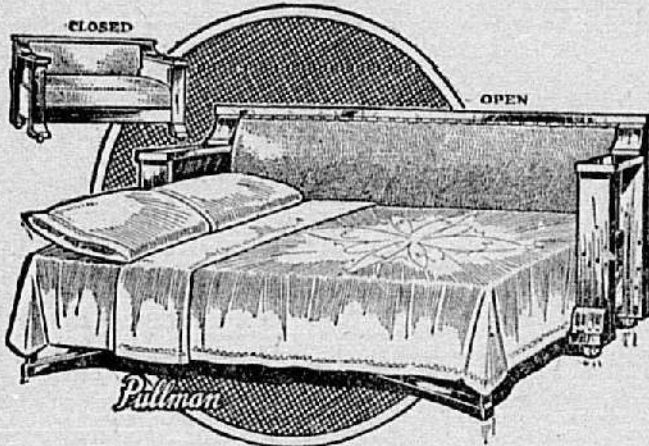


## ANNUAL JULY FURNITURE SALE!

Everything in our Furniture Department Specially  
Priced for this month. Come in and see the new  
things.



A new stock of Pullman Davenports, Davenettes  
and Duofolds just received.

"PYROX" disposes of the bug question on all kinds  
of vegetables and fruits. If you believe in growing  
good products, free from disease and insect damage,  
SPRAY WITH PYROX

Binders and Plymouth Binder Twine

FIRST CLASS PLUMBING AND TIN SHOP

### HOLMES & WALKER

We Are Always Open and Will Treat You Right.

## Saturday Specials

For Saturday, July 13th

PINK SALMON, tall can.....	19c
CRESCO, one pound can.....	30c
BEST RICE, per pound.....	11c
WHITE LAUNDRY SOAP, per bar.....	5c

Remember Our Men's Shoe Department

## Keusch & Fahrner

Home of Old Tavern Coffee



### It Pleases Us

To have a satisfied customer say:  
"Give us a pound of that steak,  
same as we had yesterday." We  
know he appreciates good service  
and has confidence in our ability  
to choose good meat. Come in and  
see if we can't satisfy you too.

ADAM EPPLER

Phone 41 South Main St.

### DRUNKS SCARCE IN A. A.

There was an intoxicated man in  
Ann Arbor this week, the first one  
which has been seen in the town, at  
least to make himself at all notice-  
able, since the day after the dry law  
went into effect. He came back from  
some place out of town, probably To-  
ledo, the other day, and went to a  
local garage, where he was discovered  
in such a state of "influence" that

the police were notified. This being  
a rare case the police "hastened to  
the scene" with unusual speed, in or-  
der that he might not get away before  
he was captured. In Justice Thomas  
court, Tuesday, he was fined \$10 and  
also the costs of \$5.05, which he paid.  
His name was J. Hessons.—Times-  
News.

Buy a War Savings Stamp today.

### JULY DRAFT WILL TAKE OVER TWO HUNDRED MEN

Washtenaw County Selective Service  
Board Will Send Contingent  
of 205 on July 22.

Two hundred and five men will be  
sent from Washtenaw county to the  
military training camps on July 22nd  
according to a semi-official draft list  
made public Wednesday by the county  
selective service board.

The list which follows is only semi-  
official and subject to changes and  
corrections, but is approximately cor-  
rect. Official notice will be mailed to  
each man individually. The list fol-  
lows:

Addison Edward Fletcher, Otto H.  
Berger, Wm. C. Palmer, William  
Cooch, Frank W. Lange, Julius C. A.  
Wier, Jacob Ludwig Hanselman, Wal-  
ter Henry Schwartz, Delbert Gren-  
nan, Chas. Ed. Cunningham, Costa  
Mitell, Wm. Allen Layton, Theodore  
Higgins, Edward Greenfield, Herbert  
Johnson Feldkamp, Chas. Frank See-  
ger, Andrew James Redpath, John  
Fred Hanselman, Ralph Edward  
Ransom.

Anthony A. Riedel, Oscar Albert  
Kahnbach, Earl Geo. Wiloughby,  
Walter Laidlaw, Ed. Lawrence Rie-  
del, Kirby Le Sueur Wilkins, Vasil  
Moisides, Oscar Schmidt, Donald  
Prescott Barrett, Harry Elais Root,  
John Livernors, Max Secor Fosdick,  
John W. Weber, Robert Lynn, Stan-  
ley Fraser Smith, Ferdinand J. Jay  
Grayer, Peter Williams, Jay Whit-  
beck Hiscut, Herman Francis Gor-  
ton, Nichols Rovengo, Thurlow  
L. Sweet, Wm. Sebastian Barth,  
Adam Sylvester Stoll.

Lawrence M. Thomas, Julius J.  
Schleweiss, Matthew Klump, John  
Lester Miller, Fred Wm. Meyer,  
Frederick Cleveringa, Wm. Walter  
Baur, Matthew Geo. Huber, Orill L.  
Alward, Ray Steadman, Sidney  
Schenk, Arthur Wm. Hertz, Fred E.  
Ritzenheim, Richard Sutton, Lloyd E.  
Bell, Walter E. Ballard, Austin M.  
Cline, Louis S. Hartmann, Herman J.  
Zald, Gust Ponds, Charles E. Scott,  
John J. Farrel, Lawrence M. Paul,  
Alfred Bommer, William D. Collins,  
Stewart J. Blashill, George A. Alber.

Clayton C. Heschewerdt, Benja-  
min C. Thompson, Berthold B. Noll,  
Louis C. Hackbarth, Erwin A. Reule,  
John Addis, Carl L. Crosby, Edw. O.  
Ehms, Grover C. Miller, Newell B.  
Hamilton, Elmer A. Goltz, John  
Quain, Harold L. Swisher, John F.  
Malloy, George F. Balpanig, Grover  
S. Bush, Giovanni A. Priolo, Otto E.  
Pieske, Tosselo Kuorpp, Harry James  
Goodhue, Leudiza G. Hutchinson,  
Charles D. Eveland.

Lawrence A. McKune, Geo. F. Mor-  
ris, Clarence L. Moore, Ernest R.  
Kern, Julius E. Palmer, Fred J. Mc-  
Mahon, Jay Wm. Roe, Oscar Stoll-  
steimer, Walter E. Weinman, Har-  
rison L. Bacon, Alexander J. Schiap-  
pacasse, Wm. H. Ledwidge, Earl A.  
Foreman, Jesse F. Warner, Spero  
Skindes, Gactano Rodolico, Phelps L.  
Crouse, Frank Coates, Arthur H.  
Heldinger, Roy J. Maier, John H.  
Horton, Carl J. Moehn, John C. Led-  
widge, Clarence H. Heininger, Reub-  
en Gregor, Geo. W. Arno, Raymond  
Savage, John Barabatis, Stanley  
Skouronski, Olsen Geo. Tenny, James  
Henry Hughes, Maynard A. Burn-  
ham, Clarence Casterline, Frank C.  
Gross, Cleon B. Wolff.

Ira Leroy Becker, Burill A. Laure-  
nce, John E. Axelson, Lloyd E. Fair-  
banks, George Lohs, J. Robert  
Brooks, Coffee B. Denton, Clarence  
Jas. Hauber, Andrew Hartman, Huey  
Messier, Donald D. Carr, James Rose,  
Alfred E. Steeb, Ayrl H. Demosh,  
Ernest H. Uphams, Claude Byerast,  
Charles R. McLaren, Edwin Geo.  
Braun, Harry J. Storey, William  
Demis, Ernest H. Jarvis, Bry Theo  
McLaughlan, Oscar O. Buss, Monk  
Andrew, Peter Bochen, John E. Beh-  
nke, Hazen R. Leach, James A. Mor-  
gan, Walter J. Opal, Howard C. Fow-  
ler, Carl L. Splitt, Louis J. Roehm,  
Edward C. Howard, Vance L. Ogden,  
Lee A. Barkus, Millard P. Phillips,  
Roy E. Cummings, Clark D. Sheldon,  
John C. Hoffman.

Louis Henry Faber, Clarence E.  
Wilson, Ashley Hatch, Dan Barton,  
James Dignan, Fay L. Kirk, Wm.  
Arthur June, Clark Elias Sadler,  
John K. Heins, Herman Adolph Al-  
ber, Ernest Eugene Schlenker, Roy  
McParlan, Joseph A. Brahm, Harold  
Philip McMillen, Chas. Oliver Stain-  
brock, Harry Glenn Jordan, John  
Christian Schmutz, Wm. John Wolff,  
Ranney Converse Scott, Otto Lud-  
olph, Norman Beo. Beckman, Jerry  
Harcourt, Eugene Roche McClear,  
Wm. John Heusel.

Albert Horise Booth, Aaron Carl  
Hoffman, Geo. Ed. Hammond, Emery  
Edison Smith, John Harold Hatha-  
way, Geo. Barber, Ernest Jas. Ry-  
narsen, Herbert F. Lammung, Mar-  
tin Wm. Jacobs, Albert Klump, Al-  
bert Tenny, Albert Nelson Kellogg,  
Geo. Christian Heusel, Daniel Kellogg,  
Livernors, Chas. Burt Lee, Russell  
Watson, Harry K. Smyth, Wm. Ir-  
ving Schmidt, Henry W. Nowak.

### RETRY SMALLEY VS. WEST.

Judge Geo. W. Sample handed  
down a decision Tuesday in the mat-  
ter of a motion for a new trial in the  
case of Rena Smalley vs. Albert  
West, which was suit of slander, in  
which Mrs. Smalley secured a ver-  
dict from a jury in the circuit court,  
awarding her \$1,000. Judge Sample  
says in his memorandum of decision  
on the motion that a new trial should  
be granted on account of improper  
statements by the attorney for the  
plaintiff, and a new trial of the case  
is ordered at the October term.

Everyone knows best how he can  
reduce his expenses so that he may  
have more savings with which to buy  
War Savings Stamps.

### SPEER - ALGER.

Miss Vinola Speer, daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. T. G. Speer, and Mr. Ben-  
jamin Alger of Fenton were married  
Wednesday morning, July 10, 1918,  
at seven o'clock at the church of Our  
Lady of the Sacred Heart, Rev. T. J.  
Heydon officiating. Miss Katharine  
Eder and Mr. August Dorr were the  
attendants. Immediately following the  
ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Alger  
left for Fenton, where they will make  
their home.

### FROM CLARENCE STIPE

Former Chelsea Boy Writes of Army  
Experiences "Overseas."

The following letter was received  
yesterday from Clarence Stipe, son  
of Mr. and Mrs. William Stipe, for-  
mer residents of Chelsea. He is with  
an infantry company in "overseas"  
service, and says under date of July  
1st:

"I suppose you will be surprised to  
hear from an old 'Chelseaiter,' but  
you know war is what Sherman said,  
and I am writing you at the first op-  
portunity and will finish this letter if  
I can dodge the raindrops long  
enough.

Of course you wonder where I am  
and how many times I've seen actual  
service. I've seen actual action in  
the trenches, but that is something  
Mr. Censor does not permit us to tell  
about. But you know we have seen  
some service.

I should like to tell you of the  
many things and sights that greet  
the eye when we get an occasional  
chance to ramble around. Some in-  
cidents are very amusing, such as  
trying to make one's wants known  
and then the usual quibble about the  
change when paying for articles pur-  
chased.

I would like to send you a few  
"snaps" of interesting sights, both of  
war features and of the country. But  
I left my kodak in the U. S. when we  
sailed for "overhere." I imagine you  
would like to see what a Sammy  
really looks like after being made  
over to meet service conditions. Per-  
haps the most interesting picture  
would be of us "going in" or "going  
out" of action with full packs, the  
sweat trickling from under our tin  
hats and about two inches of trench  
mud on each hob-nailed shoe. But  
pictures don't talk and unless you  
can read the facial expressions you  
wouldn't get the entire situation.  
Our packs contain all our belongings,  
which seem little enough at the start,  
but like tons when you at last drop  
it. Just imagine a rifle, bayonet, am-  
munition, mess kit, blankets, toilet  
articles, etc. I don't see much use  
for the last named at times, but oc-  
casionally we get a chance to clean-  
up.

At present I am holding down the  
job of Co. Gas N. C. O., so you see I  
have plenty to do looking after the  
company's protective measures and  
incidentally looking out for yours  
truly, which all goes towards making  
up my bit.

Before I experienced it myself I  
used to think that Sgt. Guy Empey  
in his book, "Over the Top," enlarged  
on some things, but personally, I  
don't think he enlarged those arti-  
cles "cool boxes" and "typewriters"  
sufficiently.

I saw an old Chelsea boy in France  
some time during the month of  
March—no other than Paul Maroney,  
but he is the only one of all those in  
service. It sure did seem good to see  
him, but that's been a long time ago  
—almost time to meet another old  
friend. Shortly after I saw Paul I  
had the pleasure of seeing the chap-  
el in which Joan of Arc's banner was  
blessed before she went into battle.

Yours truly,  
Clarence Stipe.

### NEIGHBORHOOD BRIEVITIES

Items of Interest From Our Neary  
Towns and Localities.

STOCKBRIDGE—Mrs. H. Yocum  
shot a six-foot blue racer in their door-  
yard Tuesday morning. A connec-  
tion among her chickens attracted  
her attention, and being handy with  
a 22 rifle, she made short work of his  
snakeship.—Brief-Sun.

HAMBURG—Mrs. Edw. Hollister,  
78 years old, died at her home Wed-  
nesday after an illness of six weeks.  
Mrs. Hollister is survived by six chil-  
ren. Professor R. D. Hollister of the  
University of Michigan faculty, Miss  
Minnie Hollister of Ann Arbor, Mrs.  
C. Lewis of Pontiac, Mrs. F. A. Run-  
zell of Hoquian, Washington, and  
Mrs. Hadley Hoake of Portland, Ore-  
gon.

ANN ARBOR—The University of  
Michigan has notified the war depart-  
ment that it can train 2,800 enlisted  
men here, provided the government  
does not demand that all the men be  
housed in one building. These men  
will be trained in the same manner  
as the 711 army mechanics in train-  
ing here now, including also drivers  
repair men, general mechanics, car-  
penters, gunsmiths, steel metal work-  
ers, concrete men, road repair men,  
electricians, telephone electricians,  
signal corps men, and vulcanizers.

JACKSON—A sheriff's posse was  
rushed to Pinckney, Livingston county  
Tuesday, where it was reported a man  
answering the description of Harry  
Bushnell, the fugitive convict, wanted  
for the brutal murder of Mrs. Tillie  
Jenkins and Vaiden Borden, was seen  
hiding in the woods.

Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea  
Remedy.

Now is the time to buy a bottle of  
this remedy so as to be prepared in  
case that any one of your family  
should have an attack of colic or  
diarrhoea during the summer  
months. It is worth a hundred times  
its cost when needed.—Adv.

### NEW REGULATIONS FOR COAL DISTRIBUTION

Hard Coal Base Burners Limited to  
Six Tons, Hot Air Furnaces  
Get 50-50 Allowance.

New regulations covering the dis-  
tribution of coal were issued Tues-  
day by United States Fuel Adminis-  
trator W. K. Prudden. As the result  
of the new regulations, a man having  
a large house in which he normally  
used 15 tons of hard coal will be lim-  
ited to 50 tons.

"Until further notice, the following  
orders relative to coal for domestic  
use will be in force," said Mr. Prud-  
den.

"Consumers having strictly hard  
coal base burners may have delivered  
their requirements not exceeding six  
tons. All nut and stove sizes to be  
reserved so far as possible for base  
burner use.

"Consumers having hot air furna-  
ces, including hot air furnaces having  
hot water coils attached one-half of  
their requirements. For each ton of  
hard coal now on hand or hereafter  
delivered an additional ton of soft  
coal to be procured.

"Consumers having hot water or  
steam heating equipments must pro-  
vide fuel other than anthracite coal  
for heating.

"The owner or occupant of a pri-  
vate residence having less than five  
in family, shall not have delivered to  
said residence to exceed 50 tons of  
anthracite coal, even though his pre-  
war normal requirements has been in  
excess of that amount."

### RED CROSS NEWS.

The ladies of the Baptist church  
have organized a Red Cross sewing  
unit. The first meeting was held  
yesterday.

The North Francisco Red Cross  
auxiliary has a total membership of  
52. During June and July they made  
26 children's petticoats and 6 suits of  
pajamas. The proceeds of the social  
given June 27th were \$26.60.

The sewing quota for July and  
August is 20 pajama suits, 20 con-  
valescent robes, 20 petticoats. The  
following material has been received:  
43 1/2 yds. outing, \$12.63; 10 pajama  
suits, \$10; 11 lbs. sock yarn, \$30.15.

A knitting contest and lawn fete  
will be held Saturday afternoon, July  
13th, from three to six o'clock on the  
lawn at Mrs. C. E. Whitaker's home,  
or at Macabee hall in case of in-  
clement weather. Ice cream and cake  
will be served. The proceeds will be  
donated to the yarn fund. All are  
cordially invited.

Miss Elba Morse, hospital super-  
intendent of Ann Arbor, will give a  
lecture on "Home Service," Wednes-  
day, July 17th, at two o'clock at Mac-  
abee hall. So many trained nurses  
are now needed "overseas" that the  
importance of home nursing is now  
paramount to all not in active ser-  
vice, and every woman in this vicinity  
should make an effort to attend  
the lecture.

### WANTED AND FOR SALE.

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

TO RENT, FOUND, ETC.

FOR SALE—75 White Leghorn  
chicks, 8wks. old, and 25 yearling  
hens. Harry Hammond, phone 156-  
P20.

NOTICE—Dean Rogers and Frank  
Brooks now have the agency for  
the Detroit News. Phone orders for  
papers, either Sunday or daily, to  
numbers 230 or 272-J.

LOST—Square gold watch charm  
with opal set, between Elm St. and  
electric depot. Reward P. care  
Tribune.

FOR SALE—Work bench and 2 burn-  
er gas plate. G. A. Stimpson, 157  
E. Summit St., Chelsea. 87tf

LOST—Rubber lined rain coat some-  
where between Joseph Wolff's and  
Chris. Trinkle's. Reward Mrs.  
Reuben Grieb, phone 141-P22. 853f

FOR SALE—Good work or driving  
horse, wt. about 1100, guaranteed  
in every particular, even to age. J.  
Hummel, Chelsea. 853f

FOR RENT—Four unfurnished  
rooms. Ground floor, private en-  
trance, well located, no children.  
645 S. Main Street, Chelsea. 853f

FOR SALE—Bay Mare, 9 yrs. old,  
standard trotting stock, good driv-  
er and worker, wt. 1160 lbs.; also  
buggy and harness. W. E. Burgess,  
421 Chandler St., Chelsea. 84tf

FOR SALE—My partner having  
gone to war and being myself sub-  
ject to draft, will sell the business  
and equipment of the Chelsea Ice  
Company, including two ice houses  
with season's supply of ice; neces-  
sary horses, wagons and tools.  
Easy terms arranged. Everet Ben-  
ton, phone 250, Chelsea. 83tf

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

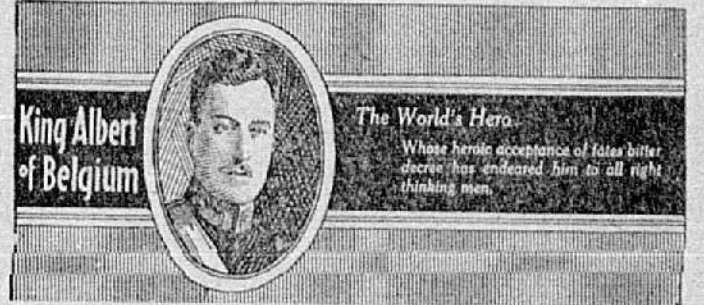
WANTED—People in this vicinity  
who have any legal printing re-  
quired in the settlement of estates,  
etc., to have it sent to the Chelsea  
Tribune. The rates are universal  
in such matters, and to have your  
notices appear in this paper it is  
only necessary to ask the probate  
judge to send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

VILLAGE TAXES.

Village taxes are due and may be  
paid at any time at my store on East  
Middle street.

M. A. Shaver,  
Treasurer.

Tribune "liner" ads; five cents the  
line first insertion, 2 1/2 cents the line  
each subsequent insertion.



King Albert  
of Belgium

The World's Hero  
Whose heroic acceptance of a bitter  
duty has endeared him to all right  
thinking men

The reign of King Albert, prior to the war,  
was characterized by the splendid thrift so typi-  
cal of the devoted and courageous Belgian people.

As a consequence Belgian was, although she  
possessed but little in the way of natural advan-  
tage, busy and fairly prosperous.

Prosperity is one of the inevitable results of  
thrift—whether in the affairs of nations or indi-  
viduals.

Your prosperity—that is, your continued  
prosperity—will depend largely upon your thrift.

Let us suggest that you form the wonderful  
habit of thrift and start by opening an account in  
this good bank. Then, if you will but add some-  
thing regularly each week, you will have made a  
fair start along the road that leads to prosperity.

## Kempf Commercial & Savings Bank

ESTABLISHED 1876

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$100,000.00.

Chelsea, Michigan

## Get Our Estimate First

Our facilities for making repairs on all kinds of cars place  
us in a position to tackle the hardest kind of jobs.

We not only have the men who know how to fix all the var-  
ious car troubles, but also the tools and equipment with  
which they can do it.

We can complete almost any repair job on very short notice  
and deliver work promptly when promised. Our up-to-date  
equipment enables us to do all work at the very lowest cost,  
thus saving you money as well as time.

Don't hesitate to call on us the first time you need repair  
services.

## THE OVERLAND GARAGE

Chelsea, Michigan

## FINE SUMMER SHIRTS



THREE reasons for this—Qual-  
ity, Price, Looks.

Take our outing shirts, for in-  
stance. Made of strongest madras,  
serviceable percale, finest silk or  
lusting flannel.

Our special prices make them  
very good buys.

These shirts are of up to date de-  
signs and colorings—snappy, dressy,  
comfortable.

Everything else in shirts.

## HERMAN J. DANCER

## New Home Bakery

Is now open for business  
in the building on West Middle street  
formerly occupied by the Caspary and  
Youse bakeries.

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Cookies, made  
fresh daily. Try them.

## H. J. SMITH

## F. STAFFAN & SON UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich.

Phone us your news items; 190-W.



# When Whole Villages Flee the Hun



WAITING FOR RED CROSS MOTOR TRUCKS WHICH GO TO VERY FRONT TO RESCUE THOSE IN DANGER

**F**IFTEEN THOUSAND homeless refugees from French villages just behind the trenches crowded into their railway depots during four days, furnished pathetic evidence to Paris that the Germans were advancing somewhat in their recent drive. Village after village had come under the German guns and homeless old men, women, children—well, sick, helpless—were hurried into Paris for redistribution to friends and relatives or to be assigned to the care of some unburdened French city or town.

As trainload after trainload of these unfortunates of war were delivered in the Gare du Nord and other depots of Paris, the refugees and their belongings made, for a time, one of the worst human tangles imaginable. To get an idea of the conditions at the Paris stations during these few days, think of the railway station in your nearest large American city. Imagine it on the busiest days of the week with its ordinary human and freight traffic greatly swelled by the passing through of thousands of soldiers who have to be fed and provided with bathing and sleeping accommodations. Then imagine that same station called upon suddenly to feed and lodge for two days and nights, 3,000 homeless, moneyless people. Where would an American community find quickly—in an hour two—the 900 mattresses and the 620 piles of straw covered with blankets which supplemented the benches, canteen tables and piles of luggage as sleeping places for this tired multitude of French refugees?

Of the crowd of unexpected guests, many were very old, others sick, quite a few entirely helpless. There were hundreds of little children; some had lost their parents in the shuffle. A few mutilated children, victims of explosions near their homes, required immediate surgical and nursing care. Other children had scarlet fever or contagious diseases and had to be quarantined at once in detention hospitals. There were enough tiny babies to keep sixty Red Cross nursing bottles busy all the time.

Add to this human jostling and jersam, piles of furniture, baby carriages, bicycles, kitchen utensils, bedding, clothes and last but not least a number of live goats, live chickens and pot dogs that had to be fed and watered, and you have some idea of the civilian relief problems that the American Red Cross and other agencies must solve after a thrust and withdrawal on the front.

## Tipless Porters.

But the American Red Cross was ready and right on the job when the first trains began to come in. Men in Red Cross uniforms were on the platforms ready to net as tipless porters. They made trip after trip loaded down with the personal belongings of the refugees—perhaps leading a goat or carrying live chickens—again assisting the weak or lame to reach the canteens upstairs where quantities of hot food and drink were being made ready for distribution through the Red Cross and other canteens, and where cots were provided for the lame and very feeble.

Food was the first thought of nearly all—particularly famished children who had had little to eat for many hours. All of the canteens, reinforced

by volunteer cooks and waiters from many organizations, were soon serving hot soup, coffee, tea, chocolate, meat, cheese and sardine sandwiches, stewed fruit, chocolate, and even a bit of candy for the little folks and a cigarette for the men.

Then everyone wanted to wash. Some had not been able to get at soap and water for several days and many of the children were in deplorable condition. Two hundred and sixty-eight wash basins, innumerable basins, and a hundred pounds of soap did wonders. New clothing was issued to many and old garments were fumigated and laundered. Many seized the first chance to notify relatives at the writing tables provided by the Red Cross.

## The Push-Cart Caravan.

Of the refugees, some six thousand more fortunate ones either had money for their journeys, or had in mind definite destinations where friends or relatives would welcome them. But some 9,000 were absolutely without funds and—worse—had no idea nor choice as to where they would go from Paris. These it was necessary to maintain until they could be provided with homes. Many with definite destinations wished to proceed at once on their journeys. This involved a night trip to another railway station across Paris. Until motortrucks and automobiles could be assembled, the Red Cross men hired push carts for the night and personally led caravans of refugees with baggage and belongings to the other depots. Many little children or older folks unable to walk rode comfortably in these push cart processions. In all some 300 people were transported in this way. They arrived 12 service cars and four trucks of the American Red Cross, 6 Canadian Red Cross trucks, the Y. M. C. A. sight seeing cars and many ambulances and private cars furnished by other organizations and by individuals. This fleet, supplied with gasoline by the American Red Cross, solved cross-town transportation until the French authorities were able to take over the inter-depot movement of these refugees.

Few who have not actually taken part in one of these refugee rushes can realize what the feeding of 15,000 people in crowded railway stations involves. All the canteens fed as many as they could without neglecting their primary function of caring for troops en route. The American Red Cross supplied extra supplies to other canteens and immediately enlarged its own canteen facilities. The first food some of the refugees got on Friday evening were sardines, fished out with batlins and put on crackers college-spread fashion. But soon regular hot meals were being served to every one who needed food.

## Tons of Food Needed.

To handle the extra crowd the Red Cross assembled at the depots 3,000 dishes and 2,250 spoons, forks and knives. What is more important, it mobilized a dishwashing force to keep ahead of the demand for these utensils.

The food supplied just from the American Red Cross emergency stores—and many other agencies also were feeding refugees—amounted to tons of meat, bread and fruit. For example, 171 cases of condensed milk, 1,800 pounds of coffee, tea and cocoa, 530 pounds of sugar, 600 pounds of su-

## American Red Cross Helps Care For 15,000 Refugees Who Pour Into Paris to Escape Invaders

sage, 25 cases of corned beef and 15 hams, 60 boxes of bread and crackers, 12 cases of cheese, 3 cases of macaroni and 20 cases of fruit were among the items. More than 1,200 pounds of eating chocolate were issued but much of this was for luncheons on the train from Paris to new hiding places.

Merely to pin the refugees together, called for 400 cards of safety pins, and nearly 2,300 garments not counting handkerchiefs and such things were needed to reclothe the people.

In a few days this crowd had been distributed. No refugee, however, left Paris hungry, unclean or unwashed—no sick person or child lacked for medical or nursing care—everyone was clean—everyone clothed. As one of the forty-odd extra Red Cross workers engaged day and night put it, "even the goats and the dogs got a square meal from the scraps, and the humans were filled 'jusqu'à la gorge' which we would interpret as 'Thanks-giving full!'"

## WATCHFUL SERVANT IN JAPAN

Maid Ministers to Wants of Guests, Lights Their Cigarettes and Tucks Them in Bed.

We had our bath, and we had dinner from lacquer bowls and porcelain dishes. Our satisfaction proved again that the joy of finding is not always less than the joy of pursuit. The maid who had been assigned to minister to our comfort accepted her duty as a trust. She was unbelievably short and very sturdy. Her broad face, and the strength of her round, shapeless limbs proclaimed the hardy bloom of the peasant. The physical, mental and emotional unity which comes as the heritage of such unadorned rustic blood is in itself a prepossessing charm. Our daughter of Mother Earth was as material as she was diminutive.

She might think of a thousand services, her bare feet might start of an instant across the mats to respond to any request, but never did she surrender one iota of her instinctive belief that we, merely being men, were only luxurious accessories for the world to possess. She was so primordially feminine that she inspired a terrifying thought of the possibility of society being sometimes modeled after the queenhood of the bees.

She had never seen a foreigner, but she had heard much gossip of our customs. Her inquiring mind was intent upon verifying this group as far as possible, and she was also very curious about our possessions. She taught us how to hold our chopsticks and how to drink our soup. A little more noise from our lips would show that we were appreciating the flavor, she admonished.

When the beds were finally laid she brought a fresh brewing of tea and replenished the charcoal in the brazier. She lighted our after-dinner cigarettes for us by pressing them against the embers. She sat waiting until we dropped the last stub into the ashes. Then the guardian midwife rolled back the quilts, ordered us to bed, tucked us in carefully, giving to each impartially a good-night pat.

Her day's work finished, assuredly her efforts entitled her to a quiet enjoyment of one of the cigarettes. She sat down on the foot of my bed and, deeply drawing in the smoke, blew it into the air with a sigh of contentment.—Harper's Magazine.

## When Patience Ceases to Be a Virtue.

"There is a time in every man's life when he absolutely gives up hope," said the melancholy-looking man in the corner.

"When he falls in business, or something," asked the sympathetic-looking man across.

"No—the last ten minutes when his wife is getting dinner."—Judge.

## A Suspicious Character

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE  
Of The Vigilantes

The other day in the city where I live there was a patriotic parade. It was announced that every patriot was expected to uncover when the Stars and Stripes swept by. During the parade everybody did it.

Standing on the curbstone was an unkempt individual, with straggly hair, and a wild, desperate eye, who kept looking about him uneasily, when the crowd pressed against him he hitched himself away, but he must have seen the hats come off as the colors swept down the thoroughfare. When the flag was only half a block away, this man lifted his hand but instead of removing his hat he drew it farther down upon his head. His action was noticed.

"Uncover!" yelled somebody in the crowd. The crowd, like a lot of children, forgot all about the flag passing, and turned its attention to the man who hadn't taken off his hat.

"Where is he—where is he?" people asked.

"Uncover there—uncover," cried stentorian voices.

The man turned about and his hand strayed to his hat again. It seemed as though he was about to remove it. But three men pressed close to him—threateningly.

"You take your hat off, do you hear?" they shouted at him.

He drew away from them and pulled it more firmly down upon his head.

"Take that hat off—or I'll knock it off," cried one of the three men.

The wild-eyed man shook his head and kept drawing away.

"Uncover," cried the crowd, surging against the four principals, "make him uncover there."

"Shacker," yelled somebody.

"Traitor," cried somebody else.

The three men seized the offender and laid violent hands upon his hat.

The man clung to it desperately, throwing all his strength into his grasp. Then a police officer forced his way through the crowd.

"Officer," said one of the three men, "take this man in charge. We'll come with you. We'll make a complaint."

The officer seized the man by the arm.

"I will go—with you," gasped the man, "but not with them—not with them."

The three men followed the officer. The crowd trailed on behind, until they reached the nearest precinct station.

The culprit was led before the magistrate. As the man entered the courtroom, he took off his hat and bowed. The police officer stated his case—the three men made their complaint.

"Well," demanded the judge fiercely, "is this true?"

The offender bowed. "What they say is true," he admitted.

"Well," demanded the magistrate, impatiently, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

The man bowed. "Judge," he began, "I live all alone—and I am afraid of burglars."

The crowd that had trailed in laughed. The judge looked sternly at the man.

"Afraid of burglars," sneered the magistrate. "Is that the reason you didn't take your hat off to the flag?"

"No," the man returned, "but I am afraid of pickpockets."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the court.

"This," returned the man, "at my room I hide away my securities. But I am afraid if I leave them there they will be stolen, so I put them in my pocket."

"What's that got to do with it?" snapped the magistrate.

"When I saw the crowd," went on the wild-eyed man, "I was afraid my pocket would be picked. So I stepped into a corner and took all my securities and put them in my hat. And then these three men—these three, who look so much like pickpockets, they crowded close to me. And I took them to be pickpockets. And though I saw the flag coming, I knew what would happen if I removed my hat. I knew these three men would snatch it from me, and take all I have."

The magistrate eyed the wild-eyed man with a cold eye.

"Good story," he said to the officer. "See what he's got in his hat."

The officer jerked the hat away from the offender and turned its contents out on the bench before the judge.

The inside rim was stuffed with papers. Then he separated these papers and spread them out upon the desk. This is what he found.

One certificate of membership in the Red Cross.

One Red Cross receipt for a contribution of \$100 marked "Thanks" across the bottom.

A letter from the man's boy at the front, saying that he had been pretty badly wounded and was not expected to live.

A newspaper clipping sent out by the war department, announcing his death.

A war department letter confirming it.

A funeral notice, published three months later, announcing the death of the boy's mother here in town.

Five unregistered Liberty loan bonds of the denomination of \$100 each.

The magistrate beckoned to the

three men. Silently he exhibited the contents of the hat to them.

"Now, gentlemen," said the magistrate, "is there any one of you patriots who invested five hundred dollars in the Liberty loan, or who is a member of the Red Cross, or who has contributed a hundred dollars to the Red Cross, or who has lost a boy at the front, or who has a boy at the front? That's what I'd like to know."

The three patriots looked at each other, looked at the judge, looked at the wild-eyed man, looked at the esp, and then, with a grand manner of pickpockets, softly and silently slunk away.

Moral: How easy it is to make a noise like a patriot! Also, you can't most always tell!

## ABOARD THE TRANSPORT

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS  
of the Vigilantes.

I haven't told our secret, dear. Since my good-by to you. But flowers and birds were singing it. And flags and ribbons flaring it. And golden sunshine bringing it. Down every breeze that blew.

It filled me as we crossed the pier To march aboard the boat. With every hand a playing it. The stepping feet a saying it. The singing stars belaying it. Filled eyes and heart and throat.

The story still goes on by night. Though all the bunting's faded; The tightening ropes are rattling it. The speeding waves are prattling it. The whispering stars are tattling it. And telling all the world.

I know when we get where they fight And beckoning death shall call. Where bursting steel is shelling it. And flaming guns are bellying it. And deadly hate is bellying it. Our love will last them all.

## PHANTOMS

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE  
of the Vigilantes.

In Seattle, Wash., during one of the Red Cross drives, I was one of an audience of 3,000 people that crowded a huge motion picture theater on a Saturday night. There was a special appeal made from the platform for immediate contributions. The result of this appeal was the immediate subscription of \$30,000—or \$10 a head, for every man, woman and child in the audience. As that large audience surged out into the brilliantly lighted street I noted that the street was occupied by a goodly company of soldiers, drawn up at attention, saluting the audience as it went by. There must have been 500 of them. I stepped to the curbstone and approached the commanding officer, who saluted as I came.

"Who," I queried, "are these men—what are they doing here?"

The officer smiled—his eyes flashed. "These," he said, "are the 500 members of the National army whose lives are going to be saved because your audience this evening contributed \$30,000 to the Red Cross fund."

He finished speaking to me. He turned and gave an order. On the instant the 500 soldiers vanished into thin air. And then I realized that they weren't there—they hadn't been there at all, save in my imagination. They were phantoms.

But—were they phantoms? Do they exist? They were not in that street ranged up before that theater—are they anywhere? They are not phantoms—they do exist—and they are somewhere today either in the trenches or about to enter them. They may be in France—they may be here—but they are real, those 500 men whose lives will be saved by that audience who subscribed that evening their average of \$10 apiece. How many men are there whose lives will not be saved because there's nobody to put up the cash? Are they phantoms, too? Let us hope they are.

## HOW TO SAVE \$1,000,000

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS  
of the Vigilantes.

Of course, you bought an extra Liberty bond; that is, one more than you had expected to, or thought that you could afford. You bought it because the need was so rubbed into you that you could not hold back. Now sit down and calculate what it cost to sell you that extra bond. Put down all the items; printing, engraving, advertising, mailing, telephoning, shoe leather, man-power and office-room diverted from their normal earning—the bill is so big that you are appalled at having to pay it. For you do pay it. It has all got to come out of you, sooner or later, somewhere. There is no mysterious well-spring of money to meet such expenditures. The country pays.

Before the next Liberty loan campaign—and there will be a next, and a next, if we don't want to be annexed by Germany—suppose we face that enormous bill, size it up fairly, and decide that we can't afford it. Then let every citizen become his own bond-seller. All he has to do is to shout at himself what the sellers of bonds are shouting at him: that it's your money or your life, those days, and that those who, safe at home, give their money, have the easy end of the loan. You have to lift yourself by your own bootstraps, that's all. Try it. It's an exhilarating exercise, and far more dignified than being hoisted.

In England and France, you know, they don't have to get up vaudeville shows to sell their war bonds. The Huns attend to all that—they give performances on the roof.

Asparagus waste now furnishes a good quality of cellulose, this having been accomplished through the discovery of a German scientist.

## PRESIDENT SPEAKS AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB ON FOURTH

Declares United States Will Not Consider Peace Until Prussianism Is Crushed.

## ASSERTS GERMAN RULERS FEAR THEIR OWN PEOPLE

Says There Is But One Issue in This World War and the Settlement Must Be Final—"Blinded Rulers of Prussia Have Roused Forces They Knew Little Of—Forces Which Once Roused Can Never Be Crushed to Earth."

Mount Vernon, Va., July 4.—In his Independence day address, which the world will recognize as an answer to Von Kuehlmann's recent speech in the reichstag, President Wilson declared that the Father of His Country and his associates spoke and acted, not for a class, but for a people and that it has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted, not for a single people only, but for all mankind and were planning that men of every class should be free, and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of free men.

Referring to the present world struggle, the president said that the peoples of the world find themselves confronted by a selfish group of nations who speak no common purpose but only selfish ambitions of their own and by which none can profit but themselves and whose people are fuel in their hands.

## Text of Address.

The text of the president's speech follows:

"Gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps and My Fellow Citizens: I am happy to draw apart with you to this quiet place of old counsel in order to speak a little of the meaning of this day of our nation's Independence. The place seems very still and remote. It is as serene and untouched by the hurry of the world as it was in those great days long ago when General Washington was here and held his famous conference with the men who were to be associated with him in the creation of a nation. From the gentle slopes they looked out upon the world and saw it whole, saw it with the light of the future upon it, saw it with modern eyes that turned away from a past which men of liberated spirits could no longer endure, it is for that reason that we cannot feel, even here, in the immediate presence of this sacred tomb, that this is a place of death. It was a place of achievement. A great promise that was meant for all mankind was here given plan and reality. The associations by which we are here surrounded are the inspiring associations of that noble death which is only a glorious consummation. From this green hillside we also ought to be able to see with comprehending eyes the world that lies about us and should conceive anew the purposes that must set men free.

## Planned Universal Freedom.

"It is significant—significant of their own character and purpose and of the influences they were setting afoot—that Washington and his associates, like the barons at Runnymede, spoke and acted, not for a class, but for a people. It has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted, not for a single people only, but for all mankind. They were thinking, not of themselves and of the material interests which centered in the little groups of landholders and merchants and men of affairs with whom they were accustomed to act, in Virginia and the colonies to the north and south of her, but of a people which wished to be done with classes and special interests and the authority of men whom they had not themselves chosen to rule over them. They entertained no private purpose, desired no peculiar privilege.

"They were consciously planning that men of every class should be free and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of free men. And we take our cue from them—do we not? We intend what they intended. We here in America believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planned. Our case differs from theirs only in this, that it is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation what shall make not only the liberties of America secure but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must now be settled once for all what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we

## TO BE MEMORIAL TO AMERICA

New Name for Belleau Wood Will Be Bois de la Brigade Americaine.

With the American Army on the French front, July 5.—America has a place on the map of France. One of the most touching of the many tributes of fraternity and good will to the United States on this anniversary of our Independence day will be the changing of the name of the Bois de

draw today. This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to look out upon our task, that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. And this is the appropriate place from which to avow, alike to the friends who look on and to the friends with whom we have the happiness to be associated in action, the faith and purpose with which we act.

## Hun Rulers Fear Own People.

"This, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon every scene and every act of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world—not only the peoples actually engaged, but many others also who suffer under mastery but cannot act; peoples of many races and in every part of the world—the people of stricken Russia still, among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless. Opposed to them, masters of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of governments who speak no common purpose but only selfish ambitions of their own by which none can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands; governments which fear their people and yet are for the time their sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of their lives and fortunes as they will, as well as of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power—governments clothed with the strange trappings and the primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own. The past and the present are in deadly grapple and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

## Settlement Must Be Final.

"There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No halfway decision would be tolerable. No halfway decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace: 1. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

"2. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

"3. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct towards each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

"4. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

## U. S. Can Never Be Crushed.

"These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

"These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish, with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be reached only by the determination of what the thinking people of the world desire with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

"I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a prouder kindness. Here where started forces which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its authority but which has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well as of the people of the United States—and I stand here now to speak, speak proudly and with confident hope—of the spread of this revolt, this liberation to the great state of the world itself. The blinded rulers of Prussia have aroused forces they knew little of—forces which, once aroused, can never be crushed to earth again—for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph."

## WHY SUN APPEARS AS OVAL

Due to Optical Illusion Which Can Be Made Plain by a Very Simple Little Experiment.

Why is the setting sun oval instead of round as it drops close to the horizon?

Why, too, does it then appear to be larger?

The enlargement is generally an optical illusion, due to the disc of the sun appearing close to the horizon,

which we know to be very far distant.

When the atmosphere is dusty and hot, however, it acts as a magnifying glass.

The oval appearance can best be understood by drawing a small circle on a sheet of white paper and placing a reading glass over it. When the circle is under the center of the lens it appears a circle; but as the glass is moved till the circle is near its edge the circle gradually becomes an oval. The sun, as it nears the horizon, and appears enlarged, usually becomes

an oval longer in breadth than in height, because it is seen through the edge of an aerial lens.

The air, to a small height, is in a condition to magnify objects, and has been all day, but looking upward its thin layer would have little effect, whereas looking through it toward the horizon the effect would be increased about 10 times by the increased depth of air looked through.

Stout City, Ia., has a labor union mayor.



# Cap'n Warren's Wards

By Joseph C. Lincoln

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## CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Humph! She does, hey? I want to know! Look here, Jim! Have you and she?"

He got no further, for Pearson broke away and, with a hurried "Good night," strode up the platform to meet the city-bound train. Captain Elisha entered the house by the back door, a remnant of South Denboro habit, and saw his niece, a shadowy figure, seated by the window. He crossed to her side.

"Well, Caroline," he said cheerfully, "I'm home again. Dearie, I just met Jim Pearson. He tells me he's decided not to go on this cape cruise of ours. He said you agreed with him 'twas best he shouldn't go. Do you mind telling me why? Have you and he had a fallin' out?"

Still she was silent. He sighed. "Well," he observed, "I see you have, and I don't blame you for not wantin' to talk about it. I'm awful sorry. I'd begun to hope that—However, we'll change the subject."

"Uncle," she said, "you know I always want to talk to you. Mr. Pearson and I have not quarreled, but I think—I think it best that I should not see him again. It would only make it harder for him, and it's of no use."

Captain Elisha sighed again. "I guess I understand, Caroline. I presume likely I do. He—asked some-



"And yet you sent him away. Why?"

thin of you, and you couldn't say yes to him. That was it, I suppose. Needn't tell me unless you really want to, you understand," he added hastily.

"But I do. I ought to tell you. Uncle Elisha, Mr. Pearson asked me to be his wife."

The captain gave no evidence of surprise.

"Yes," he replied gravely; "I judged that was it. And you told him you couldn't, I suppose. Well, dearie, that's a question nobody ought to answer but the one. You didn't care for him enough, I suppose. Caroline, you don't care for anybody else, do you? You don't still care for that other fellow, that?"

"Uncle," she sprang up, hurt and indignant, "how can you?" she cried. "How could you ask that? What must you think of me?"

"Please, Caroline," he protested; "please don't. I beg your pardon. I was a fool. I knew better. Don't go. Tell me the real reason. Now tell me. Was it that you couldn't care for Jim enough?"

"I—I like Mr. Pearson very much. I respect and admire him."

"But you don't love him. I see. Well," sadly, "there's another one of my dreams gone to smash. However, you did just right, dearie. Feelin' that way, you couldn't marry him, of course."

"That was not the reason," she said in a low tone.

"Hey?" He bent toward her. "What?" he cried. "That wasn't the reason, you say? You do care for him?"

She was silent.

"Do you?" he repeated gently. "And yet you sent him away. Why?"

She faltered, tried to speak and then turned away. He put his arm about her and stroked her hair.

"Don't you cry, dearie," he begged. "I won't bother you any more. You can tell me some other time—if you want to. Or you needn't tell me at all. It's all right; only don't cry."

"I mustn't be so silly," she said. "I had made up my mind to tell you everything and I shall. My not caring for Mr. Pearson was not my reason for refusing him. He would marry me, poor as I am. And perhaps I—perhaps I should say yes if things were different. I know I should say yes and be very, very happy. But I can't and I won't! I won't! I suppose you think I have been perfectly satisfied to let you take care of me and of my brother and give us a home and all that we needed and more, but I have not been contented with that, nor has Steve. He and I have made our plans, and we shall carry them out. He will leave college in two years and go to work in earnest. Before that time I shall be ready to teach. I have been studying with just that idea in view. I haven't told you before, uncle, but one of the domestic science teachers at the university is a girl I used to know slightly. She is going to be married next year, and—

all goes well I may be

appointed to her position when she leaves. Steve and I have planned it all. His salary at first will be small, and so will mine, but together we can earn enough to live somehow, and later on when he earns more perhaps we may be able to repay a little of all that you have given us. We shall try. I shall insist upon it."

"Caroline Warren, is that the reason you sent Jim away? Did you tell him that? Did you tell him you wouldn't marry him on account of me?"

"No, of course I did not!" indignantly. "I told him—I said I must not think of marriage; it was impossible. And it is. You know it is, Uncle Elisha."

"I don't know any such thing. If you want to make me happy, Caroline, you couldn't find a better way than to be Jim Pearson's wife. And you would be happy, too; you said so."

"But I am not thinking of happiness. It is my duty to you and to my own self respect. And not only that, but to Steve. Some one must provide a home for him."

"But you won't have to leave him. Steve's future's all fixed. I've provided for Steve."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say." The captain was very much excited and for once completely out of his guard. "I've had plans for Steve all along. He's doing' t rate in that broker's office, learnin' the trade. When he's out of college I'm goin' to turn over your dad's seat on the stock exchange to him. Not give it to him, you know—not right off—but let him try, and then, if he makes a good fist at it, he'll have it permanent. I ain't told him, and I don't want you to, but it's what I've planned for him, and—"

"Wait! Wait, uncle, please! The Stock Exchange seat? Father's seat? I don't see—I don't understand."

"Yes, yes," eagerly; "your pa's seat. I've meant it for Steve. There's been chances enough to sell it, but I wouldn't do that. 'Twas for him, Caroline, and he's goin' to have it."

"But I don't see how—why, I thought—"

By the light from the doorway he saw that she was gazing at him with a strange expression. She looked as if she was about to ask another question. He waited, but she did not ask it.

The Stock Exchange seat had been a part of her father's estate, a part of her own and Steve's inheritance. How could Captain Warren have retained such a costly part of the forfeited estate in his possession? For it was in his possession; he was going to give it to his brother when the latter left college. Who was this mysterious man her father had defrauded? She had never wished to know before; now she did. And the more she pondered the more plausible her suspicion became.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Stock Exchange Seat.

NOVEMBER weather on Cape Cod is what Captain Elisha described as "considerable chances."

"The fellow that can guess it two days ahead of time," he declared, "is wastin' his talents. He could make a livin' prophesin' most anything, even the market price of cranberries." When Caroline, Sylvester and the captain reached South Denboro after what seemed to the two unused to the leisurely winter schedule of the railroad, an interminable journey from Fall River, the girl thought she had never seen a more gloomy sky or a more forbidding scene.

But she kept her feelings hidden on her uncle's account. The captain was probably the happiest individual in the state of Massachusetts that morning. He hailed the train's approach to Sandwich as the entrance to Ostable county, the promised land, and from that station on excitedly pointed out familiar landmarks and bits of scenery and buildings with the gusto and enthusiasm of a schoolboy.

At Denboro he pointed out Pete Shattuck's lively stable, where the horse and buggy came from which had been the means of transporting Graves and himself to South Denboro.

"See!" he cried. "See that fellow holdin' up the corner of the depot with his back, the one that's so broad in the beam he has to draw in his breath afore he can button his coat. That's Pete. You'd think he was too sleepy to care whether 'twas today or next week, wouldn't you? Well, if you was a summer boarder and wanted to hire a team you'd find Pete was awake and got up early. If a ten cent piece fell off the shelf in the middle of the night he'd hear it, though I've known him to sleep while the minister's barn burned down. The parson had been preachin' against horse tradin'. Maybe that sermon was responsible for some of the morphia influence."

Sylvester was enjoying himself hugely. Captain Elisha's exuberant comments were great fun for him. "This is what I came for," he confided to Caroline. "I don't care if it rains or snows. I could sit and listen to your uncle for a year and never tire. He's a wonder."

Then, the captain's hired man, met them with the carriage at the station, and Miss Baker met them at the door of the Warren home. The exterior of

the big, old fashioned, rambling house was inviting and homelike in spite of the gloomy weather, and Caroline cheered up a bit when they turned in at the gate. Five minutes of Miss Abigail's society and all gloom disappeared. One could not be gloomy where Miss Abba was. Her smile of welcome was so broad that, as her employer said, "it took in all outdoor and some of Punkhorn Neck," a place which, he hastened to add, "was forgot durin' creation and has sort of happened of itself since."

Abbie conducted Caroline to her room—old fashioned, like the rest of the house, but cozy, warm and cheery—and, after helping in the removal of her wraps, seized her by both hands and took a long look at her face.

"You'll excuse my bein' so familiar on short acquaintance, dearie," she said, "but I've heard so much about you that I feel's if I knew you like own folks. And you are own folks, ain't you? Course you are! Every one of Lisha's letters have had four pages of you to one of anything else. I begun to think New York was nothin' but you and a whole lot of ten story houses. I declare, you're almost prettier than he said. May I kiss you? I'd like to."

She did, and they were friends at once.

The house and buildings were spotless in paint and whitewash; the yard was raked clean of every dead leaf and twig; the whole establishment was so neat that Caroline remarked upon it.

"It looks as if it had been scoured," she said.

"Um-hm," observed her uncle, with a gratified nod; "that's Abbie. She hates dirt worse than she does laziness, and that ain't sayin' a little. I tell her she'd sandsoap the weather vane if she could climb up to it. As 'tis, she stays below and superintends Dan while he does it."

Miss Baker had planned that her young guest should sit in state, with folded hands, in the parlor. She seemed to consider that the proper conduct for a former member of New York's best society. But Caroline refused to sit in the parlor and be "company."

She insisted upon helping. Miss Baker protested and declared there was nothing on earth to be done, but her guest insisted that if there was not she herself must sit. As Abbie would have as soon thought of attending church without wearing her jet earrings as she would of sitting down before dinner, she gave in after awhile and permitted Caroline to help in arranging the table.

"Why, you do fast rate!" she exclaimed in surprise. "You know where everything ought to go, just as if you'd been settin' table all your life. And you ain't, because Lisha wrote you used to keep hired help, two or three of 'em, all the time."

Caroline laughed.

"I've been studying housekeeping for almost a year," she said.

"And they teach that—at school?" she demanded. "And take money for it? And call it science? My land! I guess I was brought up in a scientific household, then. I was the only girl in the family, and mother died when I was ten years old."

After dinner she consented to sit for a time, though not until she had donned her Sunday best, earrings and all.



"And you are our own folks, aint you?"

Captain Elisha and Sylvester sat with them, and the big fireplace in the sitting room blazed and roared as it had not since its owner left for his long sojourn in the city.

Caroline's mind was busy with the suspicion which her uncle's words concerning his future plans for Steve had aroused. She had thought of little else since she heard them. The captain did not mention the subject again. Possibly on reflection he decided that he had already said too much. And she asked no more questions. She determined not to question him—yet. She must think first and then ask some one else—Sylvester.

Her opportunity came the following morning, the day before Thanksgiving. After breakfast Captain Elisha went downtown to call on some acquaintances.

After the captain had gone Sylvester sat down before the fire in the sitting room to read a Boston newspaper. As he sat there Caroline entered and closed the door behind her. Miss Abigail was in the kitchen busy with preparations for the morrow's plum pudding.

The girl took the chair next that occupied by the lawyer. He put down his paper and turned to her.

"Mr. Sylvester," she said, "I wish you would tell me something about the value of a seat on the stock exchange. What is the price of one?"

The lawyer looked at her in surprise. "The value of a seat on the stock exchange?" he repeated.

"Yes. What does it cost to buy one?"

He hesitated, wondering why she should be interested in that subject. Captain Elisha had not told him a word of the interview following Pearson's last visit.

"Well," he replied, smiling, "they're pretty expensive, I'm afraid, Caroline."



"You must excuse me."

I think the last sale was at a figure between \$90,000 and \$100,000."

"Indeed! Was father's seat worth as much as that?"

"Yes."

"But," with a sigh, "that, I suppose, went with the rest of the estate."

"Yes."

"Into the hands of the man who took it all?"

"Yes; the same hands," with a sly smile at his own private joke.

"Then how does it happen that my uncle has it in his possession?"

The lawyer smiled no more. He turned in his chair and gazed quickly and keenly at the young lady beside him. And her gaze was just as keen as his own.

"Why! Has he?"

"Yes. And I think you know he has, Mr. Sylvester. I know it because he told me so himself. Didn't you know it?"

"I—I cannot answer these questions," he declared. "They involve professional secrets and—"

"I don't see that this is a secret. My uncle has already told me. What I could not understand was how he obtained the seat from the man to whom it was given as a part of father's debt. Do you know how he obtained it?"

"Er—well—er—probably an arrangement was made. I cannot go into details because—well, for obvious reasons. You must excuse me, Caroline."

"One moment more," she said, "and one more question. Mr. Sylvester, who is this mysterious person—this stockholder whom father defrauded, this person who wishes his name kept a secret, but who does such queer things? Who is he?"

"Caroline, I tell you I cannot answer these questions. He does wish to remain unknown, as I told you and your brother when we first learned of him and his claim. If I were to tell you I should break my faith with him. You must excuse me; you really must."

"Isn't he my uncle, Elisha Warren?" Sylvester was halfway to the door, but she was in his path and looking him directly in the face. He hesitated.

"I thought so," she said. "You needn't answer, Mr. Sylvester. Your face is answer enough. He is—How could I have been so blind?"

The lawyer, nervous, chagrined and greatly troubled, remained standing by the door. He did not know whether to go or stay. He took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead.

"Why?" he exclaimed. "Well, by George!"

She paid no attention to him, but went on, speaking apparently to herself.

"It explains everything," she said. "He was father's brother, and father in some way took and used his money. But father knew what sort of man he was, and so he asked him to be our guardian. Father thought he would be kind to us, I suppose. And he has been kind—he has. But why did he keep it a secret? Of course the money was his. All we had was his by right. But to say nothing and to let us believe—"

Sylvester interrupted quickly. "Caroline, Caroline," he said, "don't make any mistake. Don't misjudge your uncle again. He is a good man, one of the best men I ever knew. Yes, and one of the wisest."

"Oh, Mr. Sylvester, please, now that I do know, now that you have told me so much, won't you tell me the rest, the reason and all of it? Please?"

The lawyer shook his head, regarding her with an expression of annoyance and reluctant admiration.

"Now that I've told you," he repeated. "I don't remember that I've told you anything."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## SUCCESS CROWNS 3-DAY OFFENSIVE ON ITALIAN FRONT

ITALIANS TAKE ENEMY POSITIONS IN ALPS WHICH WERE STRONGLY ENTRENCHED; VIENNA ADMITS DEFEAT.

## DIAZ HOLDS GAINS AGAINST DESPERATE COUNTER-ATTACKS

Official Statement Issued At Berlin Claims 191,454 Unwounded Allied Prisoners Taken Since March 24, 1918.

London—Success apparently has crowned the offensive of the Italians in the mountains north of the Venetian plains. Launched on Saturday, the attack on the Austrian lines has gained rugged heights where the enemy was strongly entrenched, and the fighting goes on. Vienna admits a retirement to "prepared positions," which is the expression used in official statements to mean an enemy blow has gained important ground.

After three days of struggling in the mountains, the Italians are hammering hard at the most powerful and threatening positions of the enemy. They have not only gained ground, but have held it against desperate counter attacks by Austro-Hungarian forces which were mown down by artillery fire and completely checked by Italian infantry.

Detail maps of the area in which the fighting is going on do not show distinctly some of the places mentioned in the official statements. The Vienna admission that the new Austrian line runs through "Stemple wood," is, therefore, without significance, but as the positions held by the Austrians before the Italian attack began were above the forest line, it would seem the enemy had been ousted from the higher ground and placed at a disadvantage in the fighting to come.

An official statement issued at Berlin claims 191,454 unwounded Allied prisoners have been captured since March 24. Of these 94,939 were British, 39,999 French and the rest Portuguese, Belgians and Americans. Six Allied generals and 6,200 officers are said to have been taken by the Germans.

"Why! Has he?"

"Yes. And I think you know he has, Mr. Sylvester. I know it because he told me so himself. Didn't you know it?"

"I—I cannot answer these questions," he declared. "They involve professional secrets and—"

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"Oh, Mr. Sylvester, please, now that I do know, now that you have told me so much, won't you tell me the rest, the reason and all of it? Please?"

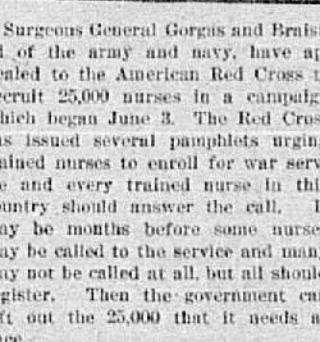
The lawyer shook his head, regarding her with an expression of annoyance and reluctant admiration.

"Now that I've told you," he repeated. "I don't remember that I've told you anything."

"Allied-American."

Jean was asked in Sunday school what her nationality was. Remembering that her father and mother were born in Canada, she replied that she was an American, but of allied descent.

## WHAT CAN WE + DO?



Surgeons General Gorgas and Brainerd of the army and navy, have appealed to the American Red Cross to recruit 25,000 nurses in a campaign which began June 3. The Red Cross has issued several pamphlets urging trained nurses to enroll for war service and every trained nurse in this country should answer the call. It may be months before some nurses may be called to the service and many may not be called at all, but all should register. Then the government can sift out the 25,000 that it needs at once.

It is stated that 70 per cent of the registered nurses in America are in private employment—that is, not in institutions. The public must reduce its calls upon trained nurses and employ practical nurses instead so as to release these young women for war service.

### How to Enroll as a Red Cross Nurse.

Nurses desiring general information regarding Red Cross work should address: Department of Nursing, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Or applications may be made through any local Red Cross chapter. Nurses residing in the central division of the country may send direct to Red Cross Central Division, 180 North Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

### The Duties of a Red Cross Nurse.

"Red Cross nurses assigned to military hospitals are charged with the nursing care of the sick and wounded of the army and navy and become temporarily members of the army and navy corps. They are subject to all the rules and regulations governing the service. They are responsible to the chief nurse of the Army and Navy Nurse corps under the commanding officer of the hospital to which they are assigned and are expected to accept their authority without question."

### Requirements for Red Cross Nursing Service.

"To be eligible for enrollment a nurse must be a graduate of a recognized school for nurses, giving at least two years' course of training in a general hospital. In states where registration is provided by law, an applicant, to be eligible for enrollment, must be registered. She must be at least twenty-one years of age."

Physical Standards.

"During the period of the war a physical examination certificate should be filed with other application papers at the time of enrollment."

### What Recreational Features Are There?

Leaves of absence are granted from time to time as the exigencies of the service permit. The surgeon general's office is making every effort to provide comfortable living quarters for the nurses. The Red Cross has completed plans for the building of a house for nurses at every army camp in the United States. These houses will consist of an assembly hall, library, sewing room and kitchen, and will add greatly to the comfort of the nurses. The assembly hall has been so planned as to make it suitable for dancing, receptions, a lounging room and the showing of motion pictures.

### Compensation.

The minimum salary for service in the United States is \$50 per month, and \$90 monthly for service abroad, with increased pay for chief nurses. Maintenance is provided for. Special salary arrangements are made where maintenance is not provided.

"Legislation is now pending before congress which if passed will provide definite rank for nurses, with increases in pay."

The above quotations are taken from a booklet entitled "A Book of Information for Graduate Nurses."

## IN FASHION LAND

A touch of black makes the all-white costume becoming.

Very little trimming appears on separate skirts nowadays.

The all-one, or waistless, gown, has become permanent.

Pointed overskirts are a feature of the new evening dresses.

It's an even race now between the Eton and wrist length jacket.

A smart suit of oyster-white silk poplin is trimmed with fowlard.

And still the jerseys come in fiber, silk, wool and novelty weaves.

## Worn in Her Light Canoe



When Miss America goes canoeing she takes it for granted that she may have to swim as well as paddle. It's a foregone conclusion that all well-regulated canoes turn turtle occasionally, and this lends spice to the sport and to the clothes worn for it. Here is a one-piece dress for a fair canoeist, made of black and white silk in a snappy design, that is enough to lure an amateur into the most treacherous of crabs. It is not a regulation swimming suit, but canoes are not supposed to venture into dangerous waters and it will answer for swimming—if swim she must.

It is made with a bodice with short sleeves cut in one with it, joined to a wide bifurcated skirt much like bloomers. It opens at the left front to a point a little below the waistline and fastens with snap fasteners. Narrow black silk braid is used for binding the sleeves and belt and finishes the neck opening, where it disports itself in a small square at the back and front, merely for the sake of ornament. It is applied to each side of the skirt in the same way, with the squares larger.

Gray ribbed stockings with black stripes, and black sandals, show the details of this outfit to be carefully chosen. It is topped off with a rubber cap and this should be in a bright color—red, or green, or yellow, so that it cannot be easily lost sight of if it wears is obliged to swim and right her canoe.

Besides silk, mohair is a splendid fabric for canoeing and bathing dresses. It sheds water quickly and is wiry and strong. Army or navy blue, with white braid is a familiar combination that never grows tiresome, and this material has no match for durability.

Julia Bottomley

### Sashes and Girdles Mode.

Sashes and wide girdles are an important accessory of many of the newest gowns. In girdles, the wide crushed styles made of fabric or of ribbon are favored, being twisted twice around the waist and buttoned on either side. Wide draped girdles of handsome broadened ribbon are also employed, especially across the front of a gown. Checked and plaid tiffins are very good for silk dresses for summer. The light colors used in them make a welcome relief from the rather somber colors of our suits and street dresses of cloth.



## Report of the condition of

## THE KEMPFF COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK

At Chelsea, Michigan, at the close of business June 29th, 1918 as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department:

RESOURCES			
Loans and Discounts, viz:	Commercial	Savings	
Secured by collateral	\$ 72,105.00	\$ 72,105.00	
Unsecured	177,316.38	3,500.00	
Items in transit	25,839.91		
Totals	\$203,156.29	\$ 75,605.00	\$278,761.29
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:			
Real estate mortgages	\$ 16,055.77	\$207,062.51	
Municipal bonds in office		40,113.58	
U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness in office	3,662.00	17,000.00	
U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness pledged	53,000.00		
Other bonds	8,700.00	34,500.00	
Totals	\$ 81,417.77	\$298,676.09	\$380,093.86
Reserves, viz:			
Due from banks in Reserve cities	\$ 15,658.06	34,167.89	
U. S. bonds and cert. of indebtedness carried as reserve		10,250.00	
Exchanges for clearing house	927.04		
Currency	2,719.00	18,750.00	
Gold coin	670.00		
Gold certificates	2,041.25		
Silver coin	1,281.00		
Silver certificates	548.09		
Nickles and cents			
Totals	\$ 23,844.54	\$ 66,417.89	\$ 90,262.43
Combined accounts, viz:			
Overdrafts	\$ 918.35		
Banking house	15,000.00		
Furniture and fixtures	5,000.00		
Other real estate	2,346.75		
Due from other banks and bankers	103.11		
Outside checks and other cash items	140.39		
Total	\$772,926.18		
LIABILITIES			
Capital stock	\$ 40,000.00		
Surplus fund	40,000.00		
Undivided profits, net	20,000.00		
Dividends unpaid	2,000.00		
Commercial Deposits, viz:			
Commercial deposits subject to check	\$153,054.50		
Cashier's checks	2,454.26		
State monies on deposit	5,000.00		
Postal savings deposits	244.25		
Time commercial certificates of deposit	44,817.37		
Total	\$205,570.33		
Savings Deposits, viz:			
Book accounts—subject to savings by-laws	\$384,455.72		
Certificates of deposit—subject to savings by-laws	41,400.08		
Total	\$425,855.80		
Notes and bills rediscounted	\$ 4,500.00		
Bills payable	35,000.00		
Total	\$772,926.18		

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss.  
I, John L. Fletcher, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear, that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

J. L. Fletcher, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of July, 1918.  
John B. Cole, Notary Public.

My commission expires Oct. 23, 1919.

Correct attest: Edward Vogel, Lewis Vogel, D. E. Beach, Directors.



JACOB F. FAHRNER

CANDIDATE

### For Prosecuting Attorney

REPUBLICAN TICKET

Your support respectfully solicited.

Primaries August 27, 1918.

### DETROIT UNITED LINES

Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor  
Ypsilanti and Detroit

#### Limited Cars

For Detroit 7:45 a. m. and every  
two hours to 7:45 p. m.

For Jackson, 10:11 a. m. and every  
two hours to 8:11 p. m. Sunday only,  
8:11 a. m.

#### Express Cars

Eastbound—6:50 a. m., 8:34 a. m.  
and every 2 hours to 6:34 p. m.  
Westbound—9:20 a. m. and every  
2 hours to 9:20 p. m., also 10:20 p. m.  
Express cars make local stops west  
of Ann Arbor.

#### Local Cars

Eastbound—8:30 p. m. and 10:12  
p. m. For Ypsilanti only, 11:20 p. m.  
Westbound—6:25 a. m., 7:54 a. m.,  
11:51.

Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Sa-  
line and at Wayne for Plymouth and  
Northville.

#### GREGORY.

Fred Howlett was in Detroit sev-  
eral days last week on jury duty.  
William Harris of Detroit spent  
the Fourth with his family here.

Several families from Gregory  
spent the Fourth at Joslyn lake.

A. B. Williams of Detroit spent  
the week-end with his parents here.

Mrs. William Willard was in Jack-  
son several days last week visiting  
relatives.

Paul Kuhn of Ann Arbor spent the  
Fourth with his parents at this place.

Kenneth and Guy Kuhn of Camp  
Custer, spent the Fourth at the home  
of their parents.

Mrs. Vet Bullis and daughter Mae  
visited in Jackson, Monday and Tues-  
day of last week.

Henry Howlett and William Will-  
ard were in Jackson on business on  
Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Ruth Chapman, who is visit-  
ing relatives at Unadilla, is quite  
sick at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Marsh and

Mrs. Lillie Burden were Stockbridge  
visitors Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Jane Wright and Mrs. Fred  
Merrill visited in Jackson, Wednes-  
day and Thursday of last week.

Quite a number of the young peo-  
ple of this place spent the Fourth at  
Lakeland and some at Pleasant lake.

Miss Beatrice L. Williams, who is  
cashier at the Royal Oak station,  
spent the Fourth with her parents  
here.

Mrs. Elda Kuhn, who has been at-  
tending her daughter, Mrs. Clinton of  
Royal Oak, returned home a few  
days ago.

Carl Williams and wife and her  
two sisters, of Detroit, were Friday  
callers of his parents, Mr. and Mrs.  
R. G. Williams.

Mrs. Erick Reimer and son, of  
Howell, are spending this week at  
the home of her parents, Mr. and  
Mrs. R. G. Williams.

Dr. E. V. Howlett and family, of  
Pontiac, and G. A. Reid and family,  
of Stockbridge, visited at the Fred  
Howlett home Sunday afternoon.

Dr. R. B. Howlett and son left for  
Stockbridge last Saturday and he and  
his family are expected to leave there  
for his home at Caro on Monday.

The Baptist Aid society will be  
held next week on Wednesday, July  
17, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H.  
E. Marshall. Supper will be served.

Mrs. Anna Moore left for Manitou  
Beach, Wednesday of last week to  
visit her daughter, Mrs. Agnes Ball.  
On the road near Stockbridge she  
met with an accident and broke one  
of the wheels of her auto.

#### DEXTER TOWNSHIP.

Harvesting has begun.  
Mark Bell was home from Camp  
Custer, for the Fourth.

"Gus" Leneberg is wearing the  
smile that never comes off and when  
asked the cause answers, "We have a  
pair of twins at our house," and  
passes out a cigar.

Joseph Walsh, a stock chaser for  
the Dodge Motor company of Detroit  
is home assisting his father in haying  
and harvesting.

School district number eight held a  
real old fashioned school meeting  
Monday night the excitement being  
over the installing of sanitary toilets  
by the board, which was to cost about  
two hundred dollars. There were  
seven machines and three horse ve-  
hicles in the yard and 25 votes were  
cast of which seventeen went to Rob-  
ert Donovan on first ballot for direc-  
tor, to succeed William Baird.

"Billie" Eck of Dexter spent Sun-  
day at Mark Bell's.

#### Are You One of Them?

There are a great many people  
who would be much benefited by tak-  
ing Chamberlain's Tablets for a weak  
or disordered stomach. Are you one  
of them? Mrs. M. R. Searl, Bald-  
winsville, N. Y., relates her experi-  
ence in the use of these tablets: "I  
had a bad spell with my stomach  
about six months ago, and was  
troubled for two or three weeks with  
gas and severe pains in the pit of my  
stomach. Our Druggist advised me  
to take Chamberlain's Tablets. I  
took a bottle home and the first dose  
relieved me wonderfully, and I kept  
on taking them until I was cured. I  
these tablets do not relieve pain, but  
after the pain has been relieved may  
prevent its recurrence.—Adv.

## THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

Ford Axtell, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chelsea,  
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TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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and 25 cents for three months.

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## EAST LIMA.

The Misses Ruth Gross, Ruth Les-  
ser and Minetta Renz spent Tuesday  
with Miss Gertrude Zahn.

Frank McGuinness spent Friday in  
Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zahn and  
daughter Gertrude spent Sunday in  
Ann Arbor as the guests of Mr. and  
Mrs. William Benz.

Mrs. Ada Dancer of Ann Arbor  
spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs.  
Chauncey Coy.

Mrs. Julia Kruger and daughter  
spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred  
Grayner.

Misses Lydia and Hermine Berner  
of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with  
their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jake Der-  
mer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Heller and  
two children spent Sunday afternoon  
with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gridley and son  
Jesse were Whitmore Lake visitors  
Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Finkbeiner and  
family, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zahn  
and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey  
Coy and family, Leland Easton and  
Ralph Stoffer spent the Fourth at  
Silver Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stoffer and  
family of Jackson spent Thursday  
with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan  
Stoffer.

Russell Jaeger of Pontiac is making  
an extended visit with his grand-  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. French.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Pidd and family  
spent the Fourth at Whitmore Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John Egeler and son  
Edgar, Fred Grayner and Miss Mae  
Stoffer were Ann Arbor callers Fri-  
day.

The Ladies Aid society of the Dex-  
ter German church was held at the  
home of Mesdames John and Carl  
Helber, Wednesday, with a large  
number present. The next meeting  
will be held at Mrs. Rudolph Arm-  
bruster's, August 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Egeler and son  
Edgar, Fred Grayner and Miss Mae  
Stoffer were Ann Arbor callers Fri-  
day.

The newly elected school officers  
were sworn in Wednesday morning  
and the new board was organized as  
follows: President, S. A. Mapes; sec-  
retary, John Kalmbach; treasurer,  
Dr. G. W. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Allen and  
children, of Wenatchee, Washington,  
are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wal-  
trous. Mr. Allen is on his way back  
to report for duty in the engineering  
department of the U. S. army.

A brief letter from Rev. William  
P. Considine, who recently resigned  
the pastorate of the church of Our  
Lady of the Sacred Heart was receiv-  
ed Tuesday at the Tribune office. He  
sent kind regards to all Chelsea  
friends.

Edward H. Easterle, son of Mr.  
and Mrs. Peter Easterle of Detroit  
and well known in Chelsea, has re-  
cently been promoted to be corporal  
at Ft. Harrison, Indianapolis, Indi-  
ana, where he is a member of the  
railway corps.

E. H. Wisely has moved from Mrs.  
A. Steger's residence on South Main  
street to the Conklin residence on  
East Summit street. Mr. and Mrs.  
H. G. Spiegelberg, who recently sold  
their home on West Summit street  
to S. W. Tucker of Lima, have moved  
to the Steger residence.

Rev. C. J. Dole, former pastor of  
the Congregational church, and  
daughters, Mrs. Philip C. Lovejoy  
and Miss Alberta Dole, and son Rob-  
ert, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. A.  
T. Cowell of Castalia, Ohio, arrived  
in Chelsea, Tuesday, for a brief visit  
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A.  
Mapes. Miss Alberta graduated from  
Oberlin college last month. She left  
Wednesday morning for Frankfort,  
Mich., where she will spend her vaca-  
tion. Mrs. Lovejoy, nee Miss Marie  
Dole, was married May 1st and her  
husband is now in service "overseas."  
Both are graduates of the U. of M.  
With the exception of Miss Alberta,  
the party returned home yesterday.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,  
Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that  
he is senior partner of the firm of F.  
J. Cheney & Co., doing business in  
the city of Toledo, County and State  
aforesaid, and that said firm will pay  
the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOL-  
LARS for each and every case of  
Catarrah that cannot be cured by  
the use of HALL'S CATARRH MED-  
ICINE.

Sworn to before me this 6th day of  
December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken  
internally and acts through the  
blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the  
System. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills for constipa-  
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## LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Mrs. H. J. Fulford was in Ann Ar-  
bor, Tuesday.

J. L. Hindelang of Detroit was in  
Chelsea, Tuesday.

Mrs. Edward Brown is visiting re-  
latives in Mosherville.

Mrs. Layman Green was a Camp  
Custer visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel and  
family were in Detroit, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Emmer motor-  
ed to Monroe and return Sunday.

Mrs. Marie DeGraff of Detroit vis-  
ited Mrs. Rose Gregg over the week-  
end.

Rev. and Mrs. C. R. Osborn of Ro-  
chester, N. Y., are visiting Chelsea  
friends.

Mrs. Hugh Quinn of Detroit is vis-  
iting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H.  
Hindelang.

Mrs. Howard Ellis and children, of  
Grand Rapids, is visiting her father,  
H. S. Holmes.

Mrs. John Watson of Hermiston,  
Oregon, is visiting her mother, Mrs.  
Clara Staph.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Benjamin of  
Perry visited Mr. and Mrs. Ford Ax-  
tell, Wednesday.

Mrs. W. K. Gaerick visited Mrs.  
George Taft of Wyandotte several  
days of the past week.

Mrs. Peter Easterle of Detroit is  
visiting relatives in Chelsea and vi-  
cinity for a few days.

Miss Anna Eisele of Cleveland is  
spending several weeks with her  
mother, Mrs. Martin Eisele.

Simon Weber and daughter, Miss  
Mary, of Sylvan, visited relatives in  
Pittsburg, Pa., the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chamberlain  
and children, of Webster township,  
were Chelsea visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stipe of Ann  
Arbor were the guests of Mr. and  
Mrs. Charles Mohrlok, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Traver attend-  
ed the funeral of her cousin, Herbert  
Drake, in Mosherville, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Genchak of  
Battle Creek spent the week-end  
with the latter's sister, Mrs. F. A.  
Mayett.

Mrs. H. E. Defendorf and son Nel-  
son, Grand Blanc, are visiting her  
mother, Mrs. A. Steger, and other  
relatives.

Mrs. Chauncey Stephens and  
daughter, Miss Blanche, have been  
visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Wei-  
meister of Long lake, near Howell,  
this week.

An ice cream social will be held on  
the lawn of St. John's church, Rogers  
Corners, for the benefit of the Evan-  
gelical league, on Thursday evening,  
July 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Mayett, Vern  
Mayett and daughter Marion, of  
Jackson, have been visiting Mr. and  
Mrs. F. A. Mayett at the Crescent  
hotel for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson  
and daughter motored to Detroit and  
return Sunday, to visit their son,  
Charles, who had a short leave of ab-  
sence from the Dayton, Ohio, aviation  
field.

The newly elected school officers  
were sworn in Wednesday morning  
and the new board was organized as  
follows: President, S. A. Mapes; sec-  
retary, John Kalmbach; treasurer,  
Dr. G. W. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Allen and  
children, of Wenatchee, Washington,  
are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wal-  
trous. Mr. Allen is on his way back  
to report for duty in the engineering  
department of the U. S. army.

A brief letter from Rev. William  
P. Considine, who recently resigned  
the pastorate of the church of Our  
Lady of the Sacred Heart was receiv-  
ed Tuesday at the Tribune office. He  
sent kind regards to all Chelsea  
friends.

Edward H. Easterle, son of Mr.  
and Mrs. Peter Easterle of Detroit  
and well known in Chelsea, has re-  
cently been promoted to be corporal  
at Ft. Harrison, Indianapolis, Indi-  
ana, where he is a member of the  
railway corps.

E. H. Wisely has moved from Mrs.  
A. Steger's residence on South Main  
street to the Conklin residence on  
East Summit street. Mr. and Mrs.  
H. G. Spiegelberg, who recently sold  
their home on West Summit street  
to S. W. Tucker of Lima, have moved  
to the Steger residence.

Rev. C. J. Dole, former pastor of  
the Congregational church, and  
daughters, Mrs. Philip C. Lovejoy  
and Miss Alberta Dole, and son Rob-  
ert, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. A.  
T. Cowell of Castalia, Ohio, arrived  
in Chelsea, Tuesday, for a brief visit  
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A.  
Mapes. Miss Alberta graduated from  
Oberlin college last month. She left  
Wednesday morning for Frankfort,  
Mich., where she will spend her vaca-  
tion. Mrs. Lovejoy, nee Miss Marie  
Dole, was married May 1st and her  
husband is now in service "overseas."  
Both are graduates of the U. of M