

## WANTS TO GO OVERSEAS

Sgt. Warren Heselschwerdt Chafes At Being Obligated to Remain On Duty In States.

Following is a letter received Tuesday from Sergeant Warren Heselschwerdt, a former Grass Lake-Chelsea boy now in the 811 Aero Squadron in Indianapolis, Indiana:

Dear Mr. Axtell:  
My Tribune of the 4th received this morning. This being Sunday, our day of rest, and about the only time we have to read and answer our letters, I will drop a line to you. I certainly enjoy reading about my old friends back home.

While reading over the "local brevities" I found where one of my old pals, Corp. C. D. Wolf, is only 15 miles from me. I certainly will look him up soon.

It makes me feel pretty bad when I read about all of the fellows being "overseas" and me here in Indianapolis, and no chance to get across. I have tried several times to get transferred into different branches of the service, but my name has always been crossed off. I asked my captain why that was and he said if they wanted to transfer me they would do so without my asking them, so I have decided to let them have their own way about it.

Work in the shops today is very quiet, but over our heads is the buzzing of the motors, which lasts all day long and some times at night.

The enlisted men of our field are starting a little newspaper. I am sending you a copy; its the second one we have gotten out and we hope it will be larger in the future. We think it will be, as the fellows seem more interested all the time.

I just got a small of our army coffee ("mud," as the boys call it) and that means dinner will soon be ready, so I will close, sending best regards to all my old friends. Sergeant Warren, Heselschwerdt, 811 Aero Squadron, Speedway, Indianapolis, Indiana.

## CHELSEA SCHOOL NEWS.

Paul Speer is a new member of the first grade.

William Hittle of the fourth grade is absent from school with the Spanish influenza.

Miss Alma Widmayer, third grade teacher, has been ill for a few days. Miss Elsie Goetz substituted for her yesterday.

Mrs. Tubbs says: "I aint never received nothin' yet from my rich relations except advice and picture postcards, and I aint goin' to ask 'em now." Watch for the date.

The Red Cross Auxiliary of the Chelsea schools elected officers Tuesday as follows: President, Mrs. Belle Roepecke; secretary, Mrs. Florence Howlett; treasurer, Mrs. Grace Axtell.

Some of the high school boys have undertaken the supervision of the play of the boys of the fourth and fifth grades at recess and other intermissions. It is hoped to improve the playground conditions and develop the spirit of sportsmanship among the younger boys.

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

## JOHN WALTER BOYCE.

John Walter Boyce, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Boyce of Lyndon, died early Wednesday morning at the military hospital in Syracuse, N. Y., after being in the service of his country for only five weeks, 21 days of which had been spent in the hospital. The young man was 23 years of age on the 10th day of last April.

The body arrived in Chelsea yesterday morning, accompanied by an orderly and the flag on the municipal flag-pole was placed at half mast as a mark of honor.

The deceased is survived by his young wife and infant child, and by his parents and several brothers and sisters.

The funeral will be held from the home of his parents, Saturday afternoon at one o'clock.

## BATTALION OF DEATH

Chelsea Girls Have Organized a New Military Company and Will Drill Monday Evenings.

The first meeting of the Girls' Military company was held Monday evening in the Welfare hall of the Lewis Spring & Axle company. Twenty-seven young women were present and manifested a keen interest in this new organization.

The young women went through a practice drill, which acquainted them with the purpose of the enterprise; and all expressed the opinion that they would enjoy and be present at the future meetings to be held on Monday evening of each week.

An election was held at which Miss Doris Schmidt was chosen chairman, and Miss Edna Maroney, secretary.

It is hoped that a great many more young women will be present at the next meeting on Monday evening, October 14th, at 7:30 o'clock.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF HOOVER STEEL BALL CO.

H. D. Runciman, Former Chelsea Boy, Takes Place L. J. Hoover on Board of Directors.

The annual meeting of the Hoover Steel Ball company was held at the company's office in Ann Arbor, Tuesday afternoon.

The board of directors selected consists of William Arnold, Jr., R. T. Dobson, H. A. Douglas, M. J. Fritz, Dr. L. P. Hall, W. C. Mack, H. D. Runciman, F. A. Stivers and D. F. Zimmerman; Mr. Runciman being added to the board to take the place of the late L. J. Hoover.

At the reorganization of the board of directors the following officials were elected: President, Walter C. Mack; vice-president, Frank A. Stivers; treasurer, M. J. Fritz; secretary and manager, H. D. Runciman; assistant secretary, William Arnold, Jr.; executive committee, William Arnold, Jr., R. T. Dobson, M. J. Fritz, Dr. L. P. Hall and F. A. Stivers; auditing committee, William Arnold, Jr., H. A. Douglas and Walter C. Mack.

Resolutions, expressing the great loss to his family, the company and the community because of the death of Mr. Hoover, were presented to and unanimously adopted by the stockholders.

## PINCKNEY BANK ROBBED

Vault Was Blown With Nitro Early Wednesday Morning; Gang Escaped in Auto.

A gang of four men blew open the vault of the Pinckney Exchange bank early Wednesday morning, and after looting it of about \$5,000 in currency escaped in an automobile via Gregory and Grass Lake.

The telephone exchange is in rooms above the bank and the night operator was aroused by the explosions, but the wires had been cut. The explosions also aroused citizens about town and a number of shots were exchanged with the robbers, without effect.

The robbers drove away to the west and the telephone operator then discovered that the Gregory connection was live and sent word to that place, but the gang eluded attempts at capture and continued their flight through Gregory in the direction of Grass Lake.

## FATALLY BURNED BY EXPLODING ALCOHOL

Three Ann Arbor Men Were Victims Peculiar Accident Wednesday.

Harry Holt is dead, and O. E. Roszel and R. E. Weaver, all of Ann Arbor, are in the Homeopathic hospital, suffering from terrible burns, as the result of an explosion of a cask of alcohol Wednesday afternoon. It is said a lighted candle was held too close to the cask, which was leaking slightly, and the explosion which followed covered the men with the burning liquid.

Holt, who was a clerk in the office of the stores warehouse of the University of Michigan, together with Roszel, the storekeeper, and Weaver, Roszel's chief clerk, were sealing a cask of alcohol which was leaking, when the explosion occurred. Holt, covered from head to foot with flames rushed outdoors and rolled himself in the grass. Young women in the office seeing the flaming figure, grabbed sweaters and blankets and helped to smother the flames, but Mr. Holt had been cruelly burned from head to foot, especially around the neck, chest and shoulders. He was taken to the Homeopathic hospital where he died about ten o'clock Wednesday night. He was conscious until within a few minutes of his death.

Mr. Holt was about 33 years of age and leaves a widow and infant child. It is believed that both of the other men will recover.

## WILLIAM B. GILDART.

William B. Gildart, editor of the Albion Leader, died Sunday, October 6, 1918, following a few days' illness. He was past 70 years of age.

Mr. Gildart had been in the newspaper business for many years and founded the Stockbridge Sun, which he published for 20 years. He had been editor of the Albion Leader for the past 15 years.

As a young man, the deceased resided in Chelsea and attended the Chelsea schools. His wife is a sister of Andrew Sawyer of this place.

His widow, two daughters, Miss Lulu Gildart and Mrs. R. A. Fowler, and five sons, three of whom are in military service, Major R. C. Gildart and 1st Lieut. R. S. Gildart, both in France, Cadet C. R. Gildart who will graduate from West Point military academy next month, Emerson Gildart who has been doing prohibition work in Ohio, and W. H. Gildart of Lansing, survive.

## WEST WASH. FARMERS' CLUB.

The Western Washtenaw Farmers' club will be entertained next Friday, October 18th, by Mesdames G. W. and L. G. Palmer at the home of the former. The program follows: Prayer; song; club; reading; R. B. Waltrous; roll call; current events; question. Should the government continue to dictate the price of commodities? music, male quartette; closing song, America.

## RED CROSS NEWS.

Annual election of officers will be held Monday, October 21st, at 7:30 o'clock in Macabee hall.

Recent new members are: Mrs. Charles Mohrlak and Mrs. George Miller. Donations: Mrs. W. J. Howlett.

Notice has been received from headquarters in Newark, N. J., of the receipt of six boxes of clothing for Belgian relief.

The North Lake home nursing class will have their examination Saturday afternoon at two o'clock at the home of Mrs. E. W. Daniels.

If a solicitor calls upon you, taking orders for kitchen utensils and claiming that a per cent of the price is turned into the Red Cross, kindly report the matter to Red Cross headquarters.

Henry P. Davidson, chairman of the Red Cross War Council, has been decorated with the Commander Cross of the Legion of Honor by President Poincaré of France in recognition of the American Red Cross work in that country.

The War Department has issued orders allowing each soldier "overseas" to receive one Christmas parcel. Labels will be issued, one to each soldier and he should forward same to his nearest relative, who should affix it to the parcel before mailing same. No parcels will be accepted at the post-office unless so labeled. Labels are expected in this country about November 1st. Cartons of approved size, 9 x 3 x 4 inches, will be given out as soon as the labels are received. The weight of the parcel must not exceed three pounds.

Buy a Liberty Bond today; SURE!

## WATERLOO RED CROSS.

The Waterloo branch of the Red Cross submits the following yearly report: Meetings held, 40; average of attendance, 14; members enrolled, 41. We have sent to headquarters in Jackson, 17 seweders, 16 pairs socks, 63 pairs wristlets, 1 pair bed socks, 16 mufflers, 132 abdominal bandages, 108 triangular bandages, 24 nurses caps, 17 pillows, 34 pillow cases, 7 cup covers, 38 pairs of pajamas, 3,150 gun wipes, 108 gun cleaners, 58 refugee garments, 2 small quilts, 12 handkerchiefs, 69 surgical dressings. We sent to the Jackson Red Cross bazaar, 22 articles to be sold and \$65.50 cash. We donated a quilt to be auctioned at the Red Cross booth at the Jackson fair. Cash receipts during the year, \$135.38. We spent \$28 for yarn, \$2.45 for needles, and sent \$50 to headquarters in Jackson. Mrs. Ada Collins moving away, Mrs. Mary Runciman was elected secretary and treasurer, and Mrs. Walter Vicary chairman. We meet every Tuesday afternoon in the Gleaner hall and we extend a cordial invitation to all to come and help us in the work.

## CONG. CHURCH ASSN.

Annual Meeting Will Be Held Here Wednesday and Thursday.

The Program.

The annual meeting of the Jackson association of Congregational churches will be held in the Congregational church, Chelsea, Wednesday and Thursday, October 16 and 17. At the same time also will be held the annual meetings of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior and Woman's Home Missionary Union. The programs follow:

Wednesday morning—Devotional service, Mrs. Cutler, Grass Lake; Words of Welcome, Mrs. Dierberger; reports of secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Myers of Jackson; "Missionary Red Cross," Mrs. Dwight Goddard, state pres. W. B. M. I.; business; Our Young Folks, Miss McLean, Jackson; reports of delegates; luncheon.

Wednesday afternoon—Opening prayer, Mrs. Smits, Jackson; solo; reports of committees; jubilee fund; messages from home and foreign state secretaries, Miss Hall, Ypsilanti, Mrs. Stanchfield, Ann Arbor; further reports from delegates; Schaeffer building fund, Mrs. Wilton, state pres. W. H. M. U.; Message From Orient, Miss Giang, Nankin, China; question box, Mrs. Charles Wagner, Ann Arbor.

Wednesday evening—Devotional, Rev. Percy V. Dawe; Address, "Tercentenary Goals," Rev. Bastian Smits, Jackson.

Thursday morning—Devotional service, Rev. W. H. Shannon; roll call and organization; business; Political Conditions in India, Rev. J. H. Dickson, Ceylon; The Church and Community War Service, Rev. Lloyd C. Douglas; luncheon.

Thursday afternoon—Devotional service, Rev. W. H. Cutler; business; The Church Meeting After War Conditions, Rev. Harvey C. Colburn; discussion; Every Member Drive, Rev. J. W. Sutherland, D. D.; The Coming Church, Rev. A. B. Curtis.

Thursday evening—Devotional service, Rev. F. S. Hurlburt; offering for ministerial fund; address and stereopticon views, Rev. J. H. Dickson, Ceylon.

Phone us your news items; 190-W.

## 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.

FOR RENT—Furnished light-house-keeping rooms. 124 Park St. 813

FOR SALE—Two extra good Black Top rams, one ram lamb, \$16 for choice. Lynn Hendee, phone 35F12 Pinckney. 712

CIDER APPLES—Highest market price paid for good cider apples. See us before you sell. Chelsea Elevator Co., phone 112. 712

AUCTION—Farm implements, stock, hay, grain and fodder on premises, 5 miles west of Chelsea, Thursday, Oct. 17th, commencing at 12 o'clock. Christian Weber. 712

FOR RENT—Modern light-house-keeping rooms. 163 Orchard street, Chelsea. 613

FOR SALE—2 yr. old Black Top ram. Clark Bros., phone 104-F32, Chelsea. 613


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. 411

FOR SALE—Modern residence and two lots, McKinley St. and Elm Ave. Porter Brower, 564 McKinley St., Chelsea. 1124

FOR SALE—New hand-power washing machine and good top buggy; both bargains. Reuben Hieber, phone 187, Chelsea. 211

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. 10611

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



**Mark Hanna**

A Politician of Remarkable Ability.  
Mr. Hanna's advice to young men was: "Work—work—save. There is no better recipe for success."

Mark Hanna was, betimes, a man of real humor as well as a statesman of unequalled acumen.

He once told a young man who had asked him for advice as to how to succeed: "Get a good job—work like the dickens—save every cent."

Though spoken in jest, this advice was full of meat. Of course one can't save every cent, but almost everybody can and should save something.

If you have no bank account start one here today. We will help you all we can to make it grow.

We offer good interest and absolute safety as to principal.

A single dollar starts an account.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

**KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK**

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

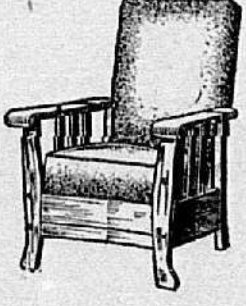
## Specials For Saturday

October 12th

Matches, per box	5c
Rub-no-more Soap	6c
Old Tavern Brand Catsup (new)	13c
Tryphosia	9c
Post Toasties	13c
Pint can best Olives, 25c value,	20c

## Keusch & Fahrner

The Pure Food Store



**Royal Easy Chairs**  
PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES!

## STOVES

We have a fine line of Soft Coal and Wood Burning Heating Stoves. See our Kenwood Airtights and Clairmont Double Burners. Also a nice line of Ranges and Cook Stoves.


## FURNITURE

For Everybody. We have the dandy lines. Our store is brim full of bargains for you.

We have your Hunting License for you.

## HOLMES & WALKER

—We Will Treat You Right—



**TRY THIS GOOD LOAF**

Put it on the table for dinner. Don't tell the family it is bakery bread and see what they say. Many folks think they don't like bakery bread, but they haven't tried our bread.

They'll like this loaf and you will be spared all the trouble of baking day.

**H. J. SMITH**  
The Baker West Middle St.

## Caps to Cover All Sorts of Heads



LOW prices for caps become significant only when quoted by a reliable store for caps of quality. Caps for golfing, for autoing, for all sorts of outdoor sports or recreation, are sold by us.

Caps for everyday wear—the kind you feel are easy and comfortable and still look good. Hats too. Permit us to say that you can't beat our hat prices anywhere.

## HERMAN J. DANCER

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

All holders of Liberty Bonds of the second issue, wishing to convert same into 4½% bonds, will please deliver bonds to their local banks for conversion on or before October 20th, 1918.

## F. STAFFAN & SON

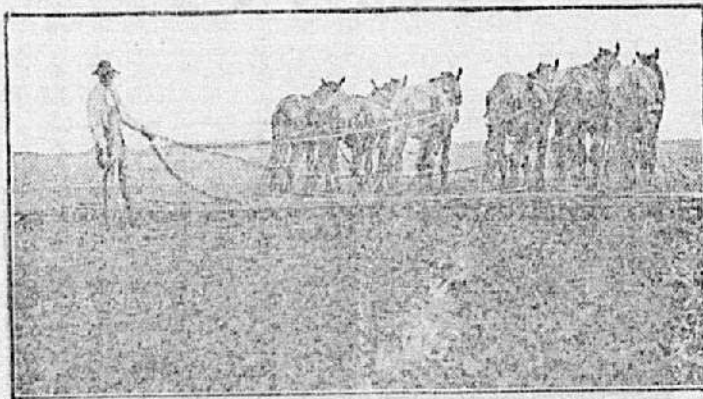
UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich



## SAVE MAN LABOR BY USING MORE HORSES, LARGER IMPLEMENTS AND POWER MACHINES



INCREASED EFFICIENCY OF FARM WORK WITH HORSES.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In solving farm labor difficulties, more horses, larger implements and power machinery play an important part. If two horses, which have been driven singly by two men, are combined into a team driven by one man, the efficiency of the horses is as great or greater than before, and one man's time is saved. The two-horse turning plow is in common use in all parts of the country but except on small farms it nearly always will be profitable to replace the two-horse plow by a larger one. Four horses can pull a two-bottom plow as easily as two can pull a single bottom of corresponding size. The two-bottom plow enables a farmer to do what is generally the heaviest work of the year with half the help that would be required if single-bottom plows were used. In hot weather or where the plowing is hard, five or even six horses will sometimes be necessary to keep the plow moving steadily and at a good rate of speed.

### Plowing With Tractors.

Experienced tractor users say they can do just as good plowing with a tractor as they did with horses, or even better, and a three or four-horse tractor enables a farmer who has more plowing than can be done with the largest horse-drawn plow further to increase the amount of work which one man can do. One man with a three-horse tractor usually covers a little more ground a day than three men with single plows, and one man with a

four-horse tractor does more than two men with two-bottom horse-drawn plows. The tractor works just as well in hot weather, and if desired can be worked 24 hours a day with two or three shifts of men—a big advantage over horse-drawn outfits.

The spike-tooth harrow is an implement of comparatively light draft, and sometimes it is possible to put an extra section on the average harrow, thereby increasing considerably the ground covered without the addition of any horses to the team. On farms where two two-horse harrows are used it is frequently possible to combine the two harrows, hitch the four horses as one team, and operate it with one man, thereby releasing the second man for other work.

### Use of Disk Harrow.

The disk harrow, both single and double, is found in a wide range of widths, and for from two to eight horses. The use of a disk harrow drawn by two horses is not advisable unless only two horses are available for power and the amount of disk to be done is small. A four-horse disk does twice as much work as a two-horse disk, without the same expenditure of man labor.

The use of a gang plow drawn by four or more horses, and of big implements for harrowing, rolling and dragging, enables one man to prepare for planting in a given time practically twice as much land as would be possible if he used the traditional two-horse method.

## SELECTION OF SEED CORN IS IMPORTANT

### Prepare for Bigger Yields by Preserving Supply.

Proper Way Is to Choose From Standing Stalks Before First Hard Freeze—Avoid Large Ears on Stalks.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Selection of seed corn now from the standing stalks is one way, and a very easy one, to increase the yields next year. Shortage of good seed corn in many parts of the northern states last spring emphasizes the importance of being prepared next year. Preparation



Field of Corn Showing Good Method of Selecting Seed—The Men Are Searching for Plants That Have Produced Heavily Under Average Conditions and in Close Competition With Less Productive Plants in the Same and Adjacent Hills.

should begin now, for the only proper way to select seed corn is from the standing stalks as soon as the corn matures and before the first hard freeze. Select plenty of seed—enough for your own needs, for replanting if necessary and to supply your less thrifty neighbors who may wait until spring to take their chances of getting good seed from the crib. Well-chosen, home-grown seed of varieties of proven worth in the community, properly dried immediately after it has been gathered and carefully preserved until planting time, produces the best yields.

As soon as the crop ripens, go through the field, with seed-picking bags, and husk the ears from the stalks that have produced the best corn without having had special advantages such as space, moisture, or fertility. Avoid

the large ears on stalks standing singly with an unusual amount of space around them. Preference should be given the plants that have produced most heavily in competition with a full stand of less productive plants. Late-maturing plants with ears which are heavy because of an excessive amount of sap should be ignored. Sapiness greatly increases the weight and is likely to destroy the quality.

In the central and southern states, all other things being equal, short, thick stalks are preferable. Short stalks are not so easily blown down and permit thicker planting. Thick stalks are not so easily broken down, and in general are more productive than slender ones. The tendency for corn to produce suckers is hereditary. Other things being equal, seed should be taken from stalks that have no suckers.

Immediately after the seed corn is gathered the husked ears should be put in a dry place where there is free circulation of air and placed in such a manner that the ears do not touch each other. This is the only safe procedure. Good seed is repeatedly ruined because it is thought to be already dry enough when gathered. Many farmers believe that their autumn is so dry that such care is unnecessary. Seed corn in every locality gathered at ripening time will be benefited by drying as suggested. If left in the husk long after ripening it may sprout or mildew during warm, wet weather or become infested with weevils. The vitality of seed is often reduced by leaving it in a sack or in a pile for even a day after gathering. During warm weather, with some moisture in the cobs and kernels, the ears heat or mildew in a remarkably short time.

The best possible treatment immediately after gathering is to string the ears. Ordinarily the best place to hang strings of ears is in an open shed or loft. Wire racks are more convenient and in the end cheaper than bladder twine. Such racks may be made from electrically welded lawn fencing. The cutting of the fencing into seed-corn racks is done without any waste. Only during unusually damp weather at seed-gathering time will fire be necessary to dry the seed. If heat is employed in a poorly-ventilated room it will do the seed ears more injury than good. If used, the fire should be slow, long continued, and below the seed ears, with good ventilation above them.

After hanging in the shed or lying on the racks for two months the seed ears should be as dry as a bone and contain less than 1 per cent of moisture. They can remain where they dried or be stored in mouse-proof barrels, boxes or crates during the winter, but in either case they must not be exposed to a damp atmosphere, for they will absorb moisture and be injured. Some farmers place the thoroughly dried seed ears in the center of a wheat bin and fill the bin with loose, dry wheat.

### Hay Supply for Calf.

When the calf is two weeks old ground grain or prepared meal and bright clean hay should be offered; the quantity fed should be increased as the calf's appetite demands.

## Sabotage and the Dog

By ISOBEL FIELD  
Of The Vigilantes

Has it occurred to anyone that the numerous trades against dogs that have been appearing in the newspapers all over the country in the shape of "letters from the people" may be of alien enemy origin? Why should the same arguments against man's best friend appear in New York dailies at the same time they are coming out in the newspapers of California, Texas, Oregon and elsewhere?

What attracted my attention was finding the identical letter in my home town paper (Morning Press, Santa Barbara, Cal.) that I had read in the New York Globe. It was signed by different initials but the wording and arguments were the same. "Dogs eat sheep. We need mutton. Therefore, all dogs should be exterminated."

All over the West last summer there were unusually destructive forest fires; crops were destroyed, cattle poisoned, and a mysterious horse disease appeared in many localities. Though the evidence has not been made public, it is common knowledge that these depredations were the work of enemy aliens. The work was done with a system that suggested German efficiency, and was no doubt paid for by German money. That being so, the elimination of watch dogs would be of immense importance, and the only conclusion is that the whole propaganda is the work of our enemies. They would influence us to kill our own dogs for the convenience of German agents, who, without these guard-dogs, would have a freer hand in sabotage.

### No Trouble in Scotland.

The argument that dogs cannot be kept in a sheep-growing country is refuted by Scotland, where there are more dogs to the square mile than any country in the world. One cannot "draw near" a Scottish home without

hearing "the watchdog's honest bark." In many families each member has his own dog and no child's life is considered livable without one. But the best evidence of all is the shepherd himself, who would be lost without the help and companionship of his dogs.

### Be on Watch for Enemies.

Scotland is a great sheep-growing country, yet it loves the dog; gives him his due in life and revere him in death. At the castle in Edinburgh there is a little plot of ground where the dogs of the Scottish soldiers are buried; it is a charming spot, and on many little tombstones there are tender tributes to departed friends. In front of St. Giles cathedral in the same noble city there is a monument with a little Skye terrier, and upon it, carved in stone, an inscription to "Robbie," who refused to leave the church-yard where his master was buried and died upon his grave.

We want more dogs in America—not fewer. They would be of great service guarding ammunition plants; in helping soldiers on guard at aqueducts and bridges in ferreting out suspicious characters, the forest rangers all over the West would find them invaluable in densely wooded country. Farmers, shepherds, cattlemen and ranchers need them; and the sneaking incendiaries, poisoners and devastators would find their work much harder if there were more watchdogs on guard.

We must not part with our dogs. One has only to read what dogs have done and are doing in this war to realize the extent to which they can be trained. It is said that the Red Cross dogs can detect life in a wounded soldier lying out in No Man's Land when the doctors themselves are in doubt. They carry messages through shot and shell; they bring up food and water to the first line trenches, and many a brave man owes his life to the intelligence and fidelity of a dog.

In future when we read any of these "letters from the people" advocating the destruction of the dogs—it would be well to find out the names and addresses of the writers and send them to the secret service department to be investigated. We have many scores to settle against the Germans, and not the least of them is their insidious, treacherous propaganda against the best friend God has given to man.

## Precedence

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR  
Of The Vigilantes

It was quite the grandest affair held in Berlin since the signing of the treaty of peace that had brought the great war to an end, and everybody that was anybody was there. Invitations, indeed, had been almost frantically sought for a month, for it had early become known that the host, his excellency Grossmorden Schmidt, had obtained, at an enormous expense, a quantity of genuine blutwurst, which was to form the pièce de résistance of the magnificent banquet of real food that was to crown the occasion. After years of substitutes the prospect of once again tasting viands guiltless of cayenne, acorns, clay, bone dust and the unsatisfying, if clever, triumphs of synthetic chemistry, had thrown Berlin's new aristocracy into a state of joyous excitement scarcely approached in fervor since the now-forgotten and to-be-remembered-always sinking of the Lusitania. So great was the press about the entrance of Herr Schmidt's magnificent residence that fully an hour before the time specified in the much-sought invitations it became necessary to request extra police-women to restore order and to, sometimes forcibly, dispossess the fortunate guests of the baskets they had brought with them.

### Saves the Blutwurst.

An attempt to break into the kitchen and make away with the precious blutwurst was foiled early in the evening by Herrin Schmidt herself, whose cries of alarm brought prompt assistance from Herr Muhlstein, his excellency's secretary, and a number of the servants. Several captives were effected, but as the marauders proved to be well-known members of society no arrests were made. The ball with which the gayeties opened was a great success, the grand march being led by Herrin Grossmorden Schmidt and Privy Councillor von Verletzang. All went well, indeed, until it came time to throw open the doors of the hall in which the banquet, closely guarded by a force of police-women disguised as guests, was spread. Thereupon a most embarrassing question arose. Following the host and hostess, in what order should the members of the new aristocracy be admitted? Herr Muhlstein, in despair, sought his patron.

"I had it all so completely arranged," he explained. "Herr Sinnlich and his lady first, followed by Herr Windig and—"

"Sinnlich!" expostulated the host. "But he is a mere upstart—a nobody! What claim has he to precedence?"

"You forget that it was Herr Sinnlich who personally poisoned the wells in the enemy country during our glorious retreat in the third year of the war, excellency. Official reports credit him with nearly seven hundred deaths. To be sure—"

"Gott, what is that, I ask you? A mere poisoner! Was it not Oberste Fleischig who himself heroically put to the sword in one day forty-eight Belgian women and nearly twice as

many children? Bah! You are a fool!"

"But, excellency," faltered the unhappy secretary, "in point of numbers—"

### Numbers Matter Little.

"Numbers are not all. If they were, have we not with us the world-famous hero who sank the Lusitania? Himmell! Numbers! What is? And this Windig you talk of! Another nonentity, I tell you! Why, if you had your way you would give precedence to every poisoner and covisher here. Use, I beg of you, Herr Muhlstein, your brain! To all who gloriously aided the fatherland to maintain her reputation for cruelty and beastliness much honor is due, but we must use discretion, my good fellow. The more so as the new German aristocracy is still in a chaotic and formative stage. Mistakes made tonight might be difficult to later correct. We must be careful. Precedence must be awarded to one of truly great and unquestionable merit, and for that reason it is that I speak of Oberste Fleischig who—"

But at that instant the question was conclusively decided by the advent of a tardy guest.

"Admiral von Schmutzlig!" announced the head footman impressively. With a grunt of delight the host hurried forward with outstretched hands to welcome the distinguished guest, leaving Herr Muhlstein to sigh with a vast relief. For now the problem of precedence was provisionally solved. What, indeed, were more murderers of women and mutilators of babies, poisoners and violators, in the august presence of one who had sunk three hospital ships?

After that the affair went merry as a wedding bell and a pleasant time was had by all.

## SPEED UP

By SARA EARL,  
Of The Vigilantes.

It's all very well to dally  
When the world has a leisure hour,  
But the man who can speed  
When his country has need

Is the man with the balance of power.  
The laws of our land are many,  
Quick action they often restrain,  
But the loss of one day  
Means some one must pay.

While our dear ones are dying in vain—  
BRAVE MARTYRS OF FATAL DELAY.

Then speed up your action, wise rulers,  
From bondage to ultimate cost,  
For the man with a will  
Who can speed up a bill

Is the man who is doing the most.  
If some one has offered assistance  
No matter if poem or gun,  
Don't leave it to fate  
Nor stop to debate.

But Speed Up! and extinguish the  
Lamp—  
BEFORE IT'S FOREVER TOO LATE.

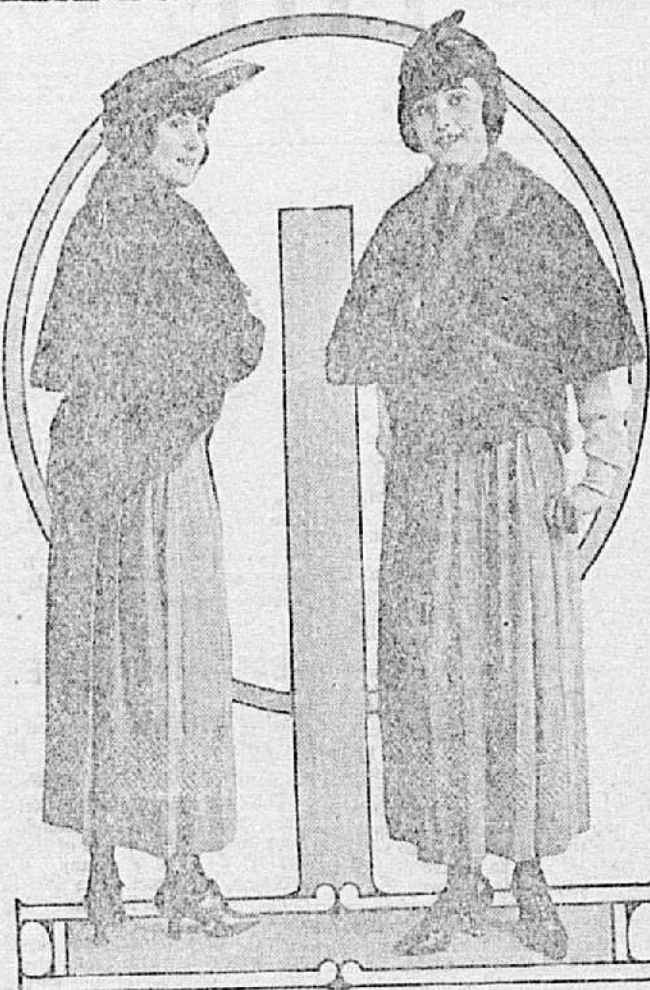
### Will Not Fall Again.

"We shall all return to Eden," says a western minister. Yes, and if we may add the observation, we men will know a lot more about snakes and things. You don't get us to fall for those things again, not if Eve is the most persuasive creature on earth.—Buffalo News.

### Wait Too Long to Shape Course.

Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders which they were not to open till they were fairly in mid-ocean.—Lowell.

## Two Views of a Seal Cape



There is so much variety in the styles of fur garments that every shopper may go forth to buy with the happy assurance of being pleased. There are short coats and coonies, scarf and cuff sets, some long coats and several types that are part scarf and cuffs that are part girdle. The short fur coat shows signs of being the best liked of all the assortment, by women who expect to spend the winter in the North, but it must admit rivals when there is likelihood of a southern sojourn. There are several enticing garments that intrigue the favor of those who have an eye for novelty and grace.

Especially when furs are to be worn more for their beauty and becomingness than for actual warmth.

Some of the new capes are extended at the front, suggesting the union of a cape and scarf, and these betray pockets when you least expect them—in the scarf ends. They will keep the hands warm. The cape shown in two views in the picture has a collar formed of a band of martin which decides to be generous and to perform the duty of a girdle. This is just one more example of the two-in-one-garment idea which fur designers have enjoyed working with this season. The cape

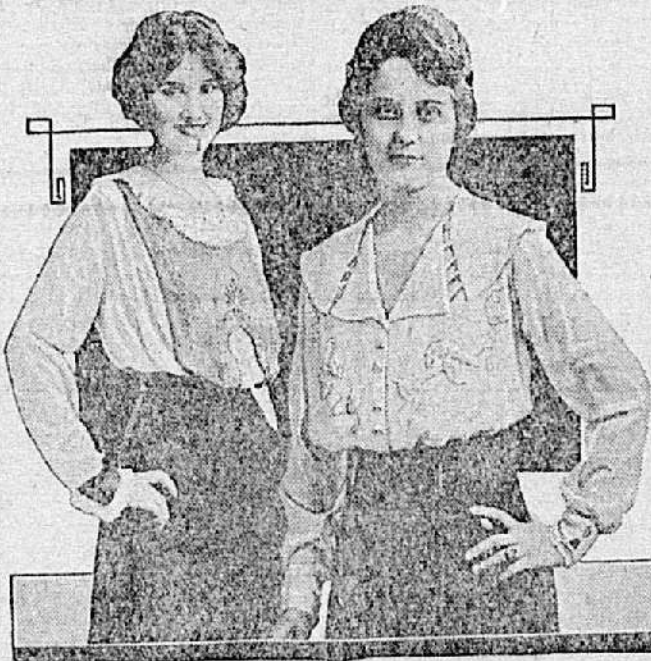
is lengthened at the front and the extensions of the collar are brought about the figure and fastened at the back, some distance below the waist line, like a sash. A cape of this kind would be effective in some of the rich fur-fabrics having the collar made of genuine fur, with a muff to match it.

Of course the scarf and muff sets remain the greatest favorites, the most practical of all furs. Muffs are round and not very large, and in scarfs there is a great diversity in styles and lengths.

### "War Service" Blouses.

The woman who would look spick and span even to the end of the day as she goes about her war work chooses these strictly tailored blouses of white silk, linen, madras or even a dark radium silk, provided it has the high turnover collar, long sleeves and perhaps a pin tucked or box plaited front with pearl buttons that really button. One girl caught up her enlisted brother's cuff links and slipped them into the sleeves of her linen blouse. Before she could finish telling it another girl displayed a brand new pair of cuff links with a military insignia thereon.

## New Style Notes in Blouses



Until something in textiles more beautiful and more becoming than crepe georgette and crepe-de-chine, is invented, we may expect them to remain the theme of the story of blouses. The delicacy of georgette and the suppleness and sheen of crepe-de-chine are unrivaled and with this they are as durable as heavier fabrics. No blouses wear better or wash and clean so easily. The new blouses for fall and winter are still of these lovely crepes—they are still silk and head-embroidered, but there are a few new style notes that place them as belonging to this particular season.

Among these are new methods of shaping and finishing neck openings, the use of batiste for collars, cuffs, yokes and frills. The introduction of two contrasting colors in georgette is an idea carried over from last season. It was too good to be discarded and appears in the blouse pictured with an emplacement of old blue crepe over a flesh-colored body on a blouse with round neck-opening. The white frill about the neck is of batiste and it edges the band of blue georgette that forms the cuff, making the daintiest sort of finish.

Small beads in a tendrill pattern serve to border the dark chiffon and little buttons find a place for themselves as an ornamental finish, having nothing to do with the fastening of the blouse.

Another blouse of flesh-colored

georgette is simple in design with a silk embroidery in color and a cape collar to redeem it from plainness. But one looks at it twice because of a little eccentricity in this collar. It is slashed in a "V" at each side and the edge of the "V" joined by little straps of georgette. This simple little decoration proved so good in the collar that it was introduced in the cuffs.

There are some very trim high-necked blouses among new arrivals with deeper shoulder yokes than those of the past season. They have long sleeves and hint of mannish styles—just a mere whisper of the mannish line in cut and finish—and they are made of the same sheer materials as their more-trimmed comrades.

Julius Bottomley

### A New Brown.

A new shade of brown is Cordovan brown—a reddish shade, supposed to be like old Cordova leather. It is a rich, warm tone that inadequately lives up to the Spanish note suggested by the name. Great popularity is predicted for it this autumn.

### Metal Brocade Girdles.

On dresses of plain colors girdles or embroidery and metal brocades or woven in brilliant silks add a smart color note.



# 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

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## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Coming back along the same road we halted to let another convoy of mules go past, and an officer of the Royal naval division came up and began talking to our officers. He was telling them how he and his men had landed at "X" beach, and how they had to wade ashore through barbed wire. "And, you know," he said in a surprised way, as if he himself could hardly believe it, "the beggars were actually firing on us!" That is just like the Limeys, though. Their idea is not to appear excited about anything at any time, but to act as though they were playing cricket—standing around on a lawn with paddles in their hands, half asleep. The Limeys are certainly cool under fire, though, and I think that because the Anzacs did so well at Gallipoli people have not given enough credit to the British regulars and R. N. D's, who were there too, and did their share of the work, and did it as well as any men could.

After a while this officer started on his way again, and as he cut across the road a French officer came up. The Limey was a monole, which caused the French officer to stare at him a minute before he saluted. After the Englishman had passed him the Frenchman took a large French penny out of his pocket, screwed it into his eye and turned toward us so that we could see it, but the Limey could not.

That was not the right thing to do, especially before enlisted men, so our officers did not laugh, but the men did, and so loud that Limey turned around and caught sight of the Frenchman. He started back toward him and I thought sure there would be a fight, or that, more likely, the Limey would report him. Our officers should have placed the Frenchman under arrest, at that.

The Frenchman expected trouble, too, for he pulled up very straight and stiff, but he left the penny in his eye. The Limey came up to him, halted a few paces off and, without saying a word, took the monole out of his eye, twiddled it three or four feet in the air and caught it in his other eye when it came down.

"Do that, you blighter," he said and faced about and was on his way down the road. They had it on the Frenchman after that.

This Philippe Pierre, of whom I have spoken, told me a story about two Limey officers that I hardly believed, yet Philippe swore it was the truth. He had been in America before the war, and he said he had seen one of the officers that the story is about many times in New York.

He said there were two Limey officers going along the road arguing about the German shells which the Turks were using. One of the officers said they were no good because they did not burst. Just about that time a shell came along and they picked themselves up quite a distance from where they had been standing. Another shell whizzed by and landed flat on the side of the road. The officer walked over, dug it out of the ground, and took away the detonator and fuse—to prove that they did not explode!

The only thing that would make me believe that story is that Philippe Pierre said they were Limey officers. No one but a Limey would remember such an argument after being knocked galley west by a shell concussion. I do not doubt that a Limey would do it if it could be done, though.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Croix de Guerre.

When we had been on the shore for about three weeks we found ourselves one morning somewhere near Sudd-el-Bahr under the heaviest fire I ever experienced. Our guns and the Turks' were at it full blast, and the noise was worse than deafening.

A section of my company was lying out in a shell hole near the communication trench with nothing to do but wait for a shell to find them. We were stiff and thirsty and uncomfortable, and had not slept for two nights. In that time we had been under constant fire and had stood off several raiding parties and small attacks from enemy trenches.

We had no sooner got used to the shell hole and were making ourselves as comfortable as possible in it when along came a shell of what must have been the Jack Johnson size, and we were swamped. We had to dig three of the men out, and though one of them was badly wounded we could not send him back to the hospital. In fact, the shelling was so heavy that none of us ever expected to come out of it alive.

So, it was like keeping your own

death watch, with the shells tuning up for the dirge. It was impossible to listen to the shells. If you kept your mind on the noise for any length of time it would split your eardrums, I am sure. So all we could do was to lay low in the shell hole and wait for something to happen.

Then they began using shrapnel on us, and one of our machine gunners, who got up from his knees to change position, had his head taken clean off his shoulders, and the rest of him landed near my feet and squirmed a little, like a chicken that had just been killed. It was awful to see the body without any head move around that way, and we could hardly make ourselves touch it for some time. Then we rolled it to the other side of the hole.

Then, to one side of us, there was a more violent explosion than any yet. The earth spouted up and fell on us, and big clouds of black smoke, sliding along the ground, covered our shell hole and hung there for some time. One of our sergeants, from the regular French infantry, said it was a shell from a Turkish 155-mm. howitzer. That was only the first one. The worst thing about them was the smoke—people who think Pittsburgh is smoky ought to see about fifty of those big howitzer shells bursting, one after another.

We could not tell what the rest of our line was doing or how we were standing the awful fire, but we felt sure they were not having any worse time than we were. In a few minutes we heard the good old "75s" start pounding, and it was like hearing an old friend's voice over the telephone, and everybody in our shell hole cheered, though no one could hear us, and we could barely hear each other. Still we knew that if the "75s" got going in their usual style they would do for an enemy battery or two, and that looked good to us. The "75s" made the noise worse, but it was already about as bad as it could be, and a thousand guns more or less would not have made it any harder to stand.

One of our men shouted in the sergeant's ear that the men in line ahead of us and to the right were trying to give us a message of some kind. The sergeant stuck his head above the parapet and had a look. But I stayed where I was—the sergeant could see for himself and me, too, as far as I was concerned.

He shouted at us that the men in the other trench were trying to signal something, but he could not make it out because the clouds of smoke would roll between them and break up the words. So he laid down again in the bottom of the hole. But after a while he looked over the parapet and saw a man just leaving their trench, evidently with a message for us, and he had not gone five steps before he was blown to pieces, and the lad who followed him got his, too, so they stopped trying then.

And all the time the "75s" were sending theirs to the Turks not far over our heads to 900 yards behind



His Head Taken Clean Off His Shoulders.

us, and the howitzers were dropping their 240-pound bits of iron in every vacant space and some that were not vacant. It was just one big roar and screech and growl all at once, like turning the whole dog pound loose on a piece of meat.

The concussions felt like one long string of boxes on the ear, and our throats were so dry that it hurt to swallow, which always makes your

ears feel better after a strong concussion. One after another of our boys was slipping to the ground and digging his fists into his ears, and the rest of them sat on the parapet fire step with their heads between their knees and their arms wrapped around their heads.

Our sergeant came to me after a while and began acting just like people do at a show, only he shouted instead of whispered in my ear. When people are looking at one show they always want to tell you how good some other show is, and that was the way with the sergeant.

"You should see what they did to us at St. Etol," he said. "They just baptized us with the big fellows. They did not know when to stop. When you see shelling that is shelling, you will know it, my son."

"Well, if this is not shelling, what the devil is it? Are they trying to kill us or are you, mon vicux?" which is a French expression that means something like "old timer."

"My son, when you see dugouts caved in, guns pushed all over the map, guns wrecked, bodies twisted up in knots and forty men killed by one shell—then you will know you are seeing shelling."

Then one of our men sat up straight against the parapet and stared at us and began to shake all over, but we could not get him to say anything or move. So we knew he had shell shock. And another man watched him for a while, and then he began to shake, too. The sergeant said that if we stayed there much longer we would not be fit to repel an attack, so he ordered us into the two dugouts we had made in the hole, and only himself and another man stayed outside on watch.

The men in the dugout kept asking each other when the bombardment would end, and why we were not reinforced, and what was happening, and whether the Turks would attack us. It was easy to see why we were not reinforced—no body of men could have got to us from the reserve trenches. The communication trenches were quite a distance from us and were battered up at that. Some of the men said we had been forgotten and that the rest of our troops had either retired or advanced and that we and the men in the trench who had tried to signal us were the only detachments left there.

Pretty soon another man and I relieved the two men who were outside on watch, and as he went down into the dugout the sergeant shouted to us that he thought the Turks were afraid to attack. He also ordered one of us to keep a live eye toward our rear in case any of our troops should try to signal us. When I looked through a little gully at the top of the hole, toward the other trench, all I could see was barbed wire and smoke and two or three corpses. I began to shiver a little, and I was afraid I would get shell shock, too. So I began to think about Murray and how he looked when they took him off the wall. But that did not stop the shivering, so I thought about my grandmother and how she looked the last time I saw her. I was thinking about her, I guess, and not keeping a very good lookout, when a man rolled over the edge and almost fell on me. He was from the other trenches. I carried him into the dugout and then went out again and stood my watch until the relief came. We were doing half-hour shifts.

When I got into the dugout again the man was coming to. He was just about as near shell shock as I had been—by this time I was shivering only once in a while, when I did not watch myself. He said four men had been sliced up trying to get to us before he came; that they had lost 11 men out of their 32, including the sergeant-major in command and two corporals; that they were almost out of ammunition; that the trenches on both sides of them had been blown in and that they were likely to go to pieces at any moment. He said they all thought the Turks would attack behind their barrage, for he said the curtain of fire did not extend more than a hundred yards in front of their trench. What they wanted us to do was to relay a man back with the news and either get the word to advance or retire or await reinforcements, they did not care which—only to be ordered to do something. There was not a commissioned officer left with either of the detachments, you see, and you might say we were up in the air—only we were really as far in the ground as we could get.

The man thought there were other of our lines not far behind us, but we knew better; so then he said he did not see how any one could get back from there to our nearest lines. I did not see either. Then we all figured we were forgotten and would not come out of there alive, and you can believe me or not, but I did not much care. Anything would be better than just staying there in that awful noise with nothing to do, and no water.

Our sergeant said he would not ask any man to attempt to carry the message, because he said it was not only certain death, but absolutely useless. And he began to show that he was near shell shock himself.

Then I began to shiver again, and I thought to myself that anything would be better than sitting in this hole waiting to go "cafard," so I decided to volunteer. I did not think there was any chance to get through, but it seemed as if I just had to do something, no matter what. I had never felt that way before, and had never been anxious to "go west" with a shell for company, but I have felt that way since then several times, I can tell you.

The man was telling us that some time before they had seen the Turks bringing up ammunition from some storehouses, but they did not come anywhere near. He said their sergeant wanted our messenger to tell them that, too. He would say a few words very fast, then he would shiver again, and his jaws would clasp together and he would try to raise his hand, but could not.

Then our sergeant asked the name of the other sergeant, and when the man told him he said the man was senior to himself and therefore in command and would have to be obeyed.

He seemed to cheer up a lot after he said this and did not shiver any more, so I said to him, "Well, mon vicux, do you think we are seeing real shelling now?" And then I was going to say I would go, but he looked at me in a funny way for a second and then said, "Well, my son, suppose you go and find out."

I thought he was kidding me at first, but then I saw he meant it. I thought two things about it—one was that anything was better than staying there, and the other was that the old dugout was a pretty fair place after all. But I did not say anything to the sergeant or the other men—just went out of the dugout. The sergeant and another man went with me and boosted me over the back wall of the hole. I lay flat on the ground for a minute to get my bearings, and then started off.

I set my course for where I thought the communication trenches were, to the right, and I just stood up and ran, for I figured that as the shells were falling so thick and it was open ground I would not have any better chance if I crawled.

I tripped several times and went down, and each time I thought I was hit, because when I got it in the thigh at Dixmude I felt a good deal as though I had tripped over a rope. And one time when I felt a shell exploded near me and I began to shiver again, and I could not go on for a long time. All this time I did not



All I Could See Was Barbed Wire and Smoke.

think I would get through, but finally when I reached what had been the communication trench I felt I had done the worst part of it, and I began to wish very hard that I would get through—I was not at all crazy about going west.

The month of the communication trench had been battered in and the trenches it joined with were all filled up. There were rifles sticking out of them in several places, and I thought probably the men had been buried alive in them. But it was too late then, if they had been caught, so I climbed over the blocked entrance to the communication trench and started back along it. It led up through a sort of gully, and I thought it was a bad place to dig a communication trench in, because it gave the Turks something like the side of a hill to shoot at.

Every once in a while I would have to climb in and out of a shell hole, and parts of them were blocked where a shell had caved in the walls. In one place I saw corpses all torn to pieces, so I knew the Turks had found the range and had got to this trench in great shape. At another place I found lots of blood and equipment but no bodies, and I figured that reinforcements had been caught at this spot and that they had retired, taking their casualties with them.

The Turks still had the range, and they were sending a shell into the trench every once in a while, and I was knocked down again, though the shell was so far away that it knocked me down with force of habit more than anything else. I felt dizzy and shivered a lot, and kept trying to think of Murray or anything else but myself.

So finally I got to the top of the little hill over which the gully ran, and on the other side I felt almost safe. Just down from the crest of the hill was one of our artillery positions, with the good old "75s" giving it to the Turks as fast as they could. I told the artillery officers what had happened, had a drink of water and thought I would take a nap. But when they telephoned the message back to the division headquarters the man at the receiver said something to the officer and he told me to stay there and be ready. I thought sure he would send me back to where I came from and I knew I never could make it again, but I did not say anything.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Electric locomotives are being increasingly adopted in South Africa for underground haulage.

## DETROIT MARKETS.

CATTLE—Best Steers	\$12.00	@14.00
Mixed Steers	9.50	@10.00
Best Cows	8.50	@ 9.00
Light Butchers	7.50	@ 8.00
Butcher Cows	7.25	@ 7.50
Best Heavy Bulls	9.00	
Stock Bulls	7.00	@ 7.50
CALVES—Best	17.50	@18.00
Others	14.00	@15.00
LAMBS—Best	15.25	@15.50
Light to common	12.50	@13.00
SHEEP—Common	5.00	@ 7.00
Fair to good	9.50	@10.00
HOGS—Best	18.75	
Pigs	18.75	
DRESSED CALVES	20	@ 21
Fancy	26	@ 27
LIVE POULTRY—(Lb.)		
Roosters	16	@ 20
Hens, small	22	@ 24
Broilers, B. small	25	@ 26
Geese	20	@ 22
Ducks	25	@ 30
Turkeys	30	@ 32
CLOVER SEED	22.50	
ALSIKE	18.25	
TIMOTHY	5.10	
WHEAT	2.20	@ 2.22
CORN	1.40	@ 1.50
OATS	.72½	@ .71
RYE—No. 2	1.61	
BEANS	9.25	
HAY—No. 1 Tim.	29.50	@30.00
Light Mixed	28.50	@29.00
No. 1 Clover	23.50	@24.00
STRAW	10.50	@11.00
TALLOW—No. 1	15	
POTATOES—(cwt.)	2.20	@ 2.30
CREAMERY BUTTER	.57	@ .57½
EGGS—Fresh	.47	@ .48

## GLAMOR OF ROMANCE GONE

Modern Institutions Have Destroyed the Poetry Connected With Scenes Depicted by Scott.

If you are a lover of Scott you will include in your Scottish tour Loch Katharine and Ellen's Isle. The lovely silver lake and tiny island, immortalized in Scott's poem and novels, are the most visited spots in the Highlands. With your tartan-covered cape of the poem clasped to your heart you stand at the foot of old Ben Venue waiting for the Lady of the Lake to appear and carry you over the lake to her fairy island. Instead a sturdy little yacht puffs up to the bank and a gloomy, bewhiskered son of the Highlands offers, for a consideration, to take you to Ellen's Isle or to the opposite bank of the lake. Disconcerted you try to connect this prosaic substitute for the maiden-driven bark of romance with the green-clad Knight of Snowdon and fail miserably. You are convinced that the gallant, adventurous king, accented by such a craft, would have remained on shore, and the poem would never have been written.

However great a disappointment the yacht may be, the lake and island are all you have expected. Loch Katharine, hardly more than a mile wide, winds its narrow way through eight miles of Highland scenery. On one bank the grassy crag and broken contour of Ben Venue rises above the still deep waters of the lake. In the hoary side of old Ben is the goblin cave, the scene of nightly eerie reveries. There is Glenogle, haunted by the ghosts of the unfortunate Macgregors; Ben A'an and the Trossachs with their thousands of stories. Then at the head of a narrow islet is Ellen's Isle, where Scott's heroine lived with her father, protected by the outlaw chief, Roderick Dhu.

During the last century the clear fresh waters of the lake have been viped to the city of Glasgow. Loch Katharine is a drinking cup for one of Scotland's largest and most modern cities. The water level has been raised and the silver strand of the poem and part of the isle have been submerged under the waters of the lake.—Chicago Daily News.

## Man's Books Reveal Character.

Those afflicted with the passion of acquisitiveness form a larger class than might be supposed. The presence of books in a household is accepted as an evidence of culture. It is no new error, for as far back as the days of the arrogant magnificence of Alexandria, Seneca cried out: "Our idle book hunters know nothing but titles and bindings; their chests of cedar and ivory, and the bookcases that fill the bathroom are nothing but fashionable furniture, and have nothing to do with learning." It is not the books which bring the culture, but rather the use of books, and those books which a man uses are expressive of his real self.

## Diplomacy Wins.

Frank speakers (or whatever they may term themselves) should remember that certain kinds of frankness bring a lot of uneasiness and often pain to others, and these of us who stop to think at all will admit that it is by far the better part of valor to refrain from telling everyone at all times just what we think. We should study the temperaments of the persons with whom we come in contact, and while before some we may express ourselves freely and without reserve, we must in the presence of others be most careful and guarded in our remarks.

## The Much Abused Goat.

In song and joke, through all the ages the goat has had most of the left-handed compliments. All that the goat has done to redeem his character counts for nothing. The most fashionable men and women wear on their feet and hands the skin of the kid. The finest of shawls, some of the most popular winter garments, are the product of these flocks. Dainty children are fed with the milk of the goat, and it produces the finest of cheese. But there are few good words for the benefactor.—Vancouver Province.

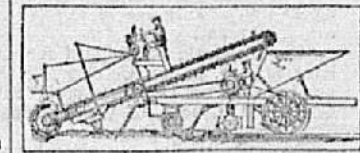
# FOR BETTER ROADS

## MACHINE FOR MAKING ROADS

Apparatus Invented by Nebraska Man for Forming Roadways With Material Directly at Hand.

The Scientific American in illustrating and describing a road-making machine, the invention of M. N. Latta of Valentine, Neb., says:

"This invention relates generally to road-making apparatus, and more particularly to roadway machines for forming roadways with the material directly at hand, where good horse



Side View of Road-Making Machine.

roads are difficult to make, the general object being the provision of a machine movable along a selected roadway site, capable of the formation of wheel tracks in the course of its movement. A further object is to provide a machine capable of ready adjustment and interchange of parts for other purposes; for instance, it can be transformed into a freight car in a very short time. For the grading of roads the machine is self-loading and self-adjusting, automatically throwing the high side to the low side, whether at left or right.

## DEFINITION OF ROAD TERMS

List of Technical Names Taken From the Program of the Canadian Good Roads Congress.

With the progress of road building there has come into use a number of terms more or less technical, but which should be well known. The following list is from the program of the Canadian Good Roads congress:

**Aggregate.**—The mineral material, such as sand, gravel, shells, slag, or broken stone, or combinations thereof, with which the cement or the bituminous material is mixed to form a mortar or concrete. Fine aggregate may be considered as the mineral inert material which will pass a one-fourth-inch screen, and coarse aggregate the material which will not pass a one-fourth-inch screen.

**Binder.**—(1) A foreign or fine material introduced into the mineral portion of the wearing surface for the purpose of assisting the road material to retain its integrity under stress, as well as, perhaps, to aid in its first construction. (2) The course, in a sheet asphalt pavement, frequently used between the concrete foundation and the sheet asphalt mixture of graded sand and asphalt cement.

**Bond.**—The combined action of inertia, friction, and of the forces of adhesion and cohesion which helps the separate particles composing a crust or pavement to resist separation under stress. Mechanical bond is the bond produced almost wholly in a well-built broken-stone macadam road, by the interlocking of angular fragments of stone and the subsequent filling of the remaining interstices with the finer particles.

**Water-Bound.**—Bonded with the aid of water.

**Cement.**—An adhesive substance used for uniting particles of other materials to each other. Ordinarily applied only to calcined "cement rock," or to artificially prepared calcined and ground mixtures of limestone and silicious materials. Sometimes used to designate bituminous binder used in bituminous pavements, when the expression "bituminous cement" (q. v.) is understood to be meant.

**Cement Concrete.**—An intimate mixture of gravel, shell, slag or broken stone particles with certain proportions of sand or similar material, cement and water, made previous to placing.

**Course.**—One or more layers of road material spread and compacted separately for the formation of the road or pavement. Courses are usually referred to in the order of their laying, as first course, second course, third course, etc. Also a single row of blocks in a pavement.

**Crown.**—The rise in cross-section from the lowest to the highest part of the finished roadway. It may be expressed either as so many inches (or tenths of a foot), or as a rate per foot of distance from side to center, that is, "the crown is four inches," or "the crown is one-half inch to the foot."

## Roads for Main Lines.

The main lines of travel can, and must, be given some other kind of road than a simple dirt road. Every state in the Union has deposits of gravel, and a good gravel road is very good if it is properly maintained.

## Binder for Stone Road.

If a broken-stone road gets very heavy auto traffic then it must be laid with a tar or asphalt binder to keep the pieces of stone from grinding on each other and finally powdering up under traffic.



**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.

**TURN CLOCKS FORWARD**

**Experts Say Time Pieces Will Be Injured If Turned Back.**

When the nation yawns and takes an hour's extra sleep on October 27, the date set for ending the daylight-saving season, there is the grave danger of causing a great waste in the clockmaking industry.

There must be no turning back the hands of the clock, time-recording experts declare in a warning to the public. Such action would damage the clocks and require the services of an army of repair men.

"Clocks should be stopped for one hour at 2 a. m. on October 27; the hands should not be turned back," said Charles H. Crooks, of the Cincinnati Time Recorder company.

The time service department men of the Western Union Telegraph company offers what they consider a better plan.

"Turn the hands around eleven hours," is the advice of this company. "While it is all right to stop clocks some difficulty will be found in starting them properly again."

**BELOW—SMYTH.**

Miss Martha Pauline Below of Manchester and Mr. Clinton D. Smyth, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Smyth of Sharon, were married Saturday afternoon, October 5, 1918, at the Congregational parsonage in Chelsea, Rev. P. W. Dierberger officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Klink of Lima were the attendants.

**GREGORY.**

Henry Howlett is reported ill. Mrs. Ray Hill is visiting Mrs. S. Stokes near Grass Lake.

Hazel Arnold was home from Ypsilanti the first of the week.

Mrs. Charlotte Howlett returned Saturday from a visit in Pontiac at the home of her son, Dr. E. V. Howlett.

Archie Arnold is very ill with pneumonia at Camp Custer.

Mrs. Mary May of Unadilla is moving into rooms over E. Hill's store.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Placeway are the parents of a son, born Saturday, October 5th.

Up to Saturday evening, the Fourth Liberty Loan had been oversubscribed by \$1,700.

Mrs. Smith Recommends Chamberlain's Tablets.

"I have had more or less stomach trouble for eight or ten years," writes Mrs. G. H. Smith, Brewerton, N. Y. "When suffering from attacks of indigestion and heaviness after eating, one or two of Chamberlain's Tablets have always relieved me. I have also found them a pleasant laxative." These tablets tone up the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. If you are troubled with indigestion give them a trial, get well and stay well.—Adv.

**DETROIT UNITED LINES**  
 Between Jackson, Chelsea, Ann Arbor  
 Ypsilanti and Detroit

**Limited Cars**

For Detroit 7:45 a. m. and every two hours to 7:45 p. m.

For Jackson, 10:11 a. m. and every 2 hours to 8:11 p. m. Sunday only, 8:11 a. m.

**Express Cars**

Eastbound—6:50 a. m., 8:34 a. m. and every 2 hours to 6:34 p. m.

Westbound—9:20 a. m. and every 2 hours to 9:20 p. m., also 10:20 p. m.

Express cars make local stops west of Ann Arbor.

**Local Cars**

Eastbound—8:30 p. m. and 10:12 p. m. For Ypsilanti only, 11:20 p. m.

Westbound—6:25 a. m., 7:54 a. m., 11:51.

Cars connect at Ypsilanti for Saline and at Wayne for Plymouth and Northville.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY**

**DR. G. D. DRUDGE**  
 Doctor of Dental Surgery  
 Succeeding to the practice, location and office equipment of Dr. H. H. Avery. Phone 69.

**DR. H. M. ARMOUR**  
 Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist  
 Succeeding Dr. L. A. Maze. Also general auctioneering. Phone No. 84, Chelsea, Mich. Residence, 143 East Middle street.

**S. A. MAPES**  
 Funeral Director  
 Calls answered promptly day or night  
 Telephone No. 6.

**C. C. LANE**  
 Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist  
 Office at Martin's Livery Barn, Chelsea, Michigan.

**CHELSEA CAMP No. 7338 M. W. A.**  
 Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month. Insurance best by test. Herman J. Dancer, Clerk.

**COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.**

(Official)  
 Council Room,  
 Chelsea, October 7, 1918.

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

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

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The following bills were read by the clerk:

**General Fund.**

West. Union Tel. Co. \$ 1.66

J. E. McKune, 3 months sal. 175.00

H. F. Brooks, 2 fires. 26.00

J. I. Bush, drawing ashes. 7.50

G. W. Palmer, health officer. 100.00

Chelsea Tribune, ptg. 7.70

**Street Fund.**

Theo. Wedemeyer, labor. \$ 10.20

G. Bockres, salary. 12.00

Gil Martin, labor. 13.80

G. Bockres, salary. 12.00

Gil Martin, labor. 16.50

J. A. Conlan, teaming. 68.10

F. L. Davidson, labor. 24.20

E. L. Benton, teaming. 7.50

G. Bockres, salary. 12.00

Fred Hutzel, teaming. 3.50

Joseph Meyer, street com. 142.50

George Simmons, teaming. 34.50

F. L. Davidson, curbing East Summit street. 890.00

**Electric Light & Water Works Fund.**

Electric Light & Water Wks. Commission. \$1,000.00

**Bond & Interest Fund.**

Farmers & Merchants Bank

Waterworks bond No. 72. \$ 250.00

Interest in W. W. Wedemeyer judgement bonds Nos. 7, 8, 25, 26. 50.00

Interest on waterworks bonds Nos 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26. 75.00

**Electric Light Bonds Nos. 17, 18; interest on W. W. Wedemeyer judgement bonds Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Electric Light bonds Nos 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28. 725.00**

Interest on W. W. Wedemeyer judgement bonds Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24. 200.00

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

Moved by Palmer, supported by Mayer, that the clerk be instructed to pay old paving orders held by the Kempf bank. Carried.

Enter Dancer.

Moved by Palmer, supported by Schoenhals, that the bill for surveying East Summit street be allowed. Carried.

W. C. Boyd, Clerk

**"THIS IS MY WAR YOUR WAR, OUR WAR"**

**We Must All Dig Up Our Dollars to Invest in This Liberty Loan to Win It.**

**By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.**

This is my war. The outcome, whether defeat or victory, vitally concerns me. No one urged that America declare war upon the Teutonic empires more stridently than I. I rejoiced in my soul when my country joined with the other great civilized powers in driving back the barbarian. In the strictest sense, in all the connotations of the phrase, this is my war, as completely as though I stood on my own doorstep, gun in hand to protect my household from sword and brand.

That I am only one of a hundred million American citizens who share my sense of responsibility in the conflict does not greatly matter. This is my war; it pleases me to think of it as something personal and intimate, undertaken at my behest and imposing upon me responsibilities which I should be the basest coward to shirk. Within a short distance of my home sleep my two great-grandfathers who were soldiers under Washington and my father who fought under Lincoln. They made this my war. The American citizens who perished on the Lusitania made this my war. Every shot fired at an American ship, every man wounded or killed under the Stars and Stripes intensifies my realization that this is indeed my war.

The right of my children to freedom, happiness and peace make this my war. And it is my business, my politics and my religion to do my utmost, at any sacrifice, that this war, my war, may be carried to a triumphant conclusion. No dollar I can earn, no privileges I enjoy, no faith I hold in man or God will avail me aught unless I win this war.

This war is my job. I stand alone and take counsel of my conscience as to whether I am doing all that I can to win it. The demands are constant. The war that my blood cried for is not cheap. But viewing the mighty conflict as a vast undertaking, carried on by the United States of America for my benefit, it is not becoming in me to fret or quibble over the cost.

The fourth Liberty loan is about to be offered. It is in my heart to subscribe the whole issue, but this being impossible, it is with elation that I reflect upon the millions who will say to themselves: This is my war and dig up their dollars and buy bonds.

This is my war, your war, our war. Every investor in the Liberty loan qualifies as an active member of the great fellowship of American democracy. Every oversubscription of a Liberty loan is an American triumph, a stunning defeat for autocracy and barbarism.

Win the war and win it quickly. Whip the devil; and beat the kaiser. This is my cause and yours; this is our war!

Buy a War Savings Stamp today.

**LOCAL BREVITIES**

Our Phone No. 190-W

Verne Fordyce was in Ann Arbor, Tuesday.

Mrs. George Wackenhut is reported seriously ill.

John Young of Lyndon was in Ann Arbor, Tuesday.

Miss Kathryn Hooker was in Detroit the first of the week.

F. A. Mayett and Evert Benton were in Ann Arbor, Monday.

Mrs. Martha Shaver is visiting relatives and friends in Detroit.

Miss Alwena Lambert has been visiting in Jackson for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Leach of Isosco are spending the day in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Mayett visited his parents in Jackson, Saturday.

Miss Lillie Chapman of Lansing is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Colton.

Marion Shlayton is visiting her aunt, Miss Bessie Allen, in Jackson.

Stanley Foran of Detroit was in Chelsea, Wednesday, visiting friends.

Mrs. Ernest Stuckey of Marion, O., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Theron Foster are the parents of a son, born Thursday, October 10, 1918.

Mrs. J. D. Steele of Bedford, Ind., has been visiting Mrs. George Staiffan for a few days.

Dr. Wilbur Caster of Detroit was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings, Sunday.

Mrs. B. F. Marty and son of Detroit are visiting her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Runciman.

Mrs. George Washington and daughter, of Ann Arbor, spent Wednesday in Chelsea.

The Bay View Reading club will meet with Mrs. J. D. Colton, Monday evening, October 14th.

T. Drislane and Clayton Ward, of Ann Arbor, were Chelsea visitors Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Wade and son of Battle Creek visited Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Armour over Sunday.

Henry Schumacher has returned from Lakeland, where he has been visiting his brother for several weeks.

Charles Belfanz of Dexter township was called to Camp Custer yesterday by the serious illness of his son, George.

Mrs. Minnie Phillips of Chicago and Mrs. Ella Tuomey of Ann Arbor visited Mrs. C. E. Whitaker the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Upson and daughter Mary, of Detroit, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Wade.

Mrs. Andrew Sawyer has been spending a few days in Clinton, caring for her daughter, Mrs. Paul Geiger, who is ill.

E. A. Ward will spend Monday and Tuesday in Grand Rapids as delegate from Chelsea Lodge No. 101 to the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.

Emmett Sargent of Jackson, well known to many Chelsea people, is home from Taylor Field, Alabama, for a ten days' furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Ottmar Gerstler and daughter, of Ann Arbor, spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lambert.

Brookside chapter of the Congregational church will meet with Mrs. H. M. Armour, Tuesday, October 15th. Scrub lunch. Please bring sugar.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fletcher and daughter Catherine and Mr. and Mrs. B. Steinbach motored to Jackson, Saturday. Mrs. Steinbach remaining for a few days' visit with relatives.

A box social will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Eisenbeiser of North Lake, Friday evening, October 18th. The proceeds will be divided between school district number five and the Red Cross of North Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bacon of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bacon and Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Walworth, for a few days. They will make their future home in Dayton, Ohio, where Mr. Bacon has a government position.

The epidemic of influenza seems to have struck Chelsea and many are suffering from the malady, which is the old-fashioned gripe in severe form. Among those reported to be seriously ill are Ross Monroe, Rouben Hieber, Glenn Brooks and Conrad Lehman. A number of others have milder cases.

**LINER ADS EFFECTIVE.**

One of the most effective forms of advertising is in the "liner" or classified column where an investment of a few cents is certain to give prompt results. Tribune liner ads are always run under the heading, "Wants, For Sale, To Rent," in the same position on the front page where they are easy to find and invariably catch the eye. Only five cents the line for first insertion, 2½ cents the line for each subsequent insertion. Next time you want to buy something, or have something for sale or rent, try a Tribune liner.

**Catarrh Cannot Be Cured**

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. All druggists, 75¢.

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**NORTH SHARON.**

Charles Moser spent Sunday with relatives in Jackson.

Mrs. James Struthers entertained the Red Cross, Thursday afternoon.

Twenty-four dollars were cleared at the box social for the benefit of district No. 8, Friday evening.

Mr. Lewis and Miss Jennie Rhoades of Ann Arbor spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis.

The monthly business meeting of the Epworth league will be held Saturday evening, October 12, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ordway.

**IN THE CHURCHES**

**METHODIST.**

Rev. William J. Balmer, Pastor.

Morning worship at ten o'clock. Subject, "Burden Bearing." Sunday school 11:15 a. m. The men are invited to meet with the pastor to talk over the matter of a reorganized Men's class. Epworth league at 6:30 p. m. Public worship at 7:30 p. m. Theme: "Talents used and unused." Prayer meeting and popular discussion of the Sunday school lesson Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

**CONGREGATIONAL.**

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.

Rally Day service at this church. At 10 o'clock the pastor will speak on "Rally and Work." A unique Sunday school program will be given. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Subject, "What is Man?"

**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.

**BAPTIST.**

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. A state mission day program will be given. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. R. P. Chase.

**ST. PAUL'S**

A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

Morning service at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 11. Another offering for church repairs will be taken.

**NEIGHBORHOOD ITEMS**

Brevities of Interest From Nearby Towns and Localities.

**ANN ARBOR.**—Twenty-five home defense nurses of Ann Arbor have answered the S. O. S. call for nurses at Camp Custer.

**MASON.**—Mrs. John A. Hemans, 80 years old, mother of the late L. T. Hemans, died at the home of her daughter, near Mason. Mr. Hemans died in 1917.

**BRIGHTON.**—Mrs. Emil Boese was fatally burned Sunday evening about nine o'clock while heating some turpentine for medicinal purposes, and died about one o'clock the following morning. She left her husband and two little girls.—Argus.

**GRASS LAKE.**—Mr. Reece, who lives 1½ miles southeast of this village, is in a Jackson hospital partially paralyzed as the result of a fall Monday while picking apples on the Ed. Tucker farm.

**Sour Stomach.**

Eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, abstain from meat for a few days and in most cases the sour stomach will disappear. If it does not, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper. Red meats are most likely to cause sour stomach and you will find it best to cut them out.—Adv.

Buy a War Savings Stamp today.

**NORTH LAKE.**

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schultz and daughter Doris, of Ann Arbor and Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Noah and family spent Sunday at the home of the latter's daughter, Mrs. Floyd Boyce of Chelsea.

Miss Mildred Daniels was home from River Rouge over the week-end.

Stephen Santure left for Wayne, Tuesday, where he expected to find employment.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller were in Pinckney, Tuesday.

A box social was held Friday evening at the Reeves school. Proceeds \$20. Miss Eleanor Eisenbeiser is the teacher.

**SHARON.**

School district No. 3 is 100% Red Cross. Miss Mae Riedel is the teacher.

The Red Cross will meet with Miss Ida Uphaus next Wednesday.

Mrs. Nancy Murch and Miss Addie Parks visited Mrs. Ed. Saley in Bridgewater, Saturday.

Mrs. Ella Bowers has sold her farm to Henry Kulenkamp.

The Soldiers' Aid will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dresselhouse on October 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Pardee drove to Detroit, Thursday, to visit Earl Rowe, returning Monday. Mrs. Nancy Pardee came home with them.

Try Tribune job printing service.



**WE HAVE TRICKS**  
 There are many little tricks employed by good meat buyers in judging quality, and we are perfectly willing to share our secrets with you. We buy only the best, but we want you to know right at the time of your purchase that you are getting what you want. Let us show you a few tricks—simple tests for good meat.

**ADAM EPLER**  
 Phone 41 South Main Street

Every Day Adds New Thing to the Hutzel Shop's Wonderful Stock of

# COATS SUITS DRESSES FURS

And, as always, we have maintained the lowest prices possible and consistent with our high quality standards!

## COATS

include beautiful plushes, wool velours, kerseys, which are eminently serviceable—silvertones, which are being worn so much for semi-dress; the highly favored pompons and bolivias, and the new duotones.

Grays, and a variety of taupe shades—blues, navy and French blue—browns, tans and black.

**\$20 TO \$125**

## SUITS

in silvertones, wool velours, serges, poplins, broadcloths, Poirat twills, gabardines—mostly plain-tailored and fur-trimmed. And here, too, the Fall shades prevail.

**\$35 TO \$75**

## DRESSES

Charming serge and jersey dresses—tailored, yet youthful. Graceful Georgettes, satins, charmeuse, and velveteens, for dress wear.

**\$20 TO \$65**

## A Three-Day Fur Sale

Backed by the Reputation and Recommendation of the Hutzel Shop. Begins here Thursday, October 10th and continuing through October 11th and 12th.

Specializing in New Georgette Blouses at \$5.00

# HUTZEL'S

Main and Liberty Streets ANN ARBOR