

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, August 2d

HARDWOOD-TOOTHPICKS, 2 boxes for..... 5c

CLASSIC WHITE LAUNDRY SOAP..... 5c

ARM AND HAMMER SODA, 1 lb. package..... 5c

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE per pound..... 32c

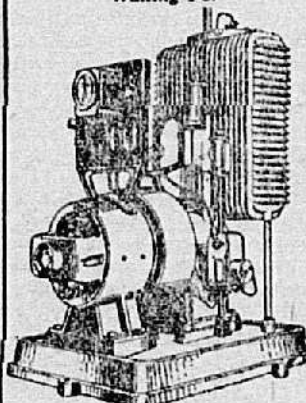
Good Bargains in Our Men's Shoe Department

Keusch & Fahrner

Home of Old Tavern Coffee

The Alamo

The Electric Farm-Lighting
Plant You Have Been
Waiting For



THE Alamo Unit is compact—Idle Silent Engine, generator, switchboard and radiator are mounted on one base. No special foundation is required. No belts or chain connections are used—silent—clearance for carbon, no springs, cams or rods to get out of adjustment.

All the Light—All the Power You Need

The Alamo Electric Unit is just what you have always had in mind—a safe, complete, economical, trouble proof, simple, compact, electric light and power plant.

Come In and See It

PALMER MOTOR SALES COY

F. STAFFAN & SON

UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich

VILLAGE TAXES.

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

M. A. Shaver,
Treasurer.

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL

P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.

Morning worship at ten o'clock. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "He Restored My Soul." Sunday school 11:15 a. m. Class for men. Union evening service at our church at 7:30 o'clock Sunday evening. The pastor will speak on "A Standard for the People." Mr. Floyd Ward will sing morning and evening.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

G. H. Whitney, Pastor.

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

BAPTIST

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

CATHOLIC

Rev. T. J. Heydon, Acting Rector. Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Sunday service. Holy communion 6:30 a. m. Low mass 7:30 a. m. High mass 10 a. m. Catechism 11 a. m. Baptisms at 3 p. m. Mass on week days at 7 a. m.

ST. PAUL'S

A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

English service at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. At the close of the morning service, the delegates to the Elmhurst summer training school will give their report. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Choir rehearsal Thursday evening. Confirmation class Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

SALEM GERMAN M. E. CHURCH

Geo. C. Nothdurft, Pastor.

English service Sunday at 10 a. m. Sunday school Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Epworth League at 7:30 p. m. Service at 8:00 p. m.

Tribune "liner" ads: five cents the line first insertion, 2½ cents the line each subsequent insertion.

TWENTY-FOUR MEN FOR CAMP CUSTER MONDAY

Two Chelsea Boys, Ed. Frymuth and Claude Spiegelberg, Included In Latest Draft List.

The county selective service board has called 24 additional men for military duty, with orders to report in Ann Arbor, Monday morning. Two Chelsea boys, Edward J. Frymuth and Claude Spiegelberg, are included in the list.

These men are to take the places of 16 men from this county who were rejected for physical defects after reaching Camp Custer and to complete the quota not completely filled in the previous call. The men will leave Ann Arbor at 8:40 Monday morning. Aside from the two Chelsea boys the following were called:

Edward Warner Shadford, John Anthony Sidney, George C. Phelps, Josiah Bradley Buell, Joseph Edward Cleaver, Harvey Glenn Rhead, Lewis Edward Nelson, Rhomert Sylvester Wencel, Clarence W. Wright, Henry Irving Davis, Chester Joseph Coleman, Glen Doane Winans, Charles Bischoff, Harold C. Horton, Charles Raymond McLaren, John Harold Hathway, Michael James Gilman, Frank Fisher, Peter John Klapechek, Ira George Eaton.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS AMERICA.

The organization of a Royal Neighbor camp in Chelsea was completed in the Maccabee hall on Friday evening.

Supper was served at six o'clock after which the degree team of Detroit Camp No. 2672 conferred the work upon a class of 24 candidates.

The following officers were installed by installing officer, Neighbor Bogan and ceremonial marshal, Neighbor Quade, of Detroit: Oracle, Cadda Moore; vice oracle, Helen Lindeman; past oracle, Anna Moore; chancellor, Rose Lettis; recorder, Myrtle Dryer; receiver, Ella Mast; marshal, Lilla Hauser; asst. marshal, Helen Baxter; I. S., Maude Alexander; O. S., Pearl McDade; managers, Frank Moore, Matilda Vail, and Josephine Herron.

HORTON-FOSTER REUNION.

The annual picnic of the Horton-Foster organization was held on the school grounds on Friday, and while the attendance was not quite so large in numbers as that of last year, the enthusiasm was up to the 100 mark and the occasion was one of great pleasure for all who were present.

After the dinner hour and very enjoyable addresses were made by the guests of honor, Miss Belle Horton of Chicago and C. E. Foster of Chelsea; also S. D. Williams and a number of pleasant reminiscences given by several members of the class.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Mrs. E. P. Carr. Vice Pres.—Mrs. Edward Fields. Secretary—Mrs. Ethel Hamilton. Treasurer—C. D. Hamilton.—Fowlerville Review.

SUCCESSFUL CHAUTAUQUA.

Probably the best Chautauqua given here in a period of five years came to a close Wednesday evening. The program on each of the six days were excellent.

The most popular feature was the intensely interesting lecture of Ada Ward on her war experiences while a member of an entertainment company sent to the battlefield by the British government. We believe the Lincoln Chautauqua system is entitled to the thanks of the community for the series of highly interesting and instructive entertainments.

PLEASANT BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coryell of Kewanee, Kansas, Miss Anna Walworth of Bridgeport, Mrs. Paul Gager of Clinton, Mrs. E. J. Marshall of Tecumseh, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Payne and daughter Ada, of Saline, Mrs. E. W. Hatfield of Ann Arbor, and Dent Hughes of Sharon gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sawyer, Wednesday, giving them a very pleasant surprise, the occasion being the anniversary of Mrs. Sawyer's birth.

PRIMARY SCHOOL MONEY.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Fred L. Keeler yesterday announced the primary school money allotments for the several counties. Washtenaw county has 12,001 children included in the apportionment and will receive a total of \$86,767.23. The per capita allotment is \$7.23.

THIS IS ENCOURAGING.

J. W. Hoeselwerdt threshed his oats Monday and reports a yield of 32½ bushels to the acre. This is encouraging in a year when poor crops have been predicted by many. The Tribune would be pleased to hear from others who have threshed their grain, particularly wheat and oats.

BURKE BOUND OVER.

The examination of James Burke, of Whitmore Lake, whose hotel was recently raided by state and county officers and a quantity of liquor found and seized, was held Tuesday in Ann Arbor. Burke was bound over for trial at the October term of court, under bond of \$200.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank our friends, and particularly Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Heber, for their many kindnesses and words of sympathy, also for the beautiful floral offerings, following the recent death of our mother. Roy T. Evans. Verna L. Evans.

RED CROSS NEWS.

The class in home service met Wednesday evening in the surgical dressing room at the Congregational church. Mrs. Jenks of Ann Arbor was in charge of the class work.

The surgical dressings class started work yesterday on 2,000 tampons, under the direction and assisted by Misses Thieme and Pattengill from County Headquarters in Ann Arbor.

The following material has been received: 11 lbs. gray sweater yarn, \$24.42; 7½ lbs. khaki yarn for mufflers, \$16.13; 6 lbs. sock yarn, \$16.50; 53 yds. outing for pajamas, \$11.13; 1 suit pajamas for pattern, \$1.00; 100 yds. gauze, \$5.25.

The several sewing units have recently completed a number of pieces, which were sent to headquarters in Ann Arbor, Tuesday. The list follows: 25 operating caps, 11 children's outing dresses, 5 surgeon's aprons, 3 hospital shirts, 3 black outing skirts, 1,500 gauze dressings.

NEIGHBORHOOD BREVITIES

Items of Interest From Our Neighboring Towns and Localities.

FOWLerville — On Wednesday night at about 11 o'clock as Clayton Palmerston was returning home from this village as he reached a place a few rods west of the four corners just west of the Potts farm he was suddenly caught by a man from the side of the road, knocked insensible and was relieved of what change he had in his pocket.—Review.

ANN ARBOR — A double drowning was narrowly averted at the Y. W. C. A. camp Sunday, when Miss Florence Pride, the secretary, went to the rescue of one of the girls who had gotten beyond her depth. The drowning girl threw her arms about Miss Pride's neck in the proverbial drowning person's grip, and both had gone down the second time, when Miss Adeline Boaz urged the other girls to form a human chain from the pier and was enabled to reach the two girls in time to prevent a fatality.—Times-News.

HOWELL — Much interest was shown in the public meeting held at Howell, Friday evening in the interests of the proposed highway from Toledo to Saginaw. W. S. Linton and a delegation from Saginaw were here, also delegations from Flint, Co-hoatch, etc. State highway commissioner Frank Rogers was present to represent the state.—Republican.

STOCKBRIDGE — A hand-made nail pounded out by Elida May, grandfather of Geo. and W. S. May, is on exhibition at the latter's store. This nail was made in New York state and is said to be over 100 years old.—Brief-Sun.

TIPTON — Tipton is to have a new bank to be known as the Farmers & Merchants Bank. The organization is now about complete and it is announced that it is hoped to have the opening about August 1st. The new bank will for the present be located in what is known as the Witherell building but later a new building will be erected for its use.

FOWLerville — The threshing engine of Frank Nichols went through the bridge about five miles north of this village on Tuesday evening about 6 o'clock, and Alex. McAllister, who was driving the engine, was quite badly bruised and possibly quite severely injured.—Review.

YPSILANTI — Peter W. Carpenter, aged 72 years, former postmaster and city clerk of this city died Wednesday. He was one of the best known and respected citizens of this city and stood high in fraternal and social circles. He is survived by his widow and three children, Mrs. Arthur Meir, Mrs. Wallace Palmer and William F. Carpenter, all of Detroit. Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 2:30 at the Masonic temple.

ANN ARBOR — The board of water commissioners has awarded the contract for supplying the city with a pumping station at the Steere farm to the Allis-Chalmers Mfg. company of Milwaukee, Wis. The pump will be a large centrifugal pump similar to the one last installed at the No. 1 station on the Huron river. The company's bid provided for delivery in four and one-half months. The price for the pump and motor is \$3,725.—Times-News.

OLD CANNON IN ANN ARBOR.

There is now in Ann Arbor an ancient cannon of the days of the Revolution, which will be set up in some public place. It was sent to Ann Arbor as a gift to the city by a former deputy sheriff, George Gillespie, who has been engaged recently in the dredging of New York harbor. Mr. Gillespie was formerly a sailor, and it was therefore appropriate that when he got into the United States service it should be in some form of service on the sea. He enlisted in the naval reserve and his experience made him a valuable man.

Recently while engaged in this dredging work he hauled out of the bottom of New York harbor an old cannon, which was identified as a gun from an old British warship which was sunk in the harbor during the Revolutionary war.

Mr. Gillespie wrote to Deputy Sheriff Lester Canfield, offering to send the cannon to Ann Arbor if it was desired. Mr. Canfield immediately wrote in reply with directions for sending the gun to this city, and it now is here.

Arrangements are being made to have it set up in some public place, probably on the county court house grounds.—Times-News.

Visiting cards, wedding invitations and announcements, either printed or engraved, at the Tribune office.

FROM OSCAR SCHEITLER

Chelsea Boy Describes Life of Marine Recruit at Paris Island.

Following is an interesting letter from Pvt. O. F. Scheitler, a well known Chelsea boy now in training with the marine corps at Paris Island, South Carolina. He says under date of July 22d:

One month ago today my name was entered on Uncle Sam's great payroll. The change, physically, that has taken place in all of us is not so noticeable here, but I am sure that the home folks would be surprised to see their boys transformed into clear-eyed, bronzed and athletic soldiers.

Today we started on the rifle range to learn to use the rifle. The next three weeks will require close attention, but very light work. The amount of attention we pay to our instructors is measured in dollars as well as the privilege of wearing a medal for proficiency. All recruits who qualify on the range get an increase in salary.

Instruction in the marine corps is individual in every department. This accounts for the intensively trained soldier that is making history in France. A recruit has received stripes in the regular army in less than a month. Even with the detailed and thorough training received here no recruit can receive a non-commissioned officer's certificate without at least three months' training—one-half of which is regular and one-half special.

To show the relative efficiency of marine training and regular army training; 80% of the marines qualify on the rifle range, while the army is from 30% to 35%.

Recreation is considered quite important here. Much of our training is in the form of recreation. We had until today, daily Swedish or physical exercises, games intended to develop muscles and nerve, boxing matches, swimming and singing, etc. We are compelled to do these things. Also there is a monthly athletic festival. Tomorrow night the champion boxer of the island defends his title.

Our captain, the other evening, rather absently inquired if we really knew what a marine is. No immediate reply followed so he answered for us, "A marine is a person who thinks he can lick one hundred men, but who can actually lick only fifty."

The Tribune is arriving very regularly and I surely appreciate it. Not all in our company are as lucky in this respect as I and there are daily clamoring for news from home in detail. I hope it will always find me.

Yours very truly,
Pvt. O. F. Scheitler.

CAVANAUGH LAKE GRANGE.

The next regular meeting of Cavanaugh Lake grange will be held on Tuesday evening, August 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kalmbach. The following will be the program:

Song.
Quotations.—Miss Ricka Kalmbach.
Recitation—Mildred Harvey.
Solo—Alma Irene Whitaker.

What would happen to the world if no one made a mistake? Answer by Lawrence Riemenschneider.

For what improvements, if any, would a farmer be justified in putting a mortgage on his farm? Discussion led by Henry Kalmbach. Closing song.

Buy a War Savings Stamp today.

WANTED AND FOR SALE.

Five cents per line first insertion, 2½¢ per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15¢. Special rate, 3 lines or less, 3 consecutive times, 25 cents.

TO RENT, FOUND, ETC.

WANTED — Baggage man, permanent, good pay. Apply M. C. freight office. 9413

FOR SALE — Stack of new straw, H. A. Prudden, phone 156-F3, Chelsea, Mich. 9411

WANTED — To rent 5 or 6 room house, centrally located. K. J. Brisson, phone 77, Chelsea. 9413

FOR SALE — A number of fine pigs, 6 weeks old. Eat everything. J. H. Biddleman. 9313

LOST — Gold fraternity pin fashioned in form of vertebra, initials A and C on either end. Mrs. H. J. Falford, phone 246-J, Chelsea. 9313

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. 911f

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.



The Ideal Merchant
The wonderful retail establishment in Chicago which bears his name is a monument to thrift and the highest order of business.

The marvelous mercantile establishment in Chicago which bears his name is a perpetual monument to the thrift of Marshall Field, "The Prince of American Merchants."

This imposing pile of granite and plate glass is the result of Mr. Field's ability to save his FIRST dollars—when he had but very few dollars to save.

There are no limits of accomplishment for the man or woman who possesses the real spirit of thrift. They may reach practically any height to which they aspire.

Resolve today to practice real thrift—and then crystallize that resolve by opening an account at this strong bank.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE
KEMPf COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

Save Money---Buy the Best

Automobile owners cannot be too careful as to the quality of gasoline and lubricating oil they put in their cars. It is not wise to stop your car at first one filling station and then another. This gives you mixed grades of "gas" and oil and plays havoc with your engine. We handle only the best grades of gasoline and oil. And our prices are lower than you have often paid for cheaper grades. Get into the habit of calling here regularly and notice what a difference it will make in the way your car runs. Quick and courteous service will meet you every time you stop here.

THE OVERLAND GARAGE

Chelsea, Michigan

-- Big Variety of Choice in Our Ties --



HERMAN J. DANCER

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.

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.

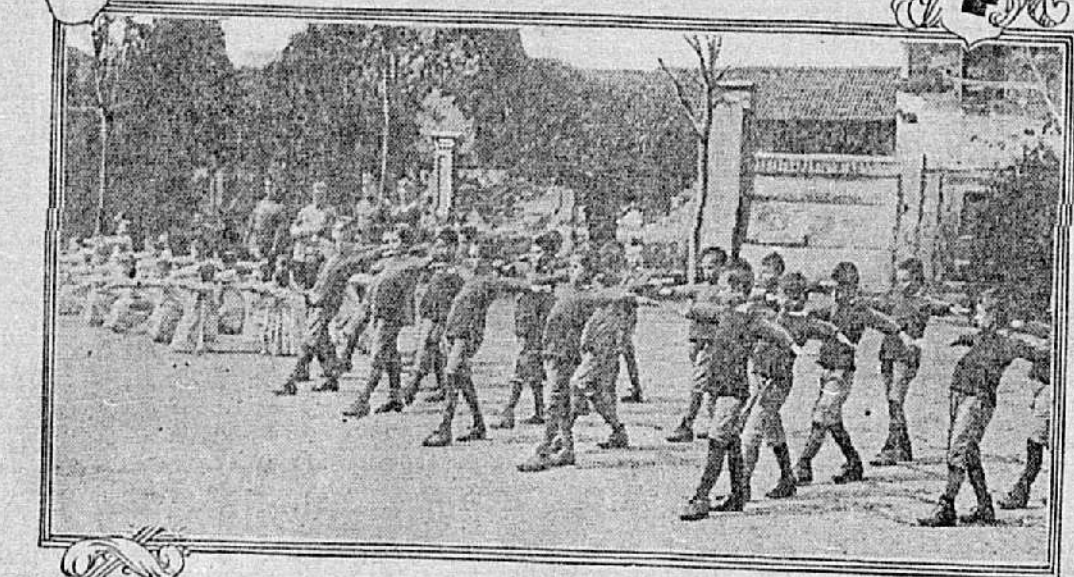
H. J. SMITH

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

Turin Home For Tubercular Children



TURIN COLONIA PROFILATTICA FOR TUBERCULOUS CHILDREN



TURIN AMERICAN RED CROSS HOME FOR CHILDREN OF SOLDIERS

IF ONLY American children could know how the children of Italy love them as far-away brothers and sisters—well, here is a true story from Turin, Italy, for girls and boys back home.

Just outside of Turin is a great building that used to be a farmhouse. Now it is a home for boys and girls who are not strong. They are children of the very poor and if they remained in dark houses and did not have enough to eat, they would never get well.

The officers of the American Red Cross went out to the farm recently and saw the children go through the drills that will give them strength. They made a brave showing in their red shirts, like small soldiers of Garibaldi, and it was easy to see by the look on their faces that they intended to win the fight they were making to be strong like other boys.

Of course they were told about the millions of children, members of the American Red Cross, who are helping on the other side of the Atlantic and who send with their gifts, their love to the children of Italy whose fathers have been in the war for three years against a cruel enemy—the enemy of the world, Germany.

After listening to this story of the love of the American boys and girls across the sea, a small boy sidled up to Major Taylor, the Turin delegate of the American Red Cross, and overcoming his shyness asked: "May we send something to our little friends in America?"

Then before anyone could tell what was happening these poor little children brought from their pockets all they had, big Italian copper pennies, and poured them into Major Taylor's hands. Several ran into the farmhouse to get their treasure, which they had so carefully guarded. Some looked long at their pennies tied in a handkerchief. It was a hard struggle to part with it, for it meant a bit of pastry or something sweet or, maybe, something for their parents. But the struggle was brief and out came the coin and the boy or girl dropped it into the American officer's hand with a smiling face.

"For America," they said, and surely there never were gifts that came from hearts more loyal and true.

Major Taylor had tiny American flags for them all, and the little fellows kissed them as if in that way they were greeting the boys and girls of America. And they ran to the automobile on which a red cross was painted and pressed their lips against

the cross in token of the affection from their overjoyed hearts.

Now the American Red Cross major is a man who has shot lions and other big game in Africa, and he has seen many things in out-of-the-way parts of the world, but there were tears in his eyes as he stood there with his big double fist filled with the pennies of these poor little children. And the Italian soldier who drove the car left his place at the wheel so that the others might not see that he was crying. And there were tears in the eyes and lumps in the throats of all the others who were there that day.

These little children will get well. The doctors say so. They are touched with tuberculosis, the worst scourge in the world, but the home is a model place, where even this scourge is conquered by sunlight and air and plenty of food. Princess Letitia, a cousin of the king of Italy, is at the head of the home. There are 75 boys and girls

there now but there is room for 200, and many more want to come in and may die if the doors are not opened to them. It is not at all improbable that the children who made their offerings to America may have wrought a miracle, for on a big desk of an American officer in Rome there is now a stack of copper pennies that is a symbol of the love of Italian children for the children of America and this stack of pennies may grow until all the money that is required to extend the home has been given.

Perhaps, too, some American boy or girl would like to write to the home, thanking the Italian children for their gifts. The letter should be addressed to:

Colonia Profilattica,
della Principessa Letitia,
Torino, Italia.

You may be quite sure that the children of the "Colonia" will appreciate a letter more than any other gift.

Time For Women to Act

By OLIVER HYDE FOSTER
of The Vigilantes.

Women of the country, wake up! The time has come for you to act! Wherever you are, the government is in immediate need of YOUR help!

Just as surely as the country requires at once the aid of all its intelligent, able-bodied young men, so it is in urgent need of the services of each and every woman. Furthermore, there is no age limit. Every female, from the little school-girl to the aged woman, can and SHOULD help!

Three lines of work are open, one at least of which you should be able to do, no matter who, where or what you are. Choose it now.

First, if you are incapacitated in other ways, you can at least learn to knit. The blind do this beautifully, and it is even recommended as quieting to the insane. Our millions of boys in service will need plenty of warm sweaters and wristlets next winter. Get busy now.

Second, if you stop to think of the awful earnings going on abroad every day, you will realize the pressing need of all the Red Cross bandages and surgical dressings we can possibly get ready, working night and day. Go to the nearest headquarters and take a course, so you can do this work in your spare moments. If your little town has no Red Cross unit, appeal to your nearest city, where arrangements can be made to get an instructor.

Then do your part in your own comfortable home to help the sick and suffering. Sew for the destitute women and children.

Third, you can produce food. Today we are in greater need than ever before in the history of our country. The whole world is looking to us for help. We simply cannot fail those who have nowhere else to turn for the very necessities of life. Raise all you can for your own consumption, and thus lessen the demand on bigger growers. Don't waste time and space on lettuce, radishes and other such non-essentials. Put in the things that will count next winter—carrots, turnips, beets, potatoes, and all the other vegetables that can easily be stored without canning. A few cents expended for seed now will produce many dollars' worth of fresh green stuff that possibly will keep you from hunger next winter. The United States department of agriculture will furnish free booklets on raising everything from a head of cabbage to a field of corn, and we should put every available foot of ground under cultivation at once.

Women and children make fine gardeners. Do your part. Enthusize your neighbors. Help the country break its glorious record in world food production.

Here are but three of many lines of work. Choose one and then go to it. Don't be a slacker!

Less Than Cost Price.
One of the worst things that can happen to a girl is to get credit which

she knows is undeserved. The girl who is marked 100 in her recitation because she happens to be called on for the only paragraph with which she has familiarized herself, is quite likely to congratulate herself upon her "narrow escape," but, as a matter of fact, she has no reason for complacency. She can make no more disastrous mistake than the assumption that she can purchase success at less than the cost price. Moreover, the right sort of girl will wish to give full measure for value received.—Girls' Companion.

DISEASE FACTOR MOST IMPORTANT

Greatest of Difficulties Encountered by Sheep Growers in New England States.

WORMS CAUSE MUCH TROUBLE

Those Who Are Careful About Selection, Feed Well and Provide Sanitary Quarters Suffer Only Small Losses.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Of the difficulties encountered in sheep raising in New England it is believed that the disease factor is the most important. Some growers have but little trouble in this respect, especially those who are careful about selection, feed well, provide sanitary quarters and keep their flocks in the prime of condition throughout the season, while others report large losses, at times as high as 50 per cent of their entire flocks.

Stomach worms, grub in the head, nodular disease of the intestines, and indigestion are the troubles most frequently reported in New England and seem to be the ones to which most loss is due. Skin diseases and ticks are also important and give considerable trouble unless regular dipping is practiced.

Flocks Degrading.

Much complaint is heard of flocks running out or degenerating, and many breeders say that they have to sell out and start their flocks anew at intervals of every eight or ten years. It is believed that a great deal of the running out of flocks is due as much to worm trouble, which is not recognized as such in many cases, as to anything else. A change of pasture at intervals of every ten days or two weeks is recommended as a safeguard against worm trouble, though this is not always practicable as New England pastures are located. It is likely that much more could be done in combating this disease by making more extensive use of aftermaths and forage crops in supplementing the regular pastures. As prevention of infection is the most practical means of handling this trouble, it is important that the breeder inform himself of the method outlined in Farmers' Bulletin 849 in order to be better enabled to cope with it.

Changing Pastures.

A few growers, who already have regular pastures so located as to permit shifting, recognize the advantages



Flock of Sheep Pasturing in Orchard.

of changing pasture and make a practice of changing their flocks from one pasture to another, and sometimes to a third, during the same season, and in good many cases they can give no good reason for their success, they claim to get better results by so doing. Since the length of time on each pasture is much greater than two weeks (the maximum time a pasture can be occupied and insure safety from infection) it is likely that the advantage gained in this respect is due to the better feed afforded rather than to the prevention of worms, yet the practice is a good one and should be more generally followed.

Most of the so-called running out not due to disease can be attributed to poor care and to degeneration as a result of long-continued inbreeding. Inbreeding to any great extent should be avoided and new blood introduced occasionally in order to maintain vigor and vitality.

The disease factor is one which can hardly be overemphasized. It appears to be one of the most important factors, probably much more so at present than the dog question, in the development and profitability of the sheep industry of New England.

CONSUME MORE WOOL IN MAY

Monthly Report Issued by Bureau of Markets Places Consumption at 74,600,000 Pounds.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

More wool was used by manufacturers in May than in any other month of this year, according to the monthly wool consumption report just issued by the bureau of markets. May consumption was 74,600,000 pounds, grease equivalent, compared to 70,700,000 pounds in April, 71,900,000 in March, 63,700,000 in February, and 65,100,000 pounds in January.

WAGONS WITH TIGHT BOTTOMS ARE URGED

Loss of Approximately 2½ Bushels Wheat Daily Can Be Saved.

There is Always More or Less Shattering of Grain While Being Hauled From Piles of Stocks to Stacks or Separator.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

By substituting wagons having tight bottoms, or boxes, for the hay rack or open kinds which are commonly used, many thousand bushels of wheat may be saved during each harvest season at a very slight expense and no great trouble.

Every farmer knows that in hauling the bundles of grain from the piles or stacks to the stack or separator there is always more or less shattering of grain which finds its way to the bottom of the wagon and is lost through an open bed. If these farmers knew that approximately 2½ bushels of valuable wheat is lost each day



Tight-Bottom Wagon Bed—The Kind That Saves Shattered Wheat—Can Be Used to Advantage in Many Ways—Here the Owner is Hauling Sugar Beets.

from each wagon in this manner, there would be few of the common hay-rack wagons in use.

The department of agriculture is urging that this year only wagons with tight bottoms having low sides, which will prevent the grain from falling over the edges, be used. They cost comparatively little and require only a few hours to construct. At present prices the amount of grain that this type of wagon box would save would easily pay for its cost.

While it cannot be expected that 2½ bushels a day can be saved in all cases, this amount of loss is not at all unusual. Whatever the loss may be, it is easily prevented. In case the farmer does not care to spend the time or money involved in constructing a tight wagon box, he can accomplish practically the same result by covering the bottom of the hay-rack with blankets or a tarpaulin, which will catch the grain, and from which the grain can be removed each evening.

TURN WEEDS INTO WOOL AND MUTTON

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Is the fight to control weeds taking up much of your time and preventing you from doing other necessary farm work? If so, keep a few sheep—they consider most weeds choice feed. Instead of being a menace weeds can be turned into profit by this method—made to produce wool and mutton—both greatly needed in the nation's war program. A small farm flock requires little but timely attention, will not interfere with other branches of stock raising, will add to the farm income and be of great assistance in keeping the farm free from weeds.

CONSERVE ALL BURLAP BAGS

Department of Agriculture Suggests Way to Economize in Material Made Scarce by War.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Twenty-one million yards of burlap—a material now growing scarce because of its increased use in trench warfare, food shipments, and because of reduced importations—could be saved if fertilizer dealers would use 200-pound bags instead of the more common 100-pound size. The monetary saving possible in handling the 3,000,000 tons of fertilizers, now shipped in smaller bags, in 200-pound bags rather than in 100-pound sacks would be approximately \$4,000,000. It is estimated.

Bags are not only scarce, but the rate from which burlap bags are made is imported from India, and the shortage of ships has materially interfered with the supply, while the necessity of furnishing bags for the army for trench use will further deplete those available. The total amount of fertilizer used in the United States annually is about 6,000,000 tons and of this at least half is being shipped in less than 200-pound bags. A shortage of burlap would ultimately reflect on its use for fertilizer bags in view of the priority need for food containers, and it is held necessary that the use of burlap for carrying fertilizers should be cut to the greatest possible extent.

Another way in which burlap can be saved is by the use of second-hand bags of any size. Many of these are on American farms. Dealers in second-hand bags pay from 6 to 15 cents each, depending on size and condition.

Cap'n Ben's Spy Glass

By JONATHAN BANG
of The Vigilantes

Passing through the North station in Boston on my way home one evening last fall, I caught sight of a striking figure that I knew at once.

Taller than most men and slow in his movements, his clothes a combination of nautical and rustic, he stood out like a lone pine tree in a field. He was the ideal type of the old-fashioned New England shipmaster, with an eye as blue as the sky on a summer day. I recalled how I had first seen him at a little town down East where I was spending my summer vacation. He was standing out on the wharf looking out to sea through a large spy-glass. We had got into conversation, he had taught me how to use the glass and I had learned how greatly he valued it and had carried it around the world with him on several voyages.

Seeing him again now in the crowded station, I went up to him at once.

"Why, Cap'n Ben," I exclaimed, "where in the world did you come from and what are you doing in Boston?"

"Oh, my daughter is married to a fellow that works down in the market district and I've been up here makin' them a visit. I'm goin' back tonight on the train. I'd rather go down by boat, but they have pulled 'em all off on account of the war."

"Well, how is the old spyglass?" I said. "I presume you go down every little while and have a look around just as you did last summer."

Cap'n Ben paused a minute before he answered and then said, "There's quite a little yarn for spin about that old glass since you last saw her. My train don't go for an hour and if you have the time and would like to hear it I'll spin it to you."

"Well, Captain, a real yarn from a real sailor isn't to be heard every day. I think that we had better take one of these seats and you reel it off to me."

"Yer know," said Cap'n Ben after being seated, "I told yer last summer that I thought a powerful lot of that glass and I didn't think that she and I would ever part company, and now, by jingo, I've sold her, or just as good as sold her for a dollar."

"Why, Cap'n Ben," I exclaimed, "how did that happen?"

"Well, I'll tell you," resumed Cap'n Ben. "Ever since Uncle Sam went in this war, I've felt meaner than a skunk that I wasn't in 'im. I wrote to Washington and to some kind of a shipping board here in Boston offerin' my services, but they wrote back I was too old. I ain't but seventy-three at that, and then, too, they said that they wanted men who had experience in steam and as I'd been on a windjammer all the time I went to sea, they didn't seem ter have any place for me."

"Well, of course, like everybody else, I was reading in the papers as how the submarines were sinking vessels right and left and how our boys on the destroyers had gone over to help the English fer destroy that special breed of sea lice, and one day I saw a piece sayin' that the navy was mighty shy of marine glasses of all kinds. It seems that most of them had been made in Germany and we couldn't make them here fast enough because we had to have a lot of 'em right away quick, and this article said that if anybody had a spyglass or a pair of binoculars, if they would send them to the navy department they could use them to mighty good advantage; it said that Uncle Sam would pay a dollar for the use of them and return them after the war, but if they were lost the dollar was to be the purchase price of 'em. It seems that they had to give you the dollar, for there was some kind of a law that wouldn't let you give 'em to the government."

"Well, I got to thinking the thing over, and I concluded that if they wouldn't give me a show, here was a chance for the old glass to do her bit, and I sent her along. My name was engraved on it, had that done years ago, and in about a week I got a letter from this man Roosevelt who is assistant secretary of the navy, saying he had received it."

"Glass Saved Thousands of Men." Of course I missed the old gal a good deal, but I didn't regret it fer a minute, although I'll admit I didn't bank much on ever seeing her again."

"Well, do you know about three weeks ago I got one of these letters from across that had been opened by the censor; I couldn't imagine who it was from, and I looked at it quite a while before I opened it, but when I did I sure got a good surprise. I've got the letter here in my pocket and you can read it for yourself."

He took out a large, old-fashioned wallet from an inside coat pocket and took a letter from its spacious depths and handed it to me to read.

"Mr. Benj. F. Buck: "Dear Sir—I have in my possession, aboard the U. S. torpedo destroyer J—, a spyglass in which your name is engraved. As I am aware that a great many patriotic citizens have contributed such articles to the U. S. navy, I take it for granted that you were one of that number. As this glass was only yesterday probably the means of saving the lives of several thousands of our boys on one of our transports, I thought it might interest you to be acquainted with the fact. Of course naval regulations are such that I cannot at present give you the

details of the affair, but after the war is over, I hope to meet you and tell you about it. I would like to say in addition how much we appreciate having such a fine glass aboard and we all feel sure that it will help us in the future as it did yesterday.

"Yours truly,

"J. R. E.,
"Commanding Destroyer J—."

"That," said Cap'n Ben, "isn't that the windup of quite a yarn? Just think of that old glass saving the lives of so many of our boys! Why, some of them boys on that transport might have been from our own village. Who knows? Do yer know if I hadn't sent them that glass I don't believe I could have looked the women who have sent their boys in the face again."

"Well, so long, Son; my train is in. I guess I must be gettin' aboard. Be sure and come and see us next summer."

MY LETTER TO HIM

By EDNA H. M'COY
of The Vigilantes.

Now this is the letter I write him, While my heart is sick with dread: "You are just where you should be, my son."

Standing staunch, where your duty led "At home we are well and happy, And cheerful, and proud of our boy, In this war of the World-lad— A soldier son is a joy!"

"Your father struts, just a little, And 'sis' wears your pin all the while, While I—well the star on your Service Flag, Brings to my lips a smile."

And I write the little nothings, Of home, that are much, when away, The funny things that have happened, Throughout my homely day.

Then I go and sit by a window, And look to the rising sun, Where "over seas"—in the trenches— He will fight till the victory's won!

Then—going back to my letter With tear-wet eyes I scan: "With dear love from your mother Who is glad her boy's in line!"

WHOSE BOOTS DO YOU BLACK?

By HARRISON RHODES
of The Vigilantes.

The bootblack is one of our greatest national institutions. In Europe he is both rare and incompetent upon the public streets. Here, to sit in a comfortably padded chair on a sunny corner and watch the world go by while a strong and willing toiler polishes your foot coverings till they reflect your handsome face in them is one of the American experiences which make the average citizen feel, temporarily at least, like a god, at ease with the world and superior to it.

But what about it now? Just how are these strong and willing toilers, the bootblacks, helping to win the war against Germany? Isn't their job unnecessary? Wouldn't they, fighting in the front line, or working in the factories or tilling in the wheat fields, be helping America more than by polishing your shoes and mine?

Couldn't we, in fact, polish our own? People used to. There were things covered over with a square of gaily colored Brussels carpet, which were called boot blacking boxes, usually in every home. And pater familias and the boys at least shined their own shoes. When they went on trips there was a compact traveling kit which they put into their bag. Perhaps the boots weren't done quite so well, perhaps they didn't reflect your handsome face. But which, to put it briefly, is more important, to have your boots polished for you or to whip the Germans?

Does this sound ludicrously trivial to you? It is true that all the bootblacks in the country released for the real services of war time would be but a little part of our military or civilian army. But it cannot be said too often that nothing is too trivial nowadays to be worth paying attention to.

Think it over! Would you rather polish your own boots, or lick the Kaiser's when he gets here?

"THE SNAKY PEACE"—A FABLE

By EUGENE H. BLAKE
of The Vigilantes.

A snake having invited a tame squirrel to play on the ground and enjoy the fallen acorns, swallowed the little animal half down before it knew what had happened.

But the squirrel catching its breath, twisted around and caught the snake's neck.

"The squirrel attacked me," the snake managed to say to a man who had come up with a stick to see what the trouble was.

"Let the man decide what is just," the squirrel offered, "and we will abide by it."

The snake objected: "I must, as things stand today, in the name of the Serpentine Power, decline this court as prejudiced."

The squirrel asked what the snake would agree to.

"An intimate meeting for discussion would be the way to remove the numerous intentional or unintentional misunderstandings. Let us crawl into this hollow log where we can't be annoyed by outsiders and I will cheerfully disgorge and return to the status quo ante."

Just as soon as the belligerents had got out of sight in the log and the snake could finish annexing the rest of the squirrel, its fangs darted out of a knot-hole and sank into the man's foot.

Backfire! The world had better have a look in at the peace conference.

Find Old Cistern

Laborers excavating Park street, Ashabula, O., prior to the construction of a new pavement, discovered a cistern, thought to be 100 years old, extending nearly the entire width of the street. It was more than 30 feet deep, and was walled in with stones and rude masonry.

The finding of the cistern seriously upset the plans of the excavators and it was necessary to fill in the entire

space before the work could be continued. The oldest residents do not recall when the cistern was in use, or what purpose it served in the community. However, at Lake and Park streets stands an old house, built no one knows when, and it is the supposition that the cistern was used in connection with that structure in days long gone by.

Less Than Cost Price.

One of the worst things that can happen to a girl is to get credit which

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 Matthews Adams Service

GUNNER DEPEW SHOWS THE POILUS HOW AN AMERICAN NAVAL GUNNER CAN SHOOT.

Synopsis.—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, tells of his service in the United States navy, during which he attained the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. The world war starts soon after he receives his honorable discharge from the navy, and he leaves for France with a determination to enlist.

CHAPTER III.

In the Foreign Legion.

This time I was determined to enlist. So, when we landed at St. Nazaire, I drew my pay from the Virginian and, after spending a week with my grandmother, I went out and asked the first gendarme I met where the enlistment station was. I had to argue with him some time before he would even direct me to it. Of course I had no passport and this made him suspicious of me.

The officer in charge of the station was no warmer in his welcome than the gendarme, and this surprised me, because Murray and Brown had no trouble at all in joining. The French, of course, often speak of the Foreign Legion as "the convicts," because so many legionaries are wanted by the police of their respective countries, but a criminal record never had been a bar to service with the legion, and I did not see why it should be now—if I suspected me of having one, I had heard there were not a few Germans in the legion—later on I became acquainted with some—and believe me, no Alsatian ever fought harder against the Huns than these former Deutschlanders did. It occurred to me then that if they thought I was a German, because I had no passport, I might have to prove I had been in trouble with the Kaiser's crew before they would accept me. I do not know what the real trouble was, but I solved the problem by showing them my discharge papers from the American navy. Even then, they were suspicious because they thought I was too young to have been a C. P. O. When they challenged me on this point, I said I would prove it to them by taking an examination.

They examined me very carefully, in English, although I know enough French to get by on a subject like gunnery. But foreign officers are very proud of their knowledge of English—and most of them can speak it—and I think this one wanted to show off, as you might say. Anyway, I passed my examination without any trouble, was accepted for service in the Foreign Legion and received my commission as gunner, dated Friday, January 1, 1915.

There is no use in my describing the Foreign Legion. It is one of the most famous fighting organizations in the world, and has made a wonderful record during the war. When I joined La Legion, it numbered about 80,000 men. Today it has less than 8,000. They say that since August, 1914, the legion has been wiped out three times, and that there are only a few men still in service who belonged to the original legion. I believe it to be true. In January of this year the French government decided to let the legion die. I was sorry to hear it. The legionnaires were a fine body of men, and wonderful fighters. But the whole civilized world is now fighting the Huns, and Americans do not have to enlist with the French or the Limays any longer.

But one thing about the legion, that I find many people do not know, is that the legionnaires are used for other land or sea service. They are sent wherever they can be used. I do not know whether this was the case before the present war—I think not—but in my time, many of the men were put on ships. Most people, however, have the idea that they are only used in the infantry.

With my commission as gunner, I received orders to go to Brest and join the dreadnaught Cassard. This assignment tickled me, for my pal Murray was aboard, and I had expected trouble in transferring to his ship in case I was assigned elsewhere. We had framed it up to stick together as long as we could. We did, too.

Murray was as glad as I was when I came aboard, and he told me he had heard Brown, our other pal, had been made a sergeant in another regiment of the legion.

We were both surprised at some of the differences between the French navy and ours, but after we got used to it, we thought many of their customs improvements over ours. But we could not get used to it, at first. For instance, on an American ship, when you are pounding your ear in a nice warm hammock and it is time to relieve the watch on deck, like as not you will be awakened gently by a burly sailor armed with a fairy wand about the size of a bed slat, whereas in French ships, when they call the watch, you would think you were in a swivel hotel and had left word at the desk. It was hard to turn out at first, without the aid of a club, and harder still to break ourselves of the habit of calling our relief in the gay and

festive American manner, but, as I say, we got to like it after a while.

Then, too, they do not do any hazing in the French navy, and this surprised us. We had expected to go through the mill just as we did when we joined the American service, but nobody slung a hand at us. On the contrary, every gendarme aboard was kind and decent and extremely courteous, and the fact that we were from the States counted a lot with them. They used to brag about it to the crews of other ships that were not so honored.

But this kindness we might have expected. It is just like Frenchmen in any walk of life. With hardly an exception, I have never met one of this nationality who was not anxious to help you in every way he could; extremely generous, though not reckless with small change, and almost always cheery and there with a smile in any weather. A fellow asked me once why it was that almost the whole world loves the French, and I told him it was because the French love almost the whole world, and show it. And I think that is the reason, too.

About the only way you can describe the Poilus, on land or sea, is that they are gentle. That is, you always think that word when you see one and talk to him—unless you happen to see him within bayonet distance of Fritz.

The French sailors sleep between decks in bunks, instead of hammocks, and as I had not slept in a bunk since my Southern days, it was pretty hard on me. So I got hold of some heavy line, which is one-quarter-inch rope, and rigged up a hammock. In my spare time I taught the others how to make them, and pretty soon everybody was doing it.

When I taught the sailors to make hammocks, I figured, of course, that they would use them as we did—that is, sleep in them. They were greatly pleased at first, but after they had tried the stunt of getting in and staying in, it was another story. A hammock is like some other things—it works while you sleep—and if you are not on to it, you spend most of your sleeping time hitting the floor. Our gun captain thought I had put over a trick hammock on him, but I did not need to; every hammock is a trick hammock.

Also, I taught them the way we make mats out of rope, to use while sleeping on the steel gratings near the entrance to stoke holes. In cold weather this part of the ship is more comfortable than the ordinary sleeping quarters, but without a mat it gets too hot.

American soldiers and sailors get the best food in the world, but while the French navy chow was not fancy, it was clean and hearty, as they say



"With a Fourteen-Inch Gun I Scored Three D's."

down East. For breakfast we had bread and coffee and sardines; at noon a boiled dinner, mostly beans, which were old friends of mine, and of the well-named navy variety; at four in the afternoon, a pint of vino; and at six, a supper of soup, coffee, bread and beans.

Although the French "seventy-five" is the best gun in the world, their naval guns are not as good as ours, and their gunners are mostly older men. But they will give a youngster a gun rating if he shows the stuff.

Shortly after I went aboard the Cassard, we received instructions to proceed to Spezia, Italy, the large Italian naval base. The voyage was without incident, but when we dropped anchor

in Spezia, the Italian port officials quarantined us for fourteen days on account of smallpox. During this period our food was pretty bad; in fact, the meat became rotten. This could hardly have happened on an American ship, because they are provisioned with canned stuff and preserved meats, but the French ships, like the Italian, depend on live stock, fresh vegetables, etc., which they carry on board, and we had expected to get a large supply of such stuff at Spezia. Long before the fourteen days were up we were out of these things, and had to live on anything we could get hold of—mostly hardtack, coffee and cocoa.

We loaded a cargo of airplanes for the Italian aviators at the French flying schools, and started back to Brest. On the way back we had target practice. In fact, at most times on the open sea, it was a regular part of the routine.

It was during one of these practices that the French officers wanted to find out what the Yankee gunner knew about gunnery. At a range of eight miles, while the ship was making eight knots an hour, with a fourteen-inch gun I scored three D's—that is, three direct hits out of five trials. After that there was no question about it. As a result, I was awarded three bars. These bars, which are strips of red braid, are worn on the left sleeve, and signify extra marksmanship. I also received two hundred and fifty francs, or about fifty dollars in American money, and fourteen days' shore leave.

All this made me very angry, oh, very much wrought up indeed—not! I saw a merry life for myself on the French rolling wave if they felt that way about gunnery.

I spent most of my leave with my grandmother in St. Nazaire, except for a short trip I made to a star-shell factory. This factory was just about like one I saw later somewhere in America, only in the French works, all the hands were women. Only the guards were men, and they were "blesses" (wounded).

When my leave was up and I said good-bye to my grandmother, she managed a smile for me, though I could see that it was pretty stiff work. And without getting soft, or anything like that, I can tell you that smile stayed with me and it did me more good than you would believe, because it gave me something good to think about when I was up against the real thing.

I hope a lot of you people who read this book are women, because I have had it in mind for some time to tell all the women I could a little thing they can do that will help a lot. I am not trying to be fancy about it, and I hope you will take it from me the way I mean it.

When you say good-bye to your son or your husband or your sweetheart, work up a smile for him. What you want to do is to give him something he can think about over there, and something he will like to think about. There is so much dirt, and blood, and hunger, and cold, and all that around you, that you have just got to quit thinking about it, or you will go crazy. And so, when you can think about something nice, you can pretty nearly forget all the rest for a while. The nicest things you can think about are the things you liked back home.

Now, you can take it from me that what your boy will like to remember the best of all is your face with a smile on it. He has got enough hell on his hands without a lot of weeps to remember, if you will excuse the word. But don't forget that the chances are on his side that he gets back to you; the figures prove it. That will help you some. At that, it will be hard work; you will feel more like crying, and so will he, maybe. But smile for him. That smile is your bit.

I will back a smile against the weeps in a race to Berlin any time. So I am telling you, and I cannot make it strong enough—send him away with a smile.

CHAPTER IV.

On the Firing Line.

When I reported on the Cassard after my fourteen days' leave, I was detailed with a detachment of the legion to go to the Flanders front. I changed into the regular uniform of the legion, which is about like that of the infantry, with the regimental badge—a seven-flamed grenade.

We traveled from Brest by rail, in third-class cars, passing through La Havre and St. Pol, and finally arriving at Bergues. From Bergues we made the trip to Dixmude by truck—a distance of about twenty miles. We carried no rations with us, but at certain places along the line the train stopped, and we got out to eat our meals. At every railroad station they have booths or counters, and French girls work day and night feeding the Poilus. It was a wonderful sight to see these girls, and it made you feel good to think you were going to fight for them.

It was not only that it did, but the way they did it, and it is at things like this that the French beat the world. They could tell just what kind of treatment each Poilu needed, and they saw to it that he got it. They took special pains with the men of the legion, because, as they say, we are "strangers," and that means, "the best

we have is yours" to the French. These French women, young and old, could be a mother and a sweetheart and a sister all at the same time to any hairy old ex-convict in the legion, and do it in a way that made him feel like a little boy at the time and a rich church member afterwards. The only thing we did not like about this trip was that there were not enough stations along that line. There is a tip that the French engineers will not take, I am afraid.

There is another thing about the French women that I have noticed, and that is this: "There are pretty girls in every country under the sun, but the plain girls in France are prettier than the plain ones in other countries. They might not show it in photographs, but in action there is something about them that you cannot explain. I have never seen an ugly French girl who was not easy to look at."

We finally got to Dixmude, after having spent about eighteen hours on the way. On our arrival one company was sent to the reserve trenches and my company went to the front line trench. We were not placed in training camps, because most of us had been under fire before. I never had, but that was not supposed to make any difference. They say if you can stand the legion you can stand anything.

Before we entered the communication trench, we were drawn up alongside of a crossroad for a rest, and to receive certain accoutrements. Pretty soon we saw a bunch of Boches com-



"I Got Wan From Each of Them Fellas."

ing along the road, without their guns, a few of them being slightly wounded. Some of them looked scared and others happy, but they all seemed tired. Then we heard some singing, and pretty soon we could see an Irish corporal stepping along behind the Huns, with his rifle slung over his back, and every once in a while he would shuffle a bit and then sing some more. He had a grin on him that pushed his ears back.

The British noncom who was detailed as our guide sang out: "What kind of time are you having, Pat?" The Irishman saluted with one hand, dug the other into his pocket and pulled out enough watches to make you think you were in a pawn shop. "Oh, a foin toin I'm havin'," he says. "I got wan from each of them fellas." We counted fourteen prisoners in the bunch. Pat sure thought he was rolling in wealth.

After we were rested up we were issued rifles, shrapnel helmets and belts, and then started down the communication trench. These trenches are entrances to the fighting trenches and run at varying angles and varying distances apart. They are seldom wide enough to hold more than one man, so you have to march single file in them. They wind in and out, according to the lay of the land, some parts of them being more dangerous than others. When you come to a dangerous spot you have to crawl sometimes.

There are so many cross trenches and blind alleys that you have to have a guide for a long time, because without one you are apt to walk through an embrasure in a fire trench and right out into the open, between the German front line and your own. Which is hardly worth while!

If any part of the line is under fire, the guide at the head of the line is on the lookout for shells, and when he hears one coming he gives the signal and you drop to the ground and wait until it bursts. You never get all the time you want, but at that you have plenty of time to think about things while you are lying there with your face in the mud, waiting to hear the sound of the explosion. When you hear it, you know you have got at least one more to dodge. If you do not hear it—well, most likely you are worrying more about tuning your thousand-string harp than anything else.

Depew gets his first experience in the front line trenches at Dixmude and learns how the British Tommy "carry on." He tells about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Earned It.
 My little daughter came in with a penny. I asked her where she found it, and she said: "I earned it. You see, Carter called me a bad girl and I was going to fight him, but he had some pennies, so I told him if he would give me a penny I wouldn't fight him—and he did."

FOR BETTER ROADS

MATERIAL FOR REPAIR WORK

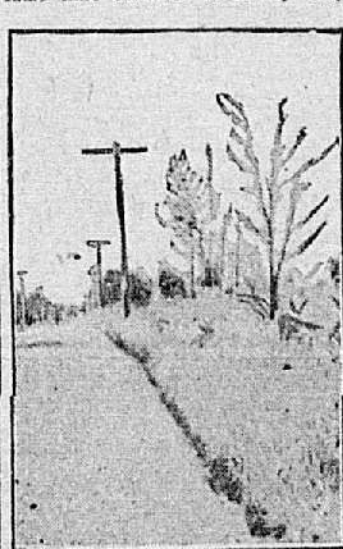
Director of Office of Public Roads Will Pass on All Applications for Oil Products.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Petroleum, asphalt or tar products wanted for the construction, maintenance, or reconstruction of roads will be delivered only after approval of the application by a committee representing the United States fuel administration and the office of public roads of the United States department of agriculture. This announcement was made by officials of the two federal agencies.

State highway departments, to which notices of the restrictions have been sent, are required to pass upon all applications for highway work in their territories involving the use of these materials. Applications are then to be sent to L. W. Page, director of the office of public roads, Washington. Mr. Page is chairman of the committee which will consider the necessity of the material being supplied and will make recommendations to the oil division of the fuel administration, which will issue permits in accordance with the recommendation when the material is available.

Upward of a billion dollars is the valuation placed by officials of the office of public roads upon bituminous macadam roads in this country requiring for their maintenance asphalt, road binders, road oils, tar binders or dressings. The plan to issue permits is designed to prevent further deterioration of these roads, and at the same time endeavor to satisfy fully



Poorly Kept Roadside With Rail Fence Overgrown With Brambles.

the fuel oil requirements of the army and navy, the essential war industries and the allies.

The United States is now being drawn upon to a constantly increasing extent for petroleum products, especially fuel oil, according to officials in the oil division of the fuel administration. The supply of bituminous products is so limited that it is requested that all new road construction involving these materials be deferred this year, except in cases where such work is necessary toward the winning of the war. Preference will be given to materials wanted for maintenance and repair work.

Forms on which all applications for petroleum, asphalt or tar products for highway work must be made have been supplied to the state highway departments and additional copies may be obtained from the office of public roads. These forms require detailed information as to the length, location, general uses and military necessity of highways to be built, maintained or repaired.

GRADED ROAD IN CONDITION

Drag Scrapes Off Projections and Fills Up Low Places—Will Keep Bed Well Crowned.

The graded road can be kept in the best condition with the least labor by using the road drag. The road drag scrapes off the projections and fills up the low places, thus leaving no places for water to stand, which is what causes the road bed to soften and be cut into ruts. A persistent use of the road drag will keep the road bed well crowned, smooth and hard and this will also result in the least dust, as the dust comes largely from the grinding up of the ruts and rough places left by the horses' feet.—Extension Division, N. D. Agricultural College.

Value of Motortruck.

Farmers realize the value of the motortruck. Both the motortruck and good roads spell prosperity to the tiller of the soil, for no other invention has contributed so largely to the health, wealth and happiness of the farmer as the motorcar.

Use of Prison Labor.

Reports made to the national committee on prisons and prison labor show that the war is resulting in a greater use of prison labor in road building all over the United States.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Red Cross Work in German Prison Camps

Germany now has 27 prison camps where American soldiers captured in battle are held.

The American Red Cross has accurate information about these camps and with the aid of the Swiss Red Cross keeps our soldiers and sailors supplied with nourishing food, new clothing, soap and other necessities.

At the beginning of June there were about 300 men in uniform in German prison camps. The American troops have captured considerably more than 1,000 Germans, so the score is more than even in that respect.

In Bern, Switzerland, the American Red Cross has a great warehouse from which is sent to each American prisoner in Germany 20 pounds of food every week. Our government pays for this food and equipment and the Red Cross sees that it reaches the men.

Already there are enough supplies in the Red Cross warehouse at Bern to take care of 22,000 American prisoners—if the Germans can take that number!

Junior Red Cross Vacation Work.

Junior Red Cross members will not cease their efforts during vacation.

While they were in the schools they could be reached more easily but organization work among the children has gone so far that the chapters are still closely in touch with them and benefiting vastly by their help.

At present many chapters are asking the junior members to help get out some rush orders for knitted articles, comfort bags and hospital supplies. They are doing this in preference to their regular junior work.

Any Junior Red Cross member who has lost contact with the Red Cross organization since school closed should go to the local chapter headquarters and offer his or her services.

Of course, any child not now a member of the Junior Red Cross will be cordially welcomed by the Red Cross

chapters and given an opportunity to enroll.

In Central division—Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska—there are about 2,000,000 members of the Junior Red Cross. Manifestly this group of workers is a big factor in the Red Cross organization.

The Junior members are members of 15,000 auxiliaries to the 568 Red Cross chapters. Virtually every school is an auxiliary.

Red Cross Pig Clubs.
 The Red Cross Pig club of Carroll county, Mo., was organized last fall with practically the entire population of the county constituting the membership. O. F. Turner, the agricultural county agent, asked 2,500 persons to raise one pig each, to be known as the Red Cross pig. Although the county has only 1,900 registered voters, 3,000 persons answered the call. A few days ago the department of agriculture announced that 3,000 porkers represent the output of the club.

Handkerchiefs.
 If the handkerchiefs are yellow, the reason is that they have not been properly washed. To overcome this yellow color put the handkerchiefs in cold water, in which there is kerosene, about one teaspoonful to a quart, and a shaving of good laundry soap. Let the handkerchiefs boil in this about three hours. Take them out, dry in the sun, and they will be snowy white. This treatment will apply to any linen or white clothing.

Using Hudson Seal.

Hudson seal is to be seen on many coats of duvetyne and velour, and is most effective on such autumn colors as mahogany, nigger brown, battleship gray and navy.

Popular Outfit.

One piece loose-fitted robe and sash-draped effects are still in great demand.

Dainty Frocks for Midsummer



War does not make it a necessity to curtail dressing to the exclusion of dainty frocks for midsummer. The materials that make them are not needed by the soldiers, and the boys certainly like to see their wives and sweethearts in filmy and pretty clothes. These things look more desirable to them than ever. It is poor business to push economy in dress too far—for business must be maintained—that almost goes without saying. In the face of all its difficulties French genius has kept itself occupied turning out apparel to suit the needs—somewhat changed by the war—of its clients.

In the picture above at the right is a frock from Lady Duff Gordon, in which net is posed over tulle in a lovely summer gown. It is trimmed with very full ruffles of tulle, fringed out at the edges, and would be effective in almost any of the light colors or in cream-colored net over a color. Turquoise blue and pale green shades cannot be excelled by any colors used with white net for elegant effects, but it is for the wearer to choose what becomes her most in a color suited to this frock. It is not an extravagant affair and is suited to dinner or evening wear.

Pale beige georgette renders a good account of itself as an afternoon and evening frock in the dress at the left of the picture. Its collar, vestee, cuffs and bodice ornaments are braided with silk soutache in the same shade. The bodice is cleverly designed in a modified arrangement of the surplice front

and georgette makes the short ties that finish the front.

A very new and promising idea appears in the pretty dinner frocks of black net worn over foundations made of embroidered batiste or embroidered swiss organdie. Gradies or sashes of black velvet finish them off and make them look more desirable to them than ever. It is poor business to push economy in dress too far—for business must be maintained—that almost goes without saying. In the face of all its difficulties French genius has kept itself occupied turning out apparel to suit the needs—somewhat changed by the war—of its clients.

In the picture above at the right is a frock from Lady Duff Gordon, in which net is posed over tulle in a lovely summer gown. It is trimmed with very full ruffles of tulle, fringed out at the edges, and would be effective in almost any of the light colors or in cream-colored net over a color. Turquoise blue and pale green shades cannot be excelled by any colors used with white net for elegant effects, but it is for the wearer to choose what becomes her most in a color suited to this frock. It is not an extravagant affair and is suited to dinner or evening wear.

Pale beige georgette renders a good account of itself as an afternoon and evening frock in the dress at the left of the picture. Its collar, vestee, cuffs and bodice ornaments are braided with silk soutache in the same shade. The bodice is cleverly designed in a modified arrangement of the surplice front

Hats Worn at Weddings.
 At one of the weddings, at which Lord Strathcona's granddaughter was married, the bridesmaids wore immense hats of rose chiffon and silver lace with water lilies resting against the crown and trailing over the brim. This may be a good idea for a wartime summer bride over here. At another big wedding, the bridesmaids wore coronets of gold leaves—for victory—and from them floated long tulle veils of Joffe blue.

Wide Plaits.
 Wide plaits rather than tucks are a feature of autumn blouses. Hand embroidery combined with flit lace on georgette is the effective combination in many light-colored blouses, white and flesh, though the preference seems to be for the flesh-colored models.

Julie Bottomley



EARL C. MICHENER

of Adrian

Candidate for Nomination
for Representative in
Congress—
Second District.

Has lived in Lenawee County for thirty-one years. Forty-one years of age. Lawyer by occupation. Served eight years as Assistant and Prosecuting Attorney—four wet years as assistant, and four dry years as Prosecutor in the County.

He is not the candidate of any faction, organization, or machine. If nominated and elected he will at all times energetically represent the masses of the people.

He stands for a new deal. Believes that a Congressman should be elected by the people—that he should not buy his votes with money, or secure his election by pre-election promises. Neither does he believe that one or two men in each County should have the right to dictate which candidate will receive the votes in that County for any office. He stands for clean politics and a square deal. He has never been a candidate for Congress and has no enemies to punish and no political friends to reward.

He is for AMERICA FIRST, LAST, AND ALL THE TIME.

If you want such a man go to the Primary on August 27th and vote for him.



Vote for

Frank B. DeVine

Candidate for

Prosecuting Attorney

on the Republican ticket

If nominated and elected I will give to the affairs of the office my best efforts.

YOUR vote and the vote of YOUR FRIENDS will be greatly appreciated.

FRANK T. NEWTON

Ypsilanti, Michigan

Candidate for Congress

Second Congressional District

Republican Ticket

Primaries, Tuesday, August 27, 1913



FRANK T. NEWTON'S RECORD.

Born on a farm in Washtenaw county fifty-one years ago. Attended school and worked on the farm until he was eighteen. Taught school winters, and worked the farm summers, seven years more. Has been a successful salesman and business man for many years. Served a term as Sheriff of Washtenaw county. State Senator from the Twelfth District two terms, 1909-1911. Sales manager for two large automobile concerns the past seven years. Has large business interests in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. Now owns and operates a two hundred sixty acre farm near the "Old Homestead" in Superior Township, Washtenaw County. Is able, courageous, and a hustler. Is one hundred per cent American. Is the type of man needed in Congress NOW and AFTER THE WAR.

Auto Races at State Fair

Many of the world's greatest speed demons will compete for championship honors during the three days of automobile racing at the Michigan State Fair, in Detroit, August 30—September 8. A number of extra prizes have been hung up by G. W. Dickinson, Secretary-Manager of the fair association, for any tracks records broken during the contests on August 31, September 1 or September 2. Among the entries are Horey, Chevrolet, Ellingboe, Endicott, Clark, Giroux, Lewis, Haugdahl and many others.

DO IT NOW

Subscribe for THIS PAPER

Do not sell your liberty bonds or exchange them for merchandise.

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

Ford Astell, 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.

AUTOMOBILE THIEVES BUSY.

A Ford automobile belonging to Mrs. Alice O'Connor of Lyndon was stolen from in front of the office of the Michigan Portland Cement company Wednesday evening while the family was attending the chautauqua. About 30 pounds of sugar and some clothing, which were in the car, were also taken.

GREGORY.

Miss Hazel Arnold was home from Ypsilanti for the week-end. Mrs. Belle Leach was a Jackson visitor Tuesday of last week.

Warner Denton of Detroit was an over Sunday visitor at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bland of Pinckney spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrill.

W. J. Buhl and family spent several days last week at Kingston visiting friends.

Frank Howard and Thomas Howell attended the circus in Jackson last Wednesday.

Miss Margaret Kuhn visited her brother Paul at Ann Arbor, Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Anne Moore returned from her visit to Manitou Beach on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Mary Johnson spent three weeks recently with her daughter, Mrs. S. A. Denton.

Miss Sarah McClear of Hamburg came last Wednesday for a short visit with her sisters here.

Mrs. E. Hill returned Monday from a few days' visit with her sister, Mrs. C. M. Titus of Rochester.

Miss Margaret Kuhn was camping with a party of friends last week at Cavanaugh lake near Chelsea.

Mrs. Jennie Carley and Mrs. Lockwood will speak at the Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Finlan and children, of Fowlerville, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Lillie Burden.

Miss Lulu Wright and her mother, of Detroit, visited at the home of Mrs. Jane Wright the first of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kirkland and Miss Ruth Kirkland, of Fowlerville, visited at the George Arnold home Sunday.

The O. B. and George Arnold families attended the Arnold family reunion held at the Andrew Tuttle home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Marsh and Miss Minnie Bradshaw spent several days the past week at Cass City visiting relatives.

Mrs. Myra Bowen of Detroit, who has been spending the past week at the home of Mrs. Bettie Marshall, left Monday for Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Warren of Pontiac visited at the Schuler home the first of last week. Mr. Warren is a cousin of Mrs. Schuler.

Dan Denton returned from Milwaukee, Wis., on Wednesday of last week and will be here four or five weeks before his fall work begins.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bland of Pinckney and Vera and Coral Bentley of Corunna were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Oviatt.

M. Merrill, J. M. Hall, Orla Hall, and Alger Merrill, all of Fowlerville, visited at the home of Mrs. Jane Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Merrill last Friday.

Archie Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kirkland, and the Misses Vance Arnold and Ruth Kirkland visited Geo. Bowman at Pinckney sanatorium, Sunday afternoon.

Ensign Alexander Montague and wife of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Van Syckle of Plainfield, and Harry Briggs and other friends from Howell, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Montague last Friday.

Even with the very hot weather the Red Cross meeting last Friday was well attended. Our new work on hand for August is convalescent robes. The regular monthly meeting was changed to the 4th Friday in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb and Miss Holcomb of Franklin, Ind., Miss Smith of Galesburg, Ill., and Miss Cole of Munnich, who are camping at Joslyn lake, attended services at the Gregory church Sunday morning.

This is a good example to all who go visiting; show your colors wherever you go and do your duty to God on the Lord's day even among friends or strangers away from home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bowen and Harry Bowen and family returned from a trip to Republic, Ohio, Friday of last week. Joe reported the grain crops in Ohio good. He says the oats are up to man's waist and one acre will yield as much there as three acres around here this year. Even if Michigan's grain crop this year is very poor, we are glad to know that the states south and west will have an abundant crop.

Ask Anyone Who Has Used It.

There are families who always aim to keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house for use in case it is needed, and that is not only a good investment but saves them no end of suffering. As to its reliability, ask anyone who has used it.—Adv.

WE PRINT EVERYTHING

FROM A CALLING CARD

TO A BOOK. TRY US.

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

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Mrs. Clara Staphish has purchased a Ford sedan.

Misses Lena and Anna Miller were in Detroit, Wednesday.

Miss Agnes Weber visited relatives in Grand Ledge this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lyons are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, July 30, 1913.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Schmidt visited in Algoma several days of the past week.

Mrs. J. R. Gates left Tuesday for Millersburg, Pa., where she will visit her nephew.

Miss Grace Monroe of Fowlerville visited Miss Bernice Prudden over the week-end.

Ray Stedman has been discharged from military service on account of physical defects.

Mrs. J. C. Neufang of Reading has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Mary Boyd, for a few days.

H. W. Dancer of Cleveland, Ohio, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dancer.

Miss Esther Zeeb has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. DeNike of Ypsilanti for a few days.

Albert Horton has purchased the residence at 310 West Middle street, now occupied by K. J. Brinson.

Miss Hazel Speer has been re-engaged to teach music and drawing in the Chelsea schools next year.

Mrs. Casper Glenn of Stockbridge is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Wright.

Misses Margaret and Josephine Pierce of near Williamston are visiting relatives in Chelsea and vicinity.

Mrs. Frank Carringer and son Edward, of Jackson, have been visiting Mrs. Bertha Stephens for a few days.

Miss Dorothy Satterthwaite and brother Leonard are visiting relatives in Jackson and Lansing this week.

Mrs. O. J. Walworth was called to Eaton Rapids, Wednesday, by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. L. D. Jenne.

Mrs. Fred Houchen and daughter, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, are visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Emilie Hieber.

Miss Nellie Lowry and her friend, Miss Nina Shrimpton of Detroit, are making an automobile tour of Northern Michigan.

Mrs. F. A. Westfall and Rev. Corwin Westfall, of Blissfield, spent Tuesday and Wednesday at S. W. Tucker's.

O. D. Schneider has purchased the Sprinagle building, now occupied by the Chelsea postoffice, the deal being consummated Tuesday.

Clarence Leach was painfully injured Tuesday when a dog bit his left leg, at the Leach huckleberry marsh, just north of Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hammond are now residents of Chelsea, having moved from Lima to the Morgan Elmnet house on Washington street.

Mrs. J. D. Watson, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Clara Staphish for several weeks, left Wednesday morning for her home in Hermiston, Oregon.

Don Riley, who has been employed in the office of the Lewis Spring & Axle Co. for several years has enlisted as machinist's mate in the U. S. navy and is in training at the Great Lakes station.

R. B. Koons has resigned the superintendency of the Michigan Portland Cement Co. and has accepted a position with the Lincoln Motor Co. of Detroit. He expects to remove to that city the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Finkbeiner and son Paul left yesterday on an extended trip through the west. They expect to be away for about a month and will visit his brother, Earl, in Portland, Oregon.

Frost Wednesday morning damaged gardens and crops located on low ground, including corn and beans. The temperature at 6:30 o'clock was 52°. Killing frost in July is an unusual experience for Southern Michigan.

The body of Mrs. S. F. Evans, who died Saturday in Hay Springs, Nebraska, arrived here Wednesday morning and funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock from the Congregational church, Rev. Dierberger officiating.

The Tribune was misinformed regarding the item in Tuesday's paper about a fire near Munnich. The barns and out buildings on the William Farrand farm were burned; not the residence on the Avery Snyland farm as we were informed.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger has accepted a position with the Lincoln Chautauque system and will act as local superintendent at North Judson, Indiana, beginning Monday. He expects to remain on the Lincoln circuit until the close of the season in September.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c.—Adv.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McMillen were in Ann Arbor, Tuesday.

George Bacon was home from Ft. Wayne, Indiana, Sunday.

Jacob Schweikert of North Lake has purchased a Ford sedan.

Mrs. Gilbert Martin visited her daughter, Mrs. Bert Riley, in Detroit, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Kirkland of Losco visited her sister, Mrs. J. C. Taylor, Tuesday.

Mrs. Thomas McQuillan and daughter have been visiting at Whitmore Lake this week.

Mrs. Michael Staffan is spending some time in Battle Creek at the home of Mrs. Felix Hindelang.

Mrs. E. P. Steiner and children returned yesterday from a visit with relatives near Webberville and in Fowlerville.

The Young Ladies chapter of the Congregational church will meet with Mrs. Elmer Linderman, Tuesday, August 6th.

Fred and Charles Boos and Miss Emma Boos, of Whitmore Lake, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. William Schatz and Miss Sophia Schatz.

The Baptist Woman's Missionary circle will meet Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock at the home of Mrs. Harold Conk. Mrs. R. D. Gates is the leader.

Roland McKune returned yesterday from the naval training station at Newport, R. I., on a 30 days' furlough, at the end of which he expects to be sent "overseas."

Martin Gottschling and Walter Page found a grip in the Winters lot on West Middle street early Sunday morning and turned it over to Roy Evans. Later, it was ascertained that the grip and contents was the property of Mrs. Howard Bush. It had been taken from an automobile Saturday evening and broken open, but as it contained only baby clothing nothing had been taken.

OLD SLOW SPEED BILL

Breaks Into Print With Mild Outburst on Minor Events in Chelsea.

Slow Speed Bill, said to be a well known but more or less imaginary character in these parts, has consented to write an occasional article for the Tribune and herewith submits the first of his series of space-fillers:

Say, friends—

The brewers an'

The Germans

Ain't the only ones that's

Havin' troubles

These days—

I'm havin' a awful time

Myself—

I think they's a

Conspiracy

Er sumpin'

On agin me—

An' I'm blamin'

A certain feller who

Run over a chicken

Tother day—

Ye-see I tote about it

An' now this feller

Threatens to sue me

Fer \$10,000

With a criminal libel—

An' zif that ain't

Nuf' trouble

These here dawgun printers

Go an' put my stuff

On page four—

An' four's my

Jonah number, too—

So I argued with 'em—

But you can't reason

With no printer—

So I goes to the

Main boss—

An' I says—

Say—

They're ruinin' your paper

By doin' that a-way—

An' he says—

Wy, they must be

Some mistake—

I told the help to print

Your stuff on page twenty-three—

I tried to tell him they

Wasn't no such page—

But he couldn't

Seem to understand

An' so

Rather than ruin the paper

I took page four—

Just then a feller come in

An' he says he heard

I owned the D. J. & C.

Railroad—

Funny how things like

That there leaks out

When you're tryin' to

Keep 'em secret—

Ain't it—

Well anyway—

This guy gets kinda

Hard boiled 'cause he

Wants to go an' visit the

Ole folks in Francisco

An' he says my ticket agent

Wants to hold him

Up for some extra charges

On his ticket—

An he threatens to build

A railroad of his own

Er what afore he'll

Be robbed that a-way—

But, gosh friends—

I feel so bad

About this other deal

I ain't got the

Heart to worry about

Any little financial

Coupees my ticket agent

Is atryin' to put

Over—

I figured it out a

Long time ago

That you don't have to

Worry about ticket

Agents lookin' out

Fer themselves—

An' say—

Don't tell nobody I said anything

About it—

But just 'twen you an' me

That there flag on the village pole

Is gettin' awful ragged—

I don't like to say nothink

Cause maybe they're leavin'

It there till the boys comes back

From France—

Er sumpin'—

Nuff sed.

Chronic Constipation.

It is by no means an easy matter to cure this disease, but it can be done in most instances by taking Chamberlain's