

Buy "RELIANCE" Aluminum Ware

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Come in and see our showing of this well-known ware. "Reliance" is the ware of perfect satisfaction. It is heavy weight, highly polished outside with natural finish inside. Here is your opportunity to obtain sanitary, indestructible and economical "Reliance" aluminum ware for the kitchen at saving prices.



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HOLMES & WALKER

We Will Always Treat You Right

Spring Millinery

The Ladies of Chelsea and Vicinity are invited to inspect our Spring and Summer Models.

MILLER SISTERS

FARRELL'S GROCERY SPECIALS

On Saturday, April 7th

We will sell at the following prices:

6 pounds Granulated Sugar..... 50c
Triphosa..... 8c
Radishes, Green Onions, Pieplant, Lettuce, Grape Fruit
and everything good for Easter

Don't forget OLD TAVERN COFFEE

We have the best GARDEN SEEDS in Chelsea

JOHN FARRELL & CO.

HOW THEY VOTED IN NEARBY TOWNSHIPS

Returns From Northwestern Washtenaw and Adjacent County Precincts.

Results of the several township elections in this section of Washtenaw county and in nearby townships in adjacent counties are as follows:

Lyndon.

All Republican excepting James Howlett, Democratic candidate for board of review, as follows: Supervisor, Charles Clark; clerk, Otis Webb; treasurer, Homer Stoffer; highway commissioner, Grant Kimmel; justice peace, Clarence Rowe; board of review, James Howlett; overseer of highways, Howard Boyce.

Dexter Township.

All Democratic, as follows: Supervisor, Gilbert Madden; clerk, Robert Gardner; treasurer, Robert Donovan; highway commissioner, Frank Nixon; justice peace, Christ Stoll; board review, full term, L. C. Rodman; board review, vacancy, Otto Goetz; overseer highways, Paul Clark.

Lima.

Democratic as usual, but gave Sample for circuit judge 136 against 39 for Kirk. The successful candidates were: Supervisor, F. C. Haist; clerk, E. M. Eisenman; treasurer, Fred Bahnmiller; highway commissioner, G. Edward Gross; justice peace, John Grau; board review, Lewis Eschelbach.

Sharon.

Republican, excepting highway commissioner for which there was no Republican candidate. Supervisor, John W. Dresselhouse; clerk, George F. Alber; treasurer, L. Gieske; justice peace, Ernest M. Smith; highway commissioner, August Kuhl; overseer highways, William Jacob; board review, August Linde.

Freedom.

Party honors were split, each party electing four candidates as follows: Supervisor, Bernard Bertke, r; clerk, Emmanuel Schenk, d; treasurer, William Kuebler, r; highway commissioner, Ernest Mann, r; justice peace, Samuel Gross, d; justice peace to fill vacancy, George Loeffler, d; board review, Michael Schiller, d; overseer highways, Henry Kothe, r.

Waterloo.

The entire Democratic ticket was chosen as follows: Supervisor, Herbert Harvey; clerk, Fred Radford; treasurer, William Reithmiller; highway commissioner, F. Randolph; justice, full term, Linus Randolph; justice to fill vacancy, three years, Fred Huttenlocher; justice to fill vacancy, two years, George Aichenbraun; board of review, E. Musbach; constables, George Freymuth, James Orr, Henry Lehman, P. Oesterle.

Stockbridge.

The entire Republican ticket with the exception of one office which went to a Democrat was elected as follows: Supervisor, A. A. Hall; clerk, R. C. Brown; treasurer, J. L. May; justice, full term, H. J. Smith, d; highway commissioner, Walter Nichols; board of review, R. S. Thompson; constables, John Russman, James Smith, Wiley Usler, Asa Lewis.

It was voted to lay a tax of one and one-half mills for a permanent highway fund and two mills for road repair.

Grass Lake.

Supervisor, N. Davis, d; clerk, T. Marriane, r; treasurer, E. Klose, r; highway commissioner, E. Detlor, r; justice peace, full term, L. Kalmbach, r; board review, H. B. Mellencamp, r; overseer highways, W. B. McCall, r.

Unadilla.

Republican, as usual. Supervisor, Fred Ayrault; clerk, E. N. Brotherton; treasurer, A. C. Bullis; justice peace, M. M. Isham; highway commissioner, J. L. Livermore; overseer, J. W. Marlatt; board of review, C. E. Hartstuff.

MOHRLOK-LINDEMAN.

A very quiet wedding took place Wednesday, April 4, 1917, at the Baptist church parsonage in Ann Arbor when Miss Helen Mohrlök, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Mohrlök of Lyndon, was united in marriage to Mr. Elmer G. Lindeman of Dexter.

The impressive ring ceremony was performed by Rev. John Mason Wells.

The young couple left for a short trip in the west, and will be at home to their friends after May 1st at 513 McKinley street, Chelsea.

GUN PLAYS LATE TUESDAY NIGHT

Alleged Train Robbers Resisted Arrest and Local Officers Used Revolvers.

When officers Roy Evans and Hector Cooper attempted to arrest two men beating their way on Michigan Central train No. 37 late Tuesday night, the men tried to elude the officers by a quick dash into the west railroad yards. They were closely followed by Mr. Evans, who managed to arrest one after firing several shots. The other man escaped and when last seen was sprinting west out of town.

The arrest was made upon advice from the train dispatcher, who said that two armed men were beating their way on a mail car in train No. 37 and asked the local operator, Wesley Smith, to have officers meet the train.

Later it was learned that the two men had threatened a negro section-hand at Dexter when the train stopped there and the colored man had notified the Dexter operator, who in turn told the dispatcher. The dispatcher, fearing the men might be train bandits, asked the local officers to arrest them.

The captured man was taken before Justice Witherell, Wednesday morning, and given ten days in the county jail on a vagrancy charge, as there was no evidence to warrant a more serious charge.

VOTE ON CIRCUIT JUDGE.

George W. Sample, the Republican candidate, defeated General John P. Kirk by almost 2,000 majority. The complete tabulated report follows:

	Sample	Kirk
Ann Arbor city	2142	1067
Ypsilanti city	554	877
Ann Arbor	111	76
Augusta	181	110
Bridgewater	68	88
Dexter	61	81
Freedom	120	66
Lima	136	39
Lodi — majority	17	
Lyndon	74	63
Manchester	211	174
Northfield	114	130
Pittsfield	150	50
Salem	131	32
Saline	242	94
Scio	207	145
Sharon	122	83
Superior	700	47
Sylvan	419	230
Webster	82	69
York first	58	46
York second	164	80
Ypsilanti	120	64

PICKELL-TEACHOUT.

Miss Eva Pickell and Mr. Bruce Teachout, both of Unadilla, were married Wednesday evening, March 28, 1917, at the manse, Rev. Ellis officiating. They were attended by Miss Louise Hopkins and Mr. Emory Pickell.

With respect to the Nation's defenses, Congress must not go on trusting to luck.

WANTED, FOR SALE, TO RENT

Advertising under this heading, 5 cents per line for first insertion, 2 cents per line for each additional consecutive insertion. Minimum charge for first insertion, 15 cents. Special rate, 3 lines or less, 3 consecutive times, 25 cents.

NOTICE—The old school building in Dist. No. 2, Lima, will be sold at auction, Saturday, April 14th, at 2:00 p. m. 60t3

FOR SALE—Neat and comfortable residence and good barn, 212 Jackson St. Mrs. Wesley Canfield, phone 215-J, Chelsea. 60t3

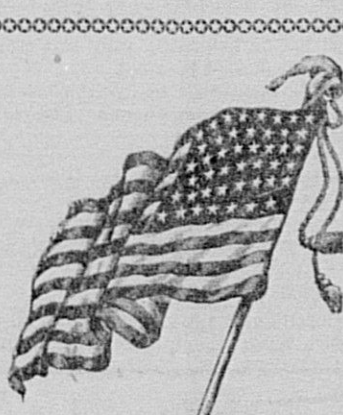
EGGS FOR HATCHING—Anonas, Shepherd strain, \$1.50 for 15; great layers, non-setters. Amanda Merker, phone 150-F5, Chelsea. 59t3

NOTICE—Orders taken for all kinds of nursery stock, farm and garden seeds. Agent for Hastings Wind Storm Ins. Co. Look up your policies and see if you desire any changes made. Alfred Kaercher, 515 S. Madison St., Chelsea. 59t3

EGGS FOR HATCHING—S. C. White Leghorns; 15 for 75 cents, 50 for \$2.25, 100 for \$4. Roy Ives, phone 16-W. 58t3

FOR SALE—Used 5 passenger Overland touring car; \$175. J. S. Cummings Auto Co., phone 80, Chelsea. 58t4

MONUMENTS—The Eckhardt Monumental Co., established 1874, 3043 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio. Designers and builders of high grade cemetery work of every description; also interior building marble. At your request we will send our illustrated catalogue of beautiful designs, free of charge. Eckhardt Monumental Co., 3043 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio. 60t3



MUNICIPAL FLAG POLE

Old Glory Will Float 75 Feet Above Chelsea's Main Business Corner.

With war declared between the United States and Germany at three o'clock this morning, patriotism in Chelsea is at high ebb and preparations are already under way for the erection of a municipal flag staff at the intersection of Main and Middle streets, the main four corners of the village.

A pole approximately 75 feet in height will be erected in the center of the street intersection and the American flag will be flung to the breeze. W. P. Schenk and Edward Vogel have been appointed a committee on the purchase of a flag and George Beckwith, J. S. Cummings and Warren Guerin comprise the committee appointed to secure a suitable pole. The matter of raising the pole and flinging the flag to the breeze will be entrusted to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, those gallant survivors of that memorable conflict of '61-'65.

OFFICERS CHELSEA STEEL BALL COMPANY

New Industry Held First Meeting of Stockholders Tuesday.

The first meeting of the stockholders in the Chelsea Steel Ball company was held Tuesday evening and the following board of directors was elected: M. J. Dunkle, Conrad Lehman, T. F. Callahan, John Kalmbach, Richard Price, L. T. Vogel, G. W. Palmer, Theo. Ryer and P. J. Schable. The board has since elected officers as follows:

President—M. J. Dunkle.
Vice president and general manager—T. F. Callahan.
Secretary—John Kalmbach.
Treasurer—Conrad Lehman.

DR. JOHN CASSIDY.

William Cassidy of Lyndon received word yesterday of the death of his brother, Dr. John Cassidy, at his home in South Bend, Indiana, aged about 80 years.

The deceased was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, and accompanied his parents to Michigan in 1837. The family settled in Lyndon township and the son, John, attended the Chelsea schools. Later, he graduated from the State Normal school at Ypsilanti, was a student at the U. of M. and at Rush Medical college, finally taking his degree in medicine and surgery from Notre Dame.

He is survived by his widow and a family of eight children, six sons and two daughters; also by his brother William of Lyndon and sister Rose of this village.

DEXTER TOWNSHIP.

Leo McQuillan of Chelsea was out to his farm Friday getting ready to trim the orchard.

Henry and Clyde Dixon were at Leslie, Monday, attending the funeral of a cousin.

Bernard Doody has a slight attack of pneumonia.

J. P. Walsh is drawing his marsh hay to Dexter buyers.

Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Wheeler attended the annual meeting of the O. E. S. at Dexter, Wednesday night.

Fred Winkelman has nearly finished moving.

Joseph Dixon has rented the Lyman brothers' farm.

Election passed off very quietly this spring there being only two "mouth" battles to enliven the monotony.

Herbert Hudson's machine is thrashing clover seed and baling hay in this part of the township this week.

A genuine April shower started in at six o'clock last night and is still at it yet, ten o'clock Thursday morning.

Citizens loud in protesting that they will not go to war should remember that war may come to them.

KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

ESTABLISHED

1876

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$100,000.00

IT CAN BE DONE

OUR Depositors' Weekly Savings Club gives to our depositors a choice in the amount of deposit, and at the same time enables them to accumulate a specified amount at the end of the year. You very naturally wonder how this can be done. Spend a few moments finding out today.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

H. S. Holmes, President C. Klein, Vice Pres. John L. Fletcher, Cashier
D. L. Rogers, Assistant Cashier
DIRECTORS—O. D. Luick, Ed. Vogel, D. C. McLaren, C. J. Chandler,
C. Klein, D. E. Beach, J. R. Kempf, L. P. Vogel, E. S. Spaulding.

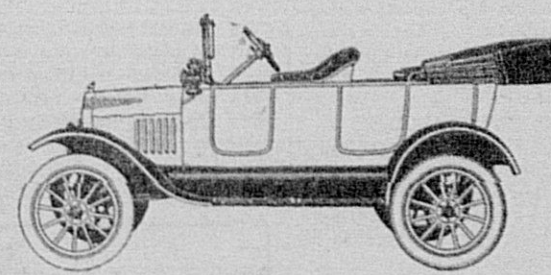
Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

IMPORTANT

We advise you to place your order AT ONCE. We cannot publish the reason; you will have to take our advice without any reason other than that we guarantee the price against any decline before August 1st.

Touring Car, \$367; Runabout, \$362;
Coupelet, \$512; Sedan, \$652—F. O. B.
Chelsea. Place your order now.

PALMER MOTOR SALES COMPANY
Chelsea, Michigan.



FOR SALE—House and lot corner Summit and Main streets, Dr. A. L. Steger, phone 82-W, Chelsea, Mich. 55t4

FOR SALE—House, lot and barn on East Middle St. Extensive repairs just completed. Howard S. Holmes, Chelsea. 54t4

FOR SALE—Baptist parsonage property, 157 E. Summit St.; 9-room house, city water, electric lights. For particulars phone Adelbert Baldwin or N. W. Laird. 36t4

FOR SALE OR RENT—Quality chicken farm on McKinley street. H. S. Holmes, phone 19, Chelsea, Mich. 35t4

FOR SALE—Modern residence. Small payment down and easy terms. H. S. Holmes, Chelsea, Mich. 51t4

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Eighty acre farm in Ingham county, fair buildings, on milk and mail route, telephone line and main travelled road, about 34 mile to rural school; \$75 per acre, easy terms, will consider Chelsea residence property in part payment. L. W. B., care Tribune office. 49t4

FOR SALE—Old newspapers for wrapping, shelves, etc. Large bundle only five cents at the Tribune office.

WANTED—People in this vicinity who have any legal printing required in the settlement of estates, etc., to have it sent to the Chelsea Tribune. The rates are universal in such matters, and to have your notices appear in this paper it is only necessary to ask the probate judge to send them to the Chelsea Tribune. 4t4

400 TYPEWRITERS!
Remingtons \$12 Smith-Premiers \$12
Let Your Children Learn Typewriting at Home. Instruction Book FREE. ASK EMPIRE TYPE FOUNDRY, BUFFALO N. Y. 2452

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Established over fifty years
Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich.

INSURANCE

In some cases insurance is better than money in the bank. Think your case over then see F. H. BELSER South and Garfield Streets FIRE, ACCIDENT AND AUTOMOBILE

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DR. H. H. AVERY
Graduate of U. of M.
Member of 2d District Dental Society and Michigan State Dental Society. IN PRACTICE TWENTY YEARS

DR. H. M. ARMOUR
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
Succeeding Dr. L. A. Mase. Also general auctioneer. Phone No. 20, Chelsea, Mich. Residence, 119 West Middle street.

GEO. W. BECKWITH
Fire Insurance
Real Estate Dealer, Money to Loan Office, Hatch-Durand Block, upstairs, Chelsea, Michigan.

S. A. MAPES
Funeral Director
Calls answered promptly day or night Telephone No. 6.

C. C. LANE
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
Office at Martin's Livery Barn, Chelsea, Michigan.

CHELSEA CAMP No. 7338 M. W. A.
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month. Insurance best by test. Herman J. Dancer, Clerk.

"K"

By
Mary Roberts Rinehart

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CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

—18—

"Do you have to walk as fast as this?"

"I said I was in a hurry. Once a week I get off a little early to go to the hospital. The Rosenfeld boy—"

The monstrous injustice of the thing overcame her. Palmer and she walking about, and the boy lying on his hot bed! She choked.

"Well?"

"He worries about his mother. If you could give her some money, it would help."

"Money! I paid his board for two months in the hospital."

When she did acknowledge this generosity—amounting to forty-eight dollars—his irritation grew. Her silence was an accusation. She was too calm in his presence, too cold. Where it had pleased his pride to think that he had given her up, he found that the shoe was on the other foot.

At the entrance to a side street she stopped.

"I turn off here."

"May I come and see you sometime?"

"No, please."

"That's flat, is it?"

"It is, Palmer."

He swung around savagely and left her.

The next day he drew over a thousand dollars from the bank. A good many of his debts he wanted to pay in cash; there was no use putting checks through, with incriminating endorsements. Also, he liked the idea of carrying a roll of money around. The big fellows at the clubs always had a wad and peeled off bills like skin off an onion. He took a couple of drinks to celebrate his approaching immunity from debt.

At nine o'clock that night he found Grace. She had moved to a cheap apartment which she shared with two other girls from the store. The others were out. It was his lucky day, surely.

His drunkenness was of the mind, mostly. His muscles were well controlled. The lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth were slightly accentuated, his eyes open a trifle wider than usual. That and a slight paleness of the nostrils were the only evidences of his condition. But Grace knew the signs.

"You can't come in."

"Of course I'm coming in."

She retreated before him, her eyes watchful. Men in his condition were apt to be as quick with a blow as with a caress. But, having gained his point, he was amiable.

"Get your things on and come out. We can take in a roof-garden."

"I've told you I'm not doing that sort of thing."

He was less steady than he had been. The heat of the little flat brought more blood to his head. He wavered as he stood just inside the door.

"You must go back to your wife."

"She doesn't want me. She's in love with a fellow at the house."

"Palmer, hush!"

"I only want to take you out for a good time. I've got money. Look here!"

He drew out a roll of bills and showed it to her. Her eyes opened wide. She had never known him to have much money.

"Lots more where that comes from."

A new look flashed into her eyes, not cupidit, but purpose.

She was instantly cunning.

"Aren't you going to give me some of that?"

"What for?"

"I want it for Johnny Rosenfeld."

He thrust it back into his pocket, but his hand retained its grasp of it.

"That's it," he complained. "Don't let me be happy for a minute! Throw it all up to me!"

"You give me that for the Rosenfeld boy, and I'll go out with you."

"If I give you all that, I won't have any money to go out with!"

But his eyes were wavering. She could see victory.

"Take off enough for the evening."

But he drew himself up.

"It's my lucky day," he said thickly.

"Plenty more where this came from. Do anything for you. Give it to the little devil. I—"

He yawned.

His head dropped back on his chair; he propped his sagging legs on a stool. She knew him—knew that he would sleep almost all night. She would have to make up something to tell the other girls; but no matter—she could attend to that later.

She paused, in pinning on her hat, to count the bills. She had never had a thousand dollars in her hands before.

CHAPTER XXIV.

K. spent all of the evening of that day with Wilson. He was not to go for Joe until eleven o'clock. The injured man's vitality was standing him in good stead. He had asked for Sidney and she was at his bedside. Doctor Ed had gone.

K. found Sidney in the room, not sitting, but standing by the window. The sick man was dozing. One shaded light burned in a far corner. She turned

slowly and met his eyes. It seemed to K. that she looked at him as if she had never really seen him before, and he was right. Readjustments are always difficult.

Sidney was trying to reconcile the K. she had known so well with this new K., no longer obscure, although still shabby, whose height had suddenly become presence, whose quiet was the quiet of inflating power.

She was suddenly shy of him, as he stood looking down at her. He saw the gleam of her engagement ring on her finger. It seemed almost defiant. As though she had meant by wearing it to emphasize her belief in her lover.

They did not speak beyond their greeting, until he had gone over the record. Then: "We can't talk here. I want to talk to you, K."

He led the way into the corridor. It was very dim. Far away was the night nurse's desk, with its lamp, its annunciator, its pile of records. The passage floor reflected the light on glistening boards.

"I have been thinking until I am almost crazy, K. And now I know how it happened. It was Joe."

"The principal thing is, not how it happened, but that he is going to get well, Sidney."

She stood looking down, twisting her ring around her finger.

"Is Joe in any danger?"

"We are going to get him away to-night. He wants to go to Cuba. He'll get off safely, I think."

"We are going to get him away! You are, you mean. You shoulder all our troubles, K., as if they were your own."

"I?" He was genuinely surprised.

"Oh, I see. You mean—but my part in getting Joe off is practically nothing. As a matter of fact, Schwitzer has put up the money. My total capital in the world, after paying for the machine today, is seven dollars."

"You, of course," said she. "You find Max and save him—don't look like that! You did, didn't you? And you get Joe away, borrowing money to send him."

He looked uncomfortable, almost guilty.

"When I look back and remember how all these months I've been talking about service, and you said nothing at all, and all the time you were living what I preached—I'm so ashamed, K."

He would not allow that. It distressed him. She saw that, and tried to smile.

"When does Joe go?"

"Tonight, I'm to take him across the country to the railroad. I was wondering—"

"Yes?"

"I'd better explain first. Then if you are willing to send him a line, I think it would help. He saw a girl in white in the car and thought it was you, of course. Carlotta was taken ill. And Schwitzer and—Wilson took her upstairs to a room."

"Do you believe that, K.?"

"I do. He saw Max coming out and misunderstood. He fired at him then."

"He did it for me. I feel very guilty, K., as if it all comes back to me. I'll write to him, of course. Poor Joe!"

He watched her go down the hall toward the night nurse's desk. Then he went back into the quiet room.

He stood by the bedside, looking down. Wilson was breathing quietly; his color was coming up, as he rallied from the shock. In K.'s mind now was just one thought—to bring him through

CHAPTER XXV.

Johnny Rosenfeld was dead. All of K.'s skill had not sufficed to save him. The operation had been a marvel, but the boy's long-sapped strength failed at the last. K., set of face, stayed with him to the end. The boy did not know he was going. He roused from the coma and smiled up at Le Moyne.

"I've got a hunch that I can move my right foot," he said. "Look and see."

K. lifted the light covering.

"You're right, old man. It's moving."

"Brake foot, clutch foot," said Johnny, and closed his eyes again. K. had for bidden the white screens, that outward symbol of death. Time enough for them later. So the ward had no suspicion, nor had the boy. The ward passed in review. It was Sunday, and from the chapel far below came the faint singing of a hymn. When Johnny spoke again he did not open his eyes.

"You're some operator, Mr. Le Moyne. I'll put in a word for you whenever I get a chance."

"Yes, put in a word for me," said K. huskily.

He felt that Johnny would be a good mediator—that whatever he, K., had done of omission or commission, Johnny's voice before the Tribunal would count.

Johnny was close on the edge of his long sleep by that time, and very comfortable. It was K. who, seeing he would no longer notice, ordered the screens to be set around the bed, K. who drew the coverings smooth and folded the boy's hands over his breast.

The nurse stood by uncertainly.

"How very young he is! Was it an accident?"

"It was the result of a man's damnable folly," said K. grimly. "Somebody always pays."

And so Johnny Rosenfeld paid.

The immediate result of his death was that K., who had gained some of his faith in himself on seeing Wilson on the way to recovery, was beset by his old doubts. And now came a question that demanded immediate answer. Wilson would be out of commission for several months, probably. He was gaining, but slowly. And he wanted K. to take over his work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Cuba tobacco is planted, grows and harvested in 90 days.

Joe's response showed his entire self-engrossment.

"If he dies, I'm a murderer."

"He's not going to die," said K. stoutly.

At four o'clock in the morning he left the car at the garage and walked around to the little house. He had had no sleep for forty-five hours; his eyes were sunken in his head; the skin over his temples looked drawn and white. His clothes were wrinkled; the soft hat he habitually wore was white with the dust of the road.

As he opened the hall door, Christine stirred in the room beyond. She came out fully dressed.

"K., are you sick?"

"Rather tired. Why in the world aren't you in bed?"

"Palmer has just come home in a terrible rage. He says he's been robbed of a thousand dollars."

"Where?"

Christine shrugged her shoulders.

"He doesn't know, or says he doesn't."

"What are your plans?"

"I haven't any. I'm about through with my training, but I've lost my diploma."

"I don't like to see you going away like this."

She avoided his eyes, but his kindly tone did what neither the Head nor the executive committee had done that day. It shook her control.

"What does it matter to you? You don't owe me anything."

"Perhaps not. One way and another I've known you a long time."

"You never knew anything very good."

"I'll tell you where I live, and—"

"I know where you live."

"Will you come to see me there? We may be able to think of something."

"What is there to think of? This story will follow me wherever I go! I've tried twice for a diploma and failed. What's the use?"

But in the end he prevailed on her to promise not to leave the city until she had seen him again. It was not until she had gone, a straight figure with haunted eyes, that he reflected whimsically that once again he had defeated his own plans for flight.

Sidney brought her letter to Joe back to K. She was flushed with the effort and with a new excitement.

"The most remarkable thing has happened. What a day this has been! Somebody has sent Johnny Rosenfeld a lot of money. The ward nurse wants you to come back."

The ward had settled for the night. The well-ordered beds of the daytime were chaotic now, torn apart by tossing figures. The night was hot and an electric fan hummed in a far corner. Under its sporadic breezes, as it turned, the ward was trying to sleep.

Johnny Rosenfeld was not asleep. An incredible thing had happened to him. A fortune lay under his pillow. He was sure it was there, for ever since it came his hot hand had clutched it.

He was quite sure that somehow or other K. had had a hand in it. When he disclaimed it, the boy was bewildered.

"I'll buy the old lady what she wants for the house, anyhow," he said. "But I hope nobody's took up a collection for me. I don't want no charity."

"Maybe Mr. Howe sent it."

"You can bet your last match he didn't."

In some unknown way the news had reached the ward that Johnny's friend, Mr. Le Moyne, was a great surgeon. Johnny had rejected it scornfully.

But the story had seized on his imagination.

"Say, Mr. Le Moyne."

"Yes, Jack."

He called him "Jack." The boy liked it. It savored of man to man. After all, he was a man, or almost. Hadn't he driven a car? Didn't he have a state license?

"They say that you're a surgeon; that you operated on Doctor Wilson and saved his life. They say that you're the king pin where you came from."

He eyed K. wistfully. "I know it's a lie, but if it's true—Don't you think you could do something for me, sir?"

When K. did not reply at once, he launched into an explanation.

"I've been lying here a good while. I didn't say much because I knew I'd have to take a chance. Either I'd pull through or I wouldn't, and the odds were—well, I didn't say much. The old lady's had a lot of trouble. But now, with this under my pillow for her, I've got a right to ask. I'll take a chance, if you will."

"It's only a chance, Jack."

"I know that. But lie here and watch these socks off the street. Old, a lot of them, and gettin' well to go out and starve, and—Mr. Le Moyne, they can walk, and I can't."

K. drew a long breath. He had started, and now he must go on. Faith in himself or no faith, he must go on. Life, that had loosed its hold on him for a time, had found him again.

"I'll go over you carefully tomorrow, Jack. I'll tell you your chances honestly."

"I have a thousand dollars. Whatever you charge—"

"I'll take it out of my board bill in the new house!"

At four o'clock that morning K. got back from seeing Joe off. The trip had been without accident.

Over Sidney's letter Joe had shed a shamefaced tear or two. And during the night ride, with K. pushing the car to the utmost, he had felt that the boy, in keeping his hand in his pocket, had kept it on the letter. When the road was smooth and stretched ahead, a gray-white line into the night, he tried to talk a little courage into the boy's sick heart.

"You'll see new people, new life," he said. "In a month from now you'll wonder why you ever hung around the Street. I have a feeling that you're going to make good down there."

And once, when the time for parting was very near—

"No matter what happens, keep on believing in yourself. I lost my faith in myself once. It was pretty close to hell."

Joe's response showed his entire self-engrossment.

"If he dies, I'm a murderer."

"He's not going to die," said K. stoutly.

At four o'clock in the morning he left the car at the garage and walked around to the little house. He had had no sleep for forty-five hours; his eyes were sunken in his head; the skin over his temples looked drawn and white. His clothes were wrinkled; the soft hat he habitually wore was white with the dust of the road.

As he opened the hall door, Christine stirred in the room beyond. She came out fully dressed.

"K., are you sick?"

"Rather tired. Why in the world aren't you in bed?"

"Palmer has just come home in a terrible rage. He says he's been robbed of a thousand dollars."

"Where?"

Christine shrugged her shoulders.

"He doesn't know, or says he doesn't."

"What are your plans?"

"I haven't any. I'm about through with my training, but I've lost my diploma."

"I don't like to see you going away like this."

She avoided his eyes, but his kindly tone did what neither the Head nor the executive committee had done that day. It shook her control.

"What does it matter to you? You don't owe me anything."

"Perhaps not. One way and another I've known you a long time."

"You never knew anything very good."

"I'll tell you where I live, and—"

"I know where you live."

"Will you come to see me there? We may be able to think of something."

"What is there to think of? This story will follow me wherever I go! I've tried twice for a diploma and failed. What's the use?"

But in the end he prevailed on her to promise not to leave the city until she had seen him again. It was not until she had gone, a straight figure with haunted eyes, that he reflected whimsically that once again he had defeated his own plans for flight.

Sidney brought her letter to Joe back to K. She was flushed with the effort and with a new excitement.

"The most remarkable thing has happened. What a day this has been! Somebody has sent Johnny Rosenfeld a lot of money. The ward nurse wants you to come back."

The ward had settled for the night. The well-ordered beds of the daytime were chaotic now, torn apart by tossing figures. The night was hot and an electric fan hummed in a far corner. Under its sporadic breezes, as it turned, the ward was trying to sleep.

Johnny Rosenfeld was not asleep. An incredible thing had happened to him. A fortune lay under his pillow. He was sure it was there, for ever since it came his hot hand had clutched it.

He was quite sure that somehow or other K. had had a hand in it. When he disclaimed it, the boy was bewildered.

"I'll buy the old lady what she wants for the house, anyhow," he said. "But I hope nobody's took up a collection for me. I don't want no charity."

"Maybe Mr. Howe sent it."

"You can bet your last match he didn't."

In some unknown way the news had reached the ward that Johnny's friend, Mr. Le Moyne, was a great surgeon. Johnny had rejected it scornfully.

But the story had seized on his imagination.

"Say, Mr. Le Moyne."

"Yes, Jack."

He called him "Jack." The boy liked it. It savored of man to man. After all, he was a man, or almost. Hadn't he driven a car? Didn't he have a state license?

"They say that you're a surgeon; that you operated on Doctor Wilson and saved his life. They say that you're the king pin where you came from."

He eyed K. wistfully. "I know it's a lie, but if it's true—Don't you think you could do something for me, sir?"

When K. did not reply at once, he launched into an explanation.

"I've been lying here a good while. I didn't say much because I knew I'd have to take a chance. Either I'd pull through or I wouldn't, and the odds were—well, I didn't say much. The old lady's had a lot of trouble. But now, with this under my pillow for her, I've got a right to ask. I'll take a chance, if you will."

"It's only a chance, Jack."

"I know that. But lie here and watch these socks off the street. Old, a lot of them, and gettin' well to go out and starve, and—Mr. Le Moyne, they can walk, and I can't."

K. drew a long breath. He had started, and now he must go on. Faith in himself or no faith, he must go on. Life, that had loosed its hold on him for a time, had found him again.

"I'll go over you carefully tomorrow, Jack. I'll tell you your chances honestly."

"I have a thousand dollars. Whatever you charge—"

"I'll take it out of my board bill in the new house!"

At four o'clock that morning K. got back from seeing Joe off. The trip had been without accident.

Over Sidney's letter Joe had shed a shamefaced tear or two. And during the night ride, with K. pushing the car to the utmost, he had felt that the boy, in keeping his hand in his pocket, had kept it on the letter. When the road was smooth and stretched ahead, a gray-white line into the night, he tried to talk a little courage into the boy's sick heart.

"You'll see new people, new life," he said. "In a month from now you'll wonder why you ever hung around the Street. I have a feeling that you're going to make good down there."

And once, when the time for parting was very near—

"No matter what happens, keep on believing in yourself. I lost my faith in myself once. It was pretty close to hell."

Joe's response showed his entire self-engrossment.

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Detroit Theatres

Chicago Symphony Orchestra
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Wednesday, April 11.

Mr. Stock's closing concert with the Chicago Symphony promises to be one of the greatest he has ever given, and a splendid close to the series of the year. The program includes Glinka's "Ruslan and Ludmila," Ernest Schelling's composition for orchestra and piano, the most sensational of the day, "Impressions from the Life of an Artist," Tschakowsky's "The Nutcracker," and a closing number Mr. Schelling will play Paderewski's "Polish Rhapsody" for piano and orchestra.
Many have already called at 214 Washington Arcade and made their reservations for this concert, and several have not only selected their seats for next season but insisted on paying for them in advance as a guarantee of the reservation.

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A Powerful Photo Drama From the Famous Book, "The Barrier," by Rex Beach.

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"The Realities of Two Worlds"

Here is an interpretation of the meaning of Easter for average men and women by Paul Jenkins: : Has this ancient festival ever had any real spiritual significance for you?



TEXT—Jesus saith unto them, come and break your fast. And none of the disciples durst inquire of him, who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.—John 21:22.

UNLESS you remember the circumstances involved in the situation described in the text, its words will seem to you unimportant and meaningless, perhaps utterly absurd as the text of an Easter sermon. But if you remember the circumstances involved, those simple words will describe to you a situation in which you can find none more significant, more startling, more dramatic, more thrilling, more glorious, between the first chapter of Matthew and the last chapter of Revelation.

To bring the true situation before you, let me describe a picture of the scene, from the marvelous brush of the French master painter of the Christ, so much of whose lifetime has been given to the production of those wonderful paintings of the life of Christ that have been the marvel of the artistic and the delight of the Christian world for more than a decade. And of all the hundreds of canvases that J. James Tissot has delighted to fill with charming, passionate, dramatic and spiritual depictions of movements in the earthly life of the Savior, that which shows the moment described in our text is one of his masterpieces indeed.

The picture makes the hour of the scene to be, as we know that it was, the most charming hour of the love-lit season of the year, just at sunrise of a cloudless day in spring. Beneath the azure sky and clear in the sunrise glow of that hour, the lake of Galilee shines translucent from turquoise to pearl.

Resting at the water's edge are the two boats, the large and the small, of which we read, simple and clumsy specimens of the boat builder's craft of that day. Oars, poles, and nets in that tell their use. Upon the pebbles lies a hastily discarded net, still damp and dark from the water, and close by lies the heap of splendid fish, fresh, wet, gleaming and silvery in the sun. The coils of fire glow ruddy in a little heap, and a tiny thread of opal smoke rises straight in the air of the windless dawn. On an outer garment, placed blanket-wise for him, perhaps by the tenderness of a disciple, sits the Lord. In even so simple a pose the noble and commanding presence of his personality is yet unmistakable.

At his right hand lie heaped up a dozen flat cakes of the newly baked bread, whose luscious brown almost suggests their fragrant aroma. On a simple split stick a fish is spitted, and the Lord holds it in one hand above the coils to brown, with the other hand moving in simple gesture and with uplifted face, as he speaks naturally, familiarly, and with most evident fascination to the spellbound men that squat in oriental fashion facing him across the fire. "Spellbound," did we say? You should see the picture to know with what divine power they are held. Motionless as statues, the most of them yet lean eagerly, amazedly, passionately forward, their eyes centered on his face as if no looking would ever satisfy the hearts that feed on the joy of seeing him, hearing him, participating in the heavenly marvel of the hour.

Such is the scene. I cannot know just what it means to you. But may I not tell you what it means to me? It has been my privilege, now and again, to sit as friend or guest at the tables of the rich, where the snowy

damask gave joy alike to the appreciative eye and the touching hand, where countless silver gleamed, where glass sparkled like the diamonds that it approached in value, and where the daintiest china of France supported fish, flesh and fowl of two continents and two seas. It has been my honor, now and again, to sit at the tables of the great, where men of intellect and fame and women of intellect and charm have made an hour unforgettable and have taught one more than a whole university of mere classrooms could do. It has been my profit to sit at banquets where hundreds sat about the tables and listened to the words of heroes, heroes of war and heroes of peace, captains of soldiery and captains of industry, and felt the while they listened, that they were in touch with the men and the forces that move the world. It has been my benefit to sit at meat in the homes of the humble, in log cabins and huts, dining off metal plates and plain fare, and there to learn that not circumstances, but characters make men and women. It has been my delight to sit about the table of the grass, in forests and wildernesses, the campfire at hand and the viands won from stream or forest only by gun or rod. But when I contemplate the circumstances of that morning meal beside the lake of Galilee and realize the realities that were there present—things, emotions, sights, that surpass words to describe—I know that I had rather have been one of those men that ate the bread the Lord baked, the fish his hands caught and cooked for them, that saw what they saw and heard what they heard, than to have attended any other banquet that wealth ever bought or meal that the friends of one's bosom prepared for friendship's tribute!

"Why so? Tell me, who were there? Tell me whom that group consisted of?" "Oh, a group of coarse fishermen, fagged out by a night's work, listening to a chance rabbi who is getting breakfast for them while he talks." Yes; you can make that answer if you have succeeded in wiping Easter day out of your calendar.

Who were there? "Oh, let's see, wasn't that the time when Jesus met his disciples and the miracle of the great draft of fishes occurred?" It was; and that is about the way the average churchgoer (shall I have to say the average Christian?) would answer.

Who was there? Listen! Men were there that had seen the man in their midst die in pain on the horrid cross of a Roman criminal execution, had witnessed his writhings of agony, had seen the sweat of blood, had heard from those very lips at which their eyes now gazed as if enchanted the last scream as the body sank lifeless in the nail-suspended collapse of death. Men sat there who had taken that body down in tears and dismay and in the shock of disillusioned hopes had buried it and gone away feeling as if their universe had tumbled in wreck about their heads, murmuring to one another as they went: "And this is the end of him whom we hoped that it had been he that should have redeemed Israel!" And that man sat there before them alive! Alive? He had caught fish and made a fire and baked bread and helped them to make one of the great hauls of their fishermen's experience, and now while they sat stunned, amazed, astounded, incapable almost of realizing what had occurred—incapable, as they afterward wrote, of speaking a syllable of inquiry—he

calmly served and fed them while he talked to their white faces!

"Oh, impossible, incredible! false, never to be believed! a myth, a lie, a dream, a delusion, a frenzy or fantasy of disappointed, overwrought and fanatical brains." Yes, and if you can think of any other terms of denial to write against it, set it down! And when you have said and done it all, the plain statement of these men who sat there will challenge you to your face to hear them tell you that it happened, that he was there, that they were there, and he whom they had laid in that sealed-up grave sat in their midst in the same body that they had known, and cooked for them and ate and served them as he chatted the while! God be praised for heaven's sweet simplicity, that it was not in some awful, supernatural shape, "trailing clouds of glory," that he came back to them, but that it was in the shape of the man whom they had known, had lived with, walked with, talked, slept and eaten with—and lo! before their eyes he moved and breathed and walked and ate and talked, the unmistakable and now incredible, but still actual being that he was before! Oh, if you will let these things, these truths, even this simple scene, get into your head and your heart—what an amazing Easter this day would be to you! "Why?" Because, I care not who and what you have been before, if you have never realized the mighty meaning of this simple scene, you may have known a dead Jesus, but you have never known the risen Savior!

We have asked who were there? Let us take a final moment to ask what else was there? There, in that hour, all the mighty realities of the two worlds were gathered; this world and the next, the world that the disciples had known so long and the world of which they were catching faint but dazzling, astounding glimpses as they gazed on him; the world that he had been born in, lived in, worked in, died in—and the world that he was living in at the time that he ate and talked before their eyes!

The realities of this world were there. Labor was there—they of the toll-worn hands, calloused by the wet net cords, they of the many a night of fruitless toil, they know what the weariness and uncertainty of labor is as few others know. Hunger was there, the meal that his love prepared to meet their famished bodies, doubly worn with abstinence and disappointment. Death was there, the end of all earth—or why the meal to keep the body going, the labor for one's loved ones, and why the amazement at seeing one over whom the omnipotence of death had no power?

And the realities of the world beyond were there. Life was there—such life as never a soul had dreamed of since Adam covered beneath his sentence of mortality. The body was there; and now we know why it is called the "Apostle's Creed," that says: "I believe in the resurrection of the body!" What other faith, what other verdict, what other creed could they have that saw the nail marks in the hands—there incarnate in him, who, though already in the life beyond so loved them that he could reward their work-a-day toil and could prepare for them the food that was affection's tribute to itself. And the Christ was there!

Language fails. Words can say no more. But this—all this—is the true Gospel of Easter day.

Evident Importance. "Does your wife attach much importance to you?" inquired the intrusive relative. "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta realizes that a man she would consent to marry must, necessarily be important."

Daily Thought. Even in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.—Mrs. Besant.

Easy Identified. A tiny boy stood on the outer edge of the passing jam. His knuckles were in his eyes, and when a woman asked him what was the matter, his answer was syncretized with sobs. He had "got lost from his brother and couldn't find him—anywhere."

The woman assured him it would be all right. She would help him to find his brother. What did he look like? And the tiny boy gave her an illuminating clue: "He—he wears long pants."

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

POST ROADS MONEY DIVIDED

Apportionment of \$10,000,000 for Construction of Rural Highways Has Just Been Made.

The apportionment of the \$10,000,000 federal appropriation for the construction of rural post roads among the states has just been made by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

The cost of administering the act is \$300,000. The remaining \$9,700,000 is divided, one-third in the ratio of area, one-third in the ratio of population and one-third in the ratio of mileage of rural delivery routes and star routes. Following are the sums the states will get:

Alabama, \$208,297.80; Arizona, \$137,027.04; Arkansas, \$105,378.20; California, \$302,127.84; Colorado, \$107,350.28; Connecticut, \$62,150.88; Delaware, \$16,368.74; Florida, \$111,952.54; Georgia, \$208,658.06; Idaho, \$120,927; Illinois, \$441,852.46; Indiana, \$271,495.24; Iowa, \$292,851.20; Kansas, \$286,414.80; Kentucky, \$194,943.82; Louisiana, \$134,949.32; Maine, \$96,903; Maryland, \$88,091.44; Massachusetts, \$147,701.90; Michigan, \$291,567.44; Minnesota, \$284,788.12; Mississippi, \$177,811.08; Missouri, \$339,440.82; Montana, \$195,574.38; Nebraska, \$213,541.62; Nevada, \$128,706.00; New Hampshire, \$41,003.24; New Jersey, \$118,425.36; New Mexico, \$157,475.62; New York, \$501,410.54; North Carolina, \$228,763.84; North Dakota, \$152,286.12; Ohio, \$373,103.84; Oklahoma, \$230,278; Oregon, \$157,374.74; Pennsylvania, \$461,288.34; Rhode Island, \$23,331.42; South Carolina, \$143,615.28; South Dakota, \$161,802.04; Tennessee, \$228,306.96; Texas, \$582,855.62; Utah, \$113,900.30; Vermont, \$45,088.94; Virginia, \$190,321.42; Washington, \$143,768.56; West Virginia, \$106,540.02; Wisconsin, \$256,722.14; Wyoming, \$122,303.64.

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"Use a light drag.
"Haul it over the road at an angle so that a small amount of earth is pushed toward the center of the road.
"Drive the team at a walk.
"Slide on the drag; do not walk.
"Begin at one side of the road, returning up the opposite side.
"Drag the road as soon after every rain as possible, but not when the



Good Road Near Asheville, N. C.

mud is in such condition as to stick to the drag.

"Do not drag a dry road.

"Drag whenever possible at all seasons of the year.

"The width of the traveled way to be maintained by the drag should be from 18 to 20 feet; first drag a little more than the width of a single wheel track, then gradually increase until desired width is obtained.

"Always drag a little earth towards the center of the road until it is raised from 10 to 12 inches above the edges of the traveled way.

"If the drag cuts too much, shorten the hitch.

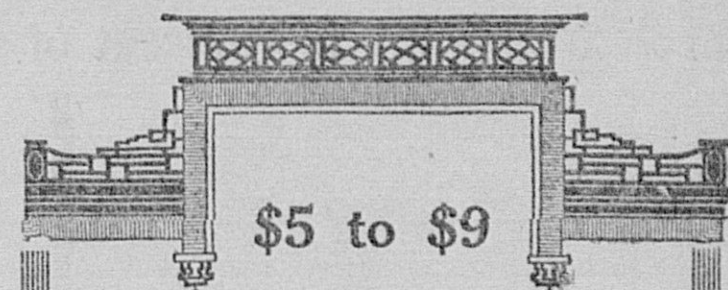
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Address all communications to the Tribune, Chelsea, Michigan.

GREGORY.

Mrs. W. H. Marsh was a Howell visitor last Wednesday.

Miss Florence Collins visited in Pinckney, Monday of last week.

Mrs. Henry Howlett and son Thomas spent last week Monday in Detroit.

Miss Nina Whitney of Stockbridge, was a Gregory visitor last Thursday.

Miss Lillian Buhl was home from Howell to spend the week-end with her parents.

Miss Florence Collins returned to Pontiac last Saturday to resume her teaching there.

Miss Imoe Douglas, of Stockbridge, spent several days of last week with Miss Dorothy Budd.

Mrs. Lillie Burden, after spending several weeks in and around Fowler, came home last Wednesday night.

Mrs. L. W. Ostrander of Stockbridge visited her daughter, Mrs. Mae Bullis, Thursday and Friday of last week.

Frankie Placeway, who was assisting at the M. E. home at Chelsea, the past two weeks, returned Thursday night.

Mrs. Ivan Langrell and little son, and mother, Mrs. Tarah Dunn of Tekonsha, visited Geo. B. Whitaker and family, Friday.

Miss Mary Howlett and brother Frank came from Howell, Thursday night, and spent Friday and Saturday with relatives.

Mrs. George Arnold attended the 6th District Convention of the W. C. T. U., which was held in Pontiac last Thursday and Friday.

Miss Ruth Whitehead was home from Detroit several days last week, and on Wednesday attended the wedding of her brother Charles.

Mrs. Theresa Jaschofer was buried last week Tuesday, in the Williamville cemetery, Rev. John J. Schuler of the Baptist church officiating.

The annual election of the officers of the Baptist Bible school occurred last Sunday. Fred Howlett was elected superintendent; Roy Placeway, ass't. supt.; Miss Nellie Denton, secretary; Fred Ayrault, treasurer, and Mrs. H. E. Marshall, missionary treasurer.

As Henry Howlett was on a trip in the country, he found, as he was passing one of the lakes near here, a blue heron caught in a trap. The bird stood four feet high and measured six feet, from tip of wing to wing. After close observation, he liberated the helpless bird.

NORTH LAKE.

While helping Wm. Brown saw wood Friday, Henry Doody jammed the third finger on his left hand, tearing the flesh off and also the nail.

Miss Mary Whalian of Detroit is spending her spring vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Whalian.

The social held last Friday night at the grange hall was well attended and all present report a good time.

Stephen Santure and Miss Gency Fuller were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fuller of Marion.

Miss Carmine Lealand returned to Albion, Monday, where she will resume her school work.

Chas. J. Tremmel is visiting at R. S. Whalian's.

Miss Iva Mohrlock visited at Mrs. James Harker's, Friday.

Mrs. George Fuller returned home Tuesday after spending a week at Napoleon and Norvell.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hinchey and daughter Mary visited at Frank Hinchey's, Sunday.

LAFAYETTE GRANGE.

Lafayette grange was entertained yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kilmer. The weather was typical of spring, with April showers prevailing all day.

This meeting was of more than ordinary occasion. After the banquet dinner, which showed no evidence of the high cost of living, the ladies took up their part of the program and were busy for some time with tating, crocheting and demonstrations of their needle-work. The men took up the subject of general crop routine, which was discussed until a late hour.

The meeting was voted a grand success, all wishing Mr. and Mrs. Kilmer would entertain frequently.

O. C. Burkhardt,
Secretary pro tem.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Verne Fordyce was in Ann Arbor, Wednesday afternoon.

A. A. Riedel was in Ann Arbor, Wednesday, on business.

Floyd Johnson and family are moving to Jackson today.

Waldo Kusterer is now clerking in O. D. Schneider's store.

Miss Tena Hieber was home from Detroit over the week-end.

Miss Grace Bacon is home from Highland Park this week.

Rolla Beckwith of Jackson was a Chelsea visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hockrein and sons were in Ann Arbor, Sunday.

J. E. Weber is home from Florida, where he has been spending some time.

Howard Congdon of Ypsilanti was a Chelsea visitor, the first of the week.

Miss Josephine Bacon is home from Highland Park for the spring recess.

Miss Adeline Spinnagle of Detroit is visiting Chelsea relatives this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cook have been visiting relatives in Detroit for a few days.

Theodore Bahnmiller has purchased the Conk residence, 163 East Summit street.

Miss Emma Boos of Whitmore Lake spent the past week with Miss Sophia Schatz.

The Bay View Reading club will meet with Mrs. D. H. Wurster, Monday evening, April 9th.

Miss Carrie Krell of Battle Creek has been visiting her sister, Mrs. LeRoy Brower, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Everett of Stockbridge are visiting at the home of his father, Jay Everett.

G. S. Snyder of Kendallville, Indiana, visited his sister, Mrs. Rebecca Burkhardt, the last of the week.

Cloverleaf chapter of the Congregational church will meet Tuesday, April 10th, with Mrs. S. A. Mapes.

Mrs. Mat. Alber has been visiting at the home of her son, Fred Eminger in Detroit, for a few days.

Harmony chapter of the Congregational church will meet Wednesday, April 11th, with Mrs. P. W. Dierberger.

Howard Gilbert has purchased the residence formerly owned by Ashley Holden, 316 Garfield street, from Michael Merkel.

John Blunt and family have moved from Leoni to Chelsea and are occupying the Dr. Holmes residence, 320 South Main street.

John Coons has moved his family from Dr. Wood's residence, Main and Summit streets, to Philip Keusch's residence, 116 East Summit street.

Miss Alberta Dole of Cleveland returned to her studies at Oberlin college, Wednesday, after spending the past week with Miss Gertrude Mapes.

Little Alberta and Robert Winans of Detroit spent the week with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Winans.

Stephen Aldrich, a former employee of the Tribune office and well known to many Chelsea people, was elected to the office of city clerk in Howell, Monday.

Mr. Krestetter, pharmacist for Freeman & Runciman, has moved his family from Adrian and is settling in the Martin residence, 316 Jackson street.

Mrs. Ward D. Morton and little son Ward, of Detroit, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Horton this week. She has rented her home in Detroit and expects to spend some time with relatives in New York.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

John Frymuth was in Detroit yesterday.

Miss Leona Belser is home from Highland Park, this week.

Miss Marie Whitmer was in Ann Arbor, Wednesday evening.

Miss Ethel Burkhardt has been visiting in Detroit for a few days.

Regular meeting of Columbian Hive L. O. T. M., Tuesday, April 10.

John Daley died Wednesday, April 4, 1917, at his home on Dewey avenue.

Misses Nen Wilkinson and Lizzie Hammond were in Ann Arbor, Tuesday.

Miss Ella Davis of Union City spent this week at the home of her parents.

Miss Margaret Eppler of Battle Creek has been spending the past week in Chelsea.

J. F. Harrington and daughter, Miss Dora, of Detroit, were Chelsea visitors Wednesday.

We felt perfectly justified in calling a man a liar, yesterday, when he said it was a nice day.

Neighbors surprised Mrs. John Hughes of Dexter, Saturday, in honor of her 75th birthday.

Mrs. R. A. Sanborn left for Columbus, Ohio, this morning to spend a few days with her husband.

Mrs. J. B. Cole spent Wednesday in Ann Arbor at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. A. BeGole.

Mrs. J. R. Gates left Wednesday for Bordentown, N. J., expecting to spend some time with relatives.

Mrs. E. J. Otis and son of Detroit have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney, this week.

O. C. Burkhardt has purchased 20 acres of land adjoining his farm, known as the Ives place, from Charles Foster.

The annual meeting of the Chelsea Business Men's association will be held Tuesday evening, April 10th, in Firemen's hall.

The young people of St. Paul's church will give their play, "Under Blue Skies," in Dexter, Friday evening, April 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Springer of Court House, New Jersey, spent several days of this week with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Whitmer.

Mrs. Ralph Holmes and two sons, Robert and David, of Battle Creek, are the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Noyes.

John Gallagher of Dexter lost a good horse Saturday night. During the storm, it collided with Dan Hoen's automobile and its leg was broken.

Miss Grace Bills of Hudson and Mr. Floyd Watts of Dexter township were quietly married last evening at the Methodist parsonage, Rev. Whitney officiating. They will reside on the Watts farm in Dexter.

The annual meeting of the Baptist church Saturday was largely attended and was a very enjoyable affair. Rev. Peter M. McKay, of Birmingham, a former pastor of the Chelsea church, gave a very inspirational and helpful address.

Fred Steiner of near Fowlerville was in Chelsea, yesterday, en route to Jackson to visit his wife, who is a patient in a hospital in that city. He drove from his home northwest of Fowlerville in his automobile, and returned the same day, in spite of the rain and mud.

PAPER WADES.

Gerald Madden entered the seventh grade Monday.

Dora Chandler has returned to school after an absence on account of an operation on her throat.

Monday, the sixth grade witnessed a very large scorpia emerge from its cocoon.

The girls' chorus has received the musical scores, and preparation for giving an operetta has been started.

The fourth grade is making April spelling books, the covers of which will be adorned with Easter bunnies.

Jay Weinberg and Carl Fickert are absent from school with measles.

The fifth grade pupils are writing a book about their room.

Mr. Walling and Claire Rowe attended a meeting of the Tri-County Athletic association last Friday. Officers were elected and arrangements made for the annual track meet. Northville will take part this year and Saline, Dearborn and Belleville have also been invited. The meet will take place at Wayne, May 26th.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved.

"I have used Chamberlain's Liniment for pains in the chest and lameness of the shoulders due to rheumatism, and am pleased to say that it has never failed to give me prompt relief," writes Mrs. S. N. Finch, Batavia, N. Y.—Adv.



Jackson, Michigan

SPRING ATTIRE

—for Very Little Folk

MOTHERS will appreciate not only the daintiness of the Dresses and the smartness of the Coats and Hats, but the economy of the prices as well.

THE NEW TUB DRESSES

Copies of those quaint little frocks in which the French youngsters look so adorable. Models in fine chambrays, voiles and linens, with hand-embroidery and hand smocking introduced in effective fashions, 65c to \$4.

WHITE FROCKS

Infants' muslin dresses—new shipments, with dainty pink and blue smocking and lace trimmed, sizes 6 months to 2 years, 65c to \$3.50.

White dresses for wee maidens of 2 to 6 years, many styles in fine lawns, voiles and batiste, \$1.25 to \$5.50.

Party frocks in white for Miss-Six-to-Fourteen, \$3 to \$12.

THE NEW COATS

Jaunty little flaring models, quite simple but very smart, finely tailored of serge, checks and fine silks, 2 to 6 year sizes, \$3.50 to \$16.50.

THE SPRING HATS

Milan, Lisere, novelty straws and Leghorns in many new shapes and shades, some gaily trimmed, \$2.50 to \$6.50.

Hats, too, of sheer French organdy and embroidery and pique made in exquisitely lovely fashion, \$1.25 to \$7.50.

BOYS WANT NEW SUITS

There are several styles in boys' wash suits including the practical one-piece suits as well as those of two-piece. The fabrics are of durable, dependable quality in novelty effects and plain colors. Sizes 2 to 6 years, 65c to \$4.50.

CHILDREN'S ROOM—SECOND FLOOR.

A complete line of Nature-Form Shoes in the new spring styles offers many different ideas for small folks—\$1.50 to \$3.50.

Special Attention to Mail Orders

NEIGHBORHOOD BREVITIES

Interesting Items Clipped and Culled From Our Exchanges.

MASO.—Angus McDonald has just completed a magnificent funeral car, the body of which is entirely his own construction. It took him many months to complete this as all the elaborate carvings were done by hand.

WILLIAMSTON.—The Williamson Illuminating Company has been engaged for some time installing a kerosene engine of large capacity for the purpose of furnishing day service from that plant. The dynamo is ready to put in place, and the company states that all day service will begin about April 10th.—Enterprise.

STOCKBRIDGE.—Some men returning from Jackson last Saturday, when just this side of the Owen farm, saw what they supposed was a paw hat lying in the road. Upon picking it up they heard a voice, and after considerable digging found Dr. Brogan in his Buick roadster calmly trying to plow his way out. Laying all fooling aside, this road south from the village to the Jackson county line is the worst strip of road in this section of the country and is a disgrace to the township.—Brief-Sun.

WILL TOBACCO BE NEXT?

John Barleycorn is on the run and if certain uplifters have their way, Lady Nicotine will soon be following him. Speaker Keene of the Kansas house of representatives, predicts that the time is not far distant when tobacco will be under as effective a ban as liquor. There are to be no more smoking compartments in Pullman cars, smoking is to be prohibited in all public places including parks and drives, and generally the smoker is to be made to feel that he is a sinner, a nuisance and a curse.

Constipation and Indigestion.

These are twin evils. Persons suffering from indigestion are often troubled with constipation. Mrs. Robert Allison, Mattoon, Ill., writes that she was a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation. Food distressed her and there was a feeling like a heavy weight pressing on her stomach and chest. She did not rest well at night, and felt worn out a good part of the time. One bottle of Chamberlain's Tablets corrected this trouble so that she has since felt like a different person.—Adv.

Notice of Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Benjamin H. Glenn and Minnie L. Glenn of the Village of Chelsea, County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, to Harmon S. Holmes, of the same place, dated the eighteenth day of September, 1912, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan in Liber 125 of Mortgages on page 418 and on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, the sum of nine hundred thirty dollars and twenty eight cents (\$930.28) and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars as provided in said mortgage and by law, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statutes in such case made and provided, on Wednesday, the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the undersigned will, at the south front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, Michigan, that being the place where the circuit court for the County of Washtenaw is held, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with six per cent interest and all legal costs, together with said attorney's fee, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the south line of the Michigan Central Railroad company's right of way, thirteen chains and forty nine and two thirds links east of the center of the Kelly Road and running thence southwardly at right angles with the south line of said right of way one chain and seventy two links; thence eastwardly parallel with Middle street one chain and ten links to said railroad company's lands; thence northwardly along said company's south line to the place of beginning. Excepting and reserving a strip of land four rods wide east and west off from the entire west side of the above described parcel of land. Also excepting and reserving a strip off from the south end thereof twenty feet wide north and south, being a part of lots 62 and 63 in block five original plat of the Village of Chelsea and a part of lot one, block one, J. M. Congdon's first addition to the said Village of Chelsea, all in the Village of Chelsea, County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan.

Dated February 14th, 1917.
HARMON S. HOLMES,
Mortgagee.

H. D. Witherell,
Attorney for Mortgagee. 46F13

Tribune—\$1 a year