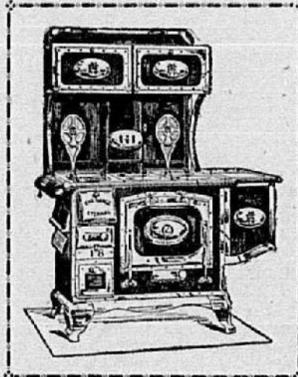


The Range Eternal EVERLASTINGLY GOOD



Your mother's mother and her mother could cook their meats and bake their bread, biscuits and pies for a large family on an old time cook stove—but how immeasurably easier and cleaner and better you can cook today on the modern range, THE RANGE ETERNAL—See it at our store.

Chelsea Hardware Company

—WE are here to serve YOU—

Dancing Party

Friday Evening, May 3d, 8 to 11:30

At St. Mary Auditorium, Chelsea, Mich.

—BY— BENEFIT—

St. Agnes Sodality. St. Mary RED CROSS Aux.

Music by Bates Bros. Orchestra of Ann Arbor

Bill, 75c. Door rights reserved

Save Wheat!

Uncle Sam and our Allies need all the wheat we can save for the use of their armies. Increase this saving by using more of the following—

Phoenix Rye Flour Phoenix Whole Wheat Flour
Graham Flour Corn Meal

We guarantee all our products. A trial will convince you of their merits.—

At Your Grocers; or—

Wm. Bacon-Holmes Co.

Chelsea, Michigan

TWO LETTERS FROM FRONT LINE TRENCH

Laverne Yettah With Fifth Field Artillery Writes From "Some Where on Front."

Two letters recently received by Mr. and Mrs. Titus Yettah from their son Laverne J. Yettah, indicate that he is probably in the front line trenches in France. He is with B Battery, 5th Field Artillery. The two letters are dated March 25 and April 1st, respectively, from "Some-where on the Front." In the first letter he said in part: "I have a little time off this morning so I will write you a few lines. I am pretty well and hope you are the same. The weather here is fine. The flowers are out and it sure seems like summer. I received the mouth organ and it helps cheer things up when they seem blue. I received the bundle of newspapers yesterday and note they are full of news reports of the boys at the training camps so I guess I will tell them I am still alive although I am through the training and getting the real dope! You should have seen me about three weeks ago when I soon got rid of my rucksack, but I soon got rid of them. They were the first I ever saw and I never want to see any more—they are worse than the Germans. I suppose that some of the Chelsea boys are enlisting right along. I hope so because the more men we get the sooner the war will end and I am beginning to think war isn't so much fun, although I get along fine." The second letter, dated April 1st, follows in part: "Thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know I am well. It has been raining for several days and it is rather muddy. I got the socks I had sent. Expect to move to a new point soon—don't know where, but don't worry. I will write again as soon as I can. Tell John Eder hello for me. Will have my picture taken the first chance I get so you can see how fat I am getting. You will be surprised. I feel fine all the time except that I get a little lonesome once in a while, but it doesn't last long. This is rather a short letter, but it tells you that I am still all right."

In a letter written March 28th, Peter F. Youngs says in part: "We are still working on railroad construction up near the artillery and can hear the big guns and see the aeroplanes scouting around overhead every day. It is quite exciting once in a while. Send over some fudge and some cigarettes. Pack them well in a small wooden box. We have fine quarters and plenty to eat so don't worry. We shall all be home some day; at least we all hope so. Best regards to all."

PAY LAST RESPECTS TO FATHER JOHN RYAN

Former Pastor St. Joseph's Church, Dexter, Laid to Rest in Mt. Clemens.

Rev. Father John Ryan, former pastor of St. Joseph's church in Dexter, died Sunday, May 21st, in Mt. Clemens, where he had been pastor of St. Peter's church since 1912. The following report of the funeral is from the Mt. Clemens American:

The great love and respect entertained for Father Ryan, pastor of the St. Peter's church, who died Sunday evening, by his parishioners and friends through the country was manifested at the funeral services Thursday.

Honor to his memory was not confined to those of the Catholic faith, and the great concourse in attendance was made up of men and women of all religious affiliations, proud of the fact that they knew the great man and loved him for his beautiful personality above all else.

Laying in state at the church since Wednesday noon, the body of Father Ryan was viewed by hundreds of mourners, offering silent prayers for the repose of his soul. Guards of honor were stationed at the bier during the day and night, awaiting the hour for the final blessings of the bishop.

At 10 o'clock Thursday morning the first of the funeral rites began, at which were present two bishops, one hundred and fifty priests from all parts of the state, men of the teaching order, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, fifty Sisters of Charity and white-robed nuns, the various church societies, Knights of Columbus, C. M. B. A., Tabernacle Society, Holy Name Society, St. Alloysius Society, Children of Mary, and county and city officials.

With all the splendor for the dead the obsequies continued until the great funeral cortage arrived at the Catholic cemetery and the dearly-loved father was laid to rest in the plot of ground reserved for priests of the church.

Father Ryan came to the United States from Ireland when a small child, his day of birth being March 24, 1863. His parents made their home at Jackson, Mich., where he was educated, and as a youth began study for the priesthood at Assumption college, Sandwich, Ont., finishing at St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, Md. His first active work as a priest was at Kalamazoo, Mich., followed by assignments to Howell, Mich., Dexter, Mich., and in 1912 he came to St. Peter's church here, where he has strengthened the church in many ways.

OLD PAPERS WANTED. The Baptist church Ladies Aid are making an old paper campaign. Any persons wishing to contribute old papers, call phone 189. 6613

STOPPED RUNAWAY TEAM.

Theodore Schmid, popularly known to his friends as "Dick," did some fast sprinting about 9:30 o'clock this morning when he caught and halted a runaway team belonging to Stanton Klink, and probably saved the life of Mr. Klink's little boy, who sat in the wagon to which the team was hitched. The horses started from near the office of the Chelsea Elevator Co. and Mr. Schmid caught and stopped them at Main and South streets. It was neat work and "Dick" deserves all of the more congratulations showered upon him by those who saw the heroic act.

ADDITIONAL LIST LIBERTY BOND PURCHASERS

Names Reported Since Publication of Last Tuesday's Lists.

Following is a list of names of Liberty Bond Purchasers reported since the publication of the list in last Tuesday's paper, and including all purchasers, not previously reported, up to yesterday noon. Total sales last night were \$166,100, which is about \$17,500 over the district quota.

Village of Chelsea.
S. G. Bush, Charlie Chappell, Carol I. Combs, Thomas S. Colvin, Fred V. Dempsey, Iva Gertrude-Ellis, Geo. T. and Francis A. English, George H. Flint, Jr., Nellie E. Gorman, Rose J. Gregg, Lula Glover, Mrs. Fred Hutzel, Fred Hutzel, Conrad Hafner, Wm. J. Hafner, Wells W. Hendrick, Ezra Lesser, Alvin Lesser, Charles F. Mohrloch, Allen Page, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Spiegeberg, Leslie G. Wright, Gilbert E. Walcott, Darwin Downer, Frank Eder.

Township of Sylvan.
District No. 4—J. Adam Goetz, District No. 5fr.—Rex L. Sturdevant, C. N. Gage, Leo Merkel. District No. 6fr.—Mrs. Mary Schenk. District No. 7—Alfred Faulkner, George Merkel.

Township of Lima.
District No. 1—Bert H. Grey. District No. 3—George Nordman, Dist. No. 4fr.—Mrs. Ed. Weiss, Ed. Weiss, Emanuel J. Feldkamp, I. H. Weiss, Fred Riemenschneider, Albert J. Plemeier, John Faulkner, Elbridge Frank Cooper, Harry W. Stedman, Julius S. Kaercher, William T. Tuttle, George A. Wiseman, Mrs. J. W. Stedman. District No. 7—Henry Wilson, F. G. Staebler, Russell Briggs, J. F. Schmid, J. A. Schmid, Mrs. Amie E. Morse Staebler, Miss Mae E. Morse. District No. 8—Jacob J. Haist. District No. 8fr.—Edward A. Merrill, Raymond R. Salisbury, Harvey C. Clements, Elveretta M. Clements, Cynthia M. Parker, George W. Parker, Florence Taylor, Millicent H. Parker, Millie F. Parker, Adolph F. Gross, Eddie J. Parker, Helen Salisbury. District No. 9fr.—Adolph Schmidt, Mary Gross, Mrs. John Haas, William D. Haas, Ottmer M. Kaercher, Eugene T. Frey, John M. Kaercher, G. Edward Gross, Geo. Egeier, Christian Renz, John Huber, Lewis Reimold, Lewis Renz.

Township of Freedom.
District No. 2—John Wenk. Christ Haas. District No. 3—Herbert Fitzmaier, Emanuel Fiegel, Arthur Schneider.

Township of Lyndon.
District No. 5—Floyd Boyce, District No. 10—Minnie B. May, District No. 12—Mrs. Anna Stanfield, Mary McIntee.

T. B. C. CLINIC TODAY.

A free public health and tuberculosis clinic is being held today at the town hall, under the auspices of the King's Daughters. Funds for the work were raised last winter by the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals.

Similar clinics have been arranged for the entire county. One was held yesterday in Saline and a clinic will be held in the Saline town hall tomorrow. Thursday, Manchester's clinic will be held. Friday is the day scheduled for Whitmore Lake and Saturday has been designated for Ann Arbor.

Everybody, babies, school children, and adults, are invited to attend these clinics, as their aim is now, more than ever, to maintain the public health at the highest possible standard. In this regard, the circle is working in sympathy with the Michigan state board of health, which has taken as its slogan, "Health First."

After the clinics have been held, follow up work will be done under the direction of Miss Florence Hoffman, visiting nurse.

MARION REMNANT.

Marion Gladys Remnant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Remnant of North Lake, died Thursday, April 25, 1918, following an illness of about two weeks, from pneumonia. She was born in Dexter township, July 24, 1890, and was 18 years, nine months and one day of age. She was a member of the junior class of the Chelsea high school. Her parents, two brothers and one sister are left to mourn their loss.

The funeral was held from the home in Lyndon township, Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, Rev. Woodman officiating. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery, Chelsea.

CARD OF THANKS.

I desire to thank my friends and neighbors for their sympathy and acts of kindness following my recent sad bereavement.

Mrs. Otto Detling.

A year's subscription costs only one dollar.

"BONE DRY" TOMORROW

Ban on Alcoholic Liquors Becomes Operative at Midnight.

State wide prohibition, voted by the people a year ago last fall, goes into effect May 1st and after 12 o'clock tonight Michigan will be "bone dry."

Effective May 1st the law forbids the possession by an individual of more than eight ounces of liquor and in addition any person caught with eight ounces or more in his possession must show that he has acquired and holds the liquor legally and lawfully. In other words, he must show that the liquor was procured for and is or will be used for mechanical, scientific, sacramental, chemical or medicinal purposes only.

The ordinary mortal may as well forget the first four or five purposes enumerated above. But "medicinal" purposes is another matter. The law is so clear as to how you can get it for your stomach's sake, that you can't miss it. Neither can the officers of the law miss you, if they think that there is only a fake pain in your tummy and that your "physician" has stretched matters to give you the prescription.

Prescriptions are still prescriptions, but this time the law has taken on in hand the exact wording of them. They must be on a blank furnished by the county clerk, and they must all be alike. They must set forth how many prescriptions that doctor has written for you in the year, and from the looks of them it is going to be pretty hard work for the doctor to do any faking and get away with it.

A review of the history of liquor legislation in the state may be of interest at this time, especially to those of the younger generation who may not know that Michigan once before enacted a prohibitory law, in 1855, which remained in force for twenty years.

When Michigan became a state, in 1837, many of the laws of the State of New York, whence many of the pioneers came, were adopted, and among those thus taken were the then existing liquor laws of the Empire state.

These laws provided for the licensing of inn-keepers, taverns and common victuallers, and thus placed the liquor business in the hands of those who accommodated travelers or sold provisions. Under this law there were few if any exclusive saloons, but the old "tavern-stands," in some cases remain as mute reminders of those early, rattle snake days.

In 1845 the legislature extended to townships, cities and villages the power to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor within their limits, if a majority of the electors so voted, and the legislature also provided the machinery for carrying out this local option provision.

The wide-spread temperance agitation throughout the country about 1850 culminated in the incorporation of a non-license clause in the state constitution adopted that year. Two years later, in 1853, the legislature passed a prohibitory law, but attached a referendum, submitting it to the electors of the state. It received a majority vote in its favor, but the supreme court held that referring the law to the voters was an illegal delegation of legislative authority and that the law was therefore unconstitutional. Then followed a period of

Concluded on page four.

WANTED AND FOR SALE.

Five cents per line first insertion, 2 1/2¢ per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15¢. Special rate, 3 lines or less, 3 consecutive times, 25 cents.

TO RENT, FOUND, ETC.

WANTED—Good top buggy. Elmer Weinberg, phone 150-F12, Chelsea, Mich. 6711

FOUND—Woman's cloth hand-bag containing sum of money and other articles. F. R. Shepherd, phone 272-W, Chelsea. 6712

FOR SALE—About six acres of land on North St., either in whole or parcels. Mrs. J. G. Wagner, phone 127-W, Chelsea. 6713

LOST—Dog collar bearing license 39069 with small padlock. Leave at Tribune office or at Burg's cigar factory. 6713

EGGS WANTED—Highest market price paid. Leach & Hagadorn, Chelsea. 6513

WANTED—Modern house, 6 or 7 rooms. M. P. C., Tribune. 6513

FOR SALE—Two tons No. 1 timothy hay, loose. Jacob Hummel, phone 108, Chelsea. 6513

FOR SALE—Residence, West Middle and Grant Sts., known as Mrs. Wortley place, Mrs. Chas. Currier, 116 Grant St., Chelsea. 6513

FOR SALE—House and lot, all modern improvements. Mrs. T. E. McQuilan, 122 Orchard St., Chelsea. 6513

WOOL WANTED—150,000 lbs. at market price. H. S. Holmes, Chelsea. 611f

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.

KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

ESTABLISHED 1876
Capital, Surplus and Profits - \$100,000.00
DEPOSITORY POSTAL SAVINGS FUNDS

The Little Children of the Rich

Unless you teach your children Thrift and Economy they will grow up to become Poor Men and Women. Thrift isn't inherited like Wealth. It must be taught like any other lesson of Life. See that your children place in a Bank Account something of the amount you give them. Teach them to accumulate. They may not need the money—they do need the lesson. Don't let them waste or throw away their excess of money.

"Should you spill the milk you can't drink?"—Hindu Proverb.

CHELSEA - - - - - MICHIGAN

HARDWARE

Our Stock is Complete and Up-to-date, representing Quality Merchandise in all lines.

FURNITURE

See our Furniture Offerings before buying. We can furnish high-grade furniture at very moderate prices.

IMPLEMENTS

Gale, Osborne, Wood, and other representative lines. Garden Tools—all kinds. See our Lawn Mower offerings.

REMEMBER—Our store will be open every evening

Hindelang & Fahrner

Phone 66-W Chelsea, Mich.

Wire Your House

For Electricity During House Cleaning Time

Call and see our line of Electrical Goods, comprising

Western and Hot Point Flat Irons
American Beauty Flat Irons, Grills and Toasters
Torrington Vacuum Cleaners, Federal Washers
Peerless Electric Fans

We handle only the best goods, and aim to sell as near cost as possible.

Chelsea Municipal Electric Light and Water Works Plant.

PRIME BEEF

Has its beginning in the cool countryside pastures, where the beef "critters" browse knee deep in the new grass and there is an abundance of fresh air and water. Later the animal is fattened and finally comes to you through the medium of our sanitary shop—meat par excellence. Try it.

ADAM EPLER
Phone 41 South Main Street

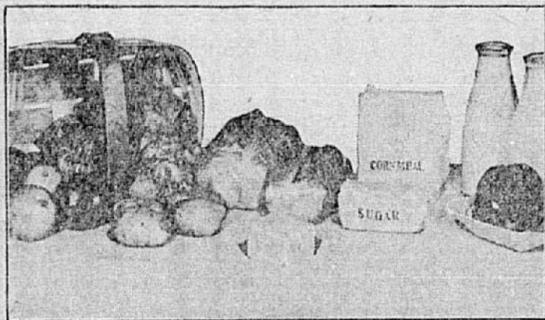
Are You Feeding Your Family Right?

(Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture)

You know how important the right food is in keeping your family in good health. Right food does not mean expensive food—it means food wisely chosen, of the kind the body needs.

You eat so that the body can grow and keep strong and have energy to do your daily work and keep warm. All foods can be divided for convenience, into five groups according to their business in the body. If some

3. Cereals—This includes bread and all such foods as oatmeal, macaroni, rice, hominy, breakfast cereals and cornmeal. Their most important work is to furnish the body with fuel, though they also contain some protein and ash. They are the cheapest form of fuel, so use plenty of them. The breakfast cereals often cost less per pound if you cook them at home, instead of buying the ready-prepared



Day's Food Supply for an Average Family as It Comes From the Market.

food is taken wisely from each group every day, the body will have the proper variety. When you exchange one food for another which has become scarce or expensive, choose one or more foods from the same group.

1. Vegetables and Fruit—Everyone likes fruit, and it is good for you—so are vegetables. Since they furnish mineral matter, both help to build up the bones and other parts of the body and help to prevent constipation. All kinds are good—use them, fresh, dried or canned. Prunes, raisins, apples and other dried fruits are good. You can give them to the children instead of candy.

2. Milk, Meat, Eggs, Cheese, Fish, Peas, Beans and Nuts—They furnish the "protein" whose chief business is to supply nitrogen in the right form to build up the body. In the young child new muscles, new bones and all the other parts of the body are being made. In the grown person these parts are constantly wearing out and must be replaced. Foods supplying protein and ash are needed for this purpose. For example, in choosing from group two, if you have beans or peas, and some milk, you can use them in place of meat.

In this group (No. 2), milk is the most important. Of course, it is absolutely necessary for the infant, but the growing child needs it, too. If the child has it, he needs but little of any of the other foods in this group.

kinds. Some of the large packages, which cost 10 or 15 cents, contain only one-fourth pound of cereal, while you can buy cornmeal for less per pound. Your purse and your preference both deserve consideration.

4. Sweets, Sugar and Syrups—Jellies and preserves are fuel for the body, too, but, in general, they are more expensive than cereals. Use them for flavor, but a little will go a long way. If the children eat too much sweets, they won't have an appetite for the foods they need most, like bread and milk. Instead of candy, you can give them fruits, which contain enough sugar to satisfy them, but which are not likely to spoil their appetites.

5. Fats—Butter or other good fats, cottonseed oil, lard, drippings, etc., are another kind of fuel. People who do hard work, especially outdoors, need more fats than those who are not so active. They are a relatively expensive form of fuel, and besides the animal fats are scarce now and needed for our armies and our allies, so use them sparingly.

These five kinds of food—fruits and vegetables, meats or meat substitutes, cereals, sweets and fats—are all necessary for the proper nourishment of the body. Remember that the cereal group is the one most of us depend on for the bulk of our food. You need the others, too, in proper quantity. Don't forget the five food groups. See to it that you have some food from each group every day!

Scientific Notes.

A motor coal wagon has been patented that loads its contents into baskets and lifts them to a height convenient for men to carry.

France is again studying from a technical standpoint the possibility of making Paris a seaport by deepening the Seine or building a canal.

The production of hemp in China, the original home of the plant, is greater than that of any other country except Russia in normal times.

To teach a golf player to make strokes correctly a machine has been invented to hold his head in the right position and guide his body.

Pressed down only part way, a Virginia inventor's automobile pedal throws out the clutch; pressed down all the way, it applies the brakes.

Special Playing Cards Now For Subjects of the Kaiser

German war enthusiasm has found vent in the banishment from Berlin of the conventional playing cards and the substitution of specially printed packs, says a writer, in which the traditional kings, queens and knaves have been superseded by portraits of war celebrities, such as, for instance, the Kaiser and the crown prince, Hindenburg, Von Kluck and Tirpitz.

The idea is not exactly new, similar "patriotic packs" having made their appearance in 1870-71, during the last Franco-German war. These are now valued by collectors.

Many years later the Kaiser had a number of so-called "royal packs" printed from his own designs, at the German government playing-card factory at Altenburg, near Berlin. One of these, now in possession of King

Recruit Answers to His Nearest Living Relative

A recruit in one of the cantonments when called up for examination was asked: "What is your nearest living relative?" "What you mean 'relative,' mister?" returned the recruit. "Oh, I mean your nearest living kins-folk."

George, bears the portrait of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, as queen of hearts. The Kaiser figures as the king of hearts, while to the pope is allotted the kingship of spades. By a pretty bit of irony the knaves are represented by four leading European statesmen, Lord Beaconsfield, Britain's then premier, being knave of clubs.

Electric Eye Burglar Alarm Set Off by Rays of Light

A burglar alarm set off by rays of light is possible as the result of a scheme introduced under the trade name of the "electric eye" by Dr. O. Hannach of Berlin. It is merely a sensitive selenium cell which will give a signal, when it is illuminated.

"The selenium cell acts in the usual way as a relay," says the Scientific American Supplement. "The cell is small and can easily be hidden in the decorations of a safe or piece of furniture and covered with glass. The advantage claimed over ordinary burglar alarms is that the device will operate as soon as a light is introduced into the dark room, while other alarms have to be excited by the breaking of an electric circuit or by mechanical vibrations. As the electric eye works with a suspended coil, however, accidental vibrations might make it more sensitive than is desired."

His Nightie Inside Out.

The small boy had a habit of pulling his night-dress over his head in the morning, thus turning it inside out. Sometimes his mother was too busy in the morning to notice that it was inside out and change it. One night as she was putting him to bed, she saw that he had already put on his night-dress wrong-side out.

"Why you have your night-dress on inside out," she said.

The little fellow looked up with a smile and said: "Oh, never mind, mother, it'll be all right tomorrow night."

Pride of Durham.

A Durham (N. C.) enthusiast telegraphed to United States marine corps headquarters: "Terrier belonging to United States marine kills huge rooster after battle royal in main thoroughfare. Indignant chicken fanciers witness affair and demand dog pay death penalty. Then they learn ill-fated rooster's name was 'Kaiser.' Result: Dog is now pride of Durham."

Families in England That Have Long Records in the Service of Their Country

The town clerk of Henley-on-Thames has had the name of Cooper since 1777. Whether it has always been a case of son following father is not clear, but the law firm of Cooper has always during that period supplied the town clerk, London Tit-Bits remarks.

Everybody knows that the name of Buller is one to conjure with in Devon, but not everybody knows that a Buller has been a "governor"—whatever that may be—of Crediton cathedral church for upward of 20 years without a break.

Everybody at Hitchins knows the Hobbs family. They are the perennial postmen of the place. Their great-grandfather carried the letters long before penny postage was dreamed of and the letter-carrying business has been done by a Hobbs ever since.

Parliament can supply a few such records. When the son of Lord Derby put up for a division of "Liverpool" it was said that it seemed to be taken for granted that when the heir of Knowlesley became of age Liverpool should send him to parliament—and it did.

It was said that the Newdigates, with but slight breaks, have sat for a division of Warwickshire since 1360. Quite recently F. A. Newdigate resigned his seat to become governor of Tasmania. He is the eighteenth Newdigate of one family—and there are others!—who has been an M. P.

Mother's Cook Book.

One thing that made the bread that mother used to make so good, was the appetite the boys had.

Good Things for the Boys.

It takes a good deal of food to fill an ordinary growing boy, and he needs it for he is building a framework, at the same time using food to supply heat and energy for his daily activities. An active boy will digest hearty food for he burns up a large amount in play and work.

Spiced Beef.

Take five pounds or more, depending upon the size of the family, of beef from the rump. Trim away the meat and cut into several inches from the edge in which to pack the stuffing, made by using suet, crumbs and various herbs which are enjoyed, pepper, salt and a grating of nutmeg or a pinch of mace. After stuffing, rub the meat all over with salt, pepper, cloves, allspice, then wet with vinegar. Let stand over night. In the morning put into a kettle with a cupful of water and cook slowly (very) for several hours, allowing a half hour for every pound of meat, turn it often while cooking so that the gravy will season all parts of the meat. Serve hot or sliced cold. Thicken the gravy and serve with the meat.

Apple Pancakes.

Rub to a cream a tablespoonful each of sweet fat and sugar, add two beaten eggs, one and a half cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a cupful of chopped apples. Flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon and add milk to make a medium batter. Fry as ordinary griddle cakes and serve in an overlapping row around the platter of roast pork or sausage.

Apple Dowdy.

Put an earthenware dish well with shortening and line with slices of bread, also spread with a butter substitute, then fill the dish with sliced apples, sprinkle with brown sugar and a little nutmeg, turn in half a cupful each of hot water and molasses, then cover with slices of buttered bread, buttered side up. Cover the dish for the first hour of baking then uncover and bake for another hour. Serve from the baking dish, with powdered sugar and cream for a sauce.

Nellie Maxwell

IRISH PEASANT SONG

I knead and I spin, but my life is low
the while,
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad
a mile,
Yet if I walk alone, and think of nought
at all,
Why, from me that's young should the wild
tears fall?

The shower-stricken earth, the earth-colored
streams,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me
in dreams,
And yonder ivy fondling the broken castle
wall,
It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears
fall.

The cabin door looks down a turse lighted
hill,
And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are
green and still;
But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin's
hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild
tears fall.

—Louise Imogene Guiney.

More Camouflage.

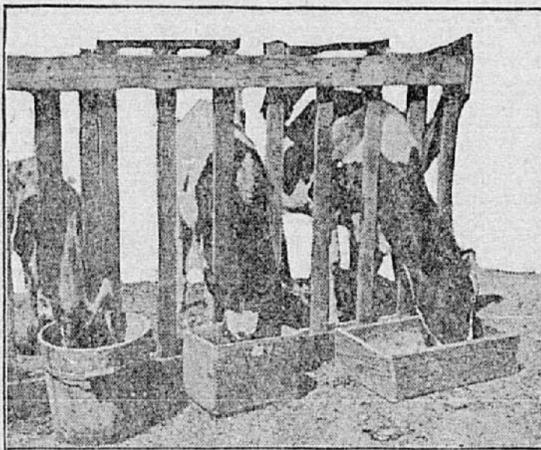
The victim of the tar-and-feather party couldn't realize what was going to happen to him.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked, chattering with fear and the cold.

"We're going to camouflage you," answered the man with the feather bag.

"In other words, we're going to make you look like a rooster, so you can do some more crowing for the Kaiser."

FEED AND MANAGEMENT OF DAIRY CALF



EACH CALF SURE OF GETTING HIS SHARE OF FEED.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Poorly nourished cows give birth to weak, puny calves which are hard to raise. The feeding of the calf, therefore, begins before it is born. The food elements necessary for the development of the calf are taken into the stomach of the cow, digested, assimilated, and transmitted to the calf through the umbilical cord, the connection between the mother and the calf. It is evident that if the cow does not receive food enough to keep herself in thrifty condition and at the same time develop her calf, both she and the calf must suffer. In endeavoring to raise good, thrifty calves many dairymen handicap themselves at the start by not properly feeding the pregnant cows. Such cows should have an abundance of palatable and succulent or juicy feed in order to insure good body flesh and healthy, thrifty condition at calving time. The calves will then be well developed, strong, and sturdy, and ready to respond normally to proper feed and care.

Separation From Cow.

It is assumed that the calf is not to be raised by sucking the cow, but is to be fed by hand. The longer it sucks, therefore, the more difficult it will be to teach it to drink. On the other hand, the first (or colostrum) milk of the cow possesses properties which stimulate the calf's stomach and other digestive organs to action. Colostrum is nature's physic, and for this reason the young calf should always receive its mother's milk at first. The calf is sometimes weak at birth, and for this reason should have nourishment as soon as possible. It is usually easier to induce the calf to suck the cow than to try to make it drink from the pail. Because of these facts most dairymen prefer to let the calf remain with its mother for about 48 hours immediately after birth. An additional advantage of this practice is that the dam will carefully dry the calf by licking within the first few hours of its life. In the case of a weak calf or one that does not gain strength readily it may be best to allow it to remain longer than 48 hours, although under such circumstances it is sometimes difficult to teach the calf to drink, and serious trouble may result from its failure to obtain food.

Teaching Calf to Drink.

It is desirable that the calf be in thrifty, vigorous condition when it is taught to drink. It should be kept without food for at least 12 hours, at the end of which time it will be hungry and will usually drink milk from the pail much more readily than when not hungry. Warm, fresh milk from the mother should be put into a clean pail and held near the floor, in front of the calf, which will generally begin to "nose" about the pail. Once it gets a taste of milk, it will usually drink without further trouble. Often, however, it is necessary for the attendant to put one or two fingers into the calf's mouth, drawing the hand down into the milk as the calf begins to suck the fingers. The calf in this way gets a taste of the milk and often begins to drink without further coaxing. If not, the process must be repeated. Sometimes, however, the calf cannot be induced to drink in this way, and force has to be resorted to. In such case the feeder, facing the same direction as the calf, should straddle its neck and back the animal into a corner. The pail of milk should be held in one hand and the nose of the calf grasped with the other, two fingers being in its mouth. The nose of the calf is then forced into the milk, when it will usually begin to drink.

Sometimes a valuable calf, too weak at birth either to suck the cow or to drink from a pail, can be saved by feeding from a bottle, either with or without a nipple.

Cleanliness First Essential.

Cleanliness is absolutely essential to the successful raising of calves. This is equally necessary in feed, pens, bedding, and pails or utensils. All milk fed should be fresh and clean, and the same is true of other feeds. Calf pens should always be kept clean and be filled with plenty of dry bedding. Great care should be taken in washing the milk pails. These should be thoroughly scalded with boiling water, or sterilized with steam if possible. Discarded feed should be removed from the feed boxes, which should be thoroughly brushed and cleaned each day. Attention to these details is the best preventive of disease. Nearly all disorders or diseases of the calf are caused either directly or indirectly by lack of cleanliness.

Bowser Prepares for War He Is Going to Build a Fort

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Mr. Bowser had come home looking very solemn and earnest.

It was when they had finished their meal and gone upstairs and he had smoked half a cigar that he began pacing up and down and finally explained: "Mrs. Bowser," he began, "do you know that I am almost a criminal?"

"Have you almost killed some one?" she queried.

"Worse than that. If you could kick higher than a toe-string I should ask you to kick me all around this room.



"I'll Be Found Behind It."

I have done a reprehensible, if not a criminal thing. For weeks and weeks I have exposed your life to danger."

"Do you mean that the gas meter may blow up, Mr. Bowser?"

"No, ma'am; I mean that all this howling about war and unpreparedness has been passed by me, and I am today as helpless as an infant. The United States was not prepared for war, and Samuel Bowser is not."

"But what could you do, dear?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, I will go over the case for a minute. If the Germans land troops here they will naturally land at Fritz's dock. He is a German, you know, and he will have sent word to them that they can land at his dock and he will make no charge. Six or eight thousand troops will land and march right up Joy street until they come to the corner of ours. There they will halt until the general in command asks where I live. They will scare some boy

morning, and I shall work around home until it is finished. I shall build a fort to protect this open space. It won't be a fort after all. It will be a breast-work facing the street, and on this will be mounted cannon and quick-firing guns, and, when the hour of peril comes, I will be found behind it with a rifle in my hand and five or six flags flying defiantly."

"Haven't you planned a pretty big thing?" asked Mrs. Bowser, in doubtful tone.

"Yes, it is a pretty big thing, but I can carry it out," was the reply. "The breastwork will be made of sand bags, and I must see a contractor the very first thing in the morning. I must also go to army headquarters and see about cannon, quick-firing guns, rifles and ammunition. Not until that breastwork is finished and ready for business, shall I draw a long breath of relief. What are you getting out pencil and paper for?"

"Oh, just to figure a little," was the reply. "We want to see how much it is going to cost to win the glorious victory of the Germans and save our lives. Now, then, how many sand bags will you use?"

"About 200, and each bag will weigh 200 pounds, I don't see any use in figuring."

"Well, it won't do any hurt, Mr. Bowser. You get a contractor. He has got to buy 200 stout bags, and have them filled, and drawn here on his truck and delivered. I don't believe you can get them at less than two dollars a bag. They may have to be drawn a great distance, don't you see?"

"Then," continued Mrs. Bowser, "you must have at least one man to assist you in placing the bags, and you can count on three hard days' work—maybe weeks. You must add all this into the expense, and you will probably have two cannon. What do cannon cost, Mr. Bowser?"

"As I told you this figuring is all hush," sulkily replied Mr. Bowser.

"I don't believe you can get them for less than \$500 each, and you never loaded nor fired a cannon in your life. It looks to me as if you would have to hire an artillery company. And I read in the paper that a quick-firing gun cost \$250. You will want two of them, and about 10 rifles at \$10 apiece."

"Are you done?" sulkily demanded Mr. Bowser, as Mrs. Bowser stopped to wet her pencil on her tongue.

"Just a minute, Mr. Bowser. There is the ammunition for all of these arms—that is going to cost a pretty penny. There is no doubt but that you will kill at least a thousand Germans, but let us see how much it will cost you a head."

"We won't see anything of the kind!" half shouted Mr. Bowser. "I am going ahead and build that fort, and an hour before the Germans come you can start out on a visit to your mother and leave me here alone. I shall perish defending that breastwork."

"Just a word, Mr. Bowser. If, when the Germans come and before they have drawn down the gates, you asked the commander to step inside and see

BUTTER GRADING IS A PRACTICAL NEED

Just as Much Need With Dairy Products as There Is With Other Farm Commodities.

R. M. Washburn of the dairy division, University farm, says there is just as much need of grading and standardizing butter as there is of standardizing other agricultural products, and that grading will help butter just as much as it has helped other products.

Grading can be done best near the point of production, adds Mr. Washburn. This would mean the establishing of two or three grading stations at easily accessible points in Minnesota.

Every creamery in the state makes its own brand of butter different from the brand of other creameries. In order to get the best prices the products should be standardized. This could be done at grading stations. In Canada and other countries butter is graded, and the graded butter brings in an average of one cent more a pound. In 1915 Minnesota produced 123,000,000 pounds of butter, worth \$36,000,000. At one cent more a pound the return would be increased by \$12,300,000.

At the creamery men's conference to be held at University farm, St. Paul, January 3 and 4, men will be present who know butter-grading, and the subject will be discussed.

SILAGE FAVORED TO INCREASE MILK FLOW

Results Given of Test With Dairy Cows Conducted at Ohio Experiment Station.

Cows fed a ration composed largely of silage produced 17 per cent more milk and 28 per cent more butter fat than those given a ration consisting mainly of grain in a feeding test for 121 days at the Ohio Experiment station. The silage ration was also cheaper for milk production. The cows gained nearly 8 per cent in milk yield when put on the silage ration. They produced butter fat at a cost of 18 cents a pound, while the cost of a pound from the cows fed mainly grain was 22 cents. There was little difference in the gains in live weight between the two lots.

In addition to 58 pounds of silage and 6.8 pounds of hay, the one lot received only four pounds of grain consisting of oilmeal and bran. The graded lot received only 12 pounds of corn stover and hay, but 13.6 pounds of a grain mixture of oilmeal, cornmeal and bran.



"Shall Perish Defending That Breastwork."

ato pointing out our house and they will come down here with a rush. Do you see it, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Hardly," she replied, "what should they want of you?"

"Why, I have defied their teeth and toenail for the last year. Now, then, our house stands almost on the west line of our lot. On the east side, there is an open space of 30 feet. There are gates by which a coal cart can come in at the front and deliver the coal, and go out of the alley gate in rear. Is this open space defended?"

"Why, does it need any defense, Mr. Bowser?"

"If the Germans come you will see. They will tear away the front gate in a jiffy, and pour in and have the house surrounded in sixty seconds. You know what that means. I am reprehensible and almost criminal because I did not see this thing long ago and prepare for it. Mrs. Bowser, I ought to be sent to jail for two or three days!"

"But now that you see it at last you are going to prepare, are you?" was the query.

"I am going right at it tomorrow

what sort of a trap you had arranged for them, wouldn't they surrender to a man and permit you to march them out to the police station?"

"Woman, don't talk to me. I never should have talked to you about this. Not a word. This comes of my talking you into my confidence. We will see no more about it."

"I just want to ask one more question," said Mrs. Bowser. "Your breastwork will front toward the street. Your artillery will all point that way. The space between your breastwork and the alley will be all open. Have you thought the Germans might come down the alley and take you in the rear, and you couldn't fire a gun at them?"

Bowser gave a start and jumped to his feet, and without a word he left the house. An hour later, and a mile away, he was standing leaning against a shade tree when a patrolman stopped before him and said:

"Come, old man, be moving along. You act to me like a man who is afraid to go home and face his wife, but you can't lag around the streets. Go home and beg her pardon, and tell her you'll never do it again."

The Son of the Wolf

He Would a Wooing Go to Win Him an Indian Bride

By JACK LONDON

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AN rarely places a proper valuation upon his woman-kind, at least not until deprived of them. He has no conception of the subtle atmosphere exhaled by the sex feminine so long as he bathes in it; but let it be withdrawn, and an ever-growing void begins to manifest itself in his existence, and he becomes hungry, in a vague sort of way, for something so indefinite that he cannot characterize it. If his comrades have no more experience than himself, they will shake their heads dubiously and dose him with strong physic. But the hunger will continue and become stronger; he will lose interest in the things of his every-day life and wax morbid; and one day, when the emptiness has become unbearable, a revelation will dawn upon him.

In the Yukon country, when this comes to pass, the man usually provisions a polling boat, if it be summer, and if winter harnesses his dogs, and heads for the Southland. A few months later, supposing him to be possessed of a faith in the country, he returns with a wife to share with him in that faith, and incidentally in his hardships. This but serves to show the innate selfishness of man. It also brings us to the trouble of "Scruff" Mackenzie, which occurred in the old days, before the country was stamped and staked by a tidal wave of checha-quas, and when the Klondike's only claim to notice was its salmon fisheries.

Scruff Mackenzie bore the earmarks of a frontier birth and a frontier life. His face was stamped with twenty-five years of incessant struggle with nature in her wildest moods, the last two, the wildest and hardest of all, having been spent in groping for the gold which lies in the shadow of the Arctic Circle. When the yearning sickness came upon him he was not surprised, for he was a practical man and had seen other men thus stricken. But he showed no sign of his malady, save that he worked harder. All summer he fought mosquitoes and washed the sure-thing bars of the Stuart river for a double grub-stake. Then he floated a raft of house-logs down the Yukon to Forty Mile, and put together as comfortable a cabin as any the camp could boast of. In fact, it showed such cozy promise that many men elected to be his partner and to come and live with him. But he crushed their aspirations with rough speech, peculiar for its strength and brevity, and bought a double supply of grub from the trading-post.

He was a sturdy traveler, and his wolf-dogs could work harder and travel farther on less grub than any other team in the Yukon. Three weeks later he strode into a hunting camp of the Upper Tanana Sticks. They marveled at his temerity; for they had a bad name and had been known to kill white men for as trifling a thing as a sharp ax or a broken rifle. But he went among them single-handed, his bearing being a delicious composite of humility, familiarity, sang-froid, and insolence. It required a left hand and deep knowledge of the barbaric mind effectually to handle such diverse weapons; but he was a past master in the art, knowing when to conciliate and when to threaten with Jove-like wrath.

He first made obeisance to the Chief Thing-Tinneh, presenting him with a couple of pounds of black tea and tobacco, and thereby winning his most cordial regard. Then he mingled with the men and maidens, and that night gave a potlach. The snow was beaten down in the form of an oblong, perhaps a hundred feet in length and quarter as many across. Down the center a long fire was built, while either side was carpeted with spruce boughs. The lodges were forsaken, and the dvescore or so members of the tribe gave tongue to their folk-chants in honor of their guests.

Scruff Mackenzie's two years had taught him the not many hundred words of their vocabulary, and he had likewise conquered their deep gutturals, their Japanese idioms, constructions, and honorific and agglutinative particles. So he made oration after their manner, satisfying their instinctive poetry-love with crude, flights of eloquence and metaphorical contortions. After Thing-Tinneh and the Shaman had responded in kind, he made trifling presents to the menfolk, joined in their singing, and proved an expert in their fifty-two-stick gambling game.

It was slow work and a stiff game; but Scruff Mackenzie maneuvered cunningly, with an unconcern which served to puzzle the Sticks. He took great care to impress the men that he was a sure shot and a mighty hunter, and the camp rang with his plaudits when he brought down a moose at six hundred yards. Of a night he visited in Chief Thing-Tinneh's lodge of moose and caribou skins, talking big and dispensing tobacco with a lavish hand. Nor did he fail to likewise honor the Shaman; for he realized the

medicine man's influence with his people, and was anxious to make of him an ally. But that worthy was high and mighty, refused to be propitiated, and was unerringly marked down as a prospective enemy.

Though no opening presented for an interview with Zarinska, Mackenzie stole many a glance to her, giving fair warning of his intent. And well she knew, yet coquettishly surrounded herself with a ring of women whenever the men were away and he had a chance. But he was in no hurry; besides, he knew she could not help but think of him, and a few days of such thought would only better his suit.

At last, one night, when he deemed the time to be ripe, he abruptly left the chief's smoky dwelling and hastened to a neighboring lodge. As usual, she sat with squaws and maidens about her, all engaged in sewing moccasins and beadwork. They laughed at his entrance, and badinage, which linked Zarinska to him, ran high. But one after the other they were unceremoniously bundled into the outer snow, whence they hurried to spread the tale through all the camp.

His cause was well pleaded, in her tongue, for she did not know his, and at the end of two hours he rose to go. "So Zarinska will come to the white man's lodge? Good! I go now to have talk with thy father, for he may not be so minded. And I will give him many tokens; but he must not ask too much. If he say no? Good! Zarinska shall yet come to the white man's lodge."

He had already lifted the skin flap to depart, when a low exclamation brought him back to the girl's side. She brought herself to her knees on the bearskin mat, her face aglow with true eye-light, and shyly unbuckled his heavy belt. He looked down, perplexed, suspicious, his ears alert for the slightest sound without. But her next move disarmed his doubt, and he smiled with pleasure. She took from her sewing-bag a mooshide sheath, brave with bright beadwork, fantastically designed. She drew his great hunting knife, gazed reverently along the keen edge, half tempted to try it with her thumb, and shot it into place in its new home. Then she slipped the sheath along the belt to its customary resting-place, just above the hip.

For all the world, it was like a scene of olden time—a lady and her knight. Mackenzie drew her up full height and swept her red lips with his mustache—the, to her, foreign caress of the wolf. It was a meeting of the stone age and the steel.

There was a thrill of excitement in the air as Scruff Mackenzie, a bulky bundle under his arm, threw open the flap of Thing-Tinneh's tent. Children were running about in the open, dragging dry wood to the scene of the potlach, a babble of women's voices was growing in tenacity, the young men were consulting in sullen groups, while from the Shaman's lodge rose the eerie sounds of an incantation.

The chief was alone with his bearded wife, but a glance sufficed to tell Mackenzie that the news was already old. So he plunged at once into the business, shifting the beaded sheath prominently to the fore as advertisement of the betrothal.

"O Thing-Tinneh, mighty chief of the Sticks and the land of the Tanana, ruler of the salmon and the bear, the moose and the caribou! The white man is before thee with a great purpose. Many moons has his lodge been empty, and he is lonely. And his heart has eaten itself in silence, and grown hungry for a woman to sit beside him in his lodge, to meet him from the hunt with warm fire and good food. He has heard strange things, the patter of baby moccasins and the sound of children's voices. And one night a vision came upon him, and he beheld the raven, who is thy father, the great raven, who is the father of all the Sticks. And the raven spake to the lonely white man, saying: 'Bind thou thy moccasins upon thee, and gird thy snowshoes on, and lash thy sled with food for many sleeps and fine tokens for the Chief Thing-Tinneh. For thou shalt turn thy face to where the mid-spring sun is wont to sink below the land, and journey to this great chief's hunting grounds. There thou shalt make big presents, and Thing-Tinneh, who is my son, shall become to thee as a father. In his lodge there is a maiden into whom I breathed the breath of life for thee. This maiden shall thou take to wife.'

"O chief, thus spake the great raven; thus do I lay many presents at thy feet; thus and I come to take thy daughter!"

The old man drew his furs about him with crude consciousness of royalty, but delayed reply while a youngster crept in, delivered a quick message to appear before the council, and was gone.

"O white man, whom we have named moose-killer, also known as the wolf, and the son of the wolf! We know thou comest of a mighty race; we are proud to have thee our potlach guest;

but the king-salmon does not mate with the dog-salmon, nor the raven with the wolf."

"Not so!" cried Mackenzie. "The daughter of the raven have I met in the camps of the wolf—the squaw of Mortimer, the squaw of Tregidgo, the squaw of Barnaby, who came two ice-runs back, and I have heard of other squaws, though my eyes beheld them not."

"Son, your words are true; but it were evil mating, like the water with the sand, like the snowflake with the sun. But met you one Mason and his squaw? No? He came ten ice-runs ago—the first of all the wolves. And with him there was a mighty man, straight as a willow-shoot, and tall; strong as the bald-faced grizzly, with a heart like the full summer moon; his—"

"Oh!" interrupted Mackenzie, recognizing the well-known northland figure—"Malemute Kid!"

"The same—a mighty man. But say you ought to the squaw? She was full sister to Zarinska."

"Nay, chief; but I have heard. Mason—far, far to the north, a spruce tree, heavy with years, crushed out his life beneath. But his love was great, and he had much gold. With this, and her boy, she journeyed countless sleeps toward the winter's noontide sun, and there she yet lives—no biting frost, no snow, no summer's midnight sun, no winter's noontide night."

A second messenger interrupted with imperative summons from the council. As Mackenzie threw him into the snow, he caught a glimpse of the swaying forms before the council fire, heard the deep basses of the men in rhythmic chant, and knew the Shaman was fanning with anger of his people. Time pressed. He turned upon the chief.

"Come! I wish thy child. And now see! I here, tobacco, tea, many cups of sugar, warm blankets, handkerchiefs, both good and large; and here, a true rifle, with many bullets and much powder."

"Nay," replied the old man, struggling against the great wealth spread before him. "Even now are my people come together. They will not have this marriage."

"But thou art chief."

"Yet do my young men rage because



Swayed a Moment and Pitched Forward.

the wolves have taken their maidens so that they may not marry."

"Listen, O Thing-Tinneh! Ere the night has passed into the day, the Wolf shall face his dogs to the mountains of the east and fare forth to the country beyond the Yukon. And Zarinska shall break trail for his dogs."

"And ere the night has gained its middle, my young men may fling to the dogs the flesh of the wolf, and his bones be scattered in the snow till the springtime fly them bare."

It was threat and counter-threat. Mackenzie's bronzed face flushed darkly. He raised his voice. The old squaw, who till now had sat an impassive spectator, made to creep by him for the door. The song of the men broke suddenly, and there was a hubbub of many voices as he whirled the old woman roughly to her couch of skins.

"Again I cry—listen, O Thing-Tinneh! The wolf dies with teeth fast-locked, and with him there shall sleep ten of thy strongest men—men who are needed, for the hunting is but begun, and the fishing is not many moons away. And again, of what profit should I die? I know the custom of thy people; thy share of my wealth shall be very small. Grant me thy child, and it shall all be thine. And yet again, my brothers will come, and they are many, and their maws are never filled; and the daughters of the raven shall bear children in the lodges of the wolf. My people are greater than thy people. It is destiny. Grant, and all this wealth is thine."

Moccasins were crunching the snow without. Mackenzie threw his rifle to cock, and loosened the twin colts in his belt.

"Grant, O chief!"

"And yet will my people say no." "Grant, and the wealth is thine. Then shall I deal with thy people after."

"The Wolf will have it so. I will take his tokens—but I would warn him."

Mackenzie passed over the goods, taking care to clog the rifle's ejector, and capping the bargain with a kaleidoscopic silk kerchief. The Shaman and half a dozen young braves entered, but he shouldered boldly among them and passed out.

"Pack!" was his laconic greeting to Zarinska as he passed her lodge and hurried to harness his dogs. A few minutes later he swept into the council at the head of the team the woman by his side. He took his place at the upper end of the oblong, by the side of the chief. To his left, a step to the rear, he stationed Zarinska—her proper place. Besides, the time was ripe for mischief, and there was need to guard his back.

The singing and dancing ceased, and the Shaman flared up in rude eloquence. Through the stoniest of their vast mythology, he worked cunningly upon the credulity of his people. The case was strong. Opposing the creative principles as embodied in the crow and the raven, he stigmatized Mackenzie as the wolf, the fighting and the destructive principle.

"Ay, my brothers, Jelchs is all-power! Did he not bring heaven-born fire that we might be warm? Did he not draw the sun, moon and stars from their holes that we might see? Did he not teach us that we might fight the spirits of famine and of frost? But now Jelchs is angry with his children, and they are grown to a handful, and he will not help. For they have forgotten him, and done evil things, and trod bad trails, and taken his enemies into their lodges to sit by their fires. And the raven is sorrowful at the wickedness of his children; but when they shall rise up and show they have come back, he will come out of the darkness to aid them. O brothers! the boy-bringer has whispered messages to thy shaman; the same shall ye hear. Let the young men take the young women to their lodges; let them fly at the throat of the wolf; let them be undying in their enmity! Then shall

choice meat at the killing. To the ravens are left the leavings. "There is Gughla!" he cried, brutally pointing out one of the women, who was a cripple. "Her legs are bent like the ribs of a birch canoe. She cannot gather wood nor carry the meat of the hunters. Did the wolves choose her?"

"All al!" vociferated his tribesmen. "There is Moyri, whose eyes are crossed by the evil spirit. Even the babes are affrighted when they gaze upon her, and it is said the bald-face gives her the trail. Was she chosen?"

Again the cruel applause rang out. "And there sits Pischet. She does not hearken to my words. Never has she heard the cry of the chit-chat, the voice of her husband, the babble of her child. She lives in the white silence. Cared the wolves aught for her? No! Theirs is the choice of the kill; ours the leavings."

"Brothers, it shall not be! No more shall the wolves sink among our campfires. The time is come."

A great streamer of fire, the aurora borealis, purple, green and yellow, shot across the zenith, bridging horizon to horizon. With head thrown back and arms extended, he swayed to his climax.

"Behold! The spirits of our fathers have arisen and great deeds are afoot this night!"

He stepped back, and another young man somewhat diffidently came forward, pushed on by his comrades. He towered a full head above them, his broad chest defiantly bared to the frost. He swung tentatively from one foot to the other. Words halted upon his tongue, and he was ill at ease. His face was horrible to look upon, for it had at one time been half torn away by some terrific blow. At last he struck his breast with his clenched fist, drawing his voice as from a drum, and his sound rumbled forth as the surf from an ocean cavern.

"I am the Bear—the Silver-Tip and the Son of the Silver-Tip! When my voice was yet as a girl's, I slew the lynx, the moose, and the caribou; when I whistled like the volversines from under a cache, I crossed the Mountains of the South and slew three of the White Rivers; when it became as the roar of the Chinook, I met the bald-faced grizzly, but gave no trail."

At this he paused, his hand significantly sweeping across his hideous scars.

"I am not as the Fox. My tongue is frozen like the river. I cannot make great talk. My words are few. The Fox says great deeds are afoot this night. Good! Talk flows from his tongue like the freshets of the spring, but he is chary of deeds. This night shall I do battle with the Wolf. I shall slay him, and Zarinska shall sit by my fire. The Bear has spoken."

Though pandemonium raged about him, Scruff Mackenzie held his ground.

"Brothers! The White Man, whom ye have chosen to call the Wolf, came among you with fair words. He was not like the Innuut; he spoke not lies. He came as a friend, as one who would be a brother. But your men have had their say, and the time for soft words is past. First, I will tell you that the Shaman has an evil tongue and is a false prophet, that the messages he spake are not those of the Fire-Bringer. His ears are leeked to the voice of the raven, and out of his own head he weaves cunning fancies, and he has made fools of you. He has no power. When the dogs were killed and eaten, and your stomachs were heavy with untanned hide and strips of moccasins; when the old men died, and the old women died, and the babes at the dry dugs of the mothers died; when the land was dark, and ye perished as do the salmon in the fall; ay, when the famine was upon you, did the Shaman bring reward to your hunters? Did the Shaman put meat in your bellies? Again I say, the Shaman is without power. Thus! I spit upon his face!"

Though taken aback by the sacrilege, there was no uproar. Some of the women were even frightened, but among the men there was an uplifting, as though in preparation or anticipation of the miracle. All eyes were turned upon the two central figures. The priest realized the crucial moment, felt his power tottering, opened his mouth in denunciation, but fled backward before the truculent advance, upraised fist, and flashing eyes of Mackenzie. He sneered and resumed.

"Was I stricken dead? Did the lightning burn me? Did the stars fall from the sky and crush me? Pish! I have done with the dog. Now will I tell you of my people, who are the mightiest of all the peoples, who rule in all the lands. At first we hunt as I hunt, alone. After that we hunt in packs; and at last, like the caribou-run, we sweep across all the land. Those whom we take into our lodges live; those whom we will not come die. Zarinska is a comely maiden, full and strong, fit to become the mother of wolves. Though I die, such shall she become; for my brothers are many, and they will follow the scent of my dogs. Listen to the Law of the Wolf: Whoso taketh the life of one Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay. In many lands has the price been paid; in many lands shall it yet be paid."

"Now will I deal with the Fox and the Bear. It seems they have cast eyes upon the maiden. So? Behold, I have bought her! Thing-Tinneh leans upon the rifle; the goods of purchase are by his fire. Yet will I be fair to the young men. To the Fox, whose tongue is dry with my words, will I give of tobacco five long plugs. Thus will my tobacco be wotted that he may make much noise in the council. But to the Bear, of whom I am well proud, will I give of blankets two; of flour, twenty cups; of tobacco, double that of the Fox; and if he fare with me over the Mountains of the East, then will I give him a rifle, mate to Thing-Tinneh's,

if not? Good! The Wolf is weary of speech. Yet once again will he say the law: 'Whoso taketh the life of one Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay.'

Mackenzie smiled as he stepped back to his old position, but at heart he was full of trouble. The night was yet dark. The girl came to his side, and he listened closely as she told of the Bear's battle-tricks with the knife.

The decision was for war. In a trice, scores of moccasins were widening the space of beaten snow by the fire. There was much chatter about the seeming defeat of the Shaman; some averred he had but withheld his power, while others counted past events and agreed with the Wolf. The Bear came to the center of the battle ground, a long naked hunting-knife of Russian make in his hand. The Fox called attention to Mackenzie's revolvers; so he stripped his belt, buckling it about Zarinska, into whose hands he also intrusted his rifle. She shook her head that she could not shoot—small chance had a woman to handle such precious things.

"Then, if danger come by my back, cry aloud, 'My husband!' No; thus, 'My husband!'"

He laughed as she repeated it, pinched her cheek and re-entered the circle. Not only in reach and stature had the Bear the advantage of him, but his blade was longer by a good two inches. Scruff Mackenzie had looked into the eyes of men before, and he knew it was a man who stood against him; yet he quickened to the glint of light on the steel, to the dominant pulse of his race.

Twice he pricked the Bear, getting away unscathed; but the third time caught, and to save himself, free hands closed on fighting hands, and they came together. Then did he realize the tremendous strength of his opponent. His muscles were knotted in painful lumps, and cords and tendons threatened to snap with the strain; yet nearer and nearer came the Russian steel. He tried to break away, but only weakened himself. The fur-clad circle closed in, certain of and anxious to see the final stroke. But with wrestler's trick, swinging partly to the side, he struck at his adversary with his head. Involuntarily the Bear leaned back, disturbing his center of gravity. Simultaneously with this, Mackenzie tripped properly and threw his whole weight forward, hurling him clear through the circle into the deep snow. The Bear floundered out and came back full tilt.

"Oh, my husband!" Zarinska's voice rang out, vibrant with danger.

To the twang of a bow-string, Mackenzie swept low to the ground, and a bone-barbed arrow passed over him into the breast of the Bear, whose momentum carried him over his crouching foe. The next instant Mackenzie was up and about. The Bear lay motionless, but across the fire was the Shaman, drawing a second arrow.

Mackenzie's knife leaped short in the air. He caught the heavy blade by the point. There was a flash of light as it spanned the fire. Then the Shaman, the hit alone appearing without his throat, swayed a moment and pitched forward into the glowing embers.

Click! click!—the Fox had possessed himself of Thing-Tinneh's rifle and was valiantly trying to throw a shell into place. But he dropped it at the sound of Mackenzie's laughter.

"So the Fox has not learned the way of the phytling? He is yet a woman. Come! Bring it, that I may show thee!"

The Fox hesitated.

"Come, I say."

He slouched forward like a beaten cur.

"Thus, and thus; so the thing is done." A shell flew into place and the trigger was at cock as Mackenzie brought it to shoulder.

"The Fox has said great deeds were afoot this night, and he spoke true. There have been great deeds, yet least among them were those of the Fox. Is he still intent to take Zarinska to his lodge? Is he minded to tread the trail already broken by the Shaman and the Bear? No? Good!"

Mackenzie turned contemptuously and drew his knife from the priest's throat.

"Are any of the young men so minded? If so, the Wolf will take them by two and three till none are left. No? Good. Thing-Tinneh, I now give thee this rifle a second time. If in the days to come thou shouldst journey to the country of the Yukon, know thou that there shall always be a place and much food by the fire of the Wolf. The night is now passing into the day. I go, but I may come again. And for the last time, remember the Law of the Wolf!"

He was supernatural in their sight as he rejoined Zarinska. She took her place at the head of the team, and the dogs swung into motion. A few moments later they were swallowed up by the ghostly forest. Till now Mackenzie had waited; he slopped into his snowshoes to follow.

"Has the Wolf forgotten the five long plugs?"

Mackenzie turned upon the Fox angrily; then the humor of it struck him.

"I will give thee one short plug."

"As the Wolf sees fit," meekly responded the Fox, stretching out his hand.

JUST A LITTLE SMILE



THE RULING PASSION.

"I am sorry, Rollo," said the young woman, gently, "but I fear that you must not hope. I am fond of you, but we can never marry. You see—"

"Yes, I see!" he interrupted, bitterly. "You cannot marry me because I weigh 200 pounds. Nobody loves a fat man!"

And with this quotation he strode forth into the night.

But there is always a Chapter II. Three weeks later our hero again stood in the presence of our heroine.

"I have come back to renew my suit," he said.

"But, Rollo, did I not tell you that it was hopeless?"

"Wait! Do not spurn me till you know all. I have been taking a gymnasium course. Today I am a bargain. I am reduced from 200 to 198!"

Unable to withstand the great slump in values, she fell into his arms.

Ease and Superior Wealth.

"Did you ever ride in the chariots of ease?"

"Not recently. When I was a boy I used to get an occasional ride on the ice wagon."

An Instance.

"The language of flowers is very eloquent."

"Especially when the sentiment of love is conveyed by a pair of pressed two lips."

NOT THAT MOULD.



Lady of the House—Mary Anne, did you mold the bread as I told you? Mary Anne—Shure, an' I put it in the damp cupboard, an' it moulded its self.

My Wish.

Let others strive for fame and gold, And strive for chunks of land to hold, I'm satisfied if I can get Enough to keep me out of debt.

Too Brittle.

"Blazes doesn't seem to have much snap in him any more."

"No; he used to have so much snap in him that now he's broke."—Answers.

How It Is Done.

"I don't see how some of my friends are able to have automobiles."

"It is not so difficult as you think, old man. The wives help out wonderfully. A woman will go without an astonishing number of things for the sake of a car."

The Final One.

"Is there any sure test of mushrooms to tell them from toadstools?"

"Oh, yes. If you gather a mess and eat them, and they kill you, you ma' be sure they were toadstools."

An Even Break.

Mrs. Busybody—Your husband goes out a good deal, doesn't he? Mrs. Keen—Oh, I don't know; he doesn't go out any oftener than my comers in.—Boston Transcript.

The Reason.

"I know a couple of young millionaires who are going off to hunt wild deer."

"Maybe it is because every tame 'ear is hunting them."

Daddy Broke His Face.

John was always an interested spectator when his father shaved. One morning the razor slipped and the skin was cut a trifling, and John turned and said regretfully to his mother, "Oh, see, daddy did break his nice face."

Mean Abuse.

"Pop, what's camouflage?"

"It is the sort of stuff your Aunt Henry puts on her face to make her try and represent something young and pretty."

Mack & Co
ANN ARBOR.

IT IS
War Time Economy
To Make Your Own Wash Dresses

Materials are here to suit every taste as well as every pocketbook.
SHEER, SOFT VOILES in rose, pearl grey and the other spring shades. Also made up in plaids, stripes and figures of clever design.
Priced from 35c to 50c a yard.
THE NEW GINGHAMS are just the thing for smart street dresses. The popular plaids predominate although there are many striped and plain patterns.
Priced at 50, 55 and 59c a yard.
Many other attractive materials at equally attractive prices.
PICTORIAL REVIEW patterns in original and distinctive designs.
(First Floor)

IF YOU CAN'T ENLIST—
YOUR MONEY CAN!



Volunteer your Cash!
INVEST IN LIBERTY BONDS

SERMON ON PATRIOTISM

By a 1,000 Per Cent American.

Here is a sermon on patriotism. It comes to Chicago from Sturgeon Bay, Wis. The standard of patriotism preached in this sermon is so much above the patriotism of many thousands of men and women in the Seventh reserve district that the Liberty loan executive committee is sending the story broadcast throughout the district in the hope of rousing a spirit of emulation in the breasts of all citizens, both naturalized and native born. Were every man in the Chicago district to attain the standard of Demosthenes of Sturgeon Bay, Wis. It is pointed out, the whole \$3,000,000,000 would be subscribed in this one district alone.

Demosthenes, a 1,000 per cent American, has the following message for Uncle Sam:

"You can borrow anything and everything I have."

And this is not his message alone. It is also the message of his two brothers—Antonios and Stavros. Their surname is Anagnostopoulos, and they conduct a small candy store in Sturgeon Bay, Wis. Let Demosthenes Anagnostopoulos do the rest of the talking:

"We boys didn't have anything when we came to this country. My brothers and I were very poor in the old country. All we have we made here. This country has given us great opportunity. Whatever we have we owe to this country."

"We don't consider that we have done anything beyond a fair share in taking \$3,000 worth of Third Liberty loan bonds. We took \$1,800 of the second loan, and our allotment for the third loan, figured by the appraisal committee on the basis of assessed valuation of property, was \$300 each, or \$300 for the three of us. But as we had the money and we knew that Uncle Sam wanted to raise much money for the war, we decided to let him have all our savings. We know that it is a safe investment and we don't consider that we have been particularly patriotic in lending this amount to the government."

"We talked it over and we decided that we owed this country something—yes, everything—and we felt the least we could do would be to lend money to the government."

"Tony" is in the draft and probably will go to one of the cantonments on the next call for soldiers. He is

glad to go and fight for his country. We—Stavros and myself—are glad to have him go, and if we are called, we, too, will be glad to go.

"We don't consider that we are entitled to be known as patriots for lending our money to the government. The security is so good, the interest is so high, the investment is so excellent in every way, that we would have been glad to take advantage of the opportunity even if the best country in the world had not been at war and in need of money."

"In the sixteen years we have lived here we have prospered. We know that America gives every industrious man a splendid opportunity. We want that opportunity continued. That is the reason we subscribed."

Women Must Save and Work.

Women, stand beside our fighting boys in spirit! Keep up the morale of our army by unflinching courage and heroic devotion at home. The Third Liberty loan points your duty—the third nation-wide call to universal service—the third sword sharpened for victory in the forge of freedom.

America must win—it dares not fail—it is America, the unconquered, that enlists.

Women, it is said, spend nine-tenths of all the money that is spent. Let every woman scrutinize her family budget. She must do the major part in taking her family's share of Liberty bonds. Under the women of America must rest, in a large measure, success of the Third Liberty loan.

To the American Mother.

A boy, yours or your neighbor's, lies shivering in the trenches "over there." Wet, cold, weary, or worse yet, on the stretches of No Man's Land, wounded, alone, dying. You cannot bear for him one agony; you cannot give him life, health or happiness. But if all America does her duty you can give to every American lad who goes over the top the glory of hope—the reasonable certainty of victory—the emanation of knowing that he does not die in vain—that America has risen to one to make the world fit for life, fit for home, fit for freedom.

Invest in Liberty bonds now. Subscribe until it hurts. Take what you can outright, and take on the installment plan as many as you can stagger under.

Remember—it's no longer "do your bit," but do your all. Hold fast for victory!

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

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PLAN CONCRETE ROAD CLEAR ACROSS STATE

Scheme to Utilize Convict Labor in Construction and So Reduce Labor Cost.

If the next legislature will approve a plan outlined by the Michigan Penology commission at a conference held in Grand Rapids, Saturday afternoon, a concrete highway extending from Grand Haven to Detroit will be constructed within the next few years.

By employing convicts from Ionia reformatory, Jackson prison, and the house of correction, it is claimed by State Highway Commissioner Frank Rogers, the cost of construction of an 18-foot concrete road could be reduced to \$25,000 per mile.

Warden Otis Fuller, head of the Ionia reformatory, believes that the state highway commissioner's estimate is too high, and he declares that in spite of the increased cost of material the cost per mile should not exceed \$18,000.

From Detroit to Ypsilanti, concrete has already replaced gravel with the exception of a few miles. It is proposed to extend the concrete highway from Ypsilanti through Jackson, Lansing, Ionia and Grand Rapids to Grand Haven. This route will pass through Chelsea probably following the old territorial road, which lies just outside the southern limits of the village.

Seventy trustees from Ionia can be spared from the prison farm and the other industries and will be available for road work, if the legislature will provide the funds to meet the amount which will be raised by the various counties through which the proposed concrete trunk line will pass.

As tentatively outlined by the members of the commission, the Ionia convicts will be used as far east as Lansing.

From Lansing through to Ypsilanti, it is proposed to depend upon the prisoners from Jackson to perform a major portion of the work.

WHEAT HOARDER HELD

State Constabulary Seizes 4,000 Bushels in Lenawee.

Colonel Vandercook and the three members of the Michigan state constabulary Friday took into custody Wynan Wells, Tipton, Lenawee county farmer, charged with hoarding upwards of 4,000 bushels of grain.

Wells offered little resistance when the state representatives arrived at his farm, and he was taken to the office of T. M. Joslin, Lenawee county food administrator, where a long conference took place between the prosecutor and sheriff. Wells refused to talk, except that he still maintained that he would protect his property.

The entire amount of wheat which Wells was hoarding was confiscated and trucks drew the wheat to the mill. Wells was left in custody of Sergeant Wakeman of the constabulary and was accompanied by him and other officers to the Wells farm. The colonel and the other two troops returned to Lansing.

Wheatless Days and Meals

Help by substituting other cereals and vegetables for at least one-third of the wheat flour ordinarily used. Do this in two ways:

Serve War Breads. Make quick breads such as corn bread, muffins, etc., which use a very small percent of flour, and substitute in your own yeast-bread recipe, for at least 1-4 of the wheat flour, any of the following:

- Rye flour
- Buckwheat
- Barley flour
- Rice flour
- Oatmeal
- Cornmeal
- Cooked breakfast food
- Mashed potatoes

Remember that bread made of mixed flour is better body building material than that made from one grain alone. The loaf will be as nourishing but not so large or light. Comparatively small amounts of wheat need be used in the right kind of quick breads, muffins, etc. Much wheat can be saved by making these often.

Use most freely what is nearest at hand, in order that there may be more shipping space for sending food to our soldiers. Michigan's rye is becoming famous for its Rosen rye. Use rye flour when available. It makes excellent bread and pastry. The barley crop is a good one and barley flour makes good bread. Try it.

Michigan had an unusually large crop of potatoes last year. Use potatoes in bread and instead of bread. Eat one more potato and one slice less of bread each day. Try using potatoes in cake and pastry. Let wheat be as much of a luxury this year as potatoes were last spring.

Use more vegetables on the table, and less bread and meat. "One more potato each day." "One less slice of bread."

Eat more turnips, cabbage, carrots, beans, and peas, and less of the cereals.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

A. A. Riedel was in Ann Arbor yesterday.

Arthur Avery is clerking for Vogel & Wurster.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cain are spending a few days in Chicago.

Mrs. E. P. Steiner has been ill with the measles for a few days.

Sergeant George Turnbull was home from Camp Custer, Sunday.

W. J. Beuerle of Freedom was in Detroit yesterday on business.

Regular meeting of the Pythian sisters, Thursday evening, May 2d.

John Kelly and son Leo visited Max Kelly at Camp Custer, Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Canfield of Detroit visited Mrs. Rose Gregg over the weekend.

Miss Margaret Eppler was home from Battle Creek over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Baxter and family visited relatives in Fenton, Sunday.

Frank Leach was in Ann Arbor, Saturday, where he was appointed a deputy sheriff.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Colton and Miss Amanda Wollpert were Ann Arbor visitors yesterday.

John Harris of Ann Arbor, formerly of Chelsea, has purchased a grocery store in Dearborn.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Doud of Detroit spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. George Richards.

Dr. A. L. Steger and son Lawton, H. H. Fenn, Ed. Keusch and son John were in Jackson, Sunday.

Monsieur DeBever of Dexter, well known to many Chelsea people, celebrated his 88th birthday Sunday.

L. G. Palmer, John Frymuth and K. J. Brinson were in Dearborn, yesterday, to visit the Fordson tractor plant.

J. A. Maroney has resigned the position of assistant to A. J. Munn, the Chelsea agent of the Standard Oil Co.

The L. C. B. A. will hold an installation of officers Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. J. J. Rafferty. Scrub lunch will be served.

H. J. Heininger of Lima has purchased the Corwin residence, 222 Washington street, and expects to move into Chelsea this fall.

Mrs. Michael Breuninger and family, of Dexter, Miss Esther Zeeb and Fred Peterson spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Zeeb.

Mr. and Mrs. Mandus Merker and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clay, of Williamston, visited Miss Amanda and John Merker of Sylvan Center, Saturday.

John Bacon returned home from Camp Grant, Saturday. He has been discharged from military service on account of physical unfitness, the result of an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stanton and Mr. Geddes, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenhals, Max Schoenhals and Misses Lura Schoenhals and Maurine Wood visited Camp Custer, Sunday.

The Lewis Spring & Axle company has had a private telephone switch board installed in their office. The new board is arranged to care for 15 telephones. Miss Isham is the operator. The call is 44.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Guerin returned to their home in Chelsea, Sunday, after spending the winter at the home of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Bauer of Albion. Mr. and Mrs. Bauer accompanied them for a brief visit.

A. J. Munn, who has been Chelsea agent for the Standard Oil Co. for the past seven years, has been transferred to the district headquarters in Detroit and will take up his new work as a field man May 1st. Raymond Drake will succeed Mr. Munn in the Chelsea agency and has purchased Mr. Munn's home on McKinley street.

In another column is published an additional list of Liberty Bond purchasers, reported to the district committee since the publication of last Tuesday's list. Undoubtedly a number of persons whose names appear in today's list, purchased their bonds previous to the publication of the first list, but the person who took the application failed to promptly report the sale to headquarters in Chelsea. Today's list includes all sales not reported Monday noon, April 29th.

The special train bearing the boys drafted for the latest quota of 83 men from Washtenaw county passed through Chelsea yesterday about 9:45 a. m. Upwards of 200 people were gathered at the depot to cheer the boys along. The Washtenaw county boys were in the rear coach and the Chelsea boys were on the rear steps as the train sped past the station. Among the boys from this vicinity were: George Wackenhut, George Alber, George Hafner, Arthur Boyd, William Wagner and Robert Scherdt.

Catarah Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarah is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarah Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarah Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarah Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarah conditions. Send for testimonials, free.

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

All Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

Frank Leach has purchased a Ford sedan equipped with a starter.

The Pythian Sisters will give a poverty dance, Wednesday evening at Castle hall.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Armour spent Sunday in Battle Creek at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Wade, formerly of Chelsea.

A dancing party will be given by St. Agnes sodality for the benefit of St. Mary Red Cross auxiliary, at St. Mary auditorium, Friday evening, May 3d, as announced elsewhere in this issue.

Chelsea's four saloons are all closed today, all having sold out their stocks yesterday. No arrests have been made and the passing of John Barleycorn in Chelsea has been devoid of any excesses, so far as we have been able to observe.

During the past week Tribune "liner" ads sold a house and lot, two baby carriages and a child's high chair. No doubt other results were obtained by advertisers and not reported to us. At any rate it is safe to say that the sales aggregate several thousands of dollars and the cost for advertising was only seventy-five cents.

An entertainment for the benefit of the Red Cross will be given at the Y. M. C. A. rooms in Ann Arbor, Thursday evening, May 2, 1918, beginning at eight o'clock, under the auspices of the Socio-Pythian granges. The farce, "Not a Man in the House" will be given, followed by a musicale. The County Pomona orchestra will also render several selections.

Sylvan town hall was filled to capacity Friday evening when a patriotic meeting was held in the interest of Woman's National Defense. Miss Abigail Pierce of Ypsilanti and Rev. J. M. Wells of Ann Arbor were the speakers and both gave excellent addresses on important work of womanhood in the war. A pleasing feature was a selection on the musical bells by Miss Georgia Smith, accompanied by Miss Josephine Miller. Over 200 women were registered at the town hall Saturday and the work is being continued this week. Every woman in the vicinity should register at once as the registration will close tomorrow evening. Total registrations last evening were over 400.

WATERLOO.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Collins and children, and Virgil Dean, of Stockbridge, spent Saturday and Sunday at Alva Beeman's.

George Stanfield and family spent Sunday at George Rentschler's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cooper went to see Mrs. Charles Runciman, who is very ill, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Beeman and son Earl spent Sunday at Steve Beams in White Oak.

Marion and Maggie Holmes and Earl and William Leach motored to Parkers Corners, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Gorton spent Thursday in Jackson.

Remember the Red Cross entertainment in the church Friday evening, May 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foster and children, of Detroit, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clad Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Sweet and son and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sweet and Mr. Cooke, of Jackson, spent Sunday at Ed. Wahl's Sunday at his parents' home.

LaVerne Stafford will give a lecture in the church Friday evening, May 10, to which the public is invited.

Clare Rowe of Kalamazoo spent the week-end with his parents.

Ethel Runciman entertained her S. S. class Saturday afternoon.

Margaret Wilkinson and Albert Kellogg, of Ann Arbor, spent Sunday at George Beeman's.

J. C. Jones and wife and Mrs. Zick and children, of Jackson, motored to George Beeman's Sunday afternoon.

NEIGHBORHOOD BREVITIES

Interesting Items Clipped and Culled From Our Exchanges

JACKSON—Secreting themselves in a box car which was switched out of the Jackson prison yards early Sunday, Oscar Raymond Olin, alias Thomas C. Larsen, and Samuel C. Butler, convicts, made their escape and are still at large.

MANCHESTER—Thomas Hatfield, aged about 75 years, who had been living alone since the death of his wife three weeks ago, was found dead near the well in his yard Friday by Mrs. Tillie Haskle. Death was due to apoplexy.

ANN ARBOR—James Christian, a deputy sheriff, was arrested here Saturday after a row with two workmen at the Michigan Central station in which it is alleged Christian drew a revolver.

MASON—Fred Miller, of Dansville, went to Owosso to attend the funeral of a friend and dropped dead from heart trouble a few hours after reaching there. He is survived by a widow and two sons.

JACKSON—Both the police station and the jail were filled with drunks Saturday night, the result of an influx of men from nearby counties who desired to have one final spree before the saloons go out of existence in Jackson.

Nature Cures, The Doctor Takes the Fee.

There is an old saying that "Nature cures, the doctor takes the fee," but as everyone knows you can help Nature very much and thereby enable it to effect a cure in much less time than is usually required. This is particularly true of colds, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy relieves the lungs, liquefies the tough mucus and aids in its expectoration, allays the cough and aids Nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition.—Adv.

Phone us your news items; 190-W.

GLASGOW BROTHERS
Noted for Selling Good Goods Cheap
129 to 135 E. Main St. JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Silk Dresses Are Reduced

HERE'S an unusual offering—a group of new models—right from the designers. Every model has been chosen because of some particular style feature. These are all arranged in groups at special prices—prices below the actual cost to you of the materials.

Tho' these are samples, all sizes are represented, and in order to get your choice we suggest early-in-the-week shopping.

Georgettes, Crepe-de-chine and Taffeta Frocks

\$35 Values \$26.98 at....
\$25 Values \$21.98 at....
\$20 Values \$16.98 at....

"BONE DRY" TOMORROW

Continued from page one.

absolute "free whiskey," unrestricted by either license or prohibition.

After this period of "ideal personal liberty," the legislature in 1855 reenacted the law of 1853. This prohibitory law remained on our statute books until 1875. It was drastic in its provisions, but weak in its machinery for enforcement. Justice courts had jurisdiction of violations under it. Jurors were often neighbors or patrons of the accused, and convictions were not easily secured. Moreover, it was too much in advance of public sentiment, and it was but indifferently and spasmodically enforced. Then, another season for laxity, was the agitation preceding and during the Civil war. But in the early seventies temperance agitation was renewed, and liquor dealers felt the odium of an out-lawed business, and made a clamor to "be made respectable." A self-constituted committee got together in Detroit in 1874, and drafted a bill to be called the "Liquor Tax Law," and the bill as it came from this extra-legislative committee was enacted into law by the legislature of 1875, which body also submitted a constitutional amendment repealing the non-license clause, and which was repealed by voters in April, 1876. Before its repeal, however, the tax law was attacked as being in reality a lie in its face and a license law. It was, however, one of those cases where the supreme court had the "last guess," and that guess was given by Judge Thomas M. Cooley, who by a hair-splitting decision, sustained the tax law as not contravening the constitution. Other judges have since overruled Cooley and the tax law is now regarded and called a "high license" law.

This is the general liquor law which under modifications, has been in force since 1875, a period of 43 years. At first violations were determinable in the justice court and were often farcial—witnesses quibbled and juries acquitted or disagreed, or if convicted the accused got off with a small fine which a pool usually refunded. But along in the nineties the legislature made violations of the law triable in the circuit courts and the funny part of the proceedings vanished. Jurors convicted and judges began to impose jail sentences—the liquor laws began to be enforced.

In 1887 the legislature submitted a prohibitory amendment to our constitution, which was voted on in April and declared rejected.

In 1889 the legislature enacted a county option law which has resulted in making one half of the counties of the state dry.

Then came the recent adoption of the state wide prohibitory amendment which goes into effect tomorrow.

MORE CRIPPLED TRACTORS. It is evident that Ingham county has received two of the crippled Fordson tractors, which are alleged to have been tampered with at the factory. Since the tractors have arrived, they have given more or less trouble, but in most cases have been repaired and are now giving satisfactory results.

However, those received by B. C. Fisher of Leslie and Harry Rheinhardt of Ingham township have refused to work. Upon investigation it was found that a tube which carried oil from the flywheel case to the pistons had been plugged and that the forward part of the engine was receiving no lubrication.

Mr. Fisher has about ruined the engine of his tractor by running it about twelve hours, when it was receiving no lubricating oil.

By crippling a large number of the tractors purchased by the Michigan War Preparedness Board, some German sympathizer has thought it possible to hinder the production of foodstuffs.—Mason News.

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

F. STAFFAN & SON
UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

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

DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti and Detroit

Central Standard Time

Limited Cars

For Detroit 8:45 a. m. and every two hours to 8:15 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.