PUBLISHED TWICE-A-WEEK

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

TWELFTH YEAR—NO. 46 CHELSEA, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1919. $1.00 THE YEAR

SYLVAN MAN OUT FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONER

Charles E. Foster Has Had a Broad Experience as an Educator and Former Commissioner.

Charles E. Foster of Sylvan township is a candidate for the nomination on the Republican ticket for Commissioner of Schools.

Mr. Foster is well known in this vicinity, being a son of Chelsea's "grand old man," Robert Foster; and for several years he has resided on and operated his farm in Sylvan, just north of Chelsea.

Previous to his farming experience Mr. Foster had wide experience as an educator, having taught in both rural and graded schools for a number of years. He was superintendent of schools at Fowlerville, Livingston county, for nine years and has served his home county (Washtenaw) as school commissioner for two terms, one term of two years and one term of four years. He was the first commissioner in the state to require a normal training of teachers employed in his jurisdiction, and the following year this requirement was adopted by the commissioners of several adjoining counties, including Oakland, Wayne, Monroe, Lenawee and Jackson. Later, this requirement became a state law.

INCOME TAX SPECIALIST

Will Be In Chelsea Next Wednesday and Thursday; Headquarters at the Postoffice.

Get ready for the income tax man! He will arrive in Chelsea on Wednesday, February 26th, and will be located at the postoffice, where he can be consulted without charge.

"Bring in your figures, your problems, your doubts, and your questions," is his invitation contained in the announcement of his coming visit.

Collector of Internal Revenue James J. Brady of Detroit is sending one of his deputies here solely to help people in this vicinity to determine their individual liability and to comply with the law's requirements as to 1918 incomes.

His office hours will be from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., each day, and he will remain in town until the close of business on the 27th.

Many thousands who were not affected by the prior federal laws taxing incomes must this year file returns. Here are the requirements:

"Every unmarried person who had *a net income of $1,000.00 or over during* 1918; and every married person who, together with wife (or husband) and minor children, had a net income of $2,000.00 in 1918."

PEOPLE'S TICKET

Candidates Were Nominated for Village Office Wednesday Evening.

The People's party nominated the following ticket Wednesday evening:

President—P. W. Dierberger.
Clerk—W. C. Boyd.
Treasurer—Mrs. Catherine McKune.
Trustees—Joseph Meyer, Samuel King, Simeon Hirth.
Assessor—Fred Klingler.
Party committee—George Staffan, H. D. Witherell, Howard Brooks.

We understand that Mrs. McKune and Mr. Meyer have withdrawn their names.

BOWLING SCORES.

The Victory Five bowling team defented the Liberty Five, Wednesday evening by 29 pins. The scores follow:

Victory.			
J. Monroe	103	175	157
Boehm	136	143	189
Riedel	188	161	219
R. Monroe	147	147	162
Todaro	175	170	152
	749	796	879—2424

High score—Riedel, 219; high average—Riedel, 189⅓.

Liberty.			
Joe Monroe	163	201	122
LaRosa	164	152	125
Western	184	191	169
Weiss	155	124	156
Meserva	159	170	169
	816	838	741—2395

LAST CALL SYLVAN TAXES.

Saturday, March 1st, is positively the last day on which Sylvan township taxes may be paid.

W. F. Kantlehner,
43tf Township Treas.

Indigestion.

Take a few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets as directed for indigestion, and you will soon forget about your stomach troubles. Try it. Adv.

BIG LOG ROLLS AND CRUSHES OUT LIFE

Albert Wallace Is Instantly Killed While Loading Logs In Heim Woods, South of Town.

Caught by a rolling log, Albert Wallace, about 65 years of age, was instantly killed Wednesday morning in the woods on the James Heim farm in South Sylvan. The accident was witnessed by Lynn Kern, who was assisting the unfortunate man in loading a wagon with logs, and by Conrad Heselschwerdt and son, who were cutting wood near by.

Three logs had been skidded into position on the wagon, Mr. Kern driving the team which hauled the logs up the skids, while Mr. Wallace stood on the opposite side of the wagon with a cant-hook to place the logs in position. The fourth log was being loaded, *but it went over the wagon and* struck down the unfortunate man, crushing his skull.

The deceased had spent a large part of his life in Lyndon township in the vicinity of Collins' plains. He had been employed as a teamster by Charles Martin since early in November and had made his home with Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Lane in this village.

An inquest will be held Saturday evening in H. D. Witherell's office before Justice Brooks.

WATERLOO.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Walz spent Sunday at Clad Rowe's.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beeman spent Monday in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Riethmiller are the parents of a son, born Wednesday, February 12, 1919.

The annual cemetery meeting will be held at the Waterloo store, Saturday, March 1, at 1:30 o'clock.

Bud Robinson, the singer at the revival services here last year, is visiting in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Jones and Isabelle Zick, of Jackson, spent Sunday at George Beeman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Collins and children, of Stockbridge, and D. N. Collins motored to Grass Lake, Friday, the 14th.

The Gleaners will meet Thursday, February 27th, at Philip Riemenschneider's, for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Clad Rowe and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rowe spent Valentine's day at Irving Pickell's, helping celebrate the 25th wedding anniversary of both Mr. and Mrs. E. Rowe and Mr. and Mrs. Pickell.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard May of Unadilla spent Saturday and Sunday at Fred Durkee's.

A farewell surprise party was held at the home of Alva Beeman, Thursday evening, for Mr. and Mrs. Leo Walz, who will move to their new home near Munith next week.

IN THE CHURCHES

METHODIST.

Rev. William J. Balmer, Pastor.

"A Recipe for a Life" will be discussed Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Song service in the evening at seven will be followed by one of Dr. Walter R. Fruit's inspiring and up-to-date discourses. Sunday school as usual. The Epworth league is presenting some worth while topics in its devotional meeting every Sunday evening at six o'clock. Thursday evening at seven a full membership rally for the mid-week service. Bring your friends. The annual free-seat offering will occur Wednesday evening. The ladies will serve a chicken-pie supper, from five o'clock on. No charge for the supper. Some little balance for fuel, organ repair, the new garage and for sundry current expenses, if fully met by open-hearted friends that evening will make our good treasurer smile. You are invited to eat chicken-pie with us Wednesday evening.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.

Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Subject, "Putting Away Childish Things." Sunday school at 11:15. Popular Sunday evening service at 7 o'clock. Mr. Warren Coe will speak on, "What Our Returning Boys Expect From Their Home Communities." Pastor's topic, "God's Select Men." The G. A. R. and the W. R. C. will attend in a body.

CATHOLIC

Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector.

Holy communion at 7 a. m. Low Mass at 7:30 a. m. High Mass at 10 a. m. Catechism at 11 a. m. Baptism at 3 p. m. Mass on week days at 6:30 a. m.

ST. PAUL'S

A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

German service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11:15. Young People's service at 7 p. m. Willing Workers meet every Wednesday. Choir practice Thursday evening.

BAPTIST.

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. The Bible study class will meet at the home of Mrs. R. P. Chase at 7:30 on Thursday evening.

The Brighton Argus and the South Lyon Herald, both among our most valued exchanges, have just had birthdays; the former starting its 40th year and the latter its 39th year. Both are bright, newsy publications.

Phone us your news items; 190-W.

CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Sunday, February 16, was the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moeckel, who held a happy celebration at their home in Waterloo township, where they have spent all of the fifty years of their wedded life. Though Mr. Moeckel is an invalid, Mrs. Moeckel is still very active.

Only members of the immediate family were present, these including: Mr. and Mrs. John G. Harr, Mr. and Mrs. William Moeckel, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moeckel, Mr. and Mrs. William Artz, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Moeckel, Mr. and Mrs. Ottmar Moeckel, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Hannewald and fourteen grandchildren. Mrs. Cornelia Eckard, who is spending the winter in Florida, and the eldest grandchild, Theron L. Harr, who is with the A. E. F. in France, were the only members of the family who were absent.

NEIGHBORHOOD ITEMS

Brevities of Interest From Nearby Towns and Localities.

YPSILANTI—At a meeting Monday night of the city council it was voted to submit at the election on April 7 the question of raising $19,000 of bonds for improving the city water-works plant. The improvements will consist of a new dam, 12 new hydrants, new machinery and electric auxiliary power.

HAMBURG—What came near being a fatal accident occurred on Buck lake Friday when Grover and Irving Terry were on the lake fishing. The *ice broke, letting Grover into the wa*ter. While trying to get his brother out, Irving fell in. He had some jack-knives in his pocket and using them to stick into the ice for handholds got himself out of the water. He then got a pole, which Grover got hold of. Irving then got a boat and, with the assistance of a cousin, rescued Grover by breaking a channel through the ice to the shore. Grover was in the water for an hour.

RED CROSS NOTES.

The names of 128 women who had knitted one or more sweaters were sent to Ann Arbor for the county report.

The home nursing class is requested to fill out the questionnaires that have been sent to them, not later than February 22d.

All members of the surgical dressing class wishing to have their pictures taken are requested to be at the Chelsea studio at one o'clock Saturday, March 1st.

An additional quota of five complete layettes will be given out to the units as soon as received. We have received 108½ yards of outing, $29.30, for children's night dresses.

Get out your knitting needles, knitting is to begin soon; stockings and sweaters, mufflers, for the children, shawls for the older women. Specific *directions to be given later.*

EAST LIMA.

Mrs. Gottlieb Zahn is very ill.

Mrs. Dan Stoffer is on the sick list.

Mrs. Gene Heller is on the sick list.

Charles Bates has returned home after spending some time in Florida.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Micheala, a son, February 28th.

Mrs. Frank Plewis and family, of Zeeland, are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stoffer.

Jay Smith and son Herbert attended the Shorthorn Breeders' association in Lansing the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Gross and family and Mrs. Michael Breininger spent Thursday in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hendricks of Webster and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eindorf of Bay City spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gridley.

Claud Smith of Lansing spent the fore part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Jay Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. John Egeler and son spent Friday in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Steeb of Ann Arbor entertained Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steeb and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Coy were Ann Arbor callers Saturday.

Fred Haarer and Mrs. Minnie Weidman, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday with Mrs. Adam Bohnet.

Mr. and Mrs. Lew Renz and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zahn.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Pidd and family spent Sunday in Dexter with his parents.

Ed. Grayer was a Lansing business caller Friday.

One of the 10-months old twin boys of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Schneider died Monday of pneumonia.

Try Tribune job printing service.

Getting Rid of Colds.

The easiest and quickest way to get rid of a cold is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This preparation has been in use for many years and its value fully proven. No matter what remedy you use, however, care must be taken not to contract a second cold before you have recovered from the first one, and there is serious danger of this. A man of middle age or older should go to bed and stay in bed until fully recovered. It is better to stay in bed three days at the start than three weeks later on. Adv.

Don't Forget to Renew That Subscription

MARCH TERM JURORS

Drawn For Service In Circuit Court During Next Month's Term.

Following is the list of jurors drawn for the March term of the circuit court:

William Stroup, York; A. M. Grant and Dwight Peck, Ypsilanti city; Nelson R. Watling, Ypsilanti township; William A. Schultz, Louis Schleicher, Frederick Kirn, William Krapf, William F. Kapp, Simon J. Salyer and Charles F. Meyer, Ann Arbor city; John Zeeb, Ann Arbor township; H. V. Palmer, Augusta; Ed. Logan, Bridgewater; Edward Carr, Dexter; Charles Buss, Freedom; Otto D. Luick, Lima; Robert Armbruster, Lodi; George Boyce, Lyndon; Bert Lowry, Manchester; Nathan Wooster, Northfield; Gilchrist Chalmers, Pittsfield; Robert Brokaw, Sr., Salem; Herman Gruss, Saline; Henry Kleinschmidt, Scio; George H. Smythe, Sharon; William Lyke, Superior; Philip Schweinfurth, Sylvan; Frank Kleinschmidt, Webster; Theodore Josenhans, York.

Phone us your news items; 190-W.

WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents per line first time, 2½ cents per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15 cents.

TRY A LINER AD

when you have a want, or something for sale, to rent, lost, found, etc. The cost is trifling.

BANKS CLOSED—All day, Saturday, February 22d, on account of legal holiday (Washington's birthday.)

FOR SALE—Good kitchen range, only $15. K. W., Tribune. 46t3

WANTED—To rent farm, 40 to 100 acres. T. W. Trumbull, 205 Railroad St., Chelsea. 46t3

HAY FOR SALE—Ten tons of good mixed hay for sale. Chas. Downer, phone 37. 46t3

NOTICE—The Detroit Free Press has made William Schatz a special proposition for new business on the Sunday edition. His news boys will call Saturday with order blanks asking you to sign-up for eight successive Sundays. These orders will be turned in at the local agency and the Free Press will pay the boys well for the new customers secured. Copies are also on sale at the Corner Barber Shop, Main and Middle streets. 46t1

WANTED—Roll top desk and cash register, in good condition. A. A. Riedel, phone 248-J. 45t3

FOR SALE—Good second-hand wagon. Holmes & Walker. 45t3

FOR RENT—12 room house and barn on Park St. C. J. Heselschwerdt, Chelsea. 45t3

FOR SALE—Draying outfit, complete; residences 421 McKinley St. and 603 N. Main St. Reuben Hieber. 44t3

FOR SALE—Henderson 4-cylindered motorcycle, just overhauled. A. A. Riedel, Chelsea. 42tf

FOR SALE—80 acre farm, northeast Ingham Co., on main road, near three good markets, milk route passes door, ½ mile to school; $70 per acre, small payment and easy terms to responsible party. Ford Axteli, phone 190-W, Chelsea. 43tf

Order of Publication.

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 18th day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Michael Staffan, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of George P. Staffan, administrator of said estate, praying that he may be licensed to sell certain real estate described therein at private sale for the purpose of paying debts.

It is ordered, that the 18th day of March 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 Tribune, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Washtenaw.

[A true copy]

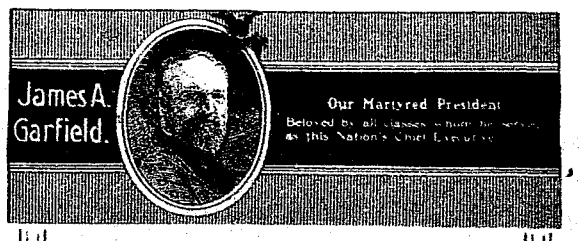
Emory E. Leland,
Judge of Probate.
Dorcas C. Donegan, Register.
Feb. 21, 28, Mar. 7, 14.

Notice of Election.

Notice is hereby given that a General Primary Election will be held Wednesday, March 5, 1919, between the hours of 7 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m., of said day. Said election shall be held at the following places: East and west sides of the Town Hall, which shall be designated as the Polling Places for the respective Precincts in the Township of Sylvan, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, for the purpose of placing in nomination by all political parties participating therein, candidates for the following offices:

One County Commissioner of Schools.

O. T. Hoover, Clerk.



THE LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF JAMES A. GARFIELD must always be an incentive toward accomplishment to all Americans worthy of that proud title.

From absolute poverty Garfield rose to the highest office in the gift of a grateful nation which he so well served.

His methods for obtaining success, in his own words was: "Success is, after all, a matter of saving one's pennies, for, when the chance comes, as it comes some time to all, one must be ready with the means to embrace it."

Mr. Garfield knew. He had been through every stage of the transition from obscurity to greatness.

May we suggest that a savings account in this bank would be a powerful incentive for YOU to save?

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS $100,000

Ford

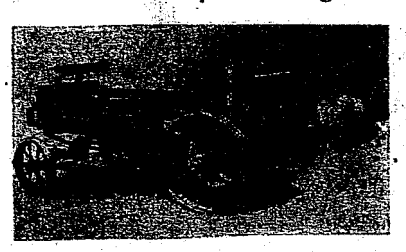
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

There are more than 3,000,000 Ford cars in daily operation in the United States. This is a little better than one-half of all the motor cars used in America. The Ford car is every man's necessity. No matter what his business may be, it solves the problem of cheapest transportation. We solicit your order now, because production is limited, and we must make it a rule to supply first orders first. Touring Car $525; Runabout, $500; Coupe, $650; Sedan, $775; Truck chassis, $550. These prices f. o. b. Detroit.

PALMER MOTOR SALES COMPANY

The Bellevue No. 10 Spreader

Low Down Wide Spread Light Draft



No Gears Large Capacity Positive Feed

To see is to believe, and we invite the most critical inspection of the Bellevue No. 10 Spreader, and suggest that a comparison be made with any other spreader on the market. By this method an intelligent and profitable decision may be reached.

See Our Furniture Department

Spring Goods Have Arrived. Our Line Is Complete

Just Received — Car of American Steel Wire Fence

First-Class Plumbing and Tin Shop

Holmes & Walker

—We Always Treat You Right—

THE CASH GROCERY

Brooms! Brooms! Brooms!

We have a fine line
A first-class broom for 75 cents

JOHN FARRELL

W. Middle St. Opposite Town Hall

Saturday Specials

February 22d

Ivory Soap Flakes per package	8c
Chef brand canned pure Apple, can	23c
Sunbrite Cleanser, per can	4c
Good Canned Corn	15c
Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour	14c
Best Crackers per pound	17c
Mince Meat, regular package	9c

Men's Shoes and Rubbers at the Right Price

KEUSCH & FAHRNER

—The Pure Food Store, Chelsea—

LAST HOURS of WASHINGTON

INTIMATE FACTS DISCLOSED BY DIARY KEPT BY TOBIAS LEAR, SECRETARY OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT

PAINTING DEPICTING LAST MOMENTS OF WASHINGTON

A COMPLETE account of the last days of George Washington, first president of the United States, was written by Tobias Lear, who was his private secretary and intimate companion for many years. This account, which was the only one written, has been preserved, and as it has been garbled and distorted in the biographies of Washington it is herewith presented as a matter of historical reference. For the sake of briefness, however, minor details will be summarized. Mr. Lear dates his account "Mount Vernon, Saturday, December 14, 1799," and he wrote as follows:

"This day has been marked by an event which will be memorable in the history of America, and perhaps of the world. I shall give a particular statement of it, to which I was an eyewitness.

"On Thursday, December 12, the general rode out to his farm about ten o'clock and did not return home until past three. Soon after he went out the weather became very bad—rain, hail and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post office in the evening. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office. I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet. He said no; his greatcoat had kept him dry. But his neck appeared to be wet and the snow was hanging upon his hair. He came to dinner (which had been waiting for him) without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual.

"Friday, December 13, 1799. A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the general from riding out as usual. He had taken cold, undoubtedly, from being so much exposed the day before, and complained of a sore throat. He, however, went out in the afternoon into the ground between the house and river to mark some trees which were to be cut down for the improvement of the spot. He had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it.

Became Ill in Night.

"Saturday, December 14, 1799, 2:30 a. m. Between two and three o'clock Saturday morning he awoke Mrs. Washington and told her he was very unwell and had had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty, and would have got up to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take a cold. As soon as the day appeared the woman (Caroline) went into the room to make a fire, and Mrs. Washington sent her immediately to call me. I got up, put on my clothes as quickly as possible and went to his chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up, and related to me his being ill, as before stated. I found the general breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. He desired Mr. Rawlins (one of the overseers) might be sent for to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. I dispatched a servant immediately for Rawlins and another for Doctor Craik, and returned again to the general's chamber.

"A mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter was prepared to try its effects on the throat, but he could not swallow a drop. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready the general, observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak, 'Don't be afraid.' And when the incision was made he observed, 'The orifice is not large enough.' However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper or not in the general's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it should be injurious, and desired me to stop it; but when I was about to untie the string the general put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, said, 'More, more.' Mrs. Washington being still very uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after taking about half a pint. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing it externally with sal volatile, which was done, and in the operation, which was with the hand, and in the gentlest manner, he observed, 'It is very sore.'

Doctors Are Summoned.

"In the meantime, before Doctor Craik arrived, Mrs. Washington desired me to send for Doctor Brown of Port Tobacco, Md., whom Doctor Craik had recommended to be called if any case should ever occur that was seriously alarming. Doctor Craik came in soon after and put a blister of cantharides on the throat, took some more blood from him and had a gargle of vinegar and sage tea prepared, and ordered some vinegar and hot water for him to inhale the steam of it, which he did, but in attempting to use the gargle he was almost suffocated. When the gargle came from the throat some phlegm followed, and he attempted to cough, which the doctor encouraged him to do as much as possible, but he could only attempt it.

"11 a. m.—Doctor Craik requested that Doctor Dick be sent for, as he feared Doctor Brown would not come in time. A messenger was accordingly dispatched for him. About this time the general was bled again. No effect, however, was produced by it and he remained in the same state, unable to swallow anything.

"3 p. m.—Doctor Dick arrived about three o'clock, and Doctor Brown arrived soon after. Upon Doctor Dick seeing the general, and consulting a few minutes with Doctor Craik, he was bled again. The blood came very slow, was thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Doctor Brown came into the chamber soon after, and upon feeling the general's pulse the physicians went out together. Doctor Craik returned soon after. The general could now swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered, but without effect.

"1 p. m.—About four o'clock he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills which she would find there and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them, he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put in into her closet.

Knew End Was at Hand.

"After this was done I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me, 'I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters which he has begun.' I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing, but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was the debt which we must all pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation.

"5 p. m.—Doctor Craik came again into the room, and upon going to the bedside the general said to him, 'Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long.' The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bedside and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

"6 p. m.—Doctor Dick and Doctor Brown came into the room, and with Doctor Craik went to his bed, when Doctor Craik asked him if he could sit up in bed. He held out his hand, and I raised him up. He then said to the physician, 'I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long.' They found that all which had been done was without effect. He lay down again, and all retired, except Doctor Craik.

Physicians Abandon Hope.

"8 p. m.—About eight o'clock the physicians came again into the room and applied blisters and cataplasms of wheat bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out, except Doctor Craik, without a ray of hope.

"10 p. m.—About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'Tis well,' he said.

"About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Doctor Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Doctor Craik put his hands over his eyes and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

"While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice: 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'Tis well,' she said in the same voice. 'All is over now. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through.'

"At the time of his decease Doctor Craik and myself were in the situation above mentioned. Mrs. Washington was sitting near the foot of the bed. Christopher was standing near the bedside. Caroline, Molly and Charlotte (servants) were in the room, standing near the door."

At the time of Washington's death congress was in session in Philadelphia. When the news was received both houses immediately adjourned. A joint committee of the two houses was appointed, which reported resolutions recommending that a marble monument should be erected to commemorate the great events in the military and political life of Washington; that an oration suited to the occasion should be pronounced in the presence of both houses of congress; that the people of the United States should wear crepe on the left arm 30 days as a badge of mourning, and that the president, in the name of congress, should be requested to write a letter of condolence to Mrs. Washington.

From that time the American people have honored the father of their country on his birthday to demonstrate by speech and act their appreciation of his virtues and to reaffirm the eternal principles of liberty and democracy, of which he was the foremost champion.

GATHERED FACTS

Miss Mabel Gillespie of Boston has been elected vice president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Labor.

The North Dakota state council of defense is solving the surplus labor problem by putting workmen on unused farms.

Every English prison has now a library, but prisoners condemned to only a month or less are not allowed books from it.

The women of Iceland recently celebrated the third year of their enfranchisement.

Indians along the Columbia river make a kind of bread from a moss that grows on the spruce fir tree.

New Zealand is beginning to consider seriously the problem of employing returned soldiers after the war.

Japan's most expert wrestlers are men who have inherited their ability from ancestors who made wrestling a profession.

WORTH KNOWING

India rubber trees yield a flow of sap for more than 20 years, although tapped every other day during that time.

The trade in human hair in the far East has so declined that its utter extinction is predicted at no distant time.

The total diamond production of South Africa for the first six months of 1918 was 1,410,890 carats, valued at $10,696,062.

A Bird in the Hand

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

ONE TYPE OF POULTRY FOR EACH COMMUNITY

The Community Breeding Club Promotes and Develops One Breed and by Centralization Improves the Marketing Conditions.

COMMUNITY CLUB GAINING FAVOR

Each Member Can Work Out Problems in Direct Co-operation With His Neighbors.

HAPHAZARD WAYS REPLACED

Fowls of General Purpose Type Are Most Popular—Advisable for Farmers to Get Backing of Local Business Men.

When one speaks of Petaluma, Cal., his imagination immediately pictures flocks of single-comb White Leghorn hens. The mention of the Little Compton district of Rhode Island is synonymous with Rhode Island Reds, while Vineland, N. J., spells single-comb White Leghorns to poultrymen. Community centralization for the promotion and improvement of one breed of poultry in each of these cases has resulted in the development of extensive and profitable poultry industries. The United States department of agriculture commends the idea to other communities.

One Standard for Community Hens.

Boys' and girls' poultry clubs in various sections of the country have been an education to both young and old and have acted as pioneers for the subsequent formation of community poultry breeding associations. Each member is interested in the betterment of one breed and can work out his local problems in direct co-operation with his neighbors, the common interest of the locality being centered in the improvement of this breed. With the growth of the business the district soon becomes known as a source of large supplies of fowls and eggs for market, eggs for hatching, breeding stock and day-old chicks. Increased interest in the farm hens and the practice of approved poultry management always replace the previous haphazard, shiftless methods of handling fowls after the co-operative community club has been organized.

The Farmville (Va.) Barred Plymouth Rock association is an interesting example of what can be accomplished in community hen raising. During the first five months of its history this organization sold $7,500 worth of poultry products. The club has now been incorporated with capital stock of $1,500, and hires a manager to handle its business affairs. The last report from this association shows that the members had on hand 6,000 Barred Plymouth Rock hens, while they had marketed 1,000 capons during the spring.

Seventeen counties in Kentucky have organized community poultry clubs recently and have distributed 83,000 eggs among their members for the foundations of one-breed flocks. Christian county, Kentucky, has already established itself as a White Leghorn district.

Hens for Community Clubs.

The fowls of the general-purpose type, such as Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes or Rhode Island Reds, are most popular for the use of community poultry clubs. Most of the members of the associations are farmers who wish to raise dual-purpose fowl which are adapted for both egg and meat production. However, some special-purpose egg clubs have been formed, such as the Franklin county (Virginia) White Leghorn association, composed of 75 members, which markets its eggs in New York. There are six similar White Leghorn county clubs in Tennessee, which also ship their eggs to New York.

How to Start a Club.

In organizing a community poultry club it is always advisable for the farmers to get the backing of the local business men. Generally when the tradesmen are shown that the "get-together hen club" will be an agricultural asset to the community they are not remiss about aiding the enterprise. Funds secured from the business men may be devoted to the purchase of purebred stock for distribution among the farmer members of the organization.

The local banks in Overton county, Tennessee, have been of great assistance to the home poultry club in that they advanced $1,000 for the purchase of breeding pens, consisting of ten hens and one cock each. These pens of breeders were distributed among the association members, each person who took a pen agreeing to return to the bank after the first year 20 pullets in payment for the 10 hens or pullets and the male bird. These 20 purebred pullets, with two male birds, were then divided into two pens and given under the same conditions to two new members the following year. This endless chain system is to be continued for a period of five years. In order to repay the original loan with reasonable interest the club members are obliged to dispose of their mongrel hens when they have ceased to be productive, while additional funds which accumulate over and above the original allotment of $1,000 are deposited at the bank to further other club activities.

Shows Are Helpful.

Annual poultry shows have been attractive round-up features of the operations of several of the community clubs. Fowls raised by the members of the association are exhibited in competition for prizes presented by local merchants and business men in the sections where the shows are held. These exhibitions, in addition to being of special educational value, are also effective in promoting friendly competition among the members of the club. Instructive lectures on poultry management usually are delivered at these gatherings by representatives of the state agricultural college or other qualified parties.

WINTER CONDITIONS

In the spring the production of eggs on the farm is an easy matter. Fowls which are at liberty to roam find an abundance of green and animal feed on their range, which with grain furnishes a perfect ration for laying hens. In addition to this they get plenty of exercise and fresh air. There is a valuable lesson here that every poultry keeper can learn from nature. So far as lies within his power the poultryman should aim to make winter conditions spring-like.

Cheap Containers Best.

The cost and treatment of containers have much to do with success in marketing by parcel post. A container should be cheap, neat, and light. The amounts involved in most parcel-post shipments of farm produce do not warrant the use of an expensive, heavy package because of the first cost and the charges for postage. The container should be adapted to the particular produce shipped and should be whole and clean.

The trouble of returning empty containers often influences people to discontinue parcel-post marketing. The city dweller often has little room to keep containers, and it is not practicable to return them singly, for the cost of postage is high on small shipments. Then, too, it is often inconvenient to take a bulky package to the post office station. If the customer can not conveniently store them and return three or four at one time the producer should, if possible, use containers that are cheap enough for a single service. Containers should never be bought with price as the only consideration, however, as they should be strong enough to carry the contents safely. For many shipments cheap splint baskets are satisfactory and the cost is so small as to make the return of them unnecessary. Any plan concerning the return of containers should be clearly understood by both producer and consumer before shipments are made.

Raising Ducks.

If ducklings are raised under hens it is advisable to confine the hens and allow the ducklings free range, as the hens are apt to wander too far away with their broods.

SMART NEGLIGEES ARE NO RESPECTERS OF CLIMATES

The land of the negligee is the land of perpetual summer that may be found within four walls inclosing a steam-heating apparatus, or in other walls that look out upon summer skies. The negligee is no respecter of climates; it insists upon being colorful and flowerful and enchantingly suggestive of spring zephyrs and garden paths, whatever its environment. It is an inspiration, an invitation to leisure and idle hours, a happy change from ordinary work-a-day clothes. Every woman should do herself a kindness by adopting a pretty negligee as a playmate. It will put her in a pleasant frame of mind.

Usually these fanciful garments are made of sheer and soft materials as lace, georgette, chiffon and fine mulls, that float about the figure no more burdensome than the air and not very "long" on protection. Crêpe de chine and very thin wash silks make negligees a little bit heavier and equally soft and becoming. The same gay colors are used for these. One of them is shown in the picture made with an accordion-plaited skirt of light pink crepe de chine and a short kimono of the same material. This kimono is true to form so far as its embroidered wild roses and rose foliage are concerned, but it departs from the original Japanese model, having fronts that lengthen into a girdle that ties in the back. Its neck and front edges have folds of georgette crepe set in, and a border of narrow black ribbon. The ribbon follows the girdle to the end but the plaits stop at the waistline. These folds of georgette with the band of black ribbon make a pretty finish for the flowing sleeves.

The skirt of this negligee is long, as is the rule with negligees. It might be even longer. Satin slippers go well with it, but there are many lovely, fancy boudoir slippers of ribbon or other materials to choose from, since a negligee must have footwear of its own character to go with it.

TWO-COLOR BLOUSES OF GEORGETTE CREPE

The blouse of georgette crepe needs no one to sing its praises. This exquisite fabric is a permanent acquisition, and has made a place in the esteem of women that it will be difficult to usurp. But we are grateful to the blouse makers who have turned their talents to designing new styles, in which two colors, instead of one, are used. This color combination leads up to new trimming ideas and lends an added interest to incoming styles in spring blouses.

Along with the two-color blouses comes thread embroidery, more strongly featured this season than ever. In the picture above a blouse of light and dark georgette is shown, with light and dark heavy embroidery silk making a rich decoration for it, in an embroidery that is quickly done and is not heavy. Any two colors that harmonize may be used in these two-color blouses. Favorite combinations are beige and navy, cerise and navy, coral and ivory, black and white, gray and rose, purple and champagne, American Beauty and navy, of cherry and navy, the last being the Victory colors.

The blouse pictured is in the slip-over style, but it fastens on the shoulder. A panel of the dark georgette at the back and front is split into two panels at its lower half and serves as a background for the thread embroidery. The sleeves have deep cuffs of the dark georgette and a flare at the bottom finished with a band of the dark crepe. A pretty finish for the round neck is made by twisting the light and dark embroidery silk together in a rope of which loops and ends are made and placed at the front of the neck.

It will be noticed that the belt of the skirt worn with this blouse sets below the normal waistline and is fitted about the figure. This gives a new long waist which appears to be making headway as a feature of spring styles.

Julia Bottomley

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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DUANE AGAIN COMES TO RESCUE AS DAPHNE SEES HER CHANCE TO BECOME A STAR SLIPPING AWAY.

Synopsis.—*Clay Wimburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kip, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Clay buys an engagement ring on credit and returns to New York. Daphne agrees to an early marriage, and after extracting from her money-worried father what she regards as a sufficient sum of money for the purpose she goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau. Daphne's brother, Bayard, has just married and left for Europe with his bride. Leila. Daphne and her mother install themselves in Bayard's flat. Wimburn introduces Daphne and her mother to luxurious New York life. Daphne meets Tom Duane, man-about-town, who seems greatly attracted to her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Baynard and his wife return to New York unexpectedly. The three women set out on a shopping excursion and the two younger women buy expensive gowns, having them charged to Bayard. Bayard is furious over the expense, seeing hard times ahead. Daphne, indignant, declares she will earn her own living and breaks her engagement with Clay. Through an introduction by Duane, Daphne induces Reben, a theatrical magnate, to give her a position in one of his companies.*

CHAPTER X—Continued.

—7—

Miss Kemble went forward to Daphne and took her hand and petted it and said: "I'm so glad to see you. You must meet my aunt, Mrs. Vining. She won't object to your playing her parts, I'm sure."

Mrs. Vining, who had played all manner of roles for half a century, and was now established as a famous player of hateful old grandes dames, spared Daphne her ready vinegar and chose to mother her.

Mr. Reben had come down from his office to make up his own mind. He smiled with a kind of challenging cordiality and murmured: "So our little business woman is going to open the shop. Well, all you've got to do is to deliver the goods and I'll buy 'em at your own price."

Batterson rapped on the kitchen table that stood on the apron of the stage under a naked bunch of light of glaring brilliance.

"Places, please, for the entrance. Ready? All right, Eldon?"

The noble matinee idol put his hat on the table, walked on, sat down on a divan composed of two broken chairs and read an imaginary newspaper.

Batterson said: "Doorbell! Buzz-z."

A well-dressed young man, whom Daphne recognized as the elderly butler, walked across and opened an imaginary door between two chairs. This was the cue for Miss Kemble's famous "How do you do?"

Everybody waited and watched for the newcomer to make her debut in the new world. Then was a silence. Daphne stood with heels screwed to the floor and tongue glued to the roof of her mouth.

"All right, Miss Kip," said Batterson with ominous patience. "Come on, come on, please."

Another silence, then Daphne laughed and choked. "I'm awfully stupid. I've forgotten the line."

Batterson gnashed his unlighted cigar and growled: "Howjado! Howjado?"

"Oh, yes! Thank you. I'm so sorry!" said Daphne, and walked on at the wrong side of the chairs.

Everybody shuddered to realize that she had entered through a solid wall. This miracle was ignored, but there was no ignoring the peculiarly inelegant note she struck when she bowed to the butler and stammered:

"How are you?"

A sigh went through the vast profound and void of the empty theater. Instinct told even the echoes that Daphne did not belong and never could belong. Batterson groaned, tragically.

"Not to the butler, please! Don't say 'How are you?' to the butler. Don't say 'How are you?' to anybody, please. Script says 'Howjado?' Say 'Howjado?' to Mr. Eldon there. Say 'Howjado' to Mr. Eldon there."

"How do you do?" said Daphne, bowing to Eldon and speaking with a soullessness of a squeezed doll.

Eldon rose, folded up his imaginary paper, and came forward with a pitying desire to help her. He hoped that the scared little Kip woman would win through the same bitter trials to the same perilous and always endangered success. But he had a fear.

He delivered her his line with benevolent gentleness. He waited, then gave her her line with exquisite tact. She did not repeat it after him. He said to her:

"Don't be afraid; you're all right."

He gave her the line again and she parroted it after him. She leaped then to a speech several minutes farther on. He drew her back to the cue:

"Pardon me, but I think I have a line before that."

The rehearsal blundered on. It was not Daphne's fright that disturbed the rest. It was her complete failure to suggest the character, or any character.

But Batterson found nothing to amuse him, and Reben tasted that dust and ashes of disappointment with which theatrical managers are so familiar when they bite on the Dead Sea fruit of beauty without dramatic talent.

Miss Kemble tried to help. She asked Daphne to step aside and watch while she went through the scene. But she was so unnerved that she forgot her own lines and had to refer to the manuscript, while Eldon waited in acute distress and Daphne, looking on, said: "Oh, I see. I think I understand it now." Then she forgot it all again at the repetition. Somehow the rehearsal was worried through to the end and Batterson dismissed the company with sarcastic thanks. Then he went to Reben to demand a substitute.

Daphne went home, dreading her fate but not knowing what the verdict was. She felt sure that it would be not guilty of dramatic ability. She was worn out with the exposure of her own faults and uncertain which she feared the more—to be dismissed or to be accepted. The latter meant unending trials.

At the elevator she found Tom Duane. He had just telephoned up to the apartment to ask if she were in. There was a welcome flattery in his frank delight. She asked him up. Tom Duane was electric with cheer. He praised Daphne with inoffensive heartiness and insisted on hearing the history of her progress. She gave the worst possible account of her stupidity. He would have none of her self-depreciation.

"Everything's got to begin," he said. "Some of the greatest actors are bad at rehearsal, and never get over it. Some of the greatest actresses always are at their worst on the first performance. You're bound to succeed. You have beauty and charm and grace and magnetism no end. Don't worry. I'll speak to Reben and make him restrain Batterson. We'll make a star of you yet."

There was a fine reassurance in that word "we" in spite of its pleasant tang of impudence. It gave her strength to go to the telephone and call up Reben. She came back in despair and collapsed on the divan.

Tom Duane was at her side instantly. "You're ill! In heaven's name, what can I do?"

His solicitude pleased her. She smiled palely: "Mr. Reben told me he was afraid I'd better give up the job.

He Gave Her a Hand-Grip of Perfect Good Fellowship.

He was very polite and awfully sorry, but he said he didn't think I was quite suited to the work. He said that later, perhaps, there might be another chance, but—oh—oh—oh!"

She was crying with all her might. Gradually she realized that Duane's hands were on her shoulders. He was squeezing them as if to keep her from sobbing herself to pieces. His face was close to hers, and he was murmuring:

"You poor little thing. You mustn't grieve. You've to fine and too beautiful for such work."

She flung herself free. "No, no; I'm an imbecile—I'm no good—that's all."

Those big hands were at her shoulders again. That soothing voice was ministering courage and praise:

"You are not no good. You shall succeed! I'll make Reben take you back. I've helped Reben out when he was in trouble. I've lent him money and I'll make him give you your chance. I promise that, on my word!"

She stared at him through her tears. They blurred him in dancing flashes of light as if he were a sun god. She caught his hands from her shoulders, but she had to hold them in hers. She was drowning, and she must cling to whatever arms stretched down to her. She must not question whose they were till she was safe again on the solid earth.

Duane was laughing now and patting her on the back as if she were a frightened child. She felt no right to rebuke his caresses. They were such as a brother might give a sister. His arm about her was that of a comrade, sustaining another in a battle.

He was the only one in the world who offered her courage and praise and help in her need.

Duane said, with a matter-of-fact briskness: "I'll call Reben up at once. No, I'll go see him."

"But you put me under such obligations. I'm afraid—"

"Never be afraid of an obligation."

"I'm afraid I can never repay it."

"Then you're one ahead. But you can repay me and you will."

"How?"

"Let's wait and see. Goodby. Don't worry."

He gave her a hand-grip of perfect good fellowship and went into the hall. She followed him to tell him again how kind he was. As she was clasping his hand again Leila opened the door with her latchkey.

Now there was triple embarrassment. Tom Duane had paid ardent court to Leila before she married Bayard. Here he was in Bayard's wife's home, apparently flirting with Bayard's young sister.

Leila felt all the outraged sentiments of jealousy and all the indignation of a chaperon who has been circumvented. Duane retreated in poor order. Daphne stammered an explanation too brief and muddled to suffice. Then she went to her room.

There her mother found her when she came to later. Daphne had only a faint hope that Duane could work his miracle twice, so she told her mother that she had failed as an actress. She told her bluntly:

"Mamma, I've been fired."

To her comfort her mother caught her to her ample bosom and said: "I'm glad of it. I'm much obliged to whoever is to blame. Not but what you could have succeeded if you had kept at it. But you're too good for such a wicked life. A person couldn't be an actor without being insincere and a pretender, and my little girl is too honest. So now you come along home with me."

"No, thank you, mamma."

Mrs. Kip gathered herself together for a vigorous assault when the telephone rang and the maid brought word that a gentleman wished to speak with Miss Daphne.

It was Duane, and she braced herself for another blow. But his voice was clarion with success.

"I've seen Reben. It's all right. He's promised to keep you on and give you a chance. He says for you to report at the theater at seven-thirty tonight."

And now again Daphne was more afraid of her success, such as it was, than of her failure. But it was pleasant to carry the news to her mother and Leila.

It disgusted them both. They were still trying to dissuade her from continuing on the downward path when a telegram from her father came for her mother:

"Taking beaver arrive Grand Central tomorrow don't meet me love.

"WES."

Bayard was late, as usual, and Leila's temper had just begun to simmer when the door was opened stealthily and a hand was thrust in. It proffered a small box of jeweler's size and waved it like a flag of truce.

Leila rushed forward with a cry of delight, seized the packet and then the hand, and drew Bayard into the room and into her arms.

"This is your apology, I suppose," she said.

"Yes, the apology for being late, and that's what made me late."

Leila was enraptured. She adored gifts and she had the knack of inspiring them. The little square parcel provoked her curiosity. She opened it so excitedly that the contents fell to the floor. She swooped for them and brought up a platinum chain with a delicate plaque of tiny diamonds and pearls on a device of platinum.

Leila ran to Mrs. Kip and Daphne, exclaiming: "Aren't they beautiful? Aren't they wonderful? Aren't they glorious?"

Mrs. Kip and Daphne tried to keep the pace, but once more they could not forget who it was that was raining down gold on this greedy stranger. Their alarm was not diminished when Bayard said to Leila:

"You're not the only one who can open accounts. I started one for those."

He took from his pocket a pale brochure and said to Leila: "That allowance we agreed on, you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"Well, instead of paying it to you week by week I decided to open a bank account for you; so I ran over to this bank at the lunch hour and made a deposit to your credit—five hundred dollars!"

Leila forgot her jewelry for a moment in this new pride. She strutted about with mock hauteur, waving Mrs. Kip and Daphne aside and saying: "Don't speak to me. I am a lady with a bank account."

Mrs. Kip sighed in dreary earnest. "That's more than I ever was."

Leila was poring over her bank book, the blank pages in which so many dramas, tragedies and life histories could be codified in bald numerals.

Her first question was ominous: "Do I have to go all the way down to Broad street every time I want to draw out some money?"

Her first thought was already to attack the integrity of her store.

"No, dearest," said Bayard, "there is an uptown branch, right around the corner. But I hope your visits there will be more for a put-in than take-out. Every time I give you anything I want you to put some of it aside. Maybe some day I'll want to borrow

She Found Batterson Quarreling With a Property Man Over the Responsibility for a Broken Vase.

some of it for a while. Maybe you can save me from a crash some day. Anyhow, it will be a great help to me to feel that I have a thrifty little wife at home. A man has to plunge a good deal in business. It's his wife that usually makes him or breaks him."

Bayard spoke with unusual solemnity: "Old Ben Franklin said, 'A shilling earned and sixpence spent, a fortune. Sixpence earned and a shilling spent, bankruptcy'—or something like that. But Moses got ahead of him. When he handed down the Ten Commandments he whispered an extra one to be the private secret of the chosen people."

"What was it?" said Leila with a minimum of interest.

"Thou shalt not spend all thou earnest," said Bayard. "It was—well, it was the Thirteenth Commandment, I guess—a mighty unlucky one to break. The Jews have kept it pretty well. They've been the bankers of the world even while they were persecuted."

Leila shrugged her handsome shoulders and studied the gems.

"Let's not talk about it tonight. Let's dine somewhere and go to the theater. I want to show off my new splendor."

"Fine!" said Bayard, trying to cast away his forebodings and lift himself by his own boot straps. "Get on your duds mother, you and Daphne."

"I can't go," said Daphne. "I've got to be at the fun-factory at half past seven and I've hardly time to eat anything."

While Leila and Bayard and Mrs. Kip were putting on their festal robes Daphne was eating alone a hasty meal brought up tardily from the restaurant.

Before they were dressed she had to march out in what she called her working clothes. The hallman ran to call her a taxicab, but she shook her head. Her humble twenty-five dollars a week would not justify a chariot to and from the shop.

She walked rapidly along Fifty-ninth street, but not rapidly enough to escape one or two murmurous gallants.

She found Batterson quarreling with a property man over the responsibility for a broken vase. He ignored her till at length she ventured to stammer:

"Here I am, Mr. Batterson."

"So I see. Well, sit down somewhere."

Finding a seat was no easy task. Every piece of furniture she selected became at once the object of the scene shifter's attack and she had to take flight.

Members of the company strolled in, paused at the mailbox and went to their various cells.

Eventually Batterson found that all the company was on hand and in good health. He said to Daphne, "Everybody is here and nobody sick, so you needn't stay after the curtain goes up."

But she wanted to learn her trade, so she loitered about, feeling like an uninvited poor relation. The members of the company came from their lairs, looking odd and unreal in their paint. They seemed to be surprised that Daphne was still in existence. Eldon gave her a curious smile of greeting.

She heard the call boy crying "Overture" about the corridors. She heard the orchestra playing "the king's piece." Then it struck up a march that sounded remote and irrelevant. There was a loud swish which she supposed to be the curtain going up. An actor and an actress in white flannels with tennis rackets under their arms linked hands and skipped into the well of light. They bandied repartee for a time.

Eldon, speaking earnestly to Mrs. Vining, suddenly began to laugh softly. He laughed louder and louder and then plunged into the light.

A little later Eldon came off the stage laughing. He dropped his laughter as he crossed the border and resumed his anecdote. "As I was saying—"

"But Mrs. Vining interrupted: "There comes my cue. How are They tonight?"

"Rather cold," said Eldon; "it's so hot."

"The swine!" said Mrs. Vining. Then she shook out her skirts, straightened up and swept through the door like a dowager swan.

One of the box lights began to spatter, and Batterson dashed round from the other wing to curse the man in charge. He ran into Daphne, glared, and spoke harshly: "You needn't wait any longer."

Daphne swallowed her pride and slunk out.

CHAPTER XI.

She woke early next morning. It was just six o'clock. She remembered that her father would be arriving in two hours. She decided that it would be a pleasant duty to surprise the poor, old, neglected codger by meeting him.

At the Grand Central station Daphne found that she was nearly an hour too early for the train. It amused her to take her breakfast at the lunch counter, to clamber on the high stool and eat the dishes of haste—a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich. It was pleasant to wander about alone in the atmosphere of speed, the suburban trains, like feed pipes, spouting streams of workers, the out-bound trains drawing their passengers to far-off destinies as if by suction.

At length it was time for the train. Daphne went to the rope barrier opposite the door of entry and waited in ambush for her father.

At length she made out a rather shabby man carrying his own luggage. It was her father. He looked older and seedier than she remembered. He did not expect to be met. He was looking idly at the new station. He had not been to New York since it had been thrown open.

She ran to him. He dropped his old suitcase on the toes of the man following him and embraced Daphne with fervor. He devoured her with his eyes and kissed her again and told her that she was prettier than ever. All about them there were little groups embracing and kissing. There was a wonderful business in reunions.

When her father said, "I haven't had my breakfast; have you?" she lied affectionately, "No."

"Let's have some breakfast together."

"Fine," said Daphne. "We'll go to the Biltmore."

"Kind of expensive, isn't it?" he asked anxiously.

"It's my treat," she said.

This amused him enormously. "So you're going to treat, eh?"

"Yep," she said.

"Where did you get all the money?"

"I'm a working lady now."

He laughed again and shook his head over her.

"What did you mean by saying you were a working lady?" said Wesley when they were seated at the table and breakfast was ordered. "Your mother wrote me something about having a little disagreement with you. She seemed to be right worried, so I thought I'd better run on to see if I couldn't sort of smooth things over. I'm glad you came to meet me. We can talk without interruption for once. Tell me all about it."

She told him the whole story of her decision to join the great social revolution that is freeing women from the slavery of enslaving the men. Her peroration was her new watchword: "I don't want to take any more money from you."

"Why, honey," he protested, "I love to give it to you. I only wish I had ten times as much. I couldn't dream of letting you work. You're too dirty. What's that young Wimburn cub mean by letting you work?"

"Oh, he's bitterly opposed to it, so I gave him his ring."

At last Daphne gets the chance that she has hoped for and at the same time has dreaded—the chance to gain a place that will give her the independence she seeks. What Daphne did with the great chance when it came is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Real "Handy Man."

A Tasmanian jack of all trades claims that he is a hairdresser, tobacconist, cycle repairer, electrical certificated engineer, certificated marine engineer for the Derwent, organist and choirmaster, stencil cutter, fretworker, billiard hall keeper, proprietor circulating library, and is manager of the local town hall.

Brad Merrell, Guardian

By HERBERT H. GOODWIN

(Copyright.)

There was vituperation loud and deep on Turkey Creek. The owner of the ranch, himself temporarily brought low by a refractory cayuse, was expecting a visitor from the East—his niece—and Brad Merrell had been told off to act as her guide, if not philosopher and friend.

Brad was the steadiest man on the ranch. This fact was enough for his employer. He was also the worst woman-hater. This fact made it too much for Brad.

"Why couldn't it hev been Paper-Collar Joe?" he demanded collectively and fiercely of the men, as they loitered outside the bunkhouse. "He'd hev been like a high-stepper with a new harness on. He'd sooner talk soft to a woman than rope the liveliest steer that ever bellered. But me! I won't hev nothin' to do with her. I'll take my time in the mornin'. I'll light out overnight—I'll burn down the whole ranch!"

"Now, Brad," wheedled Tom Mason, affectionately known as Old Soft Soap, by reason of his peacemaking proclivities—"now, Brad, jest stop an' think. Ye've yer own nice little place up on Turkey creek, where ye kin look after it handy, an' all plans made fer the summer. What would ye do with the rest of the season of ye take yer time now? Yer place is rented, it's too late to get taken on anywhere else, an' ye'd only lope around an' spend yer wad. This tenderfoot gal 'll only stay a few weeks, an' it'll be a rest fer ye—"

"Rest!" bellowed Brad. "Rest! It'll wreck every nerve in my carcass. She'll be one of two kinds; she'll either squeal every time she sees a lizard, an' be afraid of her own shadow, or she'll carry a blamed tin box fer bugs an' things. She'll either gush around about me bein' 'so picturesque,' or she'll be shocked at my language an' my pipe, an' try to reform me. Rest! A woman'll let a man rest only when she's been buried an' has a granite monument over her!"

Old Soft Soap prevailed, however, in the end. Next morning Brad started for the railroad, as a lamb begins its journey to the shambles, yet with a most unlamblike mien and accouterment, for his pistol-belt and dirk, his leathern "chaps" and rakish sombrero, proclaimed him a "bad man," indeed.

The Overland Limited was late, and the engine seemed to puff and whistle its disgust at being stopped at the little station that raised itself above the surrounding sea of grass. With much complaining and creaking it halted for a moment, and then its rattling links climbed slowly up the rise.

Brad looked for a mass of furbelows and a Saratoga trunk, but the platform was vacant except for an ample female, standing beside a bulging carpetbag, a heap of boxes and bundles, and a shrouded bird cage.

"She ain't come," muttered Brad, his skies brightening.

The ample figure bore down upon him like a ship under sail. It was surmounted by a pleasant face of florid complexion, beneath a broad hat and a veil of grass green.

"Can you tell me if Turkey Creek ranch is anywhere near here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Brad, awkwardly pulling at his hatbrim; "it's only about twenty-five miles over east. Was ye wantin' to go there?"

"That's what I came for," she replied promptly. "I'm Orphelia Gordon, an' I've come to visit my uncle, John Taylor."

"Ye're Orph—Miss Gordon!" exclaimed Brad. "Why, I thought—" he checked himself suddenly.

"Yes, I s'pose you did think I was a young girl," she retorted. "No harm done. I was once, an' if I ain't so good-looking as I was then, I know a heap more. If you've come for me, don't let's lose any time, but help me get my baggage loaded, an' we'll be startin'."

The cage cover fell apart, and a brilliant red and green head appeared. It cocked itself impertinently on one side, one beady eye looked Brad over from head to foot, and a high-pitched, energetic voice ejaculated:

"You be blamed!"

For the first time the bewildered look on the man's face relaxed, and a grin spread over his bronzed features. The woman's floridity deepened, and finally she, too, laughed.

"I'm ashamed of Polly's language. Old Doctor Henderson told me once that it was as bad for me, a professor, to keep a profane parrot as if I was profane myself; but I might've had a husband that swore, and the minister wouldn't have wanted me to get a divorce for that. Besides, this bird is more knowin' and less troublesome than any man I ever saw."

"I don't mind him swearin' at me," said Brad, recollecting his ferocious armament. "I reckon I ain't much of a picture."

She turned, and for the first time scrutinized her companion.

"Land!" she said reassuringly. "You're all right for a cowboy, away out on the frontier this way. You look like a man, any way, and not like some of them perfumed little counter-jumpers back in Harmon Center."

Brad straightened his slouching shoulders and walked across after the last piece of luggage with a swagger that set his spurs jingling. Just as he stooped to pick it up Miss Gordon checked him sharply.

"Leave that basket alone! That's Jeremy Taylor, and he's the touchiest Maltese that ever spit. It hurts his feelin's enough to be shut up that way, and if a stranger handled him he'd have a fit. I'll hold him in my lap as we drive. No, you needn't help me. I've been gettin' in and out over wheels alone all my life, and this buckboard is low. I'm glad that you don't use overhead check-reins on your horses. I belong to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I'm sorry to see you wear spurs."

They were trotting swiftly over the prairie, and Brad had recovered his faculties sufficiently to give brief answers to Miss Gordon's running fire of questions and observations. Suddenly the man involuntarily checked the mustangs that he drove, and gave vent to a smothered exclamation. He looked in perplexed alarm at Miss Gordon.

"What's the matter? Sick?" she queried.

He pointed to a horseman some distance in front of them.

"Bill Jukes," he answered briefly. "He's promised to shoot me at sight, and he's likely drunk enough not to know whether you're a man or woman. You drive an' I'll get out an' meet him on foot. I'll come back after ye soon, or else—Sykes, a mile north of the station, will bring ye over to Turkey Creek."

As he proffered the reins, Brad already had his revolver out of his belt. She gave an indignant sniff.

"It's likely I'll drive off and leave you to be shot! Give me them reins, and you look to your guns. We'll drive by Mr. Jukes at a pretty good pace, and if you should happen to hurt him—may the Lord have mercy on him!"

Shaking off Brad's restraining touch, and deaf to his expostulations, she put the whip to the ponies, and the buckboard lurched forward on the deeply-cut trail. Jukes was bearing down upon them, his face inflamed with drunken rage. Two or three shots whistled past them. Miss Gordon held the reins tightly and ducked her head. Brad fired repeatedly as they passed, and just beyond them Jukes reeled heavily from the saddle. With an effort the woman brought the team to a standstill.

"I'm glad I fastened Polly's cage on good and tight!" was the first exclamation. Then, noticing a broken check-rein: "I'll get a piece of twine out of my pocket to tie up that strap. Why, your sleeve's all bloody. I do believe that nasty wretch hit you!"

"Jest my arm, I guess, Miss Gordon," replied the man, a little uncertainly; "but I hope—that is, I'm afeerd I've done for Jukes!"

They looked back. The outlaw lay motionless by the trail, his bridle rein still over his nerveless arm.

II.

As the rays of the setting sun slanted level across the prairie, a strange procession stopped at Turkey Creek ranch. Miss Gordon still drove, superintended by Jeremy Taylor, who thrust his head through a hole in the lid of his basket and glared balefully at the universe in general. Beside her sat Brad, pale under his tan, with his right arm swung from his neck. At the tail of their chariot, so to speak, was tied the horse of Bill Jukes, and fastened in the saddle, plentifully bandaged and besmeared with blood, was the man himself. His manner was drooping in the extreme, while from an opening in the cage cover Polly bestowed an unbroken succession of choice epithets upon the captive.

Miss Gordon, of them all, was unruffled, and she explained with a cheerfulness that was almost airy:

"Jukes rode down on us, shootin' and swearin' dreadful, and Mr. Merrell had to defend us, of course, so I took the lines. Then we couldn't go off and leave the man layin' there, maybe to die, so we went back, and I bandaged him up, and we brought him along. You can do what you want to with him. I don't reckon he feels very spruce, seein' that he was shot through the lung, an' that Polly's been swearin' at him every step of the way. Mr. Merrell, here, got a bullet in his arm, and has bled consid'able, though it's only a flesh wound."

The gods on Olympus may have been surprised to see Minerva spring full-panoplied from the brain of Jove, but that was the merest ghost of an emotion compared with what the men of Turkey Creek ranch felt when this splendid apparition in dusty black cashmere dawned upon them, with her nonchalant tale of duelry, leading as captive one of the deadliest outlaws of the country. For a minute there were murmurs of exclamations and glances of amazement; and then, as Miss Gordon, hearing Jeremy Taylor, clambered to the ground, Paper Collar Joe, the Chesterfield of the ranch, gracefully advanced.

"Allow me to ersist ye, madam!" he began sweetly, but the visitor waved him back.

"Don't you touch Jeremy Taylor, my good young man!" she warned. "I reckon he's had all his nerves will stand for one while."

And Brad, being tenderly helped over the wheel, drawled shakily, with a flourish of his hand:

"No use, Joe. It was too good a chance to lose, so I jest improved it. Miss Gordon's going to come up Turkey creek to my place, an' live with me—the future Mrs. Merrell, gents!"

Polly craned his head around the back of the seat and elevated fiercely: "You be blamed!" while Miss Gordon's face flushed a deeper red as she bridled and exclaimed:

"Oh, pshaw! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Brad?"

To Close Out

Men's and Boys'

High Cut Shoes

WE HAVE TO OFFER:

MEN'S 18 INCH TOP Regular $6.50 value at	$5.00
MEN'S 12 INCH TOP Regular $6.00 value at	4.50
MEN'S 12 INCH TOP Regular $5.50 value at	4.00
BOYS' 12 INCH TOP Regular $4.50 value at	3.50
BOYS' 12 INCH TOP Regular $4.00 value at	3.25
LITTLE GENTS' 10 INCH TOP Regular $3.00 value at	2.50

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Mother's Sugar Cookies — Fruit Cookies

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Cream Puffs — Apple Tarts

Graham Bread — Rye Bread

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Try a Loaf of Our Bread

and you will be convinced there is none better. We use the purest ingredients that money can buy, and it is made and sold in a sanitary shop, and the housewives of Chelsea are welcome in our workshop at all times.

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Is Now Open For Business

Fully equipped for repairing all makes of radiators; also carbon burning.

All makes of cars repaired.

Good service and fair prices.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

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WE ask you to buy your collars of us because we guarantee to please you.

We carry on hand all the usually worn sizes and styles.

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HERMAN J. DANCER

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Miss Agnes Gorman is in Washington, D. C., this week.

Edward Weiss visited in Detroit several days this week.

Mrs. J. T. Woods has been visiting in Detroit for a few days.

Mrs. Leon McMillan of Middleville is visiting Mrs. Mary Fish.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Traver are entaining Mr. Riley of Cement City.

Mrs. Charles Brooks of Marshall is visiting her neice, Mrs. S. P. Foster.

The Bay View Reading club will meet Monday evening with Mrs. F. H. Sweetland.

Miss Nellie Lowry was the guest of Miss Nina Shrimpton of Detroit over the week-end.

Mrs. Ola Berry of Bay City is visiting her mother, Mrs. Roberts, on Orchard street.

The W. R. C. Red Cross unit will meet Tuesday, February 25th, with Mrs. J. E. Weber.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Traver of Jackson spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Traver.

Frank Cassidy and Sergeant O. S. Thompson, of Dexter, were Chelsea visitors Wednesday.

Frank Storms spent the week-end in Detroit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. K. McEldowney.

William Geddes of Detroit visited at the home of H. R. Schoenhals and family over the week-end.

Special meeting of Olive Lodge No. 156 F. & A. M., Tuesday evening, February 25th. Work in the third degree.

The Evangelical league of St. Paul's church will give a box social Wednesday evening, February 26th, at Firemen's hall.

The Catholic Social club will give a dancing party Tuesday evening at St. Mary hall. Bates' orchestra will furnish the music.

Sergeant Emory W. Patterson has returned from overseas and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Patterson of Lima.

Mrs. H. F. Schwartzkopf of Perry has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Koeder, and sister, Mrs. Dierberger, for a few days.

Miss Gladys Forner entertained a number of her friends at a Washington's birthday party at her home Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Herman Hils and daughter, of Jackson, were the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hieber, over the week-end.

St. Mary All-High club will play the Dexter basketball team Saturday evening in St. Mary hall. The game will be called at eight o'clock.

Oscar Schettler has received an honorable discharge from the marine corps and is visiting at the home of his mother, Mrs. C. Schettler.

Our friend, the optimist, says he is not worrying about the possibility of an ice-less summer—perhaps it will be such a nice, cool summer that we shall not need ice!

Lieut. LaMont C. BeGole of Detroit visited Mrs. George A. BeGole, Wednesday, and while here gave an interesting talk to the children of the fourth grade.

Rudolph Otto, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Otto of Lyndon, formerly reported missing in action overseas, was among the wounded men landed in New York recently.

A. E. Winans was in Detroit, Sunday, and was accompanied home by Mrs. Winans, who had been visiting at the home of their son, E. E. Winans and family, for a week.

Ernest Wagner, who has been overseas for some time past, landed in Hoboken, N. J., Sunday. His mother, Mrs. J. G. Wagner, received a telegram from him Monday.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger will hold a special service for the Woman's Relief Corps, the Grand Army of the Republic, and honorary members, Sunday evening. Members of those societies should meet in the C. E. room at the church at 6:45 p. m. in order to attend in a body.

Robert Collins, who purchased the old Wilkinson property, south Main street and the Territorial road, some time ago, has opened the Pine Grove garage in a new building erected especially for the purpose just west of his residence, and announces his opening elsewhere in this issue.

Another slight change has been made in the division of the two voting precincts in Sylvan township. The latest division is the same as published in Tuesday's issue excepting that the line is extended south on Main street in the village of Chelsea to East Summit street, instead of Orchard street, and runs thence east to East street, south to Washington street and east on Washington street to the east town line. The only change is in shifting the boundary one street south from Orchard street to East Summit street.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. *Catarrhal Deafness* is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflamation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All druggists, 75 cents.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Adv.

Rev. Father Courtney is visiting Rev. Father VanDyke.

Mrs. Alice Roedel and daughter, Mrs. George Walworth, were in Jackson, Monday.

Mrs. E. I. Taylor entertained the Five Hundred club at her home in Ann Arbor, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nordman of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. George Nordman the past week.

Mrs. Georgia Thompson has been visiting her son, H. Smith, at Michigan Center, for a few days.

Roy Evans has purchased the J. M. Farleigh billiard parlor in Dexter and has employed William Stout of this place to manage and operate the business.

Frank Youngs has received a postal card from his son Peter, written from Paris, where he was spending a few days leave. He expects to be home inside of two months.

In Detroit, Tuesday, Mrs. C. J. Chandler, well known here, was elected a member of the executive board of the United States Daughters of 1812, in state convention at the Statler.

The Washington's birthday party at St. Mary hall last evening was a big success, 87 couples attending. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Burg, impersonating George and Martha Washington, led the grand march.

The Washtenaw County Poultry Show and School closed a successful three-days' exhibit here last evening. There were over 450 entries and an extra fine showing was made, in which local exhibitors took a prominent part.

The MacDowell orchestra gave an entertainment last evening in Jackson. F. H. Lewis of the Lewis Spring and Axle company of this place is the director and Vern Mayett is one of the leading members of the orchestra.

Charles Meserve and Fred Dickenson have formed a partnership and will open the Chelsea Motor Repair Station in the large barn in the rear of John Farrell's residence on West Middle street. Both are experienced motor mechanics and in addition to general repairing will buy, sell and exchange used cars.

Chelsea Lodge No. 194 Knights of Pythias celebrated the 55th anniversary of the founding of the order Tuesday evening with a banquet in Maccabee hall, the Lady Maccabees serving. One hundred and twenty-four were present. W. C. Boyd was toastmaster and toasts were made by O. C. Burkhart, George Ward, H. D. Witherell and P. W. Dierberger.

Notice of Change in Precinct.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of the Township of Sylvan the township was divided into two voting precincts, the division being as follows:

Beginning at the west township line and following the line of the Michigan Central railroad in an easterly direction to the center of Cleveland street in the Village of Chelsea, thence south to the center of Middle street, thence east to the west line of the town hall, thence north to the north line of the town hall, thence east to the center of the town hall, thence south to the center of Middle street, thence east to the center of Main street, thence south to the center of Summit street, thence east to the center of East street, thence south to the center of Washington street, thence east to the township line.

The portion lying south of this line has been designated as Precinct No.1, and the portion lying north of the line has been designated as Precinct No. 2.

The voting booths for Precinct No. 1 will be situated on the west side of the Town Hall, and the booths for Precinct No. 2 will be located on the east side of the Town Hall.

O. T. Hoover, Clerk.

Enrico Caruso

will sing in

Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor

Monday, March 3d

Tickets, $2.50, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00

At University School of Music

Special Interurban Cars Leave After the Concert

Mr. Caruso uses the Hardman Piano exclusively

FARMERS---Help Us To Help You!

BEFORE LONG you are going to be very busy. To make your crop, you are going to need the service of every machine you have. There is a little lull right now. This time can be put to mighty good use.

How are your farm machines?. Wouldn't it be a wise precaution to look them over carefully to assure yourself that there are no new parts needing replacement now or later on?

By making a list of present or possible future requirements and giving it to us before or during Repair and Inspection Week, March 3-8, we shall be able to furnish you WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT!

If there is any item on your list we do not happen to carry in stock, we can procure it and hold it in readiness for you. It takes the delay, and consequent loss of time out of farm emergencies. The question of a day or two during the busy season on the farm is a serious one. Make up that list now and let us have it.

HOLMES & WALKER

—We Treat You Right—

Cutting Prices

ISN'T OUR BUSINESS—WE ARE MEAT CUTTERS.

BUT WE DO SAY THAT OUR PRICES ARE AS LOW AS THE LOWEST—QUALITY AND SERVICE CONSIDERED.

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It's Spring at Hutzel's

And New Things Are Coming Every Day!

CLOTH FROCKS are of serge and wool jersey—button-trimmed, beaded, belted or tailored—and all very smart! Attractive red embroidery on a blue coat-dress is an interesting note. Tan, navy, French blue, gray and sand.

SILK DRESSES of Georgette, taffeta, foulard and crepe de chine—all equally favored for Spring. Many of them have girlish round necks; some have bright color-contrasts afforded by beading or piping; the colors are varieties of blue, tans and grays.

COATS. Simple, loose, tailored effects, or in Dolman or cape models. Gabardine, tricotine, serge, and an occasional rough fabric for general-service coats, for motor travel or morning wear. These are all conspicuously moderate in price.

NOVELTY BLOUSES of wool-embroidered Georgette crepe are very lovely indeed. Individual models, showing sharp color contrasts in the trimming, at $10 to $15. Others, more simple, with braid, beads, pipings and tucks, $5, $7.50 and up.

SKIRTS OF WOOL PLAIDS and good plain serges and gabardines at $8.50 to $25.

SILK SKIRTS of dark foulards, tri-colettes, fan-ta-si, and silk faille—$10 up.

WHITE SILK WAISTS for summer dress wear come in crepe de chine, tricolette, exquisite Baronet satin and Georgette.

AFTERNOON DRESSES in Pastel Shades—sand, rose, delicate pink, peach and turquoise Georgette crepe, are bead trimmed or plain—depending on their own beauty of line and coloring for their charm.

SILK STOCKINGS in the dependable Eiffel and Phoenix make come in black, white, colors and novelties. $1.00 up.

AND SEVERAL INTERESTING NEW LOTS of bags, purses, beads and novelty handkerchiefs.

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