failed. I heard of Sloan's Liniment and after using it three or four days am up and well. I am employed at the biggest department store in S. F. where they employ from six to eight hundred hands, and they will hear all about Sloan's Liniment.—H. B. Smith, San Francisco, Cal.—Jan. 1915. 25c at all druggists.—Adv.

Auction Sale.

G. August Koelz having decided to sell or rent his farm, situated 1 1/2 miles east and 1 mile south of Waterloo village, will sell the following personal property at public auction on the premises, on Thursday, January 6, 1916, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., consisting of span of black geldings, 7 and 8 years old, weight 2,000; bay gelding, 5 years old, weight 1,100; brood mare, 13 years old, weight 1,150, in foal; Belgian colt, coming 1 year old; Durham cow, 8 years old with calf by her side; Holstein cow, 5 years old, due in January; Jersey cow, 4 years old, due in January; heifer, 2 years old, due soon; two steers, coming years old; yearlings extra good line of farm tools; some household goods; quantity of hay and shredded cornstalks; about seven acres of corn in the shock. Lunch and hot coffee served at noon. Irving Kalmbach, auctioneer.

Many People Don't Know.

A sluggish liver can cause a person an awful lot of misery. Spells of dizziness, headaches, constipation and biliousness are sure signs that your liver needs help. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills and see how they help tone up the whole system. Fine for the stomach too. Aids digestion. Purifies the blood and clears the complexion. Only 25c at your druggist.—Adv.

UNCEASING MISERY

Some Chelsea Kidney Sufferers Get Little Rest or Comfort

There is little sleep, little rest, little peace for many a sufferer from kidney trouble. Life is one continual round of pain. You can't rest at night when there's kidney backache. You suffer twinges and "stabs" of pain, annoying urinary disorders, lameness and nervousness. You can't be comfortable at work with darting pains and blinding dizzy spells. Neglect these ailments and serious troubles may follow. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at the first sign of disorder. Thousands have testified to their merit.

Proof in Chelsea testimony:
Glenn H. Harbour, barber, S. Main street, Chelsea, says: "I suffered from dull pains across my back and kidneys, brought on by constant standing. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage and caused me annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills regulated the kidney action and put a stop to the pains in my back."
Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Harbour had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Subscribe for The Standard.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIMA TOWNSHIP NEWS.

Miss Lena Egler spent Tuesday in Ann Arbor.

Charles Zahn spent one day of last week in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Egler spent one of last week in Ann Arbor.

Fred Koch spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith.

Rudolph Widmayer is spending a few days with relatives in Sylvan.

Dr. and Mrs. O. G. Wood, of Hart, spent Christmas with relatives here.

Miss Marion Remnant was the guest of Miss Gladys Whittington Sunday.

Born, on Tuesday, December 28, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Diable, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Koch spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coe.

Mrs. Carrie Smith spent one day of last week in Ann Arbor with Mrs. F. Widmayer.

Wm. Fry, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Koch.

Miss Eva Koch, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Koch.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, of Highland Park, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. T. Drislane.

Mrs. Mary Mullen and son, of Detroit, spent several days of the past week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barth.

Mrs. Jacob Fahrner and daughter, of Ann Arbor, were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brenner, over the week-end.

Miss Ethel and Allen Tucker, of River Rouge are spending the holiday vacation with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tucker.

Edward Nordman, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bycraft and baby, of Ann Arbor; Mr. and Mrs. C. Kennedy, of Dexter, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nordman.

School report of district No. 8. Those neither tardy nor absent during the month of December are Lillian Hathaway, Erwin Haist, Arthur Barth, Emma Grieb, Norman Wacker, Robert Hathaway. Louise B. Niles, teacher.

NORTH LAKE NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinchey were Chelsea visitors Friday.

C. J. Tremmel is a guest at the home of R. S. Whallian this week.

Earl Scouten left Friday for Niagara Falls where he will spend the winter.

George Kaercher, of Chelsea, spent Saturday at the home of A. J. Van Horn.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bollinger and family were Lima visitors Saturday and Sunday.

Fred Fuller, of Marion, visited at the home of his uncle George Fuller last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt and son James spent Christmas at the home of his father near Ann Arbor.

Misses Mary Whallian and Mildred Daniels are spending the holidays at the homes of their parents here.

Mrs. Arthur VanHorn and son Clarence returned home Thursday after a four weeks visit with relatives in Ohio.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Aiken, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eisenbeiser.

Mrs. Geo. Webb and daughters Olive and Lucy spent several days of this week at the home of Mrs. R. J. Beck in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Noah and son Lawrence spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schultz, of Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vickers and family and Miss Jessie Brown, of Chelsea, spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pratt, of Dexter, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Baird, of North Lake, were Christmas guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Webb.

Henry Gilbert and Fred Hudson attended the Christmas entertainment given by the pupils of Miss Helel Mohrlok at the school in the Schenck district, Sylvan, on last Thursday evening.

The Aid Society of the North Lake M. E. church will hold a fair and oyster supper New Year's eve, at the Grange hall. Everybody come and have a good time.

FREEDOM ITEMS.

Miss Gertrude Wightman is spending the holiday vacation at her home in Ann Arbor.

Frank Breitenwischer returned home Tuesday from Fostoria and Toledo where he spent some time with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hawley and daughter, of Ann Arbor, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Feldkamp.

Miss Mabel Geyer, who is attending the Normal college at Ypsilanti is spending the holidays at the home of her parents here.

The Christmas programs at St. John's and Zion churches and of the pupils of school district No. 2, were exceedingly good and well attended.

Miss Mary Nordman closed her school in District No. 1, Freedom, last Thursday with an excellent program. Her pupils presented her with a silver bon bon dish.

NORTH FRANCISCO.

Miss Francis Racine is entertaining her brother for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Notten entertained their children on Christmas.

Perry Palmer, of Jackson, was at his farm home here last week.

Mrs. Fred Peterson is spending this week with relatives in Detroit.

Miss Gladys Richards spent Saturday and Sunday in Grass Lake.

Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Nothdurft and son spent Christmas in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Howard Boyce, of Lyndon, is spending a few days with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lehmann entertained their children Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Weber entertained their children and their families Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schweinfurth entertained their children on Christmas day.

Henry Weber, of Whitmore Lake, was a guest at the home of his father over Christmas.

Mrs. Herman Haurer, of Woodland, is spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Notten.

Mrs. B. McKenzie and children, of Stockbridge, spent a few days of the past week with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alber and daughter, of Chelsea, spent Christmas with Miss Martha Riemenchneider.

Mrs. Manfred Hoppe, who has been spending the last two months in Grand Rapids, returned home last week much improved in health.

SHARON NEWS.

Miss Esther Troltz, of Chelsea spent Christmas at home.

Miss Bertha Wahr, of Jackson, spent Christmas with her parents.

George Lawrence has recovered from his recent attack of mumps.

Miss Elsie Schiller, of Detroit, is spending the holidays with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Dorr spent Sunday with their son, R. A. Dorr and family at Grass Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Heselschwerdt and family, of Rochester, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kilmer.

Misses Lena Ordway, Dorothy Curtis and Carrie Washburn, and Lester Lehman, who are attending the Grass Lake high school are enjoying a week's vacation.

The Christmas exercises at the Lutheran church Sunday evening were well attended and a fine program was rendered, after which the children received presents from the Christmas tree.

FRANCISCO VILLAGE.

A number of Francisco people are suffering from influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Frey spent Sunday with relatives in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Gochis entertained relatives from Ann Arbor Christmas.

Miss Bertha Benter, of Jackson, is spending a week at home with her mother.

Mrs. Rena Hauer, of Woodland, spent this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hammond entertained about twenty relatives at a Christmas dinner Saturday.

Mrs. Bertha Benter entertained on Christmas her children, who reside in Detroit, Chelsea and Jackson.

Mrs. Louis Walz is quite ill. Her sister, Miss Anna Straub, is taking care of her and caring for the children.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Rowe and Miss Della O'Donnell, of Detroit, are spending the holidays with Mrs. Nora Notten.

The Christmas programs at the churches and the public school were very good and much appreciated by the audiences.

The next regular meeting of the Frisco Arbor of Gleaners will be held Wednesday evening, January 12th, at the German school house. A full attendance is urged.

(Too late for last week)

Mrs. Martha Taylor spent Monday in Grass Lake.

Herman Wolf, of Chelsea, was the guest of John Benter Sunday.

Elmer Sager, who has been spending some time in Ann Arbor, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lehman visited their uncle Immanuel Sager, Wednesday afternoon.

Jas. Palmer spent Sunday in Jackson visiting his brother, Perry Palmer, who is improving nicely from the injury he received a short time ago.

The pupils of our public school will give a Christmas program Friday afternoon under the direction of their teacher, Miss Doris Schmidt, of Chelsea.

Gus Gochis went to Chicago last week where, on Sunday, December 13, he was united in marriage with Miss Stavrola Cherimpe of that place. They returned to Francisco Monday where they have gone to housekeeping on the farm purchased recently from Stuart Daff.

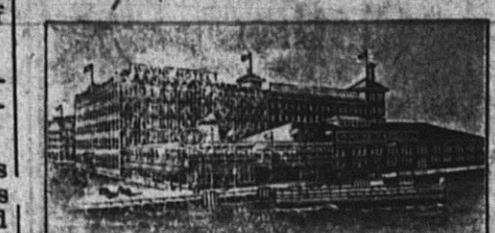
WATERLOO DOINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn L. Gorton entertained on Christmas Mr. G. H. Purchase and son Kenneth, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Prudden and daughter Bernice, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark and son Gilbert and daughter Jessie, Mrs. Lydia Bronson, Mrs. J. C. Good-year, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover and son Clair, of Chelsea, and Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Prudden, of Fostoria, Ohio.

SAVED ARM

Plucky Woman Terribly Burned—Wouldn't Allow Amputation.

Most people in Michigan will be interested in the case of Mrs. A. P. Brown, of Dryden, N. Y., whose husband says: "My wife burned her arm so the muscles projected like a shelf. The arm was so stiff she could not straighten it. Physicians failing to heal the arm, wished to operate. We refused and treated it with Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. She can use the arm extensively—Balsam of Myrrh saved the arm."



THE NEW \$100,000 WAYNE MINERAL BATH HOUSE

DETROIT (Third and) MICH.

Completely equipped for giving every approved form of hydro-therapeutic treatment for Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Nervous Troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. The Sulpho-Saline water is not excelled in therapeutic value by any spring in America or Europe.

WAYNE HOTEL AND GARDENS
In connection. Delightfully located on river front, adjacent to D. & C. Nav. Co's Wharf. Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00 per day and up.
J. R. Hayes, Prop. F. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

For results try Standard "Wants."



IN cold or blizzard these Hub-Mark Four Buckle

Overshoes keep the feet dry and warm.

Both heavy and light weight, warm fleece-lined snow excluders with tough wear resisting soles and heels.

Famous for long wear and comfort.

Hub-Mark Rubber Footwear is made in a wide variety of kinds and styles to cover the stormy weather needs of men, women, boys and girls in town or country.

The Hub-Mark is your value mark.



HUB-MARK RUBBERS

The World's Standard Rubber Footwear

W. P. SCHENK & COMPANY

431 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

Trade Foreign and Domestic

There is, at present, a great deal of comment about our very important trade with other nations, as well as the improvement in our domestic commerce.

New York Central Lines

Michigan Central R. R.

alone carry more passengers and more goods annually than all of the ships of the leading maritime nation of the world.

The New York Central Lines are the great connecting link between the East and West, with frequent, fast and safe train service.

Along this great highway of Commerce, men and merchandise move from place to place with assurance of

Safety Speed Comfort Reliability

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

"For the Public Service"

Probate Order
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the probate court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 20th day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.
Present, William H. Murray, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Harry H. Hayley, deceased.
George T. Hayley, administrator of said estate, having filed in this court his final account, and praying that the same may be heard and allowed.
It is ordered, that the 14th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office be appointed for hearing said account.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in The Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Washtenaw.
WILLIAM H. MURRAY, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.)
CORNELIA ALLENMENDINGER, Register.

Probate Order
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 21st day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.
Present, William H. Murray, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of George O. Knust, deceased.
On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Christina Gutekunst praying that administration of said estate may be granted to John Klump or some other suitable person, and that said person be appointed administrator of said estate, and that the 17th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in The Chelsea Standard, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Washtenaw.
WILLIAM H. MURRAY, Judge of Probate.
(A true copy.)
CORNELIA ALLENMENDINGER, Register.

Probate Order
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the prob