

FINE HOME BURNED EARLY THIS MORNING

Beautiful Residence H. H. Fenn Badly
Damaged by Fire Resulting
From Soft Coal Use.

Fire which broke out about 12:30 o'clock this morning practically destroyed the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Fenn, 408 South Main street. The fire probably started from sparks from a chimney and the roof of the kitchen in the rear of the house was all ablaze when the fire was discovered.

The family had been in Howell during the previous evening and had reached home about eleven o'clock. Mr. Fenn fixed the furnace fire for the night at that time and neighbors saw sparks issuing from the chimney. It is presumed that the heavy soft coal soot ignited in the chimney and was carried out onto the roof of the kitchen.

Most of the first floor furnishings were moved out, but everything on the second floor was burned. The roof and practically the entire second story was burned and the first floor practically ruined by smoke and water.

In spite of a high wind and the start which the blaze had, the fire department worked very efficiently and effectively in checking the fire and saving adjoining buildings.

There is \$3,000 insurance on the house and \$1,500 on the contents, which nowhere near covers the loss.

"GASLESS" SUNDAY OFF

Fuel Administration Has Rescinded
the Garfield Edict to Take
Immediate Effect.

Fuel Administrator Garfield yesterday lifted the ban on gasless Sundays, effective at once. In announcing the decision the fuel administration said through the loyal response of the public, 1,000,000 barrels of gasoline was saved for the military forces.

The peak load of domestic consumption is passing, is the belief of the oil division of the fuel administration, and it is hoped that overseas shipments will not be quite so heavy.

ALTON ESCHELBACH.

Alton Eschelbach, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Eschelbach of near Rogers Corners, died Tuesday, October 15, 1918, from pneumonia. He was about 19 years of age.

DRAFT DODGER DODGES.

Charles Hill, a 17 or 19-year-old lad who was in the county jail as a sort of temporary lodger while his status as a military registrant was being determined, broke jail Tuesday night by digging his way through the brick wall on the Ashley street side of the main corridor.

When the prisoners were locked into their cells by the turnkey, Hill succeeded in eluding the officer and hid somewhere in the corridor, presumably under a table or bench. During the night he worked his way out.

FELL 5,500 FEET

Jackson Aviator Home With Shattered
Leg, in Chelsea Wednesday.

James Higgins of Jackson, recently invalidated home from France because of a shattered right leg, was the guest of Donald Riley, Wednesday.

Higgins enlisted in the aviation service about a year ago, soon qualified as a flyer and was sent overseas, where he rapidly made good.

He took part in the battle of Zeebrugge in April, piloting a big machine with two passengers, one an observer and the other a machine gun operator.

A nine inch shell carried away the rudder of the machine when it was 5,500 feet in the air, but pilot Higgins glided down amidst a hail of bullets on a long descent angle and managed to get back behind the Allied lines.

He was unable to make a good landing without the rudder and crashed into a cliff. Both companions were killed and Higgins himself so badly injured that he has been discharged from service.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE.

Appalling as the present epidemic of influenza may seem, it might be much worse under less favorable circumstances. For instance, if the epidemic had come at a time when the weather conditions were similar to those of last January. Now the doctors can make calls in their automobiles and cover a wide territory, which would be impossible during the blizzards of last January, and so we say, "It might be worse."

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the many friends for their kindness and sympathy during our recent bereavement. H. I. Davis, Mrs. S. A. Mapes, L. P. Vogel and families.

CHRISTMAS PACKAGES FOR SOLDIER BOYS

Only One to Each Soldier and These
Must Be of Standard Size;
What Not to Send.

United States soldiers "overseas" may receive only one parcel at Christmas time and these must be of standard size, 9" x 4" x 3", and must bear a Christmas parcel label.

Under General Pershing, military authorities abroad will hand each man a Christmas parcel label which label he will mail to relatives or friends at home. No parcel can be sent to him without this label.

Empty containers will be furnished on or about November 1st by the nearest Red Cross branch, only to those having parcel labels.

These containers must not weigh more than two pounds, 15 ounces when filled, and must be carefully packed and not wrapped. No letters are allowed in enclosed, or other matter contrary to postal regulations.

All filled containers must be sent to the nearest Red Cross branch where they will be inspected and wrapped. Also send necessary stamps, 15 cents, to carry parcels to Hoboken, New Jersey.

Unmailable articles include all liquors, explosives of all kinds, inflammable material including friction matches; infernal machines or any devices or compositions which might ignite or explode; liquids or fragile articles, or any that may harm or injure another or damage or deface the mails or other property.

Nothing should go in a Christmas package which will not keep fresh. Hard candy, including chocolate, would be safe in tinfoil, but no soft chocolates nor anything that could possibly be crushed should be sent.

The committee in charge of Christmas packages from Chelsea and vicinity, is as follows: C. Hammel, Beryl McNamara, Mrs. L. G. Palmer.

Red Cross Notes.

Recent new members: Leo Pfitzmeier, Celia Eder; donation of \$50 from the North Lake unit.

Mrs. Warren Boyd and Miss Nina Belle Wurster were in Ann Arbor, Monday, taking instructions in the preparation of the new cellulose pads. Our quota is 250 pads.

The annual election of officers of the Chelsea branch, announced for next Monday evening, has been postponed indefinitely on account of the epidemic of influenza.

The Red Cross has been authorized to use any supplies or materials necessary to combat the epidemic of influenza and members are urged to take every precaution to protect themselves and others.

Little orphanages, each to care for not more than twelve cases, are being established all over Italy by the American Red Cross. This plan insures a nearer approach to family life than a few large institutions.

NEIGHBORHOOD ITEMS

Brevities of Interest From Nearby
Towns and Localities.

JACKSON—Sheriff Davis was around town Wednesday with a Chicago detective looking for further evidence in the case of the Pinkney bank robbers. They have conclusive proof that the burglars came to Jackson.—News.

MANCHESTER—The Shurtz Handle factory received a large order Friday for sledge handles, to be shipped to Calcutta, India.

GRASS LAKE—Mrs. Collins and daughter, of Waterloo, are the new operators at the Bell telephone exchange here.

BRIGHTON—Another terrible accident happened in this community last week when John Lehner ended his life with a shotgun. Mr. Lehner had threatened the act a number of times and when on Friday forenoon he told his folks that he was going to kill himself they were not particularly alarmed. However a few hours later he was found cold in death in one of the back fields of the farm. He was 72 years of age.—Argus.

FRANCISCO.

The Willing Workers Auxiliary of the Red Cross will meet at the home of Mrs. Ada Mensing, Wednesday afternoon, October 23.

Mrs. Caroline Hauer spent a few days last week with Mrs. B. C. Whitaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson Freeman of Brooklyn are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Ehler Notten.

Miss Selma Benter is spending a few days in Detroit.

Word was received here Friday of the safe arrival overseas of Privates Walter Kalmbach, Ernest Benter and Floyd Clum.

The Epworth League of the Salem G. M. E. church has purchased a new piano.

Forest Havens of near Hastings spent Wednesday night with his sister Mrs. John Miller.

Charles Meyers is spending a few days with relatives in Eaton Rapids and Hastings.

Cavanaugh Lake grange will meet Tuesday evening, October 15, in the church basement.

Mrs. Ada Mensing returned home Monday evening after spending two months in St. Joseph's hospital in Ann Arbor.

The Ladies' Aid society is making some extensive repairs in the parsonage.

Mrs. Irwin Kalmbach has returned home after spending a few days with friends in Evanston, Ill.

ST. MARY RED CROSS.

The students of St. Mary academy are now reorganized under the Chelsea branch of the Junior Red Cross auxiliary, having reached its 100%. Each pupil is now a renewed member of the Junior Red Cross. Relief for our boys and the Belgians is to begin at once. St. Mary's pupils have been doing this work before, and every one in the school is eager to again set himself to some task that will benefit our boys in service. At the request of the school physician, the pupils have been dismissed for the time being, and the older girls under the direction of their teachers are now at work making the gauze masks that are to be worn as a preventative of the influenza epidemic that is at present sweeping the country.

SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS

Commissioner Essery Notes Number
in Nearby Rural Districts.

The following improvements were noted in the rural schools in this vicinity during the past week, when Commissioner Evan Essery visited the districts below:

No. 1fr. Dexter, displays a new U. S. flag. Teacher, M. Clare Harris; board, James A. Gregory, George Huss, C. C. Fahrner.

Lyndon, the McIntee school, has remodeled the seats and desks, adding much to their appearance. The inside wood work was also painted. Teacher, Bernice Prudden; board, William T. Bott, N. W. Cooper, Alva Beeman.

No. 3fr. Lyndon, the Canfield school laid a new hard wood floor during the summer vacation, and adjustable window shades have been ordered. Teacher, Alice Savage; board, Eugene McKernan, Edward Doll, Charles Clark.

No. 4 Lima Center, has painted the walls and ceiling in agreeable colors. Teacher, Rosa Lucht; board, D. E. Beach, Lewis Meyer, O. D. Luck.

No. 8fr. Lima, the Parker school has a new roof. The walls and ceiling have been painted, also the wood work. Teacher, Mrs. Bernice Shank; board, Jay A. Smith, George Steinbach, Edward J. Parker.

No. 1 Lima put a new roof on the school house. Teacher, Hazel Cook; board, William Finkbeiner, William Pidd, Chauncey Coy.

No. 7 Freedom built new outbuildings during the summer vacation. Teacher, Norma Mahrie; board, Fred Steinway, Henry Altenbernt, Frank Kress.

No. 4fr. Sharon, the Everett school has a new case of maps, also new window shades. Teacher, Ruth Easterly; board, Otto Mayer, Gottlieb Koenigster, John L. Kilmer.

No. 1 Sharon, Rowe's corners has raised a 35 foot steel flag pole in front of the school house. They have a new flag. Teacher, Mathilda Haarer; board, Lewis Dresselhouse, W. P. Shied, August Kuhl.

NORTH SHARON.

Mrs. Mittie O'Neill is spending some time in Jackson.

George Lehman and daughters, Alice and Dorothy, of Saline, visited over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lehman.

Private Herbert Feldkamp died of pneumonia early Tuesday morning at Camp Custer. The body was brought to his home here Wednesday by way of Grass Lake.

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 SALE—Second-hand safe, suitable for residence. Holmes & Walker, Chelsea. 1013

HEAVY TRUCKING—I have just purchased a 3-ton capacity International truck and am prepared to do both light and heavy trucking. F. A. Mayett, phone 75. 101f

SHINGLING—Does your roof leak? Let us reshingle your roofs; no scaffold used. Chimneys rebuilt. Reasonable prices according to the grade of shingles used. Work guaranteed. Cain & Crowe, 520 S. Main St. 1014

FOR SALE—One of the most modern homes in Chelsea, over an acre of land, 11 room modern house, large barn, stone basement, splendid garden. Would consider smaller place in trade; also Hollier-8 automobile in good condition, cheap. John Farrell. 912

FOR SALE—Brood sow and nine pigs. Ed. Whipple, Chelsea. 913

FOR SALE—Thorough bred Barred Rock pullets and cockerels. Sam Stadel, phone 154-F14. 912

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

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. 41f

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. 21f

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



Theodore Roosevelt

The Original Exponent of Conservation

Who has consistently exerted his tremendous power toward saving the country's resources.

During his administration as President, and afterwards, Mr. Roosevelt has steadfastly and forcefully advocated the urgent necessity of national conservation, both as a method of "preparedness" and as a logical part of the natural expansion of the nation.

Conservation, as Mr. Roosevelt has so clearly pointed out, is absolutely essential to expansion and continued welfare, and this is as true of individuals as it is of the nation.

Conservation means, in a few words, the saving of resources—your resources are your funds—your personal progress or expansion will depend absolutely on how you save your money.

A savings account in this bank would be a valuable asset to you.

Why not start one today—we pay good interest.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMPFF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

Specials For Saturday

October 19th

3 packages best Macaroni - 25c

2 boxes hardwood Toothpicks, 5c

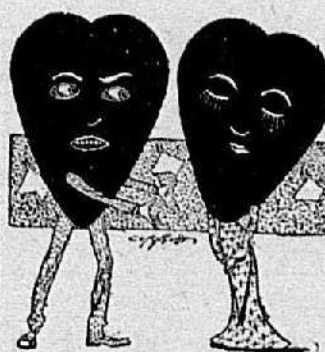
Sardines per can - - - 7c

Libby's Pork and Beans, can, 15c

Best Peanut Butter per lb. - 23c

Keusch & Fahrner

—The Pure Food Store—



Hearty Congratulations

To the NEWLYWEDS, with the best of advice—buy your meats of Eppler. Your tender thoughts and our tender meat will insure you a happy home.

ADAM EPPLER

Phone 41 South Main Street



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.

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

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POTATOES FOR SALE

Good home-grown POTATOES

\$1.25 per bushel, delivered. Phone

your order---No. 112

Chelsea Elevator Company

BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army
Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

FOREWORD

Intrigue, mystery, chivalry, love, feats of bravery on the field of honor—all these elements are interwoven in this story, which has been well described as the first up-to-the-minute novel of America in the great war for humanity and world freedom. It is a gripping story of a man who "came back" and fought on the battlefields of France for the honor of the army that had discarded him. Victor Rousseau has written many excellent stories but none that excels "Bride of Battle."

CHAPTER I.

Lieutenant Mark Wallace of the Seventieth New York regiment came to an abrupt standstill. He was alone in the jungle, upon the blazing hillside before Santiago, in the month of June, 1898.

Through the branches of the trees the Mauser bullets still whizzed and whistled, and the prolonged screech of shells and distant shouting indicated that the battle, which had raged all day, had not yet reached its end. But within the short radius of Wallace's vision nothing stirred, not even the palmetto boughs that rustled with the least breeze like the sound of the sea.

Wallace had only the most confused and incoherent knowledge of what was happening on that historic day. There had been an advance in the cool of the morning, if a brief respite from the oppressive heat could be called coolness in contrast. Then came the deployment along the base of the hills as the first shells began to fall, the advance in open order, in which the nicely inculcated teachings of the parade ground fell to pieces, the jumble of men, of companies, and, later, of regiments, pressing forward past the dead and stricken, the shouts, the rattle of machine guns and rifles. Batteries came galloping where they had no theoretical business to be, upsetting the junior officers' desperate attempts to preserve alignment; Red Cross men invaded the battle line to succor the wounded; commissariat mules, shaking off the lethargy which no amount of belaboring had ever overcome, ran away with supplies and stewed embalmers' beef over the hillside. In the midst of it all Wallace had rallied some men of his own troop and led them forward; he plunged into the patch of scrub-covered jungle, and found that he was alone.

In front of him was a small clearing, made by some Cuban squatter in the preceding year and abandoned after the reaping. It contained the ruin of a palm shack, and the furrows scraped by a primitive plow were only just discernible amid the rank growth that had sprung up. The lieutenant stopped and shouted, expecting to see his men come running through the trees.

But none appeared, and it was at this moment that the bullet that had been stamped with his name, according to the soldier's superstition, found him. He felt a smart blow on the shoulder, which knocked him backward. He stumbled, fell down, sat up again and discovered that his elbow was shattered. The arm hung helplessly at his side.

He managed to blind up the wound with his hand and teeth. There was not much pain, but a sort of physical languor, which made him reel giddily when he arose. There was burning thirst, too. It was extraordinary that a little thing like that should take the grit out of a man. A little blood was running down his sleeve, but the wound seemed trivial.

Wallace leaned against the wall of the shack and waited for his men.

He shouted once or twice more, but nobody answered him, and the battle seemed to be drifting in another direction. Wallace imagined that his troop had advanced around the patch of scrub, in which case he was not likely to establish touch with them again till nightfall. He cursed his luck and started forward, but the trees began to reel around him; he clutched at the wall of the shack, missed it, and fell.

Then he realized that he was out of the fight. Yet, in spite of his intense disappointment, he knew that worse might have befallen him. He had fought through hours of the day—that was much; he was probably spared to lead his men again—and that was more. He had found and proved himself; and at twenty-one a young man, for all his self-confidence, is composed of fears and doubts as well. In spite of his soldier ancestors, Mark Wallace had not been sure that his capacity for leadership extended be-

yond the parade ground, and he had suffered from the young soldier's inevitable fear of fear.

So he resigned himself to his situation. He emptied his water bottle and, gripping the end of his gauze roll with his teeth, managed to bandage the wound sufficiently to stop the bleeding. The languor, however, was increasing. Sometimes he would doze for a few moments, awaking with a start, to wonder where he was, and what had happened. The air was very still. The shouts had long since died away, the rifle firing was a distant crackling; the tremulous staccato tapping of the machine guns was like the roll of drums far away.

Wallace must have slept for a prolonged period, for when next he became conscious he started up to see, to his intense astonishment, a pretty little girl of three or four years, standing in front of him and looking at him. He rubbed his eyes, expecting her to disappear. But she was still there, and just as he was beginning to piece together a Spanish phrase she spoke to him in English.

"I want my daddy."

Wallace reached out and drew the child toward him. "Where is your daddy?" he asked. "And who are you?"

"I'm Eleanor," she answered, "and won't you please find my daddy for me?"

She pointed with a grimy little hand toward the interior of the shack, and Wallace, struggling to his feet with a great effort, made his way inside.

It was almost dark in the hut, and Wallace could only make out with difficulty the form of a man who lay, face downward, upon the ground near the wall. Presently, however, as his eyes became more accustomed to the obscurity, he saw the bullet wound in the back of the head.

He looked up at the child, who stood by, unconcerned. "Go away, Eleanor," he said gently.

The child, too young to know anything of death, went out of the hut and began to play in the shaft of sunlight that filtered through the branches of the palms. Wallace searched the



"I Want My Daddy."

dead man's pockets. He found nothing, however, except a military pass, signed by General Linares of the Spanish forces, authorizing the bearer to pass through the lines; and, after a moment's reflection, he decided to leave it on the body.

So this man had been the child's father, and, apart from her speech, his coloring showed that he had been an American. Wallace concluded that he had been a planter, trapped in Santiago. He raised the body in his arms and tried to turn it over, but let it fall when he saw the work that the bullet had made of the face. He must not let the little girl carry away anything of such memory as that!

He groped his way outside and beckoned to her. "What is your other name, Eleanor?" he asked.

The little girl only looked at him; it was evident that she did not understand the meaning of his question.

"Did your daddy live in Santiago?"

"My daddy has gone away. I want him," said the child, beginning to whimper.

Wallace tried her once more. "Where is your mamma?" he asked.

But she said nothing, and he sat down, propping himself against the shack. He drew the little girl down beside him.

"Who are you?" she asked, with the directness of childhood.

"My name is Mark."

"I like you, Mark. I will go with you till my daddy comes back."

"All right. Then sit down here beside me and play," muttered Wallace, wondering rather grimly what there was for her to play with.

But the grubby little fingers were soon busy in the sandy soil. Wallace watched the child, wondering who she was, and how it had happened that the father had been forced to take her into the jungle, into the midst of the contending armies. Her clothing was almost in rags, and she must have been drenched by the rains of the preceding night. It had certainly been a desperate and a difficult adventure for the dead man.

The light began to fade. Wallace, half delirious now from pain and thirst, struggled to preserve his consciousness for the sake of the little girl. Sometimes he would emerge from a semi-stupor and look round for her anxiously; but he always found her, no great distance away, building sand castles out of the soft soil and chattering to herself as happily as if she had already forgotten her sorrow.

When he aroused himself finally, it was to see the flash of a torch in his eyes. Faces which he recognized were looking into his own. There was Crawford, the senior lieutenant, who had graduated from West Point the year before, and Captain Kellerman; there was his own negro servant, Johnson, with a look of alarm on his ebony face; and near by were two men from the ambulance, carrying an empty stretcher.

Wallace moaned for water and the sense of the liquid in his throat, warm though it was, brought back consciousness with a rush.

"Well, we've got you," said Crawford cheerfully. "How are you feeling, old man?"

"Fine. Have we got Santiago?"

"Well, not exactly, but nearly. We've carried all the trenches, and we're waiting to get our big guns up. Arm hurting you?"

"No," said Wallace, stifling a groan.

"Say, Crawford, I suppose I was delirious, but I thought there was a kid here."

As he spoke he caught sight of Major Howard emerging from the shack, with the little girl in his arms, fast asleep. The major came up to him.

"How are you feeling, Wallace?" he asked. "Good! I didn't know you were a family man, though, till I saw this kid sleeping in your arms."

"You've been inside?" inquired the lieutenant, looking toward the shack.

The major's face grew very serious. He nodded.

"Her father," said Wallace.

"Come, get in with you!" answered Major Howard, curtly, indicating the ambulance. Mark, supported by the orderlies, who had placed the stretcher upon the ground, crawled in and lay down. He stretched out his arm toward the child. It was an unconscious action, but Major Howard noted it, and detaching the small arms from about his neck, he placed the little girl in the stretcher. The little head drooped upon the lieutenant's arm. As the ambulance men picked up the stretcher, two soldiers came out of the hut, carrying something in a blanket. They carried it to the center of the clearing and set it down beside a hole which had already been dug.

"He carried a pass signed by Linares," said Wallace to the major.

Major Howard's eyes contracted into narrow slits. He nodded. "I have it," he answered.

"I wonder who he was?" said Wallace.

"We'll decide what to do with the kid after we get her back to camp," said the major curtly. It seemed to Wallace that he was unwilling to speculate upon the identity of the dead man. "Lie still, and don't muddle your brains with thinking, my boy," he added. "We'll have you at the base hospital in next to no time."

"How many men have we lost?"

"Can't tell you. Quite a few, I'm afraid. Soames is gone. Crawford and Murray and I found ourselves bunched together at the top of the hill, leading a mixed company of Texas Rangers and Pennsylvania Dutch. We'll get them sorted out and sent home with labels as soon as we can. Move on, boys!"

The jolting stretcher proceeded out of the scrub and down the hill. Here, in the open, everything was almost as silent as in the bush, after the day's battle. Under the light of the rising moon could be seen parties of men moving over the hillside, struggling, seeking their regiments, or fatigue parties detailed upon the necessary night work that follows a day of death. The moon shone down on huddled forms scattered for the most part in little clusters, where shells or machine-gun fire had caught them.

It seemed an infinitely long journey, and every movement of the stretcher was almost unbearable. Wallace shut his lips tight. He looked at the child beside him. She moved in her sleep, feeling for his neck with the little

grimy hands. Her cheek snuggled into the hollow of his arm. The lieutenant was curiously touched by this unconscious confidence.

He issued from his ordeal of pain at last, when the bearers halted in front of the line of tents that served for a field hospital. Stretchers by the dozen were piled about the ground, and more were arriving constantly. Wounded men, guided by the sound, came limping in on the last lap of their painful journeys. Others, who had arrived but had not yet been attended to, sat or lay in front of the tents. Orderlies were scurrying to and fro. Major Howard caught one of the regimental surgeons, who looked Mark over quickly and then picked the child out of the stretcher.

"Hello! Who's this?" he asked.

"Friend of his," said the major, indicating Mark.

"She doesn't look like a Cuban young lady," said the doctor, as he cut away the sleeve of the tunic.

"Her father's dead. Hit by a shell on his way from Santiago. I think he was an American," said Mark.

"Give her to me. I never had one," said the doctor, suddenly injecting a hypodermic into Mark's arm.

"Not after that," said Mark, wincing. "Besides, I'm thinking of adopting her myself."

And he wondered what had made him say that when the thought had hardly reached his own consciousness.

"See here, young man! Let me look at that arm of yours before you talk that way. Hum! You'll be running round in a couple of weeks, as well as ever."

"Thank heaven for that!" ejaculated Mark fervently. "Then I'll be in at the death."

"I don't it. I won't pass you for duty for six months to come," said the doctor, grinning. Then, seeing Mark's dejected look, he added, more seriously:

"You may thank the modern high-power bullet that you are going to keep your arm, my boy. It's drilled a nice little pencil-hole clean through the joint, instead of shattering it, and that's got to be filled in with new growth. Even I can't grow bones in a week. I wish I could. Ten years ago your arm would have had to come off. There's nothing more I can do for you, my son," he added, as he smeared some sticky stuff over the wound and began adjusting a bandage, "except tie you up and put you in the hospital to-night, and send you down to the base in the morning."

"The devil you will! I guess I'm well enough to stay on the job as I am."

"Here, I haven't any more time to waste on you!" said the doctor. "Ponnie will make you a sling and you'll go into that tent and stay there, or I'll cashier you. You won't be feeling so spry tomorrow morning. Get out!"

He strode away, leaving Mark looking into the grinning black face of Johnson.

After the sling had been adjusted he discovered that the sense of well-being, due to the hypodermic, was already beginning to leave him. His servant helped him into the tent and Major Howard brought in the little girl, who at once curled herself up to sleep at Wallace's side.

"Lieutenant Wallace makes some plans for the future of the child that had come into his possession so unexpectedly, but he is stunned by revelations that are made to him by his commanding officer, Major Howard. Read about this in the next installment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Truly King of Birds.

"Our national bird, the bald eagle, wild in its native haunts, is so large, so majestic, and flies with an evidence of so enormous strength, that one is impressed with the thought that here is the king of birds," writes T. Gilbert Pearson of the Audubon society. "On one occasion while eating my lunch in the shade of a little bush on a Southern prairie, I saw one carry off a lamb."

Iron in Ukraina.

Within the boundaries of Ukraina are found the principal available deposits of iron ore in Russia. The development of the iron ore deposits of the Krivoy Rog district has been mainly responsible for the rapid growth of the Russian iron and steel industry, which now depends to an extent of about 70 per cent on the iron ore in the southern part of the country.

Have No Silly Belief in Luck.

All successful men have agreed in one thing—they were cautionists. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law. Belief in compensation—or, that nothing is got for nothing—characterizes all valuable minds.—Emerson.

Two Kinds of Allies

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
of The Vigilantes

An Italian widow living in New York city had five sons. Four of them were born in the United States, the other in Italy. He was one year old when his parents came to New York to live. When Italy entered the war against her domineering, exacting ally three of these boys—all American subjects—lost no time in doing what thousands of other American boys already had done. Where the other thousands had cast their lot with the Canadians, the French and the British, these three young men set sail for the land of their father, and took up the arms of their forefathers against the foe. They entered the Italian army. They were volunteers, not conscripts. Two of them had never even seen the land from which came their father and mother.

Then came the decision of the United States to engage in the conflict on the side of civilization and humanity. This old Italian mother gave her two remaining Americans to the army of the United States. They were her youngest—one of them barely eighteen—and they were as eager to fight as their brothers had been. They did not want to be drafted. They enlisted as common soldiers, and went away with the troops to France.

The old mother did not give up her boys to the armies of Italy and France. She gave them to the armies that were fighting for the things dear to them as Americans. They went as Americans, not as Italians. No matter what their father may have been when he was a boy, these boys were Americans. They loved the land in which they were born, even as their father loved the land in which he was born. They believed in the land of their birth and in its ideals, as their father and mother had taught them to believe. They did not go forth as adventurers, but as soldiers with a principle behind them.

Difference in Mothers.

A German mother in a Connecticut city also had five sons of the fighting age when the war broke out. They were all born in the United States and they were American citizens, as their father deliberately had made himself by the process of naturalization perhaps before any one of them came into the world. Two of these sons succeeded in reaching Germany, and like the sons of the Italian mother, took up the arms of their father's native land. No one will gainsay them the

right to join the Kaiser's army. They were free-born American citizens, as much so as the boys who went out to fight with the Italian, the French and the Canadian forces, and it was their individual right to fight where-soever and with whomsoever they elected. But when the United States went into the war, did the three remaining sons offer their services to the country in which they were born, the country which had enriched their father, the country which honored them by calling them citizens? They did not. They were not Americans. They were Germans. The mother of the three young men openly declared that she would rather see them dead by her own hand than to have them take up arms against their Kaiser!

The Fortunes of War.

But the fortunes of war produce strange conditions. The fortunes of war demanded that three Americans should go forth and shoot two Germans. There can be no going behind the fact that the instant the United States entered the conflict these three boys automatically became the enemies of their brothers. Their brothers had gone out voluntarily to fight with the German armies. That was their right, their privilege. They did so at the time when their native land was not lined up against the Kaiser. They elected to face the bullets that were aimed at Germany, just as those other boys elected to face the shells fired at Italy. But the two Germans went out to fight for Germany because they were Germans, because they were not allowed to be anything but Germans. Their mother sent them out to die for Germany. Was she willing to send the other three out to die for the United States? NO! She preferred to kill them with her own hands.

In the great Civil war that threatened the existence of the United States of America back in 1861-65 brother fought against brother. Thousands of young men came up from the Southland and put on the uniform of blue. Their brothers, their cousins, even their fathers, were wearing the gray. The instances in which Northern-born men went to fight with the Confederate armies are notably rare. These men who came north loved their Southland with a devotion that cannot be questioned, and yet they loved their country more. They did not fight with the North because they were Northerners but because they believed in a United States of America.

Blood may be thicker than water, but it is neither blood nor water that counts in the making of an honest man. It is his heart that counts.

GOD'S WILL OR MAN'S

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
Of The Vigilantes

If God be perfection in wisdom and love, and all powerful, why does He not stop this war? He must know of the suffering, He must feel for the sufferers, if He can why does He not end it? Grave questions, indeed, and wringing from hearts unaccustomed to doubt, by sorrow and shame and despair, God is wisdom, love and power; God knows and feels, yet the war goes on. He does not act. There is no Divine intervention! What then? Shall we, like Job's wife, curse God and die? By no means.

Let us ask ourselves the exact meaning of that clause in the world wide prayer "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Is that a statement of invariable ever-present fact, or is it a necessary petition? Is God's will always and everywhere and at all times being done upon earth, or is it not?

I think that statement is a petition and that it is properly included in the Lord's prayer. I am sure that God's will is not always being done, but that often and for long periods the evil will of man is being done under the inspiration of the devil. Incidentally, after the experiences of the past few years I don't see how any one can doubt the existence of the devil and legions of attendant spirits of evil. He is incarnated at Potsdam, and his fallen Angels in the ravagers of the stricken lands of Europe and Asia. Have you seen that terrible cartoon in which the devil shakes his finger at the Kaiser and says, "If you don't quit calling me 'God,' you will get into trouble!"

We Must Continue Free.

Will any one say to the maimed children, the outraged women, the starved men, that these sufferings are inflicted upon them by the will of God? Were Reims and Ypres and Louvain destroyed by the will of God? Does he pollute wells, and devastate fields and destroy villages? Is He responsible for Poland, Serbia and Armenia? Is the torpedo launched against the merchant ship in accordance with His will? Is He using liquid fire and poison gas? Is God accessory after the fact to murder, rape, outrage, devastation, destruction? The thing is unthinkable; the claim monstrous, impossible, incredible.

But if God be not responsible and if men are, still why does He not prevent them? A restatement of the ques-

tion. The answer? Is NO! We are endowed by God with free will, power to choose. That is and must be a real power else we are victims of a ghastly jest, a hideous delusion. If God has limited Himself by giving us this power we can, if we will, choose evil instead of good. Men have chosen evil and the world is suffering because of the choice. Once more you ask, why does not God withdraw from us our freedom of will, since it is abused? Because the privilege is so great, so inestimable, so necessary, that it is better even to suffer all the ills that follow upon its abuse, than that it should be withdrawn or abrogated, and we ascend to the position of automata, irresponsible beings, moved arbitrarily by an omnipotent hand. We must work out our own salvation by the help of God. We are not children of the bond woman but of the free and we must so continue.

What Is Your Answer?

How, then, is God's will to be done? How is the war to be won? In what way is a stop to be put to all these atrocities? When men, by whatever means and searching, do discover the will of God, and after the discovery develop sufficient consecration and devotion to do the will of God, then, and not until then, will it be done.

"The Son of God goes forth to war—" Yes, always and at all times, but He never comes back a victor unless the Sons of Men go with Him.

When we find out the will of God and do it, we shall end the war, and every other evil that results from the inability or unwillingness of men to see and do that will.

Are your hearts set upon righteousness, upon doing the will of God, oh ye people of America? So the question is not of God's duty but of your own.

What answer are you making?

TO GERMANY

By GEORGE STERLING,
of The Vigilantes.

Thy monstrousness strikes men no more to hate.

But nausea. What defiled and fetid sea, What dark abysses of putridity, Have belched thee? Thou hast reached the world too late.

For with the reptile is thy place and date.

Yet must we love the scorpion, as we find it a gentle thing compared to thee Whose man no blood of nurse or babe can save.

The Abominable shall put by its crown. Because of thee. Because of thee all speech

Goes bankrupt, and imagination gains No curse that does not bless thy black renown.

Thou, who dost hold all infamy in reach! Thou, with the blood of devils in thy veins!

London's population includes 471,000 persons who reside in flats.

For School Wear, Sturdy Gingham



Ginghams are to be called upon to do service for school wear, all the year round, now that war eats up all the wool that formerly went into serges and other strong stuffs. They are as sturdy as the Scots—one can say no more than that, and they are woven in all the plaids and checks that were ever thought of. They are the foremost of the strong, firmly woven and pliable cottons that are taking the place of wool in dresses for children.

There are several plain cotton fabrics in these heavy weaves that are made up with ginghams in combinations that make smooth sailing for designers, giving unending opportunities for varying even the simplest dresses. A dress for a girl of eleven—more or less—shown in the illustration above, employs plain cotton gabardine in the waist with plaid gingham in the skirt and for the collar and cuffs. The prevailing color in the plaid is a warm brown matched by the brown in the plain material. Cross bars are in strong tones of blue, green and some red.

It is noteworthy that the pockets are cut on the diagonal of the weave,

so that the bars in the gingham run across them obliquely. Plaids make possible many little tricks of this kind and designers delight in them. But ornamentation must not be overdone and one must know just when to leave off in this particular—a very little goes a long way in gingham school frocks. A new touch in this dress, and one that is altogether harmonious, lies in the narrow patent leather belt that replaces the usual belt of the fabric. There is something about it that lends style to this very excellent little dress.

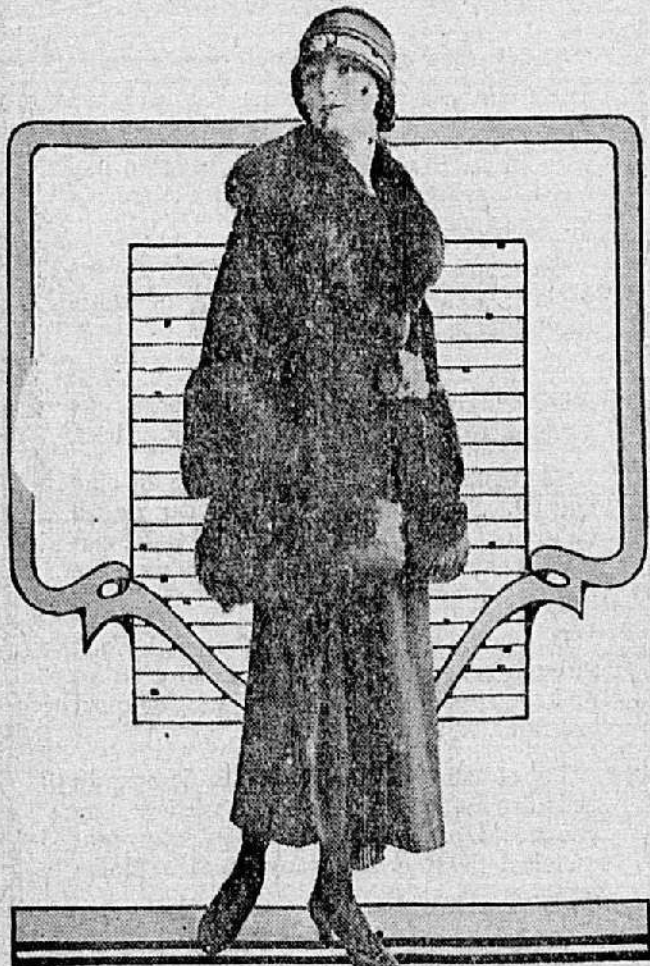
The darker gingham dresses need not be tubbed often. They are to be worn, just as serges are, occasionally pressed, and protected by aprons if necessary, when school hours are over and play makes them liable to rough treatment.

To Remove Ink.

To remove ink from fingers wet the fingers and then rub with the phosphoric end of a match. Wipe the fingers and repeat until stain disappears.

They are making woolen stockings in fancy colors and in varied designs.

For Outer Wear, Short Fur Coats



Either for the sake of change in style or because long coats are somewhat burdensome to wear, or because of conservation in everything, this is to be the winter of short fur coats. They are recommended as a substitute for wool; no less a personage than the head of a great association of furriers maintains that they are really cheaper than wool and that it is a matter of patriotism to wear them. A fur coat will outwear any other, usually surviving several seasons, and, considered in that light, it is a cheaper coat than wool, worn only for a season.

Inexpensive skins are recommended for the utility coats that are expected to become popular. Natural muskrat, natural and dyed squirrel, dyed hare are inexpensive as furs go. Even Hudson seal which is dyed muskrat—cannot be classed as expensive. Its rich appearance associates it with other more expensive pelts used for trim-

ming it, and for collars and cuffs, so that accessories cost as much as the coats themselves. This is the case of the handsome short coat pictured. It has a broad collar, deep cuffs and band at the bottom of lovely martin fur and is typical in its lines of the fashionable short coats in other furs. There is nothing so comfortable for cold climates as the fur coat, but if one is not obliged to consider zero weather, fur capes and wide fur scarfs commend themselves as more graceful and wearable than coats. This season there are those new capes, that are a sort of compromise between cape and scarf which have already won many devotees. And always there is the scarf and muff set, far above the whims of fashion, showing no abatement in its popularity.

Julia Bottomley

WOMAN IS HELD FOR WITCHCRAFT

Medium Is Arrested on Charge of Urging Children to Steal.

Los Angeles.—Because she is alleged to have dealt in witchcraft with the two minor children of William S. Solomon, a storekeeper, urging them to steal money from their parents with which to pay the "spirits" to bring about the reconciliation between mother and father, Matilda Weisman, a spirit medium, has been taken into custody and is being held pending an investigation. She has been charged



There Were Ten-Cent Spirits.

with contributing to the delinquency of Morris Solomon, twelve years old, and his sister, Hattie, ten years old.

Mrs. Weisman is said to have induced the two children to go to the store of their father and take the money from the cash drawer. It is alleged that the medium had arranged a regular schedule of prices with the children "for keeping the bad spirits away" from the Solomon household, and for prevailing on the "respectable spirits" to effect a reconciliation between their father and mother, who have been separated for some time.

Evidence gathered from the stories told to the police by the children read like a chapter from the Orient. For different spirits the medium is alleged to have had different prices. There were "ten-cent" spirits and "three-times-50-cent" spirits, the children disclosed. On Saturdays the "spirits" demanded 75 cents to be appeased.

Although the children and their mother desired a reconciliation, the spirit medium was said to have informed Morris and Hattie that the best way to bring it about was through the father's cash drawer. They confessed that they had extracted money from their father's till for two months, giving it to Mrs. Weisman.

WHITE DOORKNOB FOOLS EGG-EATING SNAKE

Albany, Ga.—Discovering that snakes were eating the "nest eggs" where his hens were laying, J. P. Gill replaced the initial eggs with white doorknobs. A snake was soon found which had swallowed one of the knobs but could not "get away with it." The reptile was slain and the doorknob replaced in the nest.

DECIDE THEY'LL GO TO WORK

Long Sentences for Two Idle Girls Get Results in Atlanta Work-house.

Atlanta, Ga.—"You can't make us work," declared Nellie Atkins and Ruth Warf, both seventeen years old, sentenced to work at the stockade. And they punctured their remarks by breaking out window panes. The girls again faced the recorder.

"Thirty days more," said Judge Johnson. "It is just possible that we can't make you work, but we can keep renewing your sentence."

The girls thought it over. They are now industriously occupied in the stockade laundry.

An Old Man Fights.

Kansas City, Mo.—For the third time in eight years John Riggs, seventy-one years old, of Kansas City, Kan., was held up the other night. Two negroes attempted to rob him, but they were given the same lesson that their predecessors on the same mission had learned, that Riggs is some fighter. The extra highwayman was more than Riggs had been accustomed to contend with, and although he successfully defended his valuables Dr. H. L. Rieger was later called upon to give him treatment at police headquarters.

To Keep Off Evil Spirits.

Highland Park, Ill.—Togo Serikawa, a butler by profession, and a Japanese by instinct, was found recently one morning under the bed of Mrs. J. D. Purdy of this town. Mr. Purdy, disturbed by sounds uncanny, found him. Togo looked surprised when Purdy demanded an explanation.

"I sleep under the bed every night to keep evil spirits away," was his explanation—which, strange to say, did not satisfy.

MANY TOWNS ARE DESTROYED BY FIRE

DAMAGE WILL MOUNT FAR INTO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, 12,000 BELIEVED HOMELESS.

DEATH TOLL WILL RUN 800 OR 900

Hundreds of Dead Bodies Lay Along Roads Leading to Duluth and Superior Where They Fell.

Duluth—Indications are that the list of victims of the forest fires in this section may reach 800 or 900. Little official information can be obtained from the burned districts. 196 bodies had been brought here, and reports from Moose Lake indicated that the death list in that locality alone might reach 300.

With probably 12,000 homeless and without clothing, and with property damage mounting far into millions of dollars, whole sections of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota timber land are smoldering, fire-stricken areas, with only the charred ruins of abandoned, depopulated towns to accentuate the general desolation.

Hundreds of dead along roads leading to Duluth and Superior lay where they fell when overtaken by the fire.

Twelve thousand homeless and penniless refugees, all in need of medical attention, are in hospitals, churches, schools, private homes and in the armory here, while doctors and nurses from surrounding communities attend them.

Nearly every able-bodied man in the city has been conscripted to fight the flames now reported dying away.

Reports that the holocaust was caused by enemy agents were circulated. Incendiaries were driven away from a local shipyard when fires in Duluth and Superior were at their height, according to city and state officials.

Duluth and Superior are in no further danger. Virginia is safe and Brainerd was untouched. However, pent bog fires now are said to menace the latter city. Bemidji reported only a small loss.

A special train of 20 coaches brought 1,500 refugees from Cloquet and Carlton. They confirmed reports that many persons lost their lives in those towns.

Albert Michaud, a special policeman, told a tragic story of the burning of Cloquet and of the mad rush of its residents to escape.

A forest ranger gave warning that unless the wind died down the townspeople would have to flee," said Michaud. "A thick pall of smoke hung over the town and special trains were called."

"The scene at the station was indescribable. There came a rush of wind and the entire town was in flames. The trains pulled out with the fires blazing closely behind them. Women wept and clung to their children, while others cried frantically for their missing ones. The flames licked at the cars. Windows in the coaches were broken by the heat. The engineers and firemen alternately stoked, to give the boilers all the fuel they could stand."

"Other trains were hurriedly made of flat cars, box cars and anything that would roll. But even then all did not get away. There are many dead in Cloquet."

Cloquet was a town with about 7,500 population. More than 4,700 persons were brought to Duluth and Superior from there alone.

SEC. BAKER BACK FROM FRANCE

Cabinet Officer Spend Month Inspecting U. S. Troops Aboard.

Washington.—Whatever the result of the peace proposals, the war department must proceed at full speed with men and supplies.

This was the comment on German peace talk from Secretary of War Baker, on his return from a visit of more than a month to the western front.

Secretary Baker has arrived at an Atlantic port aboard the Northern Pacific. The ship escaped the U-boat that sank the Hiram Maru a few days ago only through the special precautions to protect the secretary and his party.

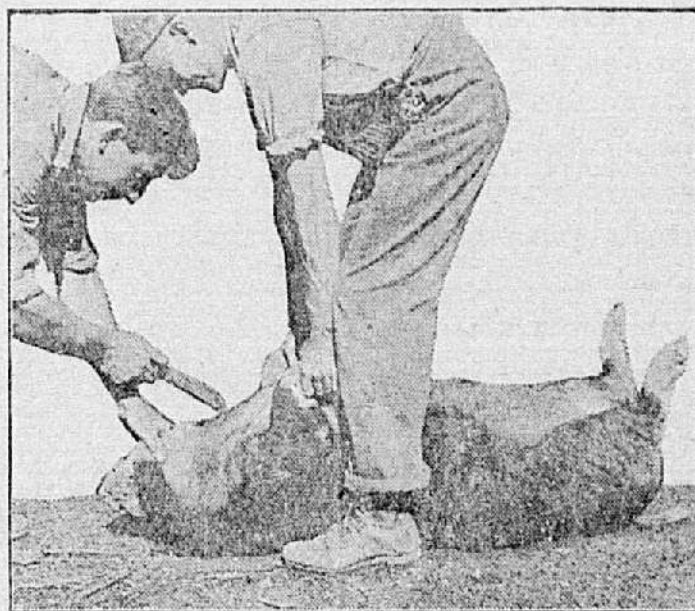
The presence of a submarine lurking in the course in which the Hiram Maru was sunk was reported and the Northern Pacific was diverted.

Secretary Baker described the taking of St. Mihiel and the wiping out of the salient by the Americans as the greatest concentration of artillery and aircraft.

Spontaneous Combustion of Coal.

Jackson—A great pile of coal, the Michigan Central railway's reserve supply, valued at \$300,000, in storage in the company's yards in this city, was on fire recently from spontaneous combustion. Gangs of men with steam shovels were at work in an effort to check the progress of the fire. The burned coal is being placed upon flat cars deluged with water, and then placed into immediate use. The smoldering heap of coal is estimated to weigh 100,000 tons.

PRACTICAL PLAN OUTLINED FOR KILLING AND DRESSING HOGS FOR SUPPLY OF MEAT



HOG HELD IN GOOD POSITION FOR STICKING.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Ordinarily it is not necessary to stun or shoot a hog before sticking, although this is done in some localities for humane reasons. If the hog is stuck without being stunned, he should be squarely on his back when stuck. Two men can reach under and grasp the legs on the opposite side of the body and with a quick jerk turn the hog over on his back. One man can stand astride the body with his legs just back of the hog's shoulders, taking a good grip on the forelegs. In this position the hog can be held in place while the other man does the sticking.

Sticking.

A narrow, straight-bladed knife, eight inches long, serves very well for sticking a hog. The knife should be pointed directly toward the root of the tail and held in a line with the back bone. Thrust the knife in six or eight inches directly in front of the breastbone. The knife should be kept in a straight line so as not to stick a shoulder, causing blood to clot, which results in waste in trimming or a shoulder which keeps poorly. This severs the arteries in the neck and will insure better bleeding. Avoid sticking the heart, for if this is done the blood will not be pumped from the arteries. After sticking, the hog may be turned over on the side.

Scalding and Scraping.

The handiest way of heating water for scalding is in a large caldron or a kettle built for scalding hogs and which is placed over a fire near the place of butchering. A barrel is the most convenient receptacle in which to scald a hog, unless the hog is too large for the barrel, in which case a tank must be used. Much of the heavy labor can be avoided by means of a hoist, such as a block and tackle, for lifting the hog in and out of the scalding vat or when hanging the hog for removing entrails.

If the water is heated in the house, it should be boiling when removed from the stove and carried to the barrel. At the time the hog is scalded the water should be at a temperature of 185 to 195 degrees F. If no thermometer is at hand, stick the finger into the water three times in rapid succession, and if it burns severely the third time the water is about right. If the water is too hot the hair is likely to set, causing even more trouble than if too cold. A teaspoonful of lye or a small shovelful of wood ashes added to every 30 gallons of water will aid in removing the scurf. After either one of these alkalis is added the water should be stirred thoroughly.

Insert the hog hook in the lower jaw, place the hog on the table and slide it into the barrel. The rear end of the hog is scalded first for the reason that if the water is too hot and the hair sets it can be removed easier from the rear than from the fore part of the hog. The hog should be kept moving in the water to be sure that no part will rest against the side of the barrel. Occasionally the hog should be drawn out of the water to air, when the hair may be "tried." When the hair and scurf slip easily from the surface, scalding is complete. Pull the hog out upon the table and remove the hair and scurf from the legs and feet at once. The simplest way to accomplish this is to twist the legs in both hands. Use the hog hook to remove the dew-claws at the same time. Remove the hair and scurf from the rear end of the hog by means of a bell-shaped scraper.

Cut the skin about three or four inches long just below the hocks in both hind legs. Loosen the tendons and insert the gambrel. Be sure that both tendons in each leg are loosened before inserting the gambrel. Now scald the front part of the hog. After the front part of the hog is scalded pull it out on the table as before. Remove the hair and scurf from the ears, forelegs and head immediately, as these parts cool very quickly. Use the bell-shaped scraper to remove the remaining hair and scurf. If the hair fails to yield in any particular region, cover that portion with a gunny sack and pour on hot water. When most of the hair and scurf is removed pour hot water over the entire carcass and shave off, by means of a knife, the hair that is left. Hang up the hog and pour a bucketful of cold water over the carcass and scrape from the surface the remaining dirt and scurf.

Removing Entrails.

After the hog is hung up and the surface is clean the next step is to re-

move the entrails. Cut through the midline, beginning at the top and continue cutting down to the head. Cut around the rectum on each side and pull it out between the pelvic bones.

Place the knife between the first and second fingers of the left hand, inserting the fingers where the opening has been made and with the right hand force the knife down to the breastbone. The fingers will serve as a guide in making the cut and protect the intestines from being cut. When this opening has been made remove the fat which surrounds the stomach, cutting the gullet as soon as it is drawn up far enough. Cut on each side of the tongue to loosen it and pull it out with an upward jerk. Now cut through the breastbone, beginning at the front end. Cut upward slightly to one side. Remove the pluck, which consists of the heart, lungs, gullet and windpipe, by cutting the diaphragm. This is the membrane which separates the organs of the chest from the stomach, bowels and other abdominal organs. Cut just between the light and dark portions of the diaphragm.

Cut down along the backbone and it will be easy to pull out the entire pluck. Put a piece of corn cob or small block of wood in the hog's mouth so air can circulate. Wash out the inside of the carcass with cold water and a cloth. Take a stick about a foot or 18 inches long and spread open the sides, allowing a free circulation of air. To facilitate cooling, the head can be removed and the carcass split or sawed down the backbone. In splitting or sawing the carcass be careful to cut as near the mid-line as possible.

Leaf Lard.

While the carcass is still warm, remove the leaf lard or kidney fat. This facilitates cooling the carcass and lessens the danger of the hams and loins souring. The leaf lard should be spread out on a table to cool, with the thin membrane side turned down. The gut fat should not be mixed with the leaf lard in rendering.

Cooling the Carcass.

The carcass should be cooled after slaughtering, but not allowed to freeze. Temperature cannot be controlled on the farm, but it is possible to kill when the weather is favorable. Select a day in winter when there is chance for cooling the carcass before the surface freezes. The desirable temperature for cooling meat is 34 to 40 degrees Fahrenheit. In the summer time it is necessary to have refrigeration. In the fall it is best to kill in the evening, allowing the carcass to cool overnight. Hang the carcass in a dark cellar or a cool room in the barn before the flies can get at it. Freshly killed meat absorbs odors very readily; do not hang the carcass in a freshly painted room or in a room with tar, kerosene or gasoline.

A pork carcass should not be cut up until it is thoroughly cooled.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Make your work count for the most by backing the nation's agricultural war program:

Back up the county agent;
Back up the farm bureau;
Back up the state agricultural college;
Back up the U. S. department of agriculture;
And by so doing help—

BACK THE KAISER OFF THE EARTH

UTILIZE ALL OF WINDFALLS

By Picking Up and Feeding to Hogs Much Trouble for Next Year Can Be Prevented.

By picking up and feeding to hogs or utilizing in other ways all of the apples that fall, much trouble for next year can be avoided. The larvae or worm form of the codling moth is often found in these, and if destroyed just that much is done towards producing better fruit next year. To produce good fruit one must be on the job all the time.

Roving Dog Is Harmful.
Besides killing sheep, the roving dog helps to distribute the sheep tape worm. This parasite is quite often a source of considerable loss in the flock.

THE CHELSEA TRIBUNE

Ford Astell, Editor and Prop.
Entered at the Postoffice at Chelsea, Michigan, as second-class matter.

Published Every
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

Office, 102 Jackson street

The Chelsea Tribune is mailed to any address in the United States at \$1 the year, 50 cents for six months and 25 cents for three months.

Address all communications to the
Tribune, Chelsea, Michigan.

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Express Cars

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

**Don't Forget to Renew
That Subscription**

WATERLOO.

Mrs. Edna Foster and Mrs. Maggie Kutz, of Jackson, Mrs. Thos. Collins of Cement City and Mrs. Ada Collins of Grass Lake spent Wednesday at Alva Beeman's.

Joe Frank and Mr. Laverock, of Howell, are spending a few days at O. Beeman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Leach of Parker's Corners spent last Wednesday and Thursday at Glad Rowe's.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Foster of Detroit have been visiting at Harry Foster's.

The L. A. S. will hold their Fourth annual fair November 22, 1918.

ESCAPE FOREST FIRES.

Three refugees from fire-swept Cloquet, Minnesota, have arrived in Ann Arbor. They are Mrs. Ned G. Begle, daughter of Prof. E. D. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell and her two children. When they left their home last Saturday, the forest fire formed a moving wall of flames but a little over a block from their house, and the family car was hurriedly filled with 13 persons for the flight from the doomed lumbering town, which was destroyed within a few minutes of their departure.—Times-News.

Croup.

If your children are subject to croup get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and when the attack comes on be careful to follow the plain printed directions. You will be surprised at the quick relief which it affords.—Adv.



TIMOTHY P. STOWE

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Democratic Nominee for
Register of Deeds
Washtenaw County

Your support will be appreciated
at the election, Nov. 5th.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Charles Mohrlok is clerking in Fern's store.

Miss Margaret Miller was in Detroit, Monday.

Waldo Kusterer has been on the sick list this week.

John Grau of Toledo was in Chelsea the first of the week.

Miss Merib Clark was home from Howell over the week-end.

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Steger and sons were in Detroit, Wednesday.

E. B. Tichenor of Jackson is visiting his father, C. M. Tichenor.

Miss Edna Lambert has been one of the many influenza sufferers this week.

Miss Gertrude Mapes returned to her studies at Oberlin college the first of the week.

Ambrose Howe of Detroit is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wade.

Miss Grace Fletcher and Arthur Wahlman, of Detroit, visited in Chelsea, Saturday.

A new Royal billing typewriter has been installed in the Michigan Central freight office.

Mrs. William Canfield of Detroit visited her mother, Mrs. R. P. Chase, over the week-end.

Supervisor Herman J. Dancer is attending the meetings of the board in Ann Arbor this week.

The Bay View Reading club will meet with Mrs. Roy Harris, Monday evening, October 21st.

William Geddes of Detroit visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenhals over Sunday.

Special meeting of Olive Lodge No. 156, Tuesday evening, October 22. Work in the third degree.

Mrs. W. A. BeGole of Wayne visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cole, the first of the week.

Mrs. Harold McCarthy of Detroit visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Merkel, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman entertained Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Jones of Grass Lake over the week-end.

Miss Clara Hutzler went to Ann Arbor yesterday, where she has accepted a position as telephone operator.

Mrs. W. D. Morton and son Ward, of Detroit, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Morton over the week-end.

The school in the Savage district, Sylvan, was closed Tuesday for a few days. Miss Eleanor Naekel is the teacher.

Mrs. William Miller and daughter Gertrude, of Detroit, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Atkinson, over Sunday.

The dance at St. Mary's hall, advertised in Tuesday's paper, has been postponed on account of the epidemic of influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Shepherd had their household goods moved to their new home, 209 Linwood avenue, Detroit yesterday.

Caruso's Ann Arbor concert, which was advertised in Tuesday's issue, has been postponed on account of the influenza quarantine.

Timothy P. Stowe of Ann Arbor was in Chelsea yesterday. Mr. Stowe is the Democratic nominee for the office of register of deeds.

George Wackenhut, son of M. J. Wackenhut, is reported as missing in action, September 13th. He was with the 8th division in France.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hammond visited Mr. and Mrs. George Seckinger at Michigan Center, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gibson and Mrs. Louise Young, of Highland Park, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gentner over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Avery and Mrs. H. E. Avery, of Howell, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bailey, of Plymouth, visited Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Avery, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Prudden and daughter and Misses Mame and Alma Pierce motored to Williamston, Saturday, to visit relatives, returning Monday.

Sergeant C. C. Heselschwerdt is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Margaret Heselschwerdt. He will return to Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, tomorrow.

The convention of the Jackson Association of Congregational churches, which was to have been held here Wednesday and Thursday, was postponed on account of the epidemic of influenza.

Herman Herzog of Ann Arbor was shot in the legs by his brother, Sunday, while hunting with a party of friends in a swamp in Lima. He was brought into Chelsea and Dr. Palmer removed a number of shot. His wounds were not serious.

The funeral of Private George Balfanz of Dexter township, who died Sunday at Camp Custer, was held yesterday afternoon at two o'clock from Dieterle's chapel in Ann Arbor, Rev. Schoettle of Dexter officiating. Interment at Forest Hill cemetery, Ann Arbor.

Catarrrh Cannot Be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrrh 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 Catarrrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sanborn have purchased the residence, 109 Grant street, which they now occupy.

Mrs. G. A. BeGole was pleasantly surprised Tuesday evening by several friends, in honor of her birthday.

Mrs. Mary Staffan is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Neelberg and other friends in Manchester and vicinity.

Mrs. Samuel Glover of Morley is spending several days at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. D. McManus.

Mrs. George Wackenhut died yesterday at her home on South Main street. The funeral will be held from the house Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The State Older Boys' conference will be held in Jackson, November 29-30-December 1. E. P. Steiner has been appointed chairman of the delegation from Chelsea and vicinity.

A telephone message received yesterday from George Turnbull announced that he had just been commissioned second lieutenant and ordered to report at Hoboken, N. J.

Herman E. Hutzler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hutzler of Freedom, reported missing in action September 11th, in a German prison camp according to later information received yesterday.

CHELSEA SCHOOL NEWS.

The juniors, seniors and sophomores of the high school and the seventh grade are now 100% Red Cross.

Two boxes of books were shipped Monday to the port of embarkation, Hoboken, New Jersey, for the boys "over there."

A new Thrift Stamp club has been organized in the third grade. The officers are: President Margaret Lautenslager; secretary, Wesley Dierberger; treasurer, Alma Widmayer.

On Monday, of an enrollment of 386 only 282 were present as the result of the epidemic of influenza. Teachers and pupils are merely marking time until those absent come back.

The store of nuts and fruit pits is rapidly increasing. Any of last year's nuts that are not wanted will be welcome and someone will be sent after them if the school is notified.

The officers of the Teachers' association have been elected as follows: Pres., Miss Taylor; secretary, Miss Rosenthal; treasurer, Miss Turnbull. Any teachers in this vicinity, or any one interested in education is eligible to membership and will receive a warm welcome if they will attend.

The following program was given Friday afternoon: Victrola; song by the school, "What are You Doing to Help the Boys;" "A Patriot's Dollar," a story by Dagmar Blount of the 7th grade; four minute Liberty Loan speeches by Edith Koebbe of the 11th grade, Hugh Mitchell of the 9th grade, Audrey Harris of the 8th grade, and Helen Knickerbocker of the 12th grade; song by the school, "Keep the Home Fires Burning;" talk by Rev. Dierberger; America by the school; flag salute. The judges for the Liberty Loan speeches were Miss Spring, Mr. Walling and Rev. Dierberger. The decision was given in favor of the eleventh grade.

SHARON.

District No. 6, Miss Hulda M. Feldkamp, teacher, has a 100% Red Cross organization.

Albert Wahr and Aaron Breitenwischer have been ill with Spanish influenza at Camp Custer.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Walker died Tuesday night from pneumonia.

Floyd Pardee and family met with an accident while driving to Detroit last Friday when the car skidded and upset, throwing the occupants out. All escaped injury excepting Mrs. Floyd Pardee, who had her arm fractured. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rowe and two children and Mrs. Nina Pardee were the other passengers in the car.

NORTH LAKE.

Miss Clara Fuller and Jacob Haag, of Norvell, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller.

Miss Mildred Daniels of River Rouge has closed her school for two weeks on account of influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glenn of Lima and Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet of Detroit spent Sunday with E. C. Glenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Horton and children of Chelsea visited over the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Isham.

Mrs. O. P. Neah, who had a stroke last Sunday, is some better at this writing.

Miss Lillian Glenn is home from Albion for a week, school being closed on account of influenza.

GREGORY.

Word has been received of the safe arrival overseas of Paul Kuhn.

Mr. and Mrs. William George and C. M. Titus and daughter, of Pontiac, visited at E. Hall's over the week-end.

Archie Arnold is reported much better at Camp Custer.

Mrs. Laura Blakely of Mason is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Emily Zigenfuss of Port Huron is visiting her son, Harry James.

The primary thrift club has taken in \$208.

The Unadilla Red Cross unit sent four quilts and 56 handkerchiefs to Camp Custer, last week.

L. D. Jeffers of Howell visited his aunt, Mrs. Lillie Burden, over the week-end.

A subscription paid in advance is worth two in arrears.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Most Reliable.

After many years' experience in the use of it and other cough medicines, there are many who prefer Chamberlain's to any other. Mrs. A. C. Kirstein, Greenville, Ill., writes "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in my mother's home and mine for years, and we always found it a quick cure for colds and bronchial troubles. We find it to be the most reliable cough medicine we have used."—Adv.

HELP WANTED

Fifty men wanted for U. S. Government work. Highest wages for piece work. Serve your country. Aeroplanes and munitions are needed in France as badly as men.

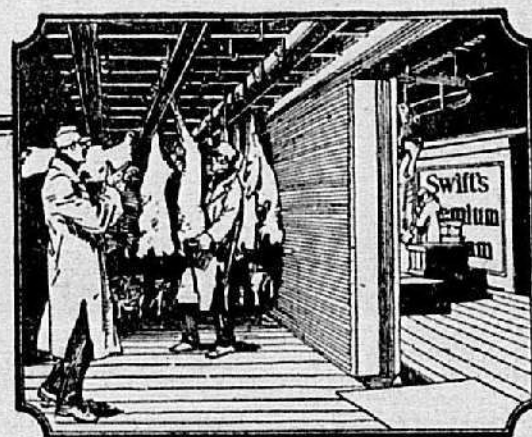
Call either of the plants below for particulars; ask for employment department.

HOWELL ELECTRIC MOTORS CO.,

Phone 22, Howell, Mich.

SPENCER-SMITH MACHINE CO.,

Phone 29, Howell, Mich.



Ice Boxes on Wheels

Refrigerator cars for carrying meat are ice boxes traveling on wheels.

Most people in America would have to go without fresh meat, or would have to pay more for what they could get, if it were not for these traveling ice boxes.

Gustavus F. Swift, the first Swift in the packing industry, saw the need of these traveling ice boxes before others.

He asked the railroads to build them. The railroads refused. They were equipped, and preferred to haul cattle rather than dressed beef.

So Gustavus F. Swift had to make the cars himself. The first one was a box car rigged up to hold ice. Now there are 7,000 Swift refrigerator cars. Each one is as fine an ice box as you have in your home.

Day and night, fair weather and foul, through heat and cold, these 7,000 cars go rolling up and down the country, keeping meat just right, on its way to you.

Thus another phase of Swift & Company's activities has grown to meet a need no one else could or would supply, in way that matched Swift & Company ideas of being useful.

When you see one of these Swift & Company cars in a train, or on a siding, you will be reminded of what is being done for you as the fruit of experience and a desire to serve.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



**Lend the Way
They Fight
Buy Liberty Bonds**



Xmas Photos

The pictures you are planning to send to that soldier of yours—they must be soon on the way if you would make sure that he has them to gladden his heart on Christmas morning.

It is going to be a big job to make over a million and a half American soldiers, in France, happy at Christmas time. A great many are going to be happy if they receive photographs in their Christmas packages, and disappointed if they don't, but they won't even receive packages if they are not on their way soon.

No one thing in that Christmas package will mean so much to the soldier boy as the little photograph of some loved one.

He will treasure it, will show it with pride to his companions, because it is the symbol of home and all he holds dear.

We have been told by the men whose business it is to keep up the fighting courage of our army that letters and pictures from home do more than all else to keep them in spirits.

They can be amused, can get bodily comfort and refreshment, can buy sweets, trinkets, etc., but they can't buy letters or photographs—these must come from home.

CHRISTMAS PICTURES FOR THE SOLDIERS SHOULD BE MADE RIGHT NOW; make the appointment TODAY!! Operating hours 9 to 3:30.

The McManus Studio, Chelsea, Mich.

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 autolng, 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