

TOTS WRITE TO SANTA

Postoffice Turns Letters Over To The Red Cross Officials For Reply.

The Chelsea postoffice is receiving its usual quota of "Santa Claus letters" this year, written by trusting little tots of the vicinity to patron saint, telling him of their Christmas needs or wants.

Some of the needs are real and worthy appeals for aid, while others are the more or less selfish appeals for costly toys.

In years past, these letters were all sent to the "dead letter" office marked "unclaimed," but with the formation of the Red Cross societies the letters were turned over to them for investigation and as a result many a deserving youngster, who might otherwise have a cheerless and presentless Christmas, is made happy.

Some of the letters are quite amusing in their appeals, and some have a truly pathetic tone. Some are greedy in their requests, others are very modest. But all are carefully read and investigated by the Red Cross officials and thus the spirit of the wonderful Christmas time remains unshattered in many a child's heart when he awakens Christmas morning to find that St. Nick has visited his home during the night and left a real honest-to-goodness present.

Shop a little earlier this year!

OFFICERS ROYAL ARCH.

Olive Chapter No. 140 Royal Arch Masons has elected the following officers: High priest, H. D. Litteral; king, D. N. Rogers; scribe, L. G. Palmer; treasurer, J. L. Fletcher; secretary, C. W. Maroney; captain of the host, George Walworth; principal journeyman, M. J. Baxter; captain, Henry Wilson; third master veil, Ernest Wagner; second master veil, Hollis Freeman; first master veil, Chauncey Freeman; sentinel, Emory Patterson.

L. O. T. M. OFFICERS.

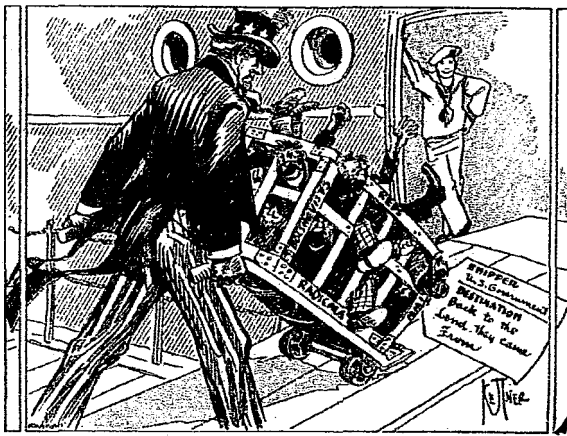
Columbian Hive No. 284 L. O. T. M. has elected the following officers: Commander, Jessie Johnson; past commander, Martha Shaver; lieutenant commander, Iza Guerin; record keeper, Laura Arnour; finance keeper, Bertha Stephens; chaplain, Emma Leach; mistress at arms, Jennie Alber; sergeant, Amelia Vandliper; sentinel, Phoebe Arnold; picket, Helen King; pianist, Lola Dancer; installing officer, Lila Campbell.

WOODMEN ELECTION.

Chelsea Camp No. 7338 Modern Woodmen elected officers Tuesday as follows: Counsel, J. B. Wallace; adviser, W. M. Hinderer; banker, E. C. Gentner; clerk, H. J. Dancer; escort, Herbert Wilsey; sentry, Herbert Paul; watchman, Julius Kercher; trustee for three years, John Walz.

A feature of the evening was the annual chicken-pie supper.

Export Business Is Getting Brisk



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Brief Items of Interest in Chelsea And Vicinity. From Nearby Towns and Localities.

WILLIAMSTON—A canvas glove factory, operated by the officials of the Railway Men's association, started here Monday in the plant of the former Williamston Knitting company. It is planned to produce 500 dozens per day.—Enterprise.

HOWELL—The Wilcox apartment building, scene of the recent fatal fire, is nearly down to the top of the second story. It is to be a two story building in the future. It was built by Wm. C. Shaft about 1840 and purchased by Benj. H. Rubert in 1865. It was originally a two story building, but Mr. Rubert added the third story, which is now being torn down.—Reporter.

PINCKNEY—The records for the past three months of school show that many people in the high school have been neither absent nor tardy during that period. It is interesting to note by the records that the country students are more regular in attendance as well as more punctual. Claude Isham leads the list in this respect. Claude is now a senior in school and during his career so far has not been absent from school a single day, although he drives or walks four miles every night and morning. This is a record that some of our seniors, living in town, should take note of.—Dispatch. Pretty good, we'll say, but we wonder what Shelan's record of attendance is?

IN DETROIT TOO

Teachers Want Living Wage; Are Now Underpaid Says Investigator.

The investigation made by Superintendent Cody of Detroit into the financial affairs of the school teachers, while not at all complete, discloses a serious condition. Some of the teachers suffer from an actual deficit, which means that they are living partly on the savings of former years. Not only are they not making provision for their old age, but they are getting poorer and poorer each year. And to make matters worse, most of these have dependents. How can a teacher take a proper interest in her work when it does not pay her a living wage? There are others too who are just able to live on their salaries but are unable to lay anything aside.

But there are worse things than that. Some of the teachers are insufficiently fed and lack proper clothing. Others are obliged to do without dental or medical attention, and the great majority of them have no savings account and lack even the money to educate themselves for better positions in the future. Many of them have to do other work in their spare time to make ends meet.

This state of affairs is not conducive to good work in schools. To give the best that is in her a teacher must give her whole mind to the school work, which she cannot do if she has to take on other work outside. She must be physically fit and contented with her prospects, which she cannot be if she does not get proper clothing, is insufficiently fed and cannot see any chance for advancement in her chosen profession. It may be hard at the present time, with an overloaded city budget, to give the teachers the remuneration they deserve, but they should at least be given a decent living wage. The laborer is worthy of his hire.—Free Press.

PAPER WAIDS.

Mrs. J. M. Martin, who had been ill since the Thanksgiving recess, resumed her classes in the High school Tuesday.

Several of the grade rooms are preparing for Christmas exercises.

Mr. Atkinson reports well filled cat bins—enough to last until March 1st, he thinks.

Several cases of "pink eye" are reported from the grade rooms. The losing side in the Latin vocabulary contest entertained the winning side, last evening, at a party at Firemen's hall.

Ivan Baldwin, who had been ill for the past two weeks, has resumed his work in the fifth grade.

The basket-ball teams have resumed practice and will soon be ready to take on scheduled games.

The senior play, "Prof. Pepp," will be given in Dexter this evening.

'TAG DAY' BIG SUCCESS.

As the result of the tag day sale, Saturday, \$125 was turned over to the Starr Commonwealth for Boys at Albion. Mrs. George Runciman and Mrs. Charles Martin, the local committee in charge of the sale, wish to thank the girls and boys who aided them so nobly, and their only regret is that there were not prizes for all the girls won prizes as follows: Hilda Reule, Nina Evans, and Viola McDade; the boys prizes were won by Ralph Forner, Marvin Dillon, and Leonard McDade.

'CO-OPS' IN CHICAGO.

Quite a delegation of farmers from Washtenaw county were in attendance at the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago last week. The main feature attracting most of the men was the meeting called for the purpose of organizing a national federation of live stock shipping associations. The meeting was held during Wednesday and Thursday of the show and a large delegation of farmers representing the principal live stock producing states were present. Michigan and Minnesota had the two largest delegations and their representatives had considerable to do in outlining the policies of the National association. Each shipping association of Washtenaw county was represented by a delegate at the convention, as follows: R. J. Bird of Ypsilanti; Chas. McCalla of Ann Arbor; John Schultz of Dexter; Otto Luick of Chelsea; Mr. Logan of Manchester; Arthur Arnbruster of Saline.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

(Official)
Council Room,
Chelsea, December 9, 1919.
Pursuant to a call by the president, council met in special session. Meeting called to order by President P. G. Shable. Roll call by the clerk.
Present—Trustees Bahnmiller, Dunkel, Holmes, Schoenhals, Vogel. Absent—Dancer.

The following special order was passed by the council:
All public places are to operate under the following hours during the present fuel crisis:
Week days—9:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m.
Saturdays—9:00 a. m. to 9:30 p. m.
Pool rooms—1:00 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. and during that period privilege to use lights four hours of said time only.
Shows—6:30 p. m. to 9:30 p. m.

All users of electric lights are to be as conservative as possible. Porch lights to be discontinued.
Motion made by Vogel, seconded by Holmes, that the above orders be passed.

Yeas—All. Carried.
Motion made by Holmes, seconded by Vogel, that the president be empowered to enforce any further resolutions as may be passed by the full administration.

Yeas—All. Carried.
Motion made and carried to adjourn.
H. W. Freeman, Clerk.

IN THE CHURCHES

METHODIST

Rev. H. R. Beatty, Pastor.
Sunday morning sermon, "The Tragedy of Indolence." Bible school as usual. Epworth league at six o'clock. Sunday evening theme, "The Value of Religion." The annual meeting of the Sunday School board will be held Tuesday evening, December 16th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Musbach.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.
Morning, "The Christ Who Came." Sunday school at 11:15. Evening, "Pessimism, Optimism and the Way Out."

CATHOLIC

Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector.
Low Mass at 8 a. m. High Mass at 10 o'clock. Baptism at 11 a. m. Mass on week days at 8 a. m.

ST. PAUL'S

Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Yes, we give a receipt for each subscription when paid. Have you got yours?

RECEPTION NEW PASTOR.

Rev. and Mrs. Albert A. Schoen, formerly of Chelsea, were given a reception at the parish hall of Emmanuel church, Manchester, Thursday evening by the Young People's society. A fine program was given after which Rev. Schoen made a few remarks, voicing his appreciation and that of his family for the welcome and honor extended them. A bountiful banquet was served.

WATERLOO ITEMS

Jacob Rommel is quite ill. Beatrice Parks underwent an operation for appendicitis, Sunday, in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Collins and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hubbard, of Stockbridge, spent Sunday at Alva Beeman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beeman, and Marie and Walter Harr, motored to Jackson, Tuesday.

Frank Stott and father, of Jackson, spent Sunday at Orson Beeman's.

Christmas exercises will be held in both the United Brethren and the Lutheran churches Christmas eve.

The December C. E. party will be held Friday evening at Emory Runciman's.

FRANCISCO NEWS.

Nadene Dancer of Lima spent the week-end with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Notten.

The Epworth league of the M. E. church will hold its regular monthly business and social meeting in the church basement, Saturday night, Dec. 13th.

Miss Ricka Kalmbach, Mrs. George Heydlauff and Mrs. Fred Notten attended the O. E. S., which met at the home of Mrs. Harry Servis of Chelsea.

Rev. Hartman Bau conducted services at the M. E. church, both morning and evening, Sunday.

Thelma Loveland spent Sunday with Vera Harvey.

Erle Notten spent Tuesday in Chelsea.

Mrs. Garvey Main and two sons, of Roots Station, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Harvey.

Pearl Orbring spent Tuesday in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Loveland and son Dale spent Tuesday afternoon with the latter's parents.

Miss Irene Sager of South Francisco spent Tuesday with Miss Dorothea Notten.

SYLVAN TOWNSHIP TAXES.

Taxes for Sylvan township, including dog taxes, are now due and may be paid at Keusch & Fahrners store. The dog tax must be paid on or before January 10, 1920. William Fahrner, Township Treasurer. 24tf

WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents per line first time, 2 1/2 cents per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15 cents.

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

FOR RENT—Light housekeeping rooms, 319 Congdon St. 2613

WANTED—People of Washtenaw to attend the Poultry Show and School at Ypsilanti, December 17, 18, 19 and 20. Poultry School 18th and 19th conducted by poultry specialists from M. A. C. This will be the finest and biggest exhibition of the poultry, rabbit and pet stock of this county and surrounding territory ever gotten together. Interesting, instructive, educational. 2611

FOR SALE—Fair hunting boots, phone 172. 2513

AMERICAN LEGION will give a dancing party in Maccabee hall, Friday evening, Dec. 12th, at 8 o'clock. Music by Matthews orchestra (who play at Detroit Athletic club). Bill \$1.00; unaccompanied ladies 25c. You are cordially invited. 2522

FOR CHRISTMAS TREES, all sizes, also landscape work and general nursery stock, farm and garden seeds, cyclone and auto insurance, call on A. Kaercher, 15 S. Madison St., Chelsea, or phone 263. 2512

FOR SALE—Jersey cow with calf by side; also several nice R. I. Red cockerels. W. S. Pielemeier, phone 155-F4. 2513

WANTED—Woman to do ironing. M. E. home, phone 200. 2513

FOR SALE—Good set heavy bob-sleighs. Will Wolff, 422 West Middle St. 2513

SALESMAN and distributor—Wanted for Chelsea and vicinity. E. H. Matthias, 207 S. Ingalls St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 2513

FOR SALE—Hard coal stove, base-burner; large size and good as new. C. J. Hesselshwerdt. 2413

FOR SALE—Infants white fur robe and push sled, both nearly new; electric table lamp; white iron bed with set of new springs. Mrs. H. G. Spiegelberg, 409 S. Main St. 2413

FOR SALE—10 head young cattle. Fred Glenn, phone 145-F14, Chelsea. 2413

FOR SALE—Freezers for testing alcohol solution in radiators. Palmer's Garage. 2413

FURNITURE REPAIRING, cabinet work, upholstering, rebuilding and refinishing; go-cart wheels re-tired. E. P. Steiner, Steinbach Bldg., West Middle St. 224f

HOLMES & WALKER



Here are a few of the things we have:—

TOYS OF ALL KINDS

- Toy Toddlers
- Beds
- Trunks
- Engines
- Wagons
- Model Builders
- Banks
- Telephones
- Brooms
- Carpet Sweepers
- Snow Shovels
- Pails and Shovels
- Toy Sprinkling Cans
- Blocks
- Games
- Tinker Toys
- Stoves
- Suns
- Dolls of all kinds
- Watches
- Balls
- Sandy Andy
- Tool Chests and Tools
- Washing Outfits
- Drums
- Trains of Cars
- Books
- Tricycles

NICKEL WARE

- Coffee Percolators
- Tea Pots
- Coffee Pots
- Table Scrapers
- Casserolles
- Thermos Bottles
- Salads
- Electric Toasters
- Chafing Dishes
- Alcohol Stoves
- Sandwich Trays

IVORY GOODS

- Candle Sticks
- Brushes
- Combs
- Mirrors
- Picture Frames
- Trays
- Hat Brushes
- Clothes Brushes
- Military Brushes
- Perfume Bottles
- Powder Boxes
- Hair Receivers
- Soap Boxes

MISCELLANEOUS

- Stationery
- Pictures
- Books
- Dishes
- Perfume
- Christmas Tree Trimmings
- Fancy Baskets
- Candy
- Mahogany Trays
- Electric Lamps
- Pyrex Ware
- Mahogany Vases
- Everything in Furniture

HOLMES & WALKER

"We Always Treat You Right"

FARMER "LALLEY" LIGHT AND POWER PLANTS

Electric Automatic Pumps for any kind of wells.

Electric Washing Machines, Milking Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Flat Irons.

The above can all be run off of the Lallely Light and Power Plant. Come in and look them over at our new place.

Wilkinson Building
Chelsea, Mich.

Bohm & Alber

Somehow --- Someway --- Some Day

Some people hope that something will bring them a stroke of luck and put them on easy street for life.

THIS IS AN UNPROFITABLE PASTIME!

Discerning individuals guarantee that they will have money when they want it or need it by regularly banking a certain amount in a Savings Account in this institution.

THIS IS A COMMENDABLE HABIT!

THE KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

Chelsea, Michigan

Member Federal Reserve Bank



- Tool Boxes ----- \$1.75 to \$2.25
- Tire Locks ----- \$1.00 to \$1.75
- Driving Gloves ----- \$1.60 to \$7.00
- Tire Chains ----- \$3.50 to \$9.00
- Chamois ----- \$1.00 to \$2.25
- Hood Covers ----- \$2.95 to \$8.00
- Flash Lights ----- 80c to \$2.50
- Painting Outfits ----- \$3.00
- Dash Lamps ----- \$1.00 to \$1.75
- Spot Lights ----- \$3.00 to \$7.50
- Hydrometers ----- \$1.00
- Freezometers ----- \$1.50
- Tire Gauges ----- \$1.20
- Tire Pumps ----- \$1.40 to \$3.00
- Jacks ----- \$1.00 to \$3.00
- Rear View Mirrors ----- \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Horns ----- \$2.50 to \$7.00
- Motometers ----- \$2.50 to \$8.00
- Pliers ----- 30c to \$1.50
- Spark Plugs ----- 60c to \$1.55
- Vulcanizers ----- \$1.00 to \$1.50
- Hand Warmers ----- \$4.50
- Wind Shield Cleaners ----- \$1.50
- Yale Locks ----- \$3.50
- "Exide" Storage Batteries ----- \$25.00 to \$60.00
- Edison Phonographs ----- \$95.00 to \$500.00
- Ford Automobiles ----- \$500 to \$875

Palmer Motor Sales Comp'y

Chelsea, Michigan

Plumbing & Heating

- Steam, Hot Water and Vapor Heating.
- I also carry a line of Pumps—any kind you want.
- Windmills, Gasoline Engines and Pump Jacks.

Come in and give us the once over, at the new place—

Wilkinson Building, Chelsea.

J. F. ALBER

"Takes Two to Make a Quarrel" Susan Claggett

By the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
T was Christmas eve and "Weston" was alive with joy. From every window in the old brick house the mellow light of innumerable candles glimmered out into the night, and soft voices and light-hearted laughter mingled with the vibrant notes of a violin as it soared above the deeper tones of the piano.

In my secluded room the music reached me as I turned the leaves of a yellow, three-stained book. My own name was written in tarnished letters upon the cover. The date was 1765. One hundred years before a girlish hand had traced the faded words, and I, the great-great-granddaughter and namesake, glanced with tenderness at the little story therein written.

It was a love story, sweet and wholesome. The spelling and peculiar use of capital letters made it difficult to read, but I soon accustomed myself to the writing and my interest grew with every word.

"It is a white Christmas, the first I have ever known, and I have slipped away to look once more upon the wonderful outside world. For hours the snow has been coming down in great flakes, covering the pansies, the crocus and the hycanthus blooming in the shelter of the box hedge. I am wearing a cluster of heartsease, picked by no matter whom. Not even to you, my dear, who knows my dearest thoughts, can I whisper the happiness that is in my heart. But we picked them together under the hedge, as the snow was hiding them from sight, and Charles—dear me! I could not help it. He so fills my thoughts that I have thought for little else, and before me his beautiful miniature, his first gift.

"This a pretty fancy—gift giving and how proud I will be to wear his before our world. Yet 'tis a strange custom, that all young maids must wear the miniature of their betrothed when they appear in public. I do not think maids more fickle than those charming gentlemen who swear eternal devotion upon their knees, but 'tis disgraceful to be not wed before eighteen, and when love comes all the world must know. 'Tis full young to be a wife, but Charles begs for an early wedding day; yet I know not—still—perhaps—

"Christmas day. The slaves awakened us at daybreak, their soft voices ringing clear in the old songs so dear to them, and, shivering, I crept from my warm bed into the clothes Manny had ready for me. There was a roaring fire in the dining room, and outside our people waited for papa and for me. It is good to be loved as they love us, and 'twas a pleasure to see their black faces as my hand went into my reticule to papa's in his waistcoat pocket. But some were so glad as old Uncle Phil when he opened the package that had come all the way from England for him. It was a fiddle. A beautiful, shining fiddle, that papa had ordered after hearing him play on the long-necked gourd with horsehair strings that he had made. In very joy the old man danced a hoe-down, with the tears streaming down his wrinkled face. I thought once he would hug papa, but instead he caught his hand and thanked him over and over again. He will play for us to dance tonight.

"Such a day as it has been. I knew not I had so many kinfolk. I felt so sorry for the tired and hungry little children that I took them into the upper hall, where Uncle Alec had made a splendid fire, and they played blind man's buff and hunt the slipper until worn out. Then Charles told them the drollest stories. He must have been a mischievous boy, and he certainly is good to look at. Jack Rogers also helped amuse the children, and I doubt not he, too, is full of old nick.



from me. I was happier for that little moment with him, alone, and when he left I gave my thoughts to Christmas merrily. I feared indeed 'twould not be here in time, but it came two days before the dinner. I would not for all the world miss the Calverts' dance.

"January 2d: I am tired, tired, tired; but, oh! what pleasure to remember! Every day, every hour, filled with joy. I fear me I showed too much my happiness, for cousin Elinor Carroll reprimanded me and told papa my spirits should be kept in check. Papa only laughed and pinched my cheek. Cross old thing! She looks as if she never had been young.

"Such lovely things as papa gave me for the Christmas ball, besides my pink brocade that will stand alone. Charles told me I was charming when he saw me in it, but truly it was my beautiful gown. I felt shy and uncomfortable with his miniature resting upon my neck for all to see, and I thought to die of shame at the free spoken words. Why must such things be, that maids must blush and hang their heads for that so near their hearts? I knew not where to hide my blushing face and sad confusion. But 'twas a magnificent ball and all the world was there.

"The young people danced and danced, but the measure of my happiness was bubbling over when Colonel Washington did me the honor to dance a minuet with me. I held my head high and courted with the utmost dignity, but I could not altogether hide my pleasure. I fear he thought me but a foolish maid, yet when he kissed my hand he asked me for a souvenir, and gave in return for my faded rose the ribbon from his sword hilt.

"Charles did pretend himself much angered and thought to quarrel with me; but 'twas two to make a quarrel, and I would none of it. Will I ever be so happy again? Farewell my beautiful Christmas. Farewell! Farewell!"

I read no further. From out the past a message reached a heart sick with longing, a heart that had filled with happiness, that had given place to a surging, jealous rage. I had left the gay crowd, unheeding of my lover's explanation of that which needed no explanation. I myself had hung the mistletoe in a place so that none should miss so charming an opportunity. Why, then, should I object to a hasty kiss given to another than myself.

HIGH COST OF POULTRY MAY BE GREATLY REDUCED BY JUDICIOUS USE OF GARBAGE



Chickens Relish Garbage, Which is a Good Egg and Meat Producer.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Fresh garbage, fed as soon as possible after it is discarded from the tables of consumers, provides an excellent feed for poultry. Used judiciously, it will reduce the cost of egg and meat production from 25 to 30 per cent.

Cleanliness and sanitation in the preparation, handling and feeding of garbage are essential, as sour or tainted garbage is particularly objectionable to chickens, because any fermentation induces digestive disorders and profuse diarrhea. Apparently the nutritive value of garbage as a poultry food comes from the fact that it provides a diversified ration which satisfies all the needs and requirements of the flock. It is a big scale replica of the small feeding operations of the backyard poultry raiser who maintains his birds chiefly on table scraps and leftovers from the family board. Although the character of garbage varies during the year, due to the fact that more succulent vegetables and fruits are used during the summer, the refuse is always a valuable substitute for costly grains and concentrates in the diet.

Subject Garbage to Careful Selection.
Some poultrymen have experienced unsatisfactory results in the use of garbage because they did not practice careful selection. It cannot be expected that the hens will thrive on feed which is contaminated with broken glass, scraps of tin, phonograph needles, and the like, and it is only the owner who will pick over the garbage and eliminate the objectionable foreign matter that will realize profitable and dependable results from its use. The best plan is to try to get the housewife to keep such undesirable material from going into the garbage. Specialists of the United States department of agriculture recommend running the garbage through a meat or vegetable chopper and mixing it with a little of the moist mash before it is placed before the fowls. The amount which is fed will entirely depend on the size of the flock, it being usually advisable to provide as much refuse as the birds will clean up with a relish in the course of an hour. Any feed which the fowls reject should be removed from the troughs, feeding pens or yards as soon as possible thereafter. Otherwise it sours and contaminates the premises and, subsequently, if the fowls peck at it during a period when they are hungry, it invariably causes digestive trouble.

Where garbage is fed, it is always essential to supply a light ration of grain twice daily, as well as to have a dry mash available in hoppers before the flock all the time. Generally, table scraps are rich in protein, although where the garbage is deficient in this ingredient, it is practical to supplement the mash with about 5 per cent of meat meal.

Cold Weather Facilitates Garbage Feeding.
Generally speaking, there is less danger from feeding garbage in the winter than during the summer, as the cold weather prevents rapid decomposition and fermentation of the refuse. Often the suburban flock owner may secure the garbage of neighboring families who do not keep chickens. This source of feed may be so plentiful that he can expand his poultry operations and afford to pay a small amount for the table refuse. Where many uneaten potatoes are present in the garbage, it is usually a good plan to separate them and to cook them before feeding to the fowls. Otherwise these are not well utilized and often induce digestive trouble.

Experiments in feeding garbage at the government experimental farm at Beltsville, Md., indicate that 30 hens will use about three quarts of garbage daily to advantage. In addition, keep a dry mash consisting of three parts by weight of cornmeal, one part of bran, one part of middlings, 5 per cent of meat scraps before the hens all of the time. The experiments proved conclusively that where fresh garbage is properly fed a beautiful egg yield results, while economical and rapid meat production is also engendered by the judicious use of garbage in the ration. Ordinarily it is advisable where garbage is plentiful to mix enough supplementary mash with the garbage to give the mixture a good consistency. In case the table scraps contain much fruit and vegetable peelings, it is essential to add more mash, while if the garbage is made up chiefly of potato peelings, bread, meat and

the like, less mash is necessary. Special precautions should be exercised to free the garbage from soapy water or excess liquid, this being commonly accomplished by dipping off and feeding the top of the garbage and allowing the excess liquid to remain in the container.

Feeds Garbage Freely.
One Southern poultryman who handles about 1,000 fowls reports excellent results from the use of well-selected garbage, which he obtains from a large charitable institution. He hauls the garbage twice a day, and feeds it to the birds about ten o'clock in the morning and again during the middle of the afternoon, so that the table scraps are fed fresh, only two or three hours after they are discarded from the kitchen. This poultryman feeds the garbage on the grass of the range in such quantity that the fowls clean up all the refuse. The successful results obtained by this chicken fancier are due largely to the well-selected and thoroughly fresh garbage which is fed. He reports excellent results not only from the feeding of garbage to fattening cockerels and old hens, but also to its use for laying hens and pullets. Even a small number of turkeys which are maintained on this farm are always attentively on the watch for the garbage wagon. The gobblers relish table scraps keenly and desert tender grasshoppers and nutritious chestnuts as readily as the chickens scamper from succulent alfalfa and well-filled hoppers of mash when the garbage is spread out on the ground.

FARMERS' EXCHANGES DISTRIBUTE STOCK

System of Clearing Houses Developed in State of Iowa.

Breeders Given Opportunity of Securing Purebred Sires—County Agricultural Agent Renders Valuable Assistance.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
A system of county farmers' exchanges in live stock, feed and seed has been developed in Iowa during the past year, forces of the state agricultural college and of the United States department of agriculture working in co-operation. One of the principal activities of the exchange is in the distribution of purebred live stock. The breeders send a list of the animals they have for sale to the office of the county agricultural agent. He makes up lists of these animals and distributes them throughout the county, frequently advertising in the local papers. If any animals are not disposed of in the county, a list of them is sent to the extension department of the state agricultural college, where lists are made up for the entire state and sent to every county and to adjoining states. In this way many farmers who otherwise would not have the opportunity of locating purebred sires are able to get exactly what they want. Through the exchanges many carloads of purebred stock have been sold to buyers from other states.

POULTRY NOTES

It is estimated that five chickens will yield a pound of feathers.

The Runner duck is not inclined to fatten so readily as other varieties.

Given the same care and feed, purebred fowls make a greater profit than mongrels.

The goose is the great "Christmas bird" and brings best prices around holiday time.

In preparing for winter egg production a supply of succulent green feed should not be overlooked.

Poultry houses need ventilation, plenty of it, but arrangements should be made to prevent draughts.

With turkeys it does not pay to keep too old or too young breeding stock. Never keep more than 12 hens with one male.

A CALL ANSWERED TO DIE WITH MATE

By MARY W. FORD.

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Now this is peculiar," thought Gladys Dorman. "I have traveled over this very trail year after year, and I now am at a loss as to how to proceed from here."

Jack Dorman and his daughter had been coming up to the mountains for some years now, and it was a trip that they both looked forward to very much.

Gladys was only twenty, but a born mountain climber, golf and tennis player. Healthily outdoor sports always appealed to her, and to like over the mountains was her chief hobby. Today she had insisted upon going alone, telling her father that she wanted to do some exploring herself before the season was over, to which he consented rather reluctantly.

After hiking for some hours a heavy mountain fog set in, and the entire mountainside was enveloped in a dark and threatening cloud. It was useless for one to proceed until it passed over, and, as a rule, it would last but a few minutes. But today it lengthened into an hour.

Sitting on a huge rock, Gladys sat there looking at the heavy mist, wondering when the cloud would leave this side of the mountain, when suddenly out of the mist a voice spoke.

"Hello, what have I here?" exclaimed the invisible one, which sounded very much like a masculine voice to Gladys. "Well, I declare—it is a boot!" and a hearty laugh could be heard near Gladys, but the fog was so dense she could not see who it was. Then someone gave Gladys' boot a vigorous pull, and for a moment she thought she was going to slide off the rock.

"Well, whoever you are—kindly stop pulling at my boot," cried Gladys impatiently. Now she wished with all her heart she had let her father or one of the party at the hotel accompany her.

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed the masculine voice again. "It's a girl's boot I was pulling at," and again that hearty laugh rang out, echoing down the mountainside. At that moment the cloud disappeared and the sun was struggling to come out from behind another cloud, and finally succeeded. Then Gladys looked down and almost at her feet was a young man looking up at her in an amused sort of a way, which at the time provoked her, and still he continued staring, a smile playing around his lips, but not a word could be uttered.

"Please don't stare at me in that fashion—you look as though you were a hungry bear and wanted to eat me," and Gladys smiled in spite of herself. It was surely amusing, she thought, and at that moment she made a movement as though about to rise, when the young man jumped up almost instantly and exclaimed: "Oh, I say, please don't go," in a pleading voice. "And I do want to apologize," and again he smiled pleasantly, but a questioning look was in his eyes, and his one thought was: "Would she stay—if only for a few minutes?"

"Well, Mr. Man, seeing that you have recovered your voice and that you are not going to eat me up after all, I'll stay for a few minutes." Then, as though a second thought presented itself: "I'm almost starving for something to eat—what say you?"

"Say, I'm so hungry, little girl, I could almost eat you right now," he cried eagerly.

"Very well then, it's high time for me to be going, when you want to eat me up—but I simply have to eat, and that's all there is to it, so please don't eat me up yet," she smiled.

Gladys spread a hearty lunch on the rock, and while munching away at the delicious sandwiches that she herself had prepared, they talked and laughed between mouthfuls, and soon she learned from him that he, too, like herself, visited the mountains every year, and that he was Fred Anderson, a former well-known coach at Mountford, and a very good friend of her father's. It seemed strange to them both that they had never met, but it was due to the fact that they both were away at school during the fall, and immediately when vacation time set in they both left the city. She also learned that he had just been discharged from the service.

When they arrived at the hotel, Mr. Anderson's eyes nearly stuck out of his head with surprise. "Well, of all things, Ted; when did you get back?" "Got discharged about two months ago, and then beat it for the mountains," and at the same time they both shook hands heartily.

Ted was stopping at a mountain hut, some distance away, but he decided that it was very necessary that he should stay at the same hotel as the Dormans, and needless to say that Gladys and he developed a strong friendship, which later ripened into love.

At sunset one evening shortly before it was time to return to the city, they were sitting on the veranda of the hotel, when suddenly Ted exclaimed: "Gladys, it's strange how we both decided to start off alone on that wonderful 'never-to-be-forgotten' day alone, as I, like yourself, as a rule went along with a party of hikers."

"Well, Ted," she answered demurely, "it's just this way: I was lonesome and longing for—oh, for lots of things, and—"

"I, too, was lonesome, little sweetheart, and we both heard the call of the mountains—I was calling to you little girl, and you answered the call."

Woman Sacrifices Life With Husband Who Was Crippled During the War.

London.—The story of Mary Lawry Pollard, who sacrificed her life in the flames because her husband, Edwin Charles Pollard, a cripple, could not escape, has thrilled London. Both were killed by the fire which destroyed their little home on the wharf at St. Ives. When the flames had been extinguished, the body of Mrs. Pollard was found lying across that of her husband.

Pollard and his wife and two children lived at St. Ives in the happy days before the war. At the outbreak of the conflict, however, he enlisted



She Only Shook Her Head.

and served during the conflict on a trawler, hunting for German mines, until an explosion left him blind and paralyzed. A crippled man, he returned to St. Ives, and rejoined his family. Then there came another child. They lived in a house on the wharf.

One morning smoke was seen issuing from the kitchen and bedroom windows of the house. Pollard's brother ran to give assistance, and saw his sister-in-law at the window of a bedroom. He called to her to jump.

But she only shook her head, threw up her hands and went back into the room. Pollard was not seen at the time. Fortune saved the children, but the flames were not spent until the parents were lifeless.

"Could she have got out through the window when you called to her?" the coroner asked the brother-in-law at the inquest.

"Yes, she could have come out through the window if she had wished," he testified, "at she evidently chose to die with her crippled husband."

TWO BROOKLYN MULES ON JAG

Go on Rampage After Imbibing Vast Quantities of Beer—One a Suicide.

New York.—Two mules that had imbibed vast quantities of beer they found in a keg went on a rampage in Brooklyn, which was ended only when one of the crazed animals committed suicide by plunging through a plate glass window in an undertaker's shop.

The mules were turned out to pasture. There had been a picnic in the field the day before and the party had left a half keg of beer. One of the mules knocked over the keg and the beer ran on the ground. They eagerly licked it up and then the fun started. Several hundred men and boys chased them.

When the mules reached a position opposite an undertaker's shop, one crashed through the window and fell unconscious. It died in a few moments. The other was captured several blocks away. It was returned to pasture.

Placed Dynamite in Ear, Lit Fuse, Awaited Death

The body of sixty-year-old Thomas Gray was found in his little shack at Port Weller, N. Y., he having apparently killed himself by sticking a dynamite cartridge in his right ear, attaching a fuse to it, lighting the fuse and lying down on the floor to wait for the explosion.

The cartridge was found sticking in his head, his head being partly blown off.

He had told fellow workmen that he felt bad and intended to blow himself up. He explained that he used to look after mules, and when they had to be killed the men would put a dynamite cartridge in their ear and attach a fuse to it.

The Yule Log

In former times Englishmen had no trees for Christmas trees. Their houses were heated by means of great open fireplaces, and the blazing home of their substitute, the Yule log, was one of the great festive occasions of the year.

Some people say that the Christmas tree is connected in some way with the ancient Egyptian custom of decorating houses with branches of the date palm at the time of the winter solstice.

The Greeks call Christmas the "Feast of Lights," and that makes us think of the custom of putting lights on the Christmas tree. Ages and ages ago a famous minstrel named Wolfram sang of a custom of his day of going to the thresholds of houses with green branches ornamented with candles to welcome guests whom his people were eager to honor. Perhaps the Christmas tree is just a bigger growth of this beautiful custom.

White Man

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

Author of "Home," "Through Stained Glass," "John Bogardus," Etc.

(Copyright, 1913, by Bobba-Merrill Co.)

ANDREA IS FAST BECOMING RECONCILED TO HER FATE.

Andrea Pellor, handsome daughter of Lord Pellor, impetuous aristocrat, is doomed to marry an illiterate but wealthy middle-aged diamond mine owner. She disconsolately wanders from her hotel in South Africa, and discovers an aviator about to fly from the beach. Impulsively, of course imagining that the trip will be merely a pleasant excursion, she begs to be taken for a flight, although she does not know him. He somewhat unwillingly agrees, and they start. When she realizes her unknown aviator is not going back Andrea in desperation tries to choke him with one of her stockings. He thwarts her and they sail on into the very heart of Africa. Landing in an immense cañon, Andrea finds the natives all bow in worship to her mysterious companion. She is given a slave boy, "Bathub," and the White Man sets about building a hut for her. White Man continues deaf to Andrea's pleadings to be restored to her friends. She goes on a day's hunting trip with White Man and thoroughly enjoys the exciting experience.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

He was dressed as she was, fit for fat, except for the big black bow and the very short skirt; and, like her, his hands were thrust, boy fashion, in the side pockets of his open khaki jacket. As she came close their eyes met and smiled. "I didn't put on the leggings."



"Didn't Put On the Leggings," She Said Shyly.

She said shyly. It was as though in changing back to ways and clothes like those of childhood she had suddenly rid herself of the hardening years between.

"You were right," said the man. "They're for the brush and when mosquitoes are bad."

Her face lit with pleasure. "You'll let me go into the brush?"

"Never alone," he answered quickly. "But you may go with me whenever and wherever you like."

"And may I still call you just White Man? Somehow it seems impertinent now."

"Don't tease me," said the man lightly and then his face fell. "Don't make me feel old."

"Old!" cried Andrea. "Who could be old tonight? Why, White Man, we're—we're kids."

He laughed in his sudden relief. "So we are. So we shall be."

"Excuse me," said Andrea solemnly. "Did I hear you laugh?"

At that he laughed again, not uproariously, but as though his slow smile had become vocal for the occasion. Andrea nodded in a pleased way as if she were congratulating herself on guessing aright; it was a laugh. When the liqueurs and the coffee came she started chafing a pellet of bread around an empty plate with a straight, small finger. "You fix one," she said, "and we'll have a race."

The man watched her indulgently, but absent-mindedly. Presently he filled two glasses. "My dear Andrea Pellor," he said gravely, "let us drink to all the hearts in the world tonight that are happy and unafraid."

She stood up to the toast, and after it they sat in a long silence. It was Andrea that broke it. "You know, White Man, I'm a woman."

"Of course you are," he said quickly, a wary look coming into his eyes.

"Yes," said Andrea. "So of course, too, I'm curious."

He gave the deep sigh of relief of one who finds that the ice is quite thick, after all. "Specify, please."

"Well," said Andrea. "It's that trunk. I've puzzled and puzzled, but I can't make out quite how that trunk happened."

"And no wonder," said M'sungu. "It's simple enough, however, to the naïf mind. Let me help you. When I came out eight months ago my sister was with me—just about your size, just about your age. That trunk was meant for her and had been sent ahead with my kit. She never needed it." He paused and added, "I lost her at Cape Town."

"Oh!" cried Andrea, too-ready tears springing to her eyes.

"Yes," he continued calmly. "It was pretty bad. She married a cub of a naval officer and is traipsing around the world on the chance of finding the right port and landing with him once." Andrea's hand went to her breast and stayed there as though to imprison her fluttering heart. "White Man," she said, "please don't do that to me again—ever. You see, I've always been silly about things that hurt."

"Forgive me," he said. "I was thoughtless."

"Careless, perhaps; thoughtless, never," said Andrea, smiling once more. "Well," she went on, clasping her hands and throwing her head back, "I'm for your sister. The woman that could make up that trunk is a genius."

"She would be," remarked the man enigmatically.

Andrea paused in her thoughts; then came wide awake and looked at him narrowly.

"White Man, didn't a woman make up that trunk?"

"No, there are few women living that could. Think it out. That trunk was all bone, muscle and sinew—with an after-dinner cigarette at the bottom. Why, the last time I saw Maisie she had two small moving vans and a wicker house she thought she was going to bring with her. I'd fixed it with a quartermaster to drop the lot overboard in the night and at the last moment. She never even heard of this trunk."

During his long speech the color had been rising in Andrea's cheeks. "I don't think I like you as much as I did," she said slowly. "Somehow you were getting too good to be true. You bought and packed all those things yourself."

He met her gaze steadily. "Don't," he whispered, "don't let's be old."

"All right," said Andrea with a quick shrug of one shoulder. "But you've known lots of women, haven't you?"

"You exaggerate," he answered, smiling. "I've met lots of women."

"Pshaw!" said Andrea. "That's another old crock of a shibboleth. Some men know lots about women—a jolly sight too much."

"That's different from knowing women," said M'sungu quietly. "It's no shibboleth, that old belief. Woman, to man, is an eternal voyage of discovery—a land of valleys and peaks, of lights and shadows, of storm and aching peace. Continents and oceans are lost in her untravelled heart, and when she throws wide her arms, the way is open to Heaven and Hell."

"I'm going to bed," murmured Andrea, and stole away.

It was just as well for Andrea that she had gone early to bed, for at five o'clock of the next morning a rock was hurled at her door that almost burst it in.

"Didn't that get her?" yelled M'sungu's voice from half across the kranl.

"No, Master," answered Bathub. "Missis sleep plenty hard, same like pickanias."

She slipped on her bathrobe, opened the door and put her head. "Were you calling me?" she asked with early morning dignity.

"Not exactly," answered the white man in the same tone. "Breakfast in twenty minutes; both when you come home." He turned to give orders to a group of his captains.

Andrea was instantly thrilled to the new adventure. She called to Bathub to bring her washstand and water and rubbed one bare foot against the other in impatience until he was out of the way; then she dressed feverishly and ran out.

In ten minutes they had breakfasted; in five more they were off. A long line of blacks preceded them, behind came M'sungu's gunbearer, water boys, Bathub, a carrier or two, and an ancient donkey half hidden under an enormous cowboy saddle.

"What a funny looking old donkey!" remarked Andrea. "What's he for?"

"For you, when you get tired," answered M'sungu.

"Really! For me?" said Andrea.

"What's his name?"

M'sungu threw back his head and laughed softly. "Why," he said, "I never thought I'd have to tell any one when I named him. We call him Marguerite. I named him after a friend of mine."

"Was she as ugly as all that?"

"Oh, no. She's about the prettiest woman I ever knew, but she was just like him inside. Try to head him off some time."

"The best way to head off a woman," mused Andrea, "is to marry her."

"That's so," agreed M'sungu promptly, "but friendship has limits."

"They were necessarily walking in single file on the narrow path and Andrea was behind him. She looked quizzically at his back and wished she could see his face instead. But her attention was soon drawn to other things. They had come to the fringe of the forest. Spaced from two to three hundred yards apart and set well out from the shadow of the trees were mysterious piles of something or other that shone straw-gold under the morning sun.

At the first of the heaps M'sungu stopped. "This," he said, kicking at the silky coils, "is the greatest substitute for hemp and sisal that the world has yet produced. The war has made it worth—well, not quite its weight in gold, unless you measure it by sheer profits on the cost of production. It is nothing but the bark of the temba trees which make up the bulk of all the forests in this region, prepared by hand on a process of tanning."

Andrea looked at the endless piles of fiber, tons and tons of it, stretching away like the posts in a prairie fence. "And you say this is a secret?" she asked incredulously.

"He smiled. "It is so far," he answered. "But if you knew all the facts you wouldn't find it so wonderful. In the first place this spot is cut off on nearly all sides by waterless wilderness. In the only direction that isn't true, which is straight down the river, there is a wild zone that in four hundred years has never been pacified by the European dominance of the province. These un subdued tribes have been my friends in times past and are my allies today. No white man but myself, has ever crossed their boundaries and lived; consequently they can tell no tales to my harm. Do you begin to see?"

Andrea nodded.

"Then at the coast," he continued, "just within the mouth of the river, I have a blind in the way of a sisal plantation. That gives the excuse for a steamer with machinery, say, to come in without arousing suspicion."

"So you are a profiteer on the way to making a war fortune," commented Andrea.

He flushed more deeply than she had yet seen him. "If you stay here long enough," he said stoutly, "you may understand."

He turned from her and plunged at right angles into the forest. She followed him into the chill air under the great trees. All too soon Andrea came out with him into a wide clearing which, simultaneously with their arrival, began to ring to the blows of many axes. Through all its length it swarmed with blacks at work; some felling trees, some stripping them of bark, others gathering it, and still others stacking the bared wood and cleaning up the general litter according to the most approved rules of modern forestry.

They walked up the wide swath of the clearing slowly, with many stops on the part of M'sungu to encourage, direct or criticize. They passed beyond the ringing of the axes into a region pungent with the smell of burning greenwood. Along one side, the side away from the fringe of the forest, was a long line of smoke spirals.

He waved at them. "D'you see what they're doing? Our axes run out, so here we're felling in the old native way with a ring of fire at the foot of each downed tree."

By eight o'clock the sun was at its full strength and Andrea was thankful indeed for her pith helmet; by ten she

was thinking that noon-time would never come. M'sungu was too engrossed with his work to notice her. She kept on riding her nerve, until she felt that in another moment she must topple over; then she laid a quivering hand on his arm. He turned quickly, looked at her face gone white in spite of the heat and cursed himself aloud. He led her through the fringe of the forest to the deep shade at its open edge, made her lie down and showed her that a helmet, right side up on the ground, makes an excellent pillow.

"I'm off. Promise you won't be lonely for it will be hours before I get back."

Andrea's lower lip trembled. "Aren't you coming for lunch?"

He looked down at her and shook his head. "There may come days of picnics, youngster, but they're a long way off."

"Please come back," she insisted.

He met her eyes with a hardened gaze. "There's not a woman living," he said slowly, "that will let a man work when she's around—if she can help it."

"You're thinking of people in love," said Andrea to start an argument and gain time.

"Of course I was," said the man on the instant. "Can't you let me work?"

"Best," said Andrea and rolled over on her side, one moist hand for a pillow in place of the hard helmet. She did not watch him go, she did not see Bathub and another boy arrive with tub, chair and lunch basket, all in a single small load, for before it happened she was far away in the land of Nod. When she awoke she was sorry for awake the hot hours passed on laggard feet. At midday she ate; then she tried to read, but by four in the afternoon she was desperate for something to do. She determined to sleep again, and just as she was dozing off a whisper came to her—one of those carefully measured whispers that reach the intended ear and go no farther.

"Missis!"

She turned. "What is it?" she asked.

"Gashly! Missis," breathed Bathub, and the agony in his appeal to her to go slow was so eloquent that she caught the spirit. It is not the meaning of the word.

She raised her head ever so carefully and looked over the plain.

"Oh!" she murmured.

A quarter of a mile away a band of sable were grazing, and in a moment she could tell that they were feeding directly toward her. "Oh!" she breathed again, "oh, you beauties!"

Closer and closer grazed the herd, stepping daintily from tuft to tuft of fodder. Their black and white faces, the sweep of their arching horns, their brown bodies that glistened in the sun as though they had been groomed, their nervous flicking bobbed tails, their incredibly slim legs, combined all the attributes of fascination—beauty, vigor, strength, motion—and filled the eyes of the watchers to overflowing.

In the van of the herd stepped a mighty bull, his tiny hoofs lifting high as though he boasted that his weight was really nothing. Straight toward the forest and Andrea he led his little army until presently she could smell the stable odor of their bodies. Her heart was beating like a trip hammer. She tried to hold her breath. Her bosom rose and fell in a fluttering undulation. The bull looked up and saw her. His horns went back and he squatted, hesitating on the brink of the mighty spring of fright. In his eyes was a gleam unbelievably wicked.

Then the crack of a rifle, the thud of a bullet in flesh, a body hurled into the air by the death-throe and falling in a heap, legs doubled up, neck outstretched, blood gurgling from nostrils and mouth!

Andrea buried her face in her lap, trying to blot out the sight from her eyes, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking. She did not hear the wild cry of Bathub, nor see his crazy gyrations about the prostrate brute, but when the white man spoke her mind leaped to meet the justification in his words, without which she felt she could never have looked upon his face again.

"Stop your crying," he said sharply. "When a sable bull gets as close as that, there's no telling which way he's going to go."

CHAPTER VI.

M'sungu led the march home; the donkey came next, with his nose glued to M'sungu's back and with Andrea in the saddle. Clinging to his tail with both hands, more as a drag-anchor than as a deterrent, came Bathub, and behind him the long rank and file. Andrea was still sniffing a little, but her tear-stained face, like a child's, was already cloudless.

"I think Marguerite is too funny," she said. "He's got his eyes tight shut and he's steering himself by his nose in your shirt. Will you please tell Bathub to let go his tail!"

"Bathub knows his business," replied M'sungu, but, as it happened, even as he spoke, Bathub cast off one

hand to receive a lighted white cheroot, a communal bit of property that had come up the line of personal attendants, six puffs to a "box." He never got a puff, for on feeling less weight behind, Marguerite opened his eyes, looked straight back on both sides of his lean body at once, flattened his ears and broke from the path at a dead run.

The high cantle of the stock saddle saved Andrea from staying just where she started from. She was a horse-woman, horn and bred, consequently even while her amazement was at its height, she wrapped the reins on her arms, drove her toes into the bucket stirrups and straightened her young back into the long, strong and saving pull of calm desperation, for Marguerite was headed straight for the leafy, low-hanging branches of a vast mafa tree.

Yells of delight resounded from every black man in sight with exception of poor Bathub, who had regained his double hand-hold only after having been jerked from his feet, and now dangled along like the proverbial village tin can on the trail of a terrified dog.

Above the din came to Andrea's very busy brain a shout that stood out like a sudden scream in a long nightmare. "Marry him or jump off!" Before she could grasp the deadly import of those words she was hanging like a half-

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What You Will in Suits



"What are they wearing?" in suits has ceased to be as interesting as "What are they showing now?" It has come to pass that women demand a variety of styles and a chance to include individual taste, and manufacturers have fostered these demands by replenishing the retailers' stocks with new developments of the season's modes. The story for winter is about to close and it reveals that we may wear suits having a straight-line silhouette or those with fitted waists, with equal propriety, that reeling styles have grown in popularity and that velvet has made long strides since the beginning of the season. It is in great demand for mid-winter. Except for sport suits the manufacturers will have little more to offer this season, for they are already engrossed with suits for spring and promise more radical departures from the styles of today than for many past seasons. Two suits, distinctly different in type, but each showing an interpreta-

tion of the long coat styles, are shown above. The stately model at the left is made of duretyn and reflects the influence of the redingote besides taking cognizance of the widened hip idea. It is trimmed with rat-tail braid and a few buttons and two very narrow tucks in the coat, above the hem, invite attention to the accuracy of the tailor's art. A further testimony is offered by a front panel that is cut in one with the belt and widens above the waist-line, making a smart diagonal closing at the left side. A muffer collar of saingkin boars out the elegance of this design and probably adds more than a pretty penny to the price of the suit.

Silver-tone fit to be credited with much of the fine style which gives assurance to the wearer of the suit at the right. This fuzzy material with a silver sheen will delight the tourist and as shown here is a model that could not be improved upon for traveling.

One-Piece Frocks for Midwinter



"Obolo is the Market Price for Women."

closed jackknives over a limb of the tree watching Marguerite browse as though nothing had happened, his tail still tightly grasped by a now grinning Bathub.

Ten minutes later the procession was under way again in the order aforementioned with the variation that the reins of the bride were knotted to the back of M'sungu's belt. Andrea, too dazed to protest, pondered over this indignity, but when she finally found her voice she decided to use it for another purpose.

"I think it was horrid of the blacks to yell the way they did," she remarked with suspicious meekness. "Don't you?"

M'sungu seemed relieved. "I certainly do," he answered promptly. "But you'll have to accustom yourself to the fact that obolo is the basic consideration between the black man and all women in the world."

"What do you mean?" asked Andrea, mystified. "What's obolo?"

"In this country," explained M'sungu, "obolo is the market price for women. The best native authorities, however, contend that obolo is not a purchase price but the remuneration to the father for the board, training and general keep of his daughter up to the time of her marriage, and they base their argument on the fact that while women are property they are not chattel, title being nontransferable."

"Can damaged goods be exchanged?" inquired Andrea icily.

Andrea has a thrilling adventure in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Now Eagles Hunt in Pairs, one bird frightening the prey from its hiding place and the other pouncing on it as it tries to escape.

English monarch have reigned an average of 23 years. In Russia the average was only 12.

The one-piece frock has its advantages for the busy woman of today, and now divides honors with the tailored suits in the estimation of the lazier or socially active people. Certain of these one-piece models were launched at the beginning of the season under a new and very adequate name as "all-day dresses." This title describes them and points out their advantages for the woman whose affairs give her little time for making changes of her costume.

The one-piece dress is developed in all the fabrics that are used for suits, and in some that are not often used for suits. In the picture above, a frock of dark blue tricotine demonstrates how effectively this practical material has been worked up into a tailored dress that is charmingly graceful and chic. It is really a masterpiece of designing with a panel down the front from neck to hem, and a new management of the sides of the skirt where big patch pockets are set in. Below them the material in wide plaits simulates a long tunic. The panel at the front avoids being too

plain by means of a tuck set in on a line with the pockets, and above it are pendant silk ornaments. Below the tuck, round-covered buttons are set on with the beautiful accuracy that is the glory of tailored clothes. The waist is bloused back and front, affording a straight-line silhouette. Buttons and pendants embellish the panel in it, and buttons finish off the very long and shapely sleeves. This model has the unusual virtue of looking well on almost any figure.

Satin furnishes the best material for a frock like that at the right. It is simply designed, being a three-tier skirt and a smock with satin-covered buttons and sash by way of adornment.

Julia Bottomley

Ecru Point d'Esprit. A gown of black taffeta is sourced with ecru point d'esprit.

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE
 Ford Axtell, Editor and Prop.
 Entered at the Postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, as second-class matter.
 Published Every TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
 Office, 102 Jackson street
 Address all communications to the Tribune, Chelsea, Michigan.

The Chelsea Tribune is mailed to any address in the United States at \$1.50 the year, 75 cents for six months and 40 cents for three months.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.
 (Official.)

Council Rooms, Chelsea, Mich., December 11, 1919.
 Council met in regular session. Meeting called to order by President P. G. Schaub.
 Roll called by the clerk.
 Present—Trustees Bahnmiller, Dancer, Dunkel and Schoenhals.
 Absent—Trustees Vogel, Holmes.
 Minutes of last meeting read and approved.
 The following bills were read by the clerk:
 General Fund.
 Marshal's salary, Nov 15 to Dec. 1\$ 37.50
 Street Fund.
 Roy Ives, 21 loads gravel... 36.75

W. E. Riemenschneider, 10 loads gravel 16.20
 Fred Winters, 2 days work, 1 load gravel 14.20
 Ed Nordman, 19 loads gravel and work in pit..... 95.00
 Paul Pierce 62 loads gravel and work in pit..... 18.00
 Gil Martin, 60 hours work... 9.00
 P. Gutekunst, 2 weeks and extra labor 26.00

Electric Light Fund.
 Their order No. 24..... 1000.00
 November supplies 276.61
 Enter Vogel.

Motion made by Dunkel and supported by Schoenhals that bills be allowed as read, and orders be drawn for the amounts.
 Yeas—All. Carried.
 Enter Holmes.
 Motion made and carried to adjourn.
 H. W. Freeman, Clerk.

LIMA DOG OWNERS.
 All dog taxes must be paid on or before January 10, 1920. Oscar Lindauer, Treasurer. 24c

Do You Enjoy Your Meals?
 If you do not enjoy your meals your digestion is faulty. Eat moderately, especially of meats, masticate your food thoroughly. Let five hours elapse between meals and take one of Chamberlain's tablets immediately after supper and you will soon find your meals to be a real pleasure. Adv.

LOCAL BREVITIES
 Our Phone No. 190-W

Shop a little earlier this year! Mrs. L. G. Palmer was in Detroit, Tuesday.

George Webster spent Sunday in Battle Creek.

Holden Morgan of Detroit visited Louis Burg, Wednesday.

Walter Gospihl of Ypsilanti was a Chelsea visitor Wednesday.

The S. P. I. will meet Monday evening with Miss Catherine Hoffman.

Miss Marion McArthur of Jackson visited Chelsea friends over the weekend.

Mrs. Minnie Hosaek of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bowen, Tuesday.

Orson Burdeen of Jackson visited his sister, Mrs. Ray Aldrich, over the weekend.

Mrs. D. C. Heeson and son of Carrollton, Illinois, are visiting Mrs. William Rheinfrank.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Umstead are the parents of a daughter, born Tuesday, December 9, 1919.

Hiram Barrus of Jackson has been visiting Chelsea friends and doing a little hunting for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy McNamara of Detroit visited his mother, Mrs. Ella McNamara, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ruen and son, of Detroit, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McGuiness.

Mr. and Mrs. John Upson and family of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wade, over the weekend.

Miss Lura Schoenhals was the guest of honor at a shower at the home of Miss Alma Widmayer, Monday evening.

Mrs. H. G. Spiegelberg entertained several little friends of her daughter, Miss Enid, last evening, at a birthday party.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Guerin left yesterday for Albion to spend some time at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Chris Bauer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur McLaren, formerly of Lima, are now settling in their new home, 1015 Packard street, Ann Arbor.

Mrs. H. B. Hoover of Eunice, La., is visiting her niece, Mrs. Ray Aldrich, and expects to remain until after the holidays.

Mrs. William Campbell broke her left arm near the wrist, Wednesday, in Leslie, where she had gone on business for the L. O. T. M.

The board of managers of the Methodist Old People's home is being entertained here today. M. S. Rice of the North Woodward Avenue M. E. church of Detroit is the speaker of the day.

Chelsea business places now open at 9 a. m. and close at 6 p. m., with few exceptions, as published in the council proceedings elsewhere in this issue, on account of the fuel restrictions.

The fire department was called to 128 1/2 Jackson street about 7:30 o'clock Wednesday morning. The fire was in the roof on the east side of the building, but was quickly quenched with the chemical equipment.

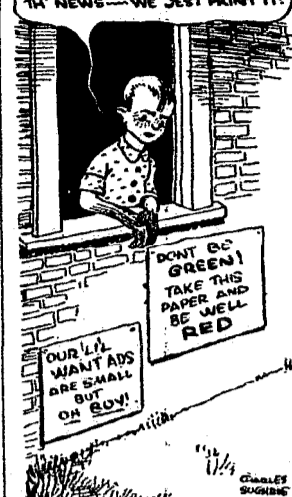
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Baird have sold their farm in Dexter township to parties from Ohio, and have purchased the J. L. Sibley farm of 50 acres, just north of Chelsea, where they will make their home after repairing and improving the residence and other buildings.

A leaky boiler flue put the municipal electric light and power plant out of commission for about 45 minutes Wednesday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, until another boiler could be fired up—pretty quick work, we'd say, in getting up steam in a cold boiler.

They say that one resident of McKinley street is very particular about keeping his sidewalk cleaned of snow this winter. Last summer the walk was in bad repair and the McKinley-ite is alleged to have said he'd never clean the snow off from it again until it was repaired. The village had the walk fixed and now it's the snow shovel for that same McKinley street resident.

Twenty-five members of Lafayette grange surprised Mr. and Mrs. Mason Whipple of Lima, Tuesday, the event being planned in honor of their 28th wedding anniversary. Progressive pedro furnished pleasant entertainment, Mrs. Herman E. Fletcher winning the first prize, while Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt and Mrs. Alber divided the consolation prize. Following a fine lunch, served by the Misses Whipple, O. C. Burkhardt, in behalf of the company, presented Mr. and Mrs. Whipple with a pair of woolen blankets.

MICKIE SAYS



REBEKAH LODGE OFFICERS.

The Rebekahs have elected officers as follows: N. G. Eleanor Schlosser; V. G. Hannah Hall; R. S. Aurleit Lehman; F. S. Mina Wiseman; Treasurer, Margaret Moore.

SHARON BRIEFS.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lemm of Grass Lake spent Sunday in North Sharon vicinity.

Mrs. W. D. Alber has returned from an extended visit with relatives in Howell.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ordway and daughter Lena and Mrs. R. Cooke spent Monday in Chelsea.

Mrs. Amy Irwin, who is spending the winter in Grass Lake, visited in North Sharon over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lehman spent the latter part of the week at the home of their son Fred, in Manchester.

Mrs. Amos Curtis spent the last of the week in Jackson, where she visited her brother, B. O'Neil and family.

Miss Mayme Reno returned home the first of the week after spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Everett Lyon, who is ill.

The Washburne community club building is finished and on Friday evening, December 19, it will be dedicated. I. R. Waterbury, editor of the Michigan Farmer will be the speaker of the evening. The building is 34 x 75 feet with an annex 24x30 feet, containing a reading room, card and game room, toilet rooms, etc. The main hall has a seating capacity for nearly 1,000. It will be well heated.

The grange met with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bahnmiller and elected the following officers: W. M. Charles Moser; overseer, Mahlon Ellis; lecturer, Franz Heselchwerdt; steward, Oscar Bahnmiller; assistant steward, W. D. Alber; chaplain, H. P. Lehman; treasurer, Reuben Heselchwerdt; secretary, Mrs. Frank Ellis; gate keeper, Ray Heselchwerdt; Caree, Matie Bahnmiller; Pomona, Hazel Heselchwerdt; Flora, Mrs. W. D. Alber; lady assistant steward, Iva Wolff.

Tribune "liner" ads; five cents the line first insertion, 2 1/2 cents the line each subsequent insertion.

LIMA TAXPAYERS.

I will be at the Lima town hall every Friday during the month of December; at the Dexter Savings bank on Saturday, December 27th, and at the Farmers & Merchants bank, Chelsea, on Saturday, January 3d, to receive Lima township taxes. Oscar Lindauer, Township Treasurer. 2512

Chamberlain's Tablets.

These tablets are intended especially for indigestion and constipation. They tone up the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. They act gently on the liver and bowels, thereby restoring the stomach and bowels to a healthy condition. When you feel dull, stupid and constipated give them a trial. You are certain to be pleased with their effect. Adv.

Chancery Notice.

State of Michigan. In the circuit court for the County of Washtenaw in Chancery. John W. Oldenburg and Mabel Oldenburg, Plaintiffs, vs. Timothy Lyon, Thomas I. Wheeler, Marcus Lane, Rhoda Walker, Rhoda Gardner, Jeremiah Scott and William S. Warner, and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Defendants.
 Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery, on this 8th day of December, 1919, it appearing to me the subscriber, Circuit Judge of the 22nd Judicial Circuit and of the County of Washtenaw therein, from the allegations contained in the sworn bill of complaint filed in the above entitled cause and from the affidavit annexed thereto, that said plaintiffs do not know and have been unable after diligent search and inquiry to ascertain the names of the persons who are included as defendants therein without being named and that it cannot be ascertained in what state or country the said defendants Timothy Lyon, Thomas I. Wheeler, Marcus Lane, Rhoda Walker, Rhoda Gardner, Jeremiah Scott and William S. Warner reside, and their unknown heirs, devisees and legatees, therefore, on motion of Cavanaugh & Burke, attorneys for the plaintiffs, it is ordered that the above named defendants and their each of their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, cause their and each of their appearance to be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order, and in case of their appearance they cause their answer to the said bill of complaint to be filed and copy thereof to be served on the attorneys for the plaintiffs within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill of complaint, and a notice of this order and that in default thereof said bill of complaint be taken as confessed by each and all of said defendants and also that within forty days from the date of this order plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be published in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county of Washtenaw and that such publication be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that plaintiffs cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants and each of them at least twenty days before the time prescribed for their appearance.
 George W. Sample,
 Circuit Judge.
 Cavanaugh & Burke, Attorneys for Plaintiffs. Business address: Ann Arbor Savings Bank Block, Ann Arbor, Michigan.
 Notice—The foregoing suit involves the title of lands described as the east half of the southeast quarter of section eight, and also twenty-nine acres off the north end of the east half of the northeast quarter of section seventeen, all in township one south range seven east containing one hundred and nine acres more or less.
 Cavanaugh & Burke,
 Attorneys for Plaintiffs.
 Business address: Ann Arbor, Mich. Dec. 12-19-23. Jan. 2-9-16.

PRINCESS THEATRE

Open every night except Monday and Friday, starting each night at 6:30. Second show at 8:00.

Saturday, December 13
 GEORGE WALSH
 in
 "Help! Help! Police!"

Sunday, December 14
 MITCHELL LEWIS
 in
 "Faith of the Strong"

Tuesday, December 16
 HARRY CAREY
 in
 "Riders of Vengeance"

Wednesday, December 17
 DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
 in
 "Arizona"

Thursday, December 18
 EARL WILLIAMS
 in
 "The Hornet's Nest"

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY
 December 13th
 Best Matches, five boxes for - 24c
 Koko Brand Nut Oleo per pound - 30c
 Swift's Clover Leaf Bacon per lb. - 33c
 Chef Brand Mince Meat, 2 pkgs. - 25c
 White House Coffee per pound - 48c
 A good Tea, 1-2 pound for - 20c
 Men's Shoes and Rubbers—See us before you buy
KEUSCH & FAHRNER
 —The Pure Food Store—

A GIFT SUGGESTION
 Most things can be anybody's gift—your portrait is distinctively, exclusively YOURS.
 Make that Appointment Today!
 Op. hours, 9:30 to 2 p. m.
The McManus Studio

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS
The Store of the Xmas Spirit
 That Will Inspire Many a Santa Claus
 Preparations For a Bustling, Busy Time. Make no plans for tomorrow, but come right down.
 We are offering our holiday patrons the advantages that come from the happy combination of a superior stock, and get better results than ever before.
 Presents to please. You will find your wants anticipated. Our stock not only includes merchandise and novelties, but we carry a full line of Candies, Fruits and Nuts, Baked Goods. Plenty of good things to eat.
 Please consider this a personal invitation to call and inspect our extensive line at—
GALLAGHER'S BAZAAR

-CASH GROCERY-
 We have a few Raisins
 We have a limited amount of Sugar
 Surpassing Sauer Kraut, the best 15c
 Alaska Red Salmon 35c
 Snow Cap Pitchards, the best canned Fish in Chelsea, 25c
 Crisco, Lard, Cotosuet
JOHN FARRELL
 "Walk Around the Corner and Save a Nickel"

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY
 11—SUPERB MUSICIANS—11
 In Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor,
MONDAY, DECEMBER FIFTEENTH, EIGHT P. M.
 Piano, 1st and 2d Violins, Viola, 'Cello, Double Bass, Flute, Clarinet, Oboe, Bassoon, and French Horn.
 A Serious, Very Fine and Beautiful Program:
 Quintet in F flat major, (Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, French Horn, Bassoon).....Beethoven
 Quintet in B minor, (Clarinet, Violins, Viola, 'Cello).....Brahms
 Trio, "Five Impressions of a Holiday" (Piano, Flute, 'Cello).....Gossens
 Sinfonia da Camera (all eleven instruments).....Wolf-Ferrari
 Tickets, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, for the course including concerts by Mischa Levitzki (Jan. 23); Carolina Lazzari (Feb. 28); and Trio de Lutece, Flute, Harp and 'Cello (Mar. 30), \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 on sale at the University School of Music, Ann Arbor.
 Special—Interurban Cars for Chelsea Patrons—Special

Can You Beat This?
 Pipeless Furnace installed in your home and all ready to kindle the fire for only **\$125.00**
 Call phone 66-W for particulars, or see—
UPDIKE & MURPHY
 N. Main St. Chelsea, Mich.

Collars to Fit and Suit Every Neck
 WE ask you to buy your collars to please us because we guarantee to please you. We carry on hand all the usually worn sizes and styles.
 We also keep right up to the minute on latest wrinkles in collars. We expect to win your patronage because we can entirely satisfy you in fit and style.
HERMAN J. DANCER

Liberty : Cafe
 THE PLACE TO GET A REAL CUP OF COFFEE WHEN YOU ARE COLD—A HOT LUNCH OR MEAL WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY!
 We also have a fine line of Christmas tobaccos for your Gentlemen friends and an absolutely fresh stock of Christmas confections for your Lady friends. These are not luxuries at this particular season and they require only a small investment.
 If we can interest you don't fail to drop in and get acquainted. We enjoy your patronage and we try to please.
WM. G. KOLB, Proprietor

Attention Oddfellows and Rebekah's
 progressive pedro party at Oddfellows hall, Monday evening, December 15. Come and bring a friend.
\$100 Reward, \$100
 The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's catarrh medicine that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
 Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Adv.