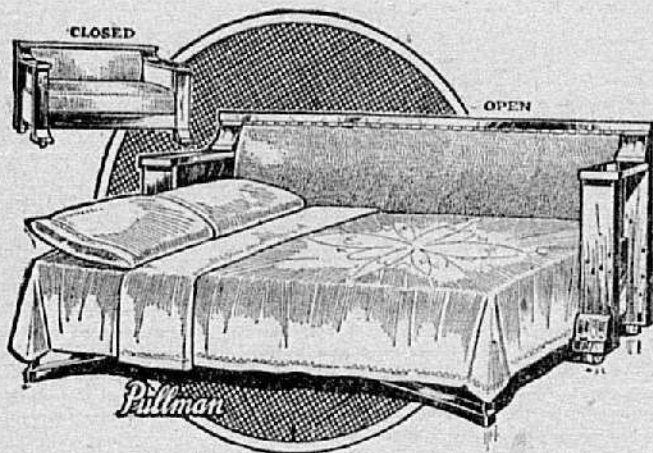


ANNUAL JULY

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

Chelsea Chatauqua July 26. Tickets On Sale Here

HOLMES & WALKER

We Are Always Open and Will Treat You Right.

Saturday Specials

For Saturday, July 20th

CANNED PINEAPPLE in heavy Syrup Chef Brand.....	25c
GOOD CANNED CORN per can.....	14c
HONEY COOKIES iced or plain, per dozen.....	12c
BLUE LABEL CATSUP, regular 30c value.....	25c
NAPTHA SOAP per bar.....	5c

Good Bargains in Our Men's Shoe Department

Keusch & Fahrner

Home of Old Tavern Coffee

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
2 hours to 8:11 p. m. Sunday only,
8:11 a. m.

Express Cars

Eastbound—8:30 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.

F. STAFFAN & SON

UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich



JACOB F. FAHRNER

CANDIDATE

For Prosecuting Attorney

REPUBLICAN TICKET

Your support respectfully solicited.
Primaries August 27, 1918.

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.

CHELSEA BOY MAKES SUPREME SACRIFICE

Harlow W. Welch Dies of Wounds He
Received in Action June 24th.

Harlow W. Welch, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Ernest Welch of Jackson and
until recently residents of Chelsea
and vicinity, has forfeited his life in
the world-war for democracy and is
the first Chelsea boy to make the su-
preme sacrifice, according to dis-
patches which passed over the wires
last night.

News was received Sunday that
Welch had been severely wounded on
June 24th, but no further details are
known at this time. The young man
was a member of Co. C, Twenty-
third Infantry. At the time of his
enlistment last July he was employed
in J. A. Conlan's livery barn.

BANK ROBBERS FOILED.

What is believed to have been an
attempt to rob the South Lyon State
Savings bank early Wednesday
morning, was foiled and the bandit
car and its driver were captured after
a running fight.

Persons living over a grocery store
opposite the bank saw men acting
oddly near the bank building at one
o'clock in the morning and notified
the police. As the officers arrived
the five suspects jumped into an auto
and fled, nearly running down one of-
ficer and ignoring all commands to
stop. A young man offered his car for
the chase. The bandit car was over-
taken a mile and a half south of
town and a running fight followed
which resulted in the capture of the
driver.

A quantity of fuse, nitro-
glycerine, caps, soap, etc., were found
in the car. The car was equipped
with Michigan licenses and Ohio li-
censes were in the car.

Officer Gilbert was put out of the
chase by falling off the running
board of the officers' car while try-
ing to get a bead on the robbers with
a shot gun, while traveling about 50
miles an hour.

MERRY FAREWELL PARTY.

About eighty friends and neighbors
of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tucker
gathered at their home in Lima on
Tuesday afternoon to bid them fare-
well before they departed for their
new home in Chelsea.

The event proved a complete sur-
prise and found Mr. Tucker finishing
the last bit of packing, but they soon
rallied to the occasion and joined
with the crowd in having a merry
time.

A fine picnic supper with ice cream
and cakes was served, after which
they were presented with a beautiful
leather rocker as a remembrance
from their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker have lived on
the same farm for 44 years and it is
with best wishes and highest esteem
of the whole neighborhood that they
leave for their new home.

PALMER'S GARAGE ENLARGED.

The two story cement and tile ad-
dition to the rear of Palmer's gar-
age is nearing completion and the
basement floor is already in partial
use. The addition will increase the
automobile storage space by about
150%, and upwards of 70 average
sized cars can be accommodated at one
time. The repair shop will be located
on the second floor of the addition,
inclines lead from the main floor of
the garage to the two floors of the
new building.

The front of the old building will
be altered to provide a sales and
show room. The doorway will be
moved to the extreme north side and
the south side of the building re-
constructed to provide space for the
sales and show room.

CAVANAUGH LAKE GRANGE.

The next regular meeting of Cava-
naugh Lake grange will be held in
the basement of the church, on Tues-
day evening, July 23. It will be an
open meeting. The following will be
the program: Opening song; current
events; recitation, Auret Lehman;
reading, Mabel Notten; recitation,
Charles Riemenschneider; talk or
reading, Douglas Hoppe. Mr. Osler,
our county agent, will be present and
speak.

NORTH SYLVAN GRANGE.

North Sylvan grange will meet at
the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton
Klink, Tuesday evening, July 23.
Program: Patriotic song service;
recitation, Viola Young; reading,
Mrs. Ellsworth Hoppe; question,
"Under the present circumstances
how can we plan best for next year's
hay crop?" Stanton Klink and
Charles Young; music.

NORTH SHARON.

The Sharon-South Sylvan Red
Cross is passing a basket around to
receive contributions of various ar-
ticles, which may be purchased by
anyone desiring to do so. The pro-
ceeds are to be used to buy yarn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leeman and
family visited at the home of her
parents in Grass Lake, Sunday.

Misses Edith and Dorothy Lehman
of Saline, who are spending some
time with their grandparents, visited
at the home of their uncle, Elmer
Lehman, part of last week.

Mrs. F. Ellis has a quantity of
sock yarn for distribution to knitters.

Regarding the exchange for mer-
chandise for liberty loan bonds, Sec-
retary McAdoo has said: "When the
bonds are accepted for merchandise
it defeats the primary purpose of
their sale. It discourages thrift and
increases expenditures, thus depriv-
ing the government of labor and ma-
terial needed for war purposes." In
addition, bonds taken in exchange are
usually sold in the open market, thus
depressing the market price.

YOUTH'S CHAUTAUQUA.

Miss Martha Mai McKnight, the
junior supervisor of the Lincoln
youth's chautauqua, is in Chelsea or-
ganizing the children's work. There
will be a play festival this evening at
7:30 o'clock on the school grounds.

Miss McKnight has many ideas for
fun and good times and every child
in the vicinity is invited to meet her
at the appointed hour this evening.
A thrift pageant, "Columbia's
Awakening," will be presented on the
opening night of the Chautauqua,
July 26th, in which each child in the
vicinity is invited to take part. Do
not wait for a special invitation.
This means you, and you, and you!
Meet Miss McKnight tonight.

NEIGHBORHOOD BREVITIES

Items of Interest From Our Nearby
Towns and Localities.

HOWELL—The two new buildings
at the sanatorium are being rushed
to a completion as fast as possible
and it is hoped will be ready to re-
ceive tubercular soldiers sent from
camp about September first.—
Republican.

SALINE—Gideon L. Hoyt, for the
past nine years a resident of Saline
and well known throughout Washten-
aw county, died at his home at noon
Tuesday, after an illness of a year.
Mr. Hoyt, who was 75 years of age,
was a member of the board of direc-
tors of the Citizen's bank in Saline,
and had been, up to the time of his
falling health, prominent in Masonic
circles. Surviving him, are his wid-
ow, Mrs. Emma Hoyt, and one son,
Homer J. of Detroit.

YPSILANTI—A. D. Snedcor, aged
85 years, veteran of the Civil war
and charter member of the G. A. R.,
died Wednesday at the home of his
son Bert, at 802 Lowell street.

MANCHESTER—Mrs. L. D. Wat-
kins, one of the oldest and most re-
spected citizens of this locality, passed
away at her home Wednesday morn-
ing, July 17, after only a day's ill-
ness. She had been in her usual
health until Monday afternoon, when
suddenly she fell ill and soon lapsed
into unconsciousness.

ANN ARBOR—The present week
has been a gala time for the colored
people of Ann Arbor. Following the
close of the state convocation of the
colored Knights Templar, Wednesday
afternoon, the annual meeting of the
colored Eastern Star was held Thurs-
day. Nearly two hundred delegates
and visitors are in attendance.

EAST LIMA.

Mrs. Will Lamphere and son Hor-
ton, of Jackson, came Tuesday to
spend the day with her sister, Mrs.
Chauncey Coy. Horton will remain
for a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bates and little
daughter, of Detroit, spent the
Fourth at his father's home.

Jay Smith received word from his
son Herbert, who is training at Kelly
Field, San Antonio, Texas, that he
had received his commission.

Fern Grayer, John and Jacob Han-
selman are the boys from this vicini-
ty who were in the July draft. They
will leave for camp July 22d.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Grayer and
Mrs. Bertha Neithammer, of Ann Ar-
bor, were Friday guests of Mr. and
Mrs. Fred Grayer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Egele and son
spent Sunday in Ann Arbor.

Sam Smith has purchased a Max-
well touring car.

Rudolph Widmayer spent Sunday

afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Michael
Brönniger.

Wallace Waite is substituting on
Route 3 during Mr. Jewell's vacation.

Mrs. Will Weidman of Ann Arbor
came Friday to spend a few days
with her aunt, Mrs. Adam Bohnet.

Mrs. Melvin Moore of Lansing is
spending a few days with her par-
ents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gross and daugh-
ter, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gross, Mr.
and Mrs. Lew Renz and family and
Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Bauer and
children took dinner with Mr. and
Mrs. Samuel Zahn, Sunday.

Miss Sue Henders of Dexter is
spending a few days with Mr. and
Mrs. Chauncey Coy.

FRANCISCO.

Mabelle Notten is spending a few
days with her sister in Lima.

B. C. Whitaker and family spent
Sunday with friends in Leslie.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Eckhart and
family, of Jackson, spent over Sun-
day at the home of Erle Notten.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Richards of
Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and
Mrs. Louis Lambert.

Mrs. Geo. Main and Clyde Main
spent Friday in Ann Arbor.

The Francisco Arbor of Cleaners
will meet Thursday evening, July 25,
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Manfred
Hoppe.

The Francisco Red Cross will give
a social Friday evening, July 19, at
the home of Geo. Klump.

The Cavanaugh Lake grange will
meet Tuesday evening in the base-
ment of the church.

The Willing Workers Auxiliary of
the Red Cross will meet next
Tuesday afternoon at the home of
Mrs. Henry Notten.

Dorothy Notten is spending a few
days with Mrs. Noah, near North
Lake.

VILLAGE TAXES.

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

M. A. Shaver,
Treasurer.

WHITMORE LAKE HOTEL HAD LIQUOR STOCK

Officers Who Raided the Lakeview
Found Generous Assortment
of Intoxicants.

The Lakeview hotel at Whitmore
Lake was raided Monday by officers
as the result of a quiet investigation
which has been in progress for the
past two weeks. Liquors of various
sorts were found stored in the cellar
and the proprietor, James E. Burke,
has been placed under arrest.

The liquor which was confiscated
was found in a vault located in the
cellar of the hotel and reached from
the kitchen.

Sixty-eight bottles of liquors of va-
rious sorts were confiscated, beside
two cases of probably two or three
dozen bottles, none of which had been
opened. Much of the liquor was of
a fancy sort which might have been
desired by a certain sort of transient
trade.

Mr. Burke was arraigned in Justice
Doty's court Tuesday afternoon and
his examination was set for Tuesday,
July 30th.

RED CROSS NOTES.

The July-August surgical dress-
ings quota is 2,000 gauze drains and
2,000 tampons.

Recent new members are: Miss
Leona Belser, Miss Ella Kaercher,
Reuben Mayer, Mrs. Albert Schiller.

A shipment of 45 yards of heavy
material to be made into convales-
cent robes, costing \$27.70, has been
received.

The following have donated to the
yarn fund: W. R. C., \$10; Howard
Holmes, Mrs. L. G. Palmer, Mrs. S.
G. Bush, Mrs. C. E. Whitaker.

Splendid work has been done by the
local sewing units, who have been
making hospital garments. Not a
piece has been returned because of
faulty workmanship.

At the lawn fete and knitting con-
test Saturday at the home of Mrs. C.
E. Whitaker, Mrs. John Eder was
judged the fastest knitter of sweat-
ers and Mrs. George Hoffman of
socks. Mesdames G. W. Palmer,
Charles Martin and A. B. Clark were
the judges.

BLACK PAINT IN TECUMSEH.

Early Sunday morning the home
and property of L. D. Dewey of Tecum-
seh received a coat of black paint
spread by a committee whose identi-
ty seems to be a mystery. The paint-
ers spared neither time nor paint and
completely covered the home with
phrases such as: "I'm for the Kaiser,"
"I stole my money from America to
save the Kaiser," "The owner of
this building is a Pro-German, name
is Dewey," "A sample for other
slackers," etc. The crew of workers
seemed to want to make it a clean
sweep for they not only painted the
home, but the stores on Evans street
and even the sidewalk and fences
about his home. All day long people
flocked to the Dewey corners to view
the work and it was quite a center of
attraction.

Mr. Dewey is considered well-to-
do. A few years ago he conducted a
prosperous poultry business here in
Tecumseh. Besides his home he is
reported to own three brick stores
and other land in Tecumseh and
property in other localities in the
county. It is also claimed that he
has money out at interest. In money
matters it is said that he has always
been close and when solicited for pa-
triotic calls by various committees he
has failed to come across.—Herald.

Mrs. Anna Johnson of Detroit has
been visiting at the home of Hugh
McKune for a few days.

WANTED AND FOR SALE.

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

TO RENT, FOUND, ETC.

FOR SALE—Two horses, wt. 1,100
and 1,200 lbs., safe for woman to
drive. Roy Ives, phone 16-W, Chel-
sea. 9913

FOR RENT—Modern 7 room house
on Elm ave. Inquire 211 Lincoln
St. 8913

LOST—Sum of money somewhere in
Chelsea, Saturday, \$100 in Ameri-
can and Canadian currency. Liberal
reward. Rev. T. J. Heydon, phone
49, Chelsea. 8913

FOR RENT—Suite 3 rooms, modern
conveniences, partly furnished if
desired. C. Steinbach 8913

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. Sunday edi-
tion on sale Parker & Emmert's
store. 8813

FOR SALE—Work bench and 2 burn-
er gas plate. G. A. Stimpson, 157
E. Summit St., Chelsea. 871f

FOR SALE—Old newspapers for
wrapping, shelves, etc. Large
bunches 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.



Woodrow
Wilson

In his first Speech of Acceptance,
President Wilson said:

"The welfare, the happiness, the energy and
spirit of our men and women is the essence
of our National life."

Welfare is indissolubly associated with thrift.

The thrifty man or woman—the man or
woman who works in the present to provide for
the future—is working for his or her welfare.

In like proportion, happiness—energy—spirit,
are all dependent upon thrift.

Make up your mind now to work for your fu-
ture happiness and welfare.

Start with a savings account in this popular
bank.

We promise absolute safety—satisfactory in-
terest—efficient service—unfailing courtesy.

A dollar starts an account.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

COMING

TO THE

Princess Theatre

2-DAYS-2

Tuesday and Wednesday, July 23d and 24th

J. Stuart Blackton's Soul-stirring Drama

"Womanhood The Glory of The Nation"

Featuring ALICE JOYCE and HARRY MOREY and an All Star Cast

"Womanhood" is the supreme revelation of the three noblest pas-
sions in a woman's life.

Rightly called "The Love Epic of the Screen," it depicts the love
of a maid for a man, the love of a mother for her child, and the love
of a woman for her country.

So vivid is the story—so gripping is the intensity of the action
—that it conveys to the mind and heart emotions so vital and
thoughts so powerful that its presentation will leave its indelible
impression on your memory.

"Womanhood" is the film of the hour—
At a time when the big world movements are converging to a
greater democracy, this highly dramatic spectacle will be a moulder
of sentiment of the country, an inspirer to the people, and perhaps
the mightiest force to strike home the imperative needs of the
moment.

Admission—Adults 25c, Children 15c

Real Service

There are many little tricks em-
ployed by good meat buyers in
judging quality, and we are per-
fectly willing to share our se-
crets with you. We buy only the
best, but we want you to know
right at the time of your purchase
that you are getting what you
want. Let us show you a few
simple tests for good meat.

ADAM EPLER

Phone 41 South Main St.

-- Big Variety of Choice in Our Ties --



You demand design and color to
suit your individual taste when you
buy ties.

That's where we come in. We car-
ry the finest and biggest stock of
neckwear in town.

Natty styles, latest colors, best ma-
terials—that's what you get.

Big line just in; best we ever car-
ried for attractiveness, value and
price.

Make your pick now.

HERMAN J. DANCER

Twenty Minutes Difference

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
of The Vigilantes

In a hospital in New York there were two clever surgeons, each of whom had earned world-wide renown by his remarkable specialized knowledge. Only the most desperate cases, those requiring intricate surgical knowledge, were brought to them. It was noted by a close observer of these two men, that the subjects operated on by one of them almost invariably succumbed—while those operated on by the other surgeon almost invariably survived. The curious observer was a confidential friend of the resident physician of the hospital. He wanted to know.

"Just what," he queried, "is the difference between these two distinguished operators?"

"The difference," returned the house physician, "oh, about twenty minutes. I should say."

There was the secret—twenty minutes difference in the time of performing an operation. One man was deft, swift, sure. The other was sure, but slow. His too deliberate methods kept the nervous system of the patient under too long a strain, and the system frequently could not survive the shock. The other man was like a flash—he cut and slashed—in a jiffy he was through. Through twenty minutes sooner than his brother surgeon. That twenty minutes meant life on the one hand—death on the other.

If you've got a friend or relative in the trenches, there is one picture that keeps recurring to your mind. A thousand times you see this boy meeting instant death in ten thousand of being instantly killed. The number of bullets that find their mark in the brain, or that pierce any vital organ, is extremely limited. The great loss of life upon a battlefield does not result from wounds immediately fatal. The great danger in this war as in all wars, is from wounds, not in themselves immediately fatal, but wounds that become serious only with the passage of time. Flesh wounds may be entirely superficial, and yet may become terribly fatal. The victim may bleed to death, he may suffer exposure, infection, fever, pneumonia—from his enforced exposure—gangrene, mortification—death.

The answer is—Time. In such a case, why does he live and get well, if he lives? Why does he die, if he dies? What is the difference? The answer is, time. The answer may be, twenty hours or twenty minutes.

Suppose it were possible to pick up every wounded man the instant that he's hit, to remove him swiftly from the battlefield or the trench to a first-aid hospital, to give him the immediate attention of nurses and surgeons. If that picture were true, the fatalities in our armies would be almost infinitesimal.

Look in the darker picture. Your young friend goes over the top in a big allied drive. He is wounded in the leg. It is a big drive—hundreds of thousands of men engaged—hundreds killed instantly—thousands upon thousands suffering with wounds, most of them superficial and seemingly unimportant. Your young friend is disabled but for the present he feels no unusual discomfort. Shock sustains him. He feels that very shortly he will be picked up and taken in to an emergency hospital where his leg can be fixed up. He is disappointed—no one comes. Terrible pain sets in—with the inflammation a heavy fever. Twenty-four hours go by. Finally he is picked up. He is rushed to a hospital as fast as possible, considering the number of ambulances. He reaches the hospital. The nurse looks at his leg—she calls a doctor. They both shake their heads—they ought to have had the man hours ago. All right, he thinks to himself, they'll take care of him now. But ahead of him is a waiting list of graining, wounded men. There's nothing for it, he's got to wait his turn. Hours pass. Medical supplies give out—medicine gives out. Dressings give out. There are not enough surgical instruments to go around. Finally, with your man at the height of a raging fever they get to him and operate. Twenty hours before an operation would have been unnecessary. They remove the leg—a leg which had suffered a superficial wound, not dangerous in itself but which became dangerous only with the passage of time. But gangrene already has set in—it is followed by mortification. The boy suffers the tortures of the damned. He dies—glad to die.

Now, what's the answer? Would twenty minutes have saved him? Possibly. Would an hour and twenty minutes have saved him? Quite likely. Would three hours and twenty minutes have saved him? Almost certainly, yes. Five hours certainly would have saved him. He died because there was a delay of hours or minutes—that's the difference—time.

Your Money Will Help. Now, what's the trouble? Where does the fault lie? Why didn't they get your man fixed up so his life and limb could be saved? Don't ask that question of army doctors or army nurses, nor Red Cross doctors nor Red Cross nurses, nor ambulance drivers—don't do it. If there's any swift, efficient, capable corps of workers on the face of this earth, workers who are working at top speed, workers skilled, capable to the last word, working their

fingers to the bone, it's these people. What, then, is wanted, in order that they may get to your young friend twenty minutes sooner, an hour sooner, five hours sooner? What will do this? Money, that's all. More money means more Red Cross people on the field, more Red Cross ambulances or service, more equipment, more medicines, more instruments, more bandages, more dressings—more everything. The Red Cross has got efficiency worked up to its highest point. It is doing its best—it can do no more.

But you can do more. All you've got to do is to multiply this efficiency and keep on multiplying it. And dollars will do that—nothing but dollars. If your dollars can get a wounded man attention twenty minutes earlier than he otherwise would get it, you give him a hundred chances where he has but one—you are likely to save his life. You've subscribed to the Red Cross before—we all understand that. We all did that, too. But our friend over there in the trenches is likely to get wounded half a dozen times. He's asking, in his desperation, for your help, your money. He needs it badly now. Every dollar that you put in may head one wound. Every fifty dollars that you put in may save one life—or more.

A PRAYER

By JAMES W. WISE
of The Vigilantes.

Oh God of right, to thee today
We raise in awe our fervent prayer:
Grant victory unto the men
Who fight for freedom over there.

We do not ask a victor's praise,
But power to slay the cruel hand
Of treason, treason and greed,
And to avenge a plundered land.

Today we seek thee in the fight,
Thy mighty arm of wrath made bare;
Lord God of hosts, thy cause redeem
And right the wrong!—This is our prayer.

PATRIOTS, BEHIND THE LINES

By BARNETTA BROWN
of The Vigilantes.

These patriots are way, way behind the lines. They live in Brooklyn, and not only in Brooklyn, but far in the rear of Brooklyn, where the last end of a subway is coming to a conclusion. These patriots may be called alien patriots, for many of them have not been here long. They are small patriots, for the eldest is only about ten. Their mothers keep the homes, and their fathers dig the peaceful trenches for the subway. So they are not very well-to-do patriots. In fact, they are quite otherwise; they are poor in everything but patriotism. In that they are very rich. They are full of it, crammed in, pressed down and running over, as you will agree. It bubbled so, inside of them, that they had to put it into expression, somehow.

But how? They had just nothing to express with. No pennies to make a fund to send somewhere; no pennies to buy tobacco for the soldier's pipe; no pennies to buy worsted to knit with. What should they do?

A hopeless little group they were as they stood one day, discussing ways and means, or rather, the utter lack of them, till at last the situation was cleared by one determined little mite. She took off one of her mittens, saying:

"I can change the other one round. Anyhow you can't knit with mittens on."

Five or six pairs of childish eyes watched her eagerly, as she commenced to unravel her mitten.

"Go get me some skewers, Johnny."

Johnny flew, and soon returned with several. The nearest butcher had been kind.

"I'm going to knit," the small girl announced. "I'm going to knit squares for blankets, for those Belgian babies."

The idea caught at once. Such a scurrying as there was! Mothers were pleaded with; odd corners were searched; even ash barrels were investigated. From unsuspected quarters old tams, old scarfs, old shawls, old stockings, old mittens, were brought forth. All things that could be spared, and some that could not, but everything that could be gotten hold of that would unravel was unearthed; and the work began, and went on. The children knitted with skewers, with pieces of steel, with anything that would hold a stitch and connect it with another.

And so we found them one day, sitting all huddled together on the stoop of one of the tenements; all knitting with the crinkly wool, the little squares. It was a picture of child life not easily forgotten, and we watched, and thought; and as we turned away, we knew that our hearts would always be more soft and kind, because we had seen this little group of little patriots, knitting their little squares, to cover the little cold babies of Belgium.

THE WOMAN'S GIFT

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAG.
STAFF

I cannot shoulder rifle
Or march as soldiers do,
I cannot cross the shell-fields
When smoke obscures the blue.

I cannot tend the cannon
Or brave the shrapnel-shower,
I cannot join the host who die
For freedom, hour by hour.

I cannot swoon in glory
Upon a battle-field,
Yet I can give my loved one's life
And know a martyr's pain!

Something Different for Late Summer



When July inaugurates the season for vacations and women buy the last of their summer millinery, experience proves that they turn their backs on flowers and summery straws. Heretofore they have bought light felt hats, or the heavier straws, like milan, with white trimming, or have even anticipated the natural season for velvet and chosen to wear it out of season. For several summers considerable black velvet has been worn in August. But this anticipation of the season for velvet spoiled their zest for it when fall really arrived.

There is a new order of things this year. Designers appreciated that women wanted for late summer something different from the hats that had gone before and bought velvet because little else was offered them. They have produced some lovely hats of fabrics that are to serve for late summer and between seasons wear and they have proved immediately successful. These hats are made of taffeta or ribbon or georgette crepe or felt veiled with georgette. Their trimmings are odd, flat ornaments, made of materials in the workroom, or embroidery with chenille or silk or braiding with soutache braid. Ornamental plus, having rather large fancy heads, help out in this respect. Besides these fabric hats, turbans made entirely of feathers, and white milans, wing-trimmed

turbans and small hats, swell the number of designs that furnish July and the following two months with their own peculiar millinery.

In the group of hats pictured there are three that are entirely different, represented. At the top is a large hat of gold-colored georgette crepe faced with black panne velvet. Small figures embroidered in black, white and blue silk, make up its decoration. Below it is a hat of taffeta braided with soutache. Navy blue, black and white are the best looking models of this kind. Navy blue taffeta either embroidered, or machine stitched or braided in white, is a great favorite. The third hat is of white yedda braid trimmed with a wide feather band and three small white wings that are an extension of the band. This hat will have ended its service with the last day of August, but the others will last through September or longer.

Made Own Fireless Cooker.

Take a wooden box or a large butter firkin or an old castoff boiler; line it thick with newspaper or asbestos, and then pack with good excelsior or hay, leaving a place for your kettle. Cover well with paper and an old quilt or pillow. It is a help to put your soapstone heater underneath.

Swagger Military Styles in Habits



We just can't get away from the military influence in styles; but it has centered on that portion of feminine apparel that is made to withstand hard wear, as riding habits and service suits of various kinds. There is the military cape among wraps, but it appears to be an inspiration of other days or other lands—none of our officers and soldiers are going about in picturesque and flowing capes. Wherever it came from it is something to be thankful for as an addition to fair woman's wardrobe. It has spirit and grace; lending its "air" to the wearer who knows how to carry it off.

In riding habits and outfits, colors and lines are reminiscent of khaki and olive drab uniforms. Shoes and puttees vie with high boots, and small military caps with regulation riding hats for favor in the eyes of this summer's sportswoman. For midsummer Palm Beach cloth, linen and heavy shantung are offered in place of the substantial weaves in wool that provide habits for other seasons. Besides these there are lighter weight wool mixtures in khaki color, with almost invisible threads of green and red shot through them, among the most practical of habits since they are adapted to any season.

One of these appears in the smart habit shown in the picture, to be frankly indebted to military uniforms

for its lines and details of finish. The breeches are cut on the same lines as those of khaki-clad soldiers and, instead of high boots and riding puttees and a cap are worn, adding strength to the military flavor of a swagger habit. There are two large patch pockets at the left side of the coat and a small slit pocket for the handkerchief, at the right. The blouse worn under the coat has a high turnover collar with a four-in-hand tie slipped under it.

Coats are full skirted and therefore appear a little shorter than they were, but the length remains the same—that is, eight inches above the top of the puttees or boots. Puttees may be regarded as a fad, for they are not as trim as boots and probably not so comfortable, but they make a pleasing variety for women who can indulge themselves in fancies.

Julia Bottonally

For Identification.

Write your name and address on one of the broad steels inside your corset with ink. This is a valuable means of identification in case of accident.

Mark Waistline.

Children's waistlines are marked by a belt slipped through eyelets.

DAYS OF BLACK MAGIC ARE PAST

Old Conjuror's Shop in New York City Is Closed for Lack of Trade.

FEW MAGICIANS LEFT

Factors in Far Off India Still Stick to Illusions That Amused and Mystified Public Throughout World.

New York.—Black magic, known also as the art of legerdemain, is passing. Its somber hue has faded into pale gray. Soon, it is predicted, it will have disappeared in the white page of oblivion. Francis Martinka knows. For 38 years Martinka manufactured the instruments which the artists in legerdemain used for the bewilderment and amusement of audiences, manufactured and sold them in his old curio shop on Sixth avenue. Now he has sold his old conjuror's shop and retired with his memories, simply because the trade is dwindling. Virtually the only call worth mentioning comes from fakirs in India, and they, too, appear to be going out of business.

During the early years of his business career Martinka traveled about the world from England to Cape Colony, from San Francisco to Ceylon, to study the methods and instruments of those who practiced sleight of hand.



The Hand Must Be Quicker Than the Eye.

He regards Hermann and Kellar as the greatest magicians the world has known. With their passing the art declined, and while there are some clever magicians still living, the public is indifferent to their skill, as is evidenced by the small audiences they draw to see their illusions.

No Call for the Best Tricks. The proof of the passing of legerdemain, in the opinion of Martinka, is found in the decline of sales of the best tricks.

In Kellar's time Martinka sold a cannon from which men seemed to be shot for \$1,800. It was his best toy. The cheapest was a ten-cent pack of cards. In these days of the decline of magic some of the best tricks bring only \$18 and \$20.

A fundamental proposition of legerdemain is that the hand must be quicker than the eye.

Occasionally courts have been mystified by the apostles of magic. There is a legend of the English court at Lucknow, India, bewildered by an English woman who had been arrested for swindling. She had been placed in jail. While the attorney for the crown was pleading another case a quail flew in at the window and hopped about the floor, unafraid by the presence of humans, busily picking up imaginary grains.

"Remove the bird," ordered the court.

"Shoo," said the court crier. Whereupon the quail vanished and in its place stood a man, one of presence so imposing that the court dared not say "shoo." In the confusion which followed the man disappeared. Neither man, woman nor quail has since been seen in the court room at Lucknow.

No Magicians at Convention. Back of Martinka's conjuror shop in New York is a small theater with seats for 100 persons. In it in former years he gathered the annual conventions of the American Society of Magicians. From the stage of the theater a beautiful young woman once rose in the air, apparently defying the laws of gravitation. Gardens of beautiful flowers that seemed to bloom out of the air were first disclosed to view. On this stage rapping hands knocked messages to the amazed and spirit cabinets yielded their mystifying contents. These are only a few of the mysteries presented in this theater. But the group of magicians finally dwindled to a corporal's guard. Finally the last convention, scheduled for Carnegie hall, had to be called off because no magician could be found to conduct the performance.

ELLEN'S VACATION

By MARY F. WENTWORTH.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Is supper ready, Ellen?" asked Hiram, as he appeared in the kitchen door.

"Not quite, Hiram, but it will be in just a few minutes," calmly answered his wife, as she hurried to prepare the evening meal.

Hiram was always grumbling when the meals were not on time, and poor Ellen was oftentimes discouraged.

Having eaten in silence, hardly noticing the tired wife who could scarcely force the food into her mouth, he left the table and went into the kitchen, took his cap and started for the barn.

"Ellen! Ellen!" called Hiram from the barn door. "Yes," shouted Ellen, rising from the table, where she had remained sitting, too tired to move. "Bring me them milk pails, and don't keep me waiting as you did for supper. I'm in a hurry, as I have to drive over to Will Jackson's to see about a cow he has to sell."

Poor Ellen! How her feet ached and how tired she was; but she knew it was no use to complain.

"Why couldn't he have asked me to ride over to the Jackson's? It is a long time since I was over there, and Mrs. Jackson is the dearest little woman!"

Ellen, with much bitterness in her heart, sat long into the twilight. She had been wondering how she could cure her husband of his grumbling and his selfishness. "I have it," thought Ellen, straightening up. "I'll have a vacation. But I'll not mention a vacation to Hiram," she told herself.

Next morning Ellen hurried to her work done, and as Hiram was away for the day there was no dinner to get, so Ellen flew round to pack up what articles she would need, and laying the table ready for supper, she took her valise and went to the guest chamber in the far corner of the big house and prepared to make herself comfortable. "What a vacation; and in one's own house, too," she chuckled.

Hiram returned, and not seeing Ellen, thought she must have run out for a few minutes and would be in presently, as it was near supper time, but Hiram was doomed to disappointment, for Ellen did not come and Hiram was forced to eat what was left for him on the table. He wondered what kept her, but had no fear of her staying overnight.

Finishing his chores, he sat down on the piazza and waited. How long he sat there he knew not, but at last he went into the house and went to bed.

Morning came and still no Ellen. "Where can she be?" he asked himself, and a fear clutched his heart as he thought how he had neglected her.

Breakfast time came and he knew not what to prepare for himself, but knowing he had to eat something, he went into the pantry, and finding nothing but a dish of eggs and a loaf of bread, he felt such a sickening feeling he was obliged to sit down. He wondered how he should get a meal with just bread and eggs. "Well, I suppose I can cook some eggs," he said. "Wish Ellen was home. I'm not used to this housekeeping business," he muttered.

He did not think to find fault because she had not left him anything cooked. How lonesome the house seemed! Hiram looked around and wondered if she had taken any of her things. Yes, her coat and hat were not in their accustomed places, and her valise was nowhere to be seen.

"Yes, she has gone," sighed Hiram. But where? Oh! if she would only come back! He busied himself clearing the table, and washed the dishes and dried them after a fashion. He was not used to housework, and it was awkwardly that he placed them in the neat cupboard. What a lot of time it took, too! It was nearly noon now. Where had the forenoon gone to? He did not realize it took so much time to do the housework. No wonder poor Ellen could not always have the meals on time. Oh, if she would only come! "I won't say anything again if the meals are a little late if she will only come back," said Hiram. "Oh, dear little woman! I've neglected her shamefully, and I bet I will know how to appreciate her after this." Somehow the day came to a close, and another, and still another—and Hiram was almost a nervous wreck.

Ellen, from her room, watched how he was taking his "medicine," knew when to "come home," and was sitting in her rocker in the kitchen as Hiram came in, looking worn and haggard, as if years instead of days had been passed. He got one glimpse of her and fairly flew to her side. "Oh, Ellen! My darling!" shouted Hiram as he snatched her to his breast. "Forgive me, dear, for the harsh words and neglectfulness, and let me make up to you for the past. Come, dear, let us get supper together."

"Hiram, dear, did you miss me?" asked Ellen.

"Did I miss you, Ellen? Darling, don't ever leave me again. Where did you go, little wife?" he asked, as he pressed her to his heart. "Oh, just on a vacation, dear, and I've had a beautiful rest! See the roses that have come back into my cheeks?"

"Yes, dearest little woman in the world, and I'm going to help you keep them there, too!"

As he kissed each cheek, loverlike, she knew in her heart that he would.

PUBLIC ROADS

GOOD HIGHWAYS SAVED PARIS

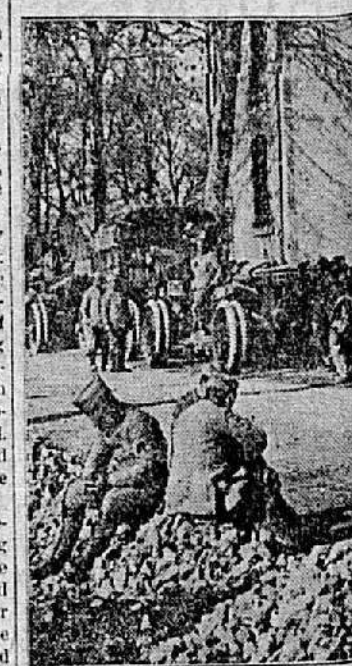
Example of French Capital Cited to Press Home Plan of Improved Roads in This Country.

The congestion of traffic which has so seriously handicapped war preparations and industrial and commercial activity during the last few months has emphasized to all the vital importance of good roads. The shortage of freight cars has caused the government to recommend the use of motor-trucks for handling freight on short hauls, in order to save freight-car equipment for long hauls. Freight cannot be successfully handled by motor-trucks without good roads.

There is also a growing tendency on the part of manufacturers and wholesalers to have their salesmen travel by automobile instead of by railroad trains, writes C. S. Riemann, president of a large motorcar concern, in Chicago Post. This also further helps to solve the traffic problem. But the extensive use of trucks for cross-country hauling and of passenger automobiles by salesmen and others, instead of traveling by train, will depend to a large extent upon road conditions.

It also occurs to me that since our transportation facilities have been so seriously overtaxed by extra traffic resulting from our war preparations to date, the enormous increase in war activities for which preparations are now being made will result in further serious delays, unless a large portion of the traffic can be handled by motor-trucks. In order to appreciate the importance of good roads from a military standpoint, we have only to recall the fact that in all probability Paris would have been captured by the German army in their first great drive had it not been that the excellent French roads permitted the quick concentrating of French troops by means of motor-trucks, passenger automobiles and taxicabs, which played so important a part in helping out the French railroad system.

The prosperity of any country and the advance of civilization are always measured by the transportation facilities.



Convoys of Rapid-Fire Cannon on Way to Front in France.

ties. As a manufacturer of motorcars, the good roads problem has been brought very forcibly to my attention, and I have given the subject much thought and study. It is my firm conviction that the continued prosperity of this country and the quick and efficient handling of war preparations cannot be better promoted than by keeping our streets and highways in first-class condition. I believe whatever expenditures are necessary to this end should be made.

NOW CALL ROADS MILITARY

Bill Before Senate Says Government Should Assist in Keeping Highways in Repair.

A bill before the senate says all state roads used by the government should be treated as military highways and the government should assist in keeping them in repair. The bill was introduced by Senator J. T. Smith, who has investigated the deterioration of the Maryland highway system. The bill states the government is not to contribute more than two-thirds of the money for repairs nor more than \$1,000 per mile. It has gone to the senate committee on appropriations.

Daily Water Supply. Experiments prove that the amount of water consumed daily by a cow is in direct proportion to the amount of milk she produces.

Site for Strawberry Bed. A rich garden soil which has been manured makes an ideal site for a strawberry bed.

Wonder or Blunder? Is that new road this year going to be a wonder-way or a blunder-way?

Cap'n Warren's Wards

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

(Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"But you have, not in words, perhaps, but you have told me. I know, please go on and tell me all. If you don't," with determination, "I shall make Uncle Elisha tell me as soon as he comes. I shall!"

Sylvester sighed. "Well, by George," he repeated feelingly, "I'll tell you one thing, young woman, you're wasting your talents. You should be a member of the bar. Any one who can lead a battle-scarred veteran of cross examination like myself into a trap and then spring it on him, as you have done, is gifted by Providence. I ought not to say another word on the subject," he declared emphatically. "What Captain Warren will say to me when he finds this out is unpleasant to consider. What is it you want me to tell you?"

"Everything. I want you to sit down here by me and tell me the whole story from the beginning. Please."

He hesitated a moment longer and then, his mind made up, returned to his chair, crossed his legs and began. "Here it is," he said.

"Caroline, about twenty years ago or such matter your father was a comparatively poor man—poor, I mean, compared to what he afterward became. But he was a clever man, an able business man, one who saw opportunities and grasped them. At that time he obtained a grant in South America for—"

"I know," she interrupted. "The Akrae Rubber company was formed. You told Steve and me all about that. What I want to know is—"

"Wait. I did not tell you all about it. I said that another man invested \$10,000 with your father to form that company. That man, so we now know, was your uncle, Captain Elisha Warren."

"I guessed that. Of course it must have been he."

"It was. The captain had saved some money; also at that time he idolized his brother and believed in his shrewdness and capability. He invested this \$10,000 on Rodgers Warren's word that the investment was likely to be a good one, that and to help the latter in business. For a few years the company did nothing. During that time your father and uncle disagreed—concerning another matter, quite unconnected with this one—and they did not see each other again while Rodgers lived. In that long period the Akrae company made millions. But Elisha supposed it to be bankrupt and worthless, because—well, to be frank, because his brother wrote him to that effect."

"Now we come to the will. Your father, Caroline, was not a bad man at heart. He realized how he had defrauded the brother who had been so kind to him, and he kept promising himself to some day repay the money he had taken. To insure that he put that note with the other papers of the company. If he did repay it could be destroyed; if he did not, if he should die, it would be there to prove—what it did prove. But always in his mind was the thought of you and Steve, the children he loved. He had quarreled with his brother; it is true. He had cheated him, but restitution for that cheat he had provided. But what would become of you, left in case he died without making restitution—penalties? He knew his brother, as I said, knew his character, respected his honesty and believed in his conscientiousness and his big heart. So he made his will, and in it, as you know, he appointed Elisha your guardian. He threw his children and their future upon the mercy and generosity of the brother he had wronged. That is his reason, as we surmise it, for making that will."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Yes, because I want him." SYLVESTER paused. Caroline did not speak for a moment; then she asked:

"And no one knew—your or uncle or any one of all this until last March?"

"No. Graves had, with his usual care and patience, pieced together the evidence and investigated until we were sure that a stockholder in the Akrae company existed and that all of your father's estate belonged to him. Who that stockholder was we did not know until that day of the meeting at our office. Then Captain Warren told us."

"But he did not know either?"

"Not until then. He supposed his Akrae stock worthless and had practically forgotten it. When we told him of its value, of the note and of the missing shareholder, he knew, of course. One would have thought he was the wrongdoer and not the wronged. He would have gone straight to you and asked your pardon if we would have permitted it."

"But, Mr. Sylvester, now we are coming to the part I cannot understand. Of course the estate belonged to him. I know that. It is his. But why didn't he tell Steve and me the truth then, at once?"

"Caroline, Caroline, don't you understand yet? Do you imagine for one moment that your uncle intends keeping that money?"

She stared at him in utter amazement. "Keeping it?" she repeated. "Why not? It is his. It belongs to him."

"Caroline, I'm afraid you don't know him even yet. He was for going to you at once and destroying the note in your presence. He would have done it, but we persuaded him to wait and think it over for a day or two. He did think and then decided to wait a little longer for your sake."

"For my sake? For mine?" She passed her hand in a bewildered way across her forehead. "Mr. Sylvester, I don't seem to understand even now. I—"

"For your sake, Caroline. Remember, at that time you were engaged to Malcolm Dunn."

Her intent gaze wavered. She drew a long breath. "I see," she said slowly. "Oh—I see."

"Yes, Captain Warren is one of the best judges of character I ever met. The Dunn's did not deceive him for one moment. He was certain Malcolm intended marrying you because of your money. For that matter, so was I. He knew you must see the proof with your own eyes. And he showed it to you."

"But then," she begged distractedly, "why couldn't he tell me after that? I—I am so stupid, I suppose—but, Mr. Sylvester, all this is—"

"He might have told you then, but he did not think it best. Caroline, your uncle has always believed in you. Even when you sent him from your home he did not blame you. He said you were deceived—that was all. But, too, he has always declared that you had been, as he expressed it, 'brought up wrong.' Your money had, in a way, warped your estimate of people and things. And there was Steve. You know, Caroline, that money and what it brought were spoiling Steve. It has never been so much of a man as during the past year, when he thought himself poor. But your uncle has planned for him as well as for you, and when he believes the time has come he—"

"Please," she interrupted falteringly—"please don't say any more. Let me think, Mr. Sylvester. You say that Uncle Elisha intends giving us all that father took from him—all of it?"

"Yes, all. He considers himself merely your guardian still and will accept only his expenses from the estate."

"It is wonderful!" she repeated brokenly. "Even though we cannot take it, it is wonderful."

"Of course not! Do you suppose that either my brother or I would take the fortune that our father stole—yes, stole—from him, after he has been living almost in poverty all these years and we in luxury on his money? Of course we shall not take it!"

"But, Caroline, I imagine you will have to take it. I understand your feelings, but I think he will compel you to take it."

"I shall not!" She sprang to her feet. "Of course I shall not! Never! Never!"

"What's that you're never going to take, Caroline—money or another trip down in these parts? I hope 'tain't the last, 'cause I've been callin' you'd like it well enough to come again."

Caroline turned. So did Sylvester. Captain Elisha was standing in the doorway, his hand on the knob. He was smiling broadly, but as he looked at the two by the fire he ceased to smile.

"What's all this?" he asked suspiciously. "Caroline, what—Sylvester, what have you been tellin' her?"

"Neither answered at once. The captain looked from one to the other."

"Sylvester!" Caroline had never seen her uncle thoroughly angry before. "Sylvester," he cried, "have you—have you dared to tell her what you shouldn't? Didn't you promise me? If you told that girl I'll—"

His niece stepped forward. "Hush, Uncle Elisha," she said. "He didn't tell me until I knew already. I guessed it. Then I asked for the whole truth, and he told me."

"The whole truth?" Caroline?"

"He wrung his hands. 'Yes, uncle, the whole truth. I know you now. I thought I knew you before, but I didn't—half. I do now.'"

"Oh, Caroline!" He stepped toward her and then stopped, frantic and despairing. "Caroline! Caroline!" he cried again. "Can you ever forgive me? You know—you must know I didn't ever mean to keep it. It's all yours. I just didn't give it to you right off because—because—Oh, Sylvester, tell her I never meant to keep it! Tell her!"

The lawyer shook his head. "I did tell her," he said, with another shrug, "and she tells me she won't accept it."

"What?" The captain's eyes were starting from his head. "What? Won't take it? Why, it's hers—hers and Steve's! It always has been! Do you callate I'd rob my own brother's children? Don't talk so foolish! I won't hear such talk!"

Caroline was close to tears, but she was firm. "Captain Elisha looked at her determined face, then at the lawyer's. But he found no help there. His chin thrust forward. He nodded slowly."

"All right! All right!" he said grimly. "Sylvester, is your shop going to be open tomorrow?"

"Guess not, captain," was the puzzled reply. "It's Thanksgiving. Why?"

"Caroline! It's to be home, won't he? I could find him at his house?"

"I presume you could." "All right, then, Caroline Warren, you listen to me. I'll give you till 2 o'clock to make up your mind to take the money that belongs to you. If you don't I swear to the Lord Almighty I'll take the fast train, go straight to New York, hunt up Graves, make him go down to the office and get that note your father made out turnin' all his property over to that Akrae company. I'll get that note, and I'll burn it up. Then—then you'll have to take the money, because it'll be yours. Every bit of evidence that'll hold in law is gone."

He turned, strode to the door and out of the room. A moment later they heard a scream from Miss Baker in the kitchen: "Lisha Warren, what ails you? Are you crazy? There was no answer, but the back door closed with a tremendous bang."

Half an hour after his dramatic exit Captain Elisha was packing up and down the floor of the barn. It was an old refuge of his, a place where he was accustomed to go when matters requiring deliberation and thought oppressed him. As he turned in his stride he saw a shadow move across the sill of the big, open door. He caught his breath and stopped.

Caroline entered the barn. She came straight to him and put her hands upon the lapels of his coat. Her eyes were wet and shining.

"Caroline!" he faltered eagerly. "You good man!" she breathed softly. "Oh, you good man!"

"Caroline!" His voice shook, but there was hope in it. "Caroline, you're going to take the money?"

"Yes, Uncle Elisha. Mr. Sylvester has shown me that I must. He says—"

"You good man!" she breathed softly. "Oh, you good man!"

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"You good man!" she breathed softly. "Oh, you good man!"

NEW HONOR FOR AMERICAN HEROES

President's Orders Have Cut Away Much Red Tape in the Conferring of War-Time Rewards



AMERICAN soldiers in France who distinguish themselves by deeds are now honored by their own government in much the same fashion as are the heroes of other warring countries. From a nation which has never gone in very heavily for honors and decorations—and whose representatives are distinctly forbidden by the constitution to accept them from foreign governments—the United States has stepped into the larger circle of nations, among whom the bestowal of military honors of many kinds and degrees has long been an established custom, writes Foster Ware in the New York Evening Post.

Not that exceptional heroism in war time has hitherto gone unrecognized here. Since the days of the Civil war there has existed a congressional medal of honor, which, though little known, is regarded by many as one of the highest military or naval decorations to be won in any land. This medal always has been and always will be the most coveted honor in our army and navy. But it has remained for President Wilson, acting upon the recommendation of General Pershing, to institute not only several new honors, but new rules for their award, which in some respects will revolutionize American practice in such matters. In a word, the order establishing our new war decorations is expected to cut away much of the red tape which enveloped, unfortunately, more than one American hero of the past.

New Decorations.

Briefly, the new war decorations instituted by the president are these:

1. The distinguished service cross.
2. The distinguished service medal.
3. War service chevrons.
4. Wound chevrons.

Coupled with the congressional medal of honor, these new decorations give to the American soldier virtually the same rewards for special service that are offered in the French and British armies. The British have their Victoria Cross and the French their Medaille Militaire, and to these the American Congressional Medal of Honor—sometimes referred to as the "Valor Medal" or "American Star of Valor"—may be said to correspond. The new American Distinguished Service Cross has no exact counterpart in the British army, inasmuch as the nearest thing to it, the D. S. O., is offered only to officers. The French Croix de Guerre (with palm) corresponds perhaps more closely. The American Distinguished Service Cross and the French Croix may be won by men or officers, regardless of rank. Perhaps it was to meet this deficiency that the British in 1916 established a new military medal for plain soldiers and non-coms, "in recognition of bravery in the field." Within the two years 42,000 of these military medals have been given out.

For the new American Distinguished Service Medal there is the Distinguished Conduct Medal in the British army (limited to non-coms, and men), while in the French army its place is taken in part by the Croix de Guerre (with star) and the Legion of Honor. The tendency in the British army has been to distinguish between officers and men in recognizing services, whereas the French pursue a more democratic policy, and in general treat officers and men on an equal footing in bestowing honors. Indeed, such distinction as is drawn in France is in favor of the common soldier. The highest of all French military decorations—the Medaille Militaire—is given only to the plain soldier and non-commissioned officer, or to a commanding general. Joffre and one or two others are the only officers who have received it.

Follow French System.

It is the French system that is to be followed in respect to the awarding of American honors. Courage, heroism, bravery, or the signal performance of duty—at home as well as in France—are to be rewarded without regard to military rank. All our medals, new or old, are offered to officers and men alike. More than that, they

are to be awarded to women in the service of the army.

To date, no measures have been taken to make similar provision for the navy, but this will undoubtedly follow. As it is, the only war medal open to the American sailor or naval officer is the Congressional Medal of Honor. This places the marines in a strangely anomalous position with respect to honors. While at sea, the marines are under the navy and are subject to the rules regarding war medals obtaining in the navy. But the marines now in France are under the army and are technically entitled to receive any of the new army decorations.

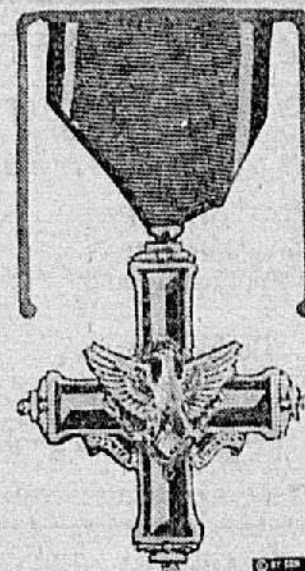
There can be no doubt that the institution of new medals by President Wilson will have a beneficial effect upon the morale of the American troops in France. Acts of heroism—of which we have already had more than one instance—deserve recognition, and from the military standpoint such recognition serves better than anything else as a stimulus and incentive to all the troops. News of the president's action is said to have been received with the greatest enthusiasm by our men now serving in France.

For Extraordinary Heroism. The Distinguished Service Cross is to be a bronze cross with ribbon. It will be awarded by the president, or by General Pershing, to any person who, while serving in any capacity with the army, shall hereafter distinguish himself or herself, or who, since April 6, 1917, has distinguished himself or herself, by extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States or under circumstances which do not justify the award of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The Distinguished Service Medal will also be of bronze with a ribbon, and will be awarded by the president to any person who, while serving in any capacity in the army, shall hereafter distinguish himself or herself, or who, since April 6, 1917, has distinguished himself or herself, by exceptionally meritorious service to the government in a duty of great responsibility in time of war in connection with military operations against an armed enemy of the United States.

Thus it will be seen that to win the D. S. C. it will be almost necessary for a man to see service in France, while the Distinguished Service Medal may be won by a man whose duties in the army are confined to this side of the water.

and activity in our premises. Our printers are working in a room which is covered with debris; we are writing on a corner of a table in a room which is open to the four winds, and as we pen these lines rapidly we are not yet certain whether or not the printer will be able to set even one of our machines in movement! Will this number appear? We do not know. We hope, just the same, that it will reach our readers and carry to them, together with our affectionate greeting, the assurance that despite the increas-



DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

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ing difficulties we shall continue publication.—E. L.—From the European Edition of the New York Herald.

Knew Him. Belle—Who is the box of candy from?

Reuben—I don't know. There is no card accompanying it.

"I'll bet it's from Freddie. He's so forgetful."

"Yes, but Freddie wouldn't only forget to send a card; he's the kind of a man who'd forget to send the candy."

The war service chevrons will be of gold, worn on the lower half of the left sleeve by each officer and enlisted man who has served six months in the zone of the advance in the war. There will be an additional chevron for each additional six months of such service. Officers and enlisted men of the aviation service on combat flying duty in Europe will be credited for the war service chevron with the time they may be on that duty.

The wound chevron will be identical in appearance with the war service chevron, but it will be worn on the right sleeve. It may be worn by officers and enlisted men who receive or have received a wound in action with the enemy necessitating treatment by a medical officer. An additional chevron will be given for each additional wound, but not more than one chevron will be worn for two or more wounds received at the same time. Disability by gas necessitating treatment by a medical officer will be considered as a wound.

Red Tape Is Cut.

In the rules governing the manner and method of awarding these medals, as well as the Medal of Honor, red tape is conspicuously absent. Time was when it was a matter of months, if not years, before a candidate for the highest military or naval honor within the power of the United States to bestow received his coveted prize. Not so under the generalship of Pershing. "In the present emergency," reads the general order, "whenever a recommendation for the award of the medal of honor reaches the commanding general of the American expeditionary forces in Europe, he is authorized to cable his recommendation for immediate action, and to hold the papers until a reply is received." Upon the approval by cable of his recommendation, General Pershing, or some officer whom he may delegate, is authorized to go ahead and award the medal as the representative of the president.

It is even provided that in extreme cases, where the candidate for the honor is severely wounded and in danger of death, the commanding general may take matters into his own hands and confer the medal without waiting for the presidential O. K. The new system, in short, preserves the form of the old, while virtually leaving it to the judgment of the commanding general whether a man is entitled to the medal or not.

Spreading Japanese Language. One or two universities or colleges in America have instituted a chair of Japanese, as has the University of Leyden in the Netherlands. The Japanese lecturership was tried in Oxford for three years; there is a professorship of Japanese in King's college, London, while Japanese is one of the subjects that receives special attention in the new British school of oriental languages lately established in London.

The teaching of Japanese abroad, so far, has been confined to special schools or seminaries, but in New South Wales Japanese is now being established in the ordinary schools as an instrument of cultural discipline and instruction on precisely the same footing as what may be characterized as the great orthodox cultural languages—French and German.

This we consider to be one of the finest practical acknowledgments of the Japanese entry into the comity of modern culture that could possibly be given.—Exchange.

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Put Your Car in Good Hands

No matter what work you may want done on your car, you can rest assured that it will be properly done if it comes to us.

Only the most capable men are employed by us, and carefulness is our motto. We treat every car we work upon exactly as though it were our own.

We will gladly quote you prices on storage with full service or part service. Or we can give you service without storage if you prefer.

Why not give us a trial and let the results determine future relations between us? Pay us a call and we can talk it over.

THE OVERLAND GARAGE
Chelsea, Michigan

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

H. H. Fenn is having a new garage built.

Miss Cecelia Kolb was in Detroit, Tuesday.

Mrs. F. H. Sweetland spent Wednesday in Ann Arbor.

Carl Wagner was home from Detroit over the week-end.

Miss Tema Hieber of Detroit is visiting Chelsea relatives.

Henry Fenn has purchased a new Oldsmobile six touring car.

George Drudge is assisting Dr. H. H. Avery in his dental office.

E. Steinbach is now baggage man at the Michigan Central depot.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dennison spent the week-end in Jackson.

Miss Agnes Weber has been visiting in Ann Arbor for a few days.

Verne Fordyce has been visiting relatives in Howell for a few days.

Mrs. Martha Shaver has been visiting relatives in Walled Lake for a few days.

J. A. Palmer was home from Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, over Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Farrell and Miss Marie Lusty were in Ann Arbor, Tuesday.

Mrs. Gilbert Martin visited her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Elley, in Detroit, Saturday.

Miss Nen Wilkinson went to Detroit, Tuesday, for a few days' visit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Alexander are the parents of a son, born Saturday, July 13, 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hendrick were called to Hamburg, yesterday, by the illness of a relative.

Miss Estelle White of Marion, Ohio, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Howard Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wurster and daughter, Miss Nina Belle, are visiting relatives in Fenton.

Mrs. Allen Tucker of River Rouge has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tucker of Lima this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Pennycook and children, of Ann Arbor, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Arnold, Sunday.

Harry Long of Detroit was called here yesterday by the illness of his mother, Mrs. William Long, of Sylvan.

Carl Mayer is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from his duties in the Kempf Commercial & Savings bank.

Mrs. H. F. Schwarzkoff, daughter Esther and son Joseph, of Perry, are visiting her sister, Mrs. P. W. Dierberger.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wims and Misses Jessie Everett and Flora Kempf were Stockbridge visitors Monday.

E. D. Brown is the new M. C. station agent, succeeding Clayton Heschel, who has been drafted for military duty.

Rev. A. W. Fuller of Stockbridge, former pastor of the Chelsea Baptist church, visited Mr. and Mrs. Adolbert Baldwin, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pielmeier and Miss Bertha Pielmeier visited Miss Pearl Freeman in Ypsilanti, Sunday.

William Zinke and daughter Marian, of Cleveland, and Mrs. Eric Zinke of Bucyrus, Ohio, are visiting relatives in Chelsea and vicinity.

Boy scouts are requested to attend the Monday evening drill. Those who do not attend will be suspended from all scout activities for six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Primeau of Detroit are the parents of a son, born Thursday, July 18, 1918. Mrs. Primeau was formerly Miss Hazel Becker of Dexter.

Walter Tripp, formerly employed in the Lewis Spring & Axle plant here, was one of the soldier boys on a troop train which passed through here Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Hardy of Tecumseh will speak at the morning service at the Lima Center Evangelical church, July 21st, on her personal experiences in Germany and Austria.

G. A. Stimpson and family expect to leave tomorrow for Bloomington and Chicago, Illinois, where they will visit relatives, en route to their new home in Southern Arkansas.

All who are interested in the W. C. T. U. work are invited to meet at the home of Mrs. Mary Boyd, Tuesday afternoon, July 23d, at 2:30 o'clock. Two of the state workers will be present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Congdon, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Congdon and son Eugene, of Ypsilanti, and Mrs. Addie Daniels, of Covington, Kentucky, spent Sunday with Misses Mary and Alma Pierce.

Dr. Algernon Palmer visited his parents the first of the week and left on Tuesday for Hoboken, N. J. He had been stationed with a medical unit of the army at Atlanta, Georgia, for several weeks.

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 DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, 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, free of system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

Mrs. Ford Axtell was in Ypsilanti, Tuesday.

Miss Gladys Leach is clerking in Smith's bakery.

Mrs. Mary Schieferstein of Lansing is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Spiegelberg.

Remember the dance for the benefit of the Red Cross at St. Mary's hall, this evening.

Mrs. George Staflin and daughter Katherine visited friends in Ann Arbor, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Contant are the parents of a daughter, born Friday, July 19, 1918.

Miss Veronica Breitenbach of Jackson is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. L. Steger.

Miss Florence Martin of Manchester has been a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leach this week.

The L. C. B. A. held their regular meeting yesterday at the home of Mrs. Albert Eisele on the old Glazier farm.

Samuel Tucker moved from Lima to the home in Chelsea, recently purchased from H. G. Spiegelberg, Wednesday.

While bathing in the mill pond at Waterloo, Wednesday evening, Leo Prendergast of Lyndon cut a bad gash in his right foot, which will confine him for some time.

Bruce Avery, brother of H. H. Avery of this place, left this morning for his home in Duluth. He is making the trip overland in his automobile and is accompanied by his brother, Dr. Ernest Avery of Howell.

The drama, "Under the Laurels," given last evening by members of North Sylvan grange for the benefit of the Red Cross, was a big success. The parts were all well taken and the musical numbers were very much appreciated. The total receipts were \$58.05.

A meeting of citizens will be held Saturday evening at 8:30 o'clock in the office of the Michigan Portland Cement company to arrange for a delegation to take part in the patriotic parade in Ann Arbor, Monday, when Washtenaw's contingent of the July draft will leave for Camp Custer.

L. K. Hadley was a guest at the J. Buhl home Friday.

Mrs. R. B. Howlett and children spent the past week with relatives here.

Mrs. Will Cone and daughter, Agness, left Tuesday for a visit in Muskegon.

Miss Kathryn Lecke spent the past week visiting at the home of Miss Myra Singleton.

A number of young people from here attended a social at North Lake last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Arnold spent Sunday in Mason at the home of Mrs. Arnold's mother.

Miss Verna McGee is at home again after helping Mrs. Dewey for the past two weeks.

Archie and Miss Vancie Arnold spent Sunday at the Frank Kirkland home near Fowlerville.

W. J. Buhl has sold his huckleberry swamp to Mason parties who will do their own picking.

Ed. McCorney and family, of Jackson, were over Sunday visitors at the William Willard home recently.

Mrs. Ella McMullen of Anderson was a Sunday visitor at the home of her aunt, Mrs. William Willard.

Mrs. Mary Tunciman and son, Kenneth, of Waterloo, were Thursday visitors at Mrs. H. E. Marshall's.

Mrs. Harvey P. Farnham and two children, of Chicago, visited at the home of C. I. Williams the first part of this week.

George Bowen, who is helping Arthur Munsell with his farm work this summer, has been very ill for more than a week.

Miss Francis Herick of Ann Arbor visited Mrs. Daisy Howlett several days last week, returning to her home Saturday.

W. H. Marsh and wife, Miss Minnie Bradshaw, W. J. Buhl and daughter, Lillian, were Jackson visitors on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Mary Gorton and two grandchildren, of Waterloo, were guests at the home of her sister, Mrs. Charlotte Howlett, last Thursday.

Lester Williams left Monday for Gillette lake, near Jackson, where he will spend the week in company with his son, Tom Williams and family.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Ireland and daughter, Marjorie, of Fowlerville, spent the week-end visiting Mrs. Jane Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrill.

Mrs. Angus Melvor left Monday of last week for Camp Cody, New Mexico, to be with her husband for the remainder of the time he is stationed there.

On July 4th, a brand new baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bullis. She weighed 7 1/2 pounds and will answer to the name of Genevieve Jean Bullis.

Mrs. R. H. McKinder returned to her home last week from Dansville, where she has been with her sister, Mrs. Floyd Fortmann, who has been sick for the past few weeks.

The Red Cross meeting Friday was well attended and the following finished work was sent to Howell: 10 suits of pajamas, 10 pairs socks, two hospital bed shirts and 5 sweaters.

Are You One of Them?

There are a great many people who would be much benefited by taking Chamberlain's Tablets for a weak or disordered stomach. Are you one of them? Mrs. M. R. Searl, Baldwinville, N. Y., relates her experience 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." These tablets do not relieve pain, but prevent its recurrence.—Adv.

CHELSEA Lincoln Chautauqua

6--BIG DAYS--6

July 26th to 31st



Mr. Montaville Flowers.

President, International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association.

It has been on my mind for some time to thank your organization for the very real help it has given to America in the struggle that is concerned with every fundamental element of national life. Your speakers, going from community to community, meeting people in the friendly spirit engendered by years of intimate and understanding contact, have been effective messengers for the delivery and interpretation of democracy's meanings and imperative needs. The work that the Chautauqua is doing has not lost importance because of war, but rather has gained new opportunities for service.

Let me express the hope that you will let no discouragement weaken your activities, and that the people will not fail in the support of a patriotic institution that may be said to be an integral part of the national defense.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

IT IS A COMMUNITY EVENT, DESERVING THE SUPPORT OF EVERY LOYAL CITIZEN

Buy Season Tickets Now!

ADULT TICKETS \$2.00

CHILDREN \$1.00

(Ten per cent War Tax)

JULY 26TH TO 31ST, 1918

WHEN THE TREATY OF PEACE IS MADE

WHEN the time comes to make a treaty of peace to end this war, we must have in the Senate, the place where treaties are ratified, men of the highest ability,

the broadest experience, the best judgment and the most pronounced Americanism.

Our future will be in the balance.

Every man, woman and child will in some way be affected—each one of us will be directly or indirectly concerned by what is then done.

There must be no peace without victory.

The victory so dearly won by our boys on the field of battle must be defended and safeguarded at the Council Board of the Nations.



Truman H. Newberry

Let Michigan send a man to the United States Senate who not only has the ability, but whose training especially fits him to meet the demand of a task so vital to us all—a red-blooded American who will insist that there be no peace until we have won the war—who will see to it that we do not lose in council the slightest part of what we have won in the field.

Commander Truman H. Newberry is the Win-the-War Candidate.

NEWBERRY for UNITED STATES SENATOR

Published by Newberry Senatorial Committee
A. A. Tompkins, General Chairman Paul H. King, Executive Chairman

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DR. H. H. AVERY

Graduate of U. of M.

Member of 2d District Dental Society and Michigan State Dental Society.

IN PRACTICE TWENTY YEARS

DR. H. M. ARMOUR

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist

Succeeding Dr. L. A. Maze. Also general auctioneering. Phone No. 84.

Chelsea, Mich. Residence, 119 West Middle street.

S. A. MAPES

Funeral Director

Calls answered promptly day or night Telephone No. 6.

GEO. W. BECKWITH

Fire Insurance

Real Estate Dealer, Money to Loan Office, Hatch-Durand Block, upstairs, Chelsea, Michigan.

C. C. LANE

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist

Office at Martin's Livery Barn, Chelsea, Michigan.

CHELSEA CAMP No. 7338 M. W. A.

Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month. Insurance best by test. Herman J. Dancer, Clerk.

Chancery Notice.

State of Michigan, The Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery.

Alvina Davis, Plaintiff,

William H. Davis, Defendant.

At a session of said court, held at the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1918.

Present, Hon. Geo. W. Sample, Circuit Judge.

In this cause it appearing by affidavit on file that the defendant, William H. Davis, is not a resident of this state but is a resident of the state of Ohio.

On motion of Jacob F. Fahrner, attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered that the appearance of the said defendant, William H. Davis, be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order; and in case of his appearance that he cause his answer to the bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof served upon the attorney for the plaintiff within fifteen days after service on him or his attorney of a copy of the said bill, and in default thereof that the said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendant, William H. Davis.

And it is further ordered that the said plaintiff cause this order to be published in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be commenced within twenty days from the date of this order and that such publication be continued therein once in each week for six weeks in succession; or that the said plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be personally served on the said defendant, William H. Davis, at least twenty days before the time prescribed above for his appearance.

George W. Sample, Circuit Judge.

Examined, countersigned and entered by me, Clyde B. Elliott, Deputy Register and Clerk.

Jacob F. Fahrner, attorney for plaintiff. Business address, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

88FG

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

Ford Axtell, Editor and Prop.

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

Published Every

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

Office, 102 Jackson street

The Chelsea Tribune is mailed to any address in the United States at \$1 the year, 50 cents for six months and 25 cents for three months.

Address all communications to the Tribune, Chelsea, Michigan.

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL

P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.

Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "Enduring Hardness." Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. Men's class led by the pastor. Union service at the Baptist church at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

G. H. Whitney, Pastor.

Morning service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school 11:15 o'clock. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Union service Sunday evening at the Baptist church. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

BAPTIST

Sunday morning service at 10 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. J. Carmichael. Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. Union service Sunday evening at this church. Prayer meeting at 7:30 o'clock Friday evening at the church.

CATHOLIC

Rev. T. J. Heydon, Acting Rector.

Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Sunday service. Holy communion 6:30 a. m. Low mass 7:30 a. m. High mass 10 a. m. Catechism 11 a. m. Baptisms at 3 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S

A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

German service at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. Sunday school 11 a. m. Choir rehearsal Thursday evening. Confirmation class Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

LISLE IS CANDIDATE.

Leslie W. Lisle, Acting Prosecuting Attorney of Washtenaw county during the absence of Carl A. Lehman who has entered the army, has announced his candidacy for prosecuting attorney in the primaries to be held August 27, 1918. Mr. Lisle has been assistant prosecuting attorney for the past year, and has been actively engaged in the work of that office. For that reason it has been surmised for some time that he would be a candidate, and his formal announcement is no surprise in the county.

The war board has been requested by the treasury department to be on the watch for and check all efforts to accept government bonds in exchange for merchandise.