

CASS CITY CHRONICLE.

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WANTS TO LOCATE CANNING FACTORY HERE

MAN OF EXPERIENCE WOULD
LIKE TO "GET INTO GAME"
FOR HIMSELF.

An inquiry was received recently from a gentleman who is at present manager of a canning factory in another part of the state and is desirous of "entering the game for himself." He would like to get in touch with Cass City citizens with a view of locating such an industry here.

Dr. M. M. Wickware, on a recent visit to Scottville, noted the apparent prosperity of that village and was informed that the new buildings erected in the past few years and the improved streets of that town were due in large measure to the canning factory and the benefits received by employes and the farming community in its operation.

Since the inquiry has been received as to Cass City's desire to consider a proposition for a like factory, Dr. Wickware has written to friends in Scottville from whom he learned that the Scottville factory site contains six acres; that 1,000 acres of peas, 1,800 acres of corn, 500 acres of lima beans and 50 acres of string beans were pledged the first year; that the factory ran for a period of six months, from June to November; that the average number of hands employed in the factory was 250, one-third of these being women and the remainder men and boys. The company does not employ any labor to harvest the farm products necessary for the factory's operation.

P. S. McGregory, some time ago, visited Yale and found that the benefits from the factory operated by a stock company in that place were numerous, not only providing a good market for farm products, but furnishing employment to a large force of employes for several months during the year. Mr. McGregory believes such an institution would be a very good thing for Cass City.

Here's an opportunity for Cass City to get busy and if the gentleman making the inquiry has a proposition that is feasible, it should be pushed.

MASONS ELECT OFFICERS

Installation Ceremonies Will Be Held
Monday Evening, Dec. 27.

At the regular meeting of Tyler Lodge held Saturday evening, Dec. 18, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. M., Richard Bayley; S. W., Arthur Flynn; J. W., Meredith B. Auten; Treas., E. H. Pinney; Sec., I. A. Fritz; S. D., Elias McKim; J. D., George W. West; Stewards, Wm. G. Hurley and Neil R. Kennedy; Tyler, N. Gable.

At the next regular meeting on Monday evening, Dec. 27, there will be installation of officers and the presentation of life membership certificates to four brothers who have been Master Masons for more than 40 years. There will also be some degree work and something to eat. A full house is expected.

PAINT KILLS VALUABLE COWS.

Wm. Bland of Argyle lost two valuable cows last week from poisoning. In the stable where the cows were housed were several cans of paint. The animals licked up some of the pigment and were taken violently ill and later died from poisoning. The cows were worth \$160.

HEY TRUANT OFFICER.

Former school commissioner C. F. Hey of Bad Axe was last week appointed county truant officer of Huron county to succeed the late Jas. Rowe, by Commissioner Sparling.

Watch for the announcement of my big annual sale in next week's Chronicle. L. H. Wood. 12-24-1.

House to rent. J. N. Dorman. 12-24-2.

I will be in Cass City every Saturday to take orders for fence wire and gates to be delivered in the spring. J. S. Parrott. 12-24-1.

FINE NEW CHURCH.

Brown City dedicated a new \$12,000 Methodist Episcopal church Sunday, December 19. It is a modern structure built of pressed brick, hollow tile and concrete. It has a seating capacity of fully 450 people, modern classrooms, a full and commodious basement and is equipped with furnaces, toilet and water connections and is lighted with the indirect system of electric lights.

INSTALL KAUSTINE SYSTEM

Indoor Toilet Rooms Being Equipped
at Local Schools.

The Kaustine Co. of Buffalo is installing a series of chemical closets in the Cass City schools. The work was commenced Monday and will be completed within three weeks. They are being installed in the basement toilet rooms fitted for this purpose during the past year.

The board of education had under consideration for several months the installation of both an individual and a range system of water flushing closets, but the state board of health has such strict regulations regarding the disposal of sewage that the installation of either system was deemed impracticable and impossible under prevailing conditions.

Both the state board of education and the state board of health approved of the plans for the installation of the Kaustine systems in the local schools, and as it seems especially adapted for schools located in unsewered districts, the local board of education finally concluded that its installation would be wise. The public school outdoor closet has long been recognized as detrimental to the morals and health of the district and the removal of this evil will be welcomed by patrons of the local school.

XMAS TREES FOR THE BIRDS

Proposed by National Association of
Audubon Societies.

A Christmas tree for the birds is proposed to the children of America by the National Association of Audubon Societies. T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary, who is back of the idea, says the society hopes the holiday spirit will result in a special effort to attract song birds about American homes and to keep the birds from starving. American children, he declares, have opportunity to save the lives of thousands of song birds this winter.

"Birds forage bravely for themselves during the temperate seasons," says Mr. Pearson, "but in severe and ice-bound weather they fall in great numbers from weakness brought about by hunger. Another cause of great fatality among birds is that a snow crust forms over them when they burrow to find shelter from the biting wind and they cannot break out again.

"The birds' Christmas tree need not be of the regular variety. Any kind of branch which can be attached outside a window and to which food can be fastened will serve to attract the feathered songsters who will continue the singing of Christmas carols throughout the winter in exchange for a few cents worth of suet."

Suet, obtained at any meat shop, is said to be the best food to place on the tree, for while it provides the birds with the heat and energy they need, they are still obliged to hunt constantly for insect food to secure their daily allowance of protein or muscle-forming material. In this quest they clear the hibernating insects and insects' eggs from trees and shrubs. Small pieces of suet should be wound on the limb or its twigs, the bird experts say, so that no one piece is within a foot of any other. If this direction is observed, they say, there will be little quarreling, several birds having often been seen feeding at once at the same window.

Mr. Pearson will tell any boy or girl who writes him how to attract winter birds about the home.
T. GILBERT PEARSON,
Secretary Audubon Society,
New York City, N. Y.

For Sale.
Breeding pen of Indian Runner Ducks, good layers. G. W. Landon. 12-24-

The Chronicle, one year, \$1.00.

GRAMTON OPPOSED TO PREPAREDNESS

LAPEER CONGRESSMAN ONLY
ONE OF MICHIGAN DELEGA-
TION AGAINST PLANS.

Probably the only man on the Michigan delegation in congress who will consistently oppose either the administration's program of preparedness or any other similar program is Congressman Louis N. Cramton of Lapeer. A son of a Civil war veteran who fought for four years with Custer's cavalry, Mr. Cramton is opposed to militarism in any form. He compares an armed nation to a porcupine, whose only use is found in its quill after the animal is dead.

"Between sixty and seventy per cent of all government expenses at present are for war purposes, for the army, navy or pensions. I think this percentage is high enough," says Mr. Cramton. "I am against the proposal to put the country on a war footing. I am opposed to a big navy and a big army on the ground that they impose enormous burdens on the people, make impossible national development in other lines and increase the danger of war.

"As to the administration program of preparedness as outlined in the president's message, I am opposed to that because it means the expenditure of several hundred millions of dollars which must be raised by direct taxes. It puts a heavy burden upon the country, places us in the class with those nations which believe that national salvation depends on militarism, and for the first time gives a foothold on this continent to that doctrine of preparedness which is today a proved failure in Europe.

"While the president's program has all these disadvantages, it does not go far enough to make us any safer from foreign aggression than we have been heretofore. We are seeking to placate the demand, more or less prevalent in this country, for a navy second to none, it being the theory of preparedness advocates that we are not safe without such a navy. According to the last navy year book we were at the time of its publication thirty-five battleships and battle cruisers behind Great Britain, and Great Britain has since that time been building ships faster than warships have destroyed them.

"The president urges us to catch up by building sixteen battleships and battle cruisers in the next five years. It is easy to see that at the end of that time we will be farther behind than we are now in the race for naval supremacy. In the meantime we will have ground the people with taxation, denied proper projects of national development the encouragement due them, set an example of militarism to all countries of America and increased in the minds of all nations of the world their distrust of the benevolence and altruism of our national policies."

GONE TO HIS REWARD

Richard Duggan Died Nov. 18 at Ed-
monton, Alta.

Richard Duggan, a former resident of Cass City, but late of Edmonton, Alberta, died on Nov. 18 at the age of 70 years. Mr. Duggan had been in poor health for years, but died suddenly of asthma and heart trouble.

He had been a consistent member of the M. E. church of this place for a great many years, bringing his church letter with him from Canada in 1880. He leaves a brother and one son in Alberta to mourn his loss. A good man has gone to his reward.

For Sale—on nine months' time, 9 year old, 1400 lb. mare. James McKenzie, City. 12-24-1

For Sale.
Holstein bull, 18 months old, wt. 900 to 1000 lbs. Reason for selling, quitting the Holsteins. This bull is of too good a strain to butcher. Phone 162—4R. W. C. Fleming. 12-24-1f

For Sale.
Good Holstein cow coming 4 yrs. old, due in Feb. G. Landon. 12-24-

Lots of boys' and girls' 25c books at Treadgold's.

WHAT WE READ 25 YEARS AGO

OLD FILES OF CASS CITY EN-
TERPRISE REPRINTED FOR
PRESENT-DAY READERS.

Dec. 26, 1890.

A baby boy at Hugh Kinnaird's. Master Hugh Walters is now the apprentice in this office.

Albert Striffler succeeded in killing another wild cat last week.

The band is getting more venturesome than ever. They played a few pieces on Main street Monday night.

Allen McDermott, who has been teaching school near Port Austin, is home enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

John Quirk burnt a kiln of lime last week and it was found to be of much better quality than the common stone lime.

Ephraim Knight, of this township, from sixty-five hens, has sold four hundred sixty-five dozens of eggs, put down and used one hundred sixty-six dozen, making a total of six hundred thirty-one dozen. Who has done better?

At a regular meeting of Tyler Lodge No. 317, F. & A. M., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Henry Stewart, W. M.; Elias McKim, S. W.; John Crane, J. W.; A. H. Ale, Secretary; J. Waidley, Treasurer; J. P. Hendrick, S. D.; Jas. Outwater, J. D.; W. I. Frost, T. E. Morse, Stewards; H. C. Downing, Tyler.

Miss Lilly Wickware was the recipient this week of three sheets of instrumental music, composed and published by Frank Lenzner whose home is at this place. The titles are "Village Spring Waltz" and "Village Spring Mazurka" and "Village Spring Shottische." Frank is a talented and cultivated musician, and the music composed by him is very meritorious.

"What a big bear," every one exclaimed, as they examined the dusky form of Bruin lying lifeless in Charlie Wickware's wagon. He was killed by that gentleman on Monday last, east of Ellington and about six miles from Caro. The brute was one of the finest to be seen. It weighed 281 pounds, and had a magnificent black skin. When tanned the hide will bring a hundred dollars.

BABY POISONS SELF

Ate Strychnine Tablets Which Had
Been Prescribed as Medicine.

Mary, the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Legness, residing on the Talbot farm in Indianfields, died from accidental strychnine poisoning. She was ill and minute doses had been prescribed. She got hold of the box and helped herself, which proved fatal.—Courier.

RETIRED ON PENSION.

Capt. John Frahm on Pointe Aux Barques Coast Guard station has received word from Washington that he will be retired on 3/4 pay or \$1,050 per year on December 15. Capt. Frahm has served the Life Saving service faithfully for over 30 years and has well earned his retirement.

MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

Miss Libbie Hare, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hare of Columbia township, is preparing to go to China as a missionary under the direction of the International Holiness Association. She will leave home Monday, January 3, expecting to sail from Seattle, January 11.

She will be stationed in the Province of Shantung where she has agreed to remain four years.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

A farmers' institute will be held at the Grant M. E. church at Beaulieu on Tuesday, Jan. 4. Watch for program next week.

For New Year post cards, try Treadgold's splendid line of new cards.

Late Xmas shoppers will still find a good selection at Treadgold's.

SURVEY COMPLETED.

Cass river has been surveyed by two surveying parties during the past month. Bert R. Walker of Marlette has charge of the Traverse party, and F. C. Kerbison, of the level party. On account of the severe weather, it is probable that the cross sectioning of the drain will not be commenced until spring. The total length of the drain will be between thirty and thirty-five miles.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Samuel Dodge and Mrs. Geo. Mills and two sons, Archie and James, left Thursday for Penn Yan, New York, where Mrs. Dodge will visit her sister, whom she has not seen for 23 years.

Miss Genevieve E. Corey of Portland, Maine, is the guest of Miss F. Marie Brooker during the Christmas week. Miss Corey is a sorority sister of Miss Brooker and is attending the U. of M.

A message was received Monday evening announcing the serious illness of Mrs. Andrew Ness of Detroit. Her ailment is typhoid-pneumonia and she is in Grace hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Akerman left Tuesday morning to be with their daughter.

Miss Marie Brooker expects to go to Imlay City next Wednesday to act as maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Joyce R. Fairweather. Dr. Morrell Jones of Detroit is the groom. It is to be a 5 o'clock wedding and just the immediate families are to be present outside of the bride's attendants. The young people will live in Detroit where Dr. Jones is practicing.

Friends of Ray N. Wickware, who claims Bison, S. D., as his home, will be interested to know that he has a position in the First National Bank at Lemmon, S. D., fifty miles from Bison. Mr. Wickware has been attending at Mankato Commercial college at Mankato, Minn., but the college burned down so "Wick" proceeded to land a job and will finish his schooling later.

W. D. Striffler sold a baby beef to Ricker & Krahling Tuesday for their Christmas trade which was somewhat above the ordinary. The calf was 14 months old and weighed 840 pounds; \$63.00 was the price the butchers paid Mr. Striffler. The calf is of Aberdeen Angus stock and Mr. Striffler thinks this breed make excellent calves to raise for beef.

Miss Lottie Hamilton, a student at Cleary's Business College, Ypsilanti, is quite ill at St. Joseph's Hospital, Ann Arbor, where she underwent an operation Saturday. An extreme case of appendicitis and an abscess were the causes of her illness. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Hamilton, are with her. Miss Hamilton graduated from Cass City high school last June and was very popular among her classmates.

There will be a public installation of officers at the Odd Fellow hall Tuesday evening, Jan. 4. Every Odd Fellow is requested to bring his wife or sweetheart and every Rebekah is requested to bring her husband or sweetheart and enjoy a pleasant evening together. A program has been arranged consisting of music by the Cass City band and speaking by local talent, with H. C. Hayward as toastmaster.

The body of Helene Bennett, 13 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bennett of St. Clair Heights, Detroit, was brought to Cass City for burial Wednesday noon. Services were held at the Presbyterian church and interment was made in Elkland cemetery. Her death occurred Monday morning caused by typhoid pneumonia. Besides her parents the deceased leaves one sister, Thelma, aged 15. Mrs. F. A. Bliss of this place is a sister of Mrs. Bennett.

Get the "old folks" a good Bible for Xmas. Treadgold's have a splendid stock at reasonable prices.

Fountain pens, stationery and writing sets make good gifts. Treadgold's have them.

Give her a gift in cut glass. She'll be more than pleased if you select it from the beautiful line at Higgins' Jewelry Store.

Notice to Evergreen Tax Payers. I will be at Ehler's Hall, Shabbona, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, except holidays, to receive taxes. Leslie Phillips, Twp. Treas. 12-10-3

POOL ROOM OR REST ROOM?

BAPTIST PASTOR SUGGESTS
BUYING PARMALEE BLDG.
FOR REST ROOM.

By H. C. Hayward.

Perhaps no town has more reason to be proud of its commercial, educational and religious privileges than Cass City. The business men are always ready and perfectly willing to accommodate their patrons regardless of the fact that occasionally ready cash finds its way into the pockets of outside concerns, while the home business man is politely asked to wait and live on hope.

Our schools are highly favored with 12 well trained competent teachers. We regret, however, that we lack the modern conveniences enjoyed by other schools in towns of the same size. Our church buildings are modern in almost every detail, and we are informed that Cass City is to be congratulated in having men who love to preach the story of the cross of Jesus Christ.

Notwithstanding these and many other good features of our town, we have reason to regret that we have no provision whatever for the comfort of our patrons. We need to blush with shame as we see mothers walking our streets weary and cold from their long drives, carrying a little child and perhaps two or three little tots following and crying with the cold, while the mother locks in vain for a place where she might give her child a mother's care. The writer speaks from the standpoint of a citizen rather than that of a minister and as one who stands ready to work almost day and night for town improvement. The writer is very much encouraged with the words of encouragement and the promise of support he has received from some of our prominent business men.

The question for us as citizens to consider is what will be the most profitable to our town, a pool room to entice our promising young men and rob them of their money and manhood, or a rest room and a place of pure amusement for our young people. For the latter no better place could be secured than the pool room recently vacated by Mr. Gowan and owned by Mr. Parmalee, who has promised Mr. Hayward that he would be only too glad to rent or sell on contract his building for such a good purpose.

What shall we do, fellow citizens? Shall we allow a man from Detroit or any other place to come in and open up another pool room or shall we pull together for a rest room including lunch and amusement room for the up-building of our town and the elevation of our young people?

CLOSE XMAS AND NEW YEARS.

General stores and groceries, barber shops and meat markets, drug stores and candy shops, banks, and jewelry stores—in fact, practically every business house in Cass City will be closed all day on both Christmas Day and New Years.

Notice.

For business reasons, we have dispensed with the services of Mr. A. M. Kelley. All persons are hereby notified that he has no authority to collect or receive moneys due us. Cass City Marble and Granite Works, Cummings & McPherson, Props. 12-24-2

For Sale.

Lot and nine-room house equipped with electric lights, bath, city water and all modern conveniences, and garage. Cement building and lot; also egg business and horses. Large barn and 1 1/2 lots. This property nicely located on South Seeger St. Telephone No. 89—2S. 11-12-

Two good second hand hard coal burners at Hitchcock's. 12-17-

Watches make pleasing and useful gifts for every one. All styles and prices at Higgins' Jewelry Store.

Best Chestnut Coal. \$7.75 per ton. Farm Produce Co. 12-17-

See Jones' swell line of Toilet, Manicure, Tourist and Military Sets. Ideal Xmas Gifts. 12-17-

Bon bons in china at 50c. Higgins' Jewelry Store.

CASS CITY CHRONICLE. Published Weekly.

The Tri-County Chronicle and Cass City Enterprise consolidated Apr. 20, 1906. Subscription price—One year, \$1. Advertising rates made known on application.

This paper represented for foreign advertising by the American Press Association. General offices, New York and Chicago. Branches in all the principal cities.

McHUGH.

Some of the farmers from here are hauling gravel for the new state road between Shabbona and Decker.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Harrington on Dec. 9 an eleven pound boy. Cal won't raise him to be a prize fighter. He is a man of peace.

S. J. Mitchell is moving the house from his south 40 and will convert it into a hen-house and a work-shop.

Quite a number from here have visited the treasurer's office and find their taxes are higher than ever before. Did the poor harvest have anything to do with it?

While Frank Auslander and son, Floyd, were putting a roof on their silo, the scaffold gave way and they fell about 16 feet. They escaped with a few scratches and bruises and are congratulating themselves that they got out of it as easily as they did.

Rev. B. A. Sherk conducted services in the M. E. church Sunday evening. His discourse was much appreciated and the people would be pleased to have him officiate again during the revival meetings which will continue this week and next.

ELMWOOD.

Wm. Johnston is sick with lagrippe. John Evans is also on the sick list. George Livingston is working for A. Daus of Cedar Run.

Pat Coots intends moving back on his farm in the spring.

L. Lounsbury and daughter, Mable, were Gagetown callers Saturday.

A. S. Evans and W. C. Morse were Cass City visitors Thursday last.

Christmas tree at the Elmwood Baptist church Friday evening. Everyone welcome.

Christmas exercises at the Sunshine church next Sunday, the collection to go to foreign missions.

Miss Eliza Evans is enjoying neuralgia of the face with toothache thrown in for good measure.

Miss Bertha Evans and Ezra Kelly attended divine services at the Nazarene church at Gagetown Sunday.

Word reached here from Unionville that Mable Leucher who has been very low with blood poisoning is very much improved.

We are glad to learn that the rumor recently printed in the Caro Courier that Rev. Hayward was about to resign is without foundation. The Elder says nothing doing in that line, whereby we are much pleased.

How to Fight Tuberculosis

More About Family Infection. When the phrase "family infection" is used it need not be strictly limited to groups related by family ties. It may also apply to groups living together in the same house, whether the individuals constitute a family or only a company.

A woman, 27 years old, who was found to be the "center case" in her family, her husband, two daughters and son also being infected, could give no history of exposure, as she had never known of tuberculosis amongst her family or her friends. Dr. Lampson, referred to in a previous article,

made a most minute inquiry to determine the source of this family's infection. The possibility of house infection was eliminated, because the family had been the first and only one to occupy the house. But was discovered that about a year previous to the woman's illness a guest had been entertained for three weeks. "This man was sick and coughed badly, raised much sputum, discharging the sputum into his handkerchief and drying the handkerchief, when saturated, over or under the kitchen stove."

Within the year the mother began to fail. Her husband began to decline also, and the children followed, until all five were badly infected.

Through being virtually one of the family for three weeks, the guest had visited the scourge on his hosts. He was careless, of course, grossly careless; but there are many cases to show that "no matter what precautions have been taken infection has occurred by contact."

In the 33 families which Dr. Lampson examined where open cases existed, Dr. Lampson found 124 individuals infected. This means that each "center case," taking the average, infected over three persons each. In 10 of the families, every individual, 54 in all was infected. In none of the families were there less than two cases.

Cases were found of mothers who had the disease, but were cured. The children who were with these mothers at the time of their sickness were invariably affected with tuberculosis. But the children born after the mothers' recovery, and therefore not exposed to the infection, were invariably free from the disease.

Dr. Lampson concluded from his researches that "that infection in families is greater than it is generally understood to be." That "67 per cent of the families, excluding the center cases, shows evidence of tuberculosis infection." That "in no case where there has been definite proven exposure of a family to an open case of tuberculosis, no matter what precautions have been taken, have I failed to find a spread of infection."

Dr. Lampson also continued his research in families where no "center case" existed, and found that "no matter what the home life or living conditions were, the number of individuals showing tuberculosis infection was small, namely, 2 1/2 per cent."

Dr. Lampson also investigated families with a past history of healed cases, and found that "the spread of the infection is less than in families where open cases of tuberculosis exist, 33 per cent against 67 per cent." This shows how healing, while it does not stop the infection which spread while the disease was yet unhealed, still does arrest the spread of it.

What do all these facts indicate? They indicate that the presence of an open case of consumption, "no matter what precautions have been taken," constitutes a real danger. They indicate farther that segregation is almost a necessity if the spread of the disease is to be curtailed.

If science had discovered an anti-toxin, or serum, or vaccine, by which the uninfected members of a family could be immunized while living with an "open" case, segregation would not be so often held up as the surest way to prevent tuberculosis spreading. But since science has not yet made that discovery, it becomes highly desirable that consumptives themselves and their families give earnest heed to the facts which point to the advantages of segregation.

So far as human knowledge now can say, tuberculosis never will be conquered until the spread of it is conquered. And do not these facts indicate that one of the places where the spread must first be stopped is in the family of the consumptive?

DEFORD.

Mrs. P. Daugherty was in Bay City Thursday on business.

Frank Drace of Rochester was in town last week on business.

Geo. Livingston is home greeting old friends for his holiday vacation.

Mrs. John Reed left Friday for a short visit with relatives near Detroit.

Roland Bruce's baby has the scarlet fever, and is seriously ill at this writing.

A bee will be held this week to draw gravel on the mile of road north of town.

Miss Persis Roberts was on the sick list last week, but was able to return Monday to her school.

Mr. and Mrs. James Spencer lost their baby last week. It was buried Friday. The doctor pronounced it membranous croup.

Mrs. C. P. Goodrich of Columbus, Ohio, wishes to thank her friends for the postal card shower which she received after an eleven-week stay in a hospital in that city. They came as pleasant memories of childhood days which were spent in Deford. She is now able to walk with the aid of a cane.

The Deford Farmers' Club met Wednesday, Dec. 15, at the spacious home of Michael Quick. A bounteous dinner was served to which all did justice. After that a short program was given. Elder Slack of the North Novesta church gave a beautiful reading and some interesting questions were discussed. Next meeting will be held January 11 at J. Wells Spencers' This will be the first annual meeting. Election of officers and best of all an oyster dinner.

A Slander.

Man was made to mourn, and woman was made to see that he keeps everlastingly at it.—Chicago News.

LOBSTER AND CHICKEN.

The Waiter Seemed to Think the Order Fitted In Admirably.

Obviously the young man who led a girl much younger to a table in an uptown restaurant a few evenings ago was a commutator. Both seemed just a little self-conscious and apparently very much pleased with each other's society. He was more than ordinarily solicitous to see that she was comfortably located, too, and his attentions were, while gentlemanly in the extreme, marked enough to be noticeable.

Both scanned the menu carefully, and finally the young girl made her selection. The young man seemed, while the waiter stood at attention, to be trying to persuade her to change her order, but she appeared to insist that her choice should stand. He decided for himself very quickly and gave the order to the attentive waiter, who by this time had become rather restless, as though such a modest order did not hold out much hope for any considerable tip. Both apparently ordered salad, but of different kinds. To a middle aged observer seated at an



HE REPEATED THE ORDER.

adjoining table the waiter's eyes seemed to twinkle just a little bit as he repeated the order loud enough to be heard several tables away, with a glance first at the young man and then at the girl as he did so.

"One lobster," as he nodded to the man, "and one chicken," with a half bow to the girl.

Several other customers heard the waiter, and every one of them smiled in appreciation. The young folks looked at each other, the girl blushed, and then both broadened into a smile as each accepted the situation as one in which they had placed themselves.—New York Sun.

A Bit of Poetry.

Whatever your occupation may be and however crowded your hours with affairs, don't fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for the refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Charles Eliot Norton.

Impracticable Advice.

A Chicago physician tells this one: "I had looked at the patient's tongue, felt his pulse, taken his temperature and was about to leave the room, when I stopped and said to the sick man's wife:

"Madam, in addition to the medicine I have prescribed, I wish you would see that every morning your husband has a shower bath."

"The woman looked worried. 'But, doctor,' she said, 'what am I going to do the mornings we don't have any showers?'"—Lippincott's.

Had Heard It Before.

While engaged in a conversation two prominent police magistrates began telling stories of funny cases that had been brought before them.

"Probably the funniest I ever had," remarked one, "was an aged colored man bearing the earmarks of the south who applied to me for a warrant. The offender, it seems, had been blaspheming Rastus before, and he had then appealed to me for aid. Standing before my desk, he proceeded as follows: 'Yo' honah, I wants a warrant for George Washington. He's dat colored man what you told to be good two weeks ago, but he's been worse'n evah sah. I can stand him no longah.'"

"'Humph!' I remarked casually. 'Seems to me I have heard that name somewhere before.'"

"'Yes, sah,' he answered, with alacrity: 'two weeks ago, sah.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Testing a New Horse.

A Welsh tourist tells of an experience which befell him during a visit to a country house in Ireland. His friend, the host, sent a car to the railway station to bring him home. He had not gone far when the horse became restive and finally upset the car into a ditch. The visitor asked the driver how long the animal had been used in harness. "Half an hour, sur."

"I mean how long is it since he was first put in harness?"

"Shure, I've told you—half an hour, sur," answered the driver, "an' the master said if he carried ye safe he'd buy him."—Cardiff Western Mail.

IN DAYS OF GOLD

Immense Output Follows Discovery of Metal in California.

For Eleven Years, From 1850 to 1861, the Yield Was Prodigious, Amounting in 1852 to Over \$65,000,000.

Washington.—"The historically important discovery of gold in California was made in January, 1848, at John Sutter's mill on South Fork of American river, near Coloma, a point only ten or fifteen miles southwest of the town of Auburn," says a statement by the geological survey.

"From 1850 to 1853 the greatest yield was derived from the gravels, and the largest annual output for this period was more than \$65,000,000 in 1852. There was some reaction in 1854, due to previous wild speculation, but a production of about \$50,000,000 a year, chiefly from placer mines, was maintained up to 1861.

"At first the gold was won chiefly from the gravels along the present streams. Those who first got possession of the rich bars on American, Yuba, Feather and Stanislaus rivers and some of the smaller streams in the heart of the gold region made at times from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a day. In 1848 \$500 to \$700 a day was not unusual luck; but, on the other hand, the income of the great majority of miners was far less than that of men who seriously devoted themselves to trade or even to common labor.

"The gold pan, the 'rocker,' the 'tom,' the sluice and the hydraulic giant, or 'monitor,' named in the order of increasing efficiency, were the tools successively used by the miners. Into the 'rocker' and the 'tom' the miner shoveled gravel or 'dirt,' rocking the machine as he poured in water and catching the gold, often with the aid of quicksilver, on riffles set across the bottom of his box. Sometimes a stream was diverted into a flume to lay bare the gravel in its bed so that the miner could get at it.

"In sluicing, the gravel was shoveled into a similar but much longer box through which a stream of water was allowed to run.

"The hydraulic giant was employed to wash into long riffle-set sluices immense quantities of gravel, especially from the higher (Tertiary) deposits, much of which was too lean to work out by hand. Water was brought for many miles in ditches and flumes from the high Sierra and conducted under great head to a nozzle, from which it was projected with tremendous force against the gravel.

"It was the vast quantity of refuse washed into the streams by these hydraulic operations that brought about the conflict between mining and agricultural interests, finally decided in favor of the farmers."

BIG HAUL FOR "CRIPPLE"

This Beggar Kept Record of Receipts—Gives Police Hard Battle.

Allentown, Pa.—William Newbecker, a perfectly healthy man, who can twist his arms so that he looks crippled, did such a prosperous business begging in Allentown that he went on a spree and he was locked up, giving the bluecoats a fight before they landed him in a cell.

At court it was found out that he had a roll of several hundred dollars. Newbecker, who covers the entire East, kept a book showing his daily receipts. His best day here brought \$14.50, and the average for some time past was \$10 a day. He was fined \$5 for drunkenness and told to leave Allentown.

NO NEW JOBS AT PANAMA

Canal Office Warns Unemployed Not to Seek Work at Isthmus.

Washington.—The blockade of the Panama canal by earth slides has not created new work for Americans in the Canal Zone, and the canal office here issued a statement in an effort to counteract published reports which have drawn many Americans to the isthmus in search of employment. "General Goethals indicates," the statement says, "that the number of men continually being laid off on account of reduction of force is in excess of the vacancies which were temporarily created by the work on the slides, and the influx of men looking for employment on the isthmus is entirely unwarranted."

They Rescued "Tige."

Huntington, Ind.—A dog belonging to William Wilcox, living west of Andrews, followed a coon into a ten-inch tile ditch recently. Hunters spent hours in trying to call the dog back, but got no response. The owners dug up the ditch at several places and finally located Tige forty rods from the opening and in an eight-inch side ditch. The dog was exhausted, but still alive.

Burned Tommy and All.

Appleton, Wis.—Desiring to see a tomcat burn, a seven-year-old boy living on the outskirts set fire to the animal, the aftermath being the destruction of a carpenter shop. The blazing fur of the feline communicated to shavings in the building, and the structure was converted into ashes within a few minutes.

With Some Lehigh Hard Coal in the Bin

the boss of the house can laugh at the cold "Let it freeze," he will say, "let it blow and snow."

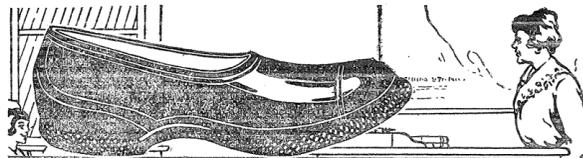
And that feeling of independence—that freedom from caring anything at all about the weather—that knowledge that he and his can enjoy comfort no matter where the thermometer may be—these things are certainly worth while.

Lehigh Coal is the proven coal—the coal of CERTAIN Satisfaction.

Coal up with Lehigh.

CASS CITY LUMBER AND COAL COMPANY

Phone 51



A SERVICEABLE rubber for men, women, boys and girls. A favorite with business women, teachers, school children and men who walk a lot.

True economy rubbers, trim-fitting and durable.

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

The Hub-Mark is your value mark.

HUB-MARK RUBBERS The World's Standard Rubber Footwear

CROSBY & SON, Cass City's Shoe and Clothing Men.

Here Is a List of Useful Xmas Presents

Vacuum Cleaner and Sweeper combined, Rockers, Mirrors, Wall Pockets, Framed Pictures, Organs, Violins and other musical instruments at reasonable prices.

Give us a call.

Lenzner's Furniture Store

An Appropriate Gift.

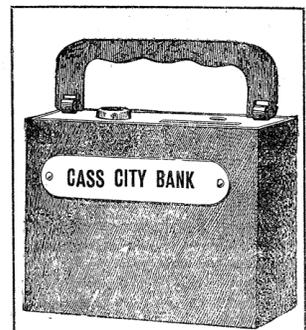
When you cannot find the right kind of a Christmas gift to send to your friend who resides out of town, we suggest that you send him a year's subscription to the Chronicle. In all modesty we can truthfully say that there are many who appreciate and enjoy it fully as much as they would some token that would cost you many more times than the paper.

Take, for instance, your friends or relatives in a distant state who once lived in or near Cass City and who retain a fondness for old acquaintances. Don't you think they would find much satisfaction and get a great deal of pleasure out of reading a copy of the Chronicle once a week during the coming year? And wouldn't they be grateful to the person who was thoughtful enough to send them the paper?

If you want to make a gift that will be enjoyed during the entire twelve months of the year, a subscription to the Chronicle is the thing. And then, too, it is not expensive. The price to any address in the U. S. is \$1.00 a year. Place your order now.

THE CHRONICLE, Cass City.

Try a Chronicle Liner, Mr. Farmer.



Cass City Bank

of I. B. AUTEN Established 1882

Pays 4%

Quarterly interest on certificate of deposit.

Money to loan on Real Estate.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT.

G. A. TINDALE, Cashier M. B. AUTEN, Asst. Cashier.

SHABBONA.

Merry Christmas to all. Where are you going Christmas? Everybody knows this is tax time. Mrs. Henry Phillips was in Marlette Friday. Just a little more snow to make good sleighing. J. P. Granger of Snover spent Sunday with his son, Guy. Mrs. John McKichan returned home from Cass City Friday. Clark Phillips is spending his vacation with his parents here. Herb Ehlers and family of Decker spent Sunday with M. J. Ehlers. Mrs. Brownly of Caro was a guest of Mrs. James Hay over Sunday. Mrs. Bagaria of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. DeForest. Some from here attended the revival meetings at McHugh Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Riley of Elmer visited with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Riley over Sunday. Misses Anna Robinson and Harriett Trollop of Wickware spent the week end with friends here.

ELLINGTON.

Little Delano Rose has the whooping cough. Ernest Bradley was called to Quincass by the illness of his mother. Mrs. Leroy Hendrick and Mr. Adams called at the home of Herman Oesterle Sunday. Mrs. E. Emmons and sons, Pearl, Clayton and Leroy, left Saturday for Detroit, where they will spend Christmas. Paul Francis, the little two weeks old son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Hendrick, died at their home in Caro Saturday, and was brought to Ellington Sunday afternoon for burial. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Conner, Thursday, Dec. 16, a pair of twin boys, but much to their sorrow one passed away and was buried in Ellington cemetery Friday. Mrs. O'Conner will be better known as Miss Mabel Wickware.

NOVESTA.

Mrs. Frank Benedict visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. J. Stone, Saturday. Mrs. Cramer of Pontiac is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Kilbourn, at present. Mr. and Mrs. James W. Spencer mourn the loss of their baby boy who died last week. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Flynn and son and Mrs. Clark visited at the home of Stanley Warner Sunday. Morris Greer went to Detroit Friday where he expects to get employment for the winter at his trade as a barber. Mrs. Joseph Parrott received the sad news of the death of her sister, who died in Denver, Col., the last of last week. Adelbert Hendrick returned home last week from Florida. He says that the change of climate did not help him any, and he thinks Michigan is good enough for him.

ELKLAND-ELMWOOD TOWN LINE.

Mrs. Alice Chaffee is spending the week in Owendale. Miss Emma Burse visited Mr. and Mrs. George Seely Saturday and Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Seely came Friday from West Branch and visited relatives until Monday. The Elmwood Baptist S. S. will have a Christmas tree Friday evening, Dec. 24. All are invited. Little Mariam Livingston is spending a few days with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Simons. Mr. and Mrs. Colin Bingham and Mr. and Mrs. B. Bingham will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. R. McConkey. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Simons will entertain for Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Byron Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Livingston and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Simmons. Mr. and Mrs. Arzie Lounsbury will entertain Mr. and Mrs. Fred Woolman, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lounsbury and Miss Mabel Lounsbury for Christmas dinner.

CENTRAL GREENLEAF.

Cold weather. Merry Christmas. Miss Mae Wright visited at the stone school Monday. Arthur ilKnkman, Peter Remmington, Frank Hubble called on Roy and Ray McCaslin Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Day were visitors at Fred McCaslin's last Tuesday. John Seeger and Miss Hattie Seeger spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Matthews at Decker. There will be a Christmas tree and program given at the stone school-house Friday evening, Dec. 24. Mr. and Mrs. Fred McCaslin and daughter, Ella, and Miss Bessie Gracy spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jackson near Cumber. We are sorry to hear that the house Fred Fulcher and family have lived in burned down Tuesday. Nothing was saved. They are staying at John Vance's at present.

WICKWARE.

Ivan Vader is our new merchant at Wickware. Geo. Ferguson has purchased the Eugene Vader farm. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Johnson of Cass City spent the week end at Ivan Vader's. The farm house of Herb Gibbons burned to the ground. Fred Fulcher was living in the house at the time. Nothing was saved.

NOVESTA—District No. 6.

Mr. Johnson has moved on Andrew Seeger's farm. Samuel Wagg and son, Roy, visited the last of the week at Frank Nichol's near Deckerville. Ordie Montgomery was a business caller in Cass City Saturday. Anson Henderson and family visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Henderson, Saturday evening. Elmer Chapman is making plans for a silo.

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN HAVE APPENDICITIS

Surgeons state men are slightly more subject to appendicitis than women. Cass City people should know that a few doses of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka, often relieve or prevent appendicitis. This mixture removes such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. The INSTANT, easy action of Adler-i-ka is surprising. Treadgold's Drug Store.—Adv. 3.

For Young Folks

James Mesinger as Charley Chaplin at Asbury Park.



© by American Press Association

Among the humorous hits in the recent baby parade at Asbury Park, N. J., was a representation of Charley Chaplin, the movie actor dear to the hearts of all little folks and many big ones as well. James Mesinger is the name of the boy who appeared as Charley, and he was received with great joy all along the line. As the photo shows, his makeup was true to the original. James was greeted with uproarious applause from the young spectators, and the judges of the parade thought so well of his representation that he was awarded a silver cup.

Raising the Diver.

Divers working under great pressures require more than an hour to be drawn to the surface, says the American Boy. Not that they are down so deep in the water, for the world's record for depth, made by Chief Gunner's Mate Frank Criley, U. S. N., is only 280 feet. But if they are brought to the surface immediately and their helmets removed they are liable to die of the "bends," as the divers call it. Under the water the diver's body becomes accustomed to the greatly increased air pressure under which he works. At enormous pressure his body through breathing and the blood becomes veritably saturated with the gases we breathe.

If brought to the surface suddenly the change in pressure causes the gases penned in the body to tear their way out through the soft tissue of the body organs. So the pressure must be slowly decreased to let the gases work out of the body gradually. Consequently the diver is raised to the surface very slowly. When Diver Drellishak was working on raising the U-4 United States submarine at Honolulu in ascending he was kept at a depth of ten feet below the surface for more than an hour.

Bloodless Beheadings.

1. Behead an exclamation of regret and leave something wanting.
 2. Behead a fearful noise and leave something that belongs to a boat.
 3. Behead a span and leave an elevation.
 4. Behead part of a doorway and leave to be in poor health.
 5. Behead a state of terror and become quite correct.
 6. Behead a banquet and leave a direction.
 7. Behead an emblem and become dilatory.
 8. Behead a foot covering and leave a gardener's implement.
- Answers.—1. A-lack. 2. R-oar. 3. B-ridge. 4. S-ill. 5. F-right. 6. P-east. 7. P-lag. 8. S-hoe.

Snake Expert Angler.

That some snakes can catch fish as well as old anglers was demonstrated recently on the ranch of E. D. Osborne, near here, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. A small spring creek runs through the pasture on the Osborne ranch, large enough for fish to play in. Here a large water snake was seen to grab a rainbow trout by the head and make for the tall grass. Osborne killed the snake and threw the live fish back into the pool. The fish was about twelve inches in length.

Ancient Artisans.

From the mounds and ruins of Guatemala, in cities and in ancient town sites, many very fine specimens of pottery have been found, and these show that back in the dawn of life on that continent the residents of what is now Guatemala were most cunning artisans with clay and the kiln.

The Teeter.

We teeter low; we teeter high; We touch the earth and then the sky. Such laughter, shouts and merry din When Bobby is the candle pin! —Youth's Companion.

Thousands of Dainty Silk Petticoats FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS \$2.98 --- \$3.98 Others at \$1.98, \$5.00, \$7.50 up

All suits and frocks this season demand petticoats—petticoats as full and as flaring as the most feminine heart could wish.

The petticoat at right, in sketch, is of Chiffon Taffeta; full flare model; trimmed with knife pleating in scalloped rows. Comes in all colors. Price, prepaid.....\$2.98

The underskirt at left is of supple Chiffon Taffeta; full flare model with handsome flounce of double rows of shirring and ruffles. Black and all colors. Price, prepaid.....\$3.98

Goods Sent Free By Parcel Post. Inquiries Solicited.

B. SIEGEL "Where Fashion Reigns" CORNER WOODWARD & STATE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER STORE

Just Received a car of BLACK HAWK SPREADERS

You will miss it if you do not see them before you buy. Bring in your horses if you want to exchange them for implements. We will exchange with you.

CUTTERS AND SLEIGHS

When it comes to CUTTERS and SLEIGHS we certainly occupy the king row. We have in a nice full line. You will enjoy looking them over and we will be glad to show you the goods that will bear lots of inspection. Come in and see for yourself.

J. A. Caldwell

Horses For Sale

- Brown horse 8 years old, weighing 1600
- Grey horse 12 years old, weighing 1150
- Grey horse 4 years old, weighing 1200
- Brown driver 8 years old, weighing 1000
- Bay colt 3 years old, weighing 1200
- Colt 12 months old
- Shetland pony, harness, buggy, saddle and riding bridle

Danger in delaying those coal orders.

STOP and give us a moment's attention.

LOOK at the superior quality of our Red Ash Hard Coal

AND LISTEN

Phone an order at once for some of our Black Eagle or Washnut Soft Coal and you will repeat the order for more. Phone 61.

Cass City Grain Company



HERE are Christmas bells and bells. The real Christmas bells ring out only in the morning of the sacred day. The other bells ring from morning until night. After which they jangle through one's dreams. The Christmas doorbell is a great institution. It is the busiest bell of the lot. All day long the doorbell has pressing engagements. When the doorbell rings on Christmas day, everybody gives heed to its sweet sounds. And everybody rushes to the front door as if the house had caught on fire, and that was the nearest exit. The doorbell has everyone in the family hopping as if they were so many trained ducks. There are two reasons why the Christmas doorbell is a welcome visitor when it jars upon the ear. In the first place, you know that no bells are going to be presented by the caller at the door. In the second place the doorbell may announce the arrival of a package. A sawed-off express wagon driver, with a chunky, holly-bound package under his arm, can get more attention on Christmas day than the governor of the state, surrounded by his military staff and preceded by a Chinese orchestra, playing "Tippelaly." The package the expressman or mail carrier brings, is seized by a dozen eager hands. It is strange how ready everybody is to help in relieving the deliveryman of his 12-ounce burden. Then the package is conveyed in state to the inspecting department. It is opened with nervous anticipation, and there is great rejoicing when it proves to be a knitted muffler for father from Aunt Jessica. The muffler is as large as a young hammock, and is pinker than pa's cheeks when we all insist that he try it on. If there is a grown-up daughter in the family, she beats all records getting to the door when the bell rings on Christmas day. If anybody beats her to the knob, it is not her fault, as she slid down the banister and took a flying leap, which was the best she could do without breaking bones. Sis expects the kind of presents which are not found in fireplaces after Santa Claus' visit. She's looking for bouquets of flowers, huge boxes of candy and other tokens of regard. Sometimes, though not very often, the bell ring announces a neatly wrapped wedding ring. The Christmas telephone bell is an important feature of the Yuletide. It rings Christmas tidings which formerly were sent on decorative cards, which, with their imitation snow, made handy match scratchers. The Christmas dinner bell—one at a time, please. Don't all rush in at once!

CUMBER.

Every one is preparing for Christmas. Flossie Law, who has been so very low at the hospital at Bad Axe, is gaining slowly. The Wickware and Cumber schools had an arithmetic match in the Cumber schoolhouse Friday afternoon and Cumber came out ahead by 750. Come again, Wickware. Geo. Furgeson's from Wickware are moving on the Vader farm. Elmer Hawksworth and Will Robinson were business callers in Uby Monday. Wm. Meredith, who spent the last week visiting his daughter, Mrs. S. Robinson, returned to his home at Shabbona Saturday. The Ladies' Aid presented the church with a fine big Bible. Come again, ladies.

Acute Indigestion.

Acute indigestion is a catarrhal inflammation of the lining mucous membrane of the stomach caused by food which is indigestible or has begun to decompose. This condition is very favorable to the growth of disease germs.

Pepper Dislodges a Burglar From Dumbwaiter

NEW YORK—Employing the most modern tactics after usual methods had failed, tenants of an apartment house at 145 West One Hundred and Thirty-third street early the other morning arrested George Jackson, a young negro, after a burglar had entered the apartment of Mrs. Lena Halsey, on the fourth floor. Jackson ran down the fire escape to the second floor and dropped to the rear yard. Headed off from the street, he sought refuge in the dumbwaiter and began to pull himself up, evidently hoping to gain the roof. Saul Finkelstein and Emmanuel Goldman, who had run in from the street, went to the dumbwaiter shaft. Jackson stopped the dumbwaiter with himself in it half way between the second and third floors. By this time all the floors, Finkelstein and Goldman pulled the rope to bring the dumbwaiter down, but Jackson had braced himself and they could not move it. "Throw something on him!" yelled Finkelstein. A shower of milk bottles followed the order, but the roof of the dumbwaiter was proof against such projectiles. "Try pepper," called a woman's voice. The contents of three boxes of the ordinary black variety and one of paprika were emptied simultaneously down the shaft. There was the sound or a titanic sneeze and of rope running through a pulley. The dumbwaiter struck with a crash and Jackson sprawled out on the concrete floor, where he was pounced upon.



Kindly accept our sincere thanks for your liberal patronage and may your Christmas be merrier and New Year be happier than ever.

Sincerely yours,
E. W. JONES

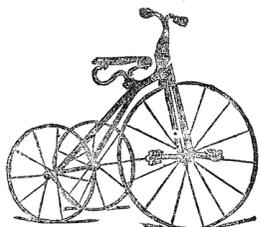
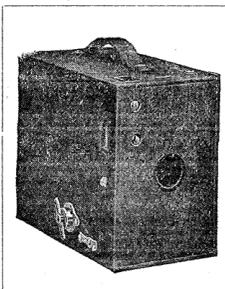


Xmas Shoppers, Attention!

Even if you are late in making your selection of gifts, we can fit you out with a Kodak or Camera, and give you the best for the money, as we have the original East-man line

\$1.00 to \$25.00

WOOD'S
REXALL DRUG STORE



This Sale Will Be Good Until December 31, '15

Ironing Boards, \$1.25, now..... \$1.00
Doll Buggies, \$1.25 98c
Doll Buggies, 60c 29c
Large Clothes Baskets, 60c 48c
Tricycles, adjustable head and handle bars, regular price \$4.00 \$3.25
Ordinary Tricycle, \$3.50 -3.00
Tricycle, \$2.75 \$2.25

HAND SLEIGHS.

Hand Sleighs, \$1.50, now \$1.25
Hand Sleighs for 50c

ROCKING HORSES.

Nice line of Xmas Goods for presents.
New line of goods just received.

THOMAS CROSS



BUY A REMINGTON

Go hunting--it will bring more health and pleasure than \$500 worth of medicine.

A model to suit your wants and ideas.

F. A. BLISS



Try a Chronicle Liner, Mr. Farmer.

BEAULEY.

Merry Christmas.
Little Clayton Moore is quite ill with a cold this week.
E. Reader and daughter, Ethel, will entertain Wesley Harder and family of Brookfield for Christmas.

Mrs. Richard Edgerton is expecting her father and mother and sisters, Pauline and Eva, from Bryerton, Sask., for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hartsell and children, Clare and Marion, expect to eat Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stafford of Brookfield.

Rev. Morrison preached a very interesting sermon Sunday from the text found in 2 Kings 6: 6, and the iron did swim. We would be glad to listen to Rev. Morrison again.

Mrs. Coulson Blair of Turner is expected to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Crawford. They will also entertain Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoffman and son, Monroe, and Mr. and Mrs. O. Blair and son, Hasket.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Herron will entertain Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Herron and children, Norene and Durward, and Mrs. Jane Herron for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McDonald expect their sons and their families of Detroit for Christmas.

BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Hugh Crawford spent Sunday at Mrs. Robertson's.

Mrs. E. Hendershot called on Mrs. H. Ibbotson Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCrea and family spent Sunday at Cass City.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Hoffman and son spent the first part of the week at W. C. Harder's.

Miss Ruth Bodey of Caro, Misses Bertha and Olive McDonald and Alta Bearss spent Sunday at Ella Harder's.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. John Hook and family, Mrs. D. Chisholm and sons spent Sunday at Arthur Wood's.

George Ricker left Monday for Saginaw where he expects to be operated upon in the near future. We hope him a speedy recovery.

KINGSTON-NOVESTA TOWN LINE.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper expect to spend Christmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, at Shabbona.

Mrs. Geo. Martin is entertaining her father and mother and a nephew from Saskatchewan, Q.ada.

Special meeting will begin at the Leek schoolhouse January 9. It is expected Mr. Voorheis of Pontiac will assist in the singing.

The town line ladies' aid meets with Mrs. J. D. Funk December 30 for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phillips of Shabbona attended the chicken pie social at Geo. Cooper's last week.

Mrs. Frank McCracken and son, Harold, of Highland Park and Mrs. Henry Stevens of Redford are expected to spend Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Courlliss.

The South Novesta Farmers' Club at Lewis Retherford's last week was quite well attended and a good time enjoyed. The next club will be held at Arthur Van Blaricom's.

Arms and the Men.

"I see you have your arm in a sling," said the inquisitive passenger. "Broken, is it?"

"Yes, sir," responded the other passenger.

"Meet with an accident?"

"No. Broke it while I was trying to pat myself on the back."

"Great Scott! What for?"

"For minding my own business."

"I see. Never could happen to me, could it?"

"No."

"And if it did I wouldn't be blame foot enough to tell it."

Then there was silence in the car.—Chicago Tribune.

The Devil's Sonata.

Tartini, the great violinist, after dining indiscreetly dreamed that he had made a bargain with the devil for his soul. To prove his powers the evil one seized a violin and played a sonata of exquisite beauty. Tartini awoke with the ringing in his ears, committed the music to paper and published it as "The Devil's Sonata."

ABOUT TIMBER FLUMES.

Those of V Shape More Efficient Than the Square Sided Form.

That the V shaped timber flume is a more efficient type than the box or square sided form is one of the conclusions reached by the department of agriculture in a bulletin recently issued on flumes and fluming. The V shaped wooden flume requires less water and on the average less repairs than the other type, is better adapted to act as a slide on steep grades and offers fewer chances for jams. Concerning a third type, the "sectional" metal flume, semicircular in form, the prediction is made that it will come into wide use. Such a flume is strong and light and can be quickly taken apart and transported from one place to another to be set up again.

For handling railroad cross-ties, cants, poles, cordwood and the like a flume with the sides of the V thirty inches in height is large enough. For handling logs, piling, long timber or brailled sawed timber a height of from forty to sixty inches is recommended. The best angle for the V is put at ninety degrees.

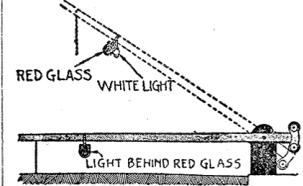
Proposed flume lines ought to be surveyed as carefully as a line for a logging railroad to insure evenness of grade. Grades should be kept below 15 per cent wherever possible, and the best results are obtained with grades between 2 and 10 per cent.

A flume recently built on Rochat creek, near St. Joe, Ind., is cited as a good example of modern V shaped flume construction. This flume, which is unusually large and built to handle heavy logs and long timbers, is said to have cost approximately \$8,000 per mile for the five miles of its length, including the cost of constructing a wagon road and telephone equipment. Other flumes are cited costing from \$2,000 to \$7,500 a mile.

LIGHT FOR RAILWAY GATE.

Automatically Changes Color When Barrier is Lowered or Raised. An exceedingly simple device that causes the light on a crossing gate to show red when the gate is down and white when the gate is up is being installed at grade crossings on the Lehigh Valley railroad.

This device consists simply of a red bulls-eye, which is fixed to the gate in such a way that the red glass is immediately in front of the point where the lantern hangs when the gate is down. As the gate comes down the lantern, which has been showing white, swings behind the bulls-eye and shows red. As the gate is raised it swings from behind the bulls-eye and shows white. Since the lanterns are all white there is never any danger of confusing the engineer of the train by red lights.



RAILROAD CROSSING LIGHT.

Coal Mining in Pennsylvania.

Anthracite mining began between 1790 and 1800, when a small quantity was produced for local consumption. To the close of 1913 the production of anthracite had amounted to 2,184,550,000 long tons or 2,446,696,010 short tons. The first records of the production of bituminous coal in Pennsylvania cover the year 1840, when 464,826 short tons were mined. The output of bituminous coal from 1840 to the close of 1913 has amounted to 2,731,945,059 short tons, from which it appears that the total production of bituminous coal in Pennsylvania now exceeds that of anthracite by over 200,000,000 tons.—United States Geological Survey.

Would Help Him.

"I'll try to make you a good husband, my dear."

"And I have no doubt that you will succeed. Mother and I will abet your efforts in that direction vigorously."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Send the Chronicle as an Xmas gift.

MISS SANTA CLAUS



With joyful heart, on dainty toes,
Her eyes ashine, each cheek a rose,
Well laden with her presents goes
The Christmas maid.

In Santa's task she claims a share,
And bears her gifts with thoughtful care,
While Love attends her everywhere,
A willing aid.

Oh, Santa, take a friendly tip,
Unless you want to lose your grip,
Don't let her make another trip
In all your days.

For she's a vision, so complete,
So captivating, fair and sweet,
That she has got you surely beat
A hundred ways.



A GREAT DAY.

This is Christmas day, the anniversary of the world's greatest event. To one day all the early world looked forward; to the same day the later world looks back. That day holds time together.—Alexander Smith.

Buy Your Coffee Now

GLEANER COFFEE 100 Votes

TABARD INN 200 Votes

Who will get the beautiful Gold Watch for Christmas?

The contest closes Friday night, Dec. 24, and all votes must be in by ten o'clock.

The contest stands as follows:

Lottie West.....9300 votes
Harold Cole.....9200 votes
Clara Dolwick.....7900 votes
Maxine Campbell...5100 votes
Cecil Doerr.....4700 votes

Get that Coffee at

L. E. Dickinson's
Cass City

Send the Chronicle as an Xmas gift.

DEFORD.

Mrs. Benj. Gage was in Cass City Friday.

Wm. Gage came home from St. Clair Friday.

Roland Bruce's baby is ill with the scarlet fever.

B. O. Watkins made a business trip to Caro Friday.

George Livingston is home from the M. A. C. for the holidays.

Ed. Bonner spent the week end at his parental home in Detroit.

Mrs. John Reid left Saturday for Pontiac, Royal Oak and other places for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bruce, Clinton Bruce and Fred Chadwick attended the chicken pie supper at George Cooper's last Wednesday night.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Jas. C. Juhl, 43, Marlette; Ethel Nicolson, 28, Marlette

Walter Enverick, 21, Richmondville; Irene Barber, 21, Deckerville.

John Riley, 29, Lexington; Laura McNary, 21, Lexington.

Lewis Klawty, 23, Bridgehampton; Ethel Faulk, 25, Detroit.

Alfred E. Kunding, 28, Bad Axe; Elmira Sharrow, 23, Lincoln.

Henry C. Kunisch, 33, Sebawaing; Louise C. Voltz, 23, Sebawaing.

Geo. H. Willard, 26, Caseville; Anna Hayes, 18, Colfax.

Elvin Lantz, 24, Elkton; Malinda M. Knechtel, 20, Elkton.

Reid Hedy, 24, Caseville; Violet Heuckroth, 24, Elkton.

Simon R. Weiss, 29, Oliver; Anna Kanten, 22, Chicago.

Alexander Jameson, 21, Owendale; Inger Roberts, 21, Owendale.

The Horsefly.

A horsefly, it is said, will live for hours after its head has been pulled off.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

Cass City, Mich., Dec. 22, 1915	
Buying Price—	
Wheat	1 11
Oats	89
Beans	2 50
Eye	87
Barley cwt.	1 00
Peas	1 75
Buckwheat cwt.	1 40
Corn (selling price)	85
Baled hay—No. 1 Timothy	13 00
No. 2	11 00
No. 1 Mixed	11 00
Eggs, per doz.	30
Butter, per lb.	23
Fat cows, live weight, per lb.	4 5
Steers	5 6
Fat sheep	3 39
Lambs	5
Hogs	5
Dressed hogs	64
Dressed beef	10
Calves	6 8
Hens	8 9
Broilers	9 10
Ducks	11 12
Geese	10 11
Turkeys	18
Hides green	10

State of Michigan, Tuscola County, in chancery.

Dated, December 20th, A. D. 1915.

Emma Franks, Complainant, vs. Gilbert H. Franks, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Tuscola in Chancery, at Caro on the 17th day of December A. D. 1915.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file that the defendant Gilbert H. Franks is not a resident of this State but resides at the Village of Keller, Saskatchewan, in the Dominion of Canada, on motion of J. D. Brooker, Complainant's Solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, Gilbert H. Franks, cause his appearance to be entered herein, within three months from the date of this order, and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the Complainant's Bill of Complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said Complainant's Solicitor, within twenty days after service on him of a copy of said bill, and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said non-resident defendant.

And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said Complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Cass City Chronicle a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said County, and that publication be continued therein at least once in each week, for six weeks in succession, or that she cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said non-resident Defendant, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

WATSON BEACH, Circuit Judge.
J. D. Brooker, Complainant's Solicitor
Business address, Cass City, Michigan.
12-24-

Directory.

F. L. MORRIS
Graduate of Detroit College of Medicine. Two years' work in Harper Hospital. Office 1 1/2 blocks south of New Sheridan, Cass City. Telephone No. 62.

DR. M. M. WICKWARE,
Physician and Surgeon. Office in Pleasant Home Hospital. Residence two blocks south of Cootes' hardware store on Seeger St., east side. Office days: Wednesdays, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturdays, 1 to 5 p. m.

DR. IRA D. McCOY
University of Michigan graduate. Residence and office 1 1/2 blocks south of Sheridan Hotel, Cass City. Office days—Wednesday, 9:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. Saturday, 1:00 to 5:00 p. m.

W. S. COSSAIRT
Physician and Surgeon
Decker, Michigan.

P. A. Schenk, D. D. S.,
Dentist.
Graduate of the University of Michigan. Office over Wilsey & Cathcart's store, Cass City, Mich.

DENTISTRY.
I. A. Fritz, Resident Dentist.
Office over Treadgold's drug store. We solicit your patronage when in need of dental work.

A. J. Knapp, Funeral Director
and Licensed Embalmer. Mrs. Knapp, Lady Assistant with License. Night and day calls receive prompt attention. Both phones.

T. L. TIBBALS,
Otometrists.
Eyes Tested : Glasses Fitted
CASS CITY, MICH.

H. G. LEAVENS,
Attorney at Law
Office at the house, one block south of Chronicle office.

JAS. McKENZIE

I am conveniently located in Cass City and expect to devote my time to establish a successful Auction Business. So if you are about to make a Sale, let me prove my appreciation of a call by the service rendered you in obtaining the high \$.

THE WORLDS GREATEST SEWING MACHINE

LIGHT RUNNING NEWHOME



If you want either a Vibrating Shuttle, Rotary Shuttle or Single Thread (Chain Stitch) Sewing Machine write to THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY Orange, Mass.

Many sewing machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the New Home is made to wear. Our guarantee never runs out. Sold by authorized dealers only. FOR SALE BY C. D. STRIFFLER, Agt., Cass City.

Terrible Croup Attack Quickly Repulsed By Old Reliable Remedy

Well known Georgia store keeper has mastered croup and colds for his family of ten with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound.

The minute that hoarse terrifying croupy cough is heard in the home of T. J. Barber, of Jefferson, Ga., out comes Foley's Honey and Tar Compound—there's always a bottle ready. Here's what he says: "Two of my children, one boy and a girl, aged eight and six years respectively, had terrible attacks of croup last winter and I completely cured them with Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I have ten in family and for years I've used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and it never fails."

Refuge in the Office. "What makes Bliggins in such a hurry to get to work in the morning?" "He isn't getting to work. His family has moved and they're fixing up the house. He's getting away from work." —Washington Star.

Send the Chronicle as an Xmas gift.

THE GREEN MANIKIN

A Story With "Heart Interest"

By AGNES G. BROGAN

When David Bronson heard an American speaking voice in that little far-away Parisian restaurant an emotion that was surprising surged within him. "So this was what had been the trouble of late, this the cause of his unfinished book—homesickness, pure old fashioned homesickness."

Long ago, as a lad, he had realized this desperate feeling. Now the sound of that familiar tongue brought back a longing to be "among his own" which was almost unbearable, back again in "little old New York," for from her accent the speaker had also lived in that vicinity. Bronson whirled about to look at her. Demure and unaware of admiring glances, she sat at a nearby table, "conspicuously simple" in her close fitting black suit and turban.

Bronson struggled against an uncontrollable desire to hear again that soft voicing of his mother tongue, then with a muttered, "May I?" sank into a seat at the opposite side of the table. The restaurant being unduly crowded, his intrusion was calmly taken for granted. Happily absorbed, he gazed at the lovely, downcast face of his companion, and she, glancing up at last, smiled. A frank, engaging smile it was, like that of a friendly child.

"The salt?" Bronson asked politely, while the girl's smile deepened. "So you, too, are American," she said. All the pentup longings of the man's home yearning soul broke forth at her question. "American—yes," he answered, "and if you could but know the joy it gives me merely to be again in the presence of an American! I might have sought out my countrymen here, I suppose, but"—he laughed shortly—"I did not recognize my need until I heard your voice."

"I know," she breathed. "Oh, I know! For weeks I've been fighting off the desire to go back. Sometimes it was almost too strong for me. I've got to stay here, you see. I must, until—"

"Until," he prompted gently. The girl drew back, continuing her meal. "Until I make good," she answered quietly.

"Student?" the man questioned. She nodded her head. "There are so many of us," she said ruefully, "would be artists, musicians—mostly failures!"

"And you?" The girl's low laughter ended in a wry smile. "I'm an art failure," she replied, with a shrug of the shoulders. Bronson's quick glance was sympathetic.

"Perhaps not," he encouraged. "Better stick it out a little longer and see." She arose, drawing on her gloves, and stood looking now on the gloves, now on him.

"I intend to," she answered brightly. With visible regret the author also arose. "Pardon the boldness of a fellow American," he entreated, "but may I not hope to see you again?"

"Why not?" the girl carelessly responded. "I dine here every day." So it happened that the small table beneath the window came quite naturally to be a place of meeting, a place for the exchange of simple confidences, for comforting recollections of home beloved scenes and home happy times.

To the man this one hour was a sort of panacea for all the trials of a troubled day. About it his dreams centered as a reward for nightly hours of writing. And the girl's open pleasure in these meetings was a constant growing joy.

"Do you know," she asked in her ingenuous way, "I cannot get over the idea that I have known your face before? It was strangely familiar from the first, and yet—"

Then David Bronson knew that his hour of announcement had come. It had been a gratifying thing to hide for a time from the paths of fame and to feel that his unknown personality had powers of its own to awaken interest and pleasure. With a sigh he drew forth his card and placed it before her.

"David B. Bronson," the girl read aloud, while recollection widened in her eyes. "Not," she said in a tone of awe—"not David Bronson, the author?" He nodded abruptly.

"And you are writing a book over here," she went on slowly, "a book with a French setting perhaps and one of your wonderful American heroines?" "The heroine," he confessed, "proves a disappointment. She is so exactly what she seems to be—commonplace, no human heart interest."

The girl turned wearily aside. His admission of greatness seemed all at once to put him far from her presumption of friendship. "Look about you," she said. "You'll find human heart stories among us all."

Bronson got hastily into his coat. "Just this once," he begged, "allow me to walk with you." Heretofore this request had been refused. Now the girl deliberated. "You may come," she agreed.

Down the sunlit narrow street they went, crowds jostling her slim figure against the shelter of his arm—on

through poorer districts and poorer until where the limit of dingy shabbiness seemed to have been reached the girl paused.

"There"—she pointed at the top of the tenement—"is my home."

"Home!" the man breathed contemptuously; then, with wondering pity he repeated the word, "Home!"

"Goodby," said the girl and extended her hand.

"Goodby until tomorrow," reminded the man, his smile unchanged.

Smiling, too, she went up the narrow stair, but when tomorrow came she was absent from her place at the restaurant table. An atmosphere of unaccountable cheerlessness pervaded the sunny niche near the window. Bronson fretted impatiently at the girl's delay. He had intended to inquire today more particularly into her manner of living. His night had been troubled and wakeful at the thought of her bright presence, braving the struggle for existence. What sacrifice and deprivation might she not be undergoing for a dream of art which might be no more than a dream! This, at least, his own knowledge could decide for her if she would come. But the opposite chair remained vacant.

"Mademoiselle comes not today," the garrulous waiter remarked. "Mademoiselle, 'the green manikin,' is absent."

Bronson sat up with a start. "Mademoiselle who?" he asked rather sharply.

"She who dines with you," the waiter imperturbably replied, "mademoiselle who is what you call 'manikin' or model for the great modiste. Surely monsieur has heard of the green manikin from Franquetta's."

Yes, Bronson had heard, remembered having seen the model pictured in Franquetta's window, a graceful figure clad always in garments soft tinted as the ocean's foam, and the model was his frank faced student—she of the tenement room. The two seemed irreconcilable.

Abruptly he left his untasted meal; a satirical smile curled his lips. So his sympathy had all been wasted, imposed upon. The green model of Franquetta's was evidently in no need of pity.

For a moment he hesitated before the glittering letters of the modiste's sign, then passed into the miniature theater. Before the parted curtain he waited, watching tensely the girl's figure framed in the gleaming lights. Clad in bright green from shoulder to satin heel stood the girl whose appealing presence had so deeply stirred his heart.

Mechanically, automatically, like some manikin in a play, she moved across the brilliant stage, displaying to an admiring audience the beauties of her costume. Bitterly the man turned from her steady painted smile to pass out again into the street. So the struggling art student, the beloved little student, had never been. Across his very memory of her must ever flash that crimson painted smile. He frowned disapproval when next day the girl herself slipped quietly into her accustomed seat.

"May I tell you," she asked, "the story of a green model who, unlike your difficult heroine, is not exactly as she seems, not exactly commonplace? Her story may even have heart interest?"

Wondering, he silently bowed his head. The girl laughed tremulously.

"Fame is an illusive thing," she quoted. "One may more quickly find her because of one's ability to wear a certain color than for the reward of tireless years of study. Over in America my old father and my mother and the sister who has always been sick wait for a success in art which was prophesied surely for me. To this purpose were carefully—oh, so carefully—hoarded the savings of years. This had also been my father's youthful dream—to go abroad and perfect his own sketches, to achieve fame which critics promised. Marriage and later cares had forced this dream aside, but now it was to be fulfilled, gloriously fulfilled, in myself, the daughter."

"But that which had seemed an assured inherited talent at home became here a doubtful promise, and at length the savings were gone—all gone! Do you see, then," she cried passionately, "what I have been doing? Deceiving them all along; writing, as I fancied the glow on their faces, of how one sketch had been accepted, of how another brought the check inclosed, and all the time—all the time I was but a dressmaker's model, a manikin in green. How else could one make money here alone in a foreign land? But now"—her voice broke despairingly—"how dare I go back, I with my mocking boast of art?"

Something gripped hard at the man's throat, and his hand reached out to clasp the girl's.

"Tomorrow," he said slowly—"tomorrow I want to see those sketches."

Tomorrow he saw them. As he turned them over, looking intently at each, an expression of admiration gathered on his face. When he came to the last he looked up at her and said:

"It's the old story—genius stooping to feed on crumbs from the rich man's table while it secured recognition."

And to two old people seated before their farmhouse door there came one eve a letter. "Read it," said the mother. "It's from our girl beyond the sea."

The old man glanced quickly back from the closely written page. "Why," he cried—"why, she's to illustrate that great author's new book, mother, our own little girl!"

In speechless joy they gazed into each other's face. Then together they finished the letter.

"Books and pictures must ever wait for love," wrote the girl, "so David Bronson and I are coming home together. Your daughter has married the author."

COLWOOD.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Andrews spent Sunday at Chas. Andrews'.

Patrick Sullivan ate Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Matt.

Miss Nettie Colling was a guest over Sunday at the Edward Dosser home.

Mrs. Melville Graham and children leave Tuesday to spend the Christmas holidays with relatives at Park Hill, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Humes and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Turner.

Mrs. Ivan McDonnell of Detroit is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Barrigar.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McCarthy will entertain a large company of relatives for Christmas dinner.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. King and daughter, Geraldine, were entertained for dinner Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Muck.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCarthy, Miss Vera Kelly and Mrs. Jas. McNeil and daughter, Irene, were Caro visitors Saturday.

Mrs. E. C. Bliss and Miss Mary Bragg will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Oria Montgomery of Eaton Rapids.

Miss Gertrude McClellan was called home Tuesday to attend the funeral of little Earl, six weeks old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McClellan who died Sunday.

ARGYLE.

Hector McIntyre was a business caller in Cass City last week.

J. Humphrey came home Wednesday and is greeting friends here.

Mrs. McFadden is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. E. Rose, and family.

John McLean of Pt. Huron is visiting relatives here.

S. Striffler was in Sandusky Friday.

The Misses McEachin from Cleary Business College are spending their vacation at their home here.

Don't forget the date of the Christmas exercises here Friday evening at Perkins Hall.

Mrs. Stevens of Pt. Huron is visiting her sister, Mrs. McDougald.

A Christmas reunion, looked forward to with happy anticipation, will be held at the Bond home in Detroit. All the brothers and sisters hope to be present. D. McNaughton and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. McPhail and daughter, Mildred, will attend from here.

NOKO.

Merry Christmas to all.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. E. Raduchel and Mr. and Mrs. A. McKenney are planning on spending Christmas in Owosso.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Harris are entertaining friends from Ludington.

Wm. Simons and family of Cass City spent a few days here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKenney attended the festivities at Snover Saturday evening.

C. Baer and family are moving on to the farm familiarly known as the "old Hood farm." We are glad to welcome Mr. Baer as a neighbor.

The annual election of Sunday School officers took place here at our church Sunday and resulted in the following being chosen: H. Foster, supt.; Rev. Hammond, Bible class teacher; young people's class, A. McKenney; sec-treas., Miss D. Harris; librarian, Miss Ernestine Flynn.

Miss Lily Harp, who has spent the past summer in Pontiac, has returned home for the holidays.

Mrs. Jas. McIntyre and Mrs. D. McPherson have just returned from a visit with friends and relatives in Detroit and Pontiac.

Wasps.

Wasps are said to rank next to the higher classes of ants in point of insect intelligence.

The Chronicle, one year \$1.



Ask Yourself These Questions

Then do a little careful thinking. Do you know your financial condition? Are you getting ahead or just keeping ahead, or are you running in debt? You should start a bank account to call upon when needed. Your account will grow fast and at the end of the year you will see how easy it is to get ahead. Now is the best time to start the account.

The Exchange Bank of E. H. Pinney & Son

Trade Your Old Separator for a New DE LAVAL

Why not take this up at once, stop your cream losses, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you have a separator that you can depend on?

Striffler & Patterson Cass City

INVEST \$10.00 80% Guaranteed INVEST \$10.00

Table with 2 columns: Company Name and Amount Returned. Includes Ford Motor Car, Belle Telephone, Welsbach Mantle, etc.

The stock in the above companies went begging when it was first offered—investors could not believe the profits the management predicted. The above enormous profits made by the shrewd investors with the courage to back a young business are a matter of record and fact, and are being duplicated by present stock offerings. You have such an OPPORTUNITY in this offering.

THE WEALTH we offer is a real and an accomplished fact—our Company, if we did not increase our manufacturing facilities and working capital one cent, still could pay 80 per cent on the investment offered in this advertisement. This we are now earning—this is an accomplished fact.

THE PROCEEDS from the sale of our stock will enable us to increase our output at least fourfold and with the economies this increased production will effect, we will then be earning about 300 per cent on this investment.

THIS IS THE SMALL INVESTORS' OPPORTUNITY

By a special arrangement we are enabled to offer one thousand investors this EXTRAORDINARY proposition:

Mail us ten dollars (\$10.00), no more and no less, and we will mail you a Certificate for Forty (40) shares of the Treasury Stock of our Company, Fully Paid and Forever Non-Assessable, and descriptive literature of our Company and its business.

This offer is made only to the first one thousand investors who answer this advertisement. "First come, first served." If you are too late or if you send any more or less than ten dollars, your money will be returned by the next mail.

This offer is made to secure the co-operation of one thousand small stockholders in boosting the sale of Double Service Tires and to prevent large financial interests from securing control.

The Double Service Tire and Rubber Company is incorporated under the stringent laws of the State of Ohio at \$250,000.00, divided into 250,000 shares of a par value of \$1.00 per share, all common, Fully Paid and Non-Assessable. Every share of stock and every stockholder being absolutely on an equal and even basis, all sharing alike in all earnings of the Company.

This is an established and going business and one which is at present earning net dividends equal to 20 per cent on its entire capitalization, and with future dividend possibilities so big and so alluring that they seem almost unbelievable.

The history of practically any one of Akron's famous rubber tire companies reads more like a fairy tale than business facts. Early investors have made fortunes almost unbelievable and are still making them. The growth and success of the Double Service Tire and Rubber Company but adds another chapter to this never-ending story of the fortunes made through the popularity of the automobile.

OUR GUARANTEE—YOUR PROTECTION

The fact that this Company is now earning at the rate of 20 per cent on its entire capitalization, with less than one-third (1-3) issued, is a positive guarantee of your 80 per cent and proof of the still larger earnings you will receive when their production facilities have been increased.

Your protection is made still more secure by the fact that after you have received our literature and your stock, you may return the same any time within ten days of its receipt by you and receive your money back in full if you are not entirely satisfied with your investment. This gives you ten days in which to investigate and to assure yourself that this is not a chance, but the best and biggest little investment you ever made. Could anything be more fair and square? Was ever an investment offered so attractive and so sure?

Just tear off and fill out this coupon and attach a ten-dollar bill to it, or a check, or a Money Order, and mail it to-day. REMEMBER this offer is made only to the first one thousand who answer this advertisement.

THE DOUBLE SERVICE TIRE & RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio.

I hereby accept your offer as made in the above advertisement, and am enclosing ten dollars, for which please send me Stock Certificate for Forty (40) shares of Stock of your Company, Fully Paid and Non-Assessable, with descriptive literature regarding the same, with the understanding that if I am not entirely satisfied with my investment, you will return my money in full any time within ten days of my receipt of my Stock Certificate and literature.

Name..... Address..... State.....

IN EXTENDING you my hearty good wishes for Christmas and the New Year, I wish also to express my sincere thanks for the liberal patronage accorded me during my business career in Cass City.

C. W. HELLER

Why not send the Chronicle to your friend for a year as a Xmas Gift?

Deuces Wild

By HAROLD MACGRATH

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER VII.

A Real Detective.

One of the greatest detectives in the world (in his own opinion and, what was more remarkable still, in that of his wife) sat down to his evening meal. He called it supper; as they called it immediately after the stone age, when man and woman began to form habits. This supper consisted of corned-beef, cabbage and boiled potatoes. Haggerty heaped his plate, proceeded to slice the three into a coarse hash and sprinkled it liberally with salt, pepper and vinegar. He was not a talkative man at his meals, which he thoroughly enjoyed, having a constitution far more rugged than that of the United States, in that it was not open to promiscuous amendments. Nor was Mrs. Haggerty troubled with the vapors of the fashionable. She ate as silently and heartily as her lord and master. They finished off the meal with quarter slices of rich mince pie, washed down the whole with pints of aromatic coffee, and then smiled across the table. Their admiration for each other was mutual; it had stood the acid test of eight years of propinquity.

Haggerty was a real detective, a post-graduate in the virtues and delinquencies of humanity; the detective you and I know in every-day life; who was once a policeman on our block and who winked when we broke a window playing one-old-cat. Haggerty's salary might be called handsome, if one included the splits in frequent rewards; but as the pay of a man who took his

life in his hands seven days in the week and fifty weeks in the year, it was less than meager.

"Milly, you've got 'em all kotowing when it comes t' corn-beef an' cabbage. Say! I'm thinking of buying that little ol' shack up Bronx way, after all."

"No!"
"Sure thing!"
"But I don't like these mortgages. Will. If anything happened to you, where'd I be?"

"Sh! It's going t' be cash."
"And where are you going to get three thousand dollars? They won't take a cent under six for the place."

"Leave it t' me." He pulled out a thick black cigar. Had General Lee sent a box of them to General Grant, there wouldn't have been any Appomattox.

"Will, you aren't taking any of that graft stuff, after your promise to me six years ago?"

"Nix on th' graft, Milly. I ain't handsome but I'm honest. More 'n that, I ain't the gink they think I am down at Central."

"You're a smart man, Will."

Haggerty was worth looking at. He had a round head, a sign of combativeness. He had heavy rectangular jaws, a sign of perseverance. He had keen blue eyes, too, with room enough between to satisfy the most critical of phrenologists and physiognomists (for whom the detective had the heartiest contempt). To see things, to observe and retain impressions, it is not necessary to hold a university degree. Theory and logical deduction, as written, interested Haggerty just about as much as a missionary's lecture on the uplift of the sinful Hottentot would have done. Crime to him was merely a picture-puzzle; there were so many pieces and only one way to put them together. When he found another piece he tried to fit the two together. If they did not fit he proceeded to hunt for the other pieces. By and by he got a corner together, maybe a center-piece; in the end the picture unfolded. Nothing mysterious about this.

Haggerty was not orilliant; he was only slow and sure. And because of this ability to wait he had now been a detective of the first class for six years. As the character of his investigations somewhat removed him from the graft zone his promise to his wife was rather a negligible one. The low cut-purse, the polished swindler, the dishonest bank official, all were fish to his net. Being a man of great physical strength, courageous as all Irishmen are who have had to fight their way to a decent pay roll, and fond of his work besides, he was formidable. He was well known, feared and respected. He never approached his quarry till he was absolutely certain of his picture-puzzle. Then his hand fell heavily. He was just but merciless. His business was to get the criminal. If a jury wanted to let the man go, that was no concern of his.

"Some time between now an' midnight, Milly, I'm going t' put this hand-somey manured duke on th' shoulder of th' cleverest crook New York has seen in years. He's had th' force up a tree for almost a year. Piece of bull-headed luck, but luck's half of any game."

"Who is it, Will?"
"Th' gentlemanly jewel thief, as th' reporters call him."

"Seven thousand dollars in rewards?"

"Six from th' people who've been jobbed an' one from Pa Knickerbocker. That'll take care care of that lit-



Haggerty Was Worth Looking At.

tle ol' Bronx shack, an' some onion money besides. Oh, I've got him all right. Queer case, though; an' I don't understand it all yet. But I know who an' where he is."

"Tell me. You've never said a word." His wife leaned across the table eagerly.

"I don't talk till I'm sure, Milly. If you women'd only think it out that way there'd be a lot o' trouble saved. Well, you remember I used t' pook-hooch this finger-print business. Looked like expert stuff. I never saw two experts who agreed on anything. But this thumbprint is th' real article; you can't get away from it. Fact. When Mrs. Armitage lost her emeralds—forty thousand iron-boys, including duty—think of it, forty thousand for a string of little Irish-green stones—well, I was detailed t' look over th' case. She has a whatchacallit next t' her bedroom."

"Boudoir?"
"That's it. Well, she had th' sliteckest wall safe you ever heard of. Ordinary furnace register in th' wall an' back of it the safe. New stunt. But there's always somebody that finds

out. Little table stands in front of it. Maid hadn't dusted it lately. Saw a nice thumb print. Perfect. Got it photographed, an' went over th' help an' th' folks themselves. Didn't match. Same print on a little idol in the safe. So I put it away for future reference. There wasn't any match for it down at Central, either. New hand. Th' idol was one o' them Hindu things. Chap was interested in it. We laid low for th' break-up of th' jewels. Never came. Say! mebbe we didn't sit up an' take notice." Haggerty tumbled in his waistcoat for a match.

"Every good jewel is registered. All jewelers know something about it. Well, nothing doing in Rotterdam or Amsterdam, or any other of th' ol' country dams. Th' guys was either afraid or waiting till we forgot. But we don't forget, Milly. Then came th' Hollister pink pearls. Ol'-fashioned safe this trip. Easy job. Ol' Hollister had one o' those jade plates. Whata you think? Same thumb print on that. Number three, th' Morris rubies. Good safe, nice job, but no visiting card of anyone we knew. A Loozy th' Fourteenth minachure. Morris says it's worth two thousand. Mr. Thumb-print again. I was getting loony. Suddenly it got int' my coco that th' gink was interested in curios. Get me?"

Mrs. Haggerty squeezed her hands together in her excitement.

"Nothing more after th' Morris rubies. That was eight months ago. Well, I went bug on th' thumb-print thing. Hunted bar-rails, ship-rails; everywhere you could think of. Y' see, there was a little scar across what th' wise ones call the whorl. That was his photograph. Th' swag mounted up to a hundred an' twenty thousand, market value. Now, that's going some even these days, when you think of it. For weeks an' weeks nothing but blind alleys. Then came th' bull-headed luck. They were putting in some new mummies at th' museum, an' I was detailed t' watch th' crowd for dips. I was looking over one o' th' new cases, when who bobs up but Mr. Thumb-print, 's large as life. You could have knocked me over with a feather. Say, girl, you wouldn't think it, but there's three thousand bugs in this little ol' New York who don't do nothing but collect things, furniture, rugs, china, weapons, foreign things an' mummies. Say, but I wore out some shoe leather. All th' time I was handing th' reglar jobs. I hobnobbed with students an' professors. I gum-shoed th' homes of th' noted archy—what's them?"

"Archeologists," supplemented Mrs. Haggerty, who had gone through high school.

"By an' by I got rid of two thousand nine hundred an' ninety-nine of the bugs. An' Number Three Thousand had me swallowing my Adam's apple. I couldn't connect him. A millionaire, Milly; spends thousands digging up th' dried ones, friend of th' Metropolitan directors an' J. P.; got a raft of medals, an' all that. 'S fine a looking chap as you'd want t' see. You know, Milly, I've got what they call th' hunch. I can spot a bad actor just as you can a woman that ain't straight. That hunch balked. If he'd done it, it was as a joke, for he doesn't need money."

"Have you got his thumb print?" asked Mrs. Haggerty, who was thinking of the seven thousand dollars.

"There's where I fell down. I couldn't get it without going at him straight. So I settled down t' study him an' his habits. One day, while I was nosing round I fell ont' something that got my goat. You see, Milly, these bugs generally play two games, one for work an' one for play. Well, this chap's play was—" Haggerty arose.

"Will!"
"Buying up ol' safes an' yegging 'em!"

Continued next week.

* * * * * STREET CORNER SAGE * * * * *

He Talks About "Aut-a-mo-beels."

He was standing with some other old men in front of the postoffice, waiting for the carrier to bring the morning mail up from the railroad station.

"B'leve me" he said suddenly, "aut-a-mo-beels is gittin' thicker 'an bees on these here country roads. Ev'ry feller in the county, seems like has got one a the things, 'an is ridin' in it all the time. Aint safe to go no place enny more with a skeery hoss, 'cause shore as you do yer lib'l to have a run-a-way. 'Sall right fer a doctor 'er some buddy that needs one in their bizness to own the dern things, but I'm again' this pleasure drivin' in 'em."

"Why I was talking to Isaiah Waidley last night," said an auditor, "and he tells me you are going to buy one in the spring."

"Wall it aint my fault," said the Sage hastily. "The thing'll set me back seven or eight hundred dollars, but when th' ole woman sets her head on gittin' somethin' th' only way you kin make her fergit about it is to go an' buy it. She wouldn't care if I went plum broke."

Wholly Inappropriate.
"I can't find any old clothes to put on the scarecrow," said Farmer Corn-fossil.

"You might use some of the fancy guds our boy Josh brought home," suggested his wife.

"I'm tryin' to scare the crows. I'm not tryin' to make 'em laugh."—Harvard Lampoon.

Send the Chronicle as an Xmas gift.

PRETTY PERUVIAN GIRL



Miss Teresa Granda y Pezet is an interesting addition from the diplomatic circle to the list of debutantes in Washington society this winter. Miss Granda is spending the winter at the Peruvian legation with her uncle and aunt, the minister from Peru and Mme. Pezet.

CAN'T PROVE HE IS DEAD

Will of a Man Who Has Been Missing Twenty-One Years, Offered for Probate.

Denver.—For the first time in the history of the Denver county court the will of a man of whose death there is no record has been lodged with the clerk of the court. It may become necessary to have the maker, George T. Sheets, declared legally dead before the instrument is offered for probate.

Sheets, a contractor, made the will in 1893. He was then seventy-two years old. A year later he disappeared. The family did not know of the existence of the will until a few days ago, when Attorney Edwin Parke discovered the document in his safe. Parke turned it over to the clerk of the court.

MORE JOBS THAN CHEMISTS

Scarcity of Engineers Shown at Columbia University Since Outbreak of War.

New York.—Since the outbreak of the war and the resulting increase in chemical projects in this country the demand for chemical engineers has grown so rapidly that the companies are finding it difficult to fill the many places that are now open.

Indication of this was given at Columbia university when Dean Frederick A. Goetze of the graduate engineering school reported that he had received a call from a mining company for several chemical engineers familiar with the iron and steel industry, but that he has been unable to find any of the recent graduates who were not already well placed.

IS LONELIEST OF PUPILS

Missouri Youth Has School and Teacher All to Himself—Sports Are Eschewed.

Chillicothe, Mo.—Livingstone county has the smallest possible school in the world—it has just one pupil. But, despite the small enrollment, it keeps grinding steadily away, confining its activities principally to the text books and eschewing football and other forms of athletics.

The school in question is in district No. 2 in Medicine township and Miss Mary Phillips is the teacher. The list of matriculants has not been published. When the term began five weeks ago, it was anticipated that a number of children would enroll, but only this one boy came, so the teacher started in with the course.

CHILD SMOTHERS IN COTTON

Little Oklahoma Girl Digs Hole in Pile and Then Accidentally Tumbles In.

Guthrie, Okla.—The nine-year-old daughter of Paul Richcy, a farmer living near Prague, thirty miles east of here, was "drowned" in a pile of cotton in her father's field.

When the little girl was missed, her parents started out to search for her. Her father finally saw her shoes on top of the huge mound of cotton, and closer examination disclosed her body buried, head first, in the fluffy mass. She evidently had dug a hole in the pile and then accidentally fallen into it, the loose cotton packing about her and smothering her.

Anti-Girl Club Formed.

Kendallville, Ind.—Thirty-five young bachelors of this city have organized the "Anti-Girl" club. To be caught taking a young woman to a theater, dance or other social function, or home from church, or even to make a social call, will cost the member \$5. The "high cost of entertainment" is given as the cause for organizing.

BEAULEY.

When Mrs. James Young, of Grant township, died three weeks ago her three sons of Seattle, who could not attend the funeral, sent the following to their brothers and sisters:

My Mother—A Prayer.

By Tom Dillon.

For the body you gave me, the bone and the sinew, the heart and the brain that are yours, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the light in my eyes, the blood in my veins, for my speech, for my life, for my being. All that I am is from you who bore me.

For all the love that you gave me, unmeasured from the beginning, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the hand that led me, the voice that directed me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me. All that I am is by you, who nursed me.

For your smile in the morning and your kiss at night, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the tears you shed over me, the songs that you sung to me, the prayers you said for me, for your vigils and ministrings. All that I am is by you, who reared me.

For the faith you had in me, the hope you had for me, for your trust and your pride, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for your praise and your chiding, for the justice you bred into me and the honor you made mine. All that I am you taught me.

For the sore travail that I caused you, for the visions and despairs, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the peril I brought you to, the sobs and the moans I wrung from you, and for the strength I took from you mother, forgive me.

For the fears I gave you, for the alarms and the dreads, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the joys I deprived you, the toils I made for you, for the hours, the days, and the years I claimed from you, mother, forgive me.

For the times that I hurt you, the times I had no smile for you, the caresses I did not give you, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me for my anger and revolts, for my deceits and evasions, for all the pangs and sorrows I brought to you, mother, forgive me.

For your lessons I did not learn, for your wishes I did not heed, for the counsels I did not obey, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me my pride in my youth and my glory in my strength that forgot the holiness of your years and the veneration of your weakness, for my neglect, for my selfishness, for all the great debts of your love that I have not paid, mother, sweet mother, forgive me.

And may the peace and the joy that passeth all understanding be yours, my mother, forever and ever. Amen.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Frank Benedict and wife to Edward R. Lee and wife, se ¼ of se ¼ nw ¼ of se ¼ and s ½ of ne ¼ section 1 Kingston \$4500.

Moses G. Garner and wife to Norman J. Garner, w 34 acres of e ½ of e ½ of sw ¼ section 14 Denmark \$3200.

John H. Foster and wife to Harry D. Kinkley et al part sw ¼ section 16 Fairgrove \$600.

Chas. G. Dickinson and wife to Leone Tyo, part Cass City \$1,000.

State Savings Bank Caro to John C. Gordon and wife, lots 18 and 19, pt. 20 blk. 6 Montague's sub. Caro \$1,000

Lottie Palmer to Lot Foster, part Tuscola \$1200.

Geo. F. Kennard et al to Alfred R. Baker and wife, se ¼ of ne ¼ section 16 Vassar \$1.

John J. Maurer and wife to Theodore Schulte, lots 18 and 19 blk. 3 Roger's add Reese \$1500.

Geo. H. Kilbourn and wife to Fred H. Vogt and wife, w 51 acres of nw ¼ section 24 Vassar \$1500.

Jos. E. Levis and wife to Frank A. Preston, part nw ¼ section 23 Tuscola \$6500.

Sophia Layer to Ernest E. Layer and wife, ne ¼ of sw ¼ section 27 Fairgrove \$2700.

Frank F. Soper and wife to John H. Wooley and wife, lots 2 and 3, blk. "B" Jarvis add Kingston \$66.

Patrick Toohey, sr., to Samuel Putnam and wife, ne frl ¼ section 4 Ellington \$8400.

James Colling to Frank Sugden and wife, se ¼ section 10 Watertown \$10,000.

Robert Vance to Charles Schwartz and wife, e ½ of ne ¼ section 25 Dayton \$3,000.

Geo. Mayer and wife to Katharine Engelhardt, se ¼ of ne ¼ and s ½ of ne ¼ of ne ¼ section 29 Denmark \$1.

N. E. York to Oscar M. York, s 3-5 of s ½ of nw ¼ and part entire section 25 Arbelva \$1500.

Keen Scented Deer.

Under the most favorable atmospheric conditions deer can scent a man at the distance of a mile and a half. If he is smoking the range may be increased to two miles. They have been known to refuse to cross a man's track more than four hours after he had passed, but rain may destroy the scent in ten minutes.—St. James' Gazette.

IS IT YOUR KIDNEYS.

Don't Mistake the Cause of Your Troubles.

Many people never suspect their kidneys. If suffering from a lame, weak or aching back they think that it is only a muscular weakness; when urinary trouble sets in they think it will not correct itself. And so it is with all the other symptoms of kidney disorders. That is where the danger often lies. You should realize that these troubles often lead to dropsy or Bright's disease. An effective remedy for weak or diseased kidneys is Doan's Kidney Pills. Residents of this vicinity are constantly testifying.

Lyle Spencer, blacksmith, R. F. D. No. 2, Deford, Mich., says: "My kidneys were weak and I suffered from pains in the small of my back. There were sharp twinges in my back after I stooped over. Doan's Kidney Pills had been used in the family with excellent results, so I tried them. They cured me."

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

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A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Again We Say Subscribe for THIS PAPER.

MAKING A MATCH

For a Time It Was Considered a Thankless Job

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Martha," said Farmer Holt one evening to his wife when she was washing the dishes, "John Corey was talkin' to me this afternoon. He says he wants to git married."

"Well, why don't he?"

"He says there ain't no one to marry."

"There's lots o' wimmin would like to get John. He's passed out o' onsartin youth into shore middle age. He's got a good farm, and it's well stocked, and he hain't got no bad habits fixed on to him. I could name half a dozen gals about yere that would be glad to get him."

"He says he couldn't make up his mind to do the courtin'."

"What's he want to do any courtin' for? Courtin' for youngers. John's too old for that, and if he marries a woman of suitable age—some's about thirty—I reckon she won't set store by the courtin' part of it neither."

"How can a man get married without doin' any courtin'?"

"He kin jist ask the woman he wants to marry, and if she says yes they kin be married."

"But John says he don't know any particular woman he wants to marry."

Mrs. Holt finished doing her dishes, put them away and, taking up a basket of stockings, began to darn them. Her husband turned to the Farmer's Helper and began to read.

"I'm thinkin'," said the wife, whose mind had got set on the matrimonial question, "that Mandy Sellers would be about what John wants. She's a first rate cook and keeps the house lookin' neat and clean all the time. She's always workin' at somethin'."

"Reckon her father and mother need her."

"There's the younger sister, Susan. She could take Mandy's place. Besides, a gal has got to look out for a home of her own."

"How d'ye know Mandy would have John?"

"Humph! She'd jump at the chance."

The farmer turned to his paper. He was more interested in an article on the feeding of hogs than in providing John Corey with a wife. But the idea of making the poor man comfortable and obtaining at the same time a home for Mandy Sellers had got into Mrs. Holt's head, and she couldn't get it out.

Miss Sellers occupied the adjoining farm to the Holts, and presently leaving her husband immersed in the hog feeding problem the good woman slipped out and interviewed Mandy, telling her that John Corey wanted a wife. She did not ask Mandy if she would like the position; she simply stated the fact. But a few days later when Mandy asked if John had got a wife yet Mrs. Holt suggested that Mandy would be about the kind of wife he should have. Mandy simpered and said he "wouldn't look at her."

One day John was at work at the cider press when he heard Mrs. Holt call him from the road. He went to her, and she spent half an hour questioning him about the treatment of cows and chickens and other matters pertaining to the farm. Just as she was about to depart she said:

"By the bye, Mr. Corey, have you seen Mandy Sellers lately?"

"No, Mrs. Holt, I hain't seen none o' the Sellers family in some time."

"Fine gal, Mandy."

"Think so?"

"Good cook; knows all about a farm and specially good at dairy work."

"I want to know."

"I wonder why some of the unmarried men about yere hain't picked Mandy up. She's gettin' on past the age for the young fellers, and there's not many middle aged men in these parts that haven't wives."

"Reckon I'm about the only one o' that kind."

"If you're wantin' a wife you couldn't do better than marry Mandy."

"La' sakes, Mrs. Holt! Mandy Sellers wouldn't marry me. Besides, she's wanted at the Sellers farm. She a'most runs it."

"Don't you believe that. Mandy would like a home as well as any gal I know."

Mrs. Holt, being a diplomat, went no further at the time. She had sowed the seed both in the breast of Miss Sellers and Mr. Corey and was disposed to give it time to germinate. By a skillful manipulation of the parties she finally got them together. John proposed, was accepted, and in due time the pair were married.

Now, John Corey was not a pliable man even in youth, and, having come to middle age, his will was hardening like his bones and cartilage. As for Mandy, she was a methodical person who preferred to do such work as a woman is expected to do in her own way. Thus when he saw her doing things in a different way from what he had been used to doing them he demurred. Mandy had kept the parental abode spick and span. Her father had been accustomed on coming into the house after his day's work was finished to put on a pair of slippers; John tramped in his muddy boots all over the house. Her father did not smoke; John did and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on anything that came handy, usually the floor.

One day Farmer Holt and John Corey met at the crossroads.

"Howdy, John?" said Holt. "How do you like matrimony so far as ye got?"

"Waal, I ain't as independent as I was. My wife seems inclined to run things."

Farmer Holt changed the subject. Later Mrs. Holt dropped in on Mrs. Corey and asked her a similar question.

"Waal, Mrs. Holt, it would be well enough if John had any respect for the looks o' the house. He's lived alone so long that his home isn't any more to him than his barn."

When Mr. and Mrs. Holt compared notes it became apparent to them that if the Corey family continued as they had begun they would not hang together long. Mr. Holt accused his wife of having been too active in making the match, and Mrs. Holt retorted by asking him who started the matter. Since he had done so in reporting to her that John Corey wanted a wife he pursued the argument no further.

Matters in the Corey family went from bad to worse. Whenever John met Farmer Holt he abused him for making a match for him with the "conarnedest woman in the world." When Mrs. Corey met Mrs. Holt she rued the day when she had left a good home to keep house for a man who was so set in his ways that an ox team couldn't move him. The recitals of family difficulties were from time to time poured into Farmer Holt's ears by John Corey and into Mrs. Holt's ears by Mrs. Corey. Now and again the Holts were reminded that they had made the match. John said he didn't blame Holt for his share in tying him up with a virago, but this did not cause the latter to feel especially well satisfied with himself for having done so.

Mrs. Corey did not hesitate to throw all the blame for her "mistake" on Mrs. Holt.

In time these vituperations became so marked that the Holts concluded that they must do something to stop them. The only thing they could think of was to apologize for having interfered to bring the couple together. One evening after Mrs. Holt had cleared the supper table and done the dishes they walked over to the Corey farm to carry out their intention. They found Mr. and Mrs. Corey at home, and the couple, not having had any reason to quarrel with each other, received their guests, if not with cordiality, at least with common civility.

The visitors talked for a time about the crops, what they were going to put into the ground for the next year and other ordinary matters. Presently Mrs. Holt looked knowingly at her husband, who, nerving himself for an effort, after clearing his throat, said:

"I want to say to you people that the blame for the mistake that has been made is all on me. I mentioned to my wife that John wanted to get married, and she reckoned that you two might be a help to each other. I didn't know that John wasn't used to havin' a clean house and"

"I didn't know," interrupted Mrs. Holt, "that Mandy would make a fuss every time there was a bit o' dirt left on a rag carpet."

"Air you statin' this case or I?" asked Farmer Holt severely.

"Look a-here," said Mr. Corey, bristling. "What do you people mean by comin' yere to interfere between man and wife?"

"Ain't you got nothin' better to do than that?" asked Mrs. Corey tempestuously.

"We jist wanted to apologize for what we done in bringin' you two together, seein' that you both made a mistake in puttin' on double harness."

"Who's made a mistake?" growled Corey.

"There hasn't been any mistake," cried his wife.

Mrs. Holt was so indignant at this denial of what had been poured into her ears and her husband's ears for so long a time that she opened up the debate on a high key. Mr. Corey endeavoring to drown her words with a higher one. For a time the man threw in an occasional remark, but, finding themselves no match for the women, dropped out, their utterances sounding like distant thunder muttering in a violent storm.

Finally Farmer Corey deserted, leaving his wife to carry on the fight alone. She then began a retreat, turning here and there to fire a parting shot. Mrs. Corey followed her on to the porch, while John went out the back door to seek quiet in the barn.

The tempest was stilled when Mrs. Holt reached the gate and was not resumed. No more reproaches were visited on Holt by Corey or on Mrs. Holt by Mrs. Corey. There was no intercourse between the families for six months. Then one day Mrs. Holt sent a mysterious looking box to Mrs. Corey.

It was not returned, but a note of thanks came to the donor, with an expressed desire that the past might be forgotten. Within a few weeks from that time the stork visited the Coreys. Mr. and Mrs. Holt sent the baby a silver cup and were invited to stand as godfather and godmother at the child's christening. After the ceremony they returned with the happy parents to the latter's home.

"It beats all," said Corey to Holt, "how a little chunk of flesh like that will make a lot o' other things seem so little you can't see 'em."

"Reckon you'll find the chunk o' flesh not so little as you think," replied Farmer Holt.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Holt, for givin' me the best wife in the hull county and the baby as well."

"Don't mention it."

Meanwhile Mrs. Holt was being thanked by the mother for saving her from being an old maid and giving her the best man that ever lived, besides the baby.

The Scrap Book

Paid In Her Own Coin.

A local cafeteria was the scene of an artistic bit of reproof the other day. In a cafeteria the luncheon seeker wanders from table to table with a tray, collecting the parts of a meal, then receives a check for the amount of food on his tray and pays the check on the way out after he has finished.

A young man of prepossessing appearance and with the earmarks of "knowing his way around" approached the cashier with his check and laid a fifty cent piece on the counter.

The girl, who is somewhat austere, snatched up the piece, looked at it skeptically, then bounced it on the counter. It rang true. She took out change, including a penny, and pushed it toward the customer. All during the occurrence the sting was not so much in what she did as in the way she did it.

The young man had not said a word or moved a muscle of his face all the time. Preserving the same serenity and silence, he picked up his change, glanced at the girl, regarded the penny a moment, bounced it on the counter, listened, picked it up and walked out, his face as expressionless as ever.

Patrons who had watched laughed quietly, and the girl's face flushed.—Newark Star.

Do It Now.

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story Tomorrow, and the next more dilatory; Then indecision brings its own delays, And days are lost lamenting those lost days.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—What you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Courage has genius, power and magic in it.

Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—Begin it and the work will be completed.—Goethe.

His Clew.

The London police sergeant raised his eyes from the blotter as two policemen propelled the resisting victim before him.

"A German spy, sir!" gasped the first hobby.

"I am an American and can prove it," denied the victim.

"That's what he says, but here's the evidence," interrupted the second hobby, triumphantly producing a bulky hotel register from beneath his arm and pointing to an entry.

"V. Gates," written in a flowing hand, was the record that met the astonished sergeant's gaze.—Everybody's.

The Cat He Tackled.

An Irishman fresh from the "ould sod" isreached a job with a lumbering crew in the Minnesota woods. While sound asleep in his bunk one night a lynx slipped in at the open window, espied Paddy's brindle whiskers and promptly pounced on its supposed enemy. A terrific contest ensued, during which Paddy's clothing was reduced to ribbons, but ending happily when the brawny son of Erin secured a half nelson on the beast and heaved it bodily through the window.

He was instantly surrounded by a score of excited and admiring woodsmen. After examining himself critically Paddy straightened up slowly and remarked with distinct emphasis:

"Bedad, if I knew th' mon that owned that cat I'd be afther rammin' me fist down th' throat av 'im—I wud thot!"

Busy Program.

The women of a certain town recently organized a musical appreciation club, and for awhile everything was lovely. "Louise," asked the husband of one of the members after her return from one of the meetings, "what was the topic under discussion by the club this afternoon?" At first Louise couldn't remember, but finally she exclaimed:

"Now I recollect! We discussed that brazen looking hussy that's just moved in across the street and Debussy."—Argonaut.

Fat Margaret.

It was a history lesson, and the teacher felt convinced he had told his boys all the important features and characters connected with the Wars of the Roses.

"Now, boys, what do you know of Margaret of Anjou?" was his first question.

A slight pause and then quite a good show of hands.

"Well, Jones?"—this to a youngster who was frantically waving his arm about like a flag signaler working overtime.

"She was v-v-very f-f-fat, sir," stammered Jones.

"Fat! How do you make that out?" queried the teacher, who had made no mention at all of the lady's physical charms and was somewhat in doubt himself as to her exact dimensions.

Opening his textbook, Jones triumphantly pointed to the following passage:

"One of Richard's stoutest opponents was Margaret of Anjou."

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Cass City Grain Company

LIGHTING PLANT BLOWS UP

W. J. CAMPBELL OF McGREGOR, WENT TO REPAIR PLANT WITH LANTERN.

As the lights were not working well in the Campbell Hardware store in McGregor last Friday evening, W. J. Campbell, one of the owners, took a lighted lantern and went to the rear of the store where the acetylene plant was housed in a shed. The gas was leaking from the tank and when he came near enough an explosion occurred which threw Mr. Campbell several feet. His clothing caught fire and he was quite seriously burned. Prompt action by Gilbert Booth and Charles Cook prevented the fire spreading. Mr. Campbell is recovering at his home in that village.—Sandusky Farmer.

VANDERBILT GETS 5 MONTHS.

Frank Vanderbilt, the Quinciassee hotel keeper, who pleaded guilty to a violation of the local option law at the last term of the Tuscola County circuit court, will eat Christmas dinner with Sheriff Brainerd at the jail in Caro. Judge Beach last week sentenced him to five months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$125.

CHURCH NOTES.

Methodist Episcopal—
W. A. Gregory, Pastor.
You are cordially invited to attend all or any of the services in the above church. Preaching services, Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath School at 11:45; Epworth League at 6:30.

Bethel Church—Regular services on Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

Christian Science—
Christian services are held every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock and on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 in the rear room of the Sheridan Building, adjoining Farrell & Townsend Co. All are welcome.

The subject for December 26 will be "Christian Science."

Baptist—
Regardless of what has been said about Pastor Hayward resigning, he continues to preach every Sunday without saying a word himself about resigning. The pastor says he has nothing but the kindest words and thoughts about every one in town. To those who have been so free to talk of late, the pastor can only say, "May God forgive them."
Subjects for next Sunday: morning, "How God Meets Men." Evening, "A Homesick Man."

GREETINGS TO MEMBERS OF BAPTIST CHURCH AND CONGREGATION.

A gain I'll try in His blest name,
My heartiest Christmas wish to frame,—
Entwine it all with holly sprigs,
Regale it well with pine-tree twigs,
Right gladly, then, to send it you—
Yuletide's best love, both warm and true.

Christmas I wish might bring to you
Herald full of every needed thing;—
Rich blessings for your hearth and home
In bounteous showers to you may come!
Since God's best gifts come from above,
Then may be yours, Faith, Hope and Love.
May those whose paths are lined with care,
And homes which have a vacant chair,
Strong Faith from God receive, my prayer.

To those whose day turns into night,
Oh! may the star of Hope shine bright.

Yuletide will prove, 'mid Winter's snows,
Of faded flowers, one is not froze!—
Undying Love—the Christmas Rose.

And since true love can never fail,
Nor God His mercy will curtail,
Do let your hold on Christ prevail!

Your Christmas, then, be bright and glad;
Oh, do not dwell on pictures sad.
Unless we're false to Christ's lovethroth,
Relinquish Faith and Hope and Love,
Some day we'll see His face above.

Sincerely and affectionately,
your pastor,
H. C. HAYWARD.

HORTON EALY INJURED.

Horton Ealy, little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. McNair Ealy, of Caro was thrown through the windshield in an automobile accident at Miami, Florida, recently and received severe cuts on cheeks and chin, which required 25 stitches to close. He is making a good recovery, according to word received by Caro relatives.

WELL PLEASED.

"I am well pleased with the results of my auction sale held recently and especially with the services of Fred E. Wright, who was employed by me as auctioneer." This is the verdict expressed by Chas. O. Wright.

HOSPITAL BENEFIT BALL.

A hospital benefit ball will be given in the Tribune Hall, Bad Axe, Thursday evening, Dec. 30. Fischer's orchestra from Kalamazoo will furnish music.

WILMOT.

The Free Methodists are still holding revival services.
The L. A. S. served dinner in Moulton's hall Wednesday, Dec. 22.
Mrs. Parker will entertain her daughters and grandchildren Christmas.
Mrs. Walter McArthur and Mrs. William Barrows are numbered with the sick.
The teachers and scholars will have a Christmas box at the school-house Thursday afternoon.
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hartt and son, Barton, will spend Friday and Saturday with relatives at Pontiac.
Mrs. C. Rounds is dangerously ill at this writing, although the symptoms were some better today.
Roland Rayworth and mother left Wednesday for Ypsilanti where they will spend Christmas with Fred Rayworth and family.
Mrs. George Allen is some better. Some of her friends and neighbors presented her with a box of carnations Tuesday to cheer her up.
Mr. and Mrs. Lou Barrows will entertain at Christmas dinner Mr. and Mrs. Louis Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barrows and children, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Barrows and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Barrows and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moulton and Mr. and Mrs. Langford.

NOVESTA CORNERS.

Mrs. Charles Grinnell is visiting her sister, Mrs. Julius Wentworth.
Miss Eva Milton is home from Caro for a two weeks' vacation with her parents.
Mrs. Andrew Hamilton spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Samuel Sangster, sr.
Mr. and Mrs. Carrol expect to start Wednesday for Canada to spend the holidays with relatives.
Mrs. John Wentworth is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Frank Bird, and children from Arcola, Canada.
Mrs. McLeish and family expect to move this coming week to Big Rapids. Sorry to have them go, but all join in wishing them success.
Monday, while little Jane Fleming was engaged stringing beads one became lodged in her ear, making it necessary to call a physician to remove it.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1916 Almanac.
The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1916 Almanac is by far the finest, largest and best ever before printed. The Hicks storm and weather forecasts for 1915 again have proven their truth and value, and this splendid Almanac for 1916 should find its way straight into every home and office in America. The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Magazine, Word and Works, and his unique Almanac should always go together both for only one dollar a year. The Almanac alone is 35c, prepaid. Send to Word and Works Publishing Company, 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.—Advertisement.