

## Special Prices

as long as our present  
stock lasts, on all . . . .

## Perfection and Puritan Oil Cook Stoves

Come in early and get your pick of  
the lot at reduced prices. . . .

## Holmes & Walker

## Saturday Specials

For Saturday, August 9th

- SUNBRITE CLEANSER per can..... 4c
- BEST PEANUT BUTTER, 1 pound cans.....25c
- FANCY RICE per pound.....11c
- SNOW BOY WASHING POWDER, large size...20c
- CLIMALENE, best hard water softener... 8c

Good Bargains in Our Men's Shoe Department

## Keusch & Fahrner

Home of Old Tavern Coffee

## NEW! NEW!

We are now remodeling our store, making space for a full line of

### Men's and Boys' Work and Dress Shoes

We will be known as the

### LYONS' CUT RATE SHOE MARKET

Watch this space next week for prices

110 N. Main St., Chelsea. LYONS BROS.

## 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

## Cutting Prices

ISN'T OUR BUSINESS—WE'RE MEAT CUTTERS. BUT WE DO SAY THAT OUR PRICES ARE AS LOW AS THE LOWEST—QUALITY AND SERVICE CONSIDERED.

WE WANT TO SERVE YOU  
**ADAM EPLER**

Phone 41 South Main St.



### FROM CLARE H. FENN

is in Enlisted Mechanics Training Department at Kelly Field.

The following letter was received Wednesday from Clare H. Fenn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fenn, dated August 4th and addressed to the editor of the Tribune:

Friend Ford: Received your "birthday greetings" card and was pleased to have so many of my friends remember me on that day. I expect to spend my next birthday in Germany—and France—and the one after that back in old Michigan. I hope that's the way it will work out.

We are having fine hot Texas weather here now. August is the hottest month of the year here and it sure is awful. They call San Antonio the "City of Sunshine and Flowers." Bah! I'd rather spend the rest of my days in Sylvan Center or Waterloo than to have to stay here another five months.

I entered the Department of Aeroplane Instruction of the Enlisted Mechanics Training Department the first week in July and am on my fifth week now. Will be in five weeks more and then I'll graduate and be sent out to another flying field in this country or to an embarkation port. Hope it's the latter as I have spent seven months in this country and I didn't enlist to stay in the U. S. I could have done that without having to leave home.

The Kelly Field Enlisted Mechanics Training Department has the reputation of being the best school in the United States. It sure is too. The training we get here is wonderful. Many of the fellows wondered why I applied for a reduction in grade from sergeant to private just to enter school. The last paragraph of the following clipping from the Kelly Field Eagle will explain that and the first one shows the practical training we get in school:

"As soon as he is enrolled, the student comes face to face with practical work. He finds himself one of ten under an instructor who has proven himself a past master in the special phase of training on which he is lecturing. He goes out into the shops, is impressed with the fact that a thousandth of an inch may mean salvation to a flier in a tight corner, and proceeds to live with his ship for the duration of the course. Seven hours a day he spends in the shops, actually handling the parts he will have to repair and replace when on service, working shoulder to shoulder with his instructor till he knows the lay-out of the ship like the palm of his hand. Once a week he faces an examination on what he has been taught; if he graduates with the required percentage, he passes on to the next step in training; if he fails he recommences his week's work and prepares for another examination.

"Rank is the reward of diligent work, for in the schools every student is a private. The value of being a private in the Enlisted Mechanics Training Department can best be gauged by the fact that corporals, sergeants, and even Master Signal Electricians who have won their chevrons in other parts of the service willingly sacrifice these honors just for the chance of taking instruction and placing themselves in line for rapid and sure promotion."

Last week was devoted to aircraft motors and removing and installing same in ships under field conditions. In the written examination given the last of the week I answered correctly 24½ questions out of 25, thereby making a grade of 98% on the exam. I am quite proud of it as the lieutenant called me in and congratulated me on it. I am naturally interested in motors and just applied myself a little harder during the week.

Graduates of the school have been sent to Chanute Field, Ill.; Hazelhurst, Long Island; Payne Field, Miss.; Pack Field, Memphis, Tenn.; Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, etc. It would make me feel pretty bad wouldn't it if there was a ship-ment to Selfridge Field, Michigan, just after I graduate? No such luck could happen though. I'll probably be sent to California or some place farther from home than Texas!

We are living in the hangars known as the "three red hangars." Each hangar is divided into sections and you can get an idea of the size of the hangars when I tell you that each one quarters four hundred and eighty men; six sections to each hangar and eighty men to a section!

There are two or three hundred Cubans coming here to take up the aeroplane work in school. The Cuban army has just organized an Air Service corps and has arranged with the U. S. government to train the first few hundred men. I don't see how they are going to quarter them here unless they put them in tents.

Wish that I could tell you what wonderful advances the Air Service is making. Can't say anything as to the activities in the flying department. But if they will get the ships to Europe, Uncle Sam has got the right kind of men to fly them.

Respectfully,  
Clare H. Fenn.

### WILLIAM WILSON DORR.

William Wilson Dorr died Sunday, August 4, 1918, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Elmer Gage of Sharon. He had been in failing health for the past five years.

Mr. Dorr was born in Sharon, May 11, 1847. His wife, one daughter, Mrs. Elmer Gage, one son, Carlos P. Dorr; also one brother, C. C. Dorr, and two sisters, Mrs. Augusta Cooper and Mrs. Mittie O'Neil, are left to mourn their loss.

The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock from the house, Rev. Beatty of Grass Lake conducting the service.

Phone your news items to the Tribune; call 190-W.

### RECORD HOT WEATHER.

All high temperature records in this vicinity were broken Tuesday afternoon when local thermometers registered as high as 104° in the shade. Only six days before much damage was done by frost, many pieces of corn and beans and garden stuff being cut. Chelsea and vicinity hadn't had a rain since Sunday, June 30th, and needed rain badly before that time, but a shower last night tempered the atmosphere and wet down about an inch in the ground, giving temporary relief.

### WARREN COE WAS ON TORPEDOED TRANSPORT

Returning To States on President Lincoln, Sunk by Huns Early in May.

Warren Coe, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Coe, arrived in Chelsea yesterday afternoon on a five days' furlough from his duties in the U. S. transport service. He was serving on the U. S. transport, President Lincoln, which was sunk by a German torpedo early in May and was in the water for six hours before he was rescued by a patrolboat and taken to Queenstown. He is still suffering from shock and exposure and is subject to a sort of chronic sea sickness as the result of the experience.

Warren enlisted in the navy and was sent to the Great Lakes camp on December 13th. There he remained in training for about eight weeks and was then sent to Norfolk. Then followed six weeks of cruising on a training ship before he was put into regular service on a transport.

He then made one trip over and back. Following the second trip over, he was assigned to provost duty at a French port for seven weeks and was returning to the U. S. on the Lincoln when she was torpedoed 180 miles off the Irish coast. The ship settled forward, but remained afloat for several hours. The other transports in the fleet did not dare stop and continued on their way.

As soon as the propellers of the Lincoln stopped the passengers and crew began to go overboard. Warren was not able to get into a boat, but was on a life-raft. Those in the boats were able to row away and soon many were picked up by other vessels.

After being on the raft, much of the time in the water, for six hours, Warren and his companions were picked up and taken to Queenstown. He remained there for four days and was then sent to New York.

While on provost duty Warren was able to make several trips to the front with a motor truck train and has many interesting experiences to relate, but has requested us not to publish any details.

### DO NOT CRITICISE THE BLOOMER GIRLS

Young Women Employed at Lewis Plant Have Something to Say.

In answer to those who criticize the young women employed at the plant of the Lewis Spring & Axle company because they wear their bloomer-overalls and from work, a committee of three of the girls has requested the Tribune to publish the following statement:

In this day and age, when our first aim is to win this war, we munitions workers have our hearts and hands busy to keep a steady stream of munitions going to our boys at the front.

If your thoughts were where ours are it would not be on what we are wearing. It would be on the sacrifices that this war is demanding of all and what you could do to help, instead of criticising those who are doing their bit.

We who have donned the uniforms and work of a munition maker have won the respect of the men with whom we are thrown in contact during our working hours, and certainly think the least that some who do not do such strenuous work can do, is to respect and boost the girls who can and will.

### RED CROSS NEWS.

Ten khaki sweaters and 60 tampons were taken to Ann Arbor last week.

Donations—Mrs. Fred Hall, \$1; Mrs. A. L. Steger, one pair socks; Miss Florence Ward, one pair socks; Mrs. G. W. Palmer, one khaki sweater.

Knitters who are making the khaki sweaters given out July will kindly complete them as soon as possible and return with remnants of yarn. We may possibly be able to make a sweater or two from the remnants.

The class in home service consisting of thirty-two members is so large that it has been divided into two classes, one to meet at 4:30 and the other at 7 p. m., Tuesdays and Thursdays. Mrs. Jenks has charge of both classes.

Aside from the 2,000 tampons and 2,000 drains, we have a special quota of 2,000 compresses to make, which are to be sent to our boys in Italy. Until this quota is filled we will work Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon of each week.

Red Cross message to our boys in the trenches, in the dugouts of Montdidier, at aero camps, in the muddy roads of Picardy, 170,000,000 send their message:

If you stumble we will pick you up. If you are discouraged we love you. If you are wounded, don't worry.

You are three thousand miles away, but don't forget "We are with you."

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

### IT WASN'T BUSHNELL

Apparently Demented Man Captured After Exciting Chase.

Officers from Ann Arbor and Chelsea, aided by a posse of citizens, Tuesday captured a Greek about 1½ miles southeast of Mrs. John Alber's farm in Sharon after trailing the fellow for several miles from near Sylvan Center. He was not Bushnell, the escaped Jackson prison convict, and was apparently demented.

The fugitive led the officers an exciting chase. He travelled across country always avoiding the roadways, and near the George Gage farm he stopped to roast some corn and apples, but did not extinguish his fire and it caught in a rail fence between the Gage and Wortley farms. Fortunately the pursuers discovered the fire before it had gained much headway.

When finally overtaken, the fellow offered no resistance and he was taken to Ann Arbor.

### CHARLES GRANT.

Charles Grant died Tuesday, August 6, 1918, at his home, 604 South Main street. He was 76 years, eight months and 25 days of age.

Mr. Grant was born in Surry, England, November 11, 1841, and came with his parents to Ridgeway, Ontario, when about eight years of age, where he resided until about ten years ago when he moved to Detroit, and two years later to Chelsea, where he had since resided. He was united in marriage to Miss Estella Arnold, May 27, 1866, who is left with one daughter, Mrs. A. D. Huff of Montreal, Quebec, and one son, William A. Grant of Detroit, to mourn their loss.

The funeral was held Thursday afternoon at two o'clock from the house, Rev. G. H. Whitney conducting the service. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

Among those from a distance who attended the funeral were: His brother, George Grant and two sons, George and Charles, and Mrs. James Grant, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barr of Saline; and Miss Nellie Congdon of Hillsdale.

### COMMUNITY BASKET PICNIC.

A basket picnic will be held Tuesday, August 13th, in Eisenbeiser's grove at North Lake, under the auspices of Washtenaw Pomona grange, N. P. Hull, Past Master of the State Grange, will be the principal speaker of the day and features will be community singing and special music. Ice cream and hot coffee will be served by the North Lake Red Cross auxiliary. Visitors from a distance who arrive on steam or electric lines will be furnished free transportation from Chelsea to the picnic grounds. A special invitation is extended to all in this vicinity to attend.

### INTERURBAN FARE INCREASE.

The Detroit, Jackson & Chicago Ry. announces that it has filed with the Michigan Railroad Commission new passenger rates effective Friday, August 9. These rates are according to the various franchise terms and result in some increases in the fare to and from Detroit and other points along the line. Under the new tariff the rate of fare between Detroit and Chelsea will be 80 cents in addition to war taxes and the Detroit city fare.

### TAKE NOTICE.

The public is hereby notified that I have withdrawn from the real estate firm of Wisley & Alber and that hereafter my office will be located at my residence, 176 East Summit St., corner East St., where I shall continue the business.  
E. H. Wisley.  
9611

### CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to thank our friends and neighbors for their many kindnesses and words of sympathy following our late bereavement.  
Mrs. Charles Grant,  
Mrs. A. D. Huff,  
William A. Grant.

### 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—Honest woman with home wishes acquaintance of honest man about 55 years of age (white). Hattie R., Times-News, Ann Arbor, Mich. 9613

FOR SALE—Modern eight room residence, 542 McKinley St. Inquire James Cook, 309 South Main St., Chelsea. 9513

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. 12



John Willys

Who built one of America's most wonderful industries upon the solid rock foundation of thrift.

John Willys is a genius for organization, and his genius has made him one of the two most important figures in the great automobile industry.

He possesses a marvelous aptitude for detail and has shown a wonderful ability to systemize his many varied industries and interests.

System is as important to the individual as to the industry—if you would be successful you must be systematic—systematic about all things.

Systematic saving is the only kind of thrift that really counts. If you will start an account at this bank to-day—and add to it systematically you will be surprised and delighted to see how very rapidly it will grow.

Start to-day—a dollar opens an account.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

**KEMPFF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK**

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

## RED CROSS AUCTION

Over \$500.00 worth of good-as-new Blankets, Mattresses, Springs, Sanitary Cots and Cot Beds will be offered at public sale in the Sylvan town hall, Chelsea, on

## Saturday, August 10

1918, commencing at 8:00 o'clock p. m.

These goods were used at the time of the D. J. & C. wreck and afterwards donated to the Chelsea Red Cross. All are in good sanitary condition, and the entire proceeds of the sale will go to the Chelsea Red Cross. TERMS, CASH

### AUCTIONEERS:

E. W. Daniels and Dr. H. M. Armour, assisted by F. H. Lewis, N. S. Potter, O. C. Burkhart, Howard S. Holmes, H. D. Witherell, A. W. Wilkinson, S. P. Foster, L. T. Freeman, Wm. Bacon, Howard Boyd and G. W. Beckwith. Clerk—D. L. Rogers.

(This advertisement donated by The Chelsea Tribune)

## 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.

# GUNNER DEPEW

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

## DEPEW GETS HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE IN THE FRONT LINE TRENCHES AT DIXMUDE.

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. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard, where his marksmanship wins him high honors. Later he is transferred to the land forces and sent to the Flanders front.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

In the communication trench you have to keep your distance from the man ahead of you. This is done so that you will have plenty of room to fall down in, and because if a shell should find the trench, there would be fewer casualties in an open formation than in a closed. The German artillery is keen on communication trenches, and whenever they spot one they stay with it a long time. Most of them are camouflaged along the top and sides, so that enemy aviators cannot see anything but the earth or bushes, when they throw an eye down on our lines.

We took over our section of the front line trenches from a French line regiment that had been on the job for 24 days. That was the longest time I have heard of any troops remaining on the firing line.

Conditions at the front and ways of fighting are changing all the time, as each side invents new methods of butchering, so when I try to describe the Dixmude trenches, you must realize that it is probably just history by now. If they are still using trenches there they probably look entirely different.

But when I was at Dixmude they were something like this:

Behind the series of front-line trenches are the reserve trenches; in this case five to seven miles away, and still farther back are the billets. These may be houses or barns or ruined churches—any place that can possibly be used for quartering troops when off duty.

Troops were usually in the front-line trenches six to eight days, and fourteen to sixteen days in the reserve trenches. Then back to the billets for six or eight days.

We were not allowed to change our clothing in the front-line trenches—not even to remove socks, unless for inspection. Nor would they let you as much as unbutton your shirt, unless there was an inspection of identification disks. We wore a disk at the wrist and another around the neck. You know the gag about the disks, of course: If your arm is blown off they can tell you are off by the neck disk; if your head is blown off, they do not care who you are.

In the reserve trenches you can make yourself more comfortable, but you cannot go to such extreme lengths of luxury as changing your clothes entirely. That is for billets, where you spend most of your time bathing, changing clothes, sleeping and eating. Believe me, a billet is great stuff; it is like a sort of temporary heaven.

Of course you know what the word "cooties" means. Let us hope you will never know what the cooties themselves mean. When you get in or near the trenches, you take a course in the natural history of bugs, lice, rats and every kind of pest that has ever been invented.

It is funny to see some of the newcomers when they first discover a cootie on them. Some of them cry. If they really knew what it was going to be like they would do worse than that, maybe.

Then they start hunting all over each other, just like monkeys. They team up for this purpose, and many times it is in this way that a couple of men get to be trench partners and come to be pals for life—which may not be a long time at that.

In the front-line trenches it is more comfortable to fall asleep on the parapet fire-step than in the dugouts, because the cooties are thicker down below, and they simply will not give you a minute's rest. They certainly are active little pests. We used to make back scratchers out of certain weapons that had flexible handles, but never had time to use them when we needed them most.

We were given bottles of a liquid which smelled like lysol and were supposed to soak our clothes in it. It was thought that the cooties would object to the smell and quit work. Well, a cootie that could stand our clothes without the dope on them would not be bothered by a little thing like this stuff. Also, our clothes got so sour and horrible smelling that they hurt

our noses worse than the cooties. They certainly were game little devils, and came right back at us.

So most of the poilus threw the dope at Fritz and fought the cooties hand to hand.

There was plenty of food in the trenches most of the time, though once in a while, during a heavy bombardment, the fatigue—usually a corporal's guard—would get killed in the communication trenches and we would not have time to get out to the fatigue and rescue the grub they were bringing. Sometimes you could not find either the fatigue or the grub when you got to the point where they had been hit.

But, as I say, we were well fed most of the time, and got second and third helpings until we had to open our belts. But as the Limeys say: "Gaw blimey, the chuck was rough." They served a thick soup of meat and vegetables in bowls the size of wash basins, black coffee with or without sugar—mostly without!—and plenty of bread.

Also, we had preserves in tins, just like the Limeys. If you send any parcels over, do not put any apple and plum jam in them or the man who gets it will let Fritz shoot him. Ask any Limey soldier and he will tell you the same. I never thought there was so much jam in the world. No Man's Land looked like a city dump. Most of us took it, after a while, just to get the bread. Early in the war they used the tins to make bombs of, but that was before Mills came along with his hand grenade. Later on they flattened out the tins and lined the dugouts with them.

Each man carried an emergency ration in his bag. This consisted of bully beef, biscuits, etc. This ration was never used except in a real emergency, because no one could tell when it might mean the difference between life and death to him. When daylight catches a man in a shell hole or at a listening post out in No Man's Land he does not dare to crawl back to his trench before nightfall, and then is the time that his emergency ration comes in handy. Also, the stores failed to reach us sometimes, as I have said, and we had to use the emergency rations.

Sometimes we received raw meat and fried it in our dugouts. We built



They Potted Huns by Guess Work.

regular clay ovens in the dugouts, with iron tops for broiling. This, of course, was in the front-line trenches only.

We worked two hours on the fire-step and knocked off for four hours. In which time we cooked and ate and slept. This routine was kept up night and day, seven days a week. Sometimes the program was changed; for instance, when there was to be an attack or when Fritz tried to come over and visit, but otherwise nothing disturbed our routine unless it was a gas attack.

The ambition of most privates is to become a sniper, as the official sharpshooters are called. After a private has been in the trenches for six months or a year and has shown his marksmanship, he becomes the great man he has dreamed about. We had

two snipers to each company and because they took more chances with their lives than the ordinary privates they were allowed more privileges. When it was at all possible our snipers were allowed dry quarters, the best of food, and they did not have to follow the usual routine, but came and went as they pleased.

Our snipers, as a rule, went over the parapet about dusk, just before Fritz got his star shells going. They would crawl out to shell craters or tree stumps or holes that they had spotted during the day—in other words, places where they could see the enemy parapets but could not be seen themselves. Once in position, they would make themselves comfortable, smear their tin hats with dirt, get a good rest for their rifles and snipe every German they saw. They were extra handillers of cartridges, since there was no telling how many rounds they might fire during the night. Sometimes they had direct and visible targets and other times they potted Huns by guesswork. Usually they crawled back just before daylight, but sometimes they were out 24 hours at a stretch. They took great pride in the number of Germans they knocked over, and if our men did not get eight or ten they thought they had not done a good night's work. Of course it was not wholesale killing, like machine gunning, but it was very useful, because our snipers were always laying for the German snipers, and when they got Sniper Fritz they saved just so many of our lives.

The Limeys have a great little expression that means a lot: "Carry on." They say it is a cockney expression. When a captain falls in action, his words are not a message to the girl he left behind him or any dope about his gray-haired mother, but "Carry on, Lieutenant Whosis." If the lieutenant gets his it is "Carry on, Sergeant Jacks," and so on as far as it goes. So the words used to mean, "Take over the command and do the job right." But now they mean not only that but "Keep up your courage, and go to it." One man will say it to another sometimes when he thinks the first man is getting downhearted, but more often, if he is a Limey, he will start kidding him.

Our men, of course, did not say "Carry on," and in fact they did not have any expression in French that meant exactly the same thing. But they used to cheer each other along, all right, and they passed along the command when it was necessary, too. I wonder what expression the American troops will use. (You notice I do not call them Sammies!)

I took my turn at listening post with the rest of them, of course. A listening post is any good position out in No Man's Land, and is always held by two men. Their job is to keep a live ear on Fritz and in case they hear anything that sounds very much like an attack one man runs back to his lines and the other stays to hold back the Boches as long as he can. You can figure for yourself which is the most healthful job.

As many times as I went on listening-post duty I never did get to feeling homelike there exactly. You have to lie very still, of course, as Fritz is listening, too, and a move may mean a bullet in the ribs. So, lying on the ground with hardly a change of position, the whole lower part of my body would go to sleep before I had been at the post very long. I used to brag a lot about how fast I could run, so I had my turn as the runner, which suited me all right. But every time I got to a listening post and started to think about what I would do if Fritz should come over and wondered how good a runner he was, I took a long breath and said, "Feet, do your duty." And I was strong on duty.

After I had done my stint in the front-line and reserve trenches I went back with my company to billets, but had only been there for a day or two before I was detached and detailed to the artillery position to the right of us, where both the British and French had mounted naval guns. There were guns of all calibers there, both naval and field pieces, and I got a good look at the famous "75's," which are the best guns in the world, in my estimation, and the one thing that saved Verdun.

The "75's" fired 30 shots a minute, where the best German guns could do was six. The American three-inch field piece lets go six times a minute, too. The French government owns the secret of the mechanism that made this rapid fire possible. When the first "75's" began to roar, the Germans knew the French had found a new weapon, so they were very anxious to get one of the guns and learn the secret.

Shortly afterward they captured eight guns by a mass attack in which, the allies claim, there were 4,000 German troops killed. The Boches studied the guns and tried to turn out pieces like them at the Krupp factory. But somehow they could not get it. Their imitation "75's" would only fire five shots very rapidly and then "cough"—puff, puff, puff, with nothing coming out. The destructive power of the "75's" is enormous. These guns have saved the lives of thousands of poilus and Tommies and it is largely due to them that the French are now able to beat Fritz at his own game and give back shell for shell—and then some.

### CHAPTER V.

#### With the "75's."

My pal Brown, of whom I spoke before, had been put in the infantry when he enlisted in the Legion, because he had served in the United States infantry. He soon became a sergeant, which had been his rating in the American service. I never saw

him in the trenches, because our outfits were nowhere near each other, but whenever we were in billets at the same time, we were together as much as possible.

Brown was a funny card and I never saw anyone else much like him. A big, tall, red-headed, dopey-looking fellow, never saying much and slow in everything he did or said—you would never think he amounted to much or was worth his salt. The boys used to call him "Ginger" Brown, both on account of his red hair and his slow movements. But he would pull a surprise on you every once in a while, like this one that he fooled me with.

One morning about dawn we started out for a walk through what used to be Dixmude—piles of stone and brick and mortar. There were no civvies to be seen; only mules and horses bringing up casks of water, bags of beans, chloride of lime, barbed wire, ammunition, etc. It was a good thing we were not superstitious. At that, the shadows along the walls made me feel shaky sometimes.

Finally Brown said: "Come on down; let's see the '75's." At this time I had not seen a "75," except on a train going to the front, so I took him up right away, but was surprised that he should know where they were.

After going half way around Dixmude Brown said, "Here we are," and started right into what was left of a big house. I kept wondering how he would know so much about it, but fol-



We Started Right Into What Was Left of a Big House.

lowed him. Inside the house was a passageway under the ruins. It was about seven feet wide and fifty feet long, I should judge.

At the other end was the great old "75," poking its nose out of a hole in the wall. The gun captain and the crew were sitting around waiting the word for action, and they seemed to know Brown well. I was surprised at that, but still more so when he told me I could examine the gun if I wanted to, just as if he owned it.

So I sat in the seat and trained the cross wires on an object, opened and closed the breech and examined the recoil.

Then Brown said: "Well, Chink, you'll see some real gunnery now," and they passed the word and took stations. My eyes bulged out when I saw Brown take his station with them! "Silence!" is about the first command a gun crew gets when it is going into action, but I forgot all about it, and shouted out and asked Brown how he got to be a gunner. But he only grinned and looked dopey, as usual. Then I came to and expected to get a call down from the officer, but he only grinned and so did the crew. It seems they had it all framed to spring on me, and they expected I would be surprised.

So we put cotton in our ears and the captain called the observation tower a short distance away and they gave him the range. Then the captain "called 4128 meters" to Brown. They placed the nose of a shell in a fuse adjuster and turned the handle until it reached scale 4128. This set the fuse to explode at the range given. Then they slammed the shell into the breech, locked it shut and Brown sent his best to Fritz.

The barrel slipped back, threw out the shell case at our feet and returned over an cushion of grease. Then we received the results by telephone from the observation tower. After he had fired twelve shots the captain said to Brown, "You should never waste yourself in infantry, son." And old dopey Brown just stood there and grinned.

That was Brown every time. He knew about more things than you could think of. He had read about gunnery and looked around at Dixmude until they let him play with the "75's," and finally here he was, giving his kindest to old Fritz with the rest of them.

Members of the Foreign Legion, all soldiers of fortune, swear vengeance when they see the Germans place Belgian women and children in front of them as shields against the enemy's fire. Gunner Depew tells about this in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### She Won't Believe It.

A man may be a hopeless idiot, but if he admires a woman you can't convince her that he is crazy.

Trinidad is increasing its petroleum production, the output last year being almost 24,000,000 gallons.

# LEARNING ART of DECEPTION



Women as Well as Men Are Now Trained as Camoufleurs for Service With the United States Army

### RECENT orders of the government to the engineering department of the United States army to stop enlisting men as camoufleurs in a special camouflage division ends a chapter in military camouflage in America. A little more than a year ago it was doubtful whether or not the army would have any great use for camoufleurs in the forces abroad. By the recent decree military camouflage is made an essential in every regiment, like engineering, trench digging, map making, road building and sharpshooting. There are now, according to military camoufleurs in New York city, about 500 expert camoufleurs abroad with the Pershing forces. The new order makes it necessary for each regiment in every training camp on this side to have at least 16 camoufleurs to train other men in the new art of camouflage. Whence will these new camoufleurs come? Who is to make them proficient, when even the best-trained "old" military and naval men admit ignorance?

Until the airplane came in the cavalry was the scouting arm of the army, says a writer in New York Times. Now a large part of the cavalry of the United States army has been dismounted and put to machine guns. The airman is the scout. This was the chief factor in making camouflage its present rank of importance. A mounted scout could scarcely be deceived by artificial camouflage. Now the scout passing at heights of about 1,500 feet cannot tell whether the camouflage, if clever, is artificial. His kodak, however, is not so easy to fool. It will record many things which escape the eye.

For that reason lights and shades, depressions and knolls in the terrain, and shadows have to be carefully studied by the military camoufleur. That makes it necessary for him to know shade and tone value as they register on the eye of the birdman and on the camera lens.

Under the instruction of Lieut. H. Ledyard Towle of the Seventy-first infantry in the New York division of military camouflage, in which the men belong to the new National army and wear the uniform and insignia of the engineers, and on the sleeve the letters "M. C."—Military Camoufleur. They include landscape gardeners, artists, miniature painters, portrait painters, photographers, woodworkers, mural decorators, draftsmen, and engineers. It is probable that these men will be used to instruct the various regiments in military camouflage.

### Methods of Teaching.

An observer need only follow these camoufleurs to the 60-acre tract which the city of Yonkers donated to Lieut. Towle for camouflage work, or into their great classroom in New York city, to get an idea of the chief methods of teaching the value of depressions, color values, lights and shades, and locations. There are adjustable wires that fill the miniature terrain boards to just the desired slant, so that the soldier can view them from the angle of a sharpshooter, as if from an airplane, from the rear or from in front. Gummy curtains create an illusion of various lights at different hours. Thus light blue curtains make the twilight just before dawn. Light rose and blue and yellow make dawn, noonday, and dusk curtains the evening.

### Natural Camouflage Discarded.

At first natural camouflage was used almost entirely. A clump of trees and brush hid a whole machine gun company, a group of rocks harbored a listening post, and a deserted mill might hold a regiment. But the enemy has learned that even the "trees and stones refuge" and a natural camouflaged refuge is never safe wholly from air attack now. The most innocent seeming object is nevertheless an "object," and therefore a target for the scout, whereas a perfectly smooth hillside, with no distinguishing marks, may be almost entirely undetermined, and yet not arouse suspicion.

Lieutenant Towle's men learn camou-

flage from the defensive and offensive points of view—how to advance under cover and how to defend themselves under cover. They have invented scouting and camoufleurs' sharpshooters' suits which, when worn by the soldier, make him appear like a bit of the landscape, as a boulder, a log, a stump, or a part of the foliage of a tree.

### Women Being Trained.

American women camoufleurs are being trained according to the same method as the men, under the Women's League for National Service and under Lieutenant Towle. Discussing their work, he said:

"There isn't any reason why the women shouldn't do as well as the men as camoufleurs—that is, in making the materials behind the lines. It isn't heavy work, but it demands ingenious workers, skilled in details."

Tryon Hall, the old G. G. Billings place on Washington Heights, bought by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to be given, ultimately, to the city for a park, is the spot chosen for the practical experimental work by the women. Hither they go with Lieutenant Towle to try out their camouflage suits and be photographed, wearing them, in different positions, to see that they blend with different colors of the landscape and would be invisible to the enemy not only on the firing line but on the plates of the enemy photographer.

This is the most serious work that has been undertaken under the auspices of the National League for Woman's Service. The members of the camouflage corps, of whom there are about 40, confidently expect to cross the water to assist in the camouflage work at which English and French women are already busy.

They will not be accepted by the government as regular workers and enlisted for the service until they have completed their training and shown that they have made good, but the fact that Lieutenant Towle is on leave in order to instruct them is sufficient proof that their work will be considered.

### No Age Limit for Women.

There is no age limit, up or down, for women joining the corps, but each member must have had some practical technical training before she joins. This keeps from the corps very young girls. The members are young women who are self-supporting. They are artists, architects, metal workers, wood carvers, photographers, etc. It is an exceptionally versatile and responsible group. They take a three months' course under Lieutenant Towle.

Each member of the class makes and develops her own camouflage suit, according to her own ideas, with the foundation of instruction that she has received. Suits as they have been constructed by the girls so far are in one piece, like a diver's suit, with a hood covering the head. A human face shows white in the distance and the corps is experimenting with veils as face coverings.

### Pottery the Oldest Art.

Pottery is the oldest, the longest and most widely diffused of all human arts. Its history, if recorded, would be as old as the history of man; its recorded history begins with the building of the tower of Babel. The oldest pottery known is Egyptian, but every people, civilized or barbarian, has practiced the art in one or another form. All study in every department of art begins at a period not long after the Mosaic deluge, but pottery is the earliest of all forms of art.

### INTERESTING ITEMS

Crops of corn are being earned in Argentina because of a lack of ships in which to export the cereal. Losses from fire in the United States increased over \$10,000,000 last year, due to war conditions and the speeding up of industries. The anthracite coal strike of 1902 began May 19 and ended October 21. The employees involved numbered about 147,500. The estimated total loss was \$26,210,000. Building trades returns from 35 Canadian cities for a recent month indicate that employment decreased more than 42 per cent, as compared with the previous month, and over 46 per cent, as compared with the same month in 1917. The royal borough of Kensington, England, now maintains three communal kitchens, which serve excellent meals for 12 cents. The menu is: Soup, 2 cents; fishcakes, 4 cents; half-portion of potatoes and cabbage, 2 cents; corn flour meal, 4 cents.

# Our Part in Feeding the Nation

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)  
**COMMUNITY FAIRS SPELL CO-OPERATION**



The Schoolhouse Makes a Central Place to Hold a Community Fair.

## COMMUNITY FAIR FOSTERS RIVALRY

Farmers and Families Co-operate With Neighbors in Exhibiting Best Products.

## PEOPLE BROUGHT TOGETHER

First Step is to Interest Leaders, Then Elect Officers and Appoint Committees — Ribbons Usually Awarded as Premiums.

John Jones' basket of potatoes takes the blue ribbon at the fair, and immediately every farmer in the community secretly plans to take that prize away from Jones next year. And Jones, seeing Jim Brown's winning corn, resolves that next time he will add that premium to his other trophies.

And so on down the line of all exhibits, the community fair fosters the spirit of friendly rivalry. It calls not only for the exhibition of the best products that have been grown and the best work that has been done, but it includes as well games, athletic contests, pageants and other features which bring the men and women and the boys and girls together for wholesome recreation.

The first step toward holding a community fair is to interest the leaders of the community; the second is to call a meeting of the whole community to elect officers and appoint committees to have charge of the work. The fair should be well advertised, and effort should be made to secure exhibits from as many persons as possible, rather than to secure exhibits of exceptional quality. For premiums ribbons are usually awarded rather than cash payments. As most of the preparations for the fair are made by volunteer workers, the small amount of money required for incidental expenses can be raised by subscription or by the sale of advertising space in the catalogue or on the program. There should be no entry fees or admission charge.

### Grouping the Exhibits.

While it is to be expected that the exhibits at a community fair will receive special attention for the purpose of exhibition, nevertheless they should represent as nearly as possible the normal production of the community, for one of the purposes of holding a community fair is to stimulate a desire to increase the quantity and to improve the quality of the average product. Freak exhibits of all kinds are to be avoided.

Personal solicitation has been found to be the most effective means of inducing people to make exhibits. Each exhibitor should realize that he is in competition only with other members of the community and that it will not be possible for some stranger to take away the prizes.

Satisfactory results are usually obtained in community fairs by grouping certain classes of exhibits. Thus, in the live stock department, horses, cattle, swine, poultry, and pets are exhibited. In the farm products department are shown different varieties of grains and seeds, grasses and forage crops, field beans and peas, peanuts and potatoes, together with dairy products and bee products. The orchard and garden department includes such exhibits as fruits and vegetables, ornamental shrubbery, and flowers.

The woman's work and fine arts department includes prepared foods, canned goods, jellies, preserves, and pickles, and all kinds of needlework, together with such exhibits as paintings, metal work, raffia and reed basket work, pottery, painted china, and hand-made jewelry.

The school and club department in-

cludes all exhibits from organizations in the community which wish to bring the results of their work before the community in this way.

The historical relics department includes firearms, swords, caps, and other war relics, old looms, spinning wheels, and articles produced on them, old pictures, drawings, documents, Indian relics, family relics, geological specimens, and objects of interest from other lands.

### Ribbons for Prizes.

Experience has proved that the awarding of money prizes not only makes the cost of a fair prohibitive, but, by placing the emphasis on money instead of on the honor of achievement, defeats the purpose of the fair. The best results have been obtained where ribbons have been awarded, the color of the ribbon denoting the grade of the prize. If money is available for printing the ribbons, each one should be so printed as to show the occasion, place, and date. Awards should be made on the basis of the excellence of the exhibit, and no premium should be awarded to a poor exhibit. Accordingly, for the information of exhibitors, it is well to publish for each class of exhibits the requirements that are to be considered by the judges in awarding premiums.

The managements of county fairs are beginning to realize the value of the community exhibit as a factor in making the county fair serve its purpose as an agricultural exhibition. Liberal premiums have been offered for these community exhibits, either in cash or in such form as to be of community use, as, for example, reference books on agricultural subjects to be kept in the community library, a watering trough conveniently located, or a drinking fountain. One state has recently passed a law providing for the holding of community fairs and appropriating money for the purpose of packing community exhibits and transporting them to the larger fairs.

### EXHIBITS IN ONE COUNTY.

An interesting county fair, made up of 72 community exhibits, was recently held in a county in the Middle West. There were no races or side-shows. The 10,000 people in attendance spent their time for two days in visiting and inspecting the exhibits and in wholesome recreation under the supervision of an expert recreational director from a neighboring city. The exhibits, occupying in all about 15,000 square feet of floor space, and 55,000 square feet of wall space, were housed in vacant buildings on the business street and in tents. Each community had its booths, and the several committees vied with each other in making attractive exhibits of the products of the farm, home and school.

### Honey in Place of Sugar.

The simplest way of using honey is to serve it like jam or syrup with bread, breakfast cereals, boiled rice, pancakes, and other mild-flavored foods. As ordinarily used on bread, an ounce of honey "spreads" as many slices as an ounce of jam. When it is to be used in the place of syrup some people dilute it by mixing it with hot water, which has the effect of making it not only less sweet but also easier to pour.

Honey or a mixture of honey and sugar syrup can be satisfactorily used for sweetening lemonade and other fruit drinks. Syrup of any kind is more convenient for this purpose than undissolved sugar, and when charged water is to be added it has a further advantage, since it has less tendency to expel the gas.

The fact that honey consists principally of sugar and water and is slightly acid suggests that it is a suitable substitute for molasses in cook-

## "Carrying On" in France

By Lt. CURTIS WHEELER of The Vigilantes

(These two pictures of French life are given in a recent letter from France by the author of "Letters from an American Soldier to His Father.")  
Before I turn over for good this one of many other pages, I must draw for you two little pictures.

The first I saw one sunny afternoon when the shadows were beginning to lengthen out. Three of us, Americans all, were walking down a country road that bordered a rolling field. In the distance, at the end of one long straight black furrow, a figure was toiling at a two-horse plow. As it turned and started back, after considerable confusion, we could make out two horses, a steady old white one, and a frisky bay. The old white horse plodded steadily along in the furrow just made, using what little strength he had as cleverly as an aged expressman. But the bay, being little more than a colt, bounded up into draught and back again, to left and right, like a green wheel-horse on a circus. As the team came closer, we looked with amazement at the figure guiding it. It was a boy of ten.

The French two-horse plow is hung different from ours, and does not require as much weight on the handles; but even so, he had practically to ride it all the way. It was plain that guiding it when it threatened to twist off or up required every ounce of strength the little boy had. Yet each moment he applied it at just the right moment and just the right place, so the furrow remained deep and true.

As the team came just below us in the field and started to turn for the next furrow, something went wrong. The boy was busy swinging his plow around and didn't see it in time. When he looked at the horses they were all tangled up, the bay lunging desperately into her old team-mate. He had only a single rein to the high horse and on this he yanked and shrilled at them valiantly enough. They quieted obediently at the sound of his voice, but seemed unable to move. He dashed forward cracking his whip, but nothing happened.

### Never Felt So Ashamed.

Then I saw where the bay had her end hind snarled up in the trace, and hopped off down the road. It was only a second's work to lift her foot out and straighten the trace. As I stood up the youngster came to me, thanked me, and looked at me squarely with his clear blue eyes. I have never felt so ashamed in all my life.

There he stood, the sweat of a long day's work beaded on his brow, in ridiculous big looped-up trousers and huge wooden shoes—his father's. And there we stood, three great hulking, broad-shouldered figures against the sun, who had done no man's work all that day. There might be other days, but this day was gone, and here was this boy, plowing for France.

There was an awkward silence and one of the men, moved curiously by I know not what, offered the youngster a package of cigarettes. He smiled and shook his head, saying, obviously enough, "ne fume pas." "For your father," insisted the man, and I wished the words unsaid; "or your brother." The boy said nothing for a minute, his eyes clouding a little, and in the interval he had grown much larger than we. We stood before him like truncheons. Finally he took the cigarettes, wadded them down into his bagging trousers, chirruped cheerfully enough to his team, and plodded sturdily on across the field. Behind us, on the hill-top, three crosses stood black against the sun.

The second picture I saw but two days before I left, as I was walking up the hill to dinner. The sun had set as I left the village and the frogs in the pond below the horse-trough, where the ducks quacked and dabbled in the mud all day, were beginning to sing their evening song. Suddenly I heard the rattle-patter of many feet. The road ahead was packed as far as the next turn with sheep. On they came, butting each other from side to side and occasionally baaing querulously. Their even, gray-white backs seemed to pave the road evenly from side to side, until you began to see, darting back and forth, scores of little lambs.

As I watched, two mongrel dogs, guardians of the flock, came bounding silently along one side. A lamb had strayed up on the bank there and they jumped upon it to turn it back. But one of them bit too deep, and not even pure sheep-dogs are always proper against blood. I saw what would happen in a minute and leaped on the bank. At my approach, the dogs snickered off like a military policeman discovered in a cafe after closing hours. The lamb lay motionless, blood running from its nose.

### The Mothers of France.

I called the universal French appeal for someone, anyone—"Dis donc!" and was answered immediately. The sheep huddled stupidly in the road below, in sight of home, while a little girl toiled up the bank. She looked at the lamb dispassionately, kicked it, and it rose to its feet immediately and rushed back to the flock, too frightened almost to bloat.

Then she called the nearest dog. He pretended not to hear at first, and then revolved up to her on his belly. She bit him by one ear, and kicked with her right foot at his stomach. He shut

his eyes and screamed for mercy, but never budged. This finished, she let him go, and he squatted behind her, watching what he knew would follow. Then, while it grew darker, she called the other dog, who was now just a shadow on the hillside. She was very, very small, but she was absolutely determined and eventually he came cringing up. The other dog waited till she was through, and then they both raced back to their proper places on either flank of the flock and started to drive the sheep on home.

When the dogs stood on their feet without cringing they came up almost to the little girl's shoulder. I do not think she was more than eight years old. She smiled at me, with the unconsciousness of little children, and hastened back to the flock. I stood there for some time watching her tiny figure striding down the road, driving the flock before her. No one could have any doubt that she would handle any situation which might arise. Of such are the mothers of France.

## MOTHER OF MEN

By ALICE WARD BAILEY of The Vigilantes.

Mother of men, do not mourn,  
They are taking your birth and joy;  
With the roll of the drums  
To the heart of each marching boy,  
White Right and Honor and are borne!  
Mother of men, do not mourn.

Mother of men, do not mourn,  
They are taking your birth and joy;  
With the roll of the drums  
To the heart of each marching boy,  
White Right and Honor and are borne!  
Mother of men, do not mourn.

Mother of men, do not mourn,  
They have broken your heart, you say;  
And the radiant gleams  
Of our happy dreams  
Have all been driven astray—  
But for Heaven and Earth your cross is borne—  
Mother of men, do not mourn!

## BRAVADO AND THE WAR

By ROBERT GRANT of The Vigilantes.

Recently during an intermission at the movies a performer came out and sang with gusto a song, which pleased the audience about "Pershing Crossing the Rhine." Every few days one reads headlines in the newspapers proclaiming that nine Americans have repulsed or vanquished 53 Germans. This is laudable talk. Our delay in the production of ships and airplanes and guns may have been unavoidable, seeing that some people are thanking God that the United States entered the war unprepared, but we should at least refrain from bravado, stop boasting of what we are going to do and recognize the gravity of our undertaking. I heard an American officer high in command say not long ago, "If our troops ever reach Berlin, when they come to a certain building—the quarters of the German military staff, let them lift their hats." He spoke from the point of view of military prowess.

It is meet for Americans to bear in mind that all other wars which they or any other people have fought were child's play compared with this the most terrible and relentless contest in history, and that their part in it has only just begun. Let us cease to hug the delusion that our troops are "over there" to show the others how to fight and that all will soon be over but the shooting. Let us open our minds to the grim truth that this war which we have pledged ourselves to win is likely to be a supreme test of American energy, endurance and self-sacrifice and to cost thousands of American lives. We are all of the belief that no man is braver than an American, but it is indispensable that we appreciate the quality of the foe against whom we are pitted; that he is the arch-foe of military competency and power, the ruthless, unwearying embodiment of mastery force and resistance, a monster of resourcefulness such as the world has never seen.

The prophecy that Pershing will cross the Rhine had better be postponed until he arrives in sight of it, and the confidence that two of Uncle Sam's soldiers can handle three of the enemy be put in cold storage until a later stage of the conflict.

## DON'T SELL YOUR BOND

By HAROLD A. LAMB of The Vigilantes.

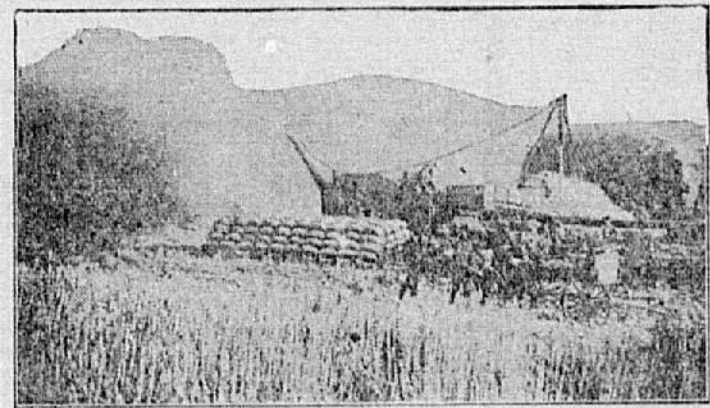
Your Liberty bond—whether it is for \$50 or \$5,000—is your savings. To sell it is to lose your savings. The longer you keep your bond, the more valuable it is going to be.

It does no good to Uncle Sam to subscribe to his loan, and then sell the amount of your subscription. Many of us have strained ourselves to buy the bonds, and necessity may force some of us to get the money back. But the way to do this is not to sell a bond. Dishonest sharpers will take your bonds and give you, say, \$80 for the \$100.

If you must have money, go to a reliable bank or broker. They will lend you \$90 on the \$100, and the interest on your bond will nearly pay the interest on the money they lend you. Then by paying the loan, you can have the bond back.

Uncle Sam's securities are making money for you while you hold them. Two years after the war ends they will be worth—it is estimated—\$110. If the war ends in three years or under you will then be receiving 6 1/2 per cent—on the safest investment in the world!

## EFFICIENT OPERATION OF FARM MACHINES WILL SAVE MUCH GRAIN FOR HUMAN FOOD



Properly Adjusted and Operated Tractor Outfits Will Eliminate Waste.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The most essential thing in setting a separator for thrashing is to get it level. Here again the thrasher should not guess, but should have a good spirit level and use it at every setting. To do his best work the machine must be as nearly level as possible from side to side, and it is generally conceded best to have it level lengthwise, although a few inches difference in level between the front and rear ends is not likely to be detrimental. If the machine is set on soft ground, one or two of the wheels may sink further into the ground than the others after it has been standing for a short time, and the operator should not forget to watch this point.

A very slight difference in level between the two sides of the separator will make the shafts all run against the bearings on the lower side and have a tendency to cause them to heat. It will also cause the grain constantly to work toward the low side of the separator and make it more difficult for the cleaning mechanism to do good work. Even if the machine is set on a barn floor, it should be leveled carefully, for barn floors are rarely precisely level, and the weight of a separator may make it sag in weak places.

The main drive belt should hang loosely over the pulleys, with just enough tension to keep it running smoothly. If it is too tight, it will have a tendency to pull the separator out of place and will put unnecessary strain on the cylinder shaft and boxings and possibly make them heat or pull the cylinder out of line so that the teeth will not run true.

When thrashing in the open, it is well to pay attention to the direction of the wind, if there is any choice in the direction in which the machine is to be set. It is much more pleasant for the men working at the machine if it can be set so that the wind blows the dust and chaff away from them. If a steam engine is used, the setting should be such also that sparks will be carried away from the separator and straw stack.

The separator should always be blocked solidly to prevent vibration as much as possible, and to prevent the belt from pulling the machine forward. It will frequently save some time if blocks of the right size and shape for this purpose are selected or prepared before the thrashing starts and carried with the machine from place to place. Worn-out or broken plowshares make excellent blocks.

### Cylinder and Concaves.

The problem of adjusting the cylinder and concaves is to get them placed in proper relation to each other, with the right number and arrangement of teeth in the concaves for the grain that is being thrashed. The adjustment should be such as thoroughly to loosen all the grain from the heads without cracking or breaking up the straw into such fine pieces that separation will be difficult.

It is essential that the cylinder and concaves be adjusted so that each tooth is at all times equally distant from the two between which it is passing, and that the concaves be kept close enough to the cylinder that unthrashed heads cannot get through. The first thing in adjusting the cylinder is to see that the shaft is aligned properly, that is, that one end is not further forward than the other. There is a constant tendency for the end of the shaft to which the main drive pulley is attached to pull forward, and at the same time force the other end back. The next step is to take up any superfluous end play. Some provision for regulating end play is found on all machines. The space that must be left to prevent friction on the end of the shaft and consequent heating is from one thirty-second to one sixteenth of an inch, or just enough to allow the shaft to run freely. Any more play than is absolutely necessary should not be tolerated, as it allows the cylinder teeth to get close to the concave teeth on one side and correspondingly far away on the other. The distance between the cylinder and concave teeth when properly adjusted is generally not much over an eighth of an inch. It is easily seen that a very little end play will cause cracking of the grain on the one side and allow unthrashed heads to pass through on the other. For the same reason it is important that all teeth in both the cylinder and concaves be kept straight. There should, always, be wrenches in the tool box for straightening any which get out of line.

### Self-Feeders.

A large majority of the thrashing machines of the country are now equipped with self-feeders. It is a mistake, however, to assume that because the feeding is done mechanically the feeder will always deliver the unthrashed grain to the cylinder

in the proper manner when the bundles are pitched on promiscuously and at irregular intervals. The governor which controls the feeder should be adjusted so that it will stop feeding as quickly as possible when the speed is reduced below normal. By all means it should be adjusted to act more quickly than the governor on the engine. If a reduction in the speed of the cylinder does not stop the feeder before the engine governor acts, the speed will pick up again and the bundles will continue to move into the machine without giving the separator time to clear itself of the overload which originally reduced the speed.

The bundles should be pitched on one at a time, with the heads toward the machine, and the distances between bundles should be as nearly uniform as possible. In bundle-thrashing, the center, or dividing board, should nearly always be used to keep the bundles from piling up into the center of the carrier. If one man on each side of the machine cannot pitch bundles in the proper manner fast enough to keep the machine supplied, it will usually be better to supply extra pitchers than to have the two men pitch two or more bundles at a time without any regard to the way they fall in the conveyor. It is hard work to keep the bundles going into the machine in a steady stream, with the heads all pointing in the right direction, but unless this is done it is impossible for the machine to do its best work.

There is sometimes a tendency to crowd a machine to the limit and keep it overloaded most of the time. This is especially true of large custom machines. While both the operator of such a machine and the owners of the grain to be thrashed naturally are desirous of finishing each job quickly, the attempt to get as much grain as possible into the machine, combined with more or less irregular feeding which is almost sure to accompany it, will certainly result in a considerable waste of grain. The value of grain thus wasted may easily more than offset any saving in time effected by speeding up the operation of the machine beyond its normal capacity.

### Cleaning the Grain.

The adjustment of the cleaning mechanism and the proper direction of the blast from the fan to separate the grain satisfactorily from the chaff calls for more skill on the part of the operator than anything else in connection with the operation of a thrashing machine. One of the main duties of the man in charge of the separator is to see that the grain is as nearly free as possible from chaff and weed seeds before it is delivered from the machine. At the same time he must see that the amount which goes back in the tailings elevator to be rethatched is kept low and that the loss occasioned by grain being carried out of the machine and into the stack is eliminated as nearly as possible. The condition of the grain and the construction of different makes of machines are so variable that it is impossible to give any definite rules in all cases. However, an operator who knows the function of each part of the cleaning mill; how to make all adjustments, and does everything possible to maintain the proper speed, should have no great difficulty in saving practically all the grain and cleaning it well at the same time, if he will examine the machine frequently to see just how much stuff each part of the cleaning mechanism is handling and the amount and character of the tailings. The quantity of tailings should be small and they should contain very little plump grain and light chaff.

Probably more grain is wasted from failure to clean up at the end of a setting than from any other single cause. Just as much care should be taken in cleaning up all the unthrashed straw and loose grain that has accumulated around the machine as is taken with the rest of the job. Even with the best of care a considerable amount of unthrashed straw will accumulate around the feeder in the course of a day's work. If the straw is very dry, considerable grain will shatter from the heads as it is being pitched from the wagons or stacks into the feeder. Small piles of chaff and straw which contain a certain amount of grain will accumulate at various other places around the machine, and the machine should not be stopped at the end of the job until all of this is pitched into the cylinder and carefully rethatched.

Of course the careless thrasher or farmer may say that the chickens or pigs will clean up whatever is left in this manner, but practically it is a total loss, and any machine which is operated carelessly in this respect wastes a large amount of grain in a single season.

## STRANGELY WEDDED

By JESSIE E. SHERWIN.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Waldron Morse, seventy, worn out, had come to Shell Beach to die. Wilton Revere, thirty, at life's choicest phase, had come to reconstruct a broken life. Because the one was exhausted in mind and body and the other world-weary, the mutual seriousness of manner and face attracted each to the other. The older man, wheeled along the beach in his invalid chair, looked eagerly for the only acquaintance at the famous health resort who attracted him because of his gravely sympathetic ways.

There was a poise, gravity and clearness about the younger man that led Mr. Morse to accept him as a person he could rely upon.

The fact that he seemed to be well versed legally added to Mr. Morse's regard for him. The old man was wealthy, but his affairs had some complex features that disturbed him, in view of his condition.

"All I fear for," he told Revere, "is that my daughter Ethel, if left alone in the world, would be at the mercy of self-interested persons who would not guard her interests. If I could only be sure of living until some pending litigation is settled!"

"Cheer up, dear friend!" Revere told him. "You may live for many a year to come." But the next day Morse was taken fatally ill. He called Revere to his bedside and seemed to rely upon his continued presence as a solace until his daughter, who was living with an aunt in the city, arrived. Revere was fascinated at his first glimpse of the sweet, innocent face of Ethel Morse. He was sent for in urgent haste. Mr. Morse clasped his hand fervently as he sat down by his bedside.

"Revere," he said, "you have been like a son to me. The doctors say I may live but a few hours. I have learned to esteem you, more to rely upon you. Oh, my friend, help me to die in peace by consenting to cherish and look after my daughter's interests."

"I will do all you may wish to benefit her," assured Revere.

"More than that! Revere, I beg of you to do what I suggest. She will have a fortune, she is a wife any man may be proud of. Will you marry her?"

Revere was dumbfounded. He got as far as "I dare not—I am—" but a spasm of pain overtook Mr. Morse, and Revere had to call for the doctor. An hour later he was sent for again. At a glance he realized that Mr. Morse was dying. By his side was his daughter, pale and hunched with grief. A stranger in clerical attire sat at a distance.

"Revere, it is all arranged," panted the dying man. "Ethel has consented—she could not deny my last wish. Be kind to her, protect her, make her life happy." And in the whirl of hurried events the words were spoken that made Wilton Revere and Ethel Morse husband and wife.

He did not intrude upon her until the funeral was over and she started for the home of her aunt. As he helped her upon the train, he said, simply, quietly, definitely:

"I shall soon be in Chicago, whether I shall remove my office to take up the affairs of the estate, as your father has desired. When any business occasion arises where it is necessary to consult with you, I will notify you. I would suggest that we keep the marriage secret."

There followed for the wife a strange experience. Only twice in a year Revere came to see her, and then only long enough to submit some legal papers and in the presence of her aunt. They were day he called at her home, to find her alone.

"I am about to leave the city permanently," he said, "having closed up all matters of the estate. I have a confession to make. I am not your husband; that marriage ceremony was invalid."

She regarded him with speechless amazement. "I could not deny your father's wish," he continued, "and I fancied I saw a way to protect your interests in the way I have without intruding upon you. Two years since I parted from my wife, an unworthy woman, whom I have never seen since, but I am still her legal husband."

"Oh, why did you not tell me he fore?" suddenly breathed forth Ethel. "It was unmanly, it was cruel, for I—"

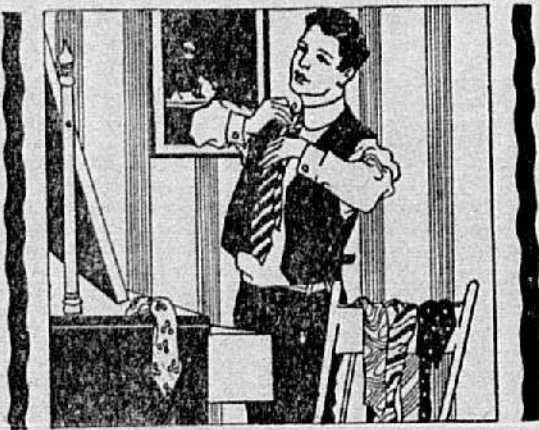
She hurried from the room in tears, and Revere left the house in a strange maze of emotion. Could it be possible that she cared for him? And he—oh, that fatal tie, that shut him out of paradise!

Hope, doubt, despair were in his thoughts as, a week later, he again called at the home of Ethel. There was a certain plaintive expression in her face that seemed to upbraid him. "I learned only yesterday that my wife died over a year ago in a railroad wreck in Canada. It was previous to my marriage with you. I am sorry if this new complication distresses you."

"Then I am your wife, in reality?" breathed Ethel, a quick glow suffusing her lovely face. Then she seemed to totter, leaned towards him and fainted in his arms.

To be there! When her eyes again opened, in her face was that which told Wilton Revere that she loved him even as he loved her, and that there was no merger of another parting.

**-- Big Variety of Choice in Our Ties --**



**HERMAN J. DANCER**

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

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.



**To The Republican Voters of Washtenaw County:**

I beg leave to formally announce my candidacy for the office of Prosecuting Attorney on the Republican ticket at the August Primaries.

Being grateful for all past favors and thanking you for any future considerations, I beg to say that my platform will be:

1. Enforcement of ALL laws.
2. Protection of the finances of the county.

**GEO. S. WRIGHT.**



**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.

**NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS.**

Chelsea, Mich., August 7, 1918. To the Hon. Common Council and Light and Water Commissioners, Village of Chelsea, Gentlemen:

Upon investigation I find that our plant is not able to take care of the extra large amount of water which the consumers are using and keep enough on hand in our supply tank at all times to furnish us with water for fire protection. During this extreme hot weather the consumers have not lived up to your request that water be used sparingly and according to rules as laid down by the Commission.

That the work has not been completed at the plant to connect up the new wells which have been driven by the superintendent, and that until these wells are connected up and trial made it is absolutely necessary

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 circulation 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.

that we discontinue the use of water to all consumers for the purpose of sprinkling in any form or the use of water through hose for any purpose whatever except for fire protection.

That the commission be instructed to notify each and every consumer of water by written notice to this effect, and that the penalty for failure to obey this rule or order be that further service of water for any purpose to this consumer or user be discontinued and cut off until permission has been obtained from the commission to again be supplied with water.

That a resolution be passed by the Common Council at this meeting to carry out the terms of this recommendation. That no allowance be made to the consumer for not being able to furnish or supply water for sprinkling purposes, but that if he wishes to be cut off for the balance of this season that he can do so by paying up to the present time.

That this rule and order is to take effect starting Monday, August 12, or sooner if the Council so desire, and remain in effect until further notice.

We must preserve the water for fire protection and for inside uses; and to the citizens, it is our patriotic duty to observe the rules and regulations of the commission.

Yours very truly,  
B. B. TURNBULL,  
President.

Action by the Council. Moved by Holmes, supported by Schoenhals, That we discontinue the use of water to all consumers for the purpose of sprinkling in any form or the use of water through hose for any purpose whatever, except for fire protection. That the Commission be instructed to notify each and every consumer of water by a written or printed notice to this effect, and that the penalty for failure to obey this rule or order be that the further service of water for any purpose to this consumer or user be discontinued and cut off until permission has been obtained from the Commission to again be supplied with water. That no allowance be made to the consumer for not being able to supply water for sprinkling purposes, but that if he wishes to be cut off for the balance of the season that he can do so by paying up to the present time.

That this rule and order is to take effect starting Monday, August 12th, and remain in effect until further notice.

That application for special water uses may be made to the Commission, and action taken by them. That the Marshal and Superintendent be instructed to act under instructions of Commission as to enforcement of this resolution. Carried.  
Dated, August 7, 1918.

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 Tablets and complying with the plain printed directions that accompany each package.—Adv.

**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.

**WATERLOO.**

The Red Cross social at Alva Beeman's netted \$61.75. The quilt was drawn by Andrew Harr.  
Ruby Bowdish has been visiting her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Gorton.

Mr. and Mrs. Dykemaster spent the week-end in Marshall.  
Mr. and Mrs. Alva Beeman and children, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Durkee, Marie Armstrong and Esther Collins go camping at Bruin Lake, Saturday.

The C. E. will give an ice cream social at the home of Ethel Runciman, Friday evening, August 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartig of Henrietta spent Sunday at Emery Runciman's.  
Nina Beeman has been visiting in Flint.

Mrs. Jane Cooper and grandson Delaney are visiting in Detroit.  
George Beeman and family spent Sunday at Clark's lake.

**NORTH LAKE.**

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Noah and daughter Mildred and Miss Mildred Daniels were in Stockbridge, Friday.

Peter Norwakowski and friends from Detroit were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller.

The E. W. C. meets with Miss Lucille Brown this coming Friday.  
Elbridge Gordon and wife and Geo. Gordon of Nebraska visited at R. S. Whalian's, Tuesday.

E. W. Daniels attended a dinner in honor of Truman Newberry, Tuesday in Ann Arbor.

George Scripture and cousin from Gladwin called at George Fuller's last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Noah and family visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Fred Schultz of Ann Arbor, Sunday.

Miss Jennie Hadley visited Misses Hazel and Eleanor Eisenbeiser last Friday evening.

Miss Heim of Chelsea visited Mrs. M. Hanker and family, Sunday.  
Miss Alice Murphey is assisting Grace Rieley while Daniel Rieley is traveling.

**ROGERS CORNERS.**

Ben Brotenwischer had the misfortune to fall while assisting at the barn raising at Martin Wenk's and breaking an arm.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Schneider of Ann Arbor are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Rev. and Mrs. F. Krueger and daughter Helen and Rev. and Mrs. Lueckhoff motored to Detroit one day last week.

John Wenk and family spent Sunday in Saline.

Miss Amanda Lambarth spent several days with relatives in Saline.  
The Misses Edna and Esther Koeniger spent several days in Lansing.

Mrs. Mary Bollinger spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Prinzing, in Bridgewater.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Groshans of Saline spent a couple of days with Frank Grieb and family.

Miss Emma Grieb has returned from a few days' visit with her aunt, Mrs. Christ Ehnis of Seio.

The Ladies Aid society of Zion church held their quarterly meeting at the home of Mrs. Geo. Haist of Jerusalem.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Prinzing of Bridgewater, a son.

**LIMA CENTER.**

Mrs. Frank Freer, who has been visiting relatives in Detroit, returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wolf and daughter Velma spent Friday in Ann Arbor.

Nadine Dancer will spend a few weeks with relatives in Hastings.

Mrs. S. Pierce and daughter, Mrs. Jacob Hanselmann, spent Friday in Ann Arbor.

There will be preaching services at the Lima Center church next Sunday; church at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday school at 9:20 a. m.

Mrs. Fred Hoffman and little daughter spent Friday in Ann Arbor.  
Albert Webb of Ann Arbor has spent the past week with relatives in Chelsea and Lima Center.

Mrs. Mary Hammond spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Frymuth of Chelsea.

**VILLAGE TAXES.**

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

**SALE STATE FAIR TICKETS.**

The Tribune office has been granted the privilege of selling tickets for the State Fair at Detroit, to be held August 30—September 8, at 25 cents single admission, or three for \$1.00. The regular price is 50 cents each. August 31st has been set aside as Children's Day, and free tickets for all children between five and 12 years of age will be furnished parents who expect to take the children, and who buy tickets at this office.  
Sale of tickets from this office closes Thursday, August 29th—positively none sold after that date. In buying tickets from us you save 15 cents on each ticket. 95ft

**LOCAL BREVITIES**

Our Phone No. 190-W

H. J. Smith was in Jackson, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hummel were in Adrian, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bowen were in Ann Arbor, Wednesday.

Warren Guerin visited relatives in Detroit over the week-end.

Mrs. L. P. Vogel has been visiting in Detroit for a few days.

Private Ernest Pierce was home from Camp Custer over the week-end.

Mrs. N. F. Prudden is visiting her son, Dr. M. A. Prudden of Postoria, Ohio.

J. F. Maier has sold his residence, 134 Orchard street, to Fred Loeffler of Lima.

Mrs. Martha Dean of Charlotte is spending two weeks with Chelsea relatives.

Misses Margaret Gieske and Imelda Hoffman visited friends in Ann Arbor, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney visited at the home of their daughter, in Detroit, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Alexander of Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. Rha Alexander, Sunday.

Berenice and Nina Evans are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lighthall in Ann Arbor this week.

Mrs. J. G. Hoover of Detroit has been visiting relatives and friends in Chelsea for a few days.

K. J. Brinson has rented the residence on East Summit street, owned by Mrs. Martha Shaver.

Misses Esther and Edna Koeniger have been spending the past week with friends in Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Howe of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wade, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hendrick spent the week-end with relatives at Winar's lake, near Hamburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McMillen of Lima were week-end guests of Mrs. Ruby E. Lillibridge of Detroit.

Mrs. Guy Sprague and son Graham, of Detroit, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Graham.

A card received Wednesday announced the safe arrival "overseas" Eugene Ewing, formerly of Chelsea.

Miss Sophia Schatz returned Wednesday from a few days' visit with relatives in Grass Lake and Jackson.

N. W. Laird and family attended the funeral of the late James M. Ewing of Jackson in Stockbridge, Monday.

Mrs. Grover Frye of Ann Arbor visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Faber, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. S. J. Guerin and granddaughter, Miss Irene Bauer, visited relatives in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, Wednesday.

Mrs. Evelyn Russell and children are spending the week at Devil's Lake with her brother, George Ewing and family.

Miss Margaret Vogel is visiting friends in Traverse City and Miss Helen Vogel is the guest of friends in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. J. E. Weber and daughters and guest, Miss Blanch Powers of Battle Creek, are spending a few days at Whitmore Lake.

Miss Edna Lambert is enjoying a two weeks' vacation from Vogel & Wurster's store and is spending a few days in Dayton, Ohio.

The fourteenth annual Skidmore family reunion will be held Thursday, August 22d, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cortland Sweet of Gregory.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hummel have received word of the recent appointment of their son Walter to be sergeant in the quartermaster's corps.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Beck and little daughter, of Jackson, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Webb and family of North Lake for a few days.

Ira E. Wood, who has been superintendent of the Methodist home here for the past year, will complete his term of service on August 14th and expects to remove to his farm near Ann Arbor.

The drama, "Under The Laurels," which was given here several weeks ago by members of the North Sylvan grange, will be given in Dexter, Saturday, August 17th. The play was very well received here and deserves liberal patronage in Dexter. The proceeds will be equally divided between the Dexter and Chelsea branches of the Red Cross.

Rev. Henry VanDyke of Bad Axe has been appointed rector of the church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart here, and has taken charge of the parish. Rev. T. J. Heydon, who has been acting rector since the resignation of Rev. W. P. Considine, will resume his duties at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, where he has held a professorship for the past 37 years.

Catarrahal Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrahal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrahal 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 Catarrahal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c.—Adv.

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

Miss Josephine Miller is visiting in Detroit.

L. G. Palmer is in Detroit today on business.

Andy Cleveland is home from Camp Custer for a few days.

M. T. Kelly of Dexter is visiting his brother, John Kelly, today.

Mrs. Luke Riley returned yesterday from a few days' visit with friends in Unadilla.

Brookside chapter of the Congregational church will meet Thursday, August 15th, with Mrs. Lorenz Bagge.

J. D. McManus and family will leave tomorrow on a few days' automobile trip to their former home in Morley.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kolb have received notice of the safe arrival "overseas" of their son, Sergeant William G. Kolb.

Lawrence Widmayer, who had been spending a few days at the home of his uncle, Sam Bohnet, returned to his home in Jackson, Thursday.

John Gaylord and family of Williamston, John Watts and family of Okemos and Dr. F. D. Watts and family of Oregon are camping at North Lake for two weeks.

Donald Reilly, who recently enlisted as machinist's mate in the navy, has been placed on the deferred list and has returned to his duties with the Lewis Spring & Axle Co. here.

Sergeant T. W. Watkins of Camp Custer visited Chelsea friends Wednesday. He is one of the officers in charge of the post bakery, which bakes about 60,000 pounds of bread each day.

Don't forget Chelsea-Detroit day at Bello Isle Park, Detroit, Sunday, August 11th. Since last night's rain we understand that a number of Chelsea people have decided to attend. The bunch will meet at the aquarium at eleven o'clock.

The 32d annual meeting of the Improved Black Top Merino Sheep Breeders' association will be held Wednesday, August 21st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Reichart, Elm Ridge farm, six miles west of Ann Arbor and one and one-half miles southwest of Staebler road on the D. J. & C.

Lorenz Bagge has had his Ford touring car arranged so that it can be used for sleeping purposes while on long tours. The back of the front seat has been altered so that it is hinged at the bottom and can be swung back on a level with the front and rear seats, forming a very comfortable sort of a bed. He expects to make an extended trip west with his family.

Harry and John Lyons are remodeling the interior of the Shaver building preparatory to installing a stock of men's shoes. The barber shop conducted by John Lyons has been moved to the rear and the forward end is now being fitted with shelving for the shoe stock. The shoe repairing shop remains as heretofore. The new store will be known as the Cut Rate Shoe Market.

Fire which had been burning in the marsh on the Webb farm at Lima Center spread to an adjoining stubble field Tuesday at noon and threatened to destroy the home of George Whittington. A pile of old railroad ties which Mr. Whittington had salvaged for firewood, were burned and the fire also burned through a cloverfield on the Beach farm across the road. The blaze was finally stopped after strenuous efforts by about 40 of the residents of that vicinity.

PINCKNEY—Pinckney's first war baby arrived at the home of Dell Hall on Saturday, a son being born to Mr. and Mrs. Alger Hall on that day. The father is in France, being interpreter and teacher of the French language in the service there. The young mother is making her home with her husband's father, his mother being dead. Mr. Hall, having specialized in the French language at the University of Michigan, was assigned as teacher soon after he was called, about six months ago.

STOCKBRIDGE—The remains of John H. Mumby, an old resident of Lyndon, were brought here last Wednesday for burial in the North Waterloo cemetery. He was born in England in 1834, came to the U. S. when 18 years old. He had resided in Michigan about 60 years, living in Pontiac with his son the past two years where he died July 28. He is survived by three children, Chas. of Onondaga, Joseph of Stockbridge and Ray of Pontiac.—Brief-Sun.

**IN THE CHURCHES**

**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 Baptist church. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

**BAPTIST**

Sunday morning Mr. Carmichael will speak on "The Growth of the Kingdom." Sunday school 11:15 a. m. Union evening service at this church. Mr. Carmichael will speak on "The World's Debt to the Missionary." Prayer meeting at 7:30 o'clock Friday evening at the church.

**CATHOLIC**

Rev. Henry VanDyke, 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.

German service at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. 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.

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, 1918



**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, 1900-1911. 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.

**MICHIGAN STATE FAIR**  
**DETROIT**

SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL FAIR  
AUGUST 30-SEPTEMBER 8 1918

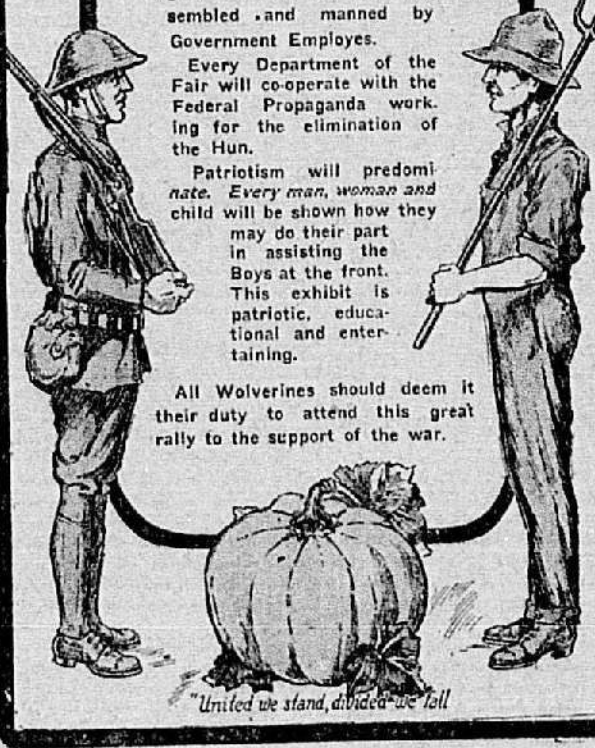
**Huge War Exhibit**  
BY U. S. GOVERNMENT

The Michigan State Fair has been selected by the Federal authorities as a gigantic war agency. Colossal displays will be made by the departments of War, Navy, Interior, Agriculture and Commerce and the Food Administration, covering 15,000 square feet of space. A special car of mine rescue machinery will give demonstrations of mine rescue work during the entire 10 days. These exhibits are assembled and manned by Government Employees.

Every Department of the Fair will co-operate with the Federal Propaganda working for the elimination of the Hun.

Patriotism will predominate. Every man, woman and child will be shown how they may do their part in assisting the Boys at the front. This exhibit is patriotic, educational and entertaining.

All Wolverines should deem it their duty to attend this great rally to the support of the war.



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 find that it is not only a good investment but saves them no end of suffering. As to its reliability, ask anyone who has used it.—Adv.

**F. STAFFAN & SON**  
**UNDERTAKERS**

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich