

Sewing Machines

Spring and summer sewing will soon be claiming the attention of the busy housewife and we have anticipated her needs by including in our stock several of the best sewing machines—the White, Free and the New Home. Anyone of these machines will give the best of satisfaction. Let us demonstrate them.

GO-CARTS AND BABY BUGGIES

A new line of go-carts and baby buggies just received are well worth the attention of any who need them.

FURNITURE AND HARDWARE

Everything you could possibly need in these lines is here awaiting your inspection, and if we haven't what you want we can get it for you.

Large shipments of Mattresses, Woven Wire Fence and Manure Spreaders just received.

SPECIAL SALE ON CROCKERY

See Our West Window.

FIRST CLASS PLUMBING AND TIN SHOP

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

GROCERY SPECIALS

For Saturday, March 1st

PET MILK, (large size), per can.....	13c
TEA DUST, per pound.....	10c
LIMA BEANS, per pound.....	13c
SARDINES, regular 10c value.....	8c
COTA SUET, per pound.....	25c

A Large Line of Groceries at Lowest Prices.

Keusch & Fahrner

The Pure Food Store



"Bum Steers"

are unknown in this market—we handle only quality meats and we advertise them in a straight forward way when we try to steer you to this market for good meats.

WE WANT TO SERVE YOU

ADAM EPPLER

Phone 41 South Main Street



You May Talk to One Man

But an advertisement in this paper talks to the whole community.

Catch the Idea?

LAST CALL FOR TAXES.

Sylvan township taxes must be paid on or before Friday, March 1st, which is positively the last day on which taxes will be received.

W. F. Kantlehner,
Township Treasurer.

BICYCLIST GETS BAD FALL

Gilbert Clark Strikes Head; Semi-Conscious For Hours.

Gilbert Clark suffered injuries Tuesday evening, about 5:30 o'clock, which for several hours threatened serious results, but from which he is recovering rapidly now.

He was riding his bicycle along the sidewalk on the south side of Park street, returning home from an errand for his mother. His dog accompanied him. In front of the Methodist parsonage his wheel either struck the dog or a piece of ice and Gilbert was thrown heavily to the sidewalk, striking on the left side of his face, inflicting terrible bruises around his left eye.

The shock of the fall at first stunned him and then left him in a semi-conscious condition. Aided by Stanley Vickers, he walked home, a distance of about half a block, but was incoherent and in a dazed condition until the next morning, when he gradually became rational.

Aside from painful bruises he does not now suffer any ill effects from the fall.

HORSES WILL BE SCARCE

Army Officer Says There Are Only 12 Millions in United States.

An army officer whose business it has been to discover how many horses there are in the country and where animals suitable for government use are to be found, gives it as his best opinion that the actual number of horses in the United States today is nearer twelve millions than the twenty-two millions the country has been supposed to have. We have sent a million and a half to Europe; and aside from the needs of our cavalry we must send one horse or mule to France for every four soldiers we send over.

Horses, and especially the army type of horse, should be bred during the coming year on an unprecedented scale. Federal and state departments of agriculture and important horse breeding associations are in agreement as to this; for there is sure to be a great demand for horses here and in Europe after the war.

It is pleasing to note in this connection that the Red Star Animal Relief, the work of which is to cure animals injured in the war, is said to be saving for future usefulness 80 per cent of the animals that come under its care.

SUCCESSFUL BENEFIT PLAY.

The play, "All a Mistake," given Wednesday and Thursday evenings by the Order of the Eastern Star for the benefit of the patriotic fund, was an entire success. It is estimated that the proceeds will exceed \$100.

All the parts were well taken and the complete program was carried out as previously published with the exception that Miss Bernice Prudden took Miss Whitmer's place in the musical specialty.

The misspelled word on the program was in the advertisement of the Overland garage where the word "to" should have been "too." Miss Rowena Watrous was the first person to report the error and was given a reward of one dollar.

EXPERT WINDOW DRESSER.

John Moilanen, of Calumet, son-in-law of Mrs. Olive Winslow of this place, has recently won recognition as an expert window dresser. A Calumet paper reports the incident as follows:

John Moilanen, manager of the Pine street pharmacy, Red Jacket, has been notified that he is awarded first prize, \$25, for having the best dressed window with products manufactured by the Parke, Davis & Co. of Detroit, in a contest conducted by the company throughout the United States and Canada. Photographs of the windows were taken and submitted in the contest and are to appear in various magazines of the trade at an early date.

Mr. Moilanen also received a special prize for preparing a sales letter.

FARM BUREAU MEETING.

In order to make the Farm Bureau, recently organized, a permanent and legal organization, a meeting will be held at Ann Arbor, Y. M. C. A., Saturday evening, March 2, at 7:30 o'clock. This meeting will be the first annual meeting of the bureau.

The report of the committee on amendments was acted on by the members and other business, including the election of an executive board, will be enacted.

Following the business meeting a reception will be held for Mr. and Mrs. Osler, the new county agent and his wife.

WATERLOO.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Runciman are the parents of twin babies, a boy and a girl, born Wednesday, February 27, 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cooper gave a farewell party at their home Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Collings, who are moving to Grass Lake. They were presented with a dozen dessert spoons by the community.

Marion Holmes spent the past week at her home in Unadilla.

A farmers' institute was held here Wednesday.

The Christian Endeavor will hold a pie social in the town hall this evening.

EXCHANGING THRIFT CARDS.

When I have filled the Thrift Card, what do I do? Take it to a post office, bank, or other authorized agency, surrender the card and pay in cash the few cents difference between the \$4 worth of Thrift Stamps and the price of a War-Savings Stamp for the month in which the exchange is made.

What do I do next? You take the War-Savings Stamp given you in exchange for your Thrift Card, ask for a War-Savings Certificate, if you haven't one already, and attach the stamp to the certificate.

Shall I continue to buy Thrift Stamps? Yes. Ask for a new Thrift Card and begin again.

Do Thrift Stamps bear interest? No.

Then why are they issued? To make it convenient for you to save in small amounts so that you can purchase a War-Savings Stamp which does bear interest.

May I exchange Thrift Stamps for War-Savings Stamps at any time? No; only on or before December 31, 1918.

OREN R. BRUCKNER.

Oren Reed Bruckner died Tuesday morning, February 26, 1918, at his home on the W. R. Reed farm, following an illness of several years. He was 29 years, six months and three days of age.

Mr. Bruckner was born in Adrian, August 23, 1888, but since the death of his parents several years ago he and his aunt, Mrs. S. R. Cole, had made their home on the Reed farm in Sylvan. He is survived by his aunt, Mrs. Cole, and by his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Reed of Chelsea and by a number of relatives in Ann Arbor.

The funeral was held at the Reed farm Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, Rev. A. A. Schoen conducting the service. Interment at Vermont cemetery, Sylvan.

GEORGE A. YOUNG.

George Albert Young died Friday, February 22, 1918, in Grayling, following an illness of about two weeks. He was 37 years and two months of age.

He was the son of James and Louise Young and had spent a large part of his life in Chelsea and vicinity, particularly during the summer months when he made his home with his sister, Mrs. John Broesamle, spending the winters in Grayling. He leaves his mother, four sisters, Mrs. John Broesamle and Mrs. Edward Genter of Chelsea, Mrs. E. J. Sunriker of Jackson and Mrs. C. E. Gundlach of Buffalo, New York, and one brother, Charles Young of Sylvan, to mourn their loss.

The funeral was held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock from the home of his sister, Mrs. Edward Genter. Interment at Sylvan Center.

NEIGHBORHOOD BREVITIES

Interesting Items Clipped and Culled From Our Exchanges.

TECUMSEH — The first direct news from Garland Gore, the only Lenawee county boy on the ill-fated transport Tuscania, torpedoed on the north coast of Ireland was received by his parents Monday. The brief cablegram read "All safe and well." Gore is a member of the 100th aero squadron.

STOCKBRIDGE — Mr. and Mrs. Grimes were happily surprised last Friday, the 22nd of February, by the arrival of friends to celebrate the golden wedding of the host and hostess. The guests were the brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of the bride and groom of fifty years ago.

MUNITH — Jacob Sayer passed away at his home in Waterloo township February 22, 1918, at the age of 72 years. He was a veteran of the Civil war. He leaves to mourn their loss a wife and two daughters, Mrs. Will Frinkle and Clara at home and two sons. His funeral was held Monday from the North Waterloo M. E. church, Rev. Woodmansee of Unadilla officiating. Interment at the McCall cemetery.

HAMBURG — The barn on the William Roberts farm in Hamburg was struck by lightning Monday evening, February 26th, during the storm accompanied by thunder, lightning and wind. Little damage was done to the barn but a heifer in the barn was killed.

HOWELL — The thunder storm, accompanied with rain and a heavy wind Monday evening, did considerable damage in this city. A part of the smoke stack at Culver's laundry was carried away and the roof of the Horning building, occupied by A. J. Parker was partly blown off so that a new roof had to be placed on a part of the space.—Republican.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank the friends and neighbors of the late Oren Bruckner for assistance, kindness and sympathy during his long illness and following his death.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Reed.
Mrs. S. R. Cole.

The Pneumonia Season.

The cold, damp weather of March seems to be the most favorable for the pneumonia germ. Now is the time to be careful. Pneumonia often results from a cold. The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger. As soon as the first indication of a cold appears take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. As to the value of this preparation, ask anyone who has used it.—Adv.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE

Under Auspices Pomona Grange on Saturday, March 9th.

A farmers' institute will be held in Macrae hall, Chelsea, on Saturday, March 9th, beginning with a morning session at 10 o'clock and an afternoon session at one o'clock. Those who attend should bring their lunch and arrange to spend the day. Hot coffee will be served. The program follows:

Morning session—Song; Cost of Production, W. F. Taylor of New Era; music by Ypsilanti grange orchestra; recitation, George Preston of Ypsilanti.

Afternoon session—Song; music by Ypsilanti grange orchestra; The Dairy Cow, James W. Helme of Adrian; vocal solo, Mrs. Emerson Lesser; Feeding the Family, Miss Jennie Buell of Ann Arbor; song; Boys and Girls, Prof. Harvey of Ypsilanti; recitation, George Preston; Co-operation, W. F. Taylor; music by Ypsilanti grange orchestra; Alfalfa, James W. Helme.

N. W. Laird of Sylvan is the conductor in charge of the meeting.

CAVANAUGH LAKE GRANGE

Cavanaugh Lake grange will meet Tuesday afternoon, March 5th, with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gieske. The program follows: Song; current events; select reading, Birdie Notten; story, Bertie Orthing; reading, Chester Notten; Cottage cheese, new ways of serving it, Flora Kilmer; dialogue, Morning Callers; Question—What luxuries might be cut off to release workers for other occupations, Henry Musbach; closing song.

NORTH LAKE.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rielly, a son, Thursday, February 21, 1918.

Mrs. C. J. Tremmel of Ann Arbor spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Whelan.

Herbert Hudson and Wm. Hanker were in Ann Arbor, Tuesday, on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Herra Hudson and son Norman were Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. James Hanker.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baird were Chelsea visitors, Monday.

Phone us your news items; 190-W.

WANTED AND FOR SALE.

Five cents per line first insertion, 2½¢ per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15¢. Special rate, 3 lines or less, 3 consecutive times, 25 cents.

TO RENT, FOUND, ETC.

FOR SALE—Good well bred Hereford bull calves, 2 to 5 months old. Harry Prudden, phone 156-F3, Chelsea, 5013.

FOR SALE—52 Black Top ewes and ram. Justin Wheeler, phone 206-F20, 5013.

WANTED—Dining room girl. Crescent Hotel, Chelsea, 5011.

WANTED—\$1,000 on first mortgage on real estate at 5%. Good abstract for 5 years. Inquire at Tribune office. S. S. 5011.

FOR SALE—House and barn on over-sized lot, 552 W. Middle St. Reuben Hieber, phone 187, Chelsea, 491f.

WANTED—Girl for general housework; no washing; good wages. Inquire Tribune office. 4913.

FOR SALE—15 pigs, 4 mos. old; also large brood sow. J. H. Bidleman, on Ray Johnson farm, R. F. D. No. 3, 4913.

FOR SALE—Modern house, barn and two lots, 213 Railroad St., Chelsea, 4916.

FOR SALE—Household furniture at my home, 223 South St. Mrs. Fred Belser, Sr., 4913.

FOR SALE—Buckeye 110 egg and Prairie State 150 egg incubators; used only one season; cheap. 734 S. Main St. 4813.

LOST—Horse hide robe, Feb. 16th, somewhere between Dick Clark's and Lyndon Center. Finder notify Tribune office. 4813.

SALESMAN WANTED — Lubricating oil, grease, specialties, paint. Part or whole time. Commission basis until ability is established. Man with rig preferred. Riverside Refining Company, Cleveland, Ohio, 4813.

PRINTERS—Quantity of 13 em leads for sale cheap; about a full column or more, in any quantity until gone. Tribune, Chelsea, 421f.

FOR SALE — Modern residence, South and Grant streets. William Fahrner, Chelsea, 1011f.

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

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

AN APPRECIATION.

Twenty years ago Kempf Bros.' private bank was reorganized as a state bank and christened "The Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank." It is with a feeling of pardonable pride that we point to the achievements of these 20 years. And we take this opportunity to acknowledge our debt of gratitude to our depositors and customers for their part in our success.

As in the past we shall in the future remain faithful to our banking creed, as follows:—

A Square Deal to Everyone.

Generous Service.

Modern but Conservative Methods.

Co-operation in Every Possible Way.

Total Resources Over \$700,000.00.



We Predict--

That there will be another raise in price.

That it will take from 4 to 8 months to get delivery.

Take our advice and buy now. We have some very interesting facts to show you. Come and see us.

Palmer Motor Sales Company

Registration Notice.
To the qualified electors of the Village of Chelsea, State of Michigan.

Notice is hereby given that in conformity with Act 126, Public Acts of 1917, I, the undersigned village clerk, will upon any day except Sunday and a legal holiday, or the day of any regular or special election receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said village not already registered who may apply to me personally for such registration, except that I can receive no name for registration during the time intervening between the second Saturday before any general or special election and the day of such election. March 2, 1918, at the Town Hall, in the Village of Chelsea, is the last day for general registration for election, March 11th, 1918.

Dated, February 16th, 1918.
Warren R. Daniels,
Village Clerk.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor Ypsilanti and Detroit

Eastern Standard Time

Limited Cars
For Detroit 8:45 a. m. and every two hours to 8:45 p. m.
For Kalamazoo 9:11 a. m. and every two hours to 7:11 p. m.
For Lansing 9:11 p. m.

Express Cars
Eastbound—7:34 a. m. and every two hours to 5:34 p. m.
Westbound—10:20 a. m. and every two hours to 8:20 p. m. Express cars make local stops west of Ann Arbor.

Local Cars
East bound—6:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m., and 10:13 p. m. For Ypsilanti only, 11:51 p. m.
Westbound—6:25 a. m., 8:20 p. m., 10:51 p. m. and 12:51 a. m.
Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

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

F. STAFFAN & SON

UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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

DR. H. M. ARMOUR
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
Succeeding Dr. L. A. Maze. Also general auctioneering. Phone No. 84, Chelsea, Mich. Residence, 119 West Middle street.

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

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

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

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

IF BUSINESS IS DULL

TRY AN ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN

IT WORKS WONDERS

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Here we are at last," said Hanson. He drew his revolver and fired in the air. Instantly the camp across the river was astir. Black men ran down to the river's bank. Hanson halted them. But there was no sign of the Hon. Morison Baynes.

In accordance with their master's instructions the blacks manned a canoe and rowed across. Hanson placed Merien in the little craft and entered it himself, leaving two boys to watch the horses, which the canoe was to return for and swim across to the camp side of the river.

Once in the camp Merien asked for Baynes. For the moment her fears had been allayed by the sight of the camp, which she had come to look upon as more or less of a myth. Hanson pointed toward the single tent that stood in the center of the inclosure.

"There," he said, and preceded her toward it. At the entrance he held the flap aside and motioned her within. Merien entered and looked about. The tent was empty.

She turned toward Hanson. There was a broad grin on his face.

"Where is Mr. Baynes?" she demanded.

"He ain't here," replied Hanson. "Leastwise I don't see him, do you? But I'm here, and I'm a better man than that thing ever was. You don't need him no more—you got me," and he laughed uproariously and reached for her.

Merien was looking full into his face as she sought for freedom when there came over her a sudden recollection of a similar scene in which she had been a participant and with it full recognition of her assailant. He was the Swede Miblin, who had attacked her once before, who had shot his companion, who would have saved her and from whom she had been rescued by Baynes.

His smooth face had deceived her, but now, with the growing beard and the similarity of conditions, recognition came swift and sure.

But today there would be no Baynes to save her!

As Merien struggled with Malibin hope died within her. She did not utter a sound, for she knew that there was none to come to her assistance, and, besides, the jungle training of her earlier life had taught her the futility of appeals for succor in the savage world of her upbringing.

But as she fought to free herself one hand came in contact with the butt of Malibin's revolver where it rested in the holster at his hip. Slowly her fingers encircled the coveted prize and drew it from its resting place. She leveled it at his breast, but the hammer fell futilely upon an empty chamber.

For a moment she eluded Malibin and ran toward the entrance to the tent, but at the very doorway his heavy hand fell upon her shoulders and dragged her back. Wheeling upon him with the fury of a wounded lioness, Merien grasped the long revolver by the barrel, swung it high above her head and crashed it down full in Malibin's face.

With an oath of pain and rage the man staggered backward, releasing his hold upon her, and then sank uncon-

scious to the ground. Without a backward look Merien turned and fled into the open.

Several of the blacks saw her and tried to intercept her flight, but the menace of the harmless weapon kept them at a distance.

And so she won beyond the encircling boma and disappeared into the jungle to the south.

Straight into the branches of a tree she went, true to the arboreal instincts of the little Mungani she had been, and there she stripped off her riding skirt, her shoes and her stockings, for she knew that she had before her a journey and a flight which would not brook the burden of these garments.

She had not gone far before she commenced to realize how slight were her chances for survival without means of defense or a weapon to bring down meat. Why had she not thought to strip the cartridge belt from Malibin's waist before she had left his tent?

With cartridges for the revolver she might hope to bag small game and to protect herself from all but the most ferocious of the enemies that would beset her way back to the beloved hearthstone of Byana and My Dear.

With the thought came determination to return and obtain the coveted ammunition. She realized that she was taking great chances of recapture. But without means of defense and of obtaining meat she felt that she could never hope to reach safety. And so she turned her face back toward the camp from which she had but just escaped.

She thought Malibin dead, so terrible a blow had she dealt him, and she hoped to find an opportunity after dark to enter the camp and search his tent for the cartridge belt. But scarcely had she found a hiding place in a great tree at the edge of the boma, where she could watch without danger of being discovered, than she saw the Swede emerge from his tent, wiping blood from his face and hurling a volley of oaths and questions at his terrified followers.

Shortly after the entire camp set forth in search of her, and when Merien was positive that all were gone she descended from her hiding place and ran quickly across the clearing to Malibin's tent. A hasty survey of the interior revealed no ammunition, but in one corner was a box in which were packed the Swede's personal belongings that he had sent along by his head man to this westerly camp.

Merien seized upon the receptacle as the possible container of extra ammunition. Quickly she loosed the cords that held the canvas covering about the box and a moment later had raised the lid and was rummaging through the heterogeneous accumulation of odds and ends within.

There were letters and papers and cuttings from old newspapers, and among other things the photograph of a little girl upon the back of which was pasted a clipping from a Paris daily, a clipping that she had no time to read, yellowed and dimmed by age and handling. But something about the photograph of the little girl which was also reproduced in the newspaper clipping held her attention.

Where had she seen that picture before? And then, quite suddenly, it came to her that this was a picture of herself, taken years and years before!

Where had it been taken? How had it come into the possession of this man? Why had it been reproduced in a newspaper? What was the story that the faded type told of it?

Merien was baffled by the puzzle that her search for ammunition had revealed. She stood gazing at the faded photograph for a time and then brought herself out of her reverie by the thought that she had come. Turning again to the box, she rummaged to the bottom, and there in a corner she came upon a little box of cartridges.

A single glance assured her that they were intended for the weapon she had thrust inside the band of her riding breeches, and, slipping them into her pocket, she turned once more for an examination of the baffling likeness of herself that she held in her hand.

As she stood thus in vain endeavor to fathom this inexplicable mystery the sound of voices broke upon her ears. Instantly she was all alert. They were coming closer. A second later she recognized the lurid profanity of the Swede. Malibin was returning!

She thrust the photograph into her waist. Quickly she slipped a cartridge into each of the chambers of the revolver. Then she backed toward the end of the tent, keeping the entrance covered by her weapon.

The men stopped outside, and Merien could hear Malibin profanely issuing instructions. He was a long time about it, and while he talked in his belated, brutish voice the girl sought some avenue of escape.

Stooping, she raised the bottom of the canvas and looked beneath and beyond. There was no one in sight upon that side. Throwing herself upon her stomach, she wormed beneath the tent wall just as Malibin, with a final word to his men, entered the tent.

Merien heard him cross the floor, and then she rose and, stooping low, ran to a native hut directly behind. Once inside this she turned and glanced back. There was no one in sight. She had not been seen.

And now from Malibin's tent she heard a great cursing. The Swede had discovered the hiding of his box. He was shouting to his men, and as she heard them reply Merien darted from the hut and ran toward the edge of the boma farthest from Malibin's tent.

Two minutes' start of any pursuers was all Merien cared for. Once in the trees she knew that she could outdistance and elude them.

Her hopes were high. They could not overtake her now; she had had too good a start of them!

There was a smile on her lips as she dropped to the ground to cross a little clearing where once had stood a native village surrounded by its fields. The huts still stood in ruins.

The deserted huts were to her all the better because they were deserted. She did not see the keen eyes watching her from a dozen points, from tumbling doorways, from behind towering granaries. In utter unconsciousness of impending danger she started up the village street because it offered the clearest pathway to the jungle.

CHAPTER XV.

Morison Squares Accounts.

A mile away toward the east, fighting his way through the jungle along the trail taken by Malibin when he had brought Merien to his camp, a man in torn khaki, filthy, haggard, unkempt, came to a sudden stop as the report of a rifle resounded faintly

through the tangled forest. The black man just ahead of him stopped too.

"We are almost here, Byana," he said. There was awe and respect in his tone and manner.

The white man nodded and motioned his elbow guide forward once more. It was the Hon. Morison Baynes, the fastidious, the exquisite. His face and hands were scratched and smeared with dried blood from the wounds he had come by in them and thicker. His clothes were tattered. But through the blood and the dirt and the rags a new Baynes shone forth—a handsomer Baynes than the dandy and top of yore.

As the two forged ahead toward their goal they were startled by a volley of shots ahead of them. Then came a few scattering reports, some savage yells and silence.

Baynes was frantic in his endeavors to advance more rapidly, but here the jungle seemed a thousandfold more tangled than before. A dozen times he tripped and fell. Twice the black followed a blind trail, and they were forced to retrace their steps, but at last they came out into a little clearing near the big aft, a clearing that once had held a thriving village, but now lay desolate in decay and ruin.

In the jungle vegetation that overgrew what had once been the main village street lay the body of a black man, pierced through the heart with a bullet and still warm. Baynes and his companion looked about in all directions, but no sign of a living being could they discover. They stood in silence, listening intently.

What was that? Voices and the dip of paddles out upon the river?

Baynes ran across the dead village toward the fringe of jungle upon the river's brink. The black was at his side. Together they forced their way



Malibin Dropped His Rifle and Clutched Frantically at His Breast.

through the screening foliage until they could obtain a view of the river, and there, almost to the other shore, they saw Malibin's canoes making rapidly for camp.

The black recognized his companions immediately.

"How can we cross?" asked Baynes.

The black shook his head. There was no canoe, and the crocodiles made it equivalent to suicide to enter the water in an attempt to swim across.

Just then the fellow chanced to glance downward. Beneath him, wedged among the branches of a tree, lay a canoe.

The negro grasped Baynes' arm and pointed toward his find. The Hon. Morison could scarce repress a shout of exultation. Quickly the two slid down the drooping branches into the boat. The black seized the paddle, and Baynes shoved them out from beneath the tree. A second later the canoe shot upon the bosom of the river and headed toward the opposite shore and the camp of the Swede.

Baynes squatted in the bow, straining his eyes after the men pulling the other canoes upon the bank across from him. He saw Malibin step across from the bow of the foremost of the little craft. He saw him turn and glance back across the river. He could see his start of surprise as his eyes fell upon the pursuing canoe and called the attention of his followers to it.

Now the canoe was within easy speaking distance of the shore.

"What do you want?" yelled Malibin, raising his weapon threateningly. "You, hang you!" shouted Baynes, whipping out his revolver and firing almost simultaneously with the Swede.

As the two reports rang out Malibin dropped his rifle, clutched frantically at his breast, staggered, fell, first to his knees and then crumpled very gently into the bottom of the boat.

Baynes turned weakly in the direction of the shore, to see Malibin drawn up upon his elbows, leveling his rifle at him. The Englishman slid to the bottom of the canoe as a bullet whizzed above him. Malibin, sore hit, took longer in aiming, nor was his aim as sure as formerly.

With difficulty Baynes turned himself over on his stomach and, grasping his revolver in his right hand, drew himself up until he could look over the edge of the canoe.

Malibin saw him instantly and fired, but Baynes did not flinch or duck. With painstaking care he aimed at the target upon the shore, away from which he now was drifting with the current. His finger closed upon the trigger. There was a flash, a report, and Malibin's giant frame jerked to the impact of another bullet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A loud voice is a powerful weapon of defense and offense.

BOYS and GIRLS FIGHTING the KAISER

"THE boy and girl energy of the country is worth the services of half a million men on the firing-line," said Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the famous juvenile court judge, when asked how the children of America could help win the war.

"We are in the greatest war of the world's history," said Secretary of the Treasury William McAdoo in his message to the youth of America, "and we must win this war. We can and we shall win. If the boys and girls of America say so, and mean it, and feel it, and live it, as the boys and girls of '76 felt and lived and helped."

"The nation needs that sort of boys and girls today. Not to beat our drums, nor to load our muskets, but to start a great work which must be done. It is the part of the boys and girls today to give an example of self-denial and sacrifice, to teach fathers and mothers, to teach the grown people of the nation that we still have in every young heart the spirit of '76 when the boys led our soldiers into battle, and the girls fought beside their fathers at the cabin walls. The lesson is 'thrift'—saving to the point of sacrifice—self-denial of everything unnecessary."

Young America needs no urging to do its part for victory. Reports from the schools show that the youngsters are making sacrifices and doing their share of war work with the spirit of the boys and girls of '76.

In Greenwich, Conn., is a remarkable school. It is self-governing, the boys and girls having equal voice in school affairs with the faculty. Every Monday morning the children and teachers hold a war council. Government policies of importance and reports of the nation's needs are discussed. Letters and messages of human interest from soldiers of the allies and friends in service are read and the inspiration of brave deeds and patriotic self-denial is impressed upon the young minds.

Every member of the council who does at least one hour of war work daily is awarded a badge of citizenship. The council owns a large and businesslike gray book, in which is recorded each citizen's activities for the day, and you will find such jottings as these:

"Leigh, age seven: Cutting strips for pillow pads for the wounded, 30 minutes. Knitting squares for comforts, 20 minutes. Pasting scrap-books for soldiers, 15 minutes: 1 hour and 5 minutes."

their eager daggers with his trench-

ous life blood.

Could you by any chance keep clear of such a fight? We didn't raise our American boys to be soldiers—or did we? Are unseen hands these days crowding our very commonplace brows with laurel wreaths and pinning on our breasts two huge M's as our Disin-guished Service Order? Makers of Men! For this new nation of ours has had its ideals and its heroic examples to which we could point you, and men we have tried to teach you to be, sometimes spasmodically, sometimes with white flame earnestness—men in outlook, men in practice—and in this strange new world which has replaced the old, to be men at your age today means to offer life and hopes and dreams willingly, gladly, for this man's job of cleaning away the slime the Hun has spread over the earth and making it once more safe for decent generations to come. If the war drags out a weary length, no boy with red blood in his veins will want to face his future unless he has girded himself up as you have done to the splendid, terrifying pitch of heroism demanded in this hour of the world's agony.

Many of you could not wait, but went out in the first white heat, telling the lie which sealed you Canadians and thrilled the hearts of listening angels. When at last our American shackles were broken, the rest of you leaped into the ranks of heroes at grips with Apollon. You have passed beyond and above us! Your fathers and mothers, your teachers at school and college, used to scold and threaten and punish you; now you can hold them up with the bayonet and shoot them if they argue or disobey! We used to shake our heads sadly and fear some of you would come to evil ends; now you are all our heroes! We may not tell you how we feel. We greet you with a glad "Howdy" and speed you with a gay "Good luck!" while we try vigorously to choke down that lump of pride, regret, grati-

tude, confound-the-Huns, apprehen-

sion, reverence, and still other things which will get into our throats and dim our eyes as we watch you march gallantly away on your crusade.

Where will it end, we sadly ask ourselves? You go out with your fine young bodies, your good brain stuff, your sensitive hearts, because that is the game for men and gentlemen to play. Will you come back with all that is splendid in you crystallized by this experience into vivid, honorable manhood, or are there little consecrated plots in France and Italy which you will make forever America? In the lap of the gods lies your scroll! It isn't the goal that matters but how you run! That American boy whose man's heart drove him to France at the first outbreak of war and who splendidly ran his race to its end beneath a white cross in the soil hallowed by the blood of innumerable heroes, left behind words for you from the heart of his own experience. Listen to Alan Seeger!

"Nothing but good can come to the soldier, so he plays his part well. Come out of the ordeal safe and sound, he has had an experience in the light of which all life thereafter will be three times richer and more beautiful; wounded, he will have the esteem and admiration of all men and the approbation of his own conscience; killed, more than any other man he can face the unknown without misgiving—that is so long as death comes upon him in a moment of courage and enthusiasm, not of faltering or of fear."

You will not falter, our fighting men from America! All that is best in us goes with you beyond the seas. Fight for us also a little, we beg you, when you fight for your homes, your country, and your God! Keep us in your hearts as we keep you in ours, and come back to us when the big job is finished, clear-eyed, clean hearted heroes, ready to tackle that job of building up a new and better tomorrow above the ruins and chaos of today!

Nursing a Grouch.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—This paper says that a woman should not nurse a grouch.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Oh, well, if she marries one and he's sick, how can she help it?

High Spots.

Bill—When he goes out for a good time he always hits the high spots, doesn't he?

Gill—Well, he sits in the top gallery at the theater, if that's what you mean.

TRADE BRIEFS

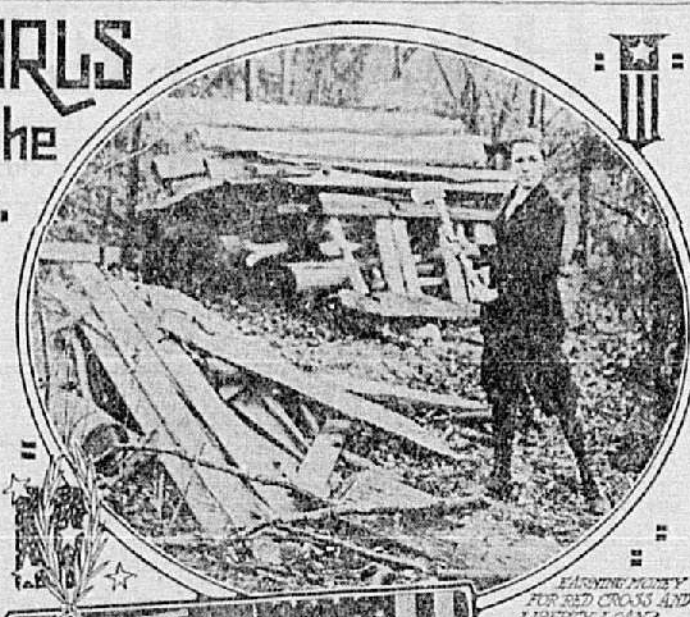
Mirror glass is needed in Peru.

Wrist watches are wanted in British East Africa.

Suit hangers and trousers presses are wanted in New Zealand.

Cottonseed oil and other vegetable oils are in demand in Canada.

There is a market in Colombia for general merchandise suitable for department stores. These supplies will be purchased by a man who will visit this country in 1



KNITTING THEIR BIT



KNITTING THEIR BIT

"Billy, age thirteen: Chopping wood for 1 hour and 30 minutes and giving money to Liberty loan fund."

"Helen, aged twelve: One and one-fourth hours knitting one sock. One-half hour making newspaper candles."

Who will say Leigh, Billy and Helen are not hard-working patriots?

Every morning the school sends a parcel of knitted work, pillows for the wounded and other much-needed articles to the Red Cross headquarters.

Students of a fashionable girls' school in Connecticut have pledged themselves not to use sugar, or eat bon-bons while the war lasts.

A series of pamphlets containing war lessons which will instruct the school children in the aims and needs of the United States is to be distributed by the government. The first will deal with types of social organization. By the experience of the war it will be shown how interdependent are members of a modern social group. The

lesson for the seventh and eighth grades and the first year of high school will describe the life of a colonial family as an example of a fairly independent economic unit. The lesson for the lower grades will deal with the things society makes and uses.

The second pamphlet issued will deal with production and conservation.

In a letter to school officials President Wilson said last August:

"The urgent demands for the production and proper distribution of food and other resources has made us aware of the close dependence of individual on individual and nation on nation. The effort to keep up social and industrial organizations, in spite of the withdrawal of men for the army, has been revealed to the extent to which modern life has become complex and specialized."

"These and other lessons of the war must be learned quickly if we are intelligently and successfully to defend our institutions. When the war is over we must apply the wisdom which we have acquired in purging and ennobling the life of the world."

"In these vital tasks of acquiring a broader view of human possibilities the common school must have a large part. Large teachers and other school officers to increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly on problems of community and national life."

'SUICIDE' SAVED BY ICE AND POLICE

Chicago Architect Hadn't Realized How Cold the Nights Were Getting.

Chicago.—Charles J. Hancox, an architect, stood on the bridge at Van Buren street, felt in his inside coat pocket to see that the note he had written was safe, and then climbed up on the lee railing. While he is balancing himself for the leap the reader may glance at the note:

"Please notify my wife, Mrs. Charles J. Hancox; my sister, Miss Lottie Hancox, 5010 West Monroe street, and S. W. Hancox of Oak Park."

Mr. Hancox cast a farewell look toward the loop lights and dived. It was a good dive. He came up like a sea lion and quickly crawled on a cake of ice and began crying for help. He



Quickly Crawled on a Cake of Ice.

hadn't realized how cold the nights were getting. Bridgetenders John Maloney and John Ryan at Harrison street heard him. Maloney threw him a life preserver. Hancox jumped from his ice cake and seized it.

Then Ryan, who had notified the fire department and police, tied a rope to the railing of the bridge and let himself down hand over hand until he was treading water. He hauled Hancox to him and held him by the neck until the fireboat came and took him aboard.

A police ambulance met the fireboat and Hancox was rushed to St. Luke's hospital for treatment, his hands having been frozen. Otherwise he was unharmed, it was stated. He declined to talk.

Bridgetenders Maloney and Ryan also suffered frozen hands. They rubbed them in snow, put a little kerosene on them, and went back to work.

NOBODY WANTS HUSBAND WHO SLEEPS WITH HORSE

Cleveland.—Nobody wants a husband who insists upon sleeping in the barn with the horse. At least, that's what Mrs. Louise Chrissinger thinks. The court thought so, too, for when Mrs. Chrissinger filed her petition for divorce the court promised her a writ of separation.

"He would eat his supper and stick around the house until bed time, and then he'd go out and bed down with the horse," the complainant told the judge.

OREGON BOYS STAGE DUEL

One Shot to Death in Effort to Relieve Monotony of Hunting Trip.

Oregon City, Ore.—Leslie Ledoux, aged sixteen, is dead at Park Place, near here, because he and his boy companions staged a duel in the woods to break the ennui of an unsuccessful hunting trip.

Unable to find any game, the boys decided to stage a battle, and Ledoux, armed with a magazine .22 caliber rifle, agreed "to stand off" Cecil Green, thirteen, and Lake Smith, fifteen, each armed with single shot 22s.

Crouching behind a stump and only rising to fire, Ledoux stood his companions off for 15 minutes, and then dropped dead with a bullet hole in his forehead. His companions went home and told their parents Ledoux was sick, but later confessed to the sheriff what had happened.

AUTO ON PILOT OF ENGINE

Party Is Carried Fifty Yards and No Member of It Seriously Injured.

Lincoln, Ill.—Carried 50 yards in an automobile on the pilot of an engine, was the unusual experience of John I. Miller, his father-in-law, N. A. Senner and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Richards. None was seriously hurt. The party was accompanying Mr. Richards on a questionnaire-filling trip. The machine did not even upset.

What Can We Do?

RED CROSS
DELEGATION
Women's
Volunteer Aid Corps



Knitted articles in either gray or khaki colored yarn are acceptable to the Red Cross for use in the army. Yarn and knitting needles may be procured either from Red Cross chapters or from stores, provided the yarn is of the same grade and needles of the same size as those described in this circular.

The needles referred to in these directions are standardized Red Cross needles. Their diameter is given opposite their respective number.

Knitting Needles No. 1—135-1,000 inches.

Knitting Needles No. 2—175-1,000 inches.

Knitting Needles No. 3—200-1,000 inches.

General Directions.

Stitches should not be cast on too tightly.

Knitting should be done evenly and firmly and all holes should be avoided. Joining should be done by splicing or by leaving two or three inches at each end of the yarn to be darned in carefully.

All knots, ridges or lumps should be most carefully avoided, especially in socks, as they are apt to blister the feet.

Sleeveless Sweater.

Two and one-half hanks of yarn

(5 1/2 pounds); one pair Red Cross needles No. 3.

Cast on 80 stitches. Knit 2, pur stitches for 4 inches. Knit plain on the sweater measures 25 inches. Knit 28 stitches, bind off 24 stitches for neck, loose. Knit 28 stitches. Knit 7 ridges on each shoulder, cast on 24 stitches. Knit plain for 21 inches. Purl 2, knit 2 stitches for 4 inches. Sew up sides, leaving 9 inches for armholes. Two rows single crochet around neck and 1 row single crochet around the armholes.

Wristlets No. 1.

One-half hank of yarn (3 1/2 pound); 1 pair Red Cross needles No. 2.

Cast on 48 stitches, knit 2 and purl 2 for 12 inches, and sew up leaving 2 inches open space for thumb 2 inches from the edge.

Wristlets No. 2.

One-half hank of yarn (3 1/2 pound); 4 Red Cross needles No. 1.

Cast on 52 stitches on 3 needles: 16-16-20. Knit 2, purl 2 for 8 inches. To make opening for thumb, knit 2, purl 2 to end of third needle, turn; knit and purl back to end of first needle, always slipping first stitch; turn. Continue knitting back and forth for 2 inches. From this point continue as at first for 4 inches for the hand. Bind off loosely and buttonhole thumb opening.

Pre-Easter Parade of New Blouses.



HUSBAND SHOTS RICH INTRUDER

Cleveland Oil Promoter Kills Man Found in Attic of His House.

DAUGHTER IS WITNESS

Tragedy Occurs When Man Changes His Plans and Returns Home Without Informing Wife of His Early Arrival.

Cleveland.—A formal charge of murder has been lodged against Elmer Hupp, wealthy oil promoter of Cleveland, O., who shot and killed Charles L. Joyce, also wealthy and connected with a leading clothing firm in New York city, when he found Joyce in the Hupp home at Lakewood, a fashionable Cleveland suburb.

Immediately after the shooting Hupp informed the police and surrendered. He is at liberty under \$35,000 bail pending the trial, in which his wife and thirteen-year-old daughter, who witnessed the tragedy, will be important factors.

In a statement after his release Hupp said: "Everybody makes mistakes. I guess we have made ours. I am now going back to my wife and daughter."

Joyce, according to the Cleveland police, was thirty-five years of age and lived at Bratenhall, a district known in Cleveland as the "millionaire colony," which, although located within the city limits of Cleveland, is a separate municipality.

Hupp Changed His Mind.

According to the story related to the police by Hupp, he left home several days before the tragedy on a business trip to Chicago and Kansas City. After reaching Chicago he changed his plans and started for home without informing his wife. On the evening of the tragedy he heard a strange noise soon after entering his house and rushed to his wife's apartments. There, Hupp informed the police, he found Mrs. Hupp and asked if she was alone. She said she was.

Hupp told the officers that he heard a noise in the attic and started up the stairs to investigate, when he met



Opened Fire Immediately.

Joyce. He opened fire immediately, three bullets taking effect in Joyce's body and causing instant death.

Mrs. Hupp is an unusually attractive woman eight years younger than her husband, who is forty years of age. She failed to make any explanation to her husband in an effort to account for the presence of Joyce in their home.

PAID HIS DEBT OF HONOR

Kansas Lawyer Struggles Nine Years to Wipe Out Moral Obligation.

Fort Scott, Kan.—Attorney J. I. Sheppard of this town recently made the last payment on his debt of honor. The law declared the debt legally blotted out years ago, but Sheppard considered it a moral obligation, and paid every cent of it.

When the First National bank of Fort Scott failed nine years ago notes totaling \$17,500, given by Sheppard were among the bank's papers. Under the receivership the debt was compromised for \$3,000 and Sheppard mortgaged his home to pay that amount. He declared at the time that he would pay the balance, even though it had been "legally" paid by court proceedings.

The first payment, amounting to \$7,500, was made in 1914. In the following year he paid \$2,500, and a payment of equal size recently wiped out the obligation.

Another Human Ostrich.

Shawano, Wis.—When surgeons performed an operation on James Poppendorf, a feeble-minded man sent here for treatment, they discovered that his stomach, among other things, contained a glass tube from a thermometer, a pipe stem and a buttonhook over six inches long. The point of this book had protruded through the wall of the stomach.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MR. BROWN BEAR.

"Hello," said Mr. Brown Bear in his growling voice.

"Hello," answered his cousin, Mr. B. Bear.

Now, these bears looked very much alike, and they were both brown bears. So as not to mix them up when talking about them one was known as Mr. Brown Bear and the other as Mr. B. Bear.

"By the way," said Mr. Brown Bear.

To be sure the letter B. In the cousin's name stood for Brown, but then it was not used, so there would be no confusion.

"Have you had a good sleep?" asked Mr. Brown Bear.

"Fine," said Mr. B. Bear. "How about you?"

"Oh, I slept like a top."

"What's a top, and how does it sleep?" asked Mr. B. Bear.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mr. Brown Bear. "But when folks sleep particularly well they always say that they sleep like tops."

"Have you no idea what tops are?" asked Mr. B. Bear, who was quite a curious animal.

"Yes, I think I know. And to know a thing is better than to have an idea about it."

"You said just a moment ago that you didn't know, and so I asked you if you had an idea."

"I forgot for the moment," explained Mr. Brown Bear. "I am still so sleepy that I have forgotten what I know and what I don't know."

"Tell me about the top," begged Mr. B. Bear.

"A top spins around and around and it's a toy which children play with."

"Then what is the sense of saying people sleep like tops?" asked Mr. B. Bear.

"Surely people do not want to spin around and around when they sleep. They don't do that, do they?"

"I'm not apt to be around when folks sleep," said Mr. Brown Bear. "I've never been a visitor in any house. They've never asked me, and I don't believe they ever will."

"Cheer up," said Mr. B. Bear. "They will never ask me. I am quite sure of it."

"I don't imagine that folks do spin around when they sleep," said Mr. Brown Bear. "I guess that saying has no sense to it."

"It's a pity it's used, then, isn't it?" said Mr. B. Bear.

"It is," agreed Mr. Brown Bear. "But I don't suppose we can do anything about it. People are not apt to ask our advice on any subject—it's funny that they don't."

"Not so very funny," sniffed Mr. B. Bear.

"By the way," said Mr. Brown Bear.

"By the way," interrupted Mr. B. Bear. "Is there some way by which we can find the best food when the spring comes?"

"That's another saying," said Mr. Brown Bear. "I meant that I thought of something I wanted to tell you."

"Tell me; I am interested in hearing."

"Well," commenced Mr. Brown Bear, "just before I went to sleep for my winter nap I heard some folks talking as they drove on the wooded road."

"I'll be glad to get home," said one. "Why?" asked the other.

"Because I'm as hungry as a bear," said the first.

"And, by listening closely," continued Mr. Brown Bear, "I discovered that they seemed to think that to be as hungry as a bear meant to be as hungry as a human being to be."

"Now, it annoyed me, it did. In the first place, we sleep all the winter. Now and then we come out on a good warm day like this, but we go back to sleep in no time."

"Hello," said Mr. B. Bear. "We really sleep all winter. And for that time we don't eat at all. We live on our own fat. We have no regular meals—and for that matter—we don't even have irregular meals."

"True," agreed Mr. B. Bear.

"So I think it most unfair for folks to say 'I'm as hungry as a bear,' when bears spend a good portion of the year in sleeping and not in eating."

"But we do make up for the time we don't eat when we have such huge meals in the fall," said Mr. B. Bear. "We eat ahead of time."

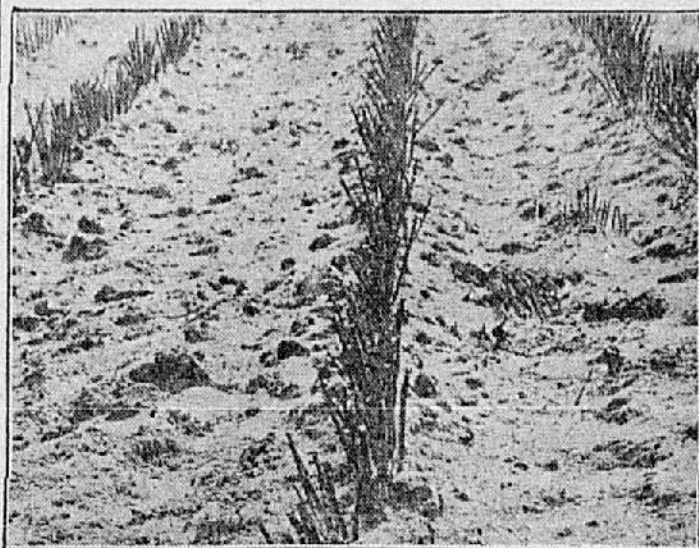
"No matter," said Mr. Brown Bear, who insisted upon having the last word. "It's unfair, and when I stop to think of it, it's very nearly as senseless a thing to say as that speech about sleeping like a top."

Not a Chance.

Sunday School Teacher—What does this verse mean when it says: "And the lot fell upon Jonah."

Little Harvie—I guess it means the whole gang jumped on him.

SUCCESS WITH RASPBERRIES ONLY BY STUDYING REQUIREMENTS OF VARIETIES



Plants of the Cuthbert Raspberry as Received From the Nursery, "Heeled In," Awaiting Favorable Opportunity to Plant.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Although the raspberry will succeed on a wide range of soil types provided suitable moisture conditions prevail, the best results will be secured only by studying the peculiar requirements of the different varieties. A fine, deep, sandy loam is perhaps the most desirable soil for growing raspberries, because it is managed so easily. Equally good yields of some varieties will be secured on clay and on sandy soils if they are well managed. In general, however, though the black raspberries seem to do best on black soils, they are grown extensively and succeed well among clay soils. Among the red raspberries the Ranere does best on sandy types, but the June prefers a clay soil. Other varieties, such as the Cuthbert and King, succeed on a wide range of soil types. There the soil requirements of varieties are known, they are indicated in the characterizations given on later pages of this bulletin.

Moisture Is Important.

The most important, perhaps, of all the factors entering into the growing of raspberries is the moisture supply, and where there is the possibility of a choice, the soil which will furnish an ample supply of moisture at all times should be chosen. At no time, however, should there be wet places in the plantation. Thorough drainage as well as a full supply of moisture is essential.

Another important factor is air drainage. Cold air settles to the lower levels, and plantations situated on land elevated above the surrounding fields will not be subject to the extreme cold of winter as plantations on the lower levels. Winter injury to the canes may often be avoided by choosing a site higher than the surrounding country. Furthermore, plantations on the higher elevations are not as subject to frost injury in late spring as those not so favorably located.

In the Southern states, a fourth factor in the selection of a site is of some importance. If raspberries are to be grown in those states, a northern or northeastern slope is preferred for the plantation, as humus and moisture are retained better in fields on such slopes than on southern slopes.

For home gardens, the chicken yard is frequently a desirable place for the raspberry patch. Poultry keep down weeds and enrich the soil, and do not often harm the berries.

Preparing the Land.

The same thorough preparation of the soil should be given for a raspberry plantation as for corn or similar crops. For the best results the plants should never be set in a field which has just been in sod, but should follow some hoed crop. Land which produced a crop of potatoes the previous year and which has later been plowed and thoroughly pulverized is in the best physical condition for setting the plants, and any field on which crops have been grown which leave the soil in a similar condition is prepared properly for raspberries.

Planting.

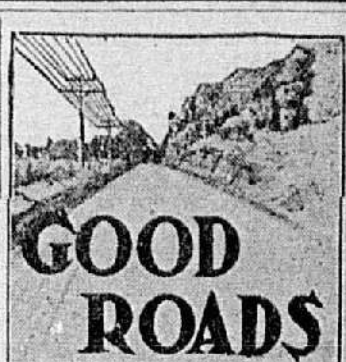
The time of planting raspberries varies in different parts of the United States, according to local conditions. In general, however, the plants should be set in early spring in the Eastern part of the United States, but on the Pacific coast they should be set during the rainy season, whenever it is possible to do the work.

Because better plants of the black and purple varieties can be secured in the spring, that is the best season for setting them. Red raspberries, however, may be set in the autumn with good success in sections where the winters are mild or where there is a good covering of snow to protect the plants.

Occasionally when growers wish to set a new plantation they wait a month after growth starts in the spring and use the suckers that come up during that month in their established plantation. If the season is favorable, this practice may prove satisfactory. If, however, a drought occurs soon after, the young plants will suffer severely. Only in sections where the climate is favorable is this practice to be recommended.

Handling Nursery Stock.

It must be remembered that the root systems of nursery plants of the different varieties vary greatly, and what constitutes a good nursery plant of one variety may be a poor plant of another variety. Thus the Royal, a purple variety, rarely makes as large a nursery plant as does the Columbian. Consequently a good nursery plant



GOOD ROADS

CAUSE OF MUDDY HIGHWAYS

Water Which Flows From Fields to Roads Is Expensive to Public—Forbidden by Statute.

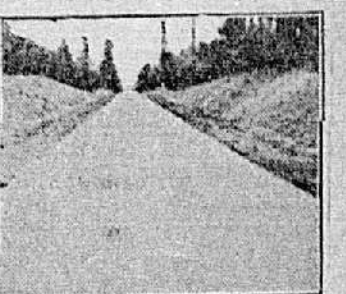
Muddy roads due to water which flows over the surface of land along a highway into the side ditches are expensive to the public. No railroad will tolerate a wet roadbed longer than is necessary to carry out the drainage work to dry the earth. But persons whose convenience depends in no small measure on the roads passing by their property rarely do anything to check the injury they are working to themselves and their neighbors in the manner mentioned.

The Colorado highway commission has called attention to a statute which makes it a misdemeanor in that state to allow water to flow on a road and has issued the following notice on the subject: "From the fields along a highway the waste or excess water is allowed to run directly to the road ditch, and if, as is often the case, the road ditch is obstructed, this water gets over the road, making a muddy road, which under the traffic soon becomes impassable. This can be prevented by running a ditch (a single furrow may answer), along the fence line and discharging the water into a road culvert at a point where it will drain away. This condition also emphasizes the necessity of keeping all the road culverts open and ready to carry water."

MANY GOOD ROADS SURFACED

Massachusetts Leads With Percentage of 47.6—Oklahoma Brings Up in the Rear.

Massachusetts has the greatest percentage, 47.6, of her roads surfaced. Then come Indiana with 42.5 per cent, New Jersey with 40.5, Ohio with 36.5, Rhode Island with 34.5, Kentucky with 32.2, New York with 23.7, Connecticut with 23.2 and California with 20.2. Indiana and Kentucky hold their prominent positions on account of extensive use of gravel, and it is misleading to class gravel roads suitable for light travel with the expensive types of construction used for surfacing in Connecticut. The figures refer to all kinds of surfacing and are not restricted to what are called permanent pavements. The smallest percentage of surfacing



Concrete Road in Massachusetts.

has been done in Oklahoma, where 99.3 per cent of the roads are dirt. Other states with low percentages of surfacing are South Dakota with 8 per cent, Iowa with 1, Kansas with 1.3, North Dakota with 1.6 and Nebraska with 1.7. The excellent maintenance of many of the dirt roads of Iowa makes riding and hauling over them easy, except during the spring or after continuous rains.—Nashville Tennessean.

WATER CARRIED TO DITCHES

This Can Be Done by Giving Proper Crown or Cross Slope to Road—Soils Differ.

Water falling on the road should be carried to the side ditches by giving a proper crown or cross slope to the road. Make your road to shed water. The slope should vary with different soils. For a loamy soil a crown of about one inch per foot is considered proper; on a clay soil an inch and a half to two inches. The side slopes of ditches should be much greater. The longitudinal slope or grade will also somewhat determine the crown. On a steep grade it is necessary to give a greater crown to keep the water from running down the traveled roadway and washing gullies.

Wide Tires In Favor.

Wide tires for the benefit of the public highways are being endorsed quite generally by both vehicle users and the manufacturers of farm wagons and implements.

To Prevent Eroding.

The outer ends of the culvert should be riprapped to prevent eroding away on the road on the lower side of the grade.

Enemy of Earth Roads.

Water is the natural enemy of earth roads and must be kept out of them, off of them, and away from them.

Road Drag Is Enough.

If a dirt road is properly built, the road drag will keep it in good condition.

White, blue, flesh, maize, bisque, tea and rose—these are some of the colors in new georgette crepe waists that appear in the gay troop of spring styles. Passing in review before Easter. Along with them are dainty organdie blouses in white or light colors or combinations of white and a color, and dark colored blouses of crepe or silk that lend dignity to the company. There are few innovations in style. Sleeves continue to be long and necks open in a "V" at the front with much graceful management of collars.

But the high-necked blouse is to be reported as represented in all the showings of new models, along with many that are not high. It is to have a place of honor even if it cannot hope for as great popularity as blouses with open throats or round necks. These are cooler and more comfortable, also more practical, but the high-necked blouse has much distinction and is suited to certain styles and types that do not wear the open throat with equal success.

A slip-over blouse of georgette crepe is shown in the picture with Chinese collar and a smart sleeve. The collar at the back is widened into a narrow sailor effect. Sleeves are cut in kimono style and the blouse fastens at each side with small buttons and button holes. What looks like hand embroidery in colored silk floss, appears

as an embellishment of the front, but it is really done on a machine built for this kind of work.

The sleeves are widened by a puff set in at the elbow and this is gathered into a deep plain cuff that fastens with small buttons like those on the front of the blouse. The buttons are extended along the back of the puff.

Blouses cut in one with their sleeves, kimono fashion, are becoming only to slender figures. A popular set-in sleeve for this season is full from arm's eye to cuff and is gathered into a deep close-fitting cuff that buttons in the same manner as shown in the picture.

Blouses of white georgette, with collars and cuffs of colored, printed foulard are among the novelties for spring and blouses of fine, white voile with convertible collars of colored gingham and cuffs to match, suggest something new and attractive for the thrifty woman who makes many of her own waists at home.

Julie Bottomley

Embroidery Trimmings.

Chinese embroideries constitute an unusual bit of interesting trimming.

Spring Styles.

The silhouette for spring? It is straight with the fullness in front,



Do not be neglectful about your lamps simply because you use your car mostly in the day-time. Lamps are the eyes of your car at night. We can recharge your batteries or furnish gas tanks. Let us overhaul your generators and add to the power of your headlights.

OVERLAND GARAGE

CHELSEA, MICHIGAN

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

Ford Atwell, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, as second-class matter.

Published Every

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

Office, 102 Jackson street

The Chelsea Tribune is mailed to any address in the United States at \$1.00 per year, 50 cents for six months and 25 cents for three months.

Address all communications to the Tribune, Chelsea, Michigan.

WHO PAID SYLVAN DOG TAX.

The following are the names of the residents of Sylvan township who have paid their dog tax:

Mr. A. Spencer
William Bacon
Gottlieb Heller
Philip Fausner
Lewis Steinaway
John Walsh
Geo. Ward
Gottfried Eisele
A. B. Skinner
O. A. Burgess
M. Zeeb
Fred Notten
Harrison West
John Burns
Geo. Heydlauff
C. Heselshwerdt
Edw. F. Burton
G. C. McClure
Chas. Young
Geo. Hinderer
Spaulding Bros.
Wm. H. Laird
W. J. Shepherd
Oscar Widmayer
Mrs. Jacob Eder
Mrs. T. McNamara
Jack Fought
Hazen Leach
F. A. Hall
Geo. Merkel
Fred Young
Geo. Simmons
John Martin

Lewis Heim
Stuart Daff
A. E. Griswold
W. E. Boone
John Jensen
Robert Grice
Conrad Haefner
Ernest Mohrlock
R. F. Franklin
Ed Corey
Lewis Lampart
Fred Dickerson
Lynman West
Fred Gutekunst
James Dunn
A. B. Clark
C. W. Saunders
E. Breitenwischer
Frank Brooks
Theron Foster
R. J. West
Albert Visel
Jas. Bensley
John Barth
Roy Taylor
M. Mohrlock, sr.
Fred Hall
Frank Elder
Joe Liebeck
Chas. West
Lloyd Merker
Chas. Kalmbach
Fred Kalmbach
F. R. Shepherd
Ralph Hadley
Harry Savage
Delbert Schenk
Mrs. Chas. Fish
Peter Liebeck
H. Coleman
Thos. Watkins
W. Spaulding
Sam Mohrlock
John Frymuth
Henry Mohrlock
Elmer Weinberg
FRED G.

L. Burk
R. Henselshwerdt
J. H. Miller
John Alber
E. Henselshwerdt
Sam Stadel
Pat Lingane
Roy Harris
Herman Mohrlock
Clarence Lehman
Manfred Hoppe
Sylvester Weber
Fred Wellhoff
Alvin Foor
P. Henselshwerdt
E. A. Ward
Foster & Conlan
M. Kappeler
Owen McIntee
W. Pritchard
A. Faulkner
O. J. Whipple
Henry Heim
Jacob Mohrlock
John Kaptelner
Percy McDade
J. A. Conlan
Geo. Fausner
Bert Taylor
Herman Hayes
Fred Sager
Roy Ives
Roy Dillon
S. S. Gallagher
P. Schwenfuth
R. B. Waltrous
Eugene Smith
John Doyle
John Walz
P. M. Broesamle
C. Henselshwerdt
Wm. Schatz
Wm. Depey
BROESAMLE,
Township Clerk.

LIBERTY BONDS.

All Liberty Bonds applied for through this bank, excepting the \$50 denomination bonds, have been received and are ready for delivery.

4912 Kempf Com. & Sav. Bank.

GREGORY.

Warner Denton of Detroit spent Friday of last week at home.

Stanley Marsh of Chicago visited his parents Tuesday of last week.

Gene Foster and wife of Lansing are visiting his cousin, Mrs. Ralph Chipman.

Mrs. Janet Webb of Unadilla visited at Mrs. Bettie Marshall's last Thursday.

Alex LaFerte and Miss Nellie Denton visited at the George Arnold home Sunday.

Mr. Rhodes, of the Borden Milk company of Jackson, was in town last Thursday.

Angus Melvor returned to Camp Custer last week after spending several days with his wife here.

Charley Clark and son, Orson, of Chelsea, were visitors at their cousin's, Mrs. E. Hill, last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson of Stockbridge visited their daughter, Mrs. Fred Howlett, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Chipman were in Stockbridge last Wednesday, Mr. Chipman attending the H. K. Smith sale.

Mrs. Anna Moore, after a two months' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Agnes Ball of Manitou Beach, returned home last week.

Since January 1, the Red Cross has secured 62 new members. During the last two weeks the society has made and sent away the following articles: 28 sweaters, 24 trench caps, 16 pairs socks, 1 helmet, 11 suits of pajamas and 26 bandages.

At the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. last week the following officers were elected: Mrs. Minnie Arnold, president; Miss Frankie Placeway, vice president; Mrs. Rose Buhl, secretary; Mrs. Myrtle Brotherton, treasurer. The meeting was well attended and much interest shown.

Saturday, February 23, was Archie Arnold's birthday. In the evening the members of the Young People's class, to which he belongs, gathered at his home and surprised him. About 24 were present and the evening was spent in games and a social good time. The birthday was presented with an amethyst scarf pin.

Rev. J. J. Schuler recently received a letter from his nephew, now a captain in the American army in France. The letter was written January 21st, and follows in part:

The weather has not been very cold and while we have had lots of snow, it is all gone now and the fields are as green as in springtime. The shrubs and vines are a beautiful green and the weather now is much like April at home.

You speak of your Red Cross work and I want you to know it is the grandest thing you can do to help our country in this war. I handled the Red Cross supplies for this hospital for a long time and can truthfully say it was not for the many articles of clothing and hospital supplies that are furnished from that source many a poor soldier would lack for comfort. Regular U. S. supplies are here in abundance, but it is the home made things that brings real comfort to the sick and wounded, so keep up the good work.

France is surely a beautiful country with its old fashioned houses of stone, plaster and red tile roofs, its well paved country roads and the beautiful green fields and its many places of historic interest.

What attracted my attention most prominently at first are the well built roads which are met on every hand and the manner in which they are kept up. Beautiful, well trimmed trees are placed on either side, not alone for beauty and shade, but for protection from washouts during the rainy season. Piles of crushed rock at regular intervals are seen along the roads for instant repair work. When they surface a road for any distance just one side is done at a time, so that traffic is not delayed. I have visited many places of historic interest. Sometime ago I was at Domreuey, the birthplace of Joan of Arc. I visited the church in which she was baptized, also the house in which she was born.

Air craft are in the air over us nearly all the time and while we are not very near to the front line of trenches, we have an occasional "rill" when the signal "air raid" is sounded. I could mention many more things of interest but they would not get by the censor, so will stop right here. With love and best wishes I am sincerely your nephew,

Captain F. Ellis Reed.

PAPER WADS.

The February literary program was given Friday afternoon. There was a marked improvement in recitations and readings. The program was as follows: Music; February Facts; Anita Gramer; Life of Washington; Winifred Benton; An Epitaph of Washington; Edna Stadel; Washington, Clarice Winans; Independence Bell; Marjorie Mapes; Life of Lincoln; Minerva Hepburn; The Soldiers' Reprieve; Vesta Hammond; Famous Quotations by Lincoln; Frieda Oesterle; Anecdotes of Lincoln; Dorothy Spier; Life of Longfellow; Sarah Isham; Ship of State; Esther Loeffler; music.

The Chelsea high school basketball team defeated the Dexter high school team Friday evening. Score first half—Chelsea, 21; Dexter, 6. Final score, Chelsea 29, Dexter 24. The Chelsea boys did not put their usual scrappy game and during the last period Dexter put a lot more pep into their play with the result as indicated.

The basketball boys play Ypsilanti reserves this Friday evening at Ypsilanti, and expect to attend the tournament at Ypsilanti on March 14, 15, 16.

Mike Rosenthal and Margaret Rount have left the third grade. Donald Dancer, Mike Phillips and LeRoy Sheenogge have left the fourth grade.

The pupils of the schools have been credited with \$185 worth of thrift stamps.

There will be no junior carnival this year on account of patriotic reasons.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Julius Strieter was in Jackson, Tuesday.

M. J. Dunkel was in Kalamazoo, Tuesday.

Henry Luick of Lima was a Detroit visitor yesterday.

Regular meeting of the Knights of Pythias, Monday evening.

Edward Vogel made a business trip to Lansing, Tuesday.

L. G. Palmer and John Frymuth were in Detroit yesterday.

Mrs. J. F. McMillen of Lima was an Ann Arbor visitor Saturday.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger is spending a few days in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Mrs. C. W. Lighthall of Ann Arbor was a Chelsea visitor Wednesday.

Ernest Gregg of Detroit visited his mother, Mrs. Rose Gregg, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hendrick visited relatives in Hamburg, Sunday and Monday.

James Winters visited at the home of his sister near Leslie several days of the past week.

Mrs. Charles Lambert visited her daughter, Mrs. Othmer Gerstler of Ann Arbor, Monday.

The average small boy is said to give his hearty support to the "soap conservation" movement.

A. J. Munn was in Ann Arbor, Tuesday, to attend a district meeting of Standard Oil agents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Duible of Lima are the parents of a daughter born Thursday, February 28, 1918.

Mrs. Fred Potts and little daughter, of Dowagiac, are visiting Mrs. George A. BeGole over the week-end.

Misses Judith and Mary Gallagher of Detroit visited at the home of their aunt, Mrs. John Steele, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. VanGieson returned Wednesday evening from a few days' visit at their old home in South Lyon.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Fortman are moving from Stockbridge to the farm of her mother, Mrs. Olive Winslow, in Lima.

The Young Ladies chapter of the Congregational church will meet with Miss Nina Belle Wurster, Tuesday afternoon, March 5th.

Glenn Trouten will leave for Muskegon, tomorrow, where he has a position in a garage under Harry Davis, formerly of Chelsea.

Mrs. W. E. Canfield, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. L. E. Chase, for a few days, returned to her home in Detroit, Tuesday.

Miss Jennie H. Moore, who has been confined to her bed for the past four weeks with a severe attack of pleurisy, is reported much better.

J. T. Willis, who recently enlisted in the ambulance and hospital corps, left yesterday for Allentown, Pa., where he has been ordered to report.

Mrs. L. T. Freeman and Mrs. H. H. Penn left Wednesday evening for Ft. Thomas, Kentucky to visit their sons, Hollis Freeman and Clair Penn.

Mrs. Harry Davis of Muskegon has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Willis, for a few days. She will return home tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Johnson of Detroit are the parents of a son, born Friday, February 8, 1918. Mrs. Johnson was formerly Miss Leota Canfield, well known in Chelsea.

William Caspary of Ann Arbor was a Chelsea visitor Wednesday. He has regained the sight of one eye and is much encouraged as a result, and has hopes of regaining the sight of his other eye.

Several have reported the first robin, we saw a flock of crows, and a bunch of small boys "pegging mibs" the other day. Such signs are reassuring and remind us that, at least, spring is coming!

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fletcher of Lima were given a pleasant farewell surprise Tuesday evening by about 40 friends and neighbors of the "western neighborhood." Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher are moving from their farm to Chelsea.

The Tribune received a card Tuesday evening from Ernest Wagner. The card was mailed from Camp Merritt, New Jersey, and advised that he expected to leave for "overseas" duty within a few days. The card was postmarked February 24.

Clayton Heselshwerdt received a letter Wednesday from Peter F. Youngs, who is with the railway engineering corps in France. He is well and says the food is good and plentiful and that he has been very busy helping repair railroads behind the lines. The letter was mailed February 7th.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

Clifford Parker of Ann Arbor, formerly of Lima, was in Chelsea, Wednesday.

Mrs. Evelyn Russell visited relatives and friends in Birmingham, Sunday.

J. Vincent Burg has sold his two Detroit drug stores and will return to Chelsea.

Mrs. W. A. BeGole of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cole, today.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bareis, Jr., are the parents of a daughter, born Friday, March 1, 1918.

The Bay View Reading club will meet Monday evening, March 4th, with Mrs. Florence Howlett.

R. B. Waltrous has moved his real estate office from the Crescent hotel building to the Kempf bank block.

Mr. and Mrs. William Coe of Lima are moving into the C. J. Heselshwerdt residence on South street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Prudden of Payallup, Washington, have been the guests of Mrs. Mary Depew this week.

For-get-me-not chapter of the Congregational church will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. H. D. Witherell.

Mrs. B. Steinbach has been visiting relatives in Jackson for a few days. Mr. Steinbach joined her there today.

Mrs. W. S. McLaren and daughter Virginia, of Jackson, formerly of Chelsea, are spending several weeks in Dallas, Texas.

Ed. Fahrner has sold his residence, West Middle and Wilkinson streets, to John Schiller of Sharon, and has rented the Keusch residence on Summit street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Laverock have moved to their new residence on North McKinley street. H. H. Darling has rented the Laverock residence on Park street.

Roland Kalmbach is spending a few days in Chicago. He has been ordered to report for military duty on March 6th and expects to be assigned to Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia.

During the storm Monday night a large portion of the roof on the Raftery building was blown off, but the damage was not discovered for several days when the roof began to leak.

The annual free seat offering will take place at the M. E. church, Wednesday evening, March 6th. The ladies of the church are preparing the supper, which will be served from five o'clock p. m. until all are served.

Walter Runciman, pharmacist on the U. S. transport Pocahontas, left today for New York to rejoin his vessel after a ten days' furlough spent at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Runciman. He reports some interesting experiences encountered during his two trips to France and return. He does not expect another furlough during the period of the war.

A. G. Faist was in Toledo yesterday, returning early this morning with a caravan of eight Overland cars. Those who assisted in driving the cars were: Wilber Hinderer, Verne Ridel, Jacob Lehman, Lewis and James Heim, Bert Forner, John and Arthur Walz and Edwin Koebbe. They report some awful roads in the vicinity of Palmyra, where it took them 2 1/2 hours to make 4 1/2 miles of axle deep mud and slush.

Albert Remnant, who has worked the lives farm north of town for O. C. Burkhardt, will move to the Frank Burkhardt farm in Lyndon. Charles Messner will move from the Schanz farm in Lima to the lives place and Justin Wheeler will move to the Schanz farm. William Wheeler will move to the Wheeler farm in Dexter township and supervise it the coming season, although he will retain his interest in the Hirth & Wheeler blacksmith shop and will continue to work there.

Miss Clara Feldkamp spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Irvin Wolff spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. John Steinbach and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Koenigter were called to Mt. Pleasant, Monday morning on account of the death of the latter's brother, Eddie Klump. They expect to remain for the week.

Oscar Bahnmiller of Camp Custer, Battle Creek, spent Sunday at his home here. The Misses Elsie Bahnmiller, Florence Uphaus, L. L. Blithe, Art Uphaus and Mr. Schill also visited at the Bahnmiller home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Loeffler and daughter Ruth spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Theo. Kuhl is a victim of smallpox. Several in this vicinity have been quarantined for the same disease.

Miss Martha Tirb spent a few days of last week at the home of Erwin Weiss and family.

Miss Amanda Grau is spending this week with Amanda Roller.

Emanuel Bollinger spent Monday in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Niehaus spent Sunday at the home of L. Geyer.

Miss Minnie Schiller spent Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Schiller.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feldkamp visited the latter's cousin, Mrs. Katie Breining, of Bridgewater, one day last week.

Mrs. Barbara Manz spent Friday at the home of her son, L. Geyer and family.

Richard Hieber was an Ann Arbor visitor Monday.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Favorite for Colds.

J. L. Easley, Macon, Ill., in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy says, "During the past fifteen years it has been my sister's favorite medicine for colds on the lungs. I myself have taken it a number of times when suffering with a cold and it always relieved me promptly."—Adv.



Special Attention to Mail Orders. JACKSON, Mich.
Store hours—8 a.m. to 5 p.m., week days. 9:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Saturdays

Advance Showing of Misses' and Women's Spring Suits

It is all in a woman's own hands—this matter of the Spring Suit. She may choose an Eton style or remain true to the hip-length jacket—both styles possess undeniable charm.

Eton suits with their youthful short coats are very smart. They come with many rows of black silk braid around the bottom of the jacket and with smart little waist-coats of corded silk or pique, \$32.50.

Other suits have straight narrow English shoulders and ripple backs, the pockets are mostly of the slashed sort and the collars are long and slender, \$22.50 to \$39.50.

Second Floor.

EAST LIMA.

This neighborhood has been confined by an epidemic of measles necessitating the closing of the schools. The five children of Fred Eger have the whooping cough.

Viola Heller is assisting Mrs. Libby Yearneau with her house work during the latter's illness.

Michael Breining left Saturday night for Oklahoma to attend the funeral of his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gray and daughter spent Sunday afternoon at the Marshall home in Dexter, Mr. Marshall having died very suddenly Saturday night.

Miss Dorothy Weismeyer of Monroe is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Sam Smith.

Miss Esther Morris spent several days with Helen Breining.

Andrew Maulbetz spent Sunday with friends in Dexter.

Ed and Christ Gray spent Monday in Jackson and Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Gottlob Zahn were Sunday afternoon callers at their son's home.

Adolph Gross and Charles Finkbeiner were Chelsea business callers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gridley and son Jesse spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Hendrick of Webster.

Word has been received from the aviation camp in Georgia that Harry Hoey is ill with scarlet fever.

Herman Widmayer will work for Charles Finkbeiner this summer.

LIMA CENTER.

Jacob Steinbach called on his brother, George Steinbach, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Koch have moved from the Winslow farm to the Easton farm.

Mrs. John Steinbach spent Saturday with her sister, Mrs. Archie Coe and family.

Clark Westfall spent one day of the past week in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. M. L. Burkhardt spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Jacob Hanselmann of Ann Arbor spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Pierce.

Mrs. Sherman Pierce spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Easton have moved to their new home in Lima Center.

Jacob Steinbach spent Tuesday in Dexter.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Dancer have moved from Chelsea to the farm of Jacob Hinderer.

Miss Clara Feldkamp spent Saturday in Ann Arbor.

Irvin Wolff spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. John Steinbach and family.

ROGERS CORNERS.

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Chelsea Fruit Company

Merkel Block—Phone 247-W

Choice Fruits and Candies

of all kinds. Fresh stock of Naval

Oranges and choice Nuts just received

Our Motto:—Best in the Market at Lowest Prices

Gentlemen, a Few Tips on Hosiery



SOME socks look like sieves after you have worn them a week. You don't want to buy that kind. You demand service in hosiery. We keep the kinds that last. And they cost you little.

We want you for a regular customer, not only when you lay in your supply of hosiery, but for garters, suspenders, gloves, hats, shirts and everything else for men. Let us show you.

Dancer Brothers. - Chelsea, Mich.

Magazine Club Bargains

SEND in your cash renewal to our paper now and you can have your