

Holmes & Walker

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME
— IS HERE AND WE HAVE —

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.

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

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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, June 1st

We will sell at the following prices:

5½ pounds of Sugar for 50c

E. A. C. Flour—best flour made—Try it.

We will not be undersold.

JOHN FARRELL & CO.

The Pure Food Store

Come in and hear our new JUNE RECORDS, now on sale at

GRINNELL BROS'

Branch at HOLMES & WALKER'S Store

Here Are Some of the Good Ones:

- 18,209 (Boy Scouts of America—March(Sousa) Victor Military Band \$75 (Blue-White March) Victor Military Band
- 18,200 (Lincoln, the Great Commoner) Harry Humphrey \$75 (Vision of War) Harry Humphrey
- 18,276 (Our Hired Girl (James Whitcomb Riley)—Sally Hamlin \$75 (The Raggedy Man (James Whitcomb Riley)—Sally Hamlin
- 45,115 (Lo, Here the Gentle Lark (Shakespeare-Bishop)—Olive Kline \$1.00 (Ma Curly-Headed Babby (G. H. Clutsam) Olive Kline
- 45,114 (Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes) Reinald Werrenrath \$1.00 (My Lovely Celia (Old English) Reinald Werrenrath
- 64,664—Star Spangled Banner John McCormack \$1.00

FLAG RAISING AND DECORATION DAY

Favorable Weather and Big Crowd Combine for Patriotic Tribute to Veterans.

Decoration day, May 30, 1917, will be remembered in local history as one of the most inspiring and patriotic demonstrations in years; a splendid tribute to the veterans of past wars and a reflection of the spirit with which the people are entering the world war in Europe.

The day's program opened at one o'clock at Main and Middle streets, the main four corners of the village, with the dedication of the fine, new 75 foot steel flag pole and the raising of the new municipal flag by John Waltrous, commander of the local G. A. R. Rev. C. R. Osborn delivered a brief address and music was furnished by the school children and the martial band.

The exercises at the town hall were carried out as previously published, with the addition of a patriotic recital by Miss Margaret Farrell. The hall was packed to the doors and many were turned away.

There were only ten old veterans in the line of march, but they were so stirred by the spirit of the day and the fine tribute accorded them and by the old-time music of the martial band that they seemed to forget the weight of years and were again ready to enlist "for three years or during the war, unless sooner shot," as they used to express it in the days of '61-'65.

The several committees did their work well, and if the result of their loyal efforts is considered, the veterans need no longer worry as to who will take care of Memorial day when they have passed away.

LIMA CENTER.

Russell Wheelock and children were in Ann Arbor, Monday.

Rev. Westfall of Belleville is spending a few days with his grandmother, Mrs. F. Westfall, and his brother Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Fahrner and child of Ann Arbor called on a number of friends Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Steinbach and children spent Wednesday evening with his brother, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Steinbach.

Edward Frymuth and friend of Chelsea spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hammond.

Frank Gross and Leland Easton were in Ann Arbor, Monday.

Mrs. Harry Hammond and children spent Wednesday in Ann Arbor with her sister, Mrs. H. Carpenter.

Jacob Steinbach spent the weekend with his brother, Mr. and Mrs. George Steinbach.

Miss Eva Steinbach was in Ann Arbor, Monday.

Lloyd Deshain was in Ann Arbor, Monday.

A number from here spent Wednesday, May 30th, in Chelsea.

William Coe called on Mrs. Albert Koch one day of the past week.

Russell Wheelock and children spent Sunday in Chelsea with Mrs. Bertha Schanz.

Herman Fletcher was in Ann Arbor, Saturday.

Mrs. Theodore Wolff and daughter Velma and her mother, Mrs. Mary Hammond, were in Ann Arbor, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Steinbach and son Reuben spent Thursday in Ann Arbor.

The Lima Center Arbor of Gleann will meet Thursday, June 7th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wolff.

Fred Staebler was in Ann Arbor, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Christ Fahrner of Sylvan spent Friday with her daughter, Mrs. George Steinbach.

There will be preaching services at the Lima Center church, June 3d, Church at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Everybody welcome.

NORTH SYLVAN GRANGE.

The next meeting of North Sylvan grange will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Laird on Friday evening, June 8. The program will be as follows:

- Song.
- Roll call.
- Music.
- Can a farmer adjust himself to the eight hour system?—J. L. Sibley.
- Select reading—Mrs. C. Kalmbach.
- Closing song.

ADDITIONAL RED CROSSERS.



Following is the list of persons who have joined the local Red Cross society since the publication of the list in Tuesday's paper:

- Mrs. James Geddes.
- James Geddes.
- Mrs. Anna Hoag.
- Mrs. John Lyons.
- Mrs. Ed. Reimenschneider.
- Mrs. B. F. Isham.
- Mrs. H. J. Felford.
- Mrs. J. C. Taylor.
- Mrs. S. G. Bush.
- Dr. S. G. Bush.
- F. R. Shepherd.
- Rowena Waltrous.
- Ida Detting.
- Mrs. F. H. Clark.
- R. B. Koons.
- Evert Benton.
- Wilbur Kiemenschnieder.
- Mr. Visel.
- S. W. Schmidt.
- Marion Updike.
- W. J. Geddes.
- Mrs. Ellen Clark.
- Mrs. Wallace Patterson.
- Geo. K. Chapman.
- Mrs. G. K. Chapman.
- Leon A. Chapman.
- Fred Gentner.
- Mrs. Magdalena Rogers.
- Mrs. Charles Stapish.

The following names were registered at the Methodist Old Peoples home, largely through the efforts of Rev. F. O. Jones, the total contribution from the home amounting to \$41:

- Miss S. E. Stephens.
- Mrs. Mary E. Frantz.
- Mrs. Mary E. Torborn.
- Mrs. F. A. Blinn.
- Mrs. F. O. Jones.
- Rev. F. O. Jones.
- Martha Brown.
- Mary E. Keeler.
- Mary McGregor.
- Mrs. Rebecca Ard.
- Mrs. Florence Jones.
- Mrs. Lura Blount.
- Mrs. Martha Geddes.
- Mrs. E. R. Galbraith, life member.

DRAFT REGISTER BUSY COUNTY CLERK SMITH

Many Absentees Register and Have Cards Forwarded to Their Home Registrars.

County Clerk Edwin Smith and assistants are being kept exceptionally busy these days answering inquiries regarding the draft registration of June 5, and taking the answers of others who will be absent from the county on that date or whose legal home is in some distant city or locality. Of the latter a great many have registered and their cards will be mailed in time to be certified on June 5 at the proper registration places.

Under section 6 of the regulations governing the operation of the registry, it has been discovered, postmasters and sheriffs or mail agents are authorized to administer oaths to registrars, but such registrars cannot be sworn by the chief registrars, it is said. Registrars working under the appointed men will have to be sworn in by a justice of the peace or one of the above men or a notary.

EIGHTEEN GRADUATES IN STOCKBRIDGE

Neighboring High School Will Turn Out Largest Class in Its History.

The Stockbridge high school graduating class of this year is the largest in its history, numbering in all eighteen members, six boys and twelve girls as follows: Carl Topping, Lawton Votes, Cletus Berry, Vincent Berry, Clarence Marshall, G. Gardner Smith, Glenading Hall, Florence Brown, Fern Hollis, Dorothy Hill, Lena Poxon, Nina Whitten, Genevieve Brady, Florence Topping, Virena McGee, Mary Bachelor, Lois Worden and Hazel Rose. The commencement exercises will be held this year on Thursday evening, June 21, and the class day rally on Tuesday, June 19.

CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grant celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Sunday, entertaining a company of relatives at their home on South Main street. The out-of-town guests were Mrs. A. D. Huff of Montreal, Canada; Miss Nellie Congdon, of Hillsdale, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grant and family of Detroit.

AUTOMOBILE WRECKED ON BRIDGE RAILING

Three Chelsea Young Men Have Close Call When Tire Bursts And Car Skids.

Carl Kantlehner's Kritt roadster was totally wrecked early Wednesday morning at the bridge across Mill creek on the Manchester road at the Sylvan-Sharon town line. A front tire burst just south of the bridge and before the car could be stopped it had skidded into the bridge railing head-on.

Don Curtis and Andy Cleveland were with Mr. Kantlehner and they were thrown out of the car, Don being badly cut about the hands and his fingers being broken. Cleveland also sustained slight injuries and Carl Kantlehner was thrown against the steering wheel and badly bruised about the chest.

The damage to the car was so extensive that Mr. Kantlehner sold it for junk for \$20.

LIBERTY LOAN BONDS.

A United States government bond is the safest investment in the world. If the bond of the United States government is not safe, no property in the United States is safe. If the United States cannot pay its bonds, it is hardly probable that it will be able to protect the citizens in their other rights.

The Liberty Loan bonds of 1917 are especially attractive investments. Not only have they the absolute safety characteristic of all United States bonds, but they are tax free not only from all existing taxes but from any war tax that may subsequently be levied. No state, city, nor county may tax them. The inheritance tax of the United States and of some other states may affect them, or rather, affect their transfer by will or by inheritance after the death of the owner.

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 EXCHANGE—New, modern, six-room house in Ann Arbor. Will consider small place in or near Chelsea. Address E. E. Thompson, 116 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 7643

FOR SALE—Eleven pigs, six weeks old. J. H. Boyd, phone 241, Chelsea. 7643

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Full blood Partridge Wyandottes and Black Minorcas; 15 for \$1.50, 30 for \$2.50. Wm. Schatz, Corner barber shop, Chelsea. 7643

FOR SALE—Good second-hand single driving harness. Holmes & Walker. 7643

FOR SALE—Three burner gas plate, with oven. Good condition and cheap. Ray Salmon, Wilkinson barber shop. 7643

FOR SALE—While moving, buggy, harness, blankets; also one Imperial stove range, one coal and one wood stove. Rev. G. Eisen, Rogers Corners, Freedom township. 7643

FOR SALE—About 6 acres land, North and Fillmore Sts. Mrs. J. G. Wagner, Chelsea. 7443

FOR SALE—Having sold my residence, I will sell my household goods at private sale. Mrs. Ella Fiske, 227 North St. 7443

FOR SALE—Eight room modern residence, 619 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—Baptist parsonage property, 157 E. Summit St.; 9-room house, city water, electric lights. For particulars phone Adelbert Baldwin or N. W. Laird. 864f

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Eighty acre farm in Ingham county, fair buildings, on milk and mail route, telephone line and main travelled road, about ¼ 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—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. 494f

KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

ESTABLISHED 1876

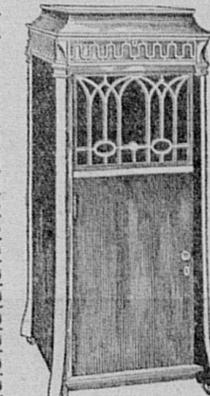
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Come to our store, forget you are in a store, turn your back, close your eyes, and when Margaret Matzenauer's glorious voice, literally re-created, tone for tone, shade for shade, pours forth from the New Edison, you will feel her very presence in the room.

The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

has been tested by direct comparison with its Re-Creation of the voices of Margaret Matzenauer, Marie Rappold, Anna Case, Marie Sundelius, Julia Heinrich, Christine Miller, Giovanni Zenatello, Edoardo Ferrari-Fontano, Guido Ciccolini, Jacques Urlus, Otto Goritz, and twenty other great artists. Half a million people have heard these astounding tests and were positively unable to tell apart the singer's living voice and the new instrument's Re-Creation of it. These remarkable tests are chronicled in five hundred of America's principal newspapers.

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KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By James Oliver Curwood

Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

KAZAN ONCE AGAIN COMES UNDER MAN'S INFLUENCE AND PERFORMS GREAT GOOD DEEDS.

Kazan, a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter wolf, 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 affection at once. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party, and on the following night, inflamed by drink, he beats the master insensible and attacks the bride. Kazan flies at the assailant's throat, kills him, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader and takes a young mate, Gray Wolf.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Three hundred yards beyond that moving blotch was the thin line of timber, and Kazan and his followers bore down swiftly. Halfway to the timber they were almost upon it, and suddenly it stopped and became a black and motionless shadow on the snow. From out of it there leaped that lightning tongue of flame that Kazan had always dreaded, and he heard the hissing song of the death-bee over his head. He did not mind it now. He yelped sharply, and the wolves raced in until four of them were neck-and-neck with him.

A second flash—and the death-bee drove from breast to tail of a huge gray fighter close to Gray Wolf. A third—a fourth—a fifth spurt of that fire from the black shadow, and Kazan himself felt a sudden swift passing of a red-hot thing along his shoulder, where the man's last bullet shaved off the hair and stung his flesh.

Three of the pack had gone down under the fire of the rifle, and half of the others were swaying to the right and the left. But Kazan drove straight ahead. Faithfully Gray Wolf followed him.

The sledge-dogs had been freed from their traces, and before he could reach the man, whom he saw with his rifle held like a club in his hands, Kazan was met by the fighting mass of them. He fought like a fiend, and there was the strength and the fierceness of two mates in the mad gushing of Gray Wolf's fangs. Kazan wanted to reach the man who held the rifle, and he freed himself from the fighting mass of the dogs and sprang to the sledge. For the first time he saw that there was something human on the sledge, and in an instant he was upon it. He buried his jaws deep. They sank in something soft and hairy, and he opened them for another lunge. And then he heard the voice! It was her voice! Every muscle in his body stood still. He became suddenly like flesh turned to lifeless stone.

Her voice; the bear rug was thrown back and what had been hidden under it he saw clearly now in the light of the moon and the stars. In him instinct worked more swiftly than human brain could have given birth to reason. It was not she. But the voice was the same, and the white girlish face so close to his own blood-red eyes held in it that same mystery that he had learned to love. And he saw now that which she was clutching to her breast, and there came from it a strange thrilling cry.

In a flash he turned. He snapped at Gray Wolf's flank, and she dropped away with a startled yelp. It had all happened in a moment, but the man was almost down. Kazan leaped under his clubbed rifle and drove into the face of what was left of the pack. His fangs cut like knives. If he had fought like a demon against the dogs, he fought like ten demons now, and the man—bleeding and ready to fall—staggered back to the sledge, marveling at what was happening. For in Gray Wolf there was now the instinct of matehood, and seeing Kazan tearing and fighting the pack she joined him in the struggle which she could not understand.

When it was over, Kazan and Gray Wolf were alone out on the plain. The pack had slunk away into the night, and the same moon and stars that had given to Kazan the first knowledge of his birthright told him now that no longer would those wild brothers of the plains respond to his call when he howled into the sky.

He was hurt. And Gray Wolf was hurt, but not so badly as Kazan. He was torn and bleeding. One of his legs was terribly bitten. After a time he saw a fire in the edge of the forest. The old call was strong upon him. He wanted to crawl in to it, and feel the girl's hand on his head, as he had felt that other hand in the world beyond the ridge. He would have gone—and would have urged Gray Wolf to go with him—but the man was there. He whined, and Gray Wolf thrust her

warm muzzle against his neck. Something told them both that they were outcasts, that the plains, and the moon, and the stars were against them now, and they slunk into the shelter and the gloom of the forest.

Kazan could not go far. He could still smell the camp when he lay down. Gray Wolf snuggled close to him. Gently she soothed with her soft tongue Kazan's bleeding wounds. And Kazan, lifting his head, whined softly to the stars.

CHAPTER VII.

Joan.

On the edge of the cedar and spruce forest old Pierre Radisson built the fire. He was bleeding from a dozen wounds, where the fangs of the wolves had reached to his flesh, and he felt in his breast that old and terrible pain, of which no one knew the meaning but himself. He dragged in log after log, piled them on the fire until the flames leaped up to the crisping needles of the limbs above, and heaped a supply close at hand for use later in the night.

From the sledge Joan watched him, still wild-eyed and fearful, still trembling. She was holding her baby close to her breast. Her long heavy hair smothered her shoulders and arms in a dark lustrous veil that glistened and rippled in the firelight when she moved. Her young face was scarcely a woman's tonight, though she was a mother. She looked like a child.

Old Pierre laughed as he threw down the last armful of fuel, and stood breathing hard.

"It was close, ma cherie," he panted through his white beard. "We were nearer to death out there on the plain than we will ever be again, I hope. But we are comfortable now, and warm. Eh? You are no longer afraid?"

He sat down beside his daughter, and gently pulled back the soft fur that enveloped the bundle she held in her arms. He could see one pink cheek of baby Joan. The eyes of Joan, the mother, were like stars.

"It was the baby who saved us," she whispered. "The dogs were being torn to pieces by the wolves, and I saw them leaping upon you, when one of them sprang to the sledge. At first I thought it was one of the dogs. But it was a wolf. He tore once at us, and the bear-



Fought Like Ten Demons Now.

skin saved us. He was almost at my throat when baby cried, and then he stood there, his red eyes a foot from us, and I could have sworn that he was a dog. In an instant he turned, and was fighting the wolves. I saw him leap upon one that was almost at your throat."

"He was a dog," said old Pierre, holding out his hands to the warnith. "They often wander away from the posts, and join the wolves. I have had dogs do that. Ma cherie, a dog is a dog all his life. Kicks, abuse, even the wolves cannot change him—for long. He was one of the pack. He came with them—to kill. But when he found us—"

"He fought for us," breathed the girl. She gave him the bundle, and stood up, straight and tall and slim in the firelight. "He fought for us—and he was terribly hurt," she said. "I saw him drag himself away. Father, if he is out there—dying—"

Pierre Radisson stood up. He coughed in a shuddering way, trying to stifle the sound under his beard. The flock of crimson that came to his lips with the "cough Joan did not see. She had seen nothing of it during the six days they had been traveling up from the edge of civilization. Because of that cough, and the strain that came with it, Pierre had made more than ordinary haste.

"I have been thinking of that," he said. "He was badly hurt, and I do not think he went far. Here—take little Joan and sit close to the fire until I come back."

The moon and the stars were brilliant in the sky when he went out in the plain. A short distance from the edge of the timber line he stood for a moment upon the spot where the wolves had overtaken them an hour before. Not one of his four dogs had lived. The snow was red with their blood, and their bodies lay stiff where they had fallen under the pack. Pierre shuddered as he looked at them. If the wolves had not turned their first mad attack upon the dogs, what would have become of himself, Joan and the baby? He turned away, with another of those hollow coughs that brought the blood to his lips.

A few yards to one side he found in the snow the trail of the strange dog

that had come with the wolves, and had turned against them in that moment when all seemed lost. It was not a clean running trail. It was more of a furrow in the snow, and Pierre Radisson followed it, expecting to find the dog dead at the end of it.

In the sheltered spot to which he had dragged himself in the edge of the forest Kazan lay for a long time after the fight, alert and watchful. He felt no very great pain. But he had lost the power to stand upon his legs. His flanks seemed paralyzed. Gray Wolf crouched close at his side, sniffing the air. They could smell the camp, and Kazan could detect the two things that were there—man and woman. He knew that the girl was there, where he could see the glow of the firelight through the spruce and the cedars. He wanted to go to her. He wanted to drag himself close to the fire, and take Gray Wolf with him, and listen to her voice, and feel the touch of her hand. But the man was there, and to him man had always meant the club, the whip, pain, death.

Gray Wolf crouched close to his side, and whined softly as she urged Kazan to flee deeper with her into the forest. At last she understood that he could not move, and she ran nervously out into the plain, and back again, until her footprints were thick in the trail she made. The instincts of matehood were strong in her. It was she who first saw Pierre Radisson coming over their trail, and she ran swiftly back to Kazan and gave the warning.

Then Kazan caught the scent, and he saw the shadowy figure coming through the starlight. He tried to drag himself back, but he could move only by inches. The man came rapidly nearer. Kazan caught the glint of the rifle in his hand. He heard his hollow cough, and the tread of his feet in the snow. Gray Wolf crouched shoulder to shoulder with him, trembling and showing her teeth. When Pierre had approached within fifty feet of them she slunk back into the deeper shadows of the spruce.

Kazan's fangs were bared menacingly when Pierre stopped and looked down at him. With an effort he dragged himself to his feet, but fell back into the snow again. The man leaned his rifle against a sapling and bent over him fearlessly. With a fierce growl Kazan snapped at his extended hands. To his surprise the man did not pick up a stick or a club. He held out his hand again—cautiously—and spoke in a voice new to Kazan. The dog snapped again, and growled.

The man persisted, talking to him all the time, and once his mittened hand touched Kazan's head, and escaped before the jaws could reach it. Again and again the man reached out his hand, and three times Kazan felt the touch of it, and there was neither threat nor hurt in it. At last Pierre turned away and went back over the trail.

When he was out of sight and hearing, Kazan whined, and the crest along his spine flattened. He looked wistfully toward the glow of the fire. The man had not hurt him, and the three-quarters of him that was dog wanted to follow.

Gray Wolf came back, and stood with stiffly planted forefeet at his side. She had never been this near to man before, except when the pack had overtaken the sledge out on the plain. She could not understand. Every instinct that was in her warned her that he was the most dangerous of all things, more to be feared than the strongest beasts, the storms, the floods, cold and starvation. And yet this man had not harmed her mate. She sniffed at Kazan's back and head, where the mittened hand had touched. Then she trotted back into the darkness again, for beyond the edge of the forest she once more saw moving life.

The man was returning, and with him was the girl. Her voice was soft and sweet, and there was about her the breath and sweetness of woman. The man stood prepared, but not threatening.

"Be careful, Joan," he warned. She dropped on her knees in the snow, just out of reach.

"Come, boy—come!" she said gently. She held out her hand. Kazan's muscles twitched. He moved an inch—two inches toward her. There was the old light in her eyes and face now, the love and gentleness he had known once before, when another woman with slipping hair and eyes had come into his life. "Come!" she whispered as she saw him move, and she bent a little, reached a little farther with her hand, and at last touched his head.

The young woman, by kindness, wins from this fierce wolf-dog a service that saves her life. It's all told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Like a Church.

The express elevator in one of the office buildings flew up to the tenth floor. Nobody called for a floor number, nobody spoke.

All at once a timid little voice said: "Mother, please, may I speak?"

"Of course, dear, why not?" answered mother.

"O, it is not here like in church then, isn't it?" came the quite relieved reply.

The Exception.

"I am going to call up that pretty telephone girl and ask her to marry me."

"Then you won't get the usual answer."

"What do you mean?"

"She'll hurry to reply, 'Ring on.'"

DEATH CLEARS UP FAMOUS ABDUCTION

For Nineteen Years Mystery Surrounds the Kidnaping of Gerald Lapiner.

Chicago.—Final hearing in court of a petition for the distribution of the estate of Louis Lapiner has swept aside the mystery which for nineteen years has surrounded the kidnaping of Gerald Lapiner and his finding eight months later by a schoolgirl in Plainville, Ohio.

Mrs. Annie M. Ingersoll, who lived in Plainville, was the kidnaper, according to the story told in court. Her only son had been taken from her



She Picked Gerald Up on the Street.

when her husband obtained a divorce and she came to Chicago to obtain a boy to replace him.

Unable to get one that suited her at an orphanage, she picked Gerald up on the street and started for her home with him.

On the train she met James Collins and they fell in love and were married. It was months later that a schoolgirl, picking up a newspaper, recognized the picture of the missing Gerald as that of "Howard Collins," as the kidnaped boy had been renamed.

The authorities were notified, the Collins couple arrested and the boy returned to his parents. Identification was established definitely by the fact that when he saw his sister, Hilda, he at once held out his arms to her and cried "Hoogie," his baby pronunciation of her name.

The elder Lapiner is said to have spent virtually his entire fortune in efforts to recover the boy before he finally was found.

WINS DEBATE BUT LOSES HAIR

Freshman of Pitt College "Scalped" by Upper Classmen as Result of Contest.

Pittsburg.—It cost a Pitt freshman his crop of hair to win the affirmative side of the debate. "Resolved, That the freshmen rules should be abolished," held by teams representing the freshmen and senior classes of the college. The unfortunate freshman is Carl E. Neher. His associate in the debate, Elmer G. Thumm, escaped by taking to his heels.

The two freshmen were leaving Memorial hall, where the debate was held, when a crowd of about fifty upper classmen pounced upon them. Thumm managed to squirm out of the scrimmage. Neher was carried off; and when last seen was exhibiting a bald pate.

DRIVER IS LASSEED BY A TROLLEY ROPE

Watertown, N. Y.—The lassoing of a man with a trolley rope created a sensation in Court street the other day. Louis Williams, a driver, was proceeding along the street at a leisurely pace when the trolley of a passing street car struck the branch of a shade tree. The shock gave to the trolley rope a cast in the direction of Williams.

A coil gripped him around the neck as deftly and securely as could a noose thrown by a cowboy, perked him from his seat and dragged him along until the car came to a stop, deprived of its current by the break in contact when the weight of Williams' body pulled the trolley down.

Williams had been dragged 30 yards but suffered no more serious damage than a slightly twisted neck and bruises over the body.

Why Fiance Was Late.

Chicago.—Annie Caluto wondered why her fiance, Samuel Mule, was not on hand for their wedding, and went to his house. Samuel, his brother and a cousin were unconscious from gas. They will recover

Let's Get Down to Business

The season is here when you must have new clothes.

That old suit has probably been a "good friend" all winter, but you need a new one now. You need a Bond suit.

New York's Newest Spring Clothes for Men and Young Men

15

Designed right, made right, sold right. Buying of Bond's means buying of the maker. You save all selling expenses you'd have to pay a retailer—amounting to \$5 to \$10 more on each garment. Why not buy Bond's Clothes and save that much?



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Kin Hubbard Essays

THE WOMAN'S PAGE

How may I boil an egg three minutes? Myrtle.

Answer. First secure an illumian vessel (tin or granite ware 'll answer) fill th' same two-thirds full with fresh clear water an' set on stove an' allow it t' come t' a boil. In th' interim select an egg an' hold it in th' thumb an' index finger. This may be done by pickin' it up naturally. As th' water approaches th' boilin' point drop th' egg gently in, bein' careful not t' make a splash. Then count sixty slowly three times an' lift th' egg from th' water with a table spoon.

an' put back in th' runnin'; it tells a girl with a mustache how, by a easy tortuous process, she may yet become th' pride o' th' village; it tells what a young lady should put in her suitcase for a week-end at Terre Haute. Even when a girl writes: "I am seventeen years ole with pleasan' face an' fine figure but I toe in. Won't you save me? Gwendolyn," th' editor o' th' Woman's Page is not daunted. "I am goin' with a young man o' wealth an' ideal habits but somehow his very touch does not thrill me. Should I entrust my future happiness t' one who does not thrill me? Therese."



Th' Woman's Page Tells How Girls Who Kin Remember th' Franco-Prussian War May Be Ironed Out an' Put Back in th' Runnin'; It Tells What a Young Lady Should Put in Her Suitcase for a Week-end at Terre Haute.

Where a stop watch is available th' time spent in countin' may be profitably employed with other duties o' th' kitchen.

Th' above is just a sample from one department on th' Woman's Page o' th' average newspaper. Th' other columns are devoted t' flirtin', fallin' hair, fat chests, marriage an' recipes fer cold baked p'taters, freckles an' catsup.

If a young housekeeper is goin' t' entertain some folks from Pennsylvania that used t' know her husband when th' world seemed bright she consults th' Woman's Page an' finds out how t' make a chuck steak allurin', an' how t' make th' dinnin' room gay with highly colored inexpensive blooms when th' snow is on th' ground, an' how t' make candle-sticks out o' rosy-cheeked apples at a nickel per.

Th' Woman's Page tells how girls who kin remember th' Franco-Prussian War may be ironed out an' tinted

That's easy fer th' editor o' th' Woman's Page. She kin even tell how t' banish that "single agin' feelin'.

How t' utilize ole apron strings, useful articles made from discarded broom straws, simple recipes fer cherry pies (open face or huntin' case), exposure o' th' many tricks on th' unsuspectin' an' th' selection o' a cucumber, coxin' verbenas in February, how t' bring out th' sunken cheeks o' a wilted turnip, nifty aprons from shirt tails, how t' discourage stick ants, how t' avoid th' appearance o' haste an' hurry in servin' a guinea, th' value o' th' carrot in carryin' out color schemes, lastin' tints fer ear lobes, suitable coloures an' throat joggers fer retreatin' chins an' veined foreheads, an' how t' winter a lantern in th' latitude o' Detroit. Th' Editor o' th' Woman's Page knows all o' these things.

Th' Woman's Page is enough t' make th' ole time mother turn over in her grave under th' cedar tree an' shake hands with herself.

OLD TOWN BOYS

Milt Whitehill, an ole Brown county boy, who went west in th' eighties, dropped in on his boyhood friends here Friday. He's on his way t' Washin'ton t' see President Wilson about considerin' th' widenin' o' th' Arkansas river.

"What ever become o' Elam Swallow, Milt?" asked ole Niles Turner.

"O, he's one o' th' big guns o' Jay Bird, Kansas."

"Do you ever bump up agin' Percy Dunstan in your travels, Milt?" asked Gabe Crow.

"Yes, Percy is a night clerk in a dollar-a-day hut-tel in Wichita."

"Well, he wuz a good pool player."

"Milt, do you remember th' Sargen? girl that run away with th' professor o' th' ole Acme Skatin' rink jst about time you went west?" asked Ed.

"Umph! He wuz an awful failure durin' his ole sawmill days."

"Did Pogue Spry ever finally amount t' anything, Milt?" asked Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Flahart.

"Pogue is now promotin' a big irrigatin' scheme in Idaho an' worth a million."

hey're livin' at Coffeyville, Kansas, down on th' border. They've got five children, all in college, an' they travel most o' th' time an' enjoy their money."

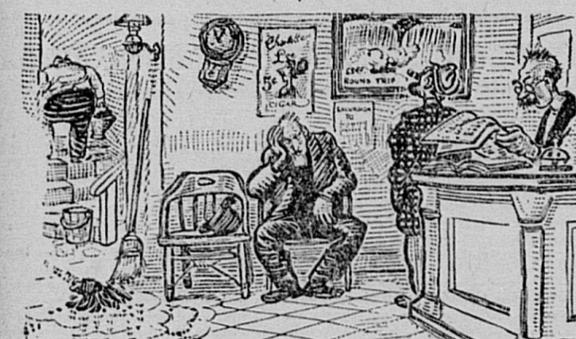
"Somebuddy ought t' go t' Coffeyville an' show her up."

"We used t' think he wuz a burglar."

"Well, what ever become o' poor Henry Sapp?" asked Tipton Bud.

"Do you ever run int' Andy Gardin West?" asked Tifford Moots.

"Oh, yes. Andy is very wealthy an' at th' head o' a big college."



"Yes, Percy is a Night Clerk in a Dollar-a-Day Hut-tel in Wichita."

"Henry owns a chain o' wheat elevators."

"Ther wuz a boy that jst had sense enough t' put his cap on when school wuz out."

"I reckon Arley Whipple's been hung by this time," says Uncle Ez Pash.

"No, indeed. He owns four newspapers in Montana an' Wilson is liable t' give him a pustoffice."

"He never done nothin' but hang around th' ole Hayes an' Wheeler club room when he lived here."

"I almost fergot t' ask you about Clarence Hanger, Milt. His eyes wuz too close t'gether an' his folks come from Chillicothe, Ohio," says ole Niles Turner.

"Clarence got very rich out o' his zinc mines an' married th' daughter o' a railroad president. I think they're abroad now."

"Ther must be some mistake. He crocheted till he wuz twenty-one."

"He loafed an' read when he lived here."

"What ever become o' Morton Bender after he sold out here?" asked ole Niles Turner.

"Morton went int' business in St. Joe, Missouri, after sellin' out here. Things got t' goin' bad with him an' he finally wound up in th' poor house."

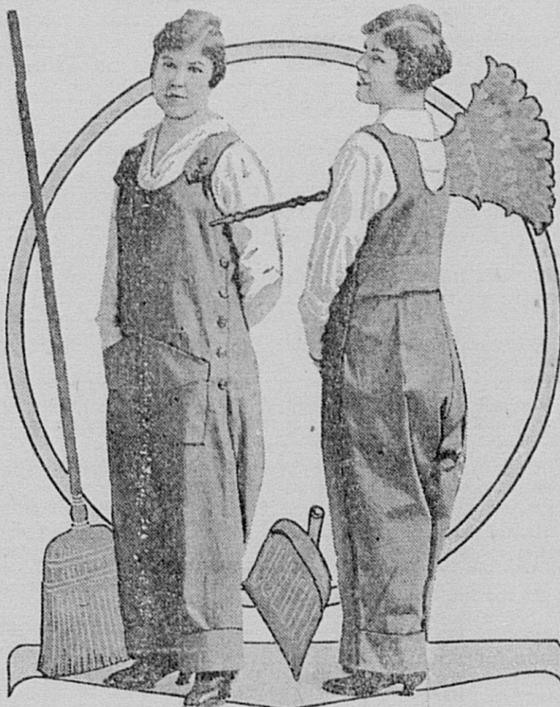
"That's more like it. I remember th' very day Morton Bender pulled up an' went west. I wuz leavin' agin' a tree that stood where th' postoffice now stands an' I says t' him, says I, 'Morton Bender, you'd better leave well enough alone.'"

Some folks hate t' see a feller succeed even if he's workin' fer th' Lord. (Copyright, Adams Newspaper Service.)

Where Honor Is Due.

Honor the unobtrusively good and thick less of those whose merit is in intellectual ability.—Herbert Spencer.

Along Comes the Overette



The modern woman is making a record for efficiency just now in many lines of work—some of them new to her. She will not tolerate inconvenient and antiquated ways of doing things. In the business that naturally falls to her lot and which she likes best, that of keeping a home, new ways of dispatching work and new appliances, get instant recognition, for her interests are more varied than they were and she must have time for them.

And now along comes the "overette," like a milestone on the road of progress, or a sign that she who runs will read, and heed, or be outdistanced in the race for efficiency. Here is a garment, absolutely fitted to her indoor and outdoor activities, comfortable and convenient and more—fer it is good looking. "Overette" is merely the intensely feminine of "overall." It is made of khaki in a heavy and a light weight, of linene which looks like unbleached linen, but isn't, and of dark blue and white striped Galatia cloth. This is less heavy and more soft than jeans but resembles that tried and true fabric.

It is cut on trim lines and worn over a blouse with or without a corset, and fastens along the sides and over the shoulders. The shoulder straps button at the front and are provided with two buttons and buttonholes so that they may be lengthened or shortened. There are two pockets at the front, the seams are lapped and the whole garment well tailored. Whoever designed this new dispensation in the affairs of women knew all about making clothes to set well, along with comfort. Before long we may see trim companies in khaki overettes, marching forth to do their bit in all sorts of gardens, in berry-picking and in chicken farming. It is not likely the overette will be discarded when tasks lie indoors.

Favored Hats for Motoring



Any plain, small, tailored hat, worn with a veil to hold it in place, answers the purpose for motoring. But for those who are devoted to this recreation, and for long journeys, specially designed hats have proved themselves superior. Experience has taught the devotee of motoring what she needs, and those needs are not so simple, as a glance at motor hats might lead one to believe.

The first requisite of a motor hat is comfort, and it must fit like a glove. It must be a soft hat with tailored finish, that becomes a street hat when it parts company with a veil. Above all, come what may in the way of wind and exceeding the speed limit, it must stay on. This last necessity has proved the mother of invention, and a hat appears among us that triumphantly steaks to the head no matter what happens. Two examples of it are shown in the group of three motor hats pictured above.

This hat is made of braids or fabrics or the two combined, in a variety of becoming shapes, and usually has a soft crown and a narrow brim. And it is in the management of the brim that the designer has solved the problem of holding the hat to the head. Just across the back the brim is absent. It comes to an end on each side. Between these ends a strong elastic band extends, sometimes inserted in the crown, and that elastic band does the work. The hat at the left has a fabric crown and a braided brim. Across the front the crown is supported by four squares of braid, each finished with a row of fabric-covered buttons. With the removal of the veil this becomes a more than presentable street hat.

The hat at the right has a pretty upturn in the brim and wheels of braid, each centered with a button, re-enforce the soft silk crown. The center hat is minus the elastic band, but is a commendable model for motor wear that serves equally well for the street.

Julia B. Thomas

A New Veil Pattern.

The cherry blossom is a new veil pattern which is favored by younger women because it is dashing and different. Fine lines of delicate blossoms and stems trail over the mesh, converging at the center of the chin, where there is a coquettish dot of black velvet. Two long sprays running out from this dot form the border; two more at an angle of 60 degrees stray from the dot to the ears, and two more at an acute angle just escape the outer corners of the eyes. Over a pretty and youthful face this new veil is decidedly fetching.

Pontine Still Holds.

Pontine has gained a considerable vogue. This pretty material, which looks like a soft, lustrous kid on one side and satin on the other is splendid for sport coats and hats. The coat, though the material is almost as supple as a kid glove, is generally made on strictly sports lines, with the leather side out. The collar and cuffs are often turned to show the bright colored reversible side. In one of the newest sports hats the satin side was placed on the outside, so the under brim was of the leather.—New York Herald.

Men's Black or Tan Oxfords

—In any style desired—broad-toe; high-toe; long, comfort last; English; lace or button; Bluchers. Dull black or Patent Leathers. Light or dark tan; Koko-brown. Leather, Neolin or rubber soles and heels. Genuine Walk-Over Quality for Service. \$5 to \$10. All-gray Buck Oxfords, \$7. All-white Canvas Oxfords for \$4.50. All sizes in all styles. See these blacks and tans at



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Detroit Theatres

GARRICK.
"Hit-the-Trail Holiday" is Offering of Bonstelle Company.
The George M. Cohan typical American comedy, "Hit-the-Trail Holiday," has been selected as the offering of the Bonstelle company for the third week at the Garrick.

WASHINGTON.
Playing this week Continuous 12 a. m. to 11 p. m.
"Womanhood—the Glory of a Nation" is Preparedness Picture.
Theodore Roosevelt suggested the theme for the romantic preparedness picture, "Womanhood—the Glory of a Nation."

MADISON.
Playing this week Continuous 12 a. m. to 11 p. m.
Anita Stewart in a Romance of Modern Society.
"Clover's Rebellion," a merry romance of modern society, with Anita Stewart as Clover Deane.

No Baby Carriages in Japan.
One's first impression reaching Tokyo is that it is exceedingly well provided with means of transportation. Up through the middle of the city runs the elevated trestle, under which scores of warehouses and shops utilize the covered space, and on this four-track trestle electric and steam trams enter and leave in steady streams. The streets are filled with automobiles, motorbuses, bicycles, man-drawn carts—every type of vehicle except the baby carriage. The baby carriage of Japan is the mother's back or the daddy's shoulder, and I have no doubt that this closeness of mother and child throughout months and years has much to do with the excellent behavior of the bright little babies. Street cars pass a given point every minute or two, and at a crossing there are always a half-dozen big trams in sight.—The Christian Herald.

Raising a Mollycoddle.
"My nephew, Leslie Postlewalte Snicker, was his mother's pride and joy," said old Polk N. Prod. "When he was small she dressed him in dainty garments until it was hard to determine whether he was his mamma's precious pet or a performing monkey. As Leslie grew up she selected his neckties and his associates, and gratified his every wish until he became as pronounced a sissy and painful sight as I ever witnessed. And then he married a square-shouldered young widow, with four children, red hair, and never knew what struck him."—Judge.

True.
"This thing of being so much in love that you can't eat," observed the man who knows, "is not infrequently caused by the high price of flowers and theater tickets."—Widow

First Long-Range Guns.
American ships of war were the first to carry long-ranged guns. Our "long Toms" that figured in the War of 1812 far outranged any guns mounted on British or French ships, and small American vessels were able to destroy rigging and check pursuit while keeping out of range of their adversaries' guns. The most notable change in naval construction recorded in history followed the launching of the Monitor, which showed the way to the heavily-armed dreadnaught with its big-gun turrets as we see it today.

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Precious Time.
"Time is precious." We use the assertion at every turn of the day, but we neglect to add the inquiry which would straighten out many a tangle, and save much of the rush and worry and many mistakes. Time is so precious that we all need to learn the wisdom of putting first things first, and discriminating between the important and nonimportant. There is not room for everything, but there is always room for the duty that really belongs to us—there is room for it, or it is not ours. It is well said that "a life may be fairly judged by what it allows to be crowded out of it and you ever try your life by that t

The Old Door Plate.
The invention of modern apartments is said to have sounded the knell of the old-fashioned door plates but in the old times in America no man of any importance had his door unadorned by a plate upon which his name was engraved for all to see.

Place to Work.
If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.

Cooking as High Art.
Cooking is a high art. A wise Egyptian said, long ago: "The degree of taste and skill manifested by a nation in the preparation of food may be regarded to a very considerable extent proportioned to its culture and refinement.—Elizabeth Cadv Stanton.

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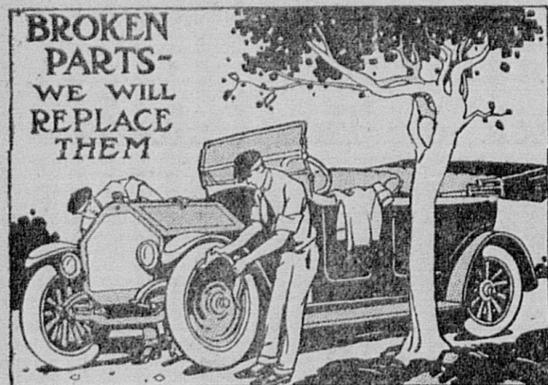
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 P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.
 Church service at 10 o'clock a. m. Subject of morning sermon, "Neighborhoodness."
 Sunday School at 11:15 a. m.
 Christian Endeavor meeting at 6:15 p. m. Young people invited.
 Union evening service at M. E. church.

CATHOLIC
 Rev. W. P. Considine, Rector.
 Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Sunday services.
 Holy communion 6:30 a. m.
 High Mass 7:30 a. m.
 Low Mass 10:00 a. m., followed by Benediction.
 Catechism after low Mass.
 Mass on week days at 7:00 a. m.
 Next Sunday will be Trinity Sunday. Communion days for St. Joseph's Sodality.
 Collection for the school next Sunday.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL
 G. H. Whitney, Pastor.
 Church service at 10:00 o'clock.
 Bible school at 11:15 a. m.
 Epworth league at 6:00 p. m.
 Union evening service in this church.
 Prayer meeting Thursday 7:00 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

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 C. R. Osborn, Pastor.
 Regular morning service at 9:30 o'clock.
 Communion service.
 Sunday School at 10:30.
 Evening service in the M. E. church.
 Thursday evening prayer meeting at the home of Mrs. Chase at 7:00 o'clock.

ST. PAUL'S
 A. A. Schoen, Pastor.
 English service at 9:30 a. m.
 Sunday school at 10:30 a. m.
 Young People's meeting at 7 p. m.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH
 Geo. C. Nothdurft, Pastor.
 Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
 German worship 10:30 a. m.
 Epworth league at 7:30 p. m.
 English service at 8:00 p. m.

ST. JOHN'S, FRANCISCO
 A. Beutenmuller, Pastor.
 Preaching service, Sunday afternoon at 1:45.
 Sunday school 2:45 p. m.

Has a Good Opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets.
 Chamberlain's Tablets are a wonder. I never sold anything that beat them," writes F. B. Tresey, Richmond, Ky. When troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial.—Adv.

GREGORY.

Roscoe Arnold spent two days in Dansville recently.
 Rev. Mr. Wright of Stockbridge, visited friends here last Friday.
 Carl Bollinger is assisting A. J. Brearly in the afternoon of each day.

Miss Ella Corser of Unadilla is assisting Mrs. E. Hill with her house work.

Fred Howlett exchanged his four cylindered Buick car for a new six cylinder one.

Dr. L. A. Woodlock spent Tuesday of last week in Ann Arbor and Chelsea.

Ed. Brotherton has been on the sick list the past week, but is now able to be around some.

Mrs. Ruth Chapman and Mrs. Frank Worden were Pinckney visitors several days last week.

Miss Minnie Bradshaw of Pontiac spent Tuesday and Wednesday of last week at the W. H. Marsh home.

A surprise May party last Friday was given Miss Adeline Chipman by her Sunday school class of Plainfield.

Miss Lillian Buhl assisted S. M. Denton in telephone central office last Saturday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Laura Blakely of Mason, is making an extended visit with her daughters, Agnes and Minnie Arnold.

Miss Bernice Harris, after completing her school at Hamburg, made several days' visit to Dexter the past week.

Miss May Farrell, who was at the hospital at Jackson and underwent an operation for mastoids, came home Saturday night.

Miss Adeline Chipman, who is home from the University School of Music for the summer, will begin her music class after June 1st.

Mrs. Hemmingway returned from the hospital at Jackson, Wednesday of last week. She is feeling quite good and getting along nicely.

Mrs. Marsh's brother, L. H. Griffin, of Virginia, came Monday of last week, and expects to make an extended visit with his relatives here.

Mrs. Anna Moore returned last Saturday night from Manitow Beach, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Agnes Ball, for several months.

Mrs. Buhl's Sunday school class gave Mr. and Mrs. Guy Marshall a surprise May party last Thursday evening. A goodly number attended and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

One of the Grand Rapids high school boys is going to show his patriotism in this war time by coming to work for R. J. McKinder and do his part in helping to increase the food supply of the nation.

On Tuesday, May 22nd, promptly at three o'clock, occurred the wedding of Miss Gladys Poole to Mr. Glenn Clark, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Book. Mendelsohn's wedding march was played by Mrs. Thomas Poole. Rev. A. T. Camburn of Pinckney officiated. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Grace Gilchrist, and the groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Clark. They received many useful and beautiful gifts. After a dainty luncheon, they departed and will be at home after June 1st at Leonard, Mich.

EAST LIMA.

Chauncey Coy and Thomas Smith are the latest auto purchasers in this vicinity, each having purchased a touring car.

Edward French, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio, spent a few days of last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. French, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Haarer of Dexter spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Adam Bohnet.

Miss Emmet closed a very successful year of school in the Easton district Friday. Refreshments and a good time were served to the scholars and their parents.

Grace French has returned home from Detroit after spending a few days with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Bertha Neithammer of Ann Arbor, Mr. and Mrs. John Egeler and son, Messrs. Ed. Christ and Vern Grayer spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grayer.

Mrs. Sam Smith and Lena Egeler attended the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus in Ann Arbor, Monday.

Mrs. Dan Stoffer and daughter May spent Monday evening in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Painter of Ann Arbor were Decoration day callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gridley.

Very few men appreciate how much a woman appreciates real masculine appreciation.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Miss Ethel Burkhardt is spending the week in Detroit.

Max Kelly was home from Detroit, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fletcher of Lima were Ann Arbor visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orla Taylor of Detroit spent Sunday with Mrs. James Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hochrein and two sons were in Detroit, Wednesday.

Thomas Fletcher of Mason visited his brother, Peter Fletcher of Lima, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes and family of Detroit spent Wednesday in Chelsea.

Ed. Beach is having a new porch built on the east side of his home at Lima Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coy of Jackson have been the guests of Chelsea relatives this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mapes and little daughter visited relatives in Stockbridge, Sunday.

Miss Ruth Pratt of Toledo has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings this week.

Jack Willis has resumed his work on the Herman Fletcher farm after about ten days' illness.

Mrs. Byron Fortman of White Oak is visiting her mother, Mrs. Olive Winslow, for a few days.

A. L. Colsten of Brooklyn, New York, visited his father-in-law, George W. Axtell, Wednesday.

Harmony chapter will meet with Mrs. Ed. Gentner, Wednesday, June 6th. Scrub lunch. All invited.

Jack Raleigh has enlisted in the First Engineers corp and expects mobilization orders at any moment.

Brookside chapter will meet with Mrs. Alvin Wade, Tuesday, June 5. Scrub lunch. Bring dishes. All invited.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Robinson of Grass Lake are the parents of a son, Horace Frank, born Saturday, May 26, 1917.

W. B. Hughes, formerly Michigan Central station agent here, moved his household goods to Grass Lake, Wednesday, where he is now located.

Dr. Adam McColgan of Provost, Alberta, Canada, was a Chelsea visitor Wednesday. He formerly resided in Chelsea, leaving here about ten years ago.

Regular meeting of Lafayette grange, Thursday afternoon, June 7th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sweetland. Children's day program, including recitations, select readings, etc.

The Forty-fourth Annual meeting of the Washtenaw County Pioneer and Historical society will be held at Ypsilanti in the Methodist church on Wednesday, June 13th, beginning at ten o'clock a. m.

The Hollier Concert band gave a fine entertainment in Manchester, Tuesday evening. The band included 22 pieces under the direction of Albert LaFe Sincer and the party was taken to Manchester in seven Hollier cars. The band will give a similar concert in Tecumseh on June 7th.

The road horse is now practically an extinct animal and even the field of light hauling has been largely usurped by the motor car. Wednesday we noted an ordinary buggy gear, with the seat removed, loaded with a crate containing a veal calf and hitched behind a "Henry," headed towards the Michigan Central stock yards. Undoubtedly many buggies could be similarly converted into "trailers" at a small cost and so be made to give several years more service.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
 by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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

Carl Chandler was a Detroit visitor yesterday.

A. A. Riedel was in Detroit, yesterday, on business.

Mrs. Wesley Canfield of Detroit is visiting in Chelsea for a few days.

Mrs. C. J. Perrine has been confined to her home by illness the past week.

Mrs. George Brenner of Grass Lake township visited in Chelsea, Tuesday.

Miss Nen and Tommie Wilkinson have been visiting in Dayton, Ohio, this week.

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

Mr. and Mrs. William Hayes of Grass Lake visited Miss Sophia Schatz, Wednesday.

Miss Lillian Metz and neice, Sarah, of Hamilton, Indiana, visited Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Shepard the first of the week.

Louis Faber was in Detroit yesterday and intended to enlist in the navy, but did not pass the physical examination.

Ralph Axtell, who was operated on for appendicitis Monday in Ann Arbor, is recovering as rapidly as could be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. James Duart and Mrs. Miles Alexander attended the funeral of Will Lanning, in Northville, yesterday.

Forget-me-not chapter of the Congregational church will meet with Mrs. Frank Shepard, Tuesday, June 5th. Scrub lunch.

Mrs. John Weimeister and children of near Howell visited her mother, Mrs. C. M. Stephens, several days of this week.

Mrs. Mabel Hoppe has resigned the position as book-keeper at the telephone office. Miss Gladys Richards succeeds Mrs. Hoppe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller and daughter Gertrude, of Highland Park, and Mrs. Harry Love of Jackson spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. William Atkinson.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hindelang was operated on Wednesday for the removal of pus from his lungs, the result of pneumonia, and is reported to be recovering rapidly.

The ladies of Columbia Hive No. 248 are invited by Jackson Central City Hive No. 92 to a regular meeting and banquet on Tuesday evening, June 5, at 7:30 o'clock, at Maccabee hall on Courtland street.

Algernon Palmer, son of Dr. and Mrs. George W. Palmer, and John Pielemeier, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Pielemeier of Lima, will be graduated from the U. of M., June 28th, the former from the Medical school and the latter from the School of Architecture.

WATERLOO.

Leigh Beeman spent Saturday and Sunday in Woodland.

George Archenbroon spent Sunday at Dennis Leach's.

School closed Friday, the 26th, with a treat of candy, peanuts and an auto ride for the children, by the teacher, David Schray.

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

The annual memorial services will be held Sunday at the U. B. church with exercises at the cemetery. Prof. Laird of Ypsilanti will give the address.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wahl and son Dillman spent Sunday at Adolph Meyer's.

Nina Beeman, who has been spending the past five months in Jackson, has returned to her home.

The social at Alva Beeman's was well attended. Proceeds \$44.85. Walter Riemenschneider was the lucky winner of the quilt.

Milton Riethmiller and Victor Moeckel are in Jackson, working at the carpenter trade.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Vermont cemetery association will be held on the grounds Saturday afternoon, June 9th, at two o'clock. All who will not be able to attend this meeting are requested to leave their dues (\$1.00) at the Farmers & Merchants bank on or before June 5th.

Michigan Railway Guide.

The regular issue of the Michigan Railroad Guide for this month has been received at this office. The guide is published monthly and mailed to subscribers regularly each month for one year for 75 cents, or may be purchased at news stands for 10 cents the copy. Lists the time of all trains in Michigan and vicinity, including New York and eastern points. Michigan Railway Guide Co., 64-68 W. Congress St., Detroit, Mich. Adv.



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JACKSON, Mich.

Attractive Modes and Values Unusual in the

JUNE SALE OF HOUSEDRESSES

An exceptional opportunity to pay little and receive much, and no woman who strives for economy and personal neatness should miss this sale event.

Scores of pretty models, all manner of colors and color combinations, patterns and sizes suitable for all women.

These New Tub Frocks for Porch and Morning Wear Just Arrived in Fresh, Pretty Colorings and New Season Fashions.

Priced \$1.50, \$1.98, \$3.50 and \$5.00

Presenting many smart style ideas and materials, disclosing a charming freshness in style and color, house dresses—for every hour of a long summer day are these. They are made well and styled well, so they are certain to fit well and look well.

The fabrics—chambrays, percales, Anderson ginghams, tissue lawns and flowered muslins.

The colors—lavender, pink, blue, Nile green, in plain and stripe—smart black and white effects and candy stripes.

Prettier and better finished dresses at much less expense than one could have made them.

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THREE reasons for this—Quality, Price, Looks. Take our outing shirts, for instance. Made of strongest madras, serviceable percale, finest silk or lasting flannel.

Our special prices make them very good buys. These shirts are of up to date designs and colorings—snappy, dressy, comfortable. Everything else in shirts.

Dancer Brothers. - Chelsea, Mich.

NEIGHBORHOOD BREVITIES
 Interesting Items Clipped and Culled From Our Exchanges.

STOCKBRIDGE—Three ears of Northern Michigan potatoes have been secured by County Agent Robb to be distributed among Ingham county farmers for seed. These potatoes will be sold to anyone who guarantees to use them for seed, at about \$2 per bushel, which is actual cost, including freight and handling.—Brief-Sun.

HOWELL—Fred Euler has been awarded the contract for building the boys pavilion and a shack at the State Sanatorium at Howell, both to be within the appropriation made by the state legislature, the pavilion \$18,000 and the shack \$5,000.—Republican.

Cholera Morbus.
 This is a very painful and dangerous disease. In almost every neighborhood someone has died from it before medicine could be obtained or a physician summoned. The right way is to have a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house so as to be prepared for it. Mrs. Charles Enyeart, Huntington, Ind., writes: "During the summer of 1911 two of my children were taken sick with cholera morbus. I used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy and it gave them immediate relief."—Adv.

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 23d 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 Helen Daly, incompetent.
 Patrick Daly, guardian of said estate, having filed in this court his final account, and praying that the same may be heard and allowed.
 It is ordered that the 15th day of June 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
 [A true copy].
 Dorcas C. Donegan, Register.
 May 25, June 1, 8, 15.

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 By subscribing for THIS PAPER