

IN TIMES OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR

In hot weather prepare for cold weather. Now is the time to order that New Furnace or have the old one repaired. We can furnish you with a new Steam, Hot Water or Hot Air Furnace of any kind that you may select. We handle the best makes.

Remember that on everything you have purchased of us you have made a saving and got value received for your money.

Corn Binders and Plymouth Binding Twine

FIRST CLASS PLUMBING AND TIN SHOP

HOLMES & WALKER

WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT

Saturday Specials

For Saturday, July 27th

- GRAHAM WAFERS per pound.....18c
LIBBY'S PORK AND BEANS per can.....15c
CORN FLAKES per package.....12c
CUCUMBER PICKLES (sour) per dozen.....12c
CUCUMBER PICKLES (sweet) per dozen.....12c
WATERMELONS ON ICE

Good Bargains in Our Men's Shoe Department

Keusch & Fahrner

Home of Old Tavern Coffee



Real Service

There are many little tricks employed by good meat buyers in judging quality, and we are perfectly willing to share our secrets 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 EPPLER

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 carry the finest and biggest stock of neckwear in town.

Natty styles, latest colors, best materials—that's what you get. Big line just in; best we ever carried for attractiveness, value and price. Make your pick now.

HERMAN J. DANCER

For neat, attractive, up-to-the-minute job printing try The Tribune—call us up.

WHAT CAUSED THE WRECK

Freight Crew Probably Careless; What of Dispatching System.

The trend of events in placing the responsibility for the collision between the two D. J. & C. cars here Saturday evening seems to indicate that the crew of the freight car was careless and that their carelessness was the direct cause of the wreck, which resulted in the loss of 13 lives and the injury of 40 or more passengers.

But behind it all, is the thought that there must be an inherent weakness in a dispatching system which has a record of at least three serious "head-on" collisions within a period of about six years, and several of comparatively minor importance. The collisions mentioned hereafter all occurred on the section of the road between Ann Arbor and Jackson, a distance of about 37 miles. There may have been collisions on the road east of Ann Arbor, but we are not so familiar with that portion of the road. Here is a record of the collisions of which we have knowledge:

On April 15, 1912, two limited cars met head-on about six miles east of Chelsea and just east of the Covert farm. Two passengers were killed and many injured. Several Chelsea people were among the injured.

On July 1, 1914 a head-on collision between a west-bound limited and an east-bound local occurred near Jackson. Two persons were killed and many injured. Several Chelsea people were among the injured.

On December 4, 1915, a head-on collision occurred at Dexter road switch, about six and one-half miles east of Chelsea. No fatalities resulted, but many were painfully injured. The harrowing details of last Saturday's collision just west of Chelsea are still fresh in the minds of all in this vicinity.

The record in a nut-shell is a total of 17 lives sacrificed in a period of a trifle over six years in operating cars over 37 miles of single track.

Doesn't it seem that a dispatching system which results in such a record is woefully inadequate for the purpose?

REBECCA LODGE INSTITUTED.

The organization of a Rebecca lodge in Chelsea was completed Wednesday evening with the usual ceremonies. There were ten charter members and the work in the afternoon was conducted by Grand President, Mrs. Eita N. Smith of Grand Rapids, Grand Treasurer, Mrs. Adie Smith of Detroit, and Grand Secretary, Mrs. Hannah Baillargeon of Detroit.

In the evening the degree team of the Margaret Rebecca Lodge, No. 331, Ann Arbor, conferred the work upon a class of 56 candidates.

Following the afternoon session, supper was served at the Crescent hotel and at the close of the work in the evening, ice cream and cake were served. The following officers were elected:

Noble grand, Mrs. Nellie Laird; vice grand, Mrs. Margaret Moore; rec. sec., Mrs. Ruth French; fin. sec., Mrs. Helen Thomas; treas., Mrs. Mary Schneider; cond., Mrs. Anna Moore; warden, Mrs. Ada Mensing; inside guard, Miss Lema Hessel; outside guard, Roy French; dist. deputy, Mrs. Nellie Pritchard; R. S. to N. G., Mrs. Eleanor Schlessler; I. S. to N. G., Mrs. Lillian Shutes; R. S. to V. G., Mrs. Charlotte Alexander; I. S. to V. G., Miss Margaret Lambert.

RED CROSS NEWS.

St. Mary Academy All High club has donated \$16.15 to the yarn fund, which is acknowledged with many thanks.

The Red Cross gratefully acknowledges a donation of \$43.20 from the North Sylvan grange, the net proceeds of the play recently given by them.

Anyone having any gentlemen's old shirts can make good use of them by washing and pressing them and sending them to Mrs. L. T. Freeman to be made into little Belgian aprons.

All bedding and other articles donated to the Red Cross rescue work at the D. J. & C. wreck Saturday evening, have been laundered and are ready for return to the owners. Mrs. J. E. McKune will be at the town hall afternoons at four o'clock to assist in identifying the articles.

The following letter of appreciation has been received: Camp Custer, Michigan July 23, 1918

B. B. Turnbull, Village Pres. It is desired to thank the Red Cross and the people of Chelsea for the attention and service rendered to the injured and killed soldier boys in the wreck at Chelsea.

A. B. McCutcheon, Captain Q. M. C., Transportation Office.

NORTH LAKE.

The E. W. C. met with Lillian and Lucy Glenn last Thursday and this week at North Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Moulton of Addison spent over the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fuller.

Ernest Hopkins motored to Detroit, Sunday. Miss Gency Fuller, who has been visiting two weeks in Norwell and Napoleon, returned home Monday. Her grandmother, Mrs. Clara Hay, returned with her.

CARD OF THANKS.

I desire to thank in this way, the members of the Willing Workers, also the many other friends for their kind remembrances during my recent stay in the hospital. Mrs. A. G. Faust.

MRS. KATHERINE BAHNMILLER.

Mrs. Katherine Bahnmiller died Friday, July 19, 1918, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ben Marshall of Manchester, following an illness of several years' duration, having suffered several strokes of paralysis. She was 60 years, five months and seven days of age.

Mrs. Bahnmiller was born in Freedom township. Her parents being Jacob and Mary Wellhoff, February 12, 1858. She was married to Veit Bahnmiller February 8, 1879, and to this union were born seven children, all of whom are living as follows: Mrs. Ben Marshall of Manchester, Emanuel, Theodore and Mrs. Elmer Weinberg, of Chelsea, Mrs. John Harris of Dearborn, Albert and Oscar of Sharon. She is also survived by four brothers, Jacob Wellhoff of Grass Lake, John and Fred Wellhoff of Chelsea, Joseph Wellhoff of Sharon, two sisters, Mrs. George Rothfuss of Chelsea and Mrs. Christina Hoppe of Pontiac, and by twelve grandchildren.

The funeral was held Monday at 2:30 p. m. from St. Paul's church, Rev. Albert A. Schen and Rev. F. Boehm, officiating. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery, Chelsea.

IDEAL CONDITIONS FOR FATAL CRASH

Cars Met On Curve Where View Is Obscured By Grove of Catalpa Trees.

The stage was long ago set for the terrible accident on the Detroit, Jackson & Chicago interurban railway, Saturday night, and the conditions which exist there have been developing for years. All that was needed was for some one to bungle the running orders and the trap was sprung which snuffed out the lives of 13 people.

The crash occurred at the eastern end of a long curve. To the east there is a short stretch of straight track, and then another curve. Both curves are to the south so that the general impression is of one long curve. On the south side of the track is a grove of catalpa trees and still further to the south is a row of big willow trees. The view across the big curve is completely blocked by the trees.

Place a car 500 feet west of the scene of Saturday's wreck and it will be noted that the car to the west is not plainly visible to a person standing 1,000 feet to the east. Imagine then the uncertain light of approaching twilight and a setting sun and you have ideal conditions for just such a wreck as actually occurred Saturday night for it doesn't take long for two cars to each travel 500 feet and meet when each is traveling, say 40 miles an hour.

Had the two cars which were in Saturday night's catastrophe staged their meeting 1,000 feet either east or west of the actual meeting place there would have been a view ahead for a much longer distance and the motormen would have had an opportunity to note the danger and to have stopped their cars, or at least partially so. But as it actually occurred, there wasn't any chance at all—the conditions for just such a crash as occurred were ideal.

EXCEPTIONAL WOOL CLIP.

Russell Wheelock of Lima has just marketed his wool clip, which is exceptionally good. He has 18 Black Top ewes from which he sold 240 pounds of wool. The average weight of the fleeces was 13 1/2 pounds and the heaviest fleece weighed 19 1/2 pounds.

EAST LIMA.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shields and family motored to Jackson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lamphere, Mr. and Mrs. John Barley, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas French and Mrs. George Marshall and granddaughter Grace spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Coy.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zahn and daughter Gertrude spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Otto Benz.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grayer entertained friends and relatives from Lima, Scio, Dexter and Howell, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stoffer spent the week-end with her brother and family at Stockbridge.

Fred and Bertha Zahn and their mother spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bohnet.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grayer, Mr. and Mrs. John Grayer, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Gross, Mrs. Michael Breininger and children and Edgar Widmayer were Ann Arbor visitors Monday morning.

Phelps Brothers have purchased a new Dodge touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gridley and Mr. and Mrs. John Egeler and son were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Hendricks, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Breininger entertained Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zahn and daughter Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bates and daughter, Dorothy June, of Detroit, are spending some time with his father, Charles Bates.

Haying and harvest will soon be finished in this vicinity although the standing oats were flattened in some places by the heavy wind, rain and hail Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman spent Sunday evening with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jake Heller.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Weber of Ann Arbor spent Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stoffer.

Read "Gunner Depew" on page three, our new serial story.

FROM FOSTER WHEELER

Dexter Township Boy Is With 20th Engineers in France.

Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Wheeler of Dexter township have recently received a letter from their son, Foster, who is in the forestry service with the 20th Engineers "somewhere in France." The letter is dated June 14th and follows in part:

At last our journey is at an end and I can take a long breath—long enough to write to you.

We are located "somewhere" in the mountains of France among some exceptionally fine spruce timber, which is especially adapted for use in aeroplane construction. It certainly does seem good to get out in overalls and work like real men and not like so many machines as one does when drilling.

We are close enough to the front to hear the heavy firing and to see a few aeroplanes every day.

The climate here is fine—nice cool nights and not too warm days. We are putting up a saw mill on a small mountain stream and when it is finished it will be just fine. I haven't had time to look about much since we arrived, but from what I hear the boys say who have been around, this is the finest spruce timber in France.

We are only a short distance from a little town where we can spend what cash we have to let go, so don't have to worry about getting rid of our surplus. We have to be very careful what we write otherwise I could make this letter more interesting.

However, if you will lay your map of France on the floor and place the bottom edge against the threshold of the door between the rooms and draw a line from the edge of the door nearest the stove to the casing nearest the organ you will very nearly mark the direction of our trip here.

You have seen the pictures in the comic section of the papers of the "Turnerville Trolley"? Well they are good reproductions of the street railway here. Also the pictures in the old histories of the first steam car will give you an idea of what they have here. I was very much surprised that a country as "old" as this should be so far behind in transportation improvements. The roads are very narrow and nearly all kinds of vehicles and tools are drawn by one horse, or if more than one the horses are hitched tandem. The wagons are narrower than ours and of course here where we are, are extra heavy for mountain work.

We passed through some fine farmland on our way to camp and saw several large herds of splendid looking cattle.

Now mother mine, you have probably read in the papers that we cannot receive parcels from the states. Any packages we had on the way, before the order was issued, will be delivered, but not thereafter. So when you write be sure and have a good long letter; letters can come as big as you can write. And too, mother dear, remember I am in the mountains, in a lumber-camp with a whole company of men all eager for news, but we cannot write very often. Does anyone ever inquire about me? I would be very glad to hear from some old friends.

Your son with, "The Engineers."

VILLAGE TAXES.

Village taxes are due and may be paid at any time at my store on East Middle street. M. A. Shaver, Treasurer.

WANTED AND FOR SALE.

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

TO RENT, FOUND, ETC.

FOR SALE—Sow and pigs. Phone 103-F12.

WANTED—Girl to wait on tables and candy counter; steady employment, good wages; at once. Sugar Bowl, Chelsea. 9213

FOR SALE—Good horse, 9 yrs. old wt. 1100, work anywhere, safe for woman. Wm. Ryan, 502 McKinley St. 9213

WANTED—Young women, desirable positions as telephone operators, pay while learning. Apply Chief Operator, Mich. State Telephone Co., Chelsea. 9114

FOR SALE—Modern 8 room house and combination barn and garage on oversized lot, 50x264 ft. John Faber, 549 N. Main St. 9013

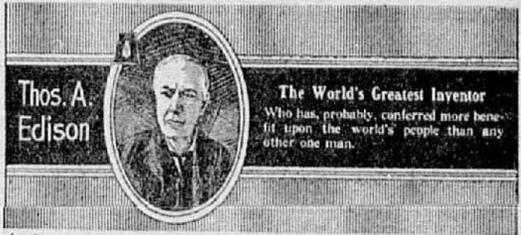
LOSE—Three \$50 second issue Liberty bonds, Nos. 7,230,726; 7,230,727; and 7,230,728, July 11th. P. A. Mayett, phone 75, Chelsea. 9113

FOR SALE—Harley-Davidson twin motorcycle and sidecar. Delanter, Boyd's hotel evenings. 9113

FOR SALE—Two horses, wt. 1,100 and 1,200 lbs., safe for woman to drive. Roy Ives, phone 16-W, Chelsea. 9013

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

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



Thos. A. Edison

The World's Greatest Inventor Who has, probably, conferred more benefit upon the world's people than any other one man.

Mr. Edison's life—his daily routine—is a perfect marvel of the scientific precision he so loves.

Every detail is arranged upon a definite schedule. Nothing is left to chance, and, as a consequence, he daily accomplishes a volume of work that would be the despair of three men whose time was not so systematized.

System is invaluable in all things—particularly in savings.

If you will start an account at this bank and add to it systematically—a little each week, just as you can spare it—you will be surprised and delighted to see how your account will grow.

We do our part by paying a very high rate of interest and in providing absolute protection for the principal.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

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



LESLIE W. LISLE (Acting Prosecuting Attorney)

Republican Candidate for PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, Washtenaw County.

He is on the job every day attending to the legal business of the County. If elected, he will devote his best efforts to the office, giving Washtenaw County a clean and efficient administration.

Primaries, August 27, 1918.

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

THORNTON DIXON OF MONROE

Candidate for Nomination for Representative in Congress Second District.

"WIN THE WAR"

Born in Dundee, Monroe County. Forty-two years of age.

In active business life, Lawyer, Manufacturer, Banker.

Elected Prosecuting Attorney on the Republican ticket three successive terms in a Democratic county.

Active, vigorous, a student of public affairs, coolheaded and a forceful speaker.

Every other County in the District has had a Candidate for Representative in Congress since Monroe has had one.

The Second District and the Nation need such a man at Washington—NOW!



Louisa Goes Over the Top

By GIDEON HOE
of The Vigilantes

Louisa is the school scrub woman. She has been connected with the school for years. She has been there with her brooms, her pails, her mops and her eternal thoroughness.

Louisa is German. She spoke German. She thought German. She dreamed German. She was in America only because she could not "earn so much as here." She had come here a generation ago with a young married sister. The sister had gone back to Germany, leaving her baby with Louisa. He grew up as most boys do whose mothers are not about and whose supporting aunts have to go out to work.

He was stoop-shouldered, he smoked. He spent his wages as he wished. Louisa would look at him grimly and mutter: "Ach, if only I had you in Chermanny."

It was for the boy that she worked. It was of him and the Faderland that she talked as she rubbed, rubbed, rubbed. "Ach, what think? That boy he lends five dollars to a man on the block and he move away and we can't find him."

"Not so it is in Chermanny. There he could not do this. Make bills and hide himself. There you have a little book. From school yet you have it. In it stands your name, your age, your hair, your eyes, and all what you do for a living."

"First thing you do if you move, you must go to the police and show your book, then again when you arrive you show your book to the police."

"No, no, in Chermanny you cannot run away. There they have it much better. You are all bosses. Nein! You have not the discipline. Hrpp! Hrpp! Forward march!" and Louisa shouldering her brooms and mops marched down the corridor to the applause and laughter of the little children marching into school.

Louisa liked to mingle with the teachers. At the beginning of the war, when the teachers gathered in their little knots discussing the possibilities and speculating on the outcome of it all, Louisa made her contribution: "Ach, the discipline. Von Hindenburg. Von Hindenburg. He is for discipline. He is the soldier. Such a fine one never lived. You will see he will win. He is a Gottlike man."

"Oh, Louisa, have a heart. Don't scare us so early in the morning," scoffed Boy Teacher, reaching for the brief case that rested at his feet. But Louisa was before him and placed it in his hands.

"Oh, thank you, Louisa, but you mustn't do that. You'll spoil me. I'm not used to it."

"I should hope not," sniffed another young teacher. "I should hope not indeed. The idea of a woman waiting on a perfectly healthy, strong young man. I bet I wouldn't do it."

"Ach, no? In Chermanny you would be better disciplined. You would save the man all."

"Why? Why?" stamped the young teacher. "Why should a woman save a man anything?"

"Because," Louisa contended. "Because he is a soldier. He fights for the Faderland. Without the man what are you? Nothing. It is for you to marry a fine soldier, mother a fine soldier, raise up a fine soldier. That is your duty. That you were placed in the world for. Now he," pointing to the Boy Teacher, "would make a fine—" But the young teacher had fled.

The teachers began to grumble. "Germany, Germany, Louisa is always cheering for Germany. Why don't these people go back and fight for the Faderland? No. They stay here and root for Germany."

The Lusitania Was Sunk. Then came the news of the sinking of the Lusitania. The teachers gathered and discussed the news angrily. "The devils. Our people. Hundreds of them. Frohman, Archie Butts, Hubbard. It's awful. It was full of women and little children. Shameful!"

Wondering, Louisa poked her head inside the door. "What is? Is someone dead you cry so?"

"Yes, they're dead," and a teacher sprang forward and pushed the head-lined paper full in Louisa's face. "Your lovely Germans killed them."

"Killed? What is?"

"The Lusitania was sunk by the Germans. She was carrying many Americans."

"So!" said Louisa coolly. "Well, they was told to stay off that boat. The fools. Served themselves well right."

"Keep still," screamed the young teacher. "We'll ask your precious kaiser whether we may sail over his ocean when he isn't using it, I suppose. Well, we won't." Then taking fresh umbrage at the other's stolid composure, she burst out: "What do you think you would be doing if you were in Germany now? Going about a building like this one, dressed as you are, mingling with the sort of people you meet here? Not for a minute. You'd be dressed in rags, your feet in wooden shoes, and you would be pulling a plow like an ox for your precious kaiser."

Louisa Is For Uncle Sam. Louisa went out shaking her head. At last war was declared. We were "in it." Louisa paddled by the office with her pails and brushes. "Hurrah,

Frau von Hindenburg! We're going to Berlin to get your precious kaiser." "Ya, ya," said Louisa sadly. "Such things must be. It stands in the Bible. Purification by fire. If it's God's will we fight, then we fight."

When the teachers had gone to their rooms Louisa appeared in the office. "Hark," she whispered to the head teacher. "My boy has volunteered for the war. What you think of that? Isn't that fine? He says: 'Mother Louisa, I must go, and I tell him: 'Go. We live in America, we are Americans.'"

One morning when the teachers had gathered for the morning chat, Louisa came in, her face shining. "Look," she said to the young teacher, "here is my boy's picture. He is a soldier now. How grand he looks. He is a sergeant already."

Louisa gazed lovingly at the postcard picture of a fine looking soldier boy. "Ha, ha, my fine fellow. Now you don't turn over and sleep again while I call you five times more. Ta tata, Ta tata, Ta ta ta. Forward march. That is fine for you," she chuckled.

The Liberty Loan posters came. The big loan drive was on. Louisa fell in love with one of the posters. "Such a beautiful young lady. How strong she is waving the flag and leading the army. She is schoen, ya, ya, she calls for money for the soldiers. She shall have it. Ya, ya."

Glancing about to be sure she was not noticed, she slipped into the office. Once inside she drew from her pocket an envelope with the red triangle in the corner and laid it before the head teacher. "Look. This money my boy sends. It is the money they give him for being a good soldier. That money I never spend. Take it and buy a Liberty Bond." So Louisa went over the top for Uncle Sam.

THE TEST

By JOHN BROWN JEWETT
of The Vigilantes

This is your crisis, this your hour; Earth's oceans and its shores Hold but one place of portent power, One duty—it is yours.

Think not to hide amid the crowd That covers land and sea; The voice of Fate is calling loud; "Look to him, world—'tis he!"

Yes, you—no other: None are born To do what you must do; No beaten captain waits such scorn For failure, as must you.

It is the test, the fate one; Shall king or people reign? Who are the people? There are none If one is called in vain.

On you the sorrow, blood and cost The glory of the shame; If freedom's cause today is lost, You only are to blame.

THOSE WHO CANNOT GO

By EDWARD A. G. HERMANN
of The Vigilantes

Are you sorry? Or are you glad? Perhaps you would go if you could, but you must stay at home.

You cannot be a hero at the battle-front, but you can live heroically wherever you are.

It takes five men at home to keep one man in the trenches.

YOU belong to one of these groups of five men.

The five men at home must stand together and do the things that count most for one man at the front. For any one man to fail is to play false to the cause for which we work and they fight.

You cannot fight, but you can work and pray; you can love and serve; you can save carefully and give sacrificially. Above all else you ought to worship in times of war.

We believe our cause is righteous. Our faith is justified. Our human instincts are not lying to us.

The lofty ideals for which our brave boys are fighting are the ideals for which pure Christianity has stood for 1,900 years. When the church has been blind to the vision of the ideals she has grown weak and unworthy of the great Leader. We stand with him today for the sanctity of womanhood and the protection of children; for justice and mercy, truth and righteousness; for industrial, political and social democracy; for international law and universal brotherhood; for the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth.

These are the great ideals which carry with them freedom, peace and happiness for all the future.

After all, true religion is the real conservator of civilization and the ultimate unifier of humanity. The future of democracy and civilization is bound up with Christianity.

THE FLAG SPEAKS

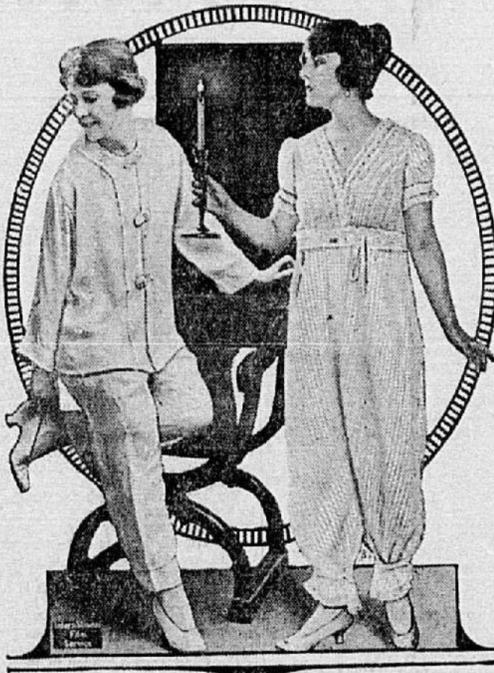
By THEODOSIA GARRISON
of The Vigilantes

Great minds planned me, High hearts made me, Strong arms raised me, To fly while life endures; Fine souls wrought for me, Brave men fought for me, Bound and broken sought for me,— Now—I am yours.

The wide world sees me, The wild seas know me, The four winds lift me A signal and a flame; Your youth and your age, Your hope and heritage, Your father's father's page That bears your name.

Your hands upheld me, Your strength sustained me, Your service honors me, With every task it gives, Hold me your word and worth, Hold me your sword and hearth, Hold me your sign to earth That Freedom lives.

Concerning Sleeping Garments



Many women prefer pajamas to nightdresses and others acknowledge their advantages over the nightdress but are loath to part company with the dainty and frilly finishes that pajamas lack. For their benefit we have been furnished, by those who make undergarments their special study, with a variety of sleeping garments of a new sort. These include separate trousers and coats or jackets and one-piece garments in which trousers are fastened onto a bodice. Besides these there are full-trousered pajamas worn under short kimono coats and for all of them crepe de chine has proved as practical in every way as muslin. It is easily laundered and as flimsy and daintily as batiste.

The figure at the left, in the picture above, is clad in plain pajamas made of saten. They are very like the garments worn by men and are developed in several cotton fabrics, percale and outing flannel among them, and in crepe de chine. Occasionally a print-flowered silk or men's wear silk shirt-lings are made in this model—the latter recommended to withstand wear.

The garment at the right is also classed among pajamas. Just now, flesh-colored batiste with narrow Val lace and insertions or fine swiss embroideries used for decorations, is the favorite cotton fabric for these garments, but in the picture the choice seems to have fallen on striped dimity.

The full trousers have almost the effect of a narrow skirt and are drawn in about the ankles in fascinating laced-edge trills. A beading, set in at the waistline, carries a satin ribbon that gathers up the necessary width about the waist.

Trousers on pajamas of crepe de chine are often banded with silk in a contrasting color and made very full. The simplest of slip-over upper garments is bordered with the same color as that used in the trousers. These new sleeping garments will please the woman who likes distinctive lingerie.

Painted Sport Hats.

Painted sport hats are affected by the younger girls at some of the seaside and country places. They are painted with all sorts of designs, but perhaps those showing daisies and poppies and the other unsophisticated flowers that have come in for much approbation this summer on the part of fashion, are the smartest. Very effective, too, are those painted with green and blue designs—peacock feathers, for instance, wound around the crown (in paint, of course), or pine needles and cones. With some of these hats there are bags—inverted hats, they are, with silk tops and draw strings. And with some there are those little straw cases, one-half of which slips into the other, decorated like the hats.

Shoes That Have Proved Popular



Here is a representative display of summer shoes that have proved popular with women who give thoughtful attention to their footwear. Except for shoes for sport wear they include styles for any sort of demand. For the street the choice between high and low shoes depends upon the weather and taste of the wearer and there is safety in providing oneself with both kinds. The high boot at the left of the picture in black kid and the oxfords at the top, also in black kid, may be had with Cuban heels for those who prefer them to French heels. But French heels are not always high and some women like them on street shoes.

At the right of the group is a pair of white glaze high boots being among the styles that are favored above all others for smart dressing. Like black shoes they go well with almost any dress. But they are to be classed among expensive luxuries for they must be made of fine quality of kid in order to clean successfully—and they are always being cleaned.

In the center of the group is a pair of dressy black colonial pumps with steel buckles. These are dressy enough for any sort of wear, but below them a more brilliant pair of pumps in patent leather has buckles in sparkling jet.

There is nothing more elegant than these and they are immensely well liked for afternoon and evening wear.

There is nothing more durable or satisfactory than white canvas shoes for street wear. They are more easily cleaned than other white shoes and strong lined canvas will outwear leather. For midsummer they are the coolest of shoes and probably the most economical in the long run.

Julia Bottomley

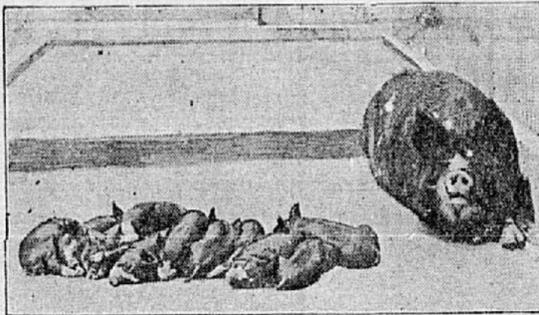
New Fancies.

Some simple jersey dresses are seen with collar and cuffs of knitted wool in bright colors. Crisp and summer-like and lovely are the new collar and cuff sets. They are of fine organdie, not only in white, but in delicate colorings as well. There is the fashionable yellow, Alice blue and rose pink. They are in new shapes and have tiny ruffled edges. As though the gamut of color had been run in the separate vests to be used with the plain tailored suit, we are now shown vests of black satin. In the colored kind bright or gaudy is the newest.

Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

PORK IN WAR TIME BACKS PATRIOTISM



The Meat Line Helps to Strengthen the Battle Line.

SUPPLY OF FATS IS URGENT NEED

Requirements Can Be Met Most Quickly by Increasing Number of Hogs on Farms.

SWINE REQUIRE LESS LABOR

Animals Have No Rival in Putting Waste Material to Profitable Use—Department of Agriculture Offers Assistance.

Not only on the farms, but also in the small towns and suburbs where space is available, everyone who can should raise one or more pigs and thus furnish the pork supply for himself and perhaps for a soldier. Assistance in doing this may be obtained from publications of the United States department of agriculture which will be sent free on request.

Pork is the mainstay of the nation, the laboring man and the soldier, and the need for increasing the supply of fats is especially great. The need for meat and fats can be met more quickly by increasing the number of hogs than in any other manner. Hogs require less labor, equipment and capital, make greater gains for the quantity of food fed and give a quicker turnover of money than any kind of live stock except poultry. Furthermore, pork products have the advantage of being easily transported. No branch of live stock farming gives better results than the intelligent raising of well-bred swine.

Food From Garbage.

As a consumer of by-products the hog has no rival, which is an additional reason for pork raising now when the elimination of waste is an emphatic necessity. There is ample evidence that where table scraps form a part or all of the pig's diet the gains cost considerably less than the gains made by grain-fed animals.

There is no "best" breed of swine. Some breeds are superior to others in certain respects and one breed may be better adapted than another to certain local conditions. There are two distinctive types, the hard type and the bacon type. Swine of the hard type far outnumber those of the bacon type in the United States.

With the ingredients of a good ration constantly placed before them so that they may eat it well, hogs will make gains more rapidly and more economically than when fed by hand. The self-feeder is growing in popularity. It is simply a device by means of which a supply of grain or other feed is kept constantly available to the hogs in order that they may always satisfy their appetites with the proper kind and amount of feed.

"Soldiers of the Commissary."

By means of the boys' pig clubs of the department of agriculture thousands of boys are being instructed in hog raising, and by this means are helping to produce a very important food for our soldiers and sailors. Your county agent, club leader or director of extension work at your state agricultural college will tell you of the work in your own state and how to join a club. The department wants 200,000 boys to raise pigs—40,000 did it in pig clubs last year—but whether you are young or old, if you live in the country or the suburbs of a city, you can do it, too, and thereby become a "soldier of the commissary."

How to Get Information.

Farmers' bulletins covering practically every phase of the swine industry are available for free distribution and may be obtained by writing to the United States department of agriculture, Washington. The states also have published much excellent material on the subject of hog raising. An inquiry about hogs addressed to your state agricultural college will bring you information on what has been issued by your own state. Your county agent can supplement the printed advice by suggestions as to the adaptation of directions to your local conditions.

Some of the hog raising publications of the United States department of agriculture are listed below: "Swine Management," Farmers' Bulletin 874; "Breeds of Swine," Farm-

ers' Bulletin 765, containing information on the various breeds, their origin, general appearance, development and adaptability; "Pig Clubs and the Swine Industry," describing the pig club work; "Movable Hog Houses," Secretary's Circular 102; "Hog Houses," Farmers' Bulletin 438; "The Self-Feeder for Hogs," Farmers' Bulletin 906; "Hog Cholera; Prevention and Treatment," Farmers' Bulletin 874; "Tuberculosis of Hogs," Farmers' Bulletin 781.

Don't forget that the meat line is of direct importance to the battle line.

CATTLE AFTER WAR

The United States at present probably has more purebred cattle of beef and dairy types than is possessed by any other nation or combination of nations, according to the department of agriculture. At the close of the war European countries will require the different types of purebred animals to rebuild their depleted herds.

Study of present and future world conditions leads to the conclusion that continental Europe will bid high for the dairy type, while Russia will require all types, especially the beef types. It seems certain that importing countries will require cattle free from disease.

Disease eradication in our cattle is therefore a matter of the highest importance not only for the benefit of our own consumers but to facilitate after-the-war trade.

Time to Start Sheep Raising.

Late summer or early fall is the most favorable time to make a start in sheep raising. Ewes may be procured more readily at this time, and when purchased may be kept on meadows, grain stubble fields, or late-sown forage crops to get them in good condition for breeding.

Experience with the ewes through fall and winter will also make a beginner more capable of attending to them at lambing time. It is seldom possible to buy any considerable number of bred ewes at reasonable prices.

The inexperienced sheep raiser should begin with grade ewes of the best class available and a purebred ram. The raising of purebred stock and the selling of breeding rams can best be undertaken by persons experienced in sheep raising.

Don't Wait on Hog Cholera.

Don't take a chance with a sick hog. Act quickly. Get a veterinarian or a trained man immediately. Only prompt action will stop hog-cholera losses. Every hog saved will help to win the war.

The time for argument about anti-hog-cholera serum is past, declare specialists of the United States department of agriculture. Figures prove that when administered efficiently and in time, hog-cholera serum will keep well hogs from taking the disease.

Quick action is imperative to get serum and a trained operator to treat the hogs.

Be a Weed Detective.

If the first appearance in this country of weeds, such as Russian thistle, field hawkweed, and Canada thistle, had been reported, much of the loss and trouble they are causing might have been prevented. It is important to report to federal or state authorities the appearance of new weeds and to take precautions to prevent their spread.

Fighting the Sheep-Killer.

Five states during 1917 enacted improved legislation to protect sheep from dogs, and similar action is being considered in other states. Protection of this kind means more mutton and wool.

Feed for Young Calf.

When the calf is two weeks old a little milk feed may be added to the milk. This quantity may be gradually increased.

Best Base for Separator.

A concrete base for the separator is a good thing, but between it and the base of the incline, bolt down a board to provide elasticity.

For persons who put mutton first the Southdown is the best breed

BABY FALLS FROM THIRD STORY—MINOR INJURIES

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gordon Babinger, six-months-old child, fell from a third-story window onto a concrete sidewalk, and, with the exception of a few minor bruises, escaped unscathed. The mother and father were playing with the baby near the open window when the father accidentally dropped him.

CLINGS FOR HOURS TO FLOATING BODY

Porto Rico Girl Drift on Lover's Corpse After U-Boat Attack.

New York.—A vivid account of her escape from death, following the sinking of a passenger ship in the Atlantic, is told by Miss Edith Donato Virola, an eighteen-year-old Porto Rican girl, who was on her way to the United States to marry. For ten hours in the night, after the boat had been sunk off the Atlantic coast by a German submarine, she floated on the body of her drowned lover, before she was dragged out of the water to safety.

Miss Virola, who arrived in New York city a few days ago, where she is being cared for along with other survivors of the sunken ship, told how the vessel had been but a few days out from Porto Rico when the passengers were summoned to the deck by a gunshot across the bow. A submarine was near by and the German officer told the passengers they would be given half an hour to escape. In clearing away from the doomed vessel the boats capsized and passengers and crew were thrown into the water.

"In some manner I lost the life-protector that I thought was securely tied about my waist," said Miss Virola. "When I came up I was without protection of any sort.

"Then I noticed with horror that near me was floating the body of the



I Was Still Floating on My Fiance's Body.

man I was going to marry in America. He evidently had been knocked unconscious by the boat when it overturned. He was drowned.

"I could not get his life preserver off, and I guess I was too much overcome with grief to think of what I was doing anyway.

"I only know that I flung myself on his body and then I must have fainted, for I do not remember any more until I revived in the morning. I was still floating on my fiance's body. The other passengers and some members of the crew were floating in the water. We had been in the water ten hours or more when sailing vessels appeared and we were taken aboard."

GHOST IS ONLY FUGITIVE

Patient Gets Out of Hospital and Runs Two Miles Clad in a Sheet.

Shamokin, Pa.—Rushed to the state hospital after he had been catapulted through the windshield of an automobile from a front wheel flew off and the car swept into a fence, Edgar Stokes recovered from shock and asked to be discharged. The surgeons believed him delirious as a result of the accident and placed him in a ward. Refused his clothing by an orderly, Stokes picked up a sheet, leaped from a window, wrapped the sheet about himself and started barefooted by night toward this city, two miles from the hospital.

Along the Pennsylvania railroad the ghostlike figure put the track walkers, night trainmen and others to flight and started a rumor that spread like wildfire of the appearance of a ghost. Reaching the outskirts of the town, Stokes borrowed an overcoat from a trainman, proceeded to his home and despite many bruises and lacerations reported for work in the morning.

GUNNER DEPEW

By **ALBERT N. DEPEW**

Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer, U. S. Navy
Member of the Foreign Legion of France
Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Cassard
Winner of the Croix de Guerre

Copyright, 1918, by Reilly and Britton Co., Through Special Arrangement With the George Matthew Adams Service

FOREWORD.

"Gunner Depew" is not a work of fiction, but it is more thrilling than any fiction you ever read. It is the true story of the experiences of an American boy who had a fighting career that is unique in the annals of the great war. It is a story crowded with fighting and adventure—big with human courage and endurance. It is the first war narrative that tells the true story of conditions in the German prison camps. It is a story that every American should and will read to the end.

CHAPTER I.

In the American Navy.

My father was a seaman, so, naturally, all my life I heard a great deal about ships and the sea. Even when I was a little boy, in Walston, Pa., I thought about them a whole lot and wanted to be a sailor—especially a sailor in the U. S. navy.

You might say I was brought up on the water. When I was twelve years old I went to sea as cabin boy on the whaler *Therifus*, out of Boston. She was an old square-rigged sailing ship, built more for work than for speed. We were out for four months on my first cruise, and got knocked around a lot, especially in a storm on the Newfoundland Banks, where we lost our instruments, and had a hard time navigating the ship. Whaling crews work on shores and during the two years I was on the *Therifus* my shares amounted to fourteen hundred dollars.

Then I shipped as first-class helmsman on the British tramp, *Southern-down*, a twin-screw steamer out of Liverpool. Many people are surprised that a fourteen-year-old boy should be helmsman on an ocean-going craft, but all over the world you will see young lads doing their trick at the wheel. I was on the *Southern-down* two years and in that time visited most of the important ports of Europe. There is nothing like a tramp steamer if you want to see the world. The *Southern-down* is the vessel that, in the fall of 1917, sighted a German U-boat rigged up like a sailing ship.

Although I liked visiting the foreign ports, I got tired of the *Southern-down* after a while and at the end of a voyage which landed me in New York I decided to get into the United States navy. After laying around for a week or two I enlisted and was assigned to duty as a second-class fireman.

People have said they thought I was pretty small to be a fireman; they have the idea that firemen must be big men. Well, I am 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height, and when I was sixteen I was just as tall as I am now and weighed 135 pounds. I was a whole lot huskier then, too, for that was before my introduction to kultur in German prison camps, and life there is not exactly fattening—nor exactly. I do not know why it is, but if you will notice the navy firemen—the lads with the red stripes around their left shoulders—you will find that almost all of them are small men. But they are a husky lot.

Now, in the navy, they always haze a newcomer until he shows that he can take care of himself, and I got mine very soon after I went into Uncle Sam's service. I was washing my clothes in a bucket on the forecastle deck, and every garby (sailor) who came along would give me or the bucket a kick, and spill one or the other of us. Each time I would move to some other place, but I always seemed to be in somebody's way. Finally I saw a marine coming. I was somewhere near him, but he hauled out his course to come up to me and I gave the bucket a boot that sent it twenty feet away, at the same time landing me a clout on the ear that almost knocked me down. Now, I did not exactly know what a marine was, and this fellow had so many stripes on his sleeves that I thought it must be some sort of officer, so I stood by. There was a gold stripe (commissioned officer) on the bridge and I knew that if anything was wrong he would cut in, so I kept looking up at him, but he stayed where he was, looking on, and never saying a word. And all the time the marine kept slapping me about and telling me to get the hell out of there.

Finally I said to myself, "I'll get this guy if it's the brig for a month." So I planted him one in the kidneys and another in the mouth, and he went clean up against the rail. But he came back at me strong, and we were at it for some time.

But when it was over the gold stripe

came down from the bridge and shook hands with me! After this they did not haze me much. This was the beginning of a certain reputation that I had in the navy for fist-work. Later on I had a reputation for swimming, too. That first day they began calling me "Chink," though I don't know why, and it has been my nickname in the navy ever since.

It is a curious thing, and I never could understand it, but garbies and marines never mix. The marines are good men and great fighters, aboard and ashore, but we garbies never have a word for them, nor they for us. On shore leave abroad we pal up with foreign garbies, even, but hardly ever with a marine. Of course they are with us strictly in case we have a scrap with a liberty party off some foreign ship—they cannot keep out of a fight any more than we can—but after it is over they are on their way at once and we on ours.

There are lots of things like that in the navy that you cannot figure out the reason for, and I think it is because sailors change their ways so little. They do a great many things in the navy because the navy always has done them.

I kept strictly on the job as a fireman, but I wanted to get into the gun turrets. It was slow work for a long time. I had to serve as second-class fireman for four months, first-class for eight months and in the engine room as water-tender for a year.

Then, after serving on the U. S. S. *Des Moines* as a gun-loader, I was transferred to the Iowa and finally worked up to a gun-poller. After a time I got my C. P. O. rating—chief petty officer, first-class gunner.

The various navies differ in many ways, but most of the differences would not be noticed by any one but a sailor. Every sailor has a great deal of respect for the Swedes and Norwegians and Danes; they are born sailors and are very daring, but, of course, their navies are small. The Germans were always known as clean



Gunner Depew.

sailors; that is, as in our navy and the British, their vessels were shipshape all the time, and were run as sweet as a clock.

There is no use comparing the various navies as to which is best; some are better at one thing and some at another. The British navy, of course, is the largest, and nobody will deny that at most things they are topnotch—at least of all themselves; they admit it. But there is one place where the navy of the United States has it all over every other navy on the seven seas, and that is gunnery. The American navy has the best gunners in the world: And do not let anybody tell you different.

CHAPTER II.

The War Breaks.

After serving four years and three months in the U. S. navy, I received my honorable discharge on April 14, 1914. I held the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. It is not uncommon for garbies to lie around a while between enlistments—they like a vacation as much as anyone—and it was my intention to loaf for a few months before joining the navy again.

After the war started, of course, I had heard more or less about the German atrocities in Belgium, and while I was greatly interested, I was doubtful at first as to the truth of the reports, for I knew how news gets changed in passing from mouth to mouth, and I never was much of a hand to believe things until I saw them, anyway. Another thing that caused me to be interested in the war was the fact that my mother was born in Alsace. Her maiden name, Dier-vieux, is well known in Belgium. I had often visited my grandmother in St. Nazaire, France, and knew the country. So with France at war, it was not strange that I should be even more interested than many other garbies.

As I have said, I did not take much stock in the first reports of the Hun's exhibition of kultur, because Fritz is known as a clean sailor, and I figured that no real sailor would ever get

mixed up in such dirty work as they said there was in Belgium. I figured the soldiers were like the sailors. But I found out I was wrong about both.

One thing that opened my eyes a bit was the trouble my mother had in getting out of Hanover, where she was when the war started, and back to France. She always wore a little American flag and this both saved and endangered her. Without it, the Germans would have interned her as a Frenchwoman, and with it, she was sneered at and insulted time and again before she finally managed to get over the border. She died about two months after she reached St. Nazaire.

Moreover, I heard the fate of my older brother, who had made his home in France with my grandmother. He had gone to the front at the outbreak of the war with the infantry from St. Nazaire and had been killed two or three weeks afterwards. This made it a sort of personal matter.

But what put the finishing touches to me were the stories a wounded Canadian lieutenant told me some months later in New York. He had been there and he knew. You could not help believing him; you can always tell it when a man has been there and knows.

There was not much racket around New York, so I made up my mind all of a sudden to go over and get some for myself. Believe me, I got enough racket before I was through. Most of the really important things I have done have happened like that; I did them on the jump, you might say. Many other Americans wanted a look, too; there were five thousand Americans in the Canadian army at one time they say.

I would not claim that I went over there to save democracy, or anything like that. I never did like Germans, and I never met a Frenchman who was not kind to me, and what I heard about the way the Huns treated the Belgians made me sick. I used to get out of bed to go to an all-night picture show. I thought about it so much. But there was not much excitement about New York, and I figured the U. S. would not get into it for a while, anyway, so I just wanted to go over and see what it was like. That is why lots of us went, I think.

There were five of us who went to Boston to ship for the other side: Sam Murray, Ed Brown, Tim Flynn, Mitchell and myself. Murray was an ex-garby—two litches (enlistments), gun-poller rating, and about thirty-five years old. Brown was a Pennsylvania man about twenty-six years old, who had served two enlistments in the U. S. army and had cut with the rank of sergeant. Flynn and Mitchell were both ex-navy men. Mitchell was a noted boxer. Of the five of us, I was the only one who went in, got through and came out. Flynn and Mitchell did not go; Murray and Brown never came back.

The five of us shipped on the steamship *Virginian* of the American-Hawallian line, under American flag and registry, but chartered by the French government—an engine room job—but the others were on deck—that is, seamen.

We left Boston for St. Nazaire with a cargo of ammunition, bully beef, etc., and made the first trip without anything of interest happening.

As we were tying to the dock at St. Nazaire, I saw a German prisoner sitting on a pile of lumber. I thought probably he would be hungry, so I went down into the others' mess and got two slices of bread with a thick piece of beefsteak between them and handed it to Fritz. He would not take it. At first I thought he was afraid to, but by using several languages and signs he managed to make me understand that he was not hungry—had too much to eat, in fact.

I used to think of this fellow occasionally when I was in a German prison camp, and a piece of moldy bread the size of a safety-match box was the generous portion of food they forced on me, with true German hospitality, once every forty-eight hours. I would not exactly have refused a beefsteak sandwich, I am afraid. But then I was not a heaven-born German. I was only a common American garby. He was full of kultur and grub; I was not full of anything.

There was a large prison camp at St. Nazaire, and at one time or another I saw all of it. Before the war it had been used as a barracks by the French army and consisted of well-made, comfortable two-story stone buildings, floored with concrete, with auxiliary barracks of logs. The German prisoners occupied the stone buildings, while the French guards were quartered in the log houses. Inside, the houses were divided into long rooms with whitewashed walls. There was a gymnasium for the prisoners, a canteen where they might buy most of the things you could buy anywhere else in the country, and a studio for the painters among the prisoners. Officers were separated from privates—which was a good thing for the privates—and were kept in houses surrounded by stockades. Officers and privates received the same treatment, however, and all were given exactly

the same rations and equipment as the regular French army before it went to the front. Their food consisted of bread, soup, and vino, as wine is called almost everywhere in the world. In the morning they received half a loaf of Vienna bread and coffee. At noon they each had a large dixie of thick soup, and at three in the afternoon more bread and a bottle of vino. The soup was more like a stew—very thick with meat and vegetables. At one of the officers' barracks there was a cook who had been chef in the largest hotel in Paris before the war.

All the prisoners were well clothed. Once a week, socks, underwear, soap, towels and blankets were issued to them, and every week the barracks and equipment were fumigated. They were given the best of medical attention.

Besides all this, they were allowed to work at their trades, if they had any. All the carpenters, cobblers, tailors and painters were kept busy, and some of them picked up more change there than they ever did in Germany, they told me. The musicians formed bands and played almost every night at restaurants and theaters in the town. Those who had no trade were allowed to work on the roads, parks, docks and at residences about the town.

Talk about dear old jail! You could not have driven the average prisoner away from there with a 14-inch gun. I used to think about them in Brandenburg, when our boys were rushing the sentries in the hope of being bayoneted out of their misery.

While our cargo was being unloaded I spent most of my time with my grandmother. I had heard still more about the cruelty of the Huns, and made up my mind to get into the service. Murray and Brown had already enlisted in the Foreign Legion, Brown being assigned to the infantry and Murray to the French man-of-war *Cassard*. But when I spoke of my intention, my grandmother cried so much that I promised her I would not enlist—that time, anyway—and made the return voyage in the *Virginian*. We were no sooner loaded in Boston than back to St. Nazaire we went.

Gunner Depew, on board the French dreadnaught *Cassard*, gives the Pollus a sample of the marksmanship for which the American gunners are famous. Then he leaves his ship and goes into the trenches. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Something to "Greet" About.

Persons casting about for something to worry about may take pleasure in recalling from "The Little Minister" the manner in which self-styled simple folk in Scotland regard the northern lights—"the devil's rainbow," Waster Lunny called it. "I saw it six times in July month," he said, "and it made me shut my een. You was out admiring it, domine, but I can never forget that it was seen in the year '12 just afore the great storm. I was only a liddle then, but I mind how that awful wind stripped 't the standing corn in the glen in less time than we've been here at the water's edge. It was called the dell's bosom. My father's himmost words to me was, 'It's time enouch to greet, liddle, when you see the aurora borealis.'" Waster Lunny was "greeting" o'er the drought then, but twelve hours later the Qubarity was out of its banks, washing out the corn and with a year's store of wool on its crest was dashing out to sea.

Moon by "Earthlight."

When the crescent of the new moon appears in the west the phenomenon called "the old moon in the young one's arms" is often observed. Partly embraced by the horns of the crescent is seen the whole round orb of the moon. The cause of this appearance is that the "earthlight" upon that part of the moon not reached by the sunshine is sufficiently brilliant to render it faintly visible to our eyes.

Harnesses Sun's Rays.

An experimenter in the Royal College of Science in Toronto claims that he has found a way to harness the sun's heat to industrial tasks of almost any nature. For instance, by his experiments with mirror combinations he has focused reflected rays so as to melt a bar of lead at a temperature below freezing to a depth of one and a half inches in 43 seconds.

Intended No Harm.

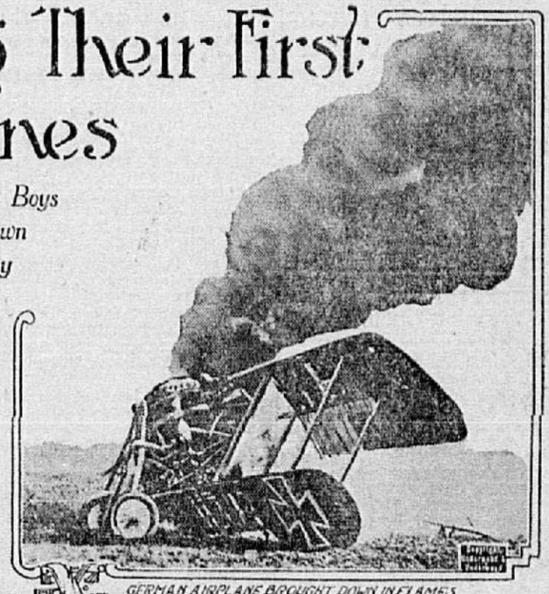
Lucy was playing up on the lawn with her little puppy when the dog next door came up wagging his tail in a most friendly way. The little pup stuck his tail between his legs and started for the house. Lucy caught him, saying: "Don't be afraid, pup; he won't hurt you; he just came over to introduce himself."

Necessity.

A national exhibition was recently held in Berlin to popularize the use of paper clothing.

Bagging Their First Hun Planes

Home-Trained American Boys
Tell How They Shot Down
Enemy Fliers From the Sky



GERMAN AIRPLANE BROUGHT DOWN IN FLAMES

IT HAPPENED while we were bowling along a smooth French road that split innumerable red-tiled villages in halves on its way to the American front, writes Herman Whitaker in the *Detroit News*.

A week before I had journeyed around our flying instruction stations in south France, where our lads were to be seen in training from their first ridiculous "hops" with wing-clipped "penguins" to the daredevil stunts on the acrobatic field. There I had watched perform a circus that would have raised the hair of Lincoln Beachey or any other of the stunt flyers of five years ago.

For in the ordinary course of their flying our lads are taught the "vrelle," or fall spin; the "r eversment," a half loop and fall sideways; to "camel," turning over and over sideways like a rolling cask; the "vertical cierge," a 90-degree bank, said to be a most disagreeable first experience; to bank and side slip the distance required to elude a pursuer; a difficult operation which the beginner usually ends in a "barrel."

While dropping from a height of 14,000 feet, I had seen one boy pull almost the whole bag of tricks. In fact he put his plane through every possible twist and gyration—and many impossible—in an actual fall.

With this knowledge stored away I was now on my way to visit an American squadilla in actual service at the front. As we approached the last town between us and the trenches I finished telling the lieutenant from general headquarters about a submarine I had seen captured while cruising with our destroyer flotilla in English waters. He agreed that it was as fine a bit of luck as ever fell to a correspondent.

"But lightning never strikes twice in the same place," he added. "You used up all the luck that is coming to you in this war. You won't get in on anything like that again."

He was, however, mistaken. Nature's laws are said to be without exceptions, but he had no more than said it before the lightning violated all precedents and struck again—through the raised hand and arm of an American military policeman on the edge of the town.

"Pinched!" our sergeant chauffeur exclaimed when the hand went up. He was not altogether joking. Military law is not unlike that of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. Because of some mixup in their passes three correspondents had been "pinched" by the military police and brought back to M. G. H. Q. the week before in a state of uncertainty as to whether or no they would be shot at sunrise.

The sergeant added as the car rolled on to a slow stop: "You can get by the French military police with any old thing—beer check, laundry bill, chewing gum coupon, anything that's written in English and looks official, but when their iron-jaws of ours hold up a hand it means you."

See Boche Planes.

The "iron jaw" however, was relaxed in a pleasant smile. Saluting, its owner informed us: "If you drive round by the public square you will see two Boche planes our boys have just shot down. It's worth your while, for these are the first planes brought down by home-trained American aviators flying our own flag."

"First submarine—first plane!" the lieutenant commented as we drove on. "You must be the luckiest man in the whole world!"

It happened to be Sunday, and in the square we found dozens of women, children and pretty French girls, all in their 20-to-meeting best, elbowing through a mixed crowd of Pollus, Tommies and Sammies to get a good view of the wrecks.

Of the two Albatrosses one had burned in mid-air and lay a charred wreck on the ground. The other could easily be fitted for flying again. Both their pilots had survived, though one was badly burned.

Their conquerors, we were told, could be found at the flying field outside the town, and a very few minutes thereafter it opened before our speeding car; a dead flat plain bounded on one side by long low barracks; on the other by camouflaged hangars. In front of one, surrounded by a mixed mob of mechanics and flies, stood the victorious planes.

In the crowd we found two of our crack fliers who had recently been transferred to us from the Lafayettees. One had just received the newly created American order for distinguished conduct. The other has no less than 16 official "crashes" to his credit and twice as many that are unrecorded.



LIEUT. ALAN WINSLOW (LEFT) AND LIEUT. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, FIRST AMERICAN AVIATORS TO BRING DOWN ENEMY PLANES

children and pretty French girls, all in their 20-to-meeting best, elbowing through a mixed crowd of Pollus, Tommies and Sammies to get a good view of the wrecks.

Of the two Albatrosses one had burned in mid-air and lay a charred wreck on the ground. The other could easily be fitted for flying again. Both their pilots had survived, though one was badly burned.

Their conquerors, we were told, could be found at the flying field outside the town, and a very few minutes thereafter it opened before our speeding car; a dead flat plain bounded on one side by long low barracks; on the other by camouflaged hangars. In front of one, surrounded by a mixed mob of mechanics and flies, stood the victorious planes.

In the crowd we found two of our crack fliers who had recently been transferred to us from the Lafayettees. One had just received the newly created American order for distinguished conduct. The other has no less than 16 official "crashes" to his credit and twice as many that are unrecorded.

All Like "Maiden Aunts."

Usually the presence of this one man would be sufficient to set any hangar abuzz with excitement. But today he and his fellow stars were "sipping" in a scene which in its general features strongly resembled that created in an average American household by the first visit of the stork. The same atmosphere of quiet joy, suppressed excitement, prevailed. In their pleased interest, indeed, the two stars might have acceptably filled the role of maiden aunts at a christening.

They were bashful about their age as girls—for the opposite reason. They would fain have been older. When pressed for the truth Douglas Campbell, a young Californian, admitted one and twenty. Alan Winslow, who hails from Chicago, went him one better. "Babies! Just out of their infancy! Think of it! But then—this aerial war has been conducted from the first by babes."

Of course you want to know more about them. Alan Winslow, then, trained with the French; therefore must yield to young Campbell, who was born and raised at the Lick observatory on the top of Mount Hamilton in central California—with its wooded gorges, deep ravines, cosmic outlook over foothills and plains, surely an ideal eyrie for a young eagle. He had taken his ground training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and was completely American trained.

He was told to let this go and get into the boat. This he refused to do, thinking the commander of the armed guard was still on board. He remained on board long enough to satisfy himself by search that his superior was not aboard. Eisenhardt was the last man to leave the Rochester. He was one of the occupants of the open boat that landed five days later on the Irish coast. He has been commended by the secretary of the navy. Eisenhardt is twenty-one years old. He comes from New Orleans.

Your fighter is never a talker, and of all fights the air men go the limit in slowness of speech. Even after Winslow the hoary elder of two and twenty, was finally prodded to talk, he left so much to the imagination that it is necessary to fill in between his wide lines.

Hear Planes Coming.

He and Campbell had got out early for the first official flight and were playing cards in a tent near their hangar while the mechanics tuned up their machines. The morning was clear, sunlight streaming between soft clouds high over the flying field. From the sand bag targets, where a machine gun was being lined up and synchronized with the motor, came staccato bursts of firing. Everything was going on as usual, when in response to a telephone call from some far observation post, a hush shrouded the "Alerte!"

"I was already in my flying togs," Winslow explained, "and so got into the air at once. Campbell followed about a minute later. The Boche planes had just come into view, flying quite low, not higher than 1,000 feet. Their pilots said afterward that they were lost and mistook our station for their own, otherwise they would never have ventured into such a hornet's nest."

"To me it seemed impossible. I felt sure it must be some of our fellows coming in from another station. But the 'Alerte!' kept me ready. They were flying higher than we and the instant I sighted the German cross I let fly a burst from my gun."

Shot in Second Burst.

"The Boche answered, but already I had lunked steeply on a half loop that carried me above him; then describing a 'vrelle,' that is, a tall spin, I came squarely behind and shot him down with my second burst."

"By that time Campbell was chasing his man like a hawk after a running chicken across the sky, and I lit out after them. How that Boche did go! But he was too slow. Just as I caught up Campbell sent him down in flames."

He summed up this remarkable contest in the following schedule:

"The 'Alerte!' sounded at 8:45. Eight-fifty, closed with the Boche. Eight-fifty-one, shot down my man. Eight-fifty-two, Campbell got his. Eight-fifty-three, back on the ground." Eight minutes by the clock! Good work!

We went into their rooms to view the trophies, guns, cartridge belts, clocks and so forth that were laid out on their cots, and while we were looking them over Campbell added the last humane touch to the story. In sky warfare alone, it is said, have the Germans displayed any chivalry, a thing that is quite understandable. The utmostest bravery called for in these desperate duels up there in the wide and lonely vault of heaven is always associated with chivalric spirit. The knightly tradition still obtains and this lad's utterance proved that our boys can be depended upon to uphold it.

"My fellow was wearing an iron cross. I wanted it badly, but the poor devil was suffering enough from his burns. I hadn't the heart to take it from him."

Fine feeling!

There is no such thing as defeat for men animated by such spirit backed up by the thorough, intensive training given at our fields.

By a quick combination of acrobatics he had learned during instruction Winslow had got his man. And as I thought of the quick-witted lad that are now getting the same training but by the tens and twenties by hundreds and thousands, I mentally echoed a favorite exclamation of the British Tommy: "Poor old Fritz!"

Educational Influences.

"Do you find that your farhands are benefited by a course of reading?" "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "They've gotten about all there is from the scientific works on agriculture. When I want 'em to hustle for crops now, I make 'em read the war news."

In These Days of Many Laws.

"There ought to be a law against it." "I don't know what you're talking about, but I'll bet there is."

Risked Life for Leader

When the steamer Rochester was sinking, the men of the armed guard nominated the ship in the various boats assigned to them. The explosion of the torpedo had damaged one of the ship's boats and a redistribution of the men among the remaining boats became necessary. W. F. Eisenhardt, a member of the United States naval reserve, had been stationed at the bow-patrol of one of these boats.

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.

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 auctioneer. 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.*

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—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 Saffin and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

Chancery Notice.

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

Alvina Davis, Plaintiff,

vs.

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. 88F6

EARL C. MICHENER,

Candidate for Congress.

To the Voters of the Second Congressional District:

After careful consideration, I have decided to allow my name to come before the voters of this Congressional District, as a Republican Candidate, for the nomination of Congressman, at the Primary Election to be held August 27th, 1918.

I am not the candidate of any faction or organization. I shall conduct a clean and fair campaign. If nominated and elected I shall discharge the duties of Congressman as a servant of the people. Owing to the shortness of the time before the primaries I will not be able to meet all of the voters personally. I therefore present my candidacy for your consideration. After investigation any support you give me will be appreciated.

Respectfully,

Earl C. Michener.

GREGORY.

Gay Kuhn of Camp Custer was home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Montague spent the week-end at Lansing.

Rev. J. J. Schuler was on the sick list several days last week.

The W. C. T. U. at Mrs. Leach's last week was well attended.

Archie and Miss Vancie Arnold were Mason visitors Friday.

Katherine Crossman is now over measles and is able to be out again.

Mrs. R. G. Williams visited for several days in Detroit the past week.

Miss Frankie Placeway was home from Pinckney, Monday of last week.

Ezra Plummer and family are spending this week at Patterson lake.

Miss Flora Crandal of Howell spent the week-end with Miss Mary Howlett.

The Aid society last week was well attended and the proceeds were \$10.51.

C. I. Williams and family were Jackson visitors last week Wednesday.

John Marlatt and family of Lansing called on Gregory friends last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrill and Mrs. Jane Wright were Howell visitors Saturday.

Mrs. George Arnold was a week-end visitor at the home of her mother, in Mason.

Mrs. H. S. Sigler of Pinckney spent last Thursday at the home of Mrs. F. C. Montague.

Fauf Kuhn of the Mechanical Training camp, Ann Arbor, was at home over Sunday.

Mrs. William Heminger and daughter of Pinckney spent the week-end with her parents here.

Mrs. George Meabon and children of Pinckney spent Thursday and Friday at the Willard home.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson of Stockbridge were guests at the Fred Howlett home Thursday.

Mrs. Nora Westmoreland of Fowlerville is spending the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Lillie Burden.

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

The Red Cross social held at the Charles Burden home last Thursday evening was a success. Proceeds were \$34.75.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tunnard of Iosco, and Mrs. Irene Hall of Webberville, were guests at the W. J. Buhl home Sunday.

At a special meeting of the Macca-bees William Wilford resigned as treasurer and Fred Howlett was elected to take his place.

G. C. Williams and family of Detroit left Monday after spending a few days at the home of his parents, R. G. Williams and wife.

John Green and family, Douglas Green and family of Iosco, and W. J. Crossman and family of Gregory, are camping this week at Patterson lake.

Ario Worden has been transferred from Camp Custer to Camp Mills, Long Island, N. Y. He writes that he had a very pleasant trip and enjoyed it fully.

The Misses Vancie Arnold and Myra Kirkland, Archie Arnold and John Bowman visited George Bowman at the Pinckney sanitarium on Sunday afternoon.

Dr. C. A. Sellers of Hartford City, Indiana, was called to service and was to report at Camp Custer on Monday, July 15. Dr. Sellers will be remembered as Miss Kate Chapman's husband.

Thursday was Mrs. Charlotte Howlett's birthday and in the afternoon G. A. Reed and family and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson of Stockbridge and Mrs. Fred Howlett called on her to remind her of the fact.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howlett on Tuesday of last week took their little daughter, Charlotte, to Pontiac for an operation for adenoids and tonsils. The operation was successful and they returned home Wednesday.

LIMA CENTER.

Mr. and Mrs. John Steinbach and family and John Schnackenberg and daughter, Mrs. Bertha Wolf of Chelsea, spent Sunday with Mrs. Lucy Katz and family of Waterloo.

The Lima Center Arbor of Gleaners will meet Thursday, August 1st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vickers. Every member is requested to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Carpenter and children of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hammond and family.

There will be preaching services at the Lima Center church on Sunday, July 28th. Sunday school 9:00 a. m. and church at 10:00 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Dancer and family spent Sunday in Chelsea with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Wood are having their house repaired.

Mr. and Mrs. George Steinbach and family spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Gross.

Mrs. John Steinbach spent Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ives, west of Chelsea.

A number of young men left from this vicinity for Camp Custer, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Freer have been entertaining their daughter from Detroit the past few weeks.

An automobile accident occurred about a half mile west of Lima Center at 3:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon, in which two automobiles and a horse and buggy were involved, the latter belonging to Jacob Koch. One of the automobiles was owned by Ann Arbor parties. Both machines were damaged, especially the one from Ann Arbor, and the two ladies who were riding in it were cut about their faces, but not seriously hurt.

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.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

John Farrell was in Detroit on business, yesterday.

Ernest Pierce was home from Camp Custer over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bohnet were Jackson visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. William Hayes of Grass Lake was in Chelsea yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover visited in Detroit over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Beach of Howell visited Miss Nellie Maroney, Sunday.

Milo and Frank Shaver visited relatives in Walled Lake the first of the week.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Staebler of Lima, Monday, July 22, 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eder visited their daughter, Mrs. Burdette Brown, in Jackson, Sunday.

Misses Emilie and Flora Hefner of Cadillac have been visiting Miss Ella Barber for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schieferstein and daughter Flora visited relatives in Ann Arbor, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Pratt of Webster spent Sunday with John Pratt and family of North Lake.

The Chelsea Screw Co. has just installed two new gas heating furnaces for tempering steel parts.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warblow of Detroit are spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Henry Winters.

Miss Irene Bauer of Albion is spending two weeks with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Guerin.

Hiram Ferris of Dexter township visited Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Stadel, Tuesday, en route home from Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. James Geddes spent Sunday in Tecumseh at the home of their daughter, Mrs. George Rathbun.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Easton of Lima Center were in Detroit, Tuesday, to visit their son, Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. Easton.

Mr. and Mrs. George English returned Saturday from a visit at the home of their nephew, Dr. Orla Wood of Hart.

A. H. Schumacher submitted to a serious operation at Grace hospital, Detroit, Friday, from which he is reported to be recovering nicely.

Miss Gertrude Hirschmann, who had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Barth for a week, returned to her home in Michigan City, Monday.

Leland Gray returned to his home in Windsor, Canada, Sunday, after a three weeks' visit with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gray of Lima.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. Easton, of Detroit, on Tuesday, July 16, 1918. Mr. Easton is a former Lima boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Easton of Lima Center.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Baird of Dexter township entertained Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Baird and daughter Gladys and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Milburn and daughter Ella, of Mason, Sunday.

A letter from Paul O. Bacon, who is at Eberts Field, Lonoke, Arkansas, says that he expects to be through there some time in September and he expects to get a furlough at that time for a visit home.

Miss Emilie Steinbach of New York City, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steinbach of this place, is motoring with friends in New England. The party will spend a few weeks in St. Albans, Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sibley and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Foster and family were in Fowlerville yesterday to attend a reunion of those who graduated from the Fowlerville school while Mr. Foster was superintendent.

William Coe received a telegram last night from his son, Warren, the first word he has had from him in three months. He is on the U. S. S. America, now in port, and has been granted a two weeks' furlough.

Clare Fenn, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fenn, will be 19 years of age Monday. A number of his friends sent him postal cards and other remembrances the last of the week. He is at Kelly Field, S. San Antonio, Texas.

The Mystic Worker Lodge of Freedom will give an ice cream social at Pleasant Lake, Thursday evening, August 1, for the benefit of the Red Cross and Mystic Workers. Speakers and good music will be furnished. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Winans and daughter Clarice and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Winans expect to leave Chelsea, Monday, on a motor car trip through the eastern states. They will visit Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Washington and New York.

The Tribune acknowledges the receipt of copies of the "Treat 'Em Rough," published by the U. S. Tank Corps at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pa., where Lloyd Colker is located, and of the "Plane News," published in France. Both are interesting journalistic efforts.

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 of the System. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

Chandler Rogers and family of Detroit are spending two weeks at Cavanaugh lake.

Mrs. W. J. Lenox and daughter, of Detroit, visited Mr. and Mrs. William Burgess yesterday.

C. H. Whitney, L. M. Milner, W. G. Dancer and Orville Jones, of Stockbridge, were Chelsea visitors today.

Word has been received of the safe arrival overseas of George W. Walworth, Lyle Runciman and Donald Bacon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feldman of Fitchburg, Mass., former residents of Chelsea, are the parents of a son, born Friday, July 19, 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Staphish have moved from Taylor street to the Hinderer residence, 513 South Main street, formerly occupied by Hector Cooper.

William Shanahan, who recently, enlisted for service with an engineering corps, railroad division, and who was sent to Columbus, Ohio, was rejected on account of being under age and returned to Chelsea the first of the week. Roy J. Maier was rejected at Camp Custer on account of a disease of the ears.

Chelsea was treated to a little rain last evening, the first in nearly four weeks. It came from an apparently clear sky and only served to buy the dust. Our idea of a "snag job" just now would be an appointment as the official village rain-drop estimator—we believe we could get by with very little real labor.

WATERLOO.

The Red Cross will give an ice cream social at the home of Alva Beeman, Friday evening, August 2. At this time the second quilt will be disposed of. A good program will be given on the lawn with community singing lead by Miss Audrey Westfall and Herbert Collins of Stockbridge. Miss Westfall will also play and sing several solos.

Gorton Rietmiller is visiting in Jackson.

Mrs. Olive Herrick of Grass Lake is spending the week at Orville Gorton's.

Alva Beeman and family spent Sunday at Fred Durkee's.

Capt. Marquardt and wife of Detroit spent the week-end at Walter Vicary's.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Beeman, Paul Schaub, Andrew Harr and Marie and Walter Harr motored to Jackson, Sunday.

Rose McIntee is slowly recovering from the shock of the terrible wreck Saturday evening. She received a severe blow on the head, and was badly bruised and shaken-up.

Mr. and Mrs. Orson Beeman and grandson Bernard motored to Williamson, Sunday.

The Cooper family and Charles Daly spent Sunday at Ezra Moeckel's in Grass Lake.

The Misses Baily of Cincinnati, Ohio, are visiting Laura Moeckel.

D. N. Collins and wife entertained on Sunday: Thos. Collins and wife of Napoleon, Herbert Collins and family of Stockbridge, Charles Amann and family of Clinton and Mont Ballard and family of Jackson.

Rev. and Mrs. Rhodes were called to Flint last week by the illness of their son-in-law.

The Aid society at Helen Beeman's netted \$9.66.

The Gleaner picnic will be August 10th at Clear lake.

Walter Meyers of Grass Lake spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clad Rowe motored to Ann Arbor, Tuesday.

Alice Walz will teach in Waterloo school and Bernice Prudden in the McIntee district next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Clad Rowe have received word of the safe arrival of their son Floyd in France.

Mrs. Ella Monroe of Chelsea is visiting at Harry Foster's.

Mrs. L. H. Freeman of Fenton is visiting her daughter, Ada Collins.

Mr. Whitney of Detroit delivered an anti-saloon league address last Sunday morning.

Earl Beeman and Ed. Cooper and wives motored to Jackson, Wednesday evening.

Many are attending the Chautauqua in Stockbridge this week.

DEXTER TOWNSHIP.

This section was well represented at the North Lake Red Cross social. Mrs. Foster Wheeler of Northville spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Wheeler.

H. C. Ferris has enlisted as a shipbuilder and reported for duty Monday.

August Lesser returned from his trip to Oregon last week. He says he had a very enjoyable trip, that crops are looking fine and there is some fine country, but Michigan is good enough for him.

Mark Bell, Sr., celebrated his seventieth birthday July fourth.

Geo. Harris is the first to thrash in this section.

Matthew Huber reported for duty in the U. S. service, Monday. He was given the felloccraft and the master mason degrees Friday night by Washenaw Lodge No. 65 F. & A. M., at Dexter.

A few of K. H. Wheeler's neighbors helped him celebrate his sixty-fourth birthday, July 17th.

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. Seard, 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 after the pain has been relieved may prevent its recurrence.—Adv.

CHELSEA LINCOLN

CHAUTAQUA

6--SIX BIG DAYS--6
JULY 26th to 31st, 1918

FIRST DAY—JULY 26.

3:00 p. m.—Opening Exercises, conducted by Platform Superintendent. 3:15 p. m.—Entertainment of Music and Mirth, Rita Rich company. Admission—18 and 27 cents; war tax 2 and 3 cents. Total 20 and 30 cents.

8:00 p. m.—Pageant, Columbia's Awakening, presented by Young People of Community under direction of Junior Supervisor and Miss Jessie DeGroff. 8:30 p. m.—Popular Entertainment, Rita Rich and Laura Werno. 9:00 p. m.—Lecture, Hon. W. I. Nolan. Admission—18 and 36 cents; war tax 2 and 4 cents. Total 20 and 40 cents.

SECOND DAY—JULY 27.

3:00 p. m.—Snappy Concert, Solos, Readings and Pictures, American Club. 3:45 p. m.—Lecture, "Health and Hygiene for the War," Miss Hall. Admission—18 and 27 cents; war tax 2 and 3 cents. Total 20 and 30 cents.

8:00 p. m.—Entertainment, Songs and Readings, American Club. 8:45 p. m.—Character Delineations, Robert O. Bowman. Admission—18 and 36 cents; war tax 2 and 4 cents. Total 20 and 40 cents.

THIRD DAY—JULY 28.

3:00 p. m.—Delightful Musicals, Mme. Ringsdorf and Company. Admission 18 and 27 cents; war tax 2 and 3 cents. Total 20 and 30 cents.

8:00 p. m.—Grand Concert including Harp Solos, Mme Ringsdorf and Company. 8:45 p. m.—Wonderful Magic and Mind Reading, The Floyds. Admission 27 and 50 cents; war tax 3 and 5 cents. Total 30 and 55 cents.