

Holmes & Walker

SAY THAT THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME
IS TO BE HERE SATURDAY

and on that day, and every other day, they will have the dandy lines of Summer Goods on display—Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Oil and Gasoline Stoves, all kinds of Ovens, Window Screens and Screen Doors, Ice Picks, Fly Spats, Hammocks, Lawn Swings and Lawn Seats.

Boys' Garden Sets, Garden Cultivators, Lawn Mowers and Grass Catchers.

Furniture

The dandy line of Furniture for you to select from. Always something new.

BED DAVENPORTS DUFOLDS
BRASS BEDS SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES
SIDE BOARDS AND DRESSERS

Baby Vehicles For Every Mother

Pullman Sleepers, Gondola Sleepers, Reversed Sleepers, Go-Carts, Gigs and Sulkys. Some of the best you ever saw.

There is no other Plow that gives you so much satisfaction as the Oliver, both in the Horse Lift Riding Plow and the Walking Plow. See them before you purchase. We have them at the low prices.

PAINTS AND OILS, AND THE VERY BEST WOVEN
WIRE FENCING AND STEEL FENCE POSTS

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT

FARRELL'S GROCERY SPECIALS

On Saturday, May 19th

We will sell at the following prices:

- 1/2 lb. 50c Japan Tea - - - 15c
- 1 large can good Salmon - - 16c
- 1 doz. elegant Cookies - - - 9c

We will have Strawberries, Green Onions, Radishes and Lettuce. We have E. A. Co. Flour, positively the best flour made in the United States or anywhere else. Try it.

JOHN FARRELL & CO.

The Pure Food Store

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

ICE CREAMS

- New York Ice Cream..... per quart 30c; per dish 5c
- Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream..... " " 30c; " " 5c
- Milk Chocolate Ice Cream..... " " 30c; " " 5c
- Orange Sherbert..... " " 30c; " " 5c

CANDIES

Full line of fresh made candies at all prices

FRUITS

Fresh stock of fancy California fruit at all prices.

Don't forget our "Butter-Kist" Pop Corn and fresh roasted Peanuts.

THE SUGAR BOWL

CHELSEA'S CANDY DEPOT

Phone 38 Free Delivery

YOUNG PATRIOT SACRIFICED

Lester Hall Died in Country's Service at U. S. Marine Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.

Lester Miner Hall, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hall of this place, died Wednesday, May 16, at the United States Marine hospital, Portsmouth, Virginia, where he had been ill for the past two weeks, from spinal meningitis.

Previous to his enlistment as an apprentice seaman on April 11, 1917, Mr. Hall had been employed for about a year past as an expert gear cutter in the Hollier shops of the Lewis Spring & Axle company. He was a good machinist and very popular among his friends and associates.

When the call for men came, he was among the first to respond to the service of his country and was sent to Great Lakes, Ill., for instruction. Two weeks later he was sent to Newport News and assigned to the battleship Florida, where he remained until stricken with the disease that resulted in his death.

He deceased was born in Hartford, Conn., March 24, 1898, and was 19 years, one month and 22 days of age. His parents and one brother, LeRoy Hall, survive him.

The body is expected here some time tomorrow and the funeral will be held from the house, Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

WEDNESDAY MORNING FIRE

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hagadon Save Household Goods; Residence is Badly Damaged.

Fire Wednesday morning about eight o'clock ruined the roof and badly damaged the frame residence at 259 Harrison street, owned by E. L. Negus. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hagadon occupied the place and their household goods were moved out safely, although they were slightly damaged by water.

The fire was first noticed by John Fay, who was working on the opposite side of the street. An alarm was turned in and the department responded promptly and soon had two streams at work. The origin of the fire was probably a defective chimney. The house was insured for \$1,000.

PAPER WADS

Margaret DeYoung has entered the fourth grade.

John Taylor entered the kindergarten Monday.

Mr. Walling started to take the school census this week.

Entries have been made for the track meet at Kalamazoo tomorrow. The team will leave tonight. Those who will compete: Rowe, Kalmbach, Palmer, Wagner, Fenn, Brooks and Blackburn.

The Wayne field meet will be held Saturday, May 26.

The Literary club of the high school held its monthly meeting last Friday afternoon. The following program was given:

- Flag salute led by Mr. Walling.
- Proclamation—James Blackburn.
- Story of spring—Flora Schieferstein.
- Spring poem—Minerva Hepburn.
- Music—Victrola.
- Humorous spring story—Herbert Vogel.
- Spring reading—Eather Faist.
- Violin solo—Vearl Whipple.

Jessie Clark, Eleanor Eisenbeiser, Hazel Eisenbeiser, Louise Ives, Gladys Richards, Lura Schoenhals and Eleanor Naeckel, from the senior reviews class, took the teachers' examination and all passed successfully. To celebrate, the class had a picnic Wednesday after school. Four of the girls already have their schools for next year, and the others are sure to get them soon. In preparation for this work they have begun their practice-teaching in the grades.

The High School chorus will present the operetta, "In India," on Friday evening, May 25, in the Sylvan town hall. The story is as follows: Meerah, the most beautiful girl in the village of Pishni on the Ganges river in India, is chosen to become a temple dancing girl. The chosen one must be an orphan and Meerah believes her parents to be dead. During the festival day of Ahn, the flower-god, a beggar escapes from a passing possession of elephants bearing people from the hill countries. The beggar proves to be Meerah's mother, which renders her ineligible for the temple. There being no other orphan in the village, except the village scold, How-now, she is carried off to the temple to become a slave in the temple and the reunited mother and daughter join the maidens in celebrating the festival day of Ahn. The cast of characters follows:

- Meerah, the beautiful one—Bernice Prudden.
- Simla, the village pet—Marion Schmidt.
- How-now, the village scold—Ester Collins.
- Veerah, a beggar—Clarice Wright.
- Heal-no-evil, See-no-evil, Speak-no-evil; three old women from the temple; Esther Faist, Hilda Mohrlak, Winifred Benton.
- Chorus of maidens of the village of Pishni.



HONOR THE PATRIOTS!

At a joint meeting of the Women's Relief Corps and G. A. R. Post, held on Friday, May 11th, it was decided that an effort be made to have a worthy Decoration day celebration in Chelsea this year. Every patriotic American will assist in making the ceremonies a success. The undivided attention of all our people is desired to promote the interest of the day. We therefore, respectfully appeal to the Village Council, the Sylvan Township board and all loyal citizens to assist in the observance of the day by endeavoring to suppress baseball and kindred sports and amusements on May 30th. Let us lay aside all differences of race, creed and politics, and as true Americans, join hands in paying respect to the veterans of the Civil and other wars, in giving due honor to our boys who are to engage in the present war.

D. H. Wurster,
F. E. Storms,
R. B. Waltrous,
Committee.

EIGHTH GRADE EXERCISES

Graduates From Schools in This Vicinity Will Receive Diplomas Here June 14th.

Pupils from the rural schools in this vicinity who passed the recent eighth grade examinations here, will receive their diplomas on Thursday, June 14th, at two o'clock in the Chelsea high school, where the annual eighth grade commencement exercises will be held. Graduates from all schools in Lyndon and Sylvan townships, district number five, Dexter; numbers one and two, Freedom; three, four, four fractional, seven, eight, eight fractional and ten fractional, Lima, and four fractional and eight, Sharon, will take part.

Exercises in neighboring towns will be as follows:

Dexter high school, Thursday, June 7th, for districts 3 and 8fr., Webster; Scio township; Dexter 2, 3, 4 fr. and 8; Lima 1 and 2; 9fr., Freedom.

Manchester high school, Tuesday, June 5th, for Manchester township, Bridgewater 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9; Freedom 3, 6, 7, 8; Sharon except districts 4 fr. and 8.

LEANDER EASTON.

Leander Easton, one of the pioneer residents of Lima township, died Tuesday afternoon, May 15, 1917, aged 77 years.

He was born in Lima in June, 1840, his parents being Paul D. and Sally (Adams) Easton, and practical-ly his entire life had been spent on the farm where he died. His widow, two sons and two daughters, are left to mourn their loss.

The funeral was held Thursday afternoon at two o'clock from his late home, Rev. Dierberger of Chelsea officiating. Interment at Lima Center cemetery.

MRS. CORNELIA LEWICK.

Mrs. Cornelia Lewick died suddenly, yesterday morning, May 17, 1917, at the home of her son, William Lewick, near North Lake, aged 82 years, two months and 15 days.

Mrs. Lewick was in her usual health and ate breakfast as usual, her death a short time later being a great shock to the family. She leaves her son, William of North Lake, and one daughter, Mrs. Emma Woodin of Temple, Texas, to mourn their loss.

The funeral will be held Sunday afternoon at two o'clock from the house.

EASTERN STAR INITIATION.

The Order of the Eastern Star initiated three candidates Wednesday evening at Masonic hall. The following program was given:

Apostrophe to Flag—Miss Dewep. "The Soul of Old Glory"—Mrs. S. A. Mapes.

Salute to Flag—John Maier.

Easy service—Mrs. Charles Martin.

Song—Nita Stimpson.

Vocal duet—Misses Gertrude Mapes and Marie Whitmer.

Reading—Mrs. G. A. Stimpson.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Mills and Mrs. J. W. Schenk, of Ann Arbor.

LAST MEETING P. T. A.

The Parent-Teachers' association will hold the last meeting for this school year on Tuesday evening, May 22d, at the high school building. Miss Florence Pride of Ann Arbor, a charming story-teller, will be the feature of the program. Election of officers will also take place.

A picture of the boy, Lincoln, has been purchased for use next year in the grades and will be on exhibition during the evening.

Call phone 190—W for that next order of job printing.

HEART AND FLAG DAY

Young Women Will Sell Hearts and Flags Tomorrow for Benefit Child Welfare League.

Mayor Conrad Lehman has given Michigan Child Welfare league the privilege of holding a Heart-Flag day in Chelsea tomorrow, May 19th.

This organization was incorporated four years ago the 15th instant. It is non-sectarian, does not overlap the work of any other organization, and like all others doing state charity work, it is licensed by the Board of Correction and Charities.

Thousands of poor, physically defective children throughout the villages and rural, mining and lumbering sections of Michigan have been either benefited or permanently cured.

League headquarters are in Detroit. Operations are performed in the different hospitals of the city by a medical staff that gives its service gratis.

After operations children are placed in the League's Convalescent Home, at 295 Putnam avenue, where they receive the very best of care and nursing. The league is supported by popular subscription.

On Tag Days everybody contributes by purchasing a tag. A large number of girls from the village school have volunteered to sell hearts and flags.

Have a heart or flag or both, and also help any child in need of the league's services by reporting the case to League Headquarters, 518 Chamber of Commerce, Detroit.

John L. Fletcher, cashier of the Kempf Commercial & Savings bank, is chairman of the finance committee, and Mrs. Ford Axtell is chairman of the local committee. Headquarters will be at the store of the Chelsea Hardware company.

FARMERS' CLUB PROGRAM.

The Western Washtenaw Farmers' club will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Widmayer, Friday, May 25. The following will be the program:

Patriotic song service.
Roll Call—Patriotic quotations.
Select Reading—Mrs. S. P. Foster.

Piano and Violin Duet—Mrs. Metzger and Ruth Widmayer.
Address—Rev. C. R. Osborn.
Song—Club.

McKUNE—JOHNSON.

Miss Anna McKune, formerly of Chelsea and a sister of Hugh McKune of this place, was quietly married Monday, May 7, 1917, at Holy Redeemer church, Dix and Junction avenues, Detroit, to Mr. J. H. Johnson, also of Detroit.

WANTED, FOR SALE, TO RENT

Advertising under this heading, 5 cents per line for first insertion, 24 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.

FOR SALE—New milch Jersey cow. F. E. Storms, Chelsea. 7243

FOR SALE—3 hives bees, two pigs, six weeks old, new milch cow with calf. Fred Weber, Chelsea, route 1. 7241

FOR SALE—Modern residence, with combination barn and garage. John Faber, Chelsea. 7243

FOR SALE—Pair 5 year-old mules; harness and wagon or will sell separately. M. Lavey, Pinckney, Mich. 7243

NOTICE—The person who took a pair of shoes from the machine shop of the Mich. Port. Cement is advised to return same and avoid trouble. Martin Gottschling. 7242

GRAVEL—I have leased the Staphish pit. All kinds of gravel and plastering sand for sale. Bert Conlan, phone 101-W, Chelsea, Mich. 7143

FOR SALE—Eight room modern residence, 519 McKinley St. Phone 42 for particulars. 614f.

FOR SALE—House, lot and barn on East Middle St. Extensive repairs just completed. Howard S. Holmes, Chelsea. 544f.

FOR SALE—Modern residence, South and Grant streets. William Fahrner, Chelsea. 644f.

FOR SALE—Modern house with barn, also extra lot, at 239 Park St. Write J. H. Riley, 170 Grove Ave., Highland Park, Mich. 664f.

AUTO LIVERY—Dodge car service at reasonable rates, any hour. Phone 107-W, or see Hazen Leach, Chelsea. 674f.

FOR SALE—Old newspapers for wrapping, shelves, etc. Large bundle only five cents at the Tribune office. 494f.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Eighty acre farm in Ingham county, fair buildings, on milk and mail route, telephone line and main travelled road, about 4 mile to rural school; \$75 per acre, easy terms, will consider Chelsea residence property in part payment. L. W. B., care Tribune office. 494f.

WANTED

Ten or fifteen pounds of guaranteed pure Michigan maple sugar. Inquire at the Tribune office for particulars. J. S. A. Columbia Falls, Montana. Also want bushel butternuts.

KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

ESTABLISHED
1876

Capital, Surplus and Profits - \$100,000.00

Collecting the Waste

TAKING care of the waste is a universal problem among men. The plan we offer our depositors will collect the waste and make it a working power for you. It will pay you to investigate.

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.

All Tires Have Gone Up---

But Ours

- Fisk Firestone
- Goodrich Goodyear
- Miller Pennsylvania
- Savage United States
- Kelly Springfield

We bought many of these before the raise. Get our prices before buying.

PALMER MOTOR SALES COMPANY

Chelsea, Michigan

Carload of Bulk Salt

Now on railroad siding for immediate delivery.

—Also—

Carload of Shelled Corn.

—CALL AT ONCE—

Chelsea Elevator Company

FOR SALE—Baptist parsonage property, 167 E. Summit St.; 9-room house, city water, electric lights. For particulars phone Adelbert Baldwin or N. W. Laird. 3644f

F. STAFFAN & SON UNDERTAKERS

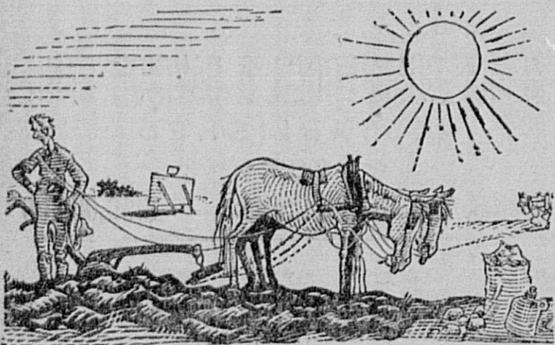
Established over fifty years
Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich.

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

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.

New Hope for the Farmer

By KIN HUBBARD



"Agriculture, Unlike Other Professions, Will Never Be Overcrowded on Account of the Plowing and Those Who Are Left Behind Will Enjoy a Monopoly of the Food Producing Business of the Country."

It was a message of hope which Miss Gertrude Williams, editress of "The Sun & Home," delivered to the members of the Bristle Ridge Grange last night.

After paying a beautiful tribute to the silver spangled Hamburg, an incidentally calling attention to the inestimable value of parched corn as an incentive to lay, Miss Williams spoke in the most optimistic manner regarding the efforts now being put forward looking to a still closer commingling of pleasure and plowing. She said that the day was not far distant when the larkish duties of the farm would be minimized to such a degree that they would in no way interfere with croquet and motor-rides.

"The exodus from the fields to the cities," said the speaker, "is doing much to cut down the operating expenses of the farm. Agriculture, unlike other professions, will never be overcrowded on account of the plowing, and those of you who are left behind will eventually enjoy a monopoly of the food producing business of the country." Miss Williams congratulated her hearers on the fact that the present tariff schedule makes it possible for a farmer to enjoy Argentine beef without feeling like he was roasting himself.

After a long and interesting description of the winter beaches of America and the witchery of the tropical sun,

Miss Williams discussed certain aspects of Paris and London. Return to the land she told her hearers that they could now be sent by parcels post and that it costs our government for more to shave our United States senators than it would cost to arrest the ravages of hog cholera in North America. "The revenue from one hog 'day,'" said the speaker, "makes it possible for the most remote farmer to hear the clear, distinct notes of the most celebrated singers in the world right in his own drawing room."

Miss Williams advised farmers to devote their leisure hours between feeding the durin' the harsh months of the year to reading up on the 1918 models and familiarizing themselves with the many new inventions making for greater luxury and speed. Farmers' wives were cautioned not to allow their love of home to blind them to the duties they owe to society.

"With the currency question out of the way," said the speaker, "for motor driven and self operating implements the farmer may well be happy in the prospect of a far greater return for less work in the future."

"The dawn of a new era is getting in shape," said the speaker dramatically, "and a long delayed day is just around the corner when there'll be nothing to do on the farm but dress for town." (Copyright, Adams Newspaper Service.)

About Midsummer Blouses



A few new blouses for midsummer have been added to the assortment presented for springtime. They are simple interpretations of modes already popular, and, as in hats and gowns, they are less decorated but not less smart than their predecessors. Having concluded to take to the simple life they go in for tucks and hemstitching or very simple needlework in place of embroideries and lace.

If you are contemplating another blouse or so, take note that nearly all the new modes are in white or flesh colored georgette crepe. There are some lovely exceptions to this rule, in rose and orchid tints and in that new and exquisite shade of blue which is credited to Callot and called by that name. Green, which is close to mustard color, persists among them because it is so unusual, and a blouse in this color is shown in the picture. It is plain except for a group of 16 narrow tucks—about a half inch wide—

set close together. They are stitched in between the bust and waist lines. All seams are hemstitched.

The collar and cuffs are of white georgette, with picot edge and a group of three little tucks relieving their plainness. They invite the use of white buttons and these are used, in a small flat variety, to fasten the blouse down the front.

With plain blouses beaded belts, and bags suspended from them, may be as gay as they please. It seems there is to be no end to the use of beads—so long as the supply of beads lasts and we are told the soldiers in the trenches make many of the ornaments.

Georgette almost has the field to itself in the matter of materials used for blouses, but it is made up in combination with satin occasionally. Besides these two-fabric blouses there are some models in which two patterns, a plain and a figured in the crepe, are cleverly put together.

Th' Hat Store Lookin' Glass

By KIN HUBBARD



We're Appalled at th' Things That Kin Happen to a Face Between a Spring and a Fall Hat. On Our Brow New Wrinkles Parallel th' Ole Single Track System, While a Score o' Competin' Lines Are Well Under Way Across Our Temples.

Many things come up in life that cause us to halt for the instant and take a hurried invoice of ourselves—little things that set us to thinkin'—things that bring us to our senses and cause us to ponder. Sometimes as a result our whole course in life is changed. Other avenues open before us, and we begin life anew. One of the most potent things along this line is the hat store mirror, the only means by which we kin see ourselves as others see us.

Many of us go about our daily affairs absorbed in our own importance and an unmindful of the flight of time. Our face is entrusted to the care of an indifferent barber, and, aside from a hurried mornin' peep in the home mirror, or a cursory glance in a plate glass window, we give no further thought. We've not forgotten how fine we looked last May when we bought a straw hat, so what's the use o' worryin'? Sometimes an ole acquaintance acts strangely when we greet him, but we think it's only our imagination. Sometimes we're snubbed or slighted, but we attribute it to jealousy, or to somethin' we've said or done. It never occurs to us that our face is out o' drawin'. How could it be? Didn't it look all right in May, when we bought a straw hat? If we ask our wife to go to the theater or a card game she withers us with a pityin' glance and declines. We wonder if she's allin' and hates to tell us. Surely she's not growin' tired o' anyone that looked as good in May as we did.

Along about the middle o' November, after we've concluded that we wuz mistaken in thinkin' we could get by another season in our last winter's derby, we trip light-heartedly to a hat store. "Show me a 7/4 in whatever they're wearin' this fall, Joe," we say to the clerk, who pretends to know us.

Then comes th' awakenin'. One good, close range survey of our face and our ole self-satisfied expression is gone like a dream, closely followed by our well known optimistic views o' life. We're appalled at th' things that kin happen to a face between a spring and fall hat. On our brow many new wrinkles parallel th' ole single track system, while a score o' competin' lines are well under way across our temples. Here an' there a liver spot is startin' in business. Growin' bolder, we take a look at th' side elevation o' our face and our fears are confirmed. Our profile has undergone many important changes for th' worst since we bought a straw hat. We note an embryo chin. It is just formin' under our reglar chin. Th' lines of our summer smile refuse to disappear when we frown. They're there to stay. Our healthy fullness o' face has dropped about seventy points and settled in our neck. Our ear lobes are shrinkin' and inclined to curl. Prepared for th' worst we take a look at th' back o' our head. Th' barber has been neglectful and we hardly know th' place. Soberly turnin' in to th' clerk we close th' deal like we wuz buyin' a shroud. Once out in th' braicin' fall air we regain our strength and buy a pair o' Indian clubs and a jar o' massage cream. We're growin' ole and must join th' allies against th' ravages o' time.

A woman is as young as she's dressed, but a man is as old as he feels after he looks in a hat store mirror. (Copyright, Adams Newspaper Service.)

All Ways.
Husband—If you don't care for motorin', why are you so insistent about my getting an automobile?
Wife—Because, dear, we must keep in the running.

Called "The Bachelor Days Skirt"



Make place for khaki and jeans, for these democratic and useful materials have made their entrance along with the new affairs of women. What with training for Red Cross work and preparing to do our bit in the way of real gardening we are to adopt new apparel and get busy whenever we are needed most. And these materials have come in the form of breeches and overalls; no make-believes, but real articles for real work, well designed and good to look at.

Belonging in the same company and made with an eye to utility is the new "Bachelor Days" skirt which is both skirt and trousers. It gives perfect freedom in walking if one must get over the ground in a hurry and is so simple in construction that it is a wonder it was not invented long ago.

It is one of the inspirations of an American designer and is merely a regulation skirt caught in about the ankles at each side where the feet are thrust through. It is quickly converted into a regulation skirt by the very simple expedient of putting it on, like any other skirt, without thrusting the feet through the caught-in sides. In the latest models the skirt is turned up in a cuff all around the bottom and

the trouser portion is not faced up with a contrasting color as in the picture shown here.

The skirt illustrated is made of gray corduroy faced up with black satin at the sides, and is worn with a jacket, with portillon black, also made of satin. The close fitting turban of black lise, with smart military pompon at the front and shiny swagster stick strike just the right note in the way of accessories. But the "Bachelor Days" skirt may be worn without proclaiming indifference to other skirts, when it is made all in one color. It is a fine garment for country wear and typical of the new woman, who likes the out-of-doors.

Julia Bottomley

Lace to the Rescue.
With the invasion of lace again into the feminine wardrobe a more frequent use of it is to be found among articles of lingerie. There was once hemstitching and ribbon straps, the undergarments of the dainty girl now show a generous use of flit, cluny and Irish lace.

PUBLIC ROADS

WORK OF COMMUNITY CLUBS

"Betsey Ann Association" of Brighton, Illinois, Does Much to Boost Little Village.

(By P. G. HOLDEN, Former Dean of Iowa State College.)

Community clubs play an important part in the development of civilization. They present the greatest of opportunities for the co-operation of town and country to the lasting benefit of each. They enable the residents of the town and those of the rural districts to get together and do things for the welfare of all that otherwise would not be done.

This arousing of common interest in common interests brings the members of the community closer together, socially, industrially and economically.

In movements of this character every small town should feel vitally interested, for it can extend its trade territory many miles by aiding with the farmers in community welfare work. This work may take one form, or it may take another, but the life of any community organization depends upon having something to do that is worth while.

By the assistance of farmers, the town of Brighton, Illinois, a village of only 600 people, has worked wonders in the way of community road building.

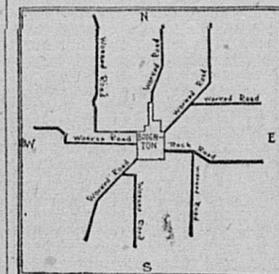
For ten years the people of Brighton have been joining hands with their rural neighbors in co-operative work that not only has bettered the whole community, but has given the town a commercial and educational standing equal to that of many cities ten times its size.

The community organization, which has thus united town and country, bears the unique title of "The Betsey Ann Association." It has given the community 27 miles of excellent roads, a \$15,000 accredited high school, a \$5,000 community building and a neighborhood spirit which knows no township line or corporate boundary.

The Betsey Ann association is incorporated, but not for profit. It has 105 members, divided about equally between town and country, and its membership fee is only 25 cents. The executive committee consists of nine members, of which not more than five can be residents of the town.

The first improvement inaugurated by the association was the purchase of a fire bell. This bell was christened by a telephone operator, Miss Nell Flanagan. She gave it the name of "The Betsey Ann," which title has since passed to the association.

During the second week of August, each year, the association holds a two-day picnic in a large tent. Concerts, dramas and other forms of entertainment are given by local people from



Twenty-Seven Miles of Road Improvement Around Brighton, Illinois, Work of the Betsey Ann Community Association.

both town and country. These picnics are always attended by 2,500 or 3,000 people. All concessions are run by the association and all the profit goes into the treasury. About \$500 is realized each year. The money is spent in road improvement.

One year the association built a mile of rock road, extending eastward from the town limits. Each year a contract for dragging, at frequent intervals, nine different roads, for a distance of three miles from town, is awarded. Each member of the executive committee has charge of a three-mile strip. An appropriation of \$400 is annually made for this purpose.

These 27 miles of good roads are the visible results of the Betsey Ann association. They make it possible for Brighton to visit and to entertain her neighbors. They connect the town with the farm and make the interests of one the interests of the other. They have made possible the community building. They have made a reality a high school, for both town and country children, from which graduates are admitted to any college.

Wheels Used in Argentina.
Because some roads in Argentina have deeper dust in summer and deeper mud in winter than any others in the world, the wagons used on them have wheels from six to fifteen feet in diameter.

Work on Roads in 1915.
During 1915 the total road and bridge expenditures in the United States amounted to about \$282,000,000, of which probably not over \$15,000,000 represented the value of the statute and convict labor.

WALK OVER

The "Archrite" Last Walk-Over

\$5.00

—for Men. Very close-fitting through the instep and in the heel—preventing slipping. Straight-lace and Blucher cut—in black calf-skin, vicid kid and tan Russia calf. A splendidly made low shoe for Spring and Summer—an Oxford that will give exceptional satisfaction and service for the money—as well as style. A complete line at both stores.

Parcel Post Prepaid to any part of Michigan

Walk-Over Shoe Co.
Detroit Store 233 Woodward
Highland Park Store 2800 Woodward

Like the Red Blood of the North!

If you were to live the hearty, outdoor, and active life of the Northerner you would not be suffering from a lack of Red Blood. You would come naturally by; and all your constitution could use. But civilization has weakened your supply, has made you a tired and weak being in comparison.

This is a Sensible Health Builder!

Iron is the natural, sensible, sure builder of cell and tissue. Iron is the one acknowledged Blood Creator by all prominent physicians. But the treatment of iron will have little benefits if your system is clogged and unclean.

Laxated Iron

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KAZAN

By **James Oliver Curwood**

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FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE KAZAN KNOWS THE JOY OF PERFECT FREEDOM—HOW HE MEETS THE CHALLENGE OF A HUGE GRAY WOLF.

Kazan is a vicious Alaskan sled dog, one-quarter gray wolf. He saves his master's life and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Even the master is afraid to touch the dog, but Isabel, Kazan's new mistress, wins his devotion instantly. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party. Inflamed by drink on the following night, McCready beats the master insensibly and attacks the bride. Kazan flies at the assailant's throat and kills him. Fearful of punishment, the dog takes to the woods and wild life.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

After that cry Kazan sat for a long time on his haunches, sniffing the new freedom of the air, and watching the deep black pits in the forest about him, as they faded away before dawn. Now and then, since the day the traders had first bought him and put him into sledge-traces away over on the Mackenzie, he had often thought of his freedom longingly, the wolf blood in him urging him to take it. But he had never quite dared. It thrilled him now. There were no clubs here, no whips, none of the man-beasts whom he had first learned to distrust, and then to hate. It was his misfortune—that quarter-strain of wolf; and the clubs, instead of subduing him, had added to the savagery that was born in him. Men had been his worst enemies. They had beaten him time and again until he was almost dead. They called him "bad," and stepped wide of him, and never missed the chance to snap a whip over his back. His body was covered with scars they had given him.

He had never felt kindness, or love, until the first night the woman had put her warm little hand on his head, and had nuzzled her face close down to his, while Thorpe—her husband—had cried out in horror. He had almost buried his fangs in her white flesh, but in an instant her gentle touch, and her sweet voice, had sent through him that wonderful thrill that was his first knowledge of love. And now it was a man who was driving him from her, away from the hand that had never held a club or a whip, and he growled as he trotted deeper into the forest.

He came to the edge of a swamp as day broke. For a time he had been filled with a strange uneasiness, and light did not quite dispel it. At last he was free of men. He could detect nothing that reminded him of their hated presence in the air. But neither could he smell the presence of other dogs, of the sledge, the fire, of companionship and food, and so far back as he could remember they had always been a part of his life.

Here it was very quiet. The swamp lay in a hollow between two ridge mountains, and the spruce and cedar grew low and thick—so thick that there was almost no snow under them, and the day was like twilight. Two things he began to miss more than all others—food and company. Both the wolf and the dog that was in him demanded the first, and that part of him that was dog longed for the latter. To both desires the wolf blood that was strong in him rose responsively. It told him that somewhere in this silent world between the two ridges there was companionship, and that all he had to do to find it was to sit back on his haunches, and cry out his loneliness. More than once something trembled in his deep chest, rose in his throat, and ended there in a whine. It was the wolf howl, not yet quite born. Food came more easily than voice. Toward midday he cornered a big white rabbit under a log, and killed it. The warm flesh and blood was better than frozen fish, or tallow and bran, and the feast he had gave him confidence. That afternoon he chased many rabbits, and killed two more. Until now, he had never known the delight of pursuing and killing at will, even though he did not eat all he killed.

But there was no fight in the rabbits. They died too easily. They were very sweet and tender to eat, when he was hungry, but the first thrill of killing them passed away after a time. He wanted something bigger. He no longer slunk along as if he were afraid, or as if he wanted to remain hidden. He held his head up. His back bristled. His tail swung free and bushy, like a wolf's. Every hair in his body quiv-

ered with the electric energy of life and action. He traveled north and west. It was the call of early days—the days away up on the Mackenzie. The Mackenzie was a thousand miles away.

He came upon many trails in the snow that day, and sniffed the scents left by the hoofs of moose and caribou, and the fur-padded feet of a lynx. He followed a fox, and the trail led him to a place shut in by tall spruce, where the snow was beaten down and reddened with blood. There was an owl's head, feathers, wings and entrails lying here, and he knew that there were other hunters abroad besides himself.

Toward evening he came upon tracks in the snow that were very much like his own. They were quite fresh, and there was a warm scent about them that made him white, and filled him again with that desire to fall back upon his haunches and send forth the wolf-cry. This desire grew stronger in him as the shadows of night deepened in the forest. He had traveled all day, but he was not tired. There was something about night, now that there were no men near, that exhilarated him strangely. The wolf blood in him ran swifter and swifter. Tonight it was clear. The sky was filled with stars. The moon rose. And at last he settled back in the snow and turned his head straight up to the spruce tops, and the wolf came out of him in a long mournful cry which quivered through the still night for miles.

For a long time he sat and listened after that howl. He had found voice—a voice with a strange new note in it, and it gave him still greater confidence. He had expected an answer, but none came. He had traveled in the face of the wind, and as he howled, a bull moose crashed through the scrub timber ahead of him, his horns rattling against the trees like the tattoo of a clear birch club as he put distance between himself and that cry.

Twice Kazan howled before he went on, and he found joy in the practice of that new note. He came then to the foot of a rough ridge, and turned up out of the swamp to the top of it. The stars and the moon were nearer to him there, and on the other side of the ridge he looked down upon a great sweeping plain, with a frozen lake glistening in the moonlight, and a white river leading from it off into timber that was neither so thick nor so black as that in the swamp.

And then every muscle in his body grew tense, and his blood leaped. From far off in the plain there came a cry. It was his cry—the wolf-cry. His jaws snapped. His white fangs gleamed, and he growled deep in his throat. He wanted to reply, but some strange instinct urged him not to. That instinct of the wild was already becoming master of him. In the air, in the whispering of the spruce tops, in the moon and the stars themselves, there breathed a spirit which told him that what he had heard was the wolf-cry, but that it was not the wolf call.

The other came an hour later, clear and distinct, that same wailing howl at the beginning—but ending in a staccato of quick sharp yelps that stirred his blood at once into a fiery excitement that it had never known before. The same instinct told him that this was the call—the hunt-cry. It urged him to come quickly. A few moments later it came again, and this time there was a reply from close down along the foot of the ridge, and another from so far away that Kazan could scarcely hear it. The hunt-pack was gathering for the night chase; but Kazan sat quiet and trembling.

He was not afraid, but he was not ready to go. The ridge seemed to split the world for him. Down there it was new, and strange, and without men. From the other side something seemed pulling him back, and suddenly he turned his head and gazed back through the moonlit space behind him, and whined. It was the dog-whine now. The woman was back there. He could hear her voice. He could feel the touch of her soft hand. He could see the laughter in her face and eyes, the laughter that had made him warm and happy. She was calling to him through the forests, and he was torn between desire to answer that call, and desire to go down into the plain. For he could also see many men waiting for him with clubs, and he could hear the cracking of whips, and feel the sting of their lashes.

For a long time he remained on the top of the ridge that divided his world. And then, at last, he turned and went down into the plain.

CHAPTER V.

Leader of the Pack.

All that night Kazan kept close to the hunt-pack, but never quite approached it. This was fortunate for him. He still bore the scent of traces, and of man. The pack would have torn him to pieces. The first instinct of the wild is that of self-preservation. It may have been this, a whisper back through the years of savage forebears, that made Kazan roll in the snow now and then where the feet of the pack had trod the thickest.

That night the pack killed a caribou on the edge of the lake, and feasted until nearly dawn. Kazan hung in the face of the wind. The smell of blood and of warm flesh tickled his nostrils, and his sharp ears could catch the cracking of bones. But the instinct was stronger than the temptation.

Not until broad day, when the pack had scattered far and wide over the plain, did he go boldly to the scene of the kill. He found nothing but an area of blood-reddened snow, covered with bones, entrails and torn bits of tough hide. But it was enough, and he rolled in it, and buried his nose in what was left, and remained all that day close to

it, saturating himself with the scent of it.

That night, when the moon and the stars came out again, he sat back with fear and hesitation no longer in him, and announced himself to his new comrades of the great plain.

The pack hunted again that night, or else it was a new pack that started miles to the south, and came up with a doe caribou to the big frozen lake. The night was almost as clear as day, and from the edge of the forest Kazan first saw the caribou run out on the lake a third of a mile away. The pack was about a dozen strong, and had already split into the fatal horseshoe formation, the two leaders running almost abreast of the kill, and slowly closing in.

With a sharp yelp Kazan darted out into the moonlight. He was directly in the path of the fleeing doe, and bore down upon her with lightning speed. Two hundred yards away the doe saw him, and swerved to the right, and the leader on that side met her with open jaws. Kazan was in with the second leader, and leaped at the doe's soft throat. In a snarling mass the pack closed in from behind, and the doe went down, with Kazan half under her body, his fangs sunk deep in her jugular. She lay heavily on him, but he did not lose his hold. It was his first big kill. His blood ran like fire. He snarled between his champed teeth.

Not until the last quiver had left the body over him did he pull himself out from under her chest and forelegs. He had killed a rabbit that day and was not hungry. So he sat back in the snow and waited, while the ravenous pack tore at the dead doe. After a little he came nearer, nosed in between two of them, and was nipped for his intrusion.

As Kazan drew back, still hesitating to mix with his wild brothers, a big gray form leaped out of the pack and drove straight for his throat. He had just time to throw his shoulder to the attack, and for a moment the two rolled over and over in the snow. They were up before the excitement of sudden battle had drawn the pack from the feast. Slowly they circled about each other, their white fangs bare, their yellowish backs bristling like brushes. The fatal ring of wolves drew about the fighters.

It was not new to Kazan. A dozen times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final moment. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledge-dog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted with a club or a whip it always ended in death. Only one fighter could come out alive. Sometimes both died. And there was no man here—only that fatal cordon of waiting white-fanged demons, ready to leap upon and tear to pieces the first of the fighters who was thrown upon his side or back. Kazan was a stranger, but he did not fear those that hemmed him in. The one great law of the pack would compel them to be fair.

He kept his eyes only on the big gray leader who had challenged him. Shoulder to shoulder they continued to circle. Where a few moments before there had been the snapping of jaws and the rending of flesh there was now silence. Soft-footed and soft-throated mongrel dogs from the south would have snarled and growled, but Kazan and the wolf were still, their ears laid forward instead of back, their tails free and bushy.

Suddenly the wolf struck in with the swiftness of lightning, and his jaws came together with the sharpness of steel striking steel. They missed by an inch. In that same instant Kazan darted in to the side, and like knives his teeth gashed the wolf's flank.

They circled again, their eyes growing redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that death-grip at the throat—and missed. It was only by an inch again, and the wolf came back, as he had done, and laid open Kazan's flank so that the blood ran down his leg and reddened the snow. The burn of that flank-wound told Kazan that his enemy was old in the game of fighting. He crouched low, his head straight out, and his throat close to the snow. It was a trick Kazan had learned in puppyhood—to shield his throat, and wait.

Twice the wolf circled about him, and Kazan pivoted slowly, his eyes half closed. A second time the wolf leaped and Kazan threw up his terrible jaws, sure of that fatal grip just in front of the forelegs. His teeth snapped on empty air. With the nimbleness of a cat the wolf had gone completely over his back.

The trick had failed, and with a rumble of the dog-snarl in his throat, Kazan reached the wolf in a single bound. They met breast to breast. Their fangs clashed and with the whole weight of his body, Kazan flung himself against the wolf's shoulders, cleared his jaws, and struck again for the throat hold. It was another miss—by a hair's breadth—and before he could recover, the wolf's teeth were buried in the back of his neck.

How Kazan chooses a mate and learns the joys of bossing a wolf pack is described vividly in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gold in History.

Gold was known from the earliest historic times, and is mentioned in the eleventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis. At first it was chiefly used for ornaments. The trade of the goldsmith is mentioned in the fourth verse of the seventeenth chapter of Judges, in connection with the overlaying of idols with gold leaf.



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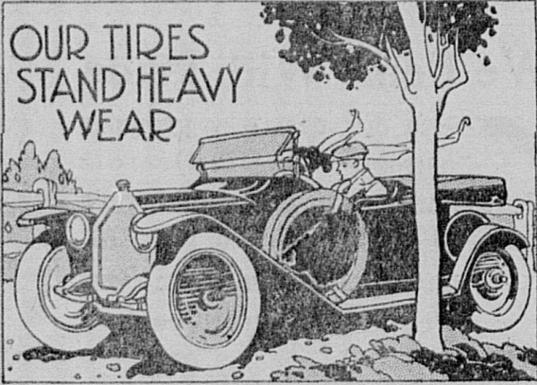
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There was every indication of a fast track, the day's sunshine being attended by a drying temperature which made the going fast.

Two of the fastest horses at the track, Pan Zaretta and Hanovia, are coupled in the Colton entry for the handicap and were sure to get the heavy play. Other starters in the race, which is for a mile, are Baby Lynch, Gordon Russell, Sasin, Tidid and Greenwood.
Every field on the program is well filled. The card opens with the race for two-year-olds, in which 12 thoroughbreds are scheduled to go to the post. With the exception of the third event, which is a claiming race for four-year-olds, the rest of the day is devoted to competition between three-year-olds and aged horses.
More Than 600 Horses.
There are now over 600 horses stabled at the Devonshire and Kenilworth tracks. There are 40 licensed jockeys ready for the saddlework.
The meeting will be conducted under the rules of the Canadian Racing association, while there is only one change in the officials over last autumn, Ed Jasper being clerk of the scales in place of Charles Campanau, who will officiate at a track in Montreal which opens next week. Jasper arrived in Detroit Friday night from Kentucky.



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Entered at the Postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, as second-class matter.
Published Every TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

The Chelsea Tribune is mailed to any address in the United States at \$1 the year, 50 cents for six months and 25 cents for three months.

GREGORY.
E. Hill was in Pinckney, Monday of last week.

Miss Florence Collins has returned to her school at Pontiac.

Dale Chappel moved his household goods to Williamston, May 7.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Bowen, of Detroit spent the week-end in Gregory.

Miss Ruth Brotherton visited Ruth Daniels at Stockbridge, last Friday.

Mrs. Lillie Burden returned from Fowlerville the fore part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ingels spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Buhl.

Fred Howlett is improving the appearance of his house on the farm by reshingling it.

Fred Rose is the proud possessor of 32 lambs from 25 ewes, with a loss of only four.

Henry Howlett commenced work on his barn, on his farm east of town, last Thursday.

A. J. Brearly has been sick the last week but is getting better and able to be out some.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Marshall went to Howell, last Wednesday night, to attend the junior play.

Mrs. George Arnold is still very poorly and we trust she may soon be able to be around again.

Mrs. James Barton, Mrs. A. C. Watson and Mrs. Earl Wheeler called on Gregory friends last Saturday.

Mrs. Charlotte Howlett left Saturday to spend several days with her daughter, Mrs. G. A. Reid of Stockbridge.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Cora Marshall, Thursday afternoon. A good program is arranged, so come.

Mrs. James Barton has just returned from the Pacific coast, where she spent the winter with her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Buhl and daughter Lillian were Jackson visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. Dudley Grieves, after spending a week with friends here, left for Pinckney Wednesday morning of last week.

Reuben Hannewald, of North Waterloo, sold eight head of cattle May 8th, on the Gregory market for the nice sum of \$1,045.

Mrs. Eliza Placeway has purchased Charlie Whitehead's house and lot on South Main street, and will make it her home in the near future.

Mrs. Bettie Marshall, who spent the winter in Detroit with Mrs. N. H. Bowen, returned home last Saturday. Her many friends are glad to welcome her back.

Mrs. Agnes Arnold returned from Mason after the funeral of her stepfather; her daughter Hazel remained to make an extended visit with her grandmother, Mrs. Blakley.

The Literary and Civic club met at the home of Mrs. Wilmer Crossman, May 10th. Interesting papers were read by Mrs. Beatrice Cronk, Mrs. Ed. Brotherton and two chapters of the serial story by Mrs. Howard Marshall. Mrs. Crossman royally entertained the club.

The funeral of James Blakley, held at Mason Tuesday of last week, was largely attended. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Dansville. Those who were present from Gregory were: Mr. George Arnold, Miss Vancie Arnold, Archie Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Arnold and family.

NORTH LAKE.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baird and Miss Dorothy Bell were Tuesday evening guests at the home of Mrs. James Hunker.

Miss Clara Fuller of Hamburg visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fuller, Sunday.

Raymond Webb, who has been very sick with plural pneumonia, is a little better at this writing. A nurse from the Ann Arbor hospital is caring for him.

Herbert Hudson, Miss Johanna Hunker and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hopkins visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wilbur and family, near Ypsilanti, Sunday.

Clayton Webb of Chelsea visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Webb, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Mildred Daniels of Albion visited the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Daniels.

Miss Clarice Wright of Chelsea visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson, Saturday. Her grandfather returned home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fuller entertained at their home Sunday; Mr. and Mrs. Russel Briggs of Chelsea, Wilson Briggs, Tony and Robert Williams, of Detroit, and Fred Haarer of Freedom.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baird called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Webb, Monday evening.

Miss Mary Whalian who has been teaching in Detroit, is home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Whalian.

Mrs. Olive Clark is here helping her mother, who has been sick.

The party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hopkins, Friday evening, was well attended. The evening was spent in dancing and music and all report a lovely time.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Roland McKune has a new Dorr touring car.

Farrell & Co. put up a new awning yesterday.

Miss Margaret Miller was in Detroit, Monday, on business.

Miss Marie Pate of Detroit spent the week-end with Miss Gladys Taylor.

Miss Marie Hindelang of Detroit visited her parents here over the week-end.

Mrs. George BeGole and Miss Neva Norton were in Ann Arbor, Tuesday evening.

John Frymuth and L. G. Palmer Palmer were in Detroit yesterday after Ford cars.

Special meeting Olive lodge, F. & A. M., Tuesday, May 22d. Work in the third degree.

Mrs. B. F. Marty and son of Detroit are guests of her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Runciman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Baird of Dexter township spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Walker.

The Stockbridge Sun says, "We need a good warm rain." Yes, with special emphasis on the warm!

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Steger, son Arnold, Mrs. H. G. Spiegelberg and H. H. Avery spent Wednesday in Detroit.

Rev. M. L. Grant of Detroit, formerly pastor of the Chelsea Congregational church, visited here Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Riedel and daughter, Miss Marie, attended the funeral of Mrs. Martha Seckinger in Francisco, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Congdon and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Congdon and son, of Ypsilanti, visited Misses Mamie and Alma Pierce, Sunday.

Mrs. Bertha Stephens and daughter, Miss Blanche, and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Negus visited Mr. and Mrs. John Weimeister, near Howell, Sunday.

Probate Judge Leland has appointed O. C. Burkhart special administrator in the John Clark estate. John Young and James Howlett are the appraisers.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Steinbach of Dexter are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, May 15, 1917. Mr. Steinbach is a son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Steinbach of this place.

The final meeting for the year of the Bay View club will be held Monday evening at the home of Mrs. F. H. Sweetland. Scrub lunch at six o'clock, followed by program.

R. B. Waltrous has purchased the George Craft farm, including the stock and tools, in Grass Lake township, about fifteen miles southwest of Chelsea, the deal being closed Wednesday.

W. B. Hughes has resigned as station agent for the Michigan Central railroad and is succeeded by J. A. Gifford of Detroit. Mr. Hughes has taken Grass Lake station, which pays the same salary and has much less work.

Mrs. J. E. McKune, Mrs. E. R. Dancer and Miss Cora Lewis were in Ann Arbor, Tuesday evening, to attend a Red-Cross meeting. Arrangements are being made to organize the several branches into a county association.

John Waltrous had a narrow escape, Tuesday, while chasing a chicken at his home south of town, when a plank in the cover of a dug well broke and he dropped partly through the opening. He is still nursing sundry bruises.

Meryl Shaver has enlisted in the band of the 33d Michigan infantry, and has joined the regiment at Ft. Wayne, Detroit. He will play an alto horn. He is the second Chelsea young man to enlist, the first being Lester Hall, who died Tuesday at Portsmouth, Va.

The following representatives from St. Paul's church attended the meeting of the National Evangelical league, which was held Saturday and Sunday at Mt. Clemens; Rev. A. A. Schoen, Waldo Kusterer, Wilbur Breitenwischer, Wilbur Hinderer, Paul Niehaus, Carl Mayer and Misses Cora Feldkamp, Lillie Wackenhut, Lilla Schmidt, Phyllis Wedemeyer, Milda and Esther Faust, Pauline Schoen, Elsa Goetz, Lydia Pielemeyer, Amanda, Clara and Helena Koch.

Poor Commissioner C. C. Dorr, of Sharon township was in the city Tuesday. "I wish we might have this year a potato crop like we did in 1869," he said. "Eight hills filled a bushel basket. In the following spring we gave potatoes away. In 1871 on May 14 the water froze in the water troughs. In 1883 on the 22nd day of May it snowed all day and on September 10 of that year, we had a frost that killed all the corn."—Times-News.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.



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New Low Prices on All Women's Suits

Choice of Any Suit Now \$39.75

Values to \$85.00

Women can choose delightfully from these distinctive and fashionable suits, including many handsome models in two-piece and three-piece suits of silk that are copies of Paris models. The materials are satins, Yo Sans, Shantung silk and taffeta soire. The wool suits are beautifully tailored models in fine poret twills, Men's wear serges and tricelines.

Smart Cloth Suits at \$29.75

Values to \$45.00

Excellent for travel, street or shopping wear are these smartly tailored suits, and the prices are such that choice at this time is decidedly worth while. All our handsome tailleur models are included in this grouping.

May Sale of Millinery, Blouses, Coats and Afternoon Frocks Now Going On

Mrs. Fred Kanteleher is seriously ill with pneumonia.

In the Palmer-Baldwin drain matter, the petition has been denied.

Mrs. E. J. Otis and son returned to their home in Detroit, Wednesday.

Mrs. S. G. Bush is visiting her sister, Mrs. Osborne, in Omaha, Nebraska.

Mrs. Hugh McKune has returned from a week's visit with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Minnie Gare of Francisco spent the week-end with Mrs. Norman Bates.

Hollis Freeman is in Canton, Ohio, on repair work for the Lewis Spring & Axle company.

The will of the late C. H. Kempf has been sustained, after several weeks of litigation.

B. A. Long, for several years local manager for Towar's Wayne County Creamery, has been transferred to Howell.

Miss Annette Cosman and William Upright have returned to their home in Detroit after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Perrine.

Harry Davis returned Wednesday from Indianapolis, where he has been located for several weeks at the Hollier motor car agency in that city.

Mrs. A. E. Johnson is spending some time in Ann Arbor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hesel-schwerdt, while taking medical treatment.

Eighteen members of the Congregational Brotherhood attended a state meeting in Jackson last evening. The Chelsea delegation was the second largest present.

Through her attorney, A. J. Sawyer of Ann Arbor, Mrs. Amelia Van Ripper of this place has filed a summons in the circuit court against J. E. Weber and the Michigan Bonding & Surety company. She alleges \$10,000 damages.

George Grossman of Manchester died Monday, May 14th, aged 72 years. The deceased was an uncle of Samuel Bohnet of this place. Those from Chelsea who attended the funeral Thursday were: Mrs. Jacob Hinderer and son Wilbur; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bohnet.

Residents of Sharon township have been deeply interested in the Hesel-schwerdt-Lawrence law suit regarding the killing of a dog. It was alleged that Ben Lawrence killed William Hesel-schwerdt's dog and in justice court the latter was awarded a judgement of \$100. Mr. Lawrence appealed the case to the circuit court, but the judgement was sustained.

EAST LIMA.
Mrs. Fred Grayer and Fanny Storey spent Monday with Mrs. John Egeler.

Mrs. Chauncey Coy spent Tuesday in Chelsea.

Mrs. Ruth Moore of Lansing and Miss Claudine Miley of Niles are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Smith.

Fred Grayer and Leonard Kearcher spent Thursday in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Gridley have moved into their new home west of Dexter, which they recently purchased of Charles Neeb.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vaughn and son Robert and Mrs. Sigler, of Detroit, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shields.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Breininger have had a telephone installed in their residence.

Charles and Lew Curtiss have purchased a Mogul gasoline engine.

Fred Egeler has bought a new manure spreader.

Caps to Cover All Sorts of Heads



LOW prices for caps become significant only when quoted by a reliable store for caps of quality. Caps for golfing, for autoing, for all sorts of outdoor sports or recreation, are sold by us.

Caps for everyday wear—the kind you feel are easy and comfortable and still look good. Hats too. Spring styles. Permit us to say that you can't beat our hat prices anywhere.

Dancer Brothers. - Chelsea, Mich.

ANNUAL OPENING DANCE

—AT—

"THE FARM" WAMPLER LAKE

Thursday, May 24th, 1917

Fischer's First 5-Piece Orchestra

of Ann Arbor, will supply the music.

EVERYBODY IS INVITED

Dance Bill \$1.00 Supper 75c per couple

GEO. J. NISLE, Proprietor

FURNITURE REPAIRING

Upholstering, Refinishing and Cabinet Work of all kinds

E. P. STEINER CHELSEA, MICH.

Best Remedy For Whooping Cough. Last winter when my little boy had the whooping cough I gave him Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. writes Mrs. J. B. Roberts, East St. Louis, Ill. "It kept his cough loose and relieved him of those awful coughing spells. It is the only cough medicine I keep in the house because I have the most confidence in it." This remedy is also good for colds and croup.—Adv.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND. Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold seal boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE WORTH TRYING.

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

DREW M. POHRE, Pres. and Gen. Mgr. W. A. SREBY, Assistant Mgr. The People's Abstract Company Ann Arbor, Mich. (The New Co.) 409-410-411 First Nat'l Bank Bldg. Phone 2169

Order of Publication. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 1st day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen. Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Jacob Waltz, deceased. Albert Schoen, administrator, having filed in said court his final administration account, and a petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate. It is ordered that the 26th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said account. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County of Washtenaw. Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate. Dorcas C. Donegan, Register. May 4, 11, 18, 25.

WATERLOO.

Elmer Bradley and family motored to Jackson, Friday.

George Beeman and family spent Sunday at Henry Lehman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Stocking of Detroit, motored to Jake Rommel's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Beeman and children spent the week-end in Stockbridge and Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vicary motored to Plymouth, Sunday.

Leslie & Co., of Jackson are putting up a beautiful monument at Carl Koelz' grave.

Aurleit Lehman is spending the week at George Beeman's.

Mrs. George Rowe of Jackson is caring for Mrs. Clad Rowe this week. On Sunday Messrs. David and Anson Croman of Munnith and Ernest Rowe and wife were guests at the Rowe home.

On Wednesday evening, May 30, the Gleaners will hold a box social at the home of Alva Beeman. At this time the quilt the ladies made in the contest will be sold. Tickets may be had from committee.

Mr. Brown of Ohio is visiting his sister, Mrs. Grace Davison.

Ed. Cooper and family motored to Grass Lake, Monday.

Alta Leach is helping Helen Beeman with her housework.

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL

P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.

Morning worship at 10:00 o'clock. Subject of sermon, "The Keynote of the Gospel."

Sunday School at 11:15 a. m. 6:15 Christian endeavor.

Popular Sunday evening service at seven o'clock. Subject of pastor's address, "A Cure for the Blues."

ST. PAUL'S

A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

German service Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Sunday school at 10:30 a. m.

Young People's meeting at 7 p. m. This will be an "Echo Meeting." The delegates to the convention at Mt. Clemens will give interesting reports.

ST. JOHN'S, FRANCISCO

A. Beutenmuller, Pastor.

Preaching service, Sunday afternoon at 1:45.

Sunday school 2:45 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

G. H. Whitney, Pastor.

Church service at 10:00 o'clock.

Bible school at 11:15 a. m.

Junior League at 3 p. m.

Epworth league at 6:00 p. m.

Prayer meeting Thursday 7:00 p. m.

A cordial invitation to all.

BAPTIST

C. R. Osborn, Pastor.

The Baptist church of Grass Lake, having decided to unite with the Chelsea Baptist church, it will be necessary that our regular preaching services begin at 9:30 a. m., and Sunday school at 10:30 a. m.

Thursday evening, 6:45 cottage prayer meeting every week. Phone Mrs. R. P. Chase for the place of meeting.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH

Geo. C. Nothdurft, Pastor.

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

German worship 10:50 a. m.

Epworth league at 7:30 p. m.

English service at 8:00 p. m.

WILL PLANT HORSERADISH.

Harry Loig of Detroit is arranging to start an infant industry at his father's farm near Mill lake and will plant two acres of horseradish. He says there is a wide market for the roots in Detroit, and he may also prepare it and bottle it himself. It almost brings tears to our eyes to think about it.

Get Rid of Your Rheumatism.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment a great help. The relief it affords is alone worth many times its cost.—Adv.

Call phone 190—W for that next order of job printing.