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WE carry the full line of Oliver Goods, including Genuine Oliver Repairs. Buy your Oliver Tractor Plows from us and get the lowest prices. Also

JOHN DEERE TRACTOR PLOWS in two, three and four bottom.

SUPERIOR GRAIN DRILLS—The name tells the true story. They are superior.

CAR LOAD WIRE FENCE—We have received a car load of Royal American Woven Wire Fence. Order yours at once.

FIRST CLASS PLUMBING AND TIN SHOP

HOLMES & WALKER

WE WILL ALWAYS TREAT YOU RIGHT.

GROCERY SPECIALS

For Saturday, May 11th

WHIPPED CREAM CHOCOLATES
One pound box.....39c
MATCHES, per box.....5c
BEST SEEDED RAISINS, per package.....12c
GALVANIC SOAP, per bar.....5c

Men's Shoes at the Right Prices

Keusch & Fahrner

The Pure Food Store

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.

Notice to the Public

Having purchased the AMERICAN ICE CREAM PARLOR of W. G. Hinderer, the undersigned will continue the business at the same place. The high standard of the goods sold will be maintained, together with first-class service. Call and see us.

PARKER & EMMER

MRS. JOHN M. STEELE.

Mrs. John M. Steele died Wednesday morning, May 8, 1918, at St. Joseph's sanitarium, Ann Arbor, as the result of burns received on the 7th of last December while thawing out a frozen water pipe by means of an improvised torch. She was nearly 63 years of age.

Mary Elizabeth Shields was born in Ann Arbor, August 7, 1855, her parents being Andrew and Frances (Stringer) Shields, and resided in that city until her marriage to John M. Steele, February 6, 1885, following which they resided in Scio until 1908, when they moved to Chelsea. Mr. Steele died June 17, 1917.

Mrs. Steele is survived by five children; three daughters, Frances at home, Mrs. William Welch of Ypsilanti and Sister Angeline of Adrian; two sons, George and Raymond, both of Chelsea; also by three sisters, Mrs. Katherine Powell of Ann Arbor, Mrs. W. J. Cairns of Chicago and Mrs. A. J. Flyke of Oak Park, Illinois.

The funeral will be held tomorrow morning, May 11th, at 8:30 o'clock, from the church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Interment at Dexter.

INTERURBAN CHANGES TIME.

The Detroit United Lines announces a change in timetables effective Tuesday, May 14, for the purpose of re-establishing through service over the D. J. & C. Ry. and the Michigan Railway, broken through the recent change in time.

From Chelsea the westbound limiteds will leave at 10:11 a. m. and every two hours to 8:11 p. m., while the expresses will at 9:20 a. m. and every two hours to 9:20 p. m. also 10:20 p. m. In addition there will be a Sunday limited at 8:11 a. m. for the accommodation of visitors going to Camp Custer. The westbound local now leaving here at 8:20 a. m. will leave at 8:02 a. m., while the last car into Jackson will leave Chelsea at 11:51 p. m.

Eastbound, the limiteds will be at 7:45 a. m. and every two hours to 7:45 p. m. and the expresses at 8:45 a. m., then 8:34 a. m. and every two hours to 6:34 p. m. The last local out of Jackson and going to Ypsilanti only will be at 10:30 p. m. instead of at 11 p. m.

CIRCUIT COURT OPENS.

The new jury for the May term of the circuit court came in Tuesday, and the first case of the criminal docket was put on for trial. This is the case of Arthur Long, charged with assault upon his daughter. The case is being prosecuted by County Prosecuting Attorney Carl A. Lehman, assisted by Leslie W. Lisle, and Long is being defended by Andrew J. Sawyer.

The jury drawn for this case is composed of the following men: C. M. Ableson, Superior; William Laird, Sylvan; Ernest Dieterle, York; Paul Korzuck, Ann Arbor; George Haynes, Ann Arbor; John Steinbach, Lima; Albert Frey, Lodi; Frank Lusty, Lyndon; Hiram Parr, Manchester; George Close, Northfield; Fred Stierle, Scio; Lyman Pettibone, Superior.

CAVANAUGH LAKE GRANGE.

The regular meeting of the Cavanaugh grange will be held on Tuesday evening, May 14, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Manfred Hoppe. The following will be the program: Song; Scripture reading; chapter; quotations, memories of our fathers and mothers; reading, Albert Schweinfurth; recitation, Herbert Kilmer; a description of an ideal farm home, Mrs. P. Schweinfurth; recitation, Earl Kalmbach; question, "How may the agriculture in this community be improved so as to be more profitable?" led by C. Riemenschneider; closing song.

RED CROSS NOTES.

County headquarters in Ann Arbor have been moved to 514 E. Williams street.

St. Mary's unit was organized last Thursday with Mrs. C. E. Whitaker as supervisor. The unit will meet each Thursday in St. Mary's auditorium from 1:30 to 5:00 o'clock.

The April quota of surgical dressings sent to Ann Arbor last week included: 20 irrigation pads, nine pneumonia jackets, 32 pads, eight five yard rolls, 24 webbing belts, 425 compresses.

A meeting of the Red Cross executive committee will be held this evening, May 10th, at the home of Mrs. J. E. McKune. Following are the members: Mrs. J. E. McKune, Mrs. George A. McGee, Rev. P. W. Dierberger, H. D. Witherell, Ford Axtell.

New members are: Mrs. Louisa B. Mast, Mina Mast, Mrs. Raymond Stapish, Mrs. George W. Parker, Mrs. E. Hooker, Mrs. Raymond Eyre, Mrs. George Doody, Adeline Fish, Mrs. Fred Weber, Mary Keen, Amy Keen, Mrs. Gilbert Martin, Mrs. Albert Pielmeier, P. J. Oesterle, Mrs. P. J. Oesterle. Donations have been received from: Nen Wilkenson, Mrs. W. J. Howlett, William Bacon, Mrs. James Kilham.

HARNESS GOODS.

C. Steinbach has just received a fine lot of horse collars, pads and whips. Also, he has two extra good second-hand half double plow harness. These goods will be sold at prices that will move them quickly. Call and see them. C. Steinbach, West Middle street. 692

One dollar pays for the Twice-A-Week Chelsea Tribune for one year—less than a cent an issue.

WASHTENAW ESCAPES SECOND DRAFT CALL.

Credits for Voluntary Enlistments Cancels Second Draft Quota.

Colonel John S. Bersey, adjutant general, has completed the apportionment of the next quota of 10,930 men available for the second draft. Some of the counties and city boards, because of credits allowed for voluntary enlistments, will not be called upon to furnish any men for the next draft. Washtenaw county is one of the four "no quota" counties, the other three being Emmet, Grand Traverse and Wexford counties.

Following is the apportionment for the several counties and cities: Alcona county, 24; Alger, 27; Allegan, 85; Alpena, 27; Antrim, 41; Arenac, 30; Baraga, 21; Barry, 61; Bay, 95; Benzie, 15; Berrien, division No. 1, 59; division No. 2, 115; Branch, 38; Calhoun, 123; Cass, 46; Charlevoix, 33; Cheboygan, 48; Chippewa, 92; Clare, 21; Clinton, 69; Crawford, 16; Delta, 110; Dickinson, 33; Eaton, 39; Emmet, none; Genesee, 129; Gladwin, 10; Gogebic, 246; Grand Traverse, none; Gratiot, 61; Hillsdale, 29; Houghton, No. 1, 152; No. 2, 168; Houghton, No. 3, 140; Huron, 169; Ingham, 64; Ionia, 38; Isosco, 23; Iron, 175; Isabella, 69; Jackson, 73.

Kalamazoo, 85; Kalkaska, 7; Kent, No. 1, 57; Kent No. 2, 64; Keweenaw, 46; Lake, 11; Lapeer, 92; Leelanau, 20; Lenawee, No. 1, 41; Lenawee, No. 2, 40; Livingston, 60; Luce, 20; Mackinac, 33; Macomb, 75; Manistee, 21; Marquette, No. 1, 123; Marquette, No. 2, 101; Mason, 16; Mecosta, 12; Menominee, 48; Midland, 27; Missaukee, 16; Monroe, 139; Montcalm, 57; Montmorency, 24; Muskegon, 85; Newaygo, 65; Oakland, No. 1, 145; Oakland, No. 2, 127; Oceana, 12; Ogemaw, 25; Ontonagon, 89; Oscoda, 6; Osceola, 7; Otsego, 19; Ottawa, No. 1, 67; Ottawa, No. 2, 97; Presque Isle, 46; Roscommon, 6; Saginaw, 159; St. Clair, No. 1, 101; St. Clair, No. 2, 81; St. Joseph, 44; Sanilac, 152; Schoolcraft, 38; Shiawassee, 72; Tuscola, 86; Van Buren, 73.

None From Washtenaw.

Washtenaw, none; Wayne, No. 1, 330; Wayne, No. 2, 123; Wayne, No. 3, 183; Wayne, No. 4, 109; Wexford, none.

Bay City, No. 1, none; Bay City, No. 2, none; Battle Creek, none; Flint, No. 1, 57; Flint, No. 2, 194; Grand Rapids, No. 1, 17; Grand Rapids, No. 2, 10; Grand Rapids, No. 3, 23; Highland Park, 317; Jackson, none; Kalamazoo, No. 1, 29; Kalamazoo, No. 2, 26; Lansing, 53; Saginaw, No. 1, none; Saginaw, No. 2, none; Detroit, No. 1, 172; Detroit, No. 2, 95; No. 3, 169; No. 4, 231; No. 5, 177; No. 6, 282; No. 7, 164; No. 8, 163; No. 9, 136; No. 10, 112; No. 11, 162; No. 12, 130; No. 13, 151; No. 14, 152; No. 15, 181; No. 16, 89; No. 17, 57; No. 18, 141; No. 19, 182; No. 20, 85; No. 21, 70; No. 22, 82; No. 23, 155; No. 24, 138; No. 25, 127; No. 26, 191. Total, 10,930.

NORTH LAKE.

Henry Hudson was a Howell visitor the first of the week.

Jacob Haag and Miss Clara Fuller, of Norvell, visited over the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fuller.

Mrs. Robert Hawley and daughter Gladys, of Toledo, Ohio, returned to their home Saturday after spending some time with her relatives here.

Graham Birch, Wm. Divine and Lee Hopkins were in this vicinity fishing the first of the week.

Mrs. Daniel Bielly and children spent Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Murphy.

P. E. Noah and family visited at O. P. Noah's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Stoffer and daughter were Ann Arbor visitors Sunday.

Henry Gilbert returned home Monday from Ann Arbor, after having an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Olive Clark of South Lyon spent the week-end at her parents' home here.

Miss Ruby Watts, who has been sick with pneumonia, is much better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fuller and Mrs. Daniel Reilly were Chelsea visitors Wednesday.

Stephen Santure visited friends in Pinckney, Saturday afternoon.

Wm. Hudson sold a pair of mules to Frank Hinchey, last week.

UNADILLA.

Loney Lane of Lansing visited his parents, Saturday and Sunday.

Oliver Teachout and family of Jackson spent Sunday at Charlie Teachout's.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hemingway of Gregory, G. A. Pyper and family and A. C. Watson and family were entertained for dinner, Sunday at Wm. Pyper's and helped Mr. Pyper celebrate his 73rd birthday.

Floyd Durkee and wife of Stockbridge, Fred Durkee and wife and Francis May and wife, of Waterloo, A. J. May and family, Ed. Cranna and family and Lorna Marshall spent Sunday at Nancy May's and helped her celebrate her 76th birthday.

Mrs. Mary Lane has returned from Detroit, where she has been visiting.

Frank May and Will Crowmover and their wives, of Jackson, visited at Mary May's, Sunday.

Wm. Secor and family attended the funeral of Elmer Reed at Whitmore Lake, Sunday.

Buy a War Savings Stamp today.

GEORGE PRINZING.

A telegram received Wednesday by Fred Prinzing of Bridgewater announced the death from pneumonia on Sunday, May 5th, of his brother, George Prinzing, at the government hospital at Vancouver, Washington. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Prinzing of Great Falls, Montana, formerly of Sylvan, and well known in this vicinity. He was about 24 years of age and a brother of Mrs. Edward Fahrner of this village.

He had been in the government military service about two months and had been stationed at one of the big government lumbering camps. The funeral will be held at Great Falls.

KALMBACH-SCHAIBLE.

Miss Lillie Kalmbach, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kalmbach of near Francisco, and Mr. Robert Schaible of Rogers Corners, were quietly married Wednesday afternoon, May 1, 1918, in Manchester, Rev. Leachford officiating. The bride is a graduate of the Ann Arbor nurses training school and the groom is a successful building contractor. They will reside with Mr. Schaible's parents at Rogers Corners.

PATRIOTIC MEETING.

Saturday evening at eight o'clock an open air patriotic meeting will be held at Main and Middle streets, Chelsea. Brief addresses will be made by speakers from Ann Arbor and several of the university students will accompany the party to furnish plenty of good music. There will be no solicitation of funds, the purpose of the meeting being to promote patriotism and to encourage the sale of war saving stamps.

WATERLOO.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Moeckel are the parents of a little daughter, born Tuesday, May 7.

Bernard Beeman and Hazen Brosam, of Detroit, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Moeckel and baby, of Stockbridge, spent Sunday at Leo Walk's.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Henrietta spent Sunday at Emory Runiman's. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellsworth of Stockbridge spent Sunday at O. Beeman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Glad Rowe entertained on Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Croman and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Will Rietmiller, Bessie Respecke and Walter Bott.

Herman Koelz and family, of Detroit, motored to his parents' here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foster and family, of Detroit, have moved to the John Howlett farm.

The Red Cross entertainment netted \$40.45.

Andrew Harr, Marie and Walter Harr and Paul Schaible spent Sunday at Earl Beeman's.

The Aid meets with Ida Emmons, Thursday, May 16th, for supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Durkee spent Sunday in Unadilla.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beeman motored to Woodland, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dykema attended a funeral in Leoni, Sunday.

LaVerne Stafford will give a lecture on Endeavor work Friday evening in the church.

The annual Memorial day services will be held June 2d.

Orson Beeman has a new Ford sedan.

All Endeavors are asked to go to Grass Lake, Sunday, May 19th, to attend the county convention.

Mrs. Earl Beeman, Marie and Walter Harr, motored to Jackson, Thursday.

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—Duck eggs suitable for hatching, delivered at Freeman's store. Highest market price paid. Phone 14, Chelsea. 7012

FOR SALE—Progressive Everbearing strawberry plants, \$2.50 per 100. W. S. Pielmeier, phone 155-F4. 6913

HATCHING EGGS—Pure bred Anconas, Sheppard strain, \$2 per 15; Lakenvelders, everlasting layers, \$1.50 per 15. Amanda Merker, phone 150-F5, Chelsea. 6913

FOR SALE—Modern house, 9 rooms and bath, barn, fruit, extra large lot, splendidly located. G. A. Stimpson, 143 E. Middle St., phone 76. 6911

BIDS WANTED—The Village of Chelsea will receive sealed bids for the purchase of the old fire hose wagon, now standing near Faust's shop, bids to be filed with the clerk on or before noon of Tuesday, May 20, 1918. W. C. Boyd, Clerk. 6913

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.

KEMP 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?"—Hindo Proverb.

CHELSEA - - - - - MICHIGAN

The Fordson Tractor

IS THE RESULT OF EXTENSIVE TRIALS
AND EXPERIMENTS CONDUCTED BY
MR. HENRY FORD, COVERING A PERIOD
OF MANY YEARS.

Before placing the tractor on the market, every detail has been thoroughly tried out under actual farming conditions in various parts of this country and abroad.

Experience has pointed to the small light tractor as being the one machine which will fill all varying conditions satisfactorily.

In developing the "FORDSON" Tractor, the aim has been to produce a small tractor which will be low in first cost, reliable, and above all—efficient.

Being small, light and economical, the "FORDSON" Tractor is adapted for use on small farms, as well as on the largest. It will pull all farm implements and do the work generally done by horses on the farm. In addition, by its belt pulley the tractor will drive farm machinery such as a threshing, ensilage cutter, sawmill, etc., making the "FORDSON" a truly universal tractor.

In design and construction the "FORDSON" takes a long step in approaching the ideal tractor. The simplicity of its operation and construction will at once appeal to the farmer.

Special devices were perfected to keep out dust and dirt. All moving parts are enclosed and thoroughly lubricated. The number of lubricating points requiring attention are very few and easily gotten at.

The motor, transmission and rear axle are assembled together, forming one rigid unit, which, combined with the three-point suspension, relieves these parts of all strain.

The absence of any frame gives accessibility to all parts for making adjustments or repairs, and allows the tractor to be taken apart in a few minutes.

The motor is of substantial design and is capable of delivering its full power continuously. It embodies features which have been used with success in other fields for many years.

Palmer Motor Sales Company

CHELSEA, MICH

SEED CORN

Guaranteed to germinate 90
per cent or better. Leave your
orders at once.

BRAN AND MIDLINGS

All you want for immediate
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Chelsea Elevator Co.

Twice-a-Week Tribune—\$1.00-a-Year



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THE CAPTAIN FORCES MALCOLM DUNN, SOMEWHAT UNWILLINGLY, TO ACT A MAN'S PART

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrible storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends. The captain makes friends with James Pearson, a reporter; then he consults with Sylvester, head of Graves' firm. The captain decides to accept his brother's trust. Sylvester is pleased, but Graves expresses disgust and dismay.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

The captain said that he would be down later on to talk things over. Meanwhile, if the "papers and such" could be got together, it would "sort of help along."

When Mrs. Corcoran Dunn made her daily visit to the Warren apartment that afternoon she found Caroline alone and almost in tears. Captain Elisha had broken the news at the table during luncheon, after which he went downtown. Stephen, having feared, protested and made himself generally disagreeable and his sister correspondingly miserable, had departed for the club. It was a time for confidences, and the wily Mrs. Dunn realized that fact. She soothed, comforted and within half an hour had learned the whole story. Incidentally she learned that a possible five hundred thousand was the extreme limit of the family's pecuniary resources.

"Now you know everything!" sobbed Caroline. "Oh, Mrs. Dunn, you won't desert us, will you?"

"You may depend on Malcolm and me, dear," Mrs. Dunn declared. "We are not fair weather friends. And, after all, it is not so very bad. Affairs might be very much worse."

"Worse! Oh, Mrs. Dunn, how could they be? Think of it! Stephen and I are dependent upon him for everything. We must ask him for every penny. And whatever he says to do we must do. We're obliged to it."

On Thursday after luncheon as Captain Elisha sat in his own room reading a book he had taken from the library there came a knock at the door. "Come ahead in," ordered the captain. Caroline entered. Her uncle rose and put down the book.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "is it you? Excuse me. I thought 'twas the common-dore—Edwards. I mean, if I'd known you was comin' callin', Caroline, I shouldn't have been quite so bossy."

"Thank you," answered his niece. "I came to see you on—I suppose you might call it business. At any rate, it is a financial matter. I shan't detain you long."

Captain Elisha was a trifle disappointed. "Oh," he said, "on business, was it? I hoped—I didn't know but you'd come just out of sociability. However, I'm mighty glad to see you, Caroline."

"Captain Warren," she began, "I—I came to ask a favor. I am obliged to ask it because you are our—shall I almost choked over the hated word—"our guardian, and I can no longer act on my own responsibility. I wish to ask you for some money."

Captain Elisha nodded gravely. "I see," he said. "Well, Caroline, I don't believe you'll find me very close-fisted. I think I told you and Steve that you was to do just as you'd been in the habit of doin'. Is your regular allowance too small? Remember, I don't know much about such things here in New York, and you must be frank and aboveboard and tell me if you have any complaints."

"I have no complaints. My allowance is sufficient. It is the same that father used to give me, and it is all I need. One of the maids, Annie, has trouble at home, and I wanted to help her."

The captain nodded once more. "Annie," he repeated, "that's the rosy-faced one, the Irish one?"

"Yes. Her father was seriously injured the other day and cannot work. His hip is broken, and the doctor's bill will be large. They are very poor, and I thought perhaps—" She hesitated, faltered and then said laughingly, "Father was very sympathetic and liked to have me do such things."

"Sho! Sho! Sartin! Course he did. I like it too. I'm glad you came to me just as you did, Caroline. How much do you want to start with?"

"I don't know exactly. I thought I might ask our own doctor to attend to the case and might send them some delicacies and food."

"Good idea! Go right ahead, Caroline. How'd the accident happen? Anybody's fault, was it?"

Caroline's eyes snapped. "Indeed it was!" she said indignantly. "It was a wet morning after a rain, and the pavement was slippery. Mr. Moriarty, Annie's father, was not working that day, and he had gone out to do the family marketing. He was crossing the street when an automobile, recklessly driven, so every one says, drove directly down on him. He tried to jump out of the way and succeeded, otherwise he might have been killed, but he fell and broke his hip. He is an old man, and the case is serious."

"Dear, dear, you don't tell me! Poor old chap! The auto feller—did he help? Seems to me he ought to be the one to be spendin' the money. 'Twas his fault."

"Help! Indeed, he didn't! He and the man with him merely laughed as if it was a good joke, put on speed and disappeared as quickly as possible."

"Why, the mean swab! Did this Mr. Moriarty or the folks around get the license number of the auto?"

"No. All they know is that it was a big yellow car with two men in it."

"Hey! A yellow car?"

"Yes. Somewhat similar to the one Malcolm—Mr. Dunn—drives."

"So, so! Hum! Where did it happen?"

"On St. Nicholas avenue, near One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street."

"Oh? St. Nicholas avenue, you say?"

"Yes." Caroline rose and turned to go. "Thank you, Captain Warren," she said. "I will tell Dr. Henry to take the case at once."

The captain did not answer immediately. With his chin in his hand he was gazing at the door.

"Good afternoon," said Caroline. Her uncle looked up.

"Er—wait just a minute, Caroline," he said. "You have your doctor go right ahead and see to the old man, and you order the things to eat and whatever's necessary. But afore you give Annie or her father any money I'd kind of like to figure a little mite."

His niece stopped short, turned and stared at him.

"Oh," she said slowly and jelly, "I understand—thoroughly. Don't trouble to figure, as you call it. Oh, why did I humiliate myself? I should have known!"

"Caroline, please!"

But the girl had gone, closing the door after her.

Half an hour later the captain called upon Malcolm Dunn, who was much surprised to see him.

to help the poor critter, providin' he knew what damage he'd done, wouldn't you think so?"

Malcolm nodded sagely, opened his mouth to speak and then closed it again. A sudden recollection came to him, an alarming recollection.

"Where did this accident happen?" asked Mr. Dunn, his condescending smile absent.

"At the corner of St. Nicholas avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. It happened last Friday mornin' a week ago. And the car that hit him was a yellow one. Naturally, when I heard about it I remembered what you told Mr. Sylvester and me at the club that afternoon. I understand how 'twas of course. If you'd known you'd really hurt the poor old man you'd have stopped to see him. I understand that. But—"

"Look here," interrupted Dunn sharply, "did Caroline send you to me?"

"Caroline? No, no! She don't know 'twas your automobile at all. But afore she spent any of her money I thought you'd ought to know, because I was sure you wouldn't let her. That's the way I'd feel, and I felt 'twas no more'n honest to give you the chance. I come on my own hook. She didn't know anything about it."

Malcolm drummed on the desk with nervous fingers.

"Well," he growled pettishly, "how much will it take to square things with the gang? How much damages do they want?"

"Damages? Oh, there won't be any claim for damages, I guess. The Moriarty don't know you did it, and there's no reason why they should. I thought maybe I'd see to 'em and do whatever was necessary, then you could settle with me, and the whole business would be just between us two. Outside the doctor's bills and food and nursin' and such all the extra will be just the old man's wages for the time he's away from the factory. 'Twon't be very heavy."

"All right! I'm in it, I can see that. And it's up to me to get out as easy as I can. I don't want any newspaper publicity. Go ahead. I'll pay the freight."

Captain Elisha arose and picked up his hat.

Malcolm, frowning heavily, suddenly asked a final question.

"Say," he demanded, "you'll not tell Caroline or Steve a word of this, mind?"

The captain seemed surprised. "I guess you didn't catch what I said, Mr. Dunn," he observed mildly. "I told you this whole business would be just between you and me."

CHAPTER VIII.
"Thank You, Uncle."

CAPTAIN ELISHA had been pretty well satisfied with the result of his visit to young Dunn at the latter's office. Malcolm had surrendered, perhaps not gracefully or unconditionally, but he had surrendered, and the condition—secrecy—was one which the captain himself had suggested.

Captain Elisha found some solace and forgetfulness of the unpleasant life he was leading in helping the stricken Moriarty family. Annie, the maid at the apartment, he swore to secrecy. She must not tell Mrs. Caroline of his visits to her parents' home. Dr. Henry also, though he could not understand why, promised silence. Car-

oline herself had engaged his services in the case, and he was faithful.

"Goin' to be a pretty expensive job, ain't it, doctor?" asked the captain of the physician.

"Rather, I'm afraid."

"All right. If expense is necessary don't be afraid of it. You do just what you ought to and send the bill to me."

"But Miss Warren insisted upon my sending it to her. She said it was a private matter and one with which you as her guardian had nothing to do."

"I know. Caroline intends to use her own allowance, I s'pose. Well, let her think she will if 'twill please her. But when it comes to the settlement call on me. Give her any reason you want to. Say a—er—wealthy friend of the family come to life all at once and couldn't sleep unless he paid the costs."

"But there isn't any such friend, is there, Captain Warren? Other than yourself, I mean?"

Captain Elisha grinned in appreciation of a private joke. "There is somebody else," he admitted, "who'll pay a share, anyhow. But, anyhow, you saw wood or bones or whatever you have to do, and leave the rest to me. And don't tell Caroline or anybody else a word."

News from the Moriarty sick room continued favorable for a time. Then with alarming suddenness a change came. The broken hip was mending slowly, but poor Pat's age was against

him, and the shock and long illness were too much for his system to fight. Dr. Henry shook his head dubiously when the captain asked questions. And one morning at breakfast Edwards informed him that the old man was dead.

Captain Elisha, though not greatly surprised, was shocked and grieved. It seemed such a needless tragedy, almost like murder, although there was no malice in it. And the thought of the fatherless children and the poverty of the stricken family made him shudder.

But just before evening his business had disappeared. He had just returned to his room, after stepping into the hall to drop his letter in the mail chute, when his niece knocked at the door.

"Captain Warren," she began hurriedly, "the last time I came to you—the last time I came here, I came to ask a favor, and you—I thought you—"

"Yes, Caroline," he said gravely, "I know what you mean. Won't you—won't you sit down?"

"Captain Warren," she began once more, "the time I came to you in this room you were, so I thought, unreason-

able and unkind. I asked you for money to help a poor family in trouble, and you refused to give it to me."

"No, Caroline," he interrupted, "I didn't refuse; you only thought I did."

She held up her hand. "Please let me go on," she begged. "I thought you refused, and I couldn't understand why. I was hurt and angry. I knew that father never would have refused me under such circumstances, and you were his brother. But since then, only today, I have learned that I was wrong. I have learned—"

She paused. The captain was silent. He was beginning to hope, to believe once more in his judgment of character, and yet with his hope and growing joy there was a trifle of anxiety.

"I have learned," went on his niece, "that I was mistaken. I can't understand yet why you wished to wait before saying 'yes,' but I do know that it must have been neither because you were unkind nor ungenerous. I have just come from those poor people, and they have told me everything."

Captain Elisha started. "What did they tell you?" he asked quickly. "Who told you?"

"Annie and her mother. They told me what you had done and were doing for them, how kind you had been all through the illness and today. Oh, I know you made them promise not to tell me, and you made the doctor and nurse promise too. But I knew some one had helped, and Annie dropped a hint. Then I suspected, and now I know. Those poor people!"

The captain, who had been looking at the floor and frowning a bit, suddenly glanced up to find his niece's eyes fixed upon him, and they were filled with tears.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked, rising from her chair and coming impulsively toward him. "I'm sorry I misjudged you and treated you so. You must be a very good man. Please forgive me."

He took her hand, which was swallowed up in his big one. His eyes were moist also.

"Lord love you, dearie," he said, "there's nothing to forgive. I realized that I must have seemed like a mean, stingy old scamp. Yet I didn't mean to be. I only wanted to look into this thing just a little—just as a matter of business, you know. And I—Caroline, did that doctor tell you anything more?"

"Any more?" she repeated in bewilderment. "He told me that you were the kindest man he had ever seen."

"Yes, yes. Well, maybe his eyesight's poor. What I mean is did he tell you anything about anybody else bein' in this with me?"

"Anybody else? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin'. I joked with him a spell ago about a wealthy relation of the Moriarty tribe turnin' up. 'Twas only a joke, of course. And yet, Caroline, I—I think I'd ought to say—"

He hesitated. What could he say? Even a hint might lead to embarrassing questions, and he had promised Dunn.

"What ought you to say?" asked his niece.

"Pearson makes some disclosures regarding his relations with Rogers Warren, the deceased brother of the captain. Don't miss the next installment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Paper From Linen Rags.

When paper was first made from linen, rags is uncertain, but a writer of A. B. 1200 recorded that the linen wrappings round mummies were sold to the scribes to make paper for shopkeepers.



SUGGESTIONS ON GOOD ROADS

Special Thought Should Be Given by Builders to Road Crossings to Avoid Accidents.

While highway engineers, commissioners and others are planning good roads and strong, durable bridges, they ought to give special thought and work to the road crossings and the sewers or culverts placed at such crossings, says a writer in Farmers' Review.

Such crossings are generally about 12 to 16 feet long, and it requires an abrupt turn of a vehicle to take them at right angle. These are danger points on account of the short turn and narrow space to make the turn.

The remedy for such places is to make sewer or culvert as long as the width of the road will permit, say not less than 40 feet, and more if possible.

And then if vehicles meet, there is plenty of room to pass without interfering with the speed or rights of the one going in the other direction.

We have seen several narrow escapes from accidents in such places, and the watchword now is "Safety First." The automobile is here to stay, and we want room to spread out and avoid all danger of accidents.

Our counties are now paying large salaries to men who are supposed to be efficient, and good civil engineers, and the safety and comfort of the public largely rests on them. It is the duty of such men to catch up with the times and provide roads suited to the needs of present-day travel. Such improvements are not very expensive, and when properly made last a lifetime, and save time, trouble and accidents.

TEST OF TIRES ON HIGHWAYS

Results Obtained by United States Office of Public Roads After Period of Years.

In its testing of tires on country roads during a period of several years the United States office of public roads has prepared the road prior to each test by plowing, grading and rolling—thus, with further consideration of moisture and atmospheric variations, giving conditions as nearly identical as possible for each of the trips compared. It was found that the draft decreased with increase of tire width to a certain limit, beyond which it increased. As a result of the experiments, it is recommended that for ordinary farm work and general trucking, the standard width of tire for a one-horse wagon, with gross load of 2,000 pounds, should be two inches; light two-horse wagon, 2,500 pounds, two and one-half inches; medium two-horse wagon, 4,500 pounds, three inches; standard two-horse wagon, 6,800 pounds, four inches; heavy two-horse wagon, 7,500 pounds, five inches.

CONSTRUCT NEW HIGHWAYS

State of Illinois Expected to Expend \$3,000,000 in Improving Roads This Season.

It is expected that Illinois will expend \$3,000,000 this year on federal-aid highways. The proposed road construction outlined by the Illinois state highway department has been approved by the national government, according to Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

The proposed work includes construction along the Dixie highway, the Lincoln highway, the highway from Chicago to the Wisconsin state line, the Chicago to Joliet highway and the road from Peoria northeast to Springfield. Federal-aid money for these roads is to be available shortly, it is announced.

Good Roads Campaign.

The good roads campaign is always on and will always be on until every road shall have been paved with the best of material and in the best of manner. And then there will probably be the establishing of more main roads, and so it will go on until the country is well supplied with roads that will be practicable 365 days in the year.

Gaining in Importance.

The question of roads gains in importance and interest with every passing year.

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HAIG'S RETREAT IS VIVIDLY PICTURED

Storm of Shell Fire Described by Illinois Officer.

HUN SLAUGHTER WAS GREAT

First Lieutenant Pettit of Ottawa, In Letter to His Father Gives Details of Battle in Which British Fought at Great Odds.

The thrilling story of the Haig retreat in the terrific battle in Picardy is most interestingly detailed by First Lieutenant Roswell T. Pettit, M. O. R. C., of Ottawa, Ill., in a letter to his father, Dr. J. W. Pettit of the Ottawa tuberculosis colony, and published in the Chicago Tribune. For nine days the American officer was in the thick of the fighting, and during the retreat of the British Fifth army from before St. Quentin. His account of the battle thrills with the stress of the herculean conflict, as it was detailed immediately after he had passed through the terrible experience and before his impressions had been dulled by time. His letter:

Lieutenant Pettit's Letter.

March 30.

Dear Father: Now that the show is over for me for the time being, and I have time to breathe and sleep and eat and write, I'll try and tell you about the battle. Before you receive this you will have had the whole story from the papers, but I know you will be interested in knowing what I did in the affair.

Of course, the things I saw were but an infinitesimal part of a gigantic whole and it would be impossible for me to give a correct description of the battle. And as I write this, I do it with no knowledge whatever of what has been going on even a few miles from me.

I have not seen a paper in eight days; I have received no mail, and the only information we have received has been by word of mouth, and most of what we hear must be wild rumors. For example: The French have advanced 20 miles at Verdun, the Americans have taken Ostend, and are on their way to Zebrugge, and a great naval battle has been fought in the North sea.

All I know is that on this part of the front the Germans attacked us in overwhelming numbers, in places ten divisions to one; that they suffered terrible losses, but finally broke through our lines of defense, one after another, and fighting for the most part, a rear guard action, we have retired about 15 miles in a straight line.

For a week before the battle started we had been expecting it; we were ready to move on 30 minutes' notice. I had been out with combatant as well as medical officers on tours of reconnaissance, definite methods of evacuation of the wounded had been worked out, and our plans of counter-attack had been made. After four or five days of waiting, the storm finally broke.

The Boche opened up on us at 5 a. m. March 21, with the heaviest barrage I have ever heard. "Stand to," was sounded, we turned out dressed, and had all our equipment packed in 30 minutes. Then we sat down and waited for orders to move. The barrage kept up continuously, sometimes heavier and then of less intensity, sometimes it seemed to be to the north of us and then suddenly it switched to the south.

Our balloons were up as soon as it was light and the airplanes were buzzing over our heads. The ground mist gradually cleared and the Germans put a hail of shrapnel on our camp and we all took cover, but three men were hit. Why it is a fellow always feels safer with a roof over his head, even if he knows bullets and shrapnel and pieces of shell will go through boards and corrugated iron just like paper.

Ordered to Move.

Our orders to move finally came and we marched off to the brigade assembly point several miles away. This assembly point was in a little bunch of trees about the size of Allen park and behind and separated from a larger wood in front. In the larger wood there was a battery of heavy artillery and shells were dropping in there two or three to a minute, and it was heavy stuff, too.

Sometimes they overshot the big wood and shells were landing in the open around the little wood where my brigade had its assembly point. As we approached our little camp we could make all this out from some distance away and it wasn't a pleasant sensation to feel that we were marching straight into it.

All the battalions arrived and in that little camp there must have been at least two thousand men. What a

chance if the Germans only knew! But the shells continued to drop in front of us and on either side, but none landed among us, and after waiting there for three hours, expecting to be blown to bits any second, we finally moved forward. Just as we left the camp, from behind us, over a ridge, came a stream of galloping horses.

"It's the cavalry," someone shouted, but soon I made out limbers and field guns.

They galloped past us, going like mad, took up a position to our right, swung into position, unlimbered, and in two minutes were blazing away. It was a thrilling sight.

Torn by Shells.

In going forward we went around the end of the larger wood in front of us, over ground that was torn to bits by the heavy shell fire that had just preceded, over another edge, across a valley, and under the crest of a hill. And here we found the tanks going over the top of the hill to take up their position. At this point we were still about a mile from the front line.

At this place I opened up an aid post under the crest of the hill to take care of what wounded came in while we were getting into position. I looked back across the valley we had just traversed.

Shrapnel was bursting in the air, shells were whizzing overhead, and our guns behind me were belching forth the fire. The noise was deafening.

A railroad ran through the valley and an engine pulling a couple of flat cars was going by. A couple of soldiers were sitting on the rear truck swinging their feet. A shell burst on the track and only missed the last car about fifteen yards. Neither man was hit and the train went blithely on.

By this time it was getting along toward evening, the sun was sinking in the west, and finally went down a great ball of fire. At the time, I remember, I noticed its color. It was blood red and had a sinister look. Was it my imagination, or might it have been a premonition? At any rate, I shall never forget the color of the sun as it set that night at the end of the first day of probably one of the greatest battles in history. It certainly didn't look good to me.

The drumming of the guns continued, twilight gradually deepened into night, the signals stopped their wiggling and took up their flash signals, a fog dropped down on us and put the lights out of business, and when we left to go forward under the cover of darkness they were busy putting out their telephone lines—signals and runners don't have an easy time.

Shell Dump Goes Up.

Behind us a shell landed in an ammunition dump and it went up with a roar; then the rifle ammunition started going off like a great bunch of firecrackers, and great tongues of flame lit up the sky.

It is reported that the Germans had broken through our line and we were to counter-attack in the morning. We got into positions without a single casualty. I opened an aid post in an old dugout and settled down to sleep until morning. You may think it funny that one could sleep under such conditions, but I had been up since 5:30, had tramped about six or seven miles, had had a rather trying day and was dog tired.

So I settled down on the rough plank floor and was soon asleep. I must have been asleep a couple of hours when a runner came from headquarters and told us we were to move off immediately. I looked at my watch and it was 1:30 a. m. on the second day.

We went back to the railroad, followed it around to a position some six miles to the north of us, landing there about 4 in the morning and flopped down on the floor of some abandoned huts to wait further orders. Our orders came along about 9 o'clock. We marched up across the open prairie, the sun shining, and it was really hot.

Just like some of the warm days we get the last of March at home. In going forward it was necessary for us to march seventy-five yards in front of three batteries of field guns. There are six guns to a battery. They shoot an eighteen-pound shell and while we were there each gun was shooting twice to the minute. You can imagine the racket when I tell you that the discharge of one gun can be heard about four miles. In addition the Boche was trying to knock out this battery and he was dropping his six inch shells a little too close for comfort.

Nearly in a Trap.

Then I made a lovely mistake. I was to establish an aid post near battalion headquarters and went blithely on when I met a company commander and asked him where to go.

"Back there about a quarter of a mile," he replied. "This is the front center company. If you keep on in the direction you are going you are going up over that ridge and Fritz will be waiting for you with a machine gun."

So my sergeant and orderly and myself didn't waste any time in clearing. On the way back I found a gallon can full of water, got into a corrugated iron shelter and had a wash and a shave. It certainly felt good. I don't believe I had washed for thirty-six

hours. It was warm and bright. I could look out of my shelter and see our support lines digging themselves in several hundred yards away. The cannon fire ceased, the machine guns settled down to an occasional fluff burst and it was midday of a beautiful spring day.

A couple of partridge flew over me. What did they know or care about all this noise and racket and men getting up in line and killing each other?

Along about three o'clock things began to liven up again. In the meantime headquarters had been established in a sunken road with banks about fifteen feet high on either side (later this cut was half filled with dead). My aid post was in a dugout near by and gradually things got hotter and hotter.

Our men had dug themselves in and were popping away with their rifles. The field batteries behind us were putting up a barrage, airplanes were circling overhead, both ours and the Germans'. The Germans put up a counter-barrage, the machine guns were going like mad. I was standing with the colonel on a little rise of ground above the sunken road when the Germans broke through about a mile to the north of us. They could be plainly seen pouring over the ridge in close formation.

Tanks Get Into Action.

Then the tanks came up, and you should have seen them run! Just like rabbits! The tanks retired; the Boches reformed and came at it again. They told me that at certain places our men withstood fifteen successive attacks and that the Germans went down in thousands. One Welshman told me that his gun accounted for 75 in three minutes during one wave.

Machine-gun bullets were nipping around me, the shell fire was getting hotter, and even though it was a wonderful sight to watch I decided "discretion was the better part of valor," or something like that, and got down in my dugout.

I was sitting there smoking a cigarette when my orderly came down and said I was being relieved and was to go back and work with the ambulance. Fifteen hours later the man that relieved me was captured. But I am getting ahead of my story.

I went back to the advanced dressing station through the hottest shell fire I ever experienced. More than once I went down on my face when a shell burst and the pieces went whizzing over my head. I spent the night in a mined village where the advanced dressing station was located, and all night they shelled it to blazes. It was remarkable how few casualties we had.

About eleven o'clock the morning of the third day a shell blew in the side of our post, but luckily no one was hurt. We stuck to it until about four in the afternoon, when we saw our men retiring over a ridge in front of us, keeping up a continuous machine gun and rifle fire, and we beat it back to another village and opened another post.

The Begrimed Lord.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the fourth day Lord Thyme, my colonel when I was with the battalion, stumbled into the shack where I was sitting. He looked like a ghost. He had lost his hat, his face was covered with a four days' beard, the sweat had traced tracks in the dust from his forehead to his chin. His sleeve was torn and bloody and he had a gash in his arm where he had been struck by a piece of flying shell case.

"My God, doc, are you here?" he said. "You got out just in time. The battalion is all gone. The sunken road is filled with dead—mostly Huns, damn 'em. The line broke on the right; we were surrounded, and at the last we were fighting back and back. Only thirty of us got away."

So we knew the Boche had broken through to our right and our left, and it was a question of how long it would be before we, too, were surrounded, but we wanted to stick it out as long as we could.

But not more than an hour later a medical officer rushed in from one of the battalions and between gasps for breath told us the Germans were on the edge of the village, had shot him through the sleeve with a machine gun bullet (luckily that was all), and for us to heat it.

The next day, sitting around the fire in our mess after the best dinner we had had in days, the commanding officer handed me some papers and said, "Here is something that will interest you, Pettit. I want to say we shall be sorry to lose you."

And this is what it was: "Lieut. Roswell T. Pettit, M. R. C., is relieved from duty with the British army and will proceed to the A. E. F., where he will report for duty."

I leave for Paris in the morning. This has been a long tale, but the half of it hasn't been told. I hope I haven't strung it out too much.

I have just been informed that all my kit had to be burned to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. I shall probably want you to send me some things from home, but will see what I can get here first. Your son, ROSWELL.

stands for. And so, as somebody's great-grandfather used to say, "If money is the root of all evil, give us plenty of the root!"—Physical Culture.

How the Cats Went.

Little Frank had an amusing way of imitating the meowing of cats, so one night, when there was company at dinner, his father asked him how the cats went.

"On their feet," was the unexpected reply.

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Dear little flag in the window there, Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer; Child of Old Glory, born with a star—Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white, Dipped in the red that was born of fight; Born of the blood that our forebears shed

To raise your mother, The Flag, o'er-head. And now you've come, in this frenzied day,

To speak from a window—to speak and say: "I am the voice of a soldier son

Gone to be gone till the victory's won. "I am the flag of The Service, sir;

The flag of his mother—I speak for her Who stands by my window and waits and fears,

But hides from the others her unwept tears. "I am the flag of the wives who wait

For the safe return of a martial mate, A mate gone forth where the war god thrives

To save from sacrifice other men's wives. "I am the flag of the sweethearts true;

The often unthought-of—the sisters, too, I am the flag of a mother's son

And won't come down till the victory's won!" Dear little flag in the window there,

Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer; Child of Old Glory, born with a star—Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

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All "Dotted Up." Nan gazed with adoring eyes on her uncle when he appeared ready to go to a formal dance. After giving him the "once over" the braid on his trousers attracted her attention and she exclaimed: "Why, he even has 'brodery on his pants.'"

Clean Water Bottles. When the water bottle becomes lined with a sediment from the water, an easy way to remove it is by putting a teaspoonful of hydrochloric acid with a little water in the bottle. The glass will be perfectly clear in a few minutes.

Money Is Life.

Money is no more the "root of evil" than are the good things that it represents, whether these take the form of personal service, labor, or the material products of labor. Money means work, it means production, it means the things that have been made by men's brains and hands. It not only stands for the things we eat, the clothes we wear, and the houses we live in, but it stands for works of art and for the services of the artists. It means the services of the entertaining

writer in the form of books. It means the pleasure-giving efforts of the musician in the opera or concert. It means musical instruments for the home, educational opportunities in the schools, publicity in the press, inspiration in the church, fun and emotional relaxation in the theater, police protection on our streets and justice in our courts. Money means cleanliness, good appearance, self-respect. Money is the source of good just as it may be the source of evil, but in either case only because of what it

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We handle only the best grades of gasoline and oil. And our prices are lower than you have often paid for cheaper grades. Get into the habit of calling here regularly and notice what a difference it will make in the way your car runs.

Quick and courteous service will meet you every time you stop here.

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LOCAL BREVITIES

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John Kalmbach has purchased a new Ford sedan.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Schneider were in Ann Arbor, Monday.

Reuben Hieber was in Dexter, Tuesday, on business.

B. C. Whitaker of Sylvan has purchased a new Hollier motor car.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Koons and two sons visited in Cement City, Sunday.

Leach & Downer received a carload of 41 feeding steers from Detroit, Wednesday.

Spaulding Bros. have exchanged their old tractor for a new International tractor.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. VanGieson and son Leonard spent Sunday with relatives in Clinton.

Mrs. James Taylor and granddaughter, Marion Updyke, spent Sunday in Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitmer were in Ann Arbor, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Hieber and Miss Rowena Brooks visited friends in Manchester, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mohrlok and sons, Roy and Walter, visited relatives in Lansing over Sunday.

Miss Madeline Dunn and Harry Bush, of Ann Arbor, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Belser, Sunday.

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

James McCormick arrived in town Tuesday evening for his regular summer sojourn in Chelsea and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Frye and son Marvin, of Ann Arbor, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Faber, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stipe and family, of Ann Arbor, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mohrlok, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Murphy and little son, of Detroit, visited at the home of his father, Owen Murphy, over Sunday.

Frank Richardson has enlisted for military service in the "tank" corps and left for Columbus, Ohio, yesterday morning.

John Frymuth's residence is now connected with the village electric light circuit and the current was turned on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bertha Stephens and daughter, Miss Blanche, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Weimer of near Howell for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leach, Mrs. Anna Trouten, James Smith and Miss Cora Bollinger expect to motor to Charlotte, Sunday, to visit relatives.

The Bay View club will meet Monday evening with Mrs. G. W. Palmer. Scrub lunch supper at six o'clock, followed by business session and program.

Mr. and Mrs. George Millsbaugh and family and Mrs. Charles Delevan, of Ann Arbor, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Dancer, Sunday.

A Fordson tractor hooked to the village road scraper was an innovation tried out on some of Chelsea's streets, Tuesday. The little machine handled the job very nicely.

Wilbur Riemenschneider returned to the Great Lakes training camp yesterday after a ten days' furlough spent at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Riemenschneider.

Mr. and Mrs. James Killam, Jr., and daughter, of Toledo, who spent the past week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Killam, Sr., of Sylvan, returned home Monday.

An item in Tuesday's paper mentioned the release of 37 coops of carrier pigeons here Sunday morning, but was in error as regards the total number of birds, which was 1,300 instead of 3,700.

The Baptist Women's Missionary circle will meet Wednesday, May 15, at two o'clock p. m. at the home of Mrs. Porter Brover with Mrs. N. W. Laird as leader. Subject, "Missionary Work Among the American Jews."

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Baird of Dexter township entertained on Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kerawn and daughter Ruth and Mr. and Mrs. William Kerawn and daughter Cloe, of Cohasset; their niece, Miss Violet Pelton of Prairie Depot, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt and sons, James and Robert; Mr. and Mrs. Herschal Watts and daughter Ruby and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fennell.

Tribune liners have many varied uses. The first of the week a ladies hat, which had been lost from an automobile, was restored to its owner and a bean picking machine, which had been borrowed, was returned to the owner. No doubt other service was rendered by the busy little liners, but the above incidents happened to be brought to the writers' attention. The cost is trifling and the results are often surprising.

HOW'S THIS?

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

Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.—Adv.

A. K. Collins was in Jackson, Tuesday.

John Frymuth was in Detroit, Wednesday.

Regular meeting of the L. O. T. M. Tuesday, May 14.

Mrs. James Gorman is visiting relatives in Jackson for a week.

Mrs. F. A. Westfall of Lima is spending some time in Blissfield.

The Chelsea Greenhouse has purchased a new Ford truck, which was delivered Wednesday.

An Epworth League cabinet meeting will be held this evening at the home of E. P. Steiner.

Mrs. Mabel Blum of Ann Arbor spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Taylor.

Mrs. Hattie Trouten left yesterday for Muskegon, where she will make her home with her son, Glenn.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Armour yesterday purchased G. A. Stimpson's residence on East Middle street.

Royal circle of the M. E. church will meet Wednesday afternoon, May 15th, with Mrs. Edwin Koebbe.

K. of P. meeting Monday evening; work in the rank of page. A short program and lunch will be given.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davidson motored to Coldwater, Wednesday, to attend the funeral of the latter's cousin, Mrs. S. A. Bisbee.

The Young Ladies chapter of the Congregational church will meet at the home of Mrs. R. D. Cheeseman, Tuesday evening, May 14.

The S. P. L. society of St. Paul's church will tender a reception to their mothers Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Lewis Eppler.

The Business Girls' club of the Ann Arbor Y. M. C. A. will give a play in the Sylvan town hall, Chelsea, Saturday evening, May 25th.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin of Dexter township died Friday, May 3, 1918, aged 10 months. The funeral was held Sunday.

Wednesday was the 40th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren. Their son, Wirt and wife and daughter Virginia, of Jackson, spent the afternoon with them.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Shepherd and daughter, Doris, left today for Rochester, N. Y., to visit their nephew, Maurice Owen, who expects to leave soon for "overseas" aviation service.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Riemenschneider and son, of Royal Oak, and Mr. and Mrs. James Moulds of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Riemenschneider over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dean and family and Horace Dean, of Charlotte, visited Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leach and other relatives several days of the past week, returning home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Benjamin of near Perry visited their daughter, Mrs. Ford Axtell, today. Mrs. Axtell and sons, Ralph and Paul, accompanied them home for a visit over the week-end.

The Michigan Central paint gang brightened up the Chelsea yards yesterday, painting fences, switch stands, crossing gates, etc. The Main street gates have been painted with black and white stripes.

The Baptist church will begin its Sunday evening services on May 12 at 7 o'clock. Beginning at that service Rev. Carmichael will give the first of a series of three lectures on "The Church." The first lecture will deal with the "Church of Yesterday," and the last, "The Church of Tomorrow."

GREGORY.

Mrs. Carl Bollinger has been sick the past week.

Mrs. Frank Voeghts was an Ann Arbor visitor recently.

Miss Lois Worden was a Stockbridge visitor last Saturday.

Mrs. F. A. Worden returned from Jackson, Monday of last week.

Miss Florence McClellan was a week-end visitor at Camp Custer.

Fred Merrill's son and his wife called on his parents last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gibney spent Friday of last week in Ann Arbor.

Little Alberta Green spent the week-end with Katharine Crossman.

Bert Wetherby has sold out the draying business to Raymond McKune.

Miss Minnie Bradshaw is caring for Mrs. Charles Runciman, who is very sick.

Misses Ruth Watson and Helen McClellan were week-end visitors in Chelsea.

Mrs. Charlotte Howlett returned from her Pontiac visit Monday of last week.

Herman and Maurice Sayers of North Waterloo called on friends last Saturday.

The Aid society at Otto Arnold's last Thursday was well attended and receipts were \$9.28.

Mrs. S. A. Denton, who is sick, is assisted in her work by Miss Ella Corser of Unadilla.

Mr. and Mrs. George Arnold spent the week-end visiting at Locke and other points near Perry.

George Henry and family of Jackson are now living in the rooms over E. Hill's store building.

Dr. L. A. Farnham of Pontiac left Monday of last week for Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., for war service.

Mrs. Kathryn Placeway and little son of Pinckney spent the week-end at the Ralph Chipman home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Burgess and daughter, Florence, visited at the Will Buhl home last Saturday.

Mrs. McCormick of Mt. Gilead, Ohio, is making a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrill.

The funeral services of the youngest son of Kirk Drown was held at the Baptist church Thursday of last week.

Miss Myra Kirkland and John and George Bowman, of Fowlerville, were week-end visitors at the George Arnold home.

Messdames Mary May, James Livemore and Vet Bullis, and Miss May Bullis were Jackson visitors on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Grace Melvor of Great Falls, Montana, came to Gregory, Tuesday

of last week, for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Angus Melvor.

Mrs. R. P. Ireland and Mrs. Grover Baird and children, of Fowlerville, spent Sunday with Mrs. Jane Voeght and Mrs. Fred Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Williams of Detroit and Mrs. George Jones of Lansing spent Monday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

The Young People's class of the Gregory Bible school spent Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead at Unadilla. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hill and son, Fay, Mrs. William Heminger of Pinckney, Barney Ropcke and wife and Mrs. Bowditch attended the funeral of J. J. Hill of Mulliken, last week.

The Saturday morning freight train from Jackson was wrecked about a mile west of town. This delayed the east and westbound passenger trains until late Saturday night.

Mrs. Angus Melvor and Miss Grace Melvor left last Thursday for Battle Creek to visit Angus Melvor at Camp Custer. From there they will go to Ann Arbor for a brief visit.

Rev. J. J. Schuler returned last Thursday night from the Washtenaw Baptist association which was held at Temperance, and reports a very good meeting. The next association will be held at Dexter the last of April, 1919. The following officers were elected: Rev. J. J. Schuler, moderator; Rev. H. W. Mack, clerk and treasurer; Caleb Smith, assistant clerk.

The Red Cross meeting Friday was a success in every way. Good attendance and quite an amount of work done. One quilt was tied and finished. The society was the recipient of another quilt top, the gift of Mrs. Ed. Brotherton. Mrs. Frank Voeghts brought in a machine for use at the hall. This makes the third machine brought in and helps out wonderfully. Another one could still be used and would be greatly appreciated.

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

Buy a War Savings Stamp today.

F. STAFFAN & SON

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Established over fifty years

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## 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 EPPLER**

Phone 41 South Main Street



"FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD"

GIVEN BY THE

## Junior Red Cross Society

OF THE CHELSEA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

**FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 17th, 1918**

AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

Matinee at 3:30.

Evening at 7:00

Admission—15c and 25c

## Caps to Cover All Sorts of Heads



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

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

## HERMAN J. DANCER

### Commissioners' Notice.

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against the estate of Thomas Jensen, late of said county, hereby give notice that four months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of H. D. Witherell, in the Village of Chelsea, in said county, on the 22nd day of June and on the 22nd day of August next, at ten o'clock, a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, April 22nd, 1918.  
Albert Winans,  
J. H. Boyd,  
Commissioners.  
Apr. 26, May 3, 10, 17.

### Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 24th day of April, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Julia A. Jensen, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of O. C. Burkhardt, administrator of said estate, praying that he may be licensed to sell certain real estate described therein at private sale for the purpose of distribution.

It is ordered that the 27th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw. [A true copy]

Emory E. Leland,  
Judge of Probate.

Dorcas C. Donegan, Register.  
Apr. 26, May 3, 10, 17.

### Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 1st day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Adeline W. Muscott, deceased.

On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Henry J. Heininger, executor, praying that a certain paper in writing and now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of Adeline W. Muscott be admitted to probate, and that Henry Heininger, the executor named in said will, or some other suitable person be appointed executor thereof and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered that the 28th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw. [A true copy]

Emory E. Leland,  
Judge of Probate.

Dorcas C. Donegan, Register.  
May 3, 10, 17, 24.</