

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN QUOTA IS \$3,250,000

Washtenaw County Will Raise Huge Sum for Winning the War by Voluntary Subscriptions.

Washtenaw County proposes to raise its quota of Fourth Liberty Loan bonds, totalling \$3,250,000.00, without soliciting a single dollar.

The County War Board is confident that it can be done, and has devised a plan by which every person in the county will know what his fair share is. This is all he is asked to subscribe, and if the board's figures are correct the quota will be raised the opening week of the campaign without solicitation.

In the preceding loans a great deal of argument was necessary to convince some people that the bonds were a splendid investment, but such is not the case this time. Everybody knows now that U. S. Liberty bonds are the best and safest investment in the world, and every body who has money to invest will be anxious to secure some of the fourth loan. However, there are not enough people of means in this county to absorb such a large loan, so it becomes necessary for every man, woman and child who can do so to purchase bonds, and to purchase them to the limit of their ability if the loan is to be made a success. Remember you are not giving, it is a loan to your government!

The following table has been prepared so that every one will know his fair share of the coming loan. The first column of the table gives the class according to income; the second column the gross income during the past twelve months, preceding September 1, 1918; the third column the amount of bonds to be taken in the Fourth Liberty Loan:

Class	Income	Bonds
1	\$ 800.00 or less	\$ 50.00
2	1200.00	100.00
3	1500.00	150.00
4	1800.00	200.00

5	2000.00	250.00
6	2250.00	300.00
7	2500.00	350.00
8	2750.00	400.00
9	3000.00	450.00
10	3250.00	500.00
11	3500.00	600.00
12	3750.00	700.00
13	4000.00	800.00
14	4250.00	900.00
15	4500.00	1000.00
16	5000.00	1250.00
17	5500.00	1500.00
18	6000.00	1750.00
19	6500.00	2000.00
20	7000.00	2500.00
21	8500.00	3000.00
22	10000.00	3500.00

Over \$10,000.00 add \$500.00 in bonds for each additional thousand of income.

Booths will be opened in every district on Monday, September 30, and you are urged to go to the booth in your district and subscribe early. Don't wait for the other fellow, but beat him to it, so Washtenaw County can go over the top early in the week.

Headquarters for this district will be in the Sylvan town hall in Chelsea.

YOUNG AMERICA RULES.

A well-known Lima township farmer and his youngest son, a live young American of about 10 or 12 years, came into town to purchase the lad a pair of shoes. An obliging merchant was showing his stock and had the boy try on a pair of regulation height shoes. They fitted well and suited the father's ideas of a boy's shoe. But just then the boy caught sight of a pair of "high tops," which the merchant was just removing from a box, and the sale was made right then and there. In vain the father explained that he thought the regular height shoe the more practical for all around wear. Young America had the "high tops" on and laced up and was ready to go before father had half finished his arguments. Needless to say, Young America won and now wears his "high tops" daily.

SGT. WM. KOLB WRITES

Prefers Good Old Up-To-Date U. S. to Sunny Valleys of France.

Following are extracts from two letters received Friday by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kolb from their son, Sergeant William G. Kolb, Co. C 310 Field Sig. Bn. A. E. F. The letters are dated August 18 and August 31. He says in part:

"No doubt you are all wondering just where I am and what we are doing in this wonderful country. Well this is the first time we are allowed to state our locality. (Name deleted by censor.) It is some country, but give me the "states" for up-to-date methods and conveniences. Here every inch of the land is tilled by the women and (censored) men. The rest have all gone to the front. We are quite a distance from there yet, although we occasionally hear the roar of a big gun.

"Our kitchen where we mess (censored) hearty eaters daily is situated upon a hill. It merely has a roof and from it we can see miles and miles of tilled land. Beautiful rivers and picturesque scenery is far better than nothing but water, water, day and night for days.

"I have plenty to keep me busy, but I have an assistant now and the work is much lighter. In fact I am getting fleshy. Yesterday the captain told me to take a week "off," and do nothing but rest. Some treat, believe me!

"You know papa often spoke of France as a wine country. Well it sure is. The people drink very little water, and are very hospitable. But leave it to me not to exceed the limit. The beer is much better, so occasionally for a treat, I take a glass."

RED CROSS NOTES.

The Junior Red Cross is aiding Uncle Sam by collecting fruit pits, which are used in making carbon for gas masks.

We are again indebted to the Congregational church society for their kind offer of the church basement for the making of the surgical dressings this winter.

Recent new members are: Mrs. Homer Boyd, Mrs. Frank Richardson, Mrs. Henry Wilson, Mary Kelly. Donations are: Young People's Society of St. Paul's church, Mrs. Fred Kean, Mrs. Homer Boyd, Mrs. C. D. Jenks.

The examination in home service was very thorough and consisted of written and oral questions and practical demonstrations. The certificates will not be received for some time as the reports first go to Washington.

The home service department of military and civilian relief committee has been doing some splendid work. This department is one of the most important, but is the least known as its work is on a confidential basis. It stands ready at any time to help the families of soldiers and sailors. It has a board consisting of one physician, one business man, one lawyer and two women members. Mrs. L. T. Freeman is chairman of this committee.

ROGERS CORNERS.

Mrs. Christine Schettler and granddaughter, Erma, of Chelsea, spent last week with her brother, George Hindener and family, and sister, Mrs. Henry Lutz and family, at Pleasant Lake.

Wm. Strieter, who was quite sick last week, is slowly recovering.

John Landwehr and family and Edwin Feldkamp and wife, of Saline, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Feldkamp and family.

Fred Kruger, son of Rev. and Mrs. Kruger, has returned to Elmhurst, Illinois, where he is attending college.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Grob and baby, from Ann Arbor, spent the week-end with Lewis Geyer and family.

Mrs. Carrie Groshans of Saline is spending some time with her sisters, Mrs. Frank Grieb and Mrs. John Wenk.

Emanuel Schiller, who has been at Camp Custer, has been transferred to a camp in Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. August Tish of Clinton spent Sunday here with his mother.

WATERLOO.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Beeman gave a family dinner Monday in honor of Sergeant Arlo Ellsworth, who has just returned from France. He had many German trophies and his talks about the conditions "over there" were very interesting.

Esther Collins spent Wednesday in Jackson.

Beeman Bros. lost a valuable horse last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kaiser of Detroit are visiting at the home of Orson Beeman.

Remember the C. E. rally at the church Sunday evening, October 6th. Vera Prince and Adorna Daly are working in Detroit.

Bernard Beeman spent the week-end in Detroit.

Mrs. Martha Runciman attended the U. B. conference in Detroit last week.

TAKE NOTICE.

Section 2 of Village Ordinance, No. 46, provides that "any person wishing to make any connection with any sewer in the Village of Chelsea, shall first get a permit from the Village Council, and shall pay for such permit the sum of two dollars." Persons, having violated this ordinance in the past, are requested to appear before the Village Council at its next regular meeting, Monday evening, October 7, 1918, and make settlement. Warren C. Boyd, Village Clerk.

MAKE TRIBUNE 100% ADVANCE

The Tribune is very much gratified at the splendid response made by those subscribers who had allowed their subscriptions to fall in arrears—it makes us feel that our effort to publish a live, local newspaper is appreciated. Not a subscription has been cancelled by request, but we have cut off a few whose subscriptions were considerably in arrears, and about October 1st we shall make a final house-cleaning of over-due and questionable subscriptions. We made our first subscription report to the federal war board on Wednesday, and shall have to make another October 1st, and monthly thereafter. Meanwhile, we trust that any who are still in arrears will arrange to pay up and in advance, as the government requests, so that we can report the Tribune 100% in advance next month.

FROM LAVERN YETTAH

Chelsea Boy Now Veteran of Field Artillery, Has Seen Service in Recent Offensives.

Mr. and Mrs. Titus Yettah have received a letter from their son, Lavern, who is with B battery, 5th Field Artillery, American E. F. The letter is dated August 26th and follows in part:

Just a few lines to let you know I am alive, although I have not written in about two months, but I have had several good reasons. We have been on the move a great deal and some times I have been too tired to write, and again I didn't have anything on which to write.

We are on a quiet sector now, but have been where it was pretty lively since I last wrote. I came through without a scratch. There were several casualties in this battery, but none very serious. There is an aeroplane overhead now as I write and the anti-aircraft guns are firing at him.

I hope and think that this old war will not last much longer, because the Huns are getting weaker every time the Allies hit them; always retreating.

OCTOBER TERM JURORS.

Following is the list of jurors drawn for the October term of the Washtenaw county circuit court:

Sylvan, L. G. Palmer, George Davis; Webster, Charles Rogers; York, Denell Finch; Ypsilanti, Sumner Damon, C. Maddux; Ypsilanti township, Edward Alexander; Ann Arbor, Emil Milcer, Edward J. Stoll, William Bury, A. V. Reeves, Edwin Wint, George Blach, J. W. Blashill; Ann Arbor township, Herman Staehler; Augusta, A. M. Tooman; Bridgewater, Henry Way; Dexter, James A. Gregory; Freedom, Peter Amb; Lima, Sherman Pierce; Lodi, George Hirth; Lyndon, Stephen Hadley; Manchester, Edward Uphaus; Northfield, George Cahill; Pittsfield, Albert E. Heining; Salem, William Stanbro; Saline, Charles Burkhardt; Scio, Russell Parker; Sharon, William P. Scheid; Superior, Edward Dixon.

GASOLINE SALES CUT.

The "gasless" Sunday has effected a noticeable saving of gasoline in Chelsea and vicinity according to an approximation made by the local Standard Oil agency. Their average sales in a normal week run 6,000 to 8,000 gallons of gasoline, but during the past three weeks the sales have run from 1,000 to 1,500 gallons less, an average saving of about 18%.

WANTED AND FOR SALE.

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

TO RENT, FOUND, ETC.

NOTICE—As I have sold my insurance business to Mrs. BeGole and am leaving town, I wish to thank my former patrons and trust that you will treat my successor with the same courtesy extended to me. Mrs. H. G. Young. 4t1

LOST—Signet tie-pin, evening Sept. 25th; initials M. H. M. C. G. Reward for return to Cement Co. office. 4t1

WANTED—We will pay a straight salary of \$35.00 per week for a man or woman with rig to introduce Eureka Egg Producer. Six months contract. Eureka Mfg. Co., East St. Louis, Ill. 4t1

CIDER MILL—Beginning Monday, Sept. 30, I will operate cider mill every week day excepting Saturday up until Oct. 18, and will buy good cider apples at highest market price on those days. C. Schanz. 4t1

FOR RENT—Rooms for light house-keeping. Phone 201. 3t3

FOR RENT—Eight room house. Inquire Reuben Hieber, phone 187, Chelsea. 3t1

FOR SALE—Modern residence and two lots, McKinley St. and Elm Ave. Porter Brower, 564 McKinley St., Chelsea. 1t24

FOR SALE—Duroc-Jersey sow and pigs. Sam Stadel, phone 154-F14, Chelsea. 3t2

FOR SALE—New hand-power washing machine and good top buggy; both bargains. Reuben Hieber, phone 187, Chelsea. 2t1

FEED GRINDING—Mondays and Saturdays only. Conservation of labor and power makes this change necessary. We hope our patrons will co-operate to our mutual benefit. Wm. Bacon-Holmes Co. 106tf



Ulysses S. Grant

One of America's Greatest Heroes
Soldier, Statesman, Man-of-the-World.
A conspicuous success in every walk of life.

Grant said: "I propose to fight it out along these lines if it takes all summer," and in this declaration he showed a tenacity of purpose, and a persistence that was probably a vitally important factor in shaping his marvelous career.

Persistence is admirable in many things. It is absolutely necessary to SUCCESSFUL SAVING.

Start now—persevere—deposit something with us every week. Under these conditions your savings account with us will develop amazingly, and you will have a feeling of "preparedness" which you may never before have known.

We will be glad to start an account with you upon the deposit of one dollar, and we offer splendid interest and absolute safety.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMPf COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

Specials For Saturday

September 28th

Palm Olive Toilet Soap - - 10c

Snow Boy Wash Powder - 20c
(Large size)

Chef Brand Canned Pineapple 25c

Jet Oil Shoe Polish - - 9c

Keusch & Fahrner

—The Pure Food Store—

Fall and Winter Millinery

THE LADIES of Chelsea and vicinity are cordially invited to inspect our line of Fall and Winter Millinery. We can please you, both in quality and price.

MILLER SISTERS

Young Man, Do You Need a Sweater?



SWEATERS are now all the go with young chaps. Take a tip right here. When you buy a sweater, be sure you buy right. Go to a reliable dealer.

If you feel convinced that we are that kind we will be pleased to show you our big line. Quality plus low price. All sorts of fine specialties in haberdashery.

HERMAN J. DANCER

Village Taxes Must Be Paid

All village taxes for the year 1918 must be paid

On or Before October 3, 1918

All taxes not paid by that date will be returned.

M. A. SHAVER, Village Treasurer

F. STAFFAN & SON

UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich

Has a High Opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets.

"I have a high opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets for biliousness and as a laxative," writes Mrs. C. A. Barnes, Charleston, Ill. "I have never found anything so mild and pleasant to use. My brother has also used these tablets with satisfactory results."—Adv.

ARMOR for MODERN FIGHTERS

Many Models Have Been Made and Are Now Being Tried Out by Americans at the Front.

MANY a visitor wandering through the labyrinthian delights of the Metropolitan Museum in New York and coming upon the collection of arms and armor in the main gallery has re-created a past of tall knights and gentle ladies, has fancied himself a Lancelot or Guinevere, in the city's splendid collection of mail and plate, of decorative trapping, battle axe, spear and broad or long sword.

And many, no doubt, have stood in fascination before the medieval armor's workshop set in a paneled recess of carved oak to the left of the gallery, a miniature bit of Old World charm, worn anvils, hammers whose stroke has rung through centuries of steel on steel, modeled knights in the gay panoply of the Middle Ages, and the equipments of a warfare when combatants clashed to the sound of trumpets.

But only a few of the visitors to the museum have been fortunate enough to get lost in the cool, corridor basement and find, tucked away in an inconspicuous corner, a complete practical armor's shop, where a master armorer plies his inherited art with a skill that puts him on a level with some of the great master armors of the Middle Ages, writes N. H. McCloskey in New York Tribune. This artisan is M. Tachaux, and those few who have been permitted to swing open his shop door—a door quite like many another along the corridor—may well count themselves among the fortunate blessed, for they have seen a shop like no other in this country—a show now closed to the public and guarded by all the impassable and invulnerable barriers of government regulation.

For here, in a workshop originally established for the purpose of cleaning, repairing and, in some rare cases, restoring pieces of defective armor, M. Tachaux and his young French assistant, Sergeant Doriel of the ordnance department, are carefully working out designs and models of defensive armor that can be worn by the allied soldiers, and which it is expected will result in cutting down to a very great degree, as the helmets have already done, the percentage of killed and wounded in this present war.

Forty Models Now at the Front. When the war broke out Mr. Robinson, director of the Metropolitan Museum, learning that the government was in need of models for the preparation of armor, obtained the sanction of the trustees in placing the department of armor at the disposition of Secretary of War Baker. Bushford Dean, curator of the department and a man who has given his life to the study of the subject, was commissioned as a major and immediately sent abroad to report on the status of armor—what was already in use and what additions might possibly be made. He returned to the United States late in January of the present year, and has since kept the armor workshop of the museum busy, on holidays and weekdays, turning out models in accordance with the suggestions of General Pershing and the ordnance department. After careful and patient experimentation by experts forty models have been made, and are even now being tried out on the fighting front.

Here in the little workshop where the sun comes in through miniature panes and is deflected in myriad colors by small tools, age old; bits of brass and bronze, steel bright from pounding and armored suits wrought with the intricate traceries of medieval decoration, M. Tachaux plies with deft skill and the ease of long practice the very tools used by his ancestors and handed down from father to son through hundreds of years. The museum has collected from all parts of the world the implements used in the fabrication of ancient armor, comprising some ninety kinds of anvils and "stakes," several hundred different types of hammers, curious shears and instruments whose use would be quite unknown were it not that six armors—helms of a past skill—are lying today. One of these is in Dresden, one in Switzerland, two in Japan, one in London and the other American in the person of M. Tachaux, who has collected about him the dusty romance of an almost forgotten art and



In this corner of an ultramodern city has labored to preserve the relics of those storied centuries when knights were bold and ladies passing fair.

Now, thanks to him who has kept alive an art long considered dead, this country is able to benefit by the advice of an expert in metals, and no longer does M. Tachaux labor over ancient pieces, but bends all his efforts, all his cunning and all his knowledge, to the making of armor that can be worn by the modern soldier—armor heavy enough to be invulnerable, light enough to carry.

Revive Work of Old Masters. This question of weight and therefore practicability of armor for the man on foot—the man who makes a charge—reverts to the time of Louis XV of France, when the use of defensive protection had practically disappeared and an attempt was made to revive the steel helmet. Indeed, the development of armor from the time of side arms until the use of firearms is one of exceeding interest at this time, in that the government is reviewing the work of some of the greatest of the old masters in armor making, with a view to reconstituting the best and most feasible of the old methods of defensive protection.

The use of armor dates back to the ninth century B. C. and became more elaborate and complex with the introduction of gunpowder. The helmet was the first body protection to appear and was followed by the cuirass—the latter being used by the Greeks and Romans and reappearing at the time of Charlemagne in the form of a waistcoat made of overlapping metal scales and of rather imperfect execution.

What Norman Warrior Wore. In the eleventh century, according to the Bayeux tapestries as well as the seal of Richard Coeur de Lion, we find the coat of mail assuming first the shape of a redingote and later that of a bathing suit, completed by a helmet conical at the nose. This, together with the use of leather plates on the feet and hands, constituted the equipment of a Norman warrior.

A study of the sculptures of the Reims cathedral and the evangelarium of St. Louis (National Library) points to the development, in the twelfth century, of a perfected coat of mail, a metal combination united with the helmet by a passe-montagne of steel links; the whole, constituting a hauberk, protected the warrior with the haube—a cylindrical helmet made of pieces of forged metal adjusted by rivets and pierced by two peepholes.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the desire to protect the joints caused the placing of metal plates at shoulder and knee. The haube disappeared and was replaced by a helmet of a type called Bassinet, with a movable visor pierced by holes to permit sight and ventilation. By the middle of the fourteenth century chain armor had disappeared to a considerable degree, and plate armor was taking its place, the plates at the joints being

extended to the interarticular portions in such a way as to inclose the limbs in metal greaves; the hands were protected by an articulated gauntlet and the foot by an iron shoe or solleret. The body was still covered by a short-sleeved coat about the length of a waistcoat—called the haubergeon—and the whole outfit was known as a "harneis," to which was soon added a steel corselet, prolonged over the abdomen by a sort of skirt of interwoven metallic rings—the "tassettes."

Invulnerable But Helpless. Finally, in the reign of Charles VII, the complete cuirass appears, augmented by shoulder pieces and the gorgere, which united the armor to the round helmet. The knight was now practically invulnerable, but so weighted down and so awkward of movement that once dismounted he was at the complete mercy of his foe. To lessen his chances of being dismounted, therefore, his horse was equipped with armor, the tout ensemble being a sort of medieval tank. The man on foot, however, needed greater freedom of movement, and so were considerably lighter equipment, namely, helmet, shoulder pieces, shield, arm and thigh pieces, knee pieces and a short coat of mail—or haubergeon—to which was added, in many cases, an abdominal demi-cuirass. This equipment may appear again on the modern soldier practically as worn by the foot soldier in the reign of Charles VII.

The elaborate armor of the knight—which, in its completion, had meant the patient acquisition of centuries—was made useless in the space of some ten years by the introduction of gunpowder. As early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, projectiles had become capable of piercing the armor in use at the time, and little by little the use of such defense disappeared, the tendency being to substitute fabric for metal protection. This gave birth to the paillet, horse-tail plume, the shako and the bearskin cap. With modern wars, a new device sprang up—namely, individual protection by means of the invisibility of units and scattered formations. From this originated the idea of the service uniform.

Such methods of individual defense were quite satisfactory for combat at great distances; but in stationary fighting or in trench warfare it is quite another matter, and once again the question of individual armor has arisen, and already we see its use in the shape of the steel helmet, the heavy breastplate worn by the German soldier, the lighter breastplate worn by the English, the armored waistcoats of the Italians and the trench shields used by all armies. The idea of the new armor is not, like that of the Middle Ages, to give complete protection. It is rather to deflect than to stop missiles, and it does this with a sheet of metal that would be easily pierced by a bullet striking it at right angles.

Uhrig went into the basement of the place and among the rubbish found a long-handled coal shovel.

With this he pried open a window facing the river and climbed onto the two-foot dock. By stooping and leaning over he was able to land six suckers, each a foot long, with the shovel. He lost a nice bullhead.

No Restriction on Ostrich Flesh. Ostrich flesh is meat which is not very popular at the present time, but it was once considered one of the

finest dishes ever made. The meat is rather hard to digest, though even if this were not the case it is doubtful if it would ever lay claim to rivalry with ham and eggs or pork and beans.

At any rate it has no advantage in that it is in no wise affected by food regulations, and the lover of this dish may consume it to his heart's content without fearing the wrath of the food administrator or having his conscience smite him for devouring something that the soldiers could use or need.

Representative Hats for Young Girls



There is a greater difference this fall between the hats designed for grown-ups and those intended for the young miss than has been evident for several seasons. It is because shapes for women are more subtle in lines than they have been. Fashion decrees simple trimmings and compels restrictions in the amount of handwork on millinery, therefore interest is obliged to center in shapes, and they are beautiful and unusual. But youth cannot follow the devious ways of today's brims and crowns in its millinery; even in the matter of the hats, shapes for misses must be frankly simple.

Above there are grouped four hats, for girls from twelve to eighteen years old, that include four representative shapes, and each hat differs in every way from all the others. At the top there is a quaint poke-bonnet affair, very plainly covered with velvet and very demurely trimmed with a band of grosgrain ribbon and a bow at the back. The bow is small with an up-standing loop against the crown and two short ends on the brim. The designer might have stopped here if she chose to go to the limit of simplicity in trimming, but she had not the courage to sacrifice the pretty effect of a bow and sash ends that fall from the underbrim. They make just the finish needed for the girl from twelve to sixteen.

A hat for younger girls is shown at the right. It has a round crown and

a narrow drooping brim and is entirely covered with narrow ribbon put on row after row. It is finished with a band of velvet ribbon tied in a bow at the back with two loops and two ends and is made in several colors and color combinations.

Girls in their teens will like best of all the hat at the left. It has a wide and droopy brim, falling into pretty curves at the edge and faced with crepe georgette. Plaited satin ribbon lies over the upper brim and the same ribbon is draped over the crown. A wired bow of narrow velvet ribbon, that finishes this lovely hat, convinces us that as long as milliners have ribbons they need nothing else for the young girl's hat.

At the bottom of the group is a hat to make glad the heart of the debutante. Its crown and brim are covered with ribbon and it is faced with velvet. There is a band of velvet ribbon about the crown slipped through two rings of jet or something that resembles it, giving the hat a grown-up air. But the brim is of uniform width all around and the plaited ribbon is a girlish garniture—two things that distinguish it from hats for young women.

Have Long Sashes. Velvet shirtwaist frocks have long sashes of self-material.

St. Paul has 200 plants capable of doing war work.

Of Broadcloth and Squirrel



Baby Bunting's daddy may have gone a hunting as usual this year, for rabbit skins to wrap the baby up in, but the chances are that Baby Bunting's mother will send him out again after squirrel. All mothers appear to have set their hearts on squirrel fur for little folks' wear, especially as a trimming for cloth coats. Not that brier rabbit has been allowed to go his way undisturbed, but his pelt is called by other names than his own and masquerades in colors and markings unknown to the rabbit species. It is called by the name of the fur it imitates, with a qualifying adjective prefixed—and makes satisfactory coats and coat trimmings for children and young girls—as well as a great variety of fur sets for them.

A pretty coat of tan broadcloth, for a girl of ten or so, is shown in the picture. It is made with a wide panel at the front and back set to side bodies that are tucked in three wide tucks above the hem. It has a collar and cuffs of the broadcloth banded with

squirrel and is long enough, like all children's coats, to cover the dress entirely. This is a dressy little coat, not of the sturdy sorts that are used for everyday wear. But it is a model which may be copied in darker and heavier cloths and has lines that help out the slim figures of fast growing little girls who have arrived at the angular stage which we call the awkward age.

Besides broadcloth there are the new pile fabrics somewhat heavier than panne velvet but resembling it, which are used for small girls' coats. They are to be worn when the little miss is much dressed up and are chosen oftener for tiny girls than for those who have left babyhood far behind them on their little journey in the world. For older girls, broadcloth and other coatings are better.

Julia Bottomly

CALL TO EMPLOYERS

Paramount Duty to Aid Work of Selective Boards.

Can Perform Great Service to Country by Helping Work of Classifying Registrants Under the Selective Service Act.

Provost Marshal General Crowder has made public a communication addressed to employers of labor and other representatives of industry throughout the country concerning their share of responsibility in the classification of the new registrants under the selective service act.

General Crowder says: I have noticed, in the general expressions of the public attitude which reach this office, two frequent features which lead me to the present comments. One of these features is the belief that the process of awarding deferred classification to a registrant requires merely the filling out of the questionnaire, and that the selective service boards will perceive the propriety of making the deferment, without the assistance furnished by the registrant's formal claim indicating the deferment desired. The other feature is the employer's failure to realize his responsibility to intervene in aiding the board's determination, and therefore to inform himself fully on all the considerations which should affect the decision as to deferment.

1. As to the first mentioned belief, it must be pointed out that if it were universally acted upon, the process of classification would be seriously hampered and delayed. Someone must indicate that the individual case is one which should arrest the special attention of the boards in respect to the registrant's occupational status. The boards do not possess a superhuman omniscience.

Boards Will Make Examination. The boards will do all that they possibly can, on their own initiative, to reach a just decision by a complete examination of the questionnaire, even where no claim is expressly made. A registrant is therefore at liberty, if he sees fit, to trust to the scrutiny of the boards to discover the necessity for his deferment.

Nevertheless, the boards will welcome and will need all the aid that can be furnished by the indication of a claim made for deferment. With this aid, the process will become a simple and speedy one.

2. Why should the employer, or other third person, in such cases, make the claim? Because the employer in this situation represents the nation, because (in the statutory phrase) "the maintenance of the military establishment or of national interest during the emergency" requires that some well-advised third person should look after that national interest, which the registrant himself may not have sufficiently considered.

It is often forgotten that the selective draft is only one element in the depletion of a particular industry's man-power. A second and large element is found in the voluntary withdrawals for enlistment; how large this is may be seen from the circumstance that the total inductions by draft have reached some 2,000,000, while the total enlistments in army and navy amount to some 1,400,000—nearly three-quarters as many. A third element, very large, but unknown as to its precise extent, has been the transfer of labor power from one industry to another, namely, into the distinctively war industries offering the inducement of higher wages. How relatively small, in actual effect, has been the effect of the selective draft is seen in the fact that, for all the occupations represented in the 8,700,000 classified registrants of January, 1918, the percentage of the entire industrial population represented by the class 1 registrants amounted to only 6 per cent. It ran as low as 3 per cent for some occupations, and correspondingly higher for some other occupations; but the national average was only 6 per cent. Any notably larger depletion in particular industries must therefore have been due, partly to enlistments, and in probably greater degree, to voluntary transfers into other industries.

Must Remember Nation's Needs.

These other influences are therefore to be kept in mind by employers and others, in weighing the question whether the best solution, in the national interest, is to ask for the deferment of individuals or groups of men. Such deferments may assist the immediate situation in the particular establishment; but they merely force the army and the navy to seek elsewhere for the same number of men thus deferred. The quantitative needs of the military forces are known and imperative; and any given quantity of deferments will ultimately have to be made up by the depletion of some other occupation. Thus it becomes the employer's duty to consider these aspects of deferment, in seeking that solution of his own problem which best comports with the national interest.

The cessation of enlistments will henceforth protect industry against one irregular and uncontrollable source of derangement. It will correspondingly throw upon the selective service system the greater responsibility for an intelligent and discriminating selection made in the light of industrial groups of workers. To fulfill this responsibility they must now prepare themselves even more carefully than hitherto. They will find the boards heartily ready to co-operate with them to the utmost.

Fishing With a Shovel

Fishing with a shovel is the latest fad to develop in Milwaukee—and right in the heart of the city, too.

Paul Uhrig, proprietor of the saloon at the east end of the Ononda street bridge, which closed one day, started the new sport the next.

While looking over his former place of business he saw a number of fish swimming near the surface of the Milwaukee river, next to his saloon.

GUNNER DEPEW

By
ALBERT N. DEPEW

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

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DEPEW FINDS HIS PAL, MURRAY, HAS BEEN MADE A VICTIM OF HUN FRIGHTFULNESS.

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. He gets his first experience in a front line trench at Dixmude. He goes "over the top" and gets his first German in a bayonet fight. While on runner service, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid and has an exciting experience. In a fierce fight with the Germans he is wounded and sent to a hospital. After recovering he is ordered back to sea duty and sails on the Cassard for the Dardanelles. There he sees the wonderful work of the British and French in the Gallipoli campaign.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

During our eighth trick off Cape Helles I was midships in the galley when I heard our two 14-pounders go off almost at the same time. Everybody ran for his station. Going up the main deck to my turret a man told me it was a sub on the port bow, but I only caught a glimpse of the little whirlpool where her periscope submerged. I do not know why she did not let loose a torpedo at us. The officers said she was trying to make the entrance to the Dardanelles and came up blind among our ships and was scared off by our guns, but I thought we had just escaped by the skin of our teeth. Later on our destroyers claimed to have sighted her off Gaba Tepe.

At noon we were at mess when one of the boys yelled, "She's hit," and we all rushed on deck. There was the British ship, Triumph, torpedoed and listing away over to starboard. She was ready to turn over in a few minutes. One battleship is not supposed to go to the assistance of another one that has been torpedoed, because the chances are the sub is still in the neighborhood laying for the second ship with another torpedo. But one of the British trawlers went to the assistance of the Triumph to pick up the crew.

We could see the crew jumping into the water. Then we breezed out toward the horizon, full speed ahead. All about the Triumph was a cloud of black smoke, but when we looked through the glass we could see she was going down. Then our guns began to bombard the Turkish positions and I had to get busy. When I saw the Triumph again she was bottom up. She must have floated upside down for almost half an hour, then she went down as though there was somebody on the bottom pulling her.

When she went our Old Man banged his telephone on the bridge rail and swore at the Huns and Turks and broke his telescope lens to bits. About fifty from the Triumph were lost.

It was decided that the place was too hot for us with that sub running loose, and when they reported that afternoon that she was making her way south from Gaba Tepe to Cape Helles all of the fleet but the Majestic got under way, and the Majestic was the only ship left off the cape.

They said the Majestic was then the oldest of the ships in that campaign, but she was the pride of the British fleet just the same. She was torpedoed off Cape Helles later on, when there were a number of men-of-war off the cape. The sea was crowded with men swimming and drowning. I saw a lifeboat crowded with men and other men in the water hanging onto her, and there were so many hanging on that they started to pull her under. Of their own accord the men in the water let go to save those in the boat. Most of them were drowned.

The Majestic listed so that the men could not stand on deck, and the sides were covered with men hanging on to ropes and not knowing whether to jump into the sea or not. We lowered all our lifeboats and steam launches, and so did the other ships. We picked up a number of the crew and were pretty close to the Majestic when she went down like a rock. As she went down she turned over and a garby ran along her side to the ram at her bow and got on it without even being wet. A boat picked him up off the ram, which stuck out of the water after the ship had ceased to settle.

She had torpedoed nets on her sides, and many of the crew were unable to get clear of the nets and went down with her. Quite a lot were caught below decks and had no possible chance to escape. There was a big explosion as she went under—probably the boilers bursting. Thousands of troops on shore and thousands of sailors on the ships saw the final plunge, and it was a sight to remember. When the ship started to go, the Old Man rushed back to his cabin, got the signal book and destroyed it. Also, he saved the lives of two of his men.

We gave dry clothes and brandy and coffee to the Liners we rescued, and though they had just come through something pretty tough, they were

calm and cool and started talking right away about what ship they would probably be assigned to next.

CHAPTER XII.

A Pal Crucified.

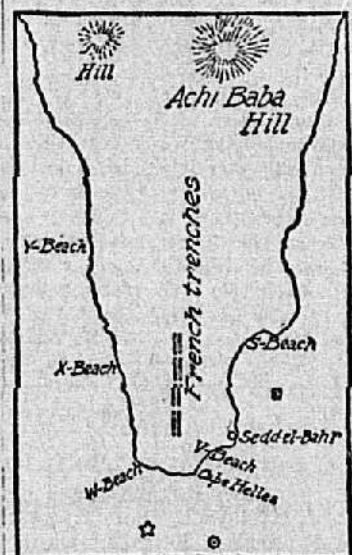
When we got to "Y" Beach on my next trip the weather was really fine, but it did not please us much, for as soon as we got in range the enemy batteries opened up on us and the shell fire was heavier than any we had been in before, though not more effective. We drew in on a bright morning, about half past five or six, with our convoy, the troopship Champagne, ahead of us and going slowly, sounding all the way.

At this part of the shore there is a dock about a mile and a half long, running back into the country and terminating in a road. The Champagne was making for this dock, sounding as she went. Suddenly, when she was within 500 yards of the shore, I saw her swing around and steer in a crazy fashion. We began asking each other what was the matter with her, but we learned afterwards that her rudder had been torn off, though we never found out how, nor do I think anyone ever knew.

Then she went aground, with her stern toward the shore and listed over to port. You could see different articles rolling out and down the side. Then her back broke. The quarter-deck was crowded with men half dressed, with life belts on, jumping over the side or climbing down. There was an explosion and a cloud of black smoke broke over us, and for a while I thought I was blinded.

All the time the shells were raining in on us and on the Champagne. When I could see again I saw the men on the Champagne climbing down the starboard or shore side. One chap was going down hand over hand along a stanchion, when another fellow above him let go and slid right down on him. The first man fell about thirty feet, landing in the water with his neck doubled under him. Our lifeboats and launches were out picking up survivors.

Those who got safely over the side started to swim ashore, but when they had gone only a little way they found they could wade in. When the water was only up to their waists they came upon barbed wire entanglements and not a man got ashore that way but was scratched and clawed and man-



Where the GOLIATH was wrecked.
Where the MAJESTIC was wrecked.
Where the CASSARD engaged the TURK and the KAISERLICHE MARINE.

gled horribly. Some of them that I saw afterwards were just shredded along the sides of their bodies like coconuts. A great many of them, though, were killed by shrapnel while they were in the water.

On board the Cassard our guns had been busy all the time, and it was not long before we put one enemy battery out of commission. We had suffered a bit, too, but not enough to worry us. There were about 3,000 men on the Champagne, I think, and at least a third were killed or drowned, and the casualties must have been almost two-thirds. The ship was just a mass of wreckage.

They called for a landing party from the Cassard, and officers asked for

volunteers for trench duty. I was not very keen about going, because I had been in trenches at Dixmude, and I knew how pleasant they were—not, but I volunteered, and so did Murray. We went ashore in our boats under a heavy fire. There were 12 men killed in the lifeboat in which I was. I escaped without a scratch.

We were mustered up on shore and volunteers were called for, for sentry duty. Murray volunteered. If he had only gone on with the rest of us he might have come through. After a short wait we were given the order to advance. The firing became heavier about this time, so we went at the double. We had not got very far before we had a fine little surprise party handed us.

The front line was running over what appeared to be good, solid ground, when they broke through and fell into trenches 30 to 40 feet deep. These trenches had been dug, covered over with 1/4-inch boards and then with dirt, and were regular man-traps. Sharp stakes were sticking out of the parapet and parados, and at the bottom were more stakes and rocks and barbed wire.

We were advancing with bayonets fixed and arms at the carry, so when the first line fell, and some of the second, the boys of the third line came running up, and in the scramble that followed many of the chaps in the first few lines were bayoneted by their comrades. I was in the third line, but I was lucky enough to pull up in time and did not fall in. You could not look down into that trench after you had seen it once, it was too sickening. Our casualties were sent back to the ship. One boat was sunk by a shell and all the men lost.

We remained where we were, scratching out shallow trenches for ourselves, finding what natural cover there was and otherwise getting ready for the night, which was near. It began to rain and we could hardly keep any fires going, because we had to shelter them from the shore side, so the enemy could not spot us, and the wind was from the sea. It was certainly miserable that night.

Every once in a while we would stand by to repel an attack, whether it was a real one or not, and we were under fire all the time. It seemed as if morning would never come. The sand was full of fleas—great big boys—and they were as bad as any cooties I had ever had at Dixmude.

The morning came at last, and I was detailed with a fatigue party to the beach where we had landed stores. When we got down to the docks I missed Murray and asked where he was. They said he had been missing from his post not more than an hour from the time we left.

I left my fatigue party, without orders, and joined in the hunt for Murray. There were men searching all along the docks and on the shore to each side. Finally I saw a bunch of men collect around a storehouse at the farther end of the docks on the shore side. I ran up to them.

There was poor old Murray. They were just taking him down. He had been crucified against the wall of the storehouse. There was a bayonet through each arm, one through each foot and one through his stomach. One of the garbles faintly when he had to pull one of the bayonets out. They had hacked off his right hand at the wrist and taken his identification disc. I lay this to the German officers more than the Turks.

I do not know just what I did after this. But it changed me all around and I was not like my usual self during the rest of the time.

It was still raining when we started on our way to the front line. Along the road were numbers of troops scuffling and among them Indian troops on sentry duty. They looked like a bunch of frozen turnips, cool and uncomfortable. We were close enough to make the roar of the cannonading seem intolerably loud and could see the bursting shells, particularly those from the British ships.

Then we came across some Turkish prisoners who were sheltering in an old barn. I guess it was, and we stopped for shelter and rest. They told us that their troops were very tired from long fighting, but that they had plenty of men. They said a couple of shells had dropped about a hundred yards from the barn just before we came, so we knew the batteries were trying to get our range and we did not stay any longer, but went away from there and on our road.

About 500 yards farther on we came to ruins, and when we went inside we found 50 or 60 of our boys cooking and sleeping and not giving a thought to the shells or shrapnel. The mules outside were bawling away at the bay, as though there never had been a war in the world. There was no shell made that could budgie them away from that hay unless it hit them.

Then along came a cart making a lot of racket. One of the fellows in it had half of his face shot away and was all bandaged up, but he was trying to sing and laugh just the same as the rest were doing. They were Anzacs, and were pretty badly shot up.

The word "Anzac," as you probably know, is made from the initials of the Australian and New Zealand army corps. They had a regular town, called Anzac, on the peninsula. At Suvla Bay and around Gaba Tepe the Anzacs got further into the Turkish lines than any other unit in the allied armies. They were wonderful fighters.

By this time the Turks were making an attack, and all you could see to the front was one long line of smoke and spouting earth. Then our guns started and the noise was deafening. It was worse than in the turrets aboard ship during an engagement. My head rang for days after we left the Dardanelles.

The Turks were getting a better idea of our range now and the shells were falling pretty close to us, but finally we tore in with the 14-inch navals and ripped up three of their batteries. In the lull that followed we made good time and reached our front line positions at Sedd-el-Bahr during the afternoon.

The next morning we made our first attack. I had had a bad night of it, thinking about Murray, and when the



He Had Been Crucified.

time came there never was a chap more glad to charge and get a chance at the enemy with the bayonet than I was.

We attacked according to a program. Time cards were issued to the officers of each section, so that we would work exactly with the barrage. To be ahead of, or behind the time card, would mean walking into our own barrage. The time of attack is called zero—that is, the minute when you leave the trench. Some of the Anzacs said it meant when your feet got the coldest but I do not think they suffered very much with trouble in the feet—not when they were advancing, anyway.

The time card might read something like this: First wave, zero, advance rapid walk, barrage 25 in 10 seconds, take first trench, 0:20; second wave, same as the first, pass first trench 0:23; take second trench, 0:35. The third wave is ordered to take the third trench, and so on, for as many lines as the enemy is entrenched. The other waves might be instructed to occupy Hill 7, 12:08, or dig in behind rock 12:45. Here, zero is understood, the first figures standing for minutes and the others for seconds. It might take several hours to carry out the program, but everything is laid out to an exact schedule.

I was in the sixth line of the third wave of attack and zero was 4:30 a. m. Whistles were to be the signal for zero and we were to walk to the first line Turkish trench. As we came out our barrage fire would be bursting 50 yards ahead of us and would lift 25 yards every 10 seconds. Our stunt was to take advantage of it without walking into it.

Depew goes over the top in an attack on the Turkish trenches and has some close calls before he gets back to his own lines. Don't miss reading about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

City Dweller and the Tin Can.
"Here is an astonishing fact," writes Harry S. Stabler in Everybody's, "which the proper authorities will verify for you:

"Thirty per cent of the business of the wholesale grocers of the entire country is in canned goods. In the wholesale houses of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities, foods make up 40 per cent of the business.

"The fact is that, if you were to take the tin cans out of any city of the first or second class, the inhabitants would begin to starve almost at once. That means, of course, that those cities could not have grown so large without food conserved in tins."

What Can I Do?

By CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT
of The Vigilantes

Here are a few answers to this question, which has been worrying the members of the home army ever since Uncle Sam decided to make a stand for human decency. They are answers dictated by Uncle Sam himself through his chosen agents in the various activities he has felt it necessary to take on for the period of the war. Study them carefully, all you good soldiers over here. Commit to memory, each of you, those which fit your particular case and cherish them as special gifts from the great God Opportunity. They will tell you how you can make good in your sphere. Even as the man "over there" is expected to be (and will be) alert for the opportunity to do his part with efficiency and dispatch, so you have the chance to do yours. Prompt response to commands from headquarters by the soldiers of the home army are as important as similar response by the boys in France.

Uncle Sam's Call:

Wife, Mother, Sister—

Let all your messages "over there" be of good cheer only; men who worry can't fight at their best.

If the fortunes of war make a cripple of your loved one, repress your emotions. Don't ask him to come home and be cuddled—to your and his everlasting regret later on. Remember that he might have been killed. Determine that his remaining years shall be useful and happy—Uncle Sam stands ready to make them so. He has brought together all kinds of experts to train your boy so that he may return to civil life not a useless idler but prepared to meet any competition for the job he is best fitted to do.

Have you a baby? Then get in touch with the children's bureau, department of labor. This arm of the government is thinking of the future as well as the present. It wants to cut down the mortality among infants, which is shockingly large. It has assembled a vast amount of valuable information which it is anxious to impart to the mothers of the country. Ask for the circulars telling about the care of babies.

Employer of Labor—

Don't compete with Uncle Sam.

The Contortionist of Berlin

By H. P. HOLT
of The Vigilantes

Baron Von Wurst lighted a large cigar with an expression of satisfaction, stroked his paunch, now, alas, somewhat thinner than of yore, and swung round in his chair to the heap of freshly deciphered messages that lay on his desk—reports from trusty agents in various enemy countries. His little pig-like eyes glinted with joy.

Baron Von Wurst was the Hun arch-pessant, and he was just about to compose the weekly summary of "facts" to be scattered broadcast among the press of Germany. There was something in his nature which always made it a peculiar pleasure to perform this task, for it needed much imagination, and imagination was at a low ebb in the Fatherland. Moreover, it had won for him the coveted iron cross. He took up the first typewritten slip, and read:

American troops numbering 200,000 are sailing in the next three weeks. Their strength in France will surely reach two million before winter. Countless more training.

"Schmidt," said the baron, to a red-faced secretary in uniform. "Take this down." Then he dictated:

The alarm in France increases daily as the promised herds from America fail to appear. Half the Yankees opposed to us have already been wiped off the map, their casualties far exceeding the number of fresh arrivals.

Deceiving Their People.

Baron Von Wurst took the next slip. It was from a most excellent spy in France. The master press-agent scowled as he read:

Meat is much more plentiful here. The populace are wildly elated over recent allied victories. The troops all seem supremely confident of ultimate success.

"Ready, Schmidt?" The baron pecked his brows, and continued to scowl for a moment. Then, with inspiration, came a grim smile. He dictated:

Once more history shows the pleasure-loving Parisians to be subsisting largely on rats and cats. The shining sword of Germany has brought them almost to their knees through starvation. Mutinies in the French army are now a daily recurrence, for those soldiers know, in spite of the lies thrust upon them, that everywhere along the line German might is triumphant.

The baron, who had lunched with a friend off a substitute sausage, crisscrossed as he read another message from America:

The 1918 harvest in the United

He needs all the workers he can get. Likewise all the materials which enter into the service of war. Don't advertise for a hundred men when you only require 30. At least 70 will waste their time answering your call, and time is no more to be wasted than materials these days. Get in touch with the war industries board or the United States employment bureau (branches everywhere) and find out just what the government expects of you.

Employee—

Stick to your job. Shifting at this time dislocates industry, wastes time and money and does you harm in the long run. Only when Uncle Sam calls have you the moral right to throw over the task in hand. Don't slack and don't get extravagant because you are earning more than formerly. Remember the man "over there." Uncle Sam can't keep him supplied as he should be with food, ammunition and equipment if you are not more economical than ever (see the appeal not to waste further on).

The Alien—

If you want this country to be the best ever—best governed and best to live in for yourself and your children—become a citizen, inform yourself about our laws and our ideals. Then you can exert an intelligent influence toward improving conditions. Your vote will be as important and far-reaching as that of the man or woman whose great-great-grandfather arrived in the Mayflower.

Manufacturer—

Convert your business as speedily as possible into one of the many industries needed for the war. There is no limit to the demand for the abilities of the successful maker of things. It would be a crime to devote these to nonessentials when the need is so great in the one real job of the whole American people.

Everybody—

Don't waste—time, money, food or anything. Remember that every dollar spent unnecessarily takes somebody's time, somebody's labor, somebody's materials which Uncle Sam can use. It makes no difference how much money you have in your pockets. It's not the price that counts. There is just so much of everything useful—food, cloth, leather and metals. Just to mention a few items—and Uncle Sam needs it all.

Put your spare money into Liberty bonds and War Savings stamps. You will be helping the government to help the boys at the front—and you'll be better off later on.

States will exceed anything ever known. Ships are being launched with such amazing rapidity that there will soon be quite enough to carry grain across the Atlantic. The baron's wry face flushed with anger. Was not he one of the many who had been deceived by Hun Tirpitz? He puffed out his cheeks.

Fortunate It Is Not True.

A mysterious grain disease (the dreaded) has spread with lightning rapidity throughout the wheat-growing areas of America, and in spite of assurances to the contrary, we know that the Yankees will not have enough grain for their own wants. American prisons are full of men and women who have dared to break the regulations which allow each person four ounces of bread a day. The ship builders, who became too weak to work on this allowance, have been given one ounce extra. The new ships launched, hastily built for submarine fodder, are now pronounced hopelessly defective, and cannot be used.

The real message fluttered from the table to the floor, and Schmidt stooped to pick it up. He had never been allowed to see such things, and glanced at the slip curiously.

"It is verboten!" declared the baron, snatching the paper.

"Herr baron," said Schmidt, "surely these American swine must see now that we have complete mastery."

Baron Von Wurst coughed. "Ah! If they all had as much sense as you," he said, gazing at the crown-prince-like skull of Schmidt. "But we will teach them with our shining sword. Didn't some one once say, though, that the pen is mightier than the sword, Schmidt? I—I think there must be some truth in that. Yes, yes, Schmidt, get busy. The newspapers of Germany are waiting for my summary of the news."

CALL FROM OVER THERE

By JAMES W. WISE,
of The Vigilantes.

You've sent us here across the waves, To make the whole world free, To keep our nation's honor bright, To fight for Liberty.

We went and we were glad to go, To fight—perhaps to die— To pay our debt to noble France, Democracy, our cry.

We ask no praise nor honor, No riches and no fame, Our hearts are in the fight for truth, But—back us in the game.

You've sent us here to fight your fight, Though it be ours, too, We'll do our bit out at the front— The rest is up to you.

His Circumambulatory Endeavor.
"Professor Pate is somewhat absent minded, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. The other day I saw him attempting to enter a bank building by way of a revolving door. He was cogitating over some weighty matter in his mind, and walked into the door and around and through and out again where he had started, six times before discovering that he was not making any particular advancement in the way he wished to go."—Kansas City Star.

Men's Shoes

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Men's Dress Shoes \$4.50 to \$5.75
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West Middle Street

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

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

(Official.)

Council met in regular session. Meeting called to order by President Turnball. Roll call by the clerk.

Present, Trustees Hirth, Schoenhals, Palmer, Mayer. Absent, Trustees Dancer, Holmes.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The following bills were read by the clerk:

General Fund.

Vogel & Wurster, flags.....\$ 45.18
Electric Light & Water Works Com, Light, water and fixtures for Aug., and repairs to coal shed at plant..... 605.73

Street Fund.

G. Boekres, salary week ending Sept. 7..... 12.00
Gil Martin, labor week ending Sept. 7..... 10.55

Emory D. Chipman, labor for week ending Sept. 7..... 8.25
Chas. Karcher, repairs to plow..... 2.90

Fred Winter, labor and team Henry Alber, labor to Sept. 12..... 6.00
Chas. Martin, labor and team G. Boekres, salary week ending Sept. 14..... 12.00

Gil Martin, labor week ending Sept. 14..... 9.30
Fred Riemenschneider, labor and team..... 45.50
Henry Vickers, labor and team..... 52.00

Electric Light Fund.

Electric Light & Water Wks. Com., their order No. 38..... 1,000.00

Moved by Schoenhals, supported by Dancer that the bills be allowed and orders drawn for the amounts. Carried.

Moved by Palmer, supported by Dancer that the village treasurer be

Chancery Notice.

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

Robert Hagerty, plaintiff, vs. Lucille Hargerty, defendant.

At a session of said court, held at the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, on the 19th day of September, A. D. 1918.

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

In this cause it appearing by affidavit on file that the defendant, Lucille Hargerty, is not a resident of this state and that it cannot be ascertained in what state or country she, the said Lucille Hargerty, now resides.

On motion of Jacob F. Fahrner, attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered that the appearance of said defendant, Lucille Hargerty, be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order; and that in case of her appearance that she cause her 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 her or her attorney of a copy of the said bill, and in default thereof that the said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendant, Lucille Hargerty.

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

George W. Sample, Circuit Judge.

Examined, countersigned and entered by me, Lucille M. Sweet, Deputy Register and Clerk.

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

106P7

given authority for extension of time on the tax roll to Oct. 3, 1918. Carried.

Moved by Palmer, supported by Hirth, that all public pool rooms in the village be instructed to close at 11 o'clock p. m. on Saturdays and at 9 o'clock p. m. on all week days. Carried.

Moved by Palmer, supported by Mayer, that the bills of John Bush for drawing ashes and cleaning up alleys behind business properties be allowed, and the amounts collected from the several property owners. Carried.

On motion meeting adjourned.
W. C. BOYD, Clerk

CAVANAUGH LAKE GRANGE.

Cavanaugh Lake grange will meet Tuesday evening, October 1st, at the home of Miss Ricka Kalmbach. The program follows: Opening song; miscellaneous quotations; reading, Emma Lehman; recitation, Herbert Kilmer; paper, Mrs. Gieske; music, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lehman; Question—How long should a young man work for his father without wages? discussion opened by Ray Mensing; recitation, Hilda Riemenschneider; resolved, That the farmer is of greater benefit to the community than the manufacturer. Discussion led by Henry Musbach; closing song.

GREGORY.

Mrs. Ed. McCorney and children of Jackson spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Willard.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burgess of Pinckney spent Thursday at W. J. Buhl's.

Mr. and Mrs. James Livermore attended the funeral of James Packard, near Lansing, recently.

Miss Hazel Arnold was home from Ypsilanti over Sunday.

Mrs. Kate Sellers and children left Saturday for their home in Hartford City, Indiana.

During the past week the Red Cross packed and sent to county headquarters: 41 women's blouses, 9 helmets, 10 pairs socks, 5 sweaters.

Grant Worden of Jackson was home the past week caring for his aged father, who fell recently and broke his hip.

Richard Baxter moved his household goods to Ann Arbor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Reimer and little son of Howell visited her parents Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Howlett and daughter Mary and Mrs. H. E. Marshall were in Jackson last Wednesday.

Mrs. Dan Jacobs of Danville and Mrs. Grant Hadlock of Grand Island, Nebraska, spent several days of the past week at the home of Ed. Brotherton.

Mrs. E. V. Howlett and two sons of Pontiac visited relatives here the first of the week.

NORTH LAKE.

Mrs. Harper of Chelsea is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Eisenbeiser.

Mrs. Lon Clark of Lyndon entertained the home service class last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hudson spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Noah.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hinchey and family visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Whitehead of Unadilla, Sunday.

Russel Briggs of Lima visited Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller's.

Mr. Eisen of Ann Arbor preached at the North Lake church Sunday morning and was entertained at the home of R. S. Whalian.

Miss Mildred Daniels of River Rouge spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Daniels.

Misses Irene and Margaret Deisenroth of Jackson spent over the week-end at the home of their mother, Mrs. Lucy Deisenroth.

Mrs. Olive Clark, who had been home sick the past week, returned to her school duties Monday.

DEXTER TOWNSHIP.

K. H. Wheeler was in Chelsea, yesterday.

Frank Martin has purchased a new corn binder.

Tom Bell and Henry Doody each have a sick cow, probably the result of eating new corn.

McCarthy's machine threshed the last job of the season at Gilbert Maden's, yesterday.

Mallion & Clark are moving back from Pinckney, the "Sears-Roback town," to the William Clark house on the Tiplady farm.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Verne Evans is visiting relatives in Vinton, Iowa.

M. C. Updike of Detroit was in Chelsea, Tuesday.

Waldo Kusterer visited his sister in Kalamazoo, Sunday.

Thomas Fleming of Ann Arbor was in Chelsea yesterday.

Pvt. Ernest Pierce was home from Camp Custer over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kusch are spending a few days in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kantlehner and daughter were in Lansing, Monday.

Mrs. A. C. Pierce of Detroit visited Chelsea friends over the week-end.

Miss Izora Foster visited relatives in Marshall several days of the past week.

Special meeting of Olive Lodge No. 156 this evening. Work in the first degree.

Mrs. Leon McMillen of Middleville is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Renner.

The Bay View Reading club will meet Monday evening with Miss Nellie Hall.

John Reule, Jr., left Sunday for Louisville, Ky., to visit his sister, Mrs. J. S. Bitner.

Mrs. Jason Berry of Stockbridge has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lewis Eisenman.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Drislane and Clayton Ward of Ann Arbor were in Chelsea, Wednesday.

Lemuel Hedigan, Otto Steiner and Levi Fewless, of Fowlerville, were Chelsea visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Martin and Misses Nina Belle Wurster and Jennie Walker were in Dexter, Tuesday.

Wednesday's casualty list included the name of Lieut. Fred S. Flick of Ann Arbor, wounded severely.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Kern will move to Detroit tomorrow where Mr. Kern has a position in the Ford plant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings and Mrs. W. G. Kempf visited relatives in Hastings over the week-end.

Regular meeting Royal Neighbors of America, Tuesday evening, October 1st, at 7:30 o'clock, Woodman hall.

C. F. Kantlehner celebrated his 76th birthday, Sunday, the occasion being observed by a pleasant family gathering.

Harmony chapter of the Congregational church will meet with Mrs. Herman Fletcher, Wednesday, October 2d.

Mrs. O. J. Walworth left Tuesday for a week's visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Bacon, of Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Mrs. G. L. Young packed and sent her household goods to her new home in Detroit, yesterday, and left for that place herself today.

Fire in some kindling in the basement of the home of Timothy Maloney 458 West North street, Tuesday afternoon, caused considerable smoke damage.

Rev. F. O. Jones will preach at the Methodist church Sunday morning. Rev. Whitney will preach his farewell sermon at a union service in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stover, who have been residents of Chelsea the past year, left Wednesday for their former home in Traverse City. Mr. Stover has enlisted for service in the tank corps.

Dogs Sunday night killed 21 sheep owned by Jos. Heim, and three belonging to E. L. Sturdevant. Here's where some of the license money collected last spring from dog owners will come in handy to reimburse the losers of the sheep.

H. H. Darling, local manager for the Michigan State Telephone company for several years, has been promoted to be wire chief at St. Joseph and Benton Harbor. His successor is S. W. Reed, recently of Rochester, who took charge of the Chelsea exchange yesterday.

At midnight October 26 the clocks of Michigan will be set back one hour. On that date and at that time, according to government order, the nation will go back to the "old time" effective before the "more daylight" plan was adopted. Clocks of the nation were set ahead one hour April 1, this year.

Forty-five school boys have signified their willingness to work on Saturdays and nights after school. Any farmer or others needing help should get in touch with Superintendent W. L. Walling, phone 243-W. About 20 boys are now working. There are a few boys who are willing to work in town for their room, also.

Sylvan town hall was packed to overflowing Tuesday evening when Major W. H. Cressy lectured on conditions on the eastern battle front, where he has served since December, 1914. His story was heart rending in many details and should effectively neutralize any possible sympathy for the German war lords and their followers. Major Cressy believes that the Russian army of the south will be reorganized and eventually become a deciding factor in "winning the war."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

Mrs. Henry Everett of Chicago is visiting relatives in Chelsea and vicinity.

Mrs. Sarah Canfield of Detroit has been visiting Chelsea friends the past week.

Miss Veva Meyers spent Sunday in Sharon at the home of Alfred Smyth and family.

Mrs. Laura Pister of Cincinnati is visiting at the home of her brother, Lewis Grossman of Sharon.

The Chelsea Hardware Co. is altering its show window, taking out the old ledge and extending the floor.

Mrs. Lydia Bronson and Mrs. Bertha Hauser are visiting relatives in Detroit, Salem, Northville and Pontiac.

Marriage licenses have been issued to John E. Lucht, Jr., and Miss Mattie Kline; Henry Engelhart and Batic Kline, all of Lima.

O. C. Burkhart received a telegram this morning saying that the condition of his daughter, Mrs. Ezra Koebe of Boston, Mass., who is recovering from a severe attack of Spanish influenza, is much improved.

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor. Morning worship at ten o'clock. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "When Men Meet Christ." Sunday school at 11:15 o'clock. Union evening service at the Methodist 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 a. m. Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. Young people's service at 7 p. m.

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 usual hour in this church.

Great Faith in Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy was used by my father about a year ago when he had diarrhoea. It relieved him immediately and by taking three doses he was absolutely cured. He has great faith in this remedy," writes Mrs. W. H. Williams, Stanley, N. Y.—Adv.

NOTICE!

In order to support our government in its war program and assist the Fuel Administration in the conservation of fuel; beginning October 1st we, the undersigned, will close our places of business at 6:00 p. m. every evening excepting Wednesday and Saturday evenings, until further notice.

HINDELANG & FAHRNER
O. D. SCHNEIDER
GALLAGHER'S BAZAAR



"Bum Steers"

are unknown in this meat market—we handle only quality meats and we advertise them in a straight forward way when we try to steer you to this market for good meats.

WE WANT TO SERVE YOU
ADAM EPLER
Phone 41 South Main Street

After School



When the little lads come home tired and hungry what is better and more wholesome than a slice or two of our bread with butter or jam and perhaps a glass of milk?

Good wholesome cookies, too, are good for lunches. We have them.

Also a nice line of candies and chewing gum.

H. J. SMITH
The Baker West Middle St.

B - A - VOLUNTEER

Are you ready to do your part in helping to put over Washtenaw County's share of the Fourth Liberty Loan? If so, why wait for someone to come and ask you to do your part? You should need no urging. It is a patriotic duty to which you will gladly respond if you are a true and loyal citizen.

INDIVIDUAL QUOTA

The individual quota is the only fair and just method of spreading the cost of the war equally, according to the income of each person. It is no more than fair that every person should do his fair share. No one is asked to do more. No loyal American will wish to do less. We trust that every person will enter into this volunteer plan. If you will call at any of the offices soon to be opened in various parts of the county the Liberty Loan workers will be glad to help you determine what is your share in this issue of the Liberty Loan. A table has been carefully worked out as being adapted to the conditions of this county. If your case is an average one the table will show you what you should do.

VOLUNTEER SUBSCRIPTION

Under the Volunteer plan no subscriptions will be taken anywhere in the county except at the nine Liberty Loan offices. Every person in the county who possesses available capital or who earns an income will be expected to go to the Liberty Loan office in the district where he resides and subscribe for the amount of bonds he should take.

Every day subscriptions will be canvassed by a board of review and every subscriber who appears to have done all that he ought to do will receive a Volunteer Window Card.

No Volunteer Cards will be issued after Volunteer Week and solicitors will not call at houses where Volunteer Cards are displayed in the window.

From 9:00 a. m. until 8:00 p. m. Liberty Loan offices will be open in the nine different places in the county and will remain open the entire week beginning Monday, September 30th, and closing Saturday, October 5th.

CHELSEA, Town Hall. DEXTER, Stebbins Hotel. Manchester, J. H. Kingsley residence. SALINE, Old Saline Savings Bank bldg. ANN ARBOR, 106 S. Main St. YPSILANTI, 29 S. Huron St. MILAN, Community bldg. WHITMORE LAKE, Rane's store. SALEM, Town Hall.

Volunteer Days Sept. 30 to Oct. 5

"YOUR SHARE IS FAIR"

Nothing Less Will Do

BUY A BOND OF THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN