

FROM BOYS OVERTHERE

Two Good Letters From Chelsea Boys With American Troops.

The following letter has just been received from Peter F. Youngs by Miss Linnia Heschelwerdt:

Audin Le Roman, France,
December 1, 1918.

Friend Linnia:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope that this letter finds you the same. Well, I suppose it was a happy day in the states when the news came that peace was declared, but it was just as happy over here.

We are now billeted in nice buildings and have fine rooms. We are working on standard railroads, about six kilometers from the German border.

When we landed in France we landed at Brest. We then went to Camp Duchene and stayed there about thirty days, then went to Toul and stayed on that sector about nine months. Was in the St. Mihiel drive and then went on the Verdun sector in the Argonne Forest and was in the drive of November 1st. That was when the war ended. You can bet that it was quite warm. It was there that we saw soldiers and many horses killed although no men were killed from our company.

Tell mother you heard from me and

that I received her letter. The Germans seem very hard-up for food, especially the civilians. There are lots of children running around looking for food and they are very poorly dressed. Well, I can't write much more news, so will close.

I remain as ever, your friend,
Peter F. Youngs,
Co. A, 21st Engrs.

From Clarence Breitenwischer.

Following is a letter from Clarence Breitenwischer, to his brother, written November 15, 1918:

Dear Brother:

I just received a letter from you, also one from Alma. Just finished reading them.

Well brother, the day of happiness has come at last and you can just imagine how every one feels about it. I suppose the people in the states are about crazy, and believe me, I feel about as happy as anyone. Of course I suppose it will be a matter of time yet before we will see each other.

Cold weather is coming on very fast. The nights are quite frosty and cold, but it isn't worrying me much because I think the days of staying in ditches and shell-holes are over. At present we are staying in some old barracks.

I was very much surprised to hear that George Wackenhut is missing. I suppose Uncle Mart and his family are very uneasy about it, but then he

will may-be show up some day again soon.

George Corey, our neighbor in Chelsea four doors west, was reported missing too, and I saw him a few days ago.

Well, brother, this is all the news I can think of for this time. Hoping these few lines find you all well and happy. As for myself, I am feeling fine.

Clarence Breitenwischer,
Co. I, 128th U. S. Inf.

HISTORY OF YEAR 1918

List Interesting Events in Chelsea and Vicinity Recorded Chronologically.

Following is a chronological history of Chelsea and vicinity for the past year. The history will be published in two or more installments, according as we have the room to spare for it, the first installment in this issue covering a period of six months from January 1st to July 1st.

Jan. 1—John Farrell retires from grocery business and Farrell & Co. is succeeded by Keusch & Fahrner.

Jan. 3—Death of Martin Eisele, 73 years of age.

Jan. 4—Ford car owned by Michael Mohrlock struck by D. J. & C. car on South Main street crossing.

Jan. 5—Two-year-old son Mr. and Mrs. Harrison West burned by hot ashes. George Alber struck by falling tree; nose broken.

Jan. 7—Death Edward L. Negus, 78 years of age. Death Mrs. Fannie Scouten, 84 years of age.

Jan. 12—Blizzard raged all day; railroads paralyzed; temperature 22° below zero; freight conductor Tom Hagen and brakeman William P. Downey killed near Grass Lake. Death of Harvey F. Barton of Lyndon.

Jan. 16—Marriage Miss Mildred Scripser and Mr. Fred Schweikert.

Jan. 18—Holmes' onion warehouse burned; 3,000 bushels onions ruined.

Jan. 21—Merchants' delivery service suspended "temporarily." Harold Sullivan of Lyndon struck in face by an axe.

Jan. 22—Death Mrs. R. S. Armstrong.

Jan. 25—Robert Foster celebrated 93rd birthday.

Jan. 27—Death Miss Lizzie Hammond.

Jan. 28—Death of C. T. Conklin at Eustis, Florida, where he was spending the winter.

Feb. 4—Prominent citizens arrested at Ann Arbor cock fight.

Feb. 5—Thermometers registered 14° below zero.

Feb. 8—Death Wales Foster, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Foster.

Feb. 14—Death Mrs. Ellen M. Hall. William Leigh fell and broke hip.

Feb. 17—First robin reported by John Schmidt.

Feb. 18—Death Thomas Jensen. George Markham, Canadian soldier suffering from shell shock, found unconscious on South Main street.

Feb. 21—Death of Mrs. Angeline Sibley in Flint.

Feb. 26—Gilbert Clark gets nasty fall from bicycle. Death Orin Bruckner, of Sylvan.

Mar. 6—Ed. Brown accidentally shot in forearm by small caliber rifle. Felix Hindelang accidentally killed in Battle Creek.

Mar. 7—John George Schmidt killed by Michigan Central train.

Mar. 11—B. B. Turnbull elected village president.

Mar. 13—Near cloud-burst results in many flooded cellars in Chelsea. D. J. & C. roadbed washed out just west of town.

Mar. 14—Fire damaged Ahnemer residence on VanBuren street. Marriage Miss Clara Koch and Mr. William L. Keubler.

Mar. 16—Marriage Miss Hazel Comstock and Mr. Reuben Heschelwerdt, of Sharon.

Mar. 20—Death of David Alber, 84 years of age.

Mar. 22—Death Mrs. John C. Lehman of North Sylvan.

Mar. 24—Death of Mrs. Hedwig Kilmer, 79 years of age. Death of William L. Keusch, 69 years of age.

Mar. 29—Death of D. H. Fuller. Death of Lounettie May Bohne of Francisco.

April 1—Annual town meeting, Republican ticket elected.

Apr. 2—Death of Mrs. Adeline Muscott. Death Mrs. Paul G. Schaible.

Apr. 3—Death William R. Reed, 83 years of age.

Apr. 5—Death William Cassidy, 77 years of age.

Apr. 9—Marriage of Miss Beatrice Porter of Howell and Mr. Arthur Avery of Chelsea.

Apr. 11—Death of Mrs. C. J. Perrine. Death of Mrs. C. P. Clark of Lyndon. Death of James Dancer of Dexter, formerly of Lima.

Apr. 14—Ford car owned by George

Nordman damaged by fire.

Apr. 15—Marriage of Miss Vivian Klingler and Corp. C. C. Dancer.

Apr. 18—Death of Otto Dettling, formerly of Freedom, in Phoenix, Arizona.

Apr. 22—Residence on Ward farm in Lima destroyed by fire.

Apr. 24—Marriage Miss Bertilla Weber and Mr. Lee P. Forner. Runaway team, belonging to Henry Stocker of Lyndon, follows M. C. tracks for a mile and a half west of the stock yards; no trains were passing and the only damage done was a broken wagon tongue.

Apr. 25—Death of Marion Gladys Remnant of North Lake.

Apr. 30—Theodore Schmidt stops runaway team; probably saving the life of the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Klink.

May 1—State wide prohibition law took effect; Chelsea saloons were sold out several days previous. Marriage of Miss Lillie Kalmbach of near Francisco and Mr. Robert Schaible of Rogers Corners.

May 3—Death of Michael Staffan, 76 years of age.

May 5—Death of George Prinzing at government hospital in Vancouver, Washington.

May 8—Death of Mrs. John Steele.

May 14—Marriage of Miss Amanda Grau and Mr. Clarence Benerie, of Rogers Corners.

May 18—Marriage of Miss Marjorie Hepburn and Mr. Ed. Frymuth.

May 21—Death of Charles Hieber of Freedom.

May 25—Death of Mrs. William Martin.

May 27—H. J. Smith opened new bakery.

May 28—Aeroplane travelling eastward noted by several Chelseaites.

June 1—Death of Miss Amelia A. Miller. Marriage of Miss Marjorie F. Roberts and Mr. Homer Russell Parker.

June 4—Fifteen foot fly-wheel burst at the plant of the Michigan Portland Cement Co., wrecking engine room; G. W. Burbank injured about the head by flying fragments.

June 6—Death of Mrs. Gerald Dealy, 74 years of age, at her home in Lyndon. Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Barnes, daughter of John Ross, in Detroit.

June 7—Marriage of Miss Ruth Widmayer and Mr. Earl Schumacher, both Chelsea young people, in New York city.

June 8—Total eclipse of sun, 5:30 to 7:30 p. m.

June 11—Home guards organized.

June 16—Death of Mrs. Lambert Gieske, 74 years of age. Annual baccalaureate sermon, delivered by Rev. Albert A. Schoen.

June 17—Wilkinson building badly damaged by fire. Death of John C. Mohrlock, 78 years of age.

June 18—Marriage of Miss Mary Eder and Mr. Burdette Brown.

June 19—Third annual commencement exercises St. Mary academy, two graduates.

June 20—Annual commencement Chelsea High school, 20 graduates.

June 24—Death Private Harlow Welch, overseas.

June 25—Death Miss Mary Welsh, formerly of Dexter township, in Ann Arbor.

June 27—Death of Mrs. Mary J. Winans, 78 years of age.

June 29—Marriage of Miss Minola Kalmbach and Lieutenant Carl M. Rutan.

June 30—Death of Michael Wackenhut of Jackson, formerly of Chelsea. (Continued in next issue.)

IN THE CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor. Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Subject, "Know Thyself." Sunday school at 11:15. Evening service at 7:00 o'clock. Subject, "The Open Door of the New Year."

ST. PAUL'S

A. A. Schoen, Pastor. Morning worship at 10 o'clock. Young People's meeting at 7 p. m., the last of the year, Miss Amanda Koch, leader. New Year's service at 10 a. m. Wednesday. The annual congregational meeting will be held in connection with this service, including the pastor's and officers' annual reports, election of officers and other important business.

CATHOLIC

Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector. Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Sunday service. Holy communion 7:00 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 6:30 a. m.

A WHITE CHRISTMAS.

Chelsea people awoke Christmas morning to find the ground covered with snow and a temperature about 25° above zero, a very acceptable relief from the warm, rainy and decidedly unseasonable weather prevailing for several weeks past.

Perhaps winter weather is in store for us from now on. W. S. Baird of Dexter township reports seeing a flock of 25 wild geese flying south Christmas morning. Maybe their late migration means that colder weather is on its way.

POULTRY SHOW IN CHELSEA.

On Monday afternoon, December 30th, at 1:30 o'clock, a meeting will be held in the council room for the purpose of considering plans for holding a three-day County Poultry School and Show in Chelsea. Considerable interest has been manifest concerning such a school among the poultrymen of the county. Anyone interested in the development of the poultry industry of the county will be welcomed at this meeting.

EAST LIMA.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gross spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lesser.

Mrs. Ed. Coy of Niles is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Thos. Smith. Mrs. Coy and husband expect to leave soon for Florida to spend the winter.

Low Curtis has returned home from military camp, being discharged from duty in a camp in Virginia.

Mrs. Jacob Heller, who has been seriously ill, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Frank Plewis and family of Zeeland, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Webber of Ann Arbor, Miss May Stoffer of Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Will Simms and family of Webster spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stoffer.

Messrs. Laverne and Ashley Coy and their sister Zelma are recovering from an attack of the flu.

Private Fred Koch of Detroit is spending a few days with relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grayer entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Egeler and son and the Messrs. Ed. and Christ Grayer as Christmas guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zahn and daughter Gertrude spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gross.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pidd and Monibell Gardner were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Pidd.

Herman Gross, son of Fred Gross, is reported ill with scarlet fever.

The many friends of Mrs. Ed. Gross, who is a patient at Maplehurst hospital in Ann Arbor, will be pleased to learn that she is on the road to rapid recovery.

Adolph Gross has a furnace installed in his residence.

John Bauer was a business caller in Chelsea, Tuesday.

Private Will Shields of Indiana spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shields.

Christ Grayer was in Ann Arbor, Tuesday.

Margaret Hoey spent the week-end in Ann Arbor.

MACCABEE DANCE.

The Lady Maccabees will give a dancing party in Maccabee hall this evening, December 27th, commencing at eight o'clock. Admission, 15 cents each.

WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

FOR SALE—Choice Yellow Globe onion seed, selected bulbs. Leave orders with W. P. Schenk. 3013

FOR SALE—Quantity of household goods; also cross-cut saw and stove. W. F. Kress, 642 S. Main St. 3013

LOST—Stick-pin, emerald and chip diamond settings. E. P. Steiner, Chelsea. 2913

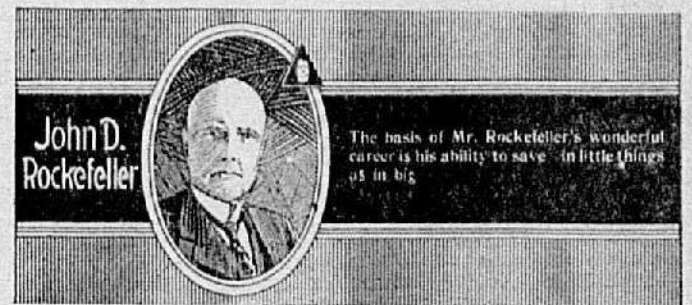
FOR SALE—Light surrey in good condition. F. E. Storms 2913

CREAM WANTED—Highest market price paid for delivery each Saturday before 2:30 p. m. E. P. Steiner, Agt. Detroit Creamery Co., Steinbach Bldg., 109 West Middle St., Chelsea. 2914

FOR SALE—Ford, 1916, repainted and in good mechanical condition; \$260. Palmer's Garage. 2813

FOR RENT—Farm four miles north of Chelsea. Mrs. George Miller, phone 111, Chelsea. 271

FOR SALE—Five cows and two heifers. Rizer farm, R. F. D. No. 3, Chelsea. 2416



MR. ROCKEFELLER ONCE SAID: "THE HARDEST THING I HAVE EVER DONE—THE VERY HARDEST THING—WAS TO SAVE MY FIRST THOUSAND DOLLARS: AFTER THAT THE REST WAS COMPARATIVELY EASY."

Start today to save YOUR first thousand. It may be hard—but, if you stick at it, it will not be impossible. It's just a case of putting a definite amount aside each week.

Be systematic—find out exactly what you can spare—and then spare it.

An account in this bank will help, for we pay a high rate of interest, frequently compounded, and provide absolute security for your savings.

Make a start towards independence today!

NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMP COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

THE NEWEST Edison Re-Creations JANUARY, 1919

- 83077—Synnove's Song, Kjerulf, soprano, Anna Case. Will o' the Wisp, and That's the World in June, Sprass, soprano Anna Case.
- 82547—Infelice! e tu credi (Unhappy One!)—Ernani, Verdi, bass in Italian, Virgilio Lazzari.
- O casto fior del mio sospiro (O promise me of a joy divine)—Re di Lahore, Massenet, baritone, in Italian, Taurino Parvis.
- 82130—The Captive, Lalo; Until, Sanderson, contralto, Carolina Lazzari.
- Two Roses, Gilberte, contralto, Carolina Lazzari.
- 80412—Cleopatra Polka, Demare, cornet, Bohumir Kyril.
- Egyptia (characteristic intermezzo) Zamecnik, Peerless Orchestra.
- Silver Bay, Wenrich, mixed voices, Metropolitan Quartet.
- Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight (Tell Her of My Love) Klinkman, soprano and contralto, Gladys Rice and Mary Evelyn Cox.
- 80414—Anchored, Watson, baritone, Thomas Chalmers.
- Land of the Long Ago, Ray, tenor, Charles Harrison.
- Church in the Wildwood, Pitts, male voices, Apollo Quartet of Boston.
- Ninety and Nine, Sankey, contralto, Christine Miller.
- 50478—Colored Recruits, Billy Golden and Billy Heins.
- Whistling Coon, Devere, Edward Meeker and Empire Vaudeville Co.
- 50484—Doughie the Baker, Lauder, Glen Ellison.
- Wee Deoch and Doris, Grafton-Lauder, Glen Ellison.
- 50486—Nation's Awakening March, Denni, New York Military Band.
- Volunteer's March, Sousa, New York Military Band.
- 50487—In the Clock Store, descriptive fantasia, Orth, Soder's Band.
- Nightingale and the Frog, Eilenberg, piccolo and bassoon, Weyert A. Moor and Benjamin Kohon.
- 50488—Rag-a-Minor—one step, Lenzberg, Jazzarimbo Orchestra.
- Watermelon Whispers Fox-Trot, Green, xylophone, George Hamilton Green.

"When You Come Back" Special RE-CREATIONS

- 80425—When You Come Back (And You Will Come Back) There's the Whole World Waiting for You, Cohan, male voices, Premier Quartet.
- Smiles, Roberts, mixed voices, Harmony Four.
- 80426—Daddy Mine, Wilson Dubin, contralto, Helen Clark.
- I'm Sorry I Made You Cry, Ciesi, tenor, George Wilton Ballard

"Smiles" Special RE-CREATIONS

- 82150—Smiles, Roberts, soprano, Marie Rappold.
- Waiting—Hurry for the Girls, Sheppard, contralto, Marie Morrissey.
- 80433—Mandy—Yip-Yip-Yaphank, Berlin, tenor and male voices, Billy Murray and chorus.
- Y. M. C. A.—Yip-Yip-Yaphank, Berlin, tenor and male voices, George Wilton Ballard and chorus.
- 50476—Oh! Frenchy, Conrad, baritone, Arthur Fields.
- Oui, Oui, Marie, Fisher, Rachel Grant, Billy Murray and chorus.
- 50496—Just Blue-Fox Trot, Wadsworth-Arden, for dancing, saxophone and piano, All Star Trio.
- Smiles-Fox Trot, Roberts, for dancing, Jaudas' Society Orchestra.

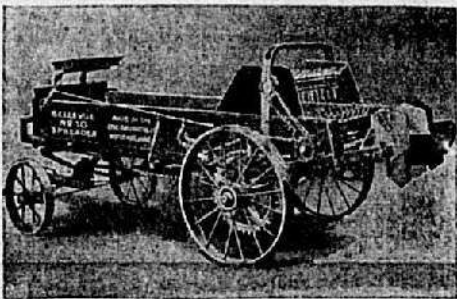
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Low Down Wide Spread Light Draft



No Gears Large Capacity Positive Feed

To see is to believe, and we invite the most critical inspection of the Bellevue No. 10 Spreader, and suggest that a comparison be made with any other spreader on the market. By this method an intelligent and profitable decision can be reached.

HOLMES & WALKER

—We Will Treat You Right—

A Happy New Year

To all our friends and patrons. : : :

Continuation of Special Prices next week.

Yours very truly—

Keusch & Fahrner



The Season's Greetings

To all our Friends and Customers, and the desire to serve you with quality meats during the year to come.

ADAM EPLER

Phone 41 South Main Street

SALVAGING MAN POWER for PEACE

William Harper Dean



Reclamation of Mutilated Soldier One of Miracles Born of War

THE fighting man who "gets it" and then "goes west" is missed by his trenchmates, the one who gets a nice, clean wound is envied, but the man who is struck by flying steel and leaves the lines to emerge from the hospital a legless, armless or sightless by-product of war is pitted from the depths of his comrades' hearts.

Artillerymen pray that when they are hit they will not be mutilated for life; so do infantrymen. For they sicken at the thought of passing the remainder of their days a burden to themselves and others, objects of pity and charity. Death is the least toll of war.

But now comes the miracle, just another which has been born of the most colossal war: The reclamation of the mutilated man, the refitting of him to return to civil life the worker of his own destiny, without aid of charity or pity or pension. The armless will return to their trades and professions, the blind will work alongside the sighted by grace of a superdeveloped seventh sense, the legless may take up their work where they left it to join the colors, or else equip themselves for a new object in life and ask no special concessions from their whole-labeled competitors nor from any man.

More Than Makeshift.

Mechanical ingenuity has devised the artificial arm and leg which is something more than a makeshift for partially concealing the loss of a limb. With sufficient training in its use a man equipped with such an arm can shave himself with an open razor, a feat which many a man with both arms intact will not attempt.

He can grasp a whetstone and sharpen a scythe or hold a delicate tool at a lathe for work demanding the finest precision. From his new training the blinded man emerges capable of efficient work at the same lathe or making furniture in open competition with employees with unimpaired sight. It all rests with the individual—whether he applies himself with new hope and enthusiasm to the task of refitting himself for a productive, useful career.

France furnishes well nigh innumerable examples of the new surgery and the new training of men who to all intents and purposes have been handicapped for life. Throughout the republic re-educational schools for mutilated men have been established and are graduating men and returning them to the channels of peace time occupations at a marvelous rate.

A mangle who has lost his right arm is set to work performing simple exercises with his left, such as cutting out squares and ovals from sheets of thin copper. After five or six weeks of this elementary training in any American Red Cross or French re-educational school, his left hand begins to develop some of the skill looked for from a man's right arm. Soon he is able to write with his left, and eventually he forgets the loss of the other member.

Time and Patience Needed.

Then comes the attachment of the ingenious mechanical arm to the stub of his right. It takes time and patience to learn to operate its springs and levers and clamps, for every operation must be managed from the shoulder and remaining section of the arm. To the "wrist" of this artificial mem-

EACH WORKER IN THIS FIELD IS EQUIPPED WITH ARTIFICIAL ARM OR LEG

ber the mangle learns to attach a score of hooks and clasps, each designed to perform a particular function. With these attachments he can hold a pen and write, hold a book for reading, twiddle with a knife, sweep with a broom, use his knife at the table for cutting his food.

An artificial thumb, wonderfully constructed to replace the lost natural member, enables him to grasp objects between thumb and forefinger.

Farm work is notoriously hard work, calling for skill as well as for a strong, active body behind it. France is returning her wounded soldiers to the soil at a rate little short of miraculous.

A Poltu, leaving the hospital after amputations, enters one of the Red Cross or French re-educational schools. Let us say he has lost both legs and that he was originally a worker in vineyards in the south of France. Naturally he wants to go back to his home section when he has been discharged, and the great hope in his heart is that he will in some way be able to re-enter the old life.

"But I have lost both legs," he tells the official who is making a preliminary study of his case. "These new ones are excellent, monsieur, but I cannot prune vines again."

"Quite so, but you can be taught to do useful work sitting down."

"But, monsieur, one cannot prune vines that way."

"Exactly. But I have something else in mind. Your grape harvest is gathered in baskets, is it not? How would you like to learn basket-weaving? There is need for such work in your home section."

Desires Are Consulted.

It goes that way. No mangle is set to work at a new task without having his natural desires consulted. If he wants work in agriculture, there is something which he can be taught to do. If it is a factory he longs for, his artificial hand will be trained for the factory.

I have seen French mangles from the farming sections of France, who before the war plowed behind a pair of oxen, being taught the intricacies of the mechanical tractor. And I have seen these same men going out to plow once more—not as peasants behind oxen, but as skilled tractor operators, whose false arms or legs equipped them to compete successfully with highly trained men who have lost neither. And I have seen a mangle who had lost both arms in battle climb nimbly to his seat on a farm cart and drive off.

Illustrations might be multiplied, but would be superfluous. The re-educational system in operation abroad and in America holds a deeper significance and interest than its application of advanced surgery and mechanics in re-equipping men for the tasks of peace.

The significant feature of it in France, for instance, is that these men emerge from the welter of hell, minus arms and legs, sometimes blind, to return to civil life better equipped than the prewar days.

The education of the French peasant in the past has been largely a matter of utilizing ancient methods. Men have plowed with oxen because their grandfathers did; neither had the advantage of training in advanced agriculture. But the peasant who leaves a re-educational school and returns to the soil is no longer content to farm in the old way.

The Great Awakening.

He has learned the economy of tractor plowing and of seed drills and of manure spreaders. He has learned the principles and practical side of



ARTIFICIAL LEG DOES NOT MAKE THIS FARM WORKER HELPLESS

modern dairying and orcharding. He will not be satisfied to use his new arm or leg as he used the old. It has been the great awakening for him and his kind, and unconsciously or purposely he will spread the contagion of the new order of things in the midst of the old.

Industry throughout the world must not close its eyes to the inevitable fact that following the war re-equipped men who have sacrificed sight and limbs for their country will come back to take their places alongside the whole. They will come back efficient men, asking no sympathy, asking no special concessions from employers or those with whom they work shoulder to shoulder. The world is not going to be flooded with idle, saddened objects of pity and charity. That, too, belongs to the old order of things.

In the readjustment of every nation's economic and industrial life following the demobilization of the armies the men reclaimed from mutilation will demand and receive their full share of the task.

This is one of the war's most sublime achievements, second only to the everlasting defeat of military autocracy.

Idealism

We cannot get away from idealism any more than we can from character, nor from an idealism based on knowledge. The problem will be as it always has been, one of making it helpful and fruitful, and enlisting it in the service of man. It cannot serve man except through other men, and as applied by them. The greatest ideal ever revealed to the world was the ideal of service. There could have been none greater. Christian people certainly will not deny this, for it is one of the basic truths of their religion. Idealism, service and obedience, therefore, all go together, and are all necessary elements of a symmetrical character. They will not lose their importance or value. We cannot think of men living together in a civilized society without them. For, lacking them, men would not be men, and society would not be civilized.—Boston Globe.

Belgium's Independence.

More than 75 years ago Belgium declared her independence of Holland, to which she had been united by the settlement of 1815. Long-standing dissatisfaction first broke into open rebellion on the night of August 25, when the performance of the opera "La Muette de Portici," with its passionate appeal for emancipation, inflamed the audience to such a degree that the people left the opera house and flew to arms. Europe regarded the outbreak as merely a local riot until a month later, when the Dutch army sent to re-establish order in Brussels was led into a trap from which it extricated itself only after four days' heavy fighting and the loss of 1,500 men. Immediately on the withdrawal of the defeated troops a provisional government was assembled and on October 4 Belgium was proclaimed an independent state.

ing by the female spider of her bridegroom. Whether they have wings or stings or both or none, theirs is the life of the prey or the preyed upon and they can defend themselves feebly only by protective coloring, or perhaps an unpleasant taste which makes them inedible to birds that would otherwise eat them. Whether they creep on the ground or appear to flutter joyously among the flowers, their struggle for existence is fierce and incessant. Thus does stark science brush away the fuzzy fancies of a sentimental older era.

Insects Have Short Life.

As Hearn truly said, the incidents of the insect world are mostly of a nightmare character—witness the nuptial flight of the bee and the devour-

WHAT CAN WE DO?

The following news items, sent out by the Red Cross publicity department, will gratify every member of the greatest of organizations in America:

All male employees at the London receiving and distributing headquarters of the American Red Cross are ex-soldiers discharged for disability. In one month they packed 137,000 separate articles and shipped 300 bales of supplies to the front.

At the request of officials of the air service the American Red Cross is providing special comforts for American flying men overseas. Uncle Sam wants his sky sailors to have every attention.

The fact that Uncle Sam is about to take Kaiser Bill to the woodshed has not caused any letup in Red Cross activities. Red Cross workers won't take a day off until the last American soldier has been landed on his own doorstep.

Speaking about scraps of paper, the American Red Cross has just handed the British Red Cross a check for \$2,385,000.

Mourning brassards as a substitute for regular mourning for relatives of men lost in the service have met with the approval of the bereaved families. Red Cross divisions have asked headquarters for a total of 20,000 of the brassards. Parents and widows of the men get them free of charge and other relatives at cost.

More than one thousand aged and infirm Belgians from the front-line areas, many of whom were under shellfire for months, are being cared for by the American Red Cross in a massive old stone building near Montreuil, France. The place was formerly the house of the Carthusian monks.

Three hundred Belgian children are now comfortably situated in a ten-barrack colony established near Charleville by the American Red Cross. Scores of the children were brought from districts that have been leveled by the enemy's guns.

Santa Claus, acting as the agent of the American Red Cross, is going to

make a special trip overseas to deliver Christmas parcels to those soldiers who have no one here to remember them.

An audience of French soldiers who have lost arms or legs was recently entertained at a movie show given by the American Red Cross at Nantes, France. A film showing the way in which disabled soldiers have become self-supporting was the feature of the program.

A one-armed soldier pianist, for whom a successful future is predicted by the American Red Cross surgeons, is shortly to be discharged from an American Red Cross hospital in London, and will appear on the concert stage in England. He is Gwilym Jones, a Welsh private, who lost his arm at Ypres.

A Belgian soldier, who evidently believes that two can starve as cheaply as one, wrote recently to the American Red Cross commissioner for Belgium, invoking matrimonial aid from the American Red Cross, as follows:

"I am on the point of getting married next month. I have no relatives to come to my assistance; they are all in invaded Belgium. You would render me a great service in granting me a little 'secour,' for the only money I have is my pay which is 65 cents a week. With that amount it is very difficult to save money. My fiancée is as poor as I am. She is a refugee at St. Briac."

The Mantle Coat.

The mantle coat is the coat that has a separate piece fastened on the back in cape effect. These capes are sometimes buttoned on and sometimes are fastened about halfway down the sleeve. These coats always have sleeves. The wrap coat may have a dolman sleeve or a deep kimono sleeve. The sleeves of this type are always cut in one with the main part of the garment. These coats usually have a belt across the front. Still another new coat is that one which has no belt at all, has sleeves cut in one with the garment and is much wider across the hip section than at the feet.

Among the New Blouses.



New blouses that aspire to establishing themselves in the fashions for spring are now passing in review before the buyers of Southern tourists' apparel. This is greatly to the advantage of women who are clever enough with the needle to make their own blouses, since labor is about the most expensive item that enters into their cost. Well-made blouses, including all those that involve hand-sewing, are high-priced—an extravagance for the woman of moderate income—but easily within reach if the sewing is done at home.

The new, fine batiste and voile blouses will prove an inspiration to the lover of dainty needlework. There are some high-necked models among them in blouses that are airy interpretations of the original shirt-waist. Wash satins in flesh and white appear among blouses of this type, embellished with rich hand-made laces and fine sprays of embroidery. They are as elegant as the sheers fabrics. Crepe de chine takes its place among these new models of heavier materials and proves as practical as any of the cotton weaves. The blouse shown in the pic-

ture is of this material and is typical of the styles recently presented. It is very plain, turned back at the throat in wide revers, and decidedly bloused about the waist. Parallel embroidered bands at the neck and cuffs are repeated at each side, where they are extended below the waistline and are finished with silk fringe.

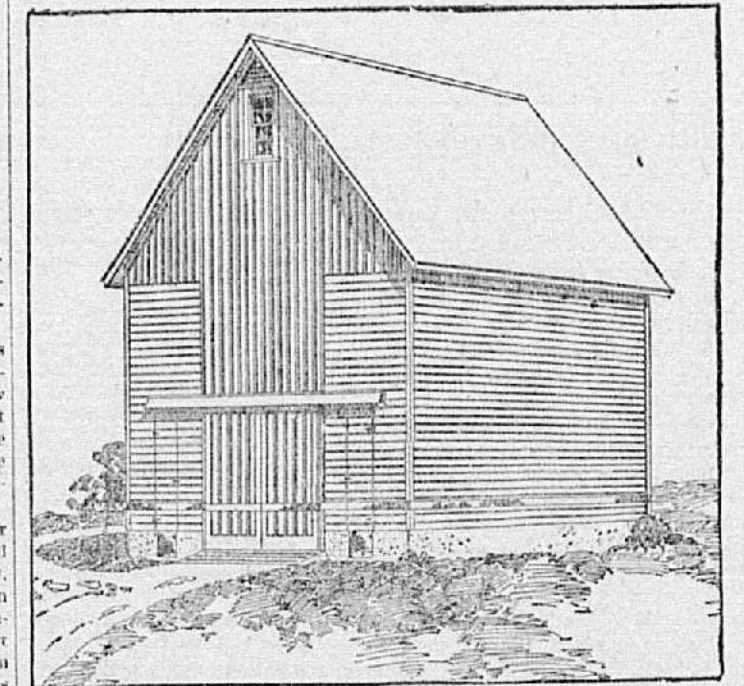
Batiste and organdie blouses make opportunities for pretty trills, narrow hand-run tucks and embroidery. There are a few samples with narrow borders of the same materials, in color, hemstitched to the edges of frills. New neck lines and bell sleeves are noticeable changes in style, and the slip-over blouse is destined to continue its popularity in several clever new developments.

Julia Bottomley

High Collars Appear.

When the dress does not resemble a coat it is quite likely to resemble a suit. High collars appear on a number of the models.

DEPENDABLE PERMANENT STOREHOUSE ON FARM TO INSURE SAFETY OF GRAIN CROPS



CONVENIENT COMBINATION CRIB AND GRANARY.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Millions of bushels of corn could have been saved in a marketable condition last fall if proper farm storages had been available for the accommodation of this grain. The farmer possesses no regulatory powers over the weather man; he has no control over season, but he can fortify himself against the crop losses which often occur as a consequence of inadequate equipment and unserviceable shelter. Time was, with grain dirt cheap, that any sort of a makeshift crib or bin was satisfactory as storage for the grain crops. In actual dollars and cents, many farmers reckoned they could stand the losses of a few bushels of grain better than they could afford the cash outlay for the construction of dependable, permanent storages. Fortunately, the prevalent high prices of grains are pushing the props from under this outworn theory. The loss of several tons of corn or wheat, in view of the present market prices, amounts into three-column figures, and it doesn't take many such losses to make this waste loom large as a mountain.

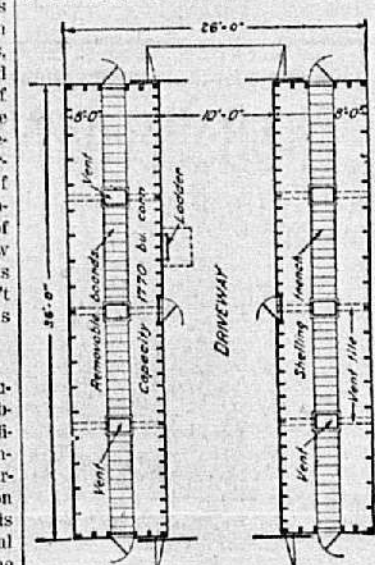
Crib and Granary.

The specialists of the division of rural engineering of the bureau of public roads have devised a highly efficient and relatively inexpensive combination crib and granary which merits the careful study and investigation of every progressive farmer. This storage has made a hit with practical farmers who have subjected it to the acid test of extensive use under a wide range of varying conditions. It is adapted for the average, general purpose, corn-belt farm. It furnishes as nearly ideal conditions for the drying, curing and storage of grains as are practical. It minimizes hand labor in handling the crops, while it favors the maximum utilization of labor-conserving machines. It is free of waste space, while it is equipped with detachable safeguards for protection against damaged grain in the way of ventilators and drying racks which can be removed during seasons when they are unnecessary.

Prevents Spoiled Corn.

Investigations have shown that corn which seems well matured at husking time may contain as high as 33 per cent moisture. If this corn is heaped together in unventilated cribs, much of it will rot and mold. On the other

consists of drying racks situated near the top of the crib where the corn can be suspended for from three to ten days before being dumped into the crib proper. On these racks the ventilation conditions are extremely favorable to the proper curing of the corn. Furthermore, the crib is provided with removable ventilators which supplement the shelling trench in the floor, to provide a correct system of air drainage; this combats the tendency of moist, damp corn to damage in the crib. As the corn is dumped



Floor Plan of Granary.

from the drying racks it falls into conical piles in the crib, where, over a wide surface, it is exposed to thorough ventilation and drying before more corn is dumped on top of it. These racks do not interfere with the maximum filling of the crib, as the outer rack may be fastened back on the rafters while the inner rack can be raised and the space below filled.

The Shelling Trench.

The shelling trench in the floor of the crib is another valuable labor-saver, because one man with a long-handled rake can roll the grain from the top of the crib into the drag as fast as the ordinary sheller can handle the grain. In this way the attendant is able to prevent corn slides and jams in the drag. The bottom of this drag is at ground level and is smooth, so that the drag can be easily pushed under the corn. As already stated, this trench is used as an inlet duct in the ventilation system by screening its ends to keep out rats and other rodents. At regular intervals the trench extends from the shelling trench through the wall in order to provide for a cross draft of air into the trench.

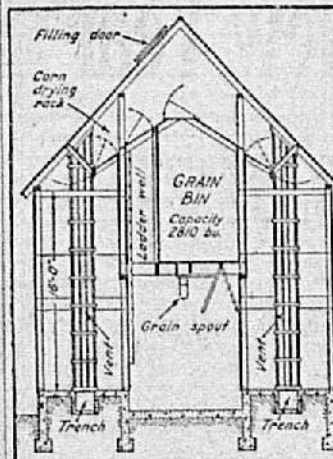
Any or all of these suggestions may be incorporated into any crib of similar design. The expense of such improvements would be repaid in one of two seasons of damp grain. The ventilators which are used are readily removable, while the drying racks are hinged so that they can be drawn back out of the way. The grain bins are easy to install, and they occupy what was formerly waste space in cribs with steep roofs and high peaks. Furthermore, a concrete feeding floor on which corn may be fed to hogs can be installed at the option of the owner. Complete working plans and bills of material for this desirable combination granary and crib will be furnished to any farmer in the United States if he will direct a request for them to the Chief, Division of Rural Engineering, United States Bureau of Public Roads, Washington, D. C.

AVOID ALL WASTE OF GRAIN

Where an Excess Has Accumulated in Litter Draw It Off and Let Fowls Work It Over.

In case an excess of grain is accumulating in the litter, the best way to readjust quickly is to draw the litter, both coarse and fine, into one or more piles or rows, and give no more food until the hens have worked these over as often as necessary to get all the food.

Another thing to guard against is the waste through feeding very small or finely broken grains. Of the latter, cracked corn, in particular, often contains much fine material which should be sifted out and used elsewhere.



Front View of Granary.

and, if this grain is properly stored in ventilated cribs, most of the excessive moisture will evaporate in a few days. In order to facilitate the proper curing of the corn, as well as to permit of handling the grain in large quantities, specially planned drying racks are used in the combination granary under discussion.

This crib and granary is 26 feet by 36 feet in floor dimensions with a capacity of 2,810 bushels of small grain and 3,540 bushels of corn. The overhead grain bin occupies space which otherwise would be wasted in an average crib of this character. To give the building proper height and pitch of roof to favor the efficient use of either a stationary or portable elevator, this otherwise surplus space is necessary. It is occupied by the overhead construction necessitates the use of high studding in wooden structures rather than the use of long, sloping roofs.

A special feature of this corn crib which has been devised by the experts of the rural engineering division

First Flyer

Aviation was born in ancient Greece, observes Camp Kelly Field Eagle. Digging down into the depths of bookery they have found that Icarus was the original boy aviator, and though he fell to his death in his first solo flight, there was no flying field named after him simply because in the golden days of Greek mythology the nations had not gone in seriously for aviation. However, since there were no fields to

BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

And with the blow all his strength returned, all his energy and zest for battle. He forgot everything. Waving the sword, he hurled himself into the attacking ranks. They gave, and with a cheer the defenders swept on into the main street, Mark leading them.

How he fought that day he never knew; long afterward he would see visions of it in sleep, and battle pictures that forever eluded his waking consciousness. Round the little village from unexpected places, hideous death traps caught the unwary and ventured some, sometimes a street was filled with a jostling mob, too packed to use their steel, tearing at one another with fists and teeth. There was no order, and the command fell to him who



Swept on into the Main Street, Mark Leading Them.

laid the key to the day's fortunes, the tide ebbed and flowed. Company after company came up on either side. Now advancing, now driven back, the Americans fought from street to street and back again. Machine guns opened fire, and the night was filled with the roar of battle. Through all that nightmare Mark fought at the head of his company, looking like a madman, as they said of him afterward. When he came to himself at last he found himself, unaccounted for, save for his bleeding arm, from which the bandage had long since fallen, and in command of a battalion.

They had driven the Germans from the last house of the village. The delay had saved the day. The reserves had come pouring in. On the ridge beyond the enemy was marching for a last counter-attack.

Mark looked about him. Lieutenants, captains who should have commanded companies, mingled with privates and non-coms, were following, as if hypnotized, this middle-aged private with the red cross on his arm. As Mark looked his heart swelled with the consciousness and pride of leadership. And, at his glance, a roar went up that was caught up from man to man and sent echoing into the distance.

And Mark was swept away with unconquerable enthusiasm. It was his day, the day of which every soldier dreams.

"Come along, boys! Break them up!" he shouted, and ran forward.

With one resounding cheer the lines swept after him. A ripple of machine-gun fire caught them, but could not hold them. Over the fallen they pressed on, cries of triumph upon their lips, the faces, set above the gleaming bayonets, animated by a single purpose. And now they were upon them.

Mark fought in the bloody swirl. Blades thrust at him, bullets tore his tattered uniform. Once he was down, and he saw a giant rush at him with clubbed rifle. He raised his arm, he tried to drive with his sword, lunged and missed. Then the uplifted rifle fell harmlessly beside him, and the giant fell forward, dead, over him, pinning him to the ground, and covering him with his blood. A bayonet thrust had passed clean through his body.

And, looking up bewildered, Mark thought he saw Hartley's face look into his own.

Next moment Mark was on his feet again, and Hartley had vanished. But already the last tussle was over. The Germans broke and fled.

Mark stood still, gasping. The men were crowding all about him, waving their helmets on bayonet points, cheering him, shaking his hand. Across the field two mounted men were riding. They came up to the ridge, and one, a white-haired old officer, leaped to the ground and wrung Mark's hand.

"My thanks—our country's thanks to you!" he cried. "What is your name?"

Mark looked and saw the General's insignia upon the officer's shoulder-straps.

"Weston," he answered.

And suddenly he remembered Eleanor, and, ashamed and humiliated, and yet strangely elevated, he began to push his way back through the crowd.

He turned into the street of the jail. Dead bodies lay everywhere, and already some of the ambulance men were succoring the wounded. Broken guns, rifles, haversacks, all the paraphernalia of battle strewn the streets. The debris of the jail came into view. The sun, dancing above it, indicated, to Mark's astonishment, that hours had passed, and that it was afternoon. Mark felt suddenly sick, he trembled, and with his last reserves of strength he staggered forward.

Then he saw Colonel Howard within the office in the wall, and Eleanor kneeling beside him, holding a water-bottle to his lips. She turned, saw him, and ran to him, folded her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.

CHAPTER XVI.

Even as he kissed her in return he saw the startled glance that she cast behind her, and, following it with his eyes, he saw a tall figure in uniform emerge from the recesses of the office; and again he stood face to face with Kellerman.

Eleanor released him and stood, still clinging to him at his side, her hand drawn through his arm. The contrast between the two men was extraordinary. Kellerman looked as if he had just stepped into his uniform; his gloved hands, his adjusted belt, the creases in his tunic were those of the fashion-plate. Looking at Mark, he saw a dirty, grimed, almost unrecognizable figure, with uniform that hung about him in great tatters, blotched and stained with blood.

"You said he would not come back!" cried Eleanor. "You see he has come back. What have you to say more?"

"You misunderstood me, Eleanor."

"I understand you now for the first time in my life. I liked you, Major Kellerman. I trusted you and I believed in you. When you told me that you were working to get Captain Wallace his recognition I was glad, and proud of you both, and happy. What did you do?"

"What did he do?" cried Kellerman furiously. "Why should you believe evil things of me, because he said them?"

"He never spoke one word against you!"

"When the decision has already been made by an impartial court, anxious to clear a soldier's character, if that were possible?"

"Because I have a woman's instinct, Major Kellerman."

"Enough of this," interposed Mark.

"What are you doing here, sir?"

He snapped the last word out in irony so bitter that Kellerman winced.

"So you've eluded the firing party, Private Weston!" he said, with his habitual sneer.

"O, call me Mark while you're about it," answered Wallace. "Or please remember that I am no longer under your command, nor a soldier in the American army. Technically I am a dead man, Major Kellerman, and dead men—"

"Tell no tales, eh?" responded Kellerman savagely. "Well, here we stand man to man, and the conditions warrant plain speaking. It is not my business to place you under arrest. But, if I do so, you are aware that your life will be worth about five minutes' purchase. So go, Mr. Weston, or Wallace, or whatever you call yourself now. Go—"

"If Miss Eleanor here says the one word that will set you free. Go—and in this confusion you will have a reasonable chance to escape, with those ready wits of yours!"

"The one word?" Eleanor gasped.

"The one word 'yes,' responded Kellerman.

"I will never become your wife, Major Kellerman."

"So you told me the other day, after leading me to suppose that it was your intention," answered Kellerman easily.

"Stop, Mr. Weston, if you please, and let me finish. War doesn't leave much sentimentality in a man. We know what life is worth, and we know that life's a matter of bargaining. When we were in America I might have accepted my dismissal, Eleanor. But here we three stand under the naked heaven, like ants on a hill. All artificial distinctions have fallen away. I've loved you for many months, Eleanor, and I want to marry you. That's the bald truth of it. In order to persuade you, I am willing to let this gentleman escape—to facilitate his escape, even to make our marriage dependent on my success. That's fair, isn't it? And what have you against me? Is it my fault that he was court-martialed and sentenced to death for striking an officer?"

The man's effrontery took Mark's breath away.

"My answer," responded Eleanor steadily. "Is 'no.' And even if you could send him to his death it would still be 'no.' Because he himself would wish that. But you can't harm him. Something convinces me that all the harm

that has come to him has come from you. And it tells me, too, that your power has ended. 'No,' is my answer."

"And yours, Mr. Weston?" asked Kellerman, looking at Mark.

Mark, unable to reply, pointed toward the opening of the recess. Kellerman turned and strode toward it. Then he turned.

"There's one thing more to say," he said. "Your action in dismissing me, Miss Howard, savors of the romantic drama. Your life has been a romantic one, with a certain high-strung idealism in it, due to the circumstances of your upbringing. It was that, I believe, which made you think it your duty to follow your adopted father's unit to the front. I think you ought to know who you are. Your father died on the battlefield of Santiago. He was a fugitive from justice. He was the notorious Hampton."

Mark uttered a cry. He sprang toward Kellerman, but Kellerman dealt him a blow that sent him stumbling among the bricks.

"That's a lie, Kellerman!" said Colonel Howard quietly.

The old Colonel's eyes were wide open. He laid his hands laboriously upon the edge of the brick wall and, with a great effort, raised himself to his feet.

"That's a lie," he repeated.

"It is no lie, Colonel Howard. You told the whole story to Captain Wallace in the hospital tent. Never mind how I know, I know."

"You damned, dirty spy!" said the old Colonel.

"A confession," answered Kellerman blandly. "Your words were strong ones, Colonel Howard. Deny them if you can. You said, 'A thousand years of hell wouldn't atone for that crime.' You said 'it was calculated, cold-blooded deliberation.' You said, 'The case against Hampton was absolutely proven. He was to have been hanged as soon as he was captured Santiago. He was born rotten. He sold his country to pay his gambling debts.' And you called him by the worst name one man can call another. That was why you tried to persuade Mark Wallace not to adopt Hampton's child. Like father, like daughter."

He swung round upon Eleanor, and for the first time seemed to lose his self-control.

"That's who you are!" he cried. "The child of a wretched traitor, who worked in the war department with Colonel Howard and me, a man without honor, entangled with a wretched woman spy, who sold our secrets. And that man—your adopted father, whom you love and revere, spied on him in turn, watched him, read his letters, went through his pockets, snared him, trapped him, brought him to his desert—adoption!"

Eleanor staggered toward the Colonel, her arms raised imploringly, and cried in a choking voice:

"Say it's untrue! Only say that it's untrue!"

"It's a damned lie," said the Colonel; but there was not the least conviction in his voice.

"Tell me the truth!"

"It's true, then—it's more or less true," said Howard wearily.

"It's not true!" shouted Mark. "Remember, Colonel, the man's face had been practically blown away. How do we know that it was Hampton who was with the child? It might have been another. We don't know for sure, and we can't know. I've never believed it. I wouldn't ever dare to let myself believe it."

"You found his papers," said Kellerman.

Nobody answered him. Eleanor went up to Mark and raised her white face to his.

"Tell me what you think, Captain Mark," she pleaded.

And once more Mark was mute. She read his face as if by inches. She turned toward Kellerman. "Now will you go?" she asked.

Kellerman saluted her with mock formality. "If go," he said, "but he's spent his chance. A spy's daughter and a spy's—"

The ambulance bearers appeared at the entrance to the recess. They bore a stretcher. Propped up in it, swathed in a bloody clot of bandages, was Hartley.

"There he is!" he cried, pointing his hand in triumph. "I knew he'd come this way. He's here, sir!" he cried to some one outside the orifice.

The stretcher bearers set down their burden on a ledge of the wall. Into the little place strode the General.

His appearance there exercised a paralyzing effect upon them all. Kellerman was the first to recover his self-possession. He saluted stiffly.

"This man," he said, pointing to Mark, "is the prisoner who was to have been executed this morning."

The General, without a word, strode toward Mark and clasped him by the hand.

Kellerman gulped and moved toward the entrance for the last time. The General turned.

"Halt, sir!" he commanded. "Colonel Howard, will you have the goodness to go to the man on the—why, I beg your pardon, Colonel! Not badly hurt?"

"Nothing much, sir," answered the

Colonel, attempting to make the passage.

The General gave him his arm and assisted him, and when he stood still placed one arm about him to steady him.

"Do you recognize that man?" he asked.

The Colonel stiffened; Kellerman fell back against the wall.

"As I'm a living man," cried Colonel Howard, "it's Hampton!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Hartley sat up on the stretcher and fixed his eyes on Howard's face. It was evident that he was desperately wounded. One of the orderlies knelt beside him and held him.

"This man," said the General, chewing at his mustache in emotion which he could not altogether hide, "was once an officer in the service of our country. He was engaged in confidential work in the war department. He was accused of espionage—unjustly accused."

With a low cry Eleanor rushed forward and knelt beside the stricken man; she placed her arms about him and drew his head down upon her shoulder, looking piteously into the weary eyes. Hampton raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Justly accused," repeated the General. "Major Kellerman, stand attention, sir! You shall be heard later. He was the victim of the system, which was even then laying its plans in Washington. He was the victim of a woman named Morshelm—Hilda Morshelm, whose activities were well known, though we could then do nothing to counteract them. She made a specialty of luring young officers into gambling dens, winning large sums from them, and thus leading them down the slope toward disgrace and death."

"She had a confederate who was highly placed in the war department. When, by their united efforts, they failed to make a traitor of Captain Hampton, they compassed his ruin. How they did so I need not describe now. The facts are of record; it is enough to say that they succeeded. Hampton was driven into exile; but they were not satisfied with that. They broke his career, they drove him from the company of all decent men. But that was not enough. They broke his wife's heart; she died. They made his name one of execration. Still they were not satisfied. With devilish ingenuity they sought to cover their tracks by making it appear that Hamp-



"The Child of a Wretched Traitor."

ton was still carrying on his trade, still selling government secrets. You see why, Colonel?" he continued, turning to Howard. "Because they themselves were continuing their vile work, and the new leakages had to be accounted for."

Kellerman, ghastly white, leaned against the brick wall; he was trembling nervously in his tunic pocket.

"I suppose, sir, that you are accusing—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Siberian City.

One of the principal Siberian cities is Tobolsk, the commercial center of the vast province of Tobolsk, which extends over an area of 500,000 square miles, a large portion of which, however, is practically uninhabited. The most prominent building in the city is the Kremlin, built in imitation of the great citadel in Moscow. This structure was erected by Swedish prisoners of war captured by Peter the Great at the battle of Poltava in 1703.

Found.

"Aha!" hissed the Pullman porter. "I have found the secret of his berth!" And he took a flask from under the passenger's pillow.—Cortous Magazine.

The "Newest"
New Year
of
Frances
Elizabeth
Lanyon

"B" EING alone over Christmas isn't so bad, but a whole week after that, too! I'm lonely now; what will it be for ten days, for Mary won't be home until New Year's day?"

For the first time during twenty years of married life Robert Adams' helpmeet had taken a vacation, or rather had gone on a visit to an invalid sister, and her husband had begun to miss her woe-folly. So smoothly had life gone, so many burdens had Mary lifted from his shoulders in her patient, plodding way, that he missed her guiding, helpful presence dreadfully. She had left everything in trim order. The house was neat as a pin, everything provided for comfort to his hand, but the irksomeness of the intense solitude was beginning to get on his nerves.

"I reckon I never knew her value till just now," he muttered. "She shames me with the contrast between the inside neatness and the outside disorder, and as he glanced from the window he had to confess that he was a careless, slovenly man. The front fence had two out of every five pickets broken or missing. The barn was an antiquated ruin. The porch wobbled and the clapboards of the house were bent and storm-blistered for the lack of paint."

He glanced into a mirror as he passed it, his neglected beard tumbled and awry. He looked down at the grimed and threadbare suit he wore and flushed. He had just come from the sleeping room upstairs, and rummaging a bureau for some papers, had happened across a store-away memento cherished by Mary, a photograph of himself in his early courting days. It showed a neatly dressed, arrow-straight young man, scarcely comparing with the careless, shabby-looking individual he presented now.

The front gate gave out a rasping sound. It did not click, for one shattered hinge alone supported it. The crack-toed house bell issued a hollow, groveling sound, and Robert went to the door to greet his brother-in-law, local real estate agent, who held the bell knob in his hand, as it had come loose, trailing half a foot of rusted wire with it.

"I nearly broke my neck stumbling over that sidewalk of yours," he observed. "Not much like Mary's domain here, eh?" and he bestowed an approving nod.



His Face Softened.

ing look around the neat, clean little sitting room. "I say, Robert, I had a bid today on some of your property here."

"That's good," responded Robert, pricking up his ears, ever keen for business.

"The town's growing and getting crowded, and a client is thinking of buying some street frontage and building a half dozen bungalows as a speculation. I wandered if your vacant corner beyond here mightn't suit him. What are you asking for it as an acre?"

"An acre!" fairly shouted Robert. "Humph! that's cool! Why, the land is fully a quarter of a mile nearer town than the new subdivision of Jem Lane. He charges low prices, and so shall I."

The brother-in-law hunched his shoulders and looked dubious. "See here, Robert," he said. "I'm going to plain with you. I've brought half a dozen customers here who want to build, and lost all of them. The location isn't so bad; it's a direct street and the widest in town, but the minute they see those rickety sheds facing the

street, and the house here, lopsided, paint all flaked off and the lot littered up with old wagon wheels and other rubbish, they shake their heads. You're behind the times—worse than that, you delight in playing the 'don't-care old haysed,' who doesn't appeal to an up-to-date neighbor. I should think, with Mary, the thrifty Mary, always neat as a pin and living in this old wreck when she could grace a palace, you would turn over a new leaf. By the way, the good time to start it will soon be here—January 1. Think it over. It means happiness for Mary, who deserves it, and profit for you, who have let the golden chances slip by unheeded all these years."

Robert Adams did not resent the straightforward talk of his visitor. He was just in a frame of mind where the suggestions implanted might take root.

He nodded a thoughtful adieu to his relative and sat down alone to cogitate. The postman appeared with a letter from Mary and a small bundle. The former expressed the delight her long-anticipated visit had brought to her people. The package, opened, revealed Mary's Christmas gift to him—half a dozen handkerchiefs and two neckties. All of them bore initials or some ornamental needlework, and his face softened as he realized how many plodding hours his wife had devoted to the task to give him pleasure. Then he smiled grimly. As he fixed his eyes on a framed portrait of his helpmeet his eyes grew tender. Then they took to their depths a dreamy tinge. Before his mental vision passed a series of pictures born of the vivid suggestions of the day.

"Why, not?" he cried abruptly, coming briskly to his feet. "January first is a good time to begin!"



Stared Fixedly at a Feminine Form.

Robert Adams visited a carpenter shop, the town paint store and other places early the next morning. He went to the hardware store and examined the latest in house trimmings. He spent two hours going over wallpaper stock. He asked each artisan he consulted one uniform question: "Can you get the work all finished by New Year's eve?"

He amazed the village tailor by ordering his first suit in five years. He was a profitable customer for the barber, who not only worked in a shave and a hair trim, but a shampoo and half a dozen special treatments.

The renovated husband of Mary Adams dabbled long at the mirror ere he went out and took Dobbin out of the stable. The train was due at ten o'clock, but it was New Year's eve, travel was heavy and all trains delayed, and it was well on toward midnight when he craned his neck from the sleigh and eagerly watched the passengers alight.

An utterance of disappointment escaped his lips as passenger after passenger left the platform. Then he stared fixedly at a feminine form arrayed in a neat velvet hat and a pretty plush coat. She had turned her face toward the station light.

"Mary!" he cried, but unbelievably, as he viewed her strange attire.

"Oh, Robert!" she replied, and hastened eagerly toward him, but halted with a quick shock. Old Dobbin looked ten years younger than when she had last seen him. The sleigh glistened like a newly harnessed chariot. And Robert!—she feasted her eyes on this apparent subject of the fountain of youth.

"I—I didn't know you," she stammered.

"Nor I you," said Robert—"all doped up in new togs."

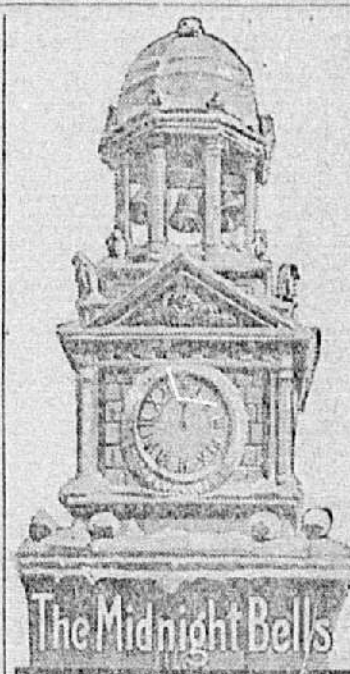
"Oh, Uncle Ephraim made sister and me a famous Christmas present and insisted on seeing it spent on our own selves," explained Mary.

"I've invested a trifle in the same line myself," vaunted Robert, with a spice of pride. "Get in, Mary. Yes, new robes. Don't think me reckless—I did it all for you."

Again—"Oh, Robert!" in rapt tones, as they came in sight of home, looming up like a mansion in a new robe of white trimmed with dark green. "Wait till you see the rooms—new papered from top to bottom," and Mary was in a daze as she was ushered into the house. Then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"What does this wonderful magic mean?" she fluttered.

"It means—hark! there go the bells, chiming out the old year. It means Happy New Year!" and he placed his arm about her waist—"the newest New Year of our lives, for we are going to begin to enjoy the best the world can give all over again!"



The midnight hour, solemn and drear—
The bells ring out our good old year.
I listen to the plaintive sound
Vibrating o'er the country round.
Alas! my friend has to depart,
My good, old year, it pains my heart!
He was with me 'mid sunny rays,
And clung to me in cloudy days,
A friend in joy, a friend in woe,
Yes, such was he, but, he must go!
No more he shall return to me,
With all his charms and gifts, so free.
And Ah! it grieves me too, the thought
That I've not used him, as I ought!

And when I think about this year,
Forever now to disappear,
Now also of the years of yore,
Ring out since long, to be no more:
With childhood's sport, when dreams I dreamed,
When fancy's rays upon me beamed,
With dear old home, and all its charms,
And smiling eyes and loving arms,
With beckoning hopes of rainbow hue,
With hearts sincere, that stronger grew,
The bells say sadly: "Gone for aye,
Time sweeps your pleasures all away!"

Ah! cease to ring that mournful bell,
I do not like thy funeral knell,
Curtain mine eyes, thou blessed sleep,
And let me joy in dreamland reap!

The notes are hushed—the year is dead,
And what he was and gave has fled.
But no—once more I hear it ring,
Now moving with a steadier wing,
Bouncing, sweet notes, conveying cheer,
The bells ring in the bright New Year,
New life, new hope, new peace, new cheer.

Forever the old, welcome New Year!
Yes, church bells, ring from lofty spire
That heavenward point, with hope to inspire!

The happy song is in your clang,
Which one sweet night God's angels sang:
"Glory to God and peace on earth,
Good will to man," at Jesus' birth.

REV. S. F. REDDERS.

CHIPS FROM THE RIME BLOCK.

Well, Angel of the Record Book, turn over one more leaf, and jot down my resolutions. I shall try to make them brief. But, come to think about it, what will all the angels say when they see my resolutions, same as every New Year's day? I suspect they'll say: "That duffer has dragged out the same old set, and he'll smash 'em all by Monday, or by Tuesday night, I'll bet! I wish we angels had a harp for each and every time he has made that resolution to quit writing silly rhyme." Poor Angel of the Record Book! You've got a man-sized job, writing down the resolutions for the New Year's morning mob! I would suggest you save your strength and overhead expense, by making up some rubber stamps for ten or twenty pence. Just save the stamps this evening, and file them all away. You'll need them in a year from now, another New Year's day!

TAKE TIME TO LIVE RIGHT.

The season for good resolutions is approaching. Thousands are resolving to begin the New Year by commencing some effort at self-improvement.

Most people suffer from poor health because they say "they haven't time to take care of themselves."

The business man knows he needs exercise, but denies himself because he hasn't time.

Most people run their lives in such a slipshod fashion that they haven't time to eat properly, to think properly, and to rest properly.

And the result is that they die ahead of time because they haven't had time to live properly.

A
Happy
New
Year

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.

Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on the 18th day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eighteen.

Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah Fidelia Evans, deceased.
On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Roy T. Evans, son, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to H. D. Withersell or some other suitable person, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.

It is ordered, that the 10th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Chelsea Tribune, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Washtenaw.

[A true copy]

Emory E. Leland,
Judge of Probate.
Dorcas C. Donegan, Register.
Dec. 20, 27, Jan. 3, 10.

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Max Roedel is home from Great Lakes training station.

Misses Lena and Josephine Miller were in Ann Arbor yesterday.

Lieut. Algernon Palmer is home from Camp Merritt, New Jersey.

George Klein is home from Love Field, Dallas, Texas, for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Turck of Detroit are spending the holidays in Chelsea.

Mrs. J. C. Taylor spent Christmas with her sons, George and Lorenzo, in Detroit.

Dr. William Conlan of Detroit spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McKune.

Ernest J. Cooke and son, of Detroit, are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Cooke.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. BeGole of Wayne were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cole, Wednesday.

Miss Kathryn Wing of Ann Arbor was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Rogers on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fletcher and John Steinbach and family were Christmas guests of George Steinbach and family of Lima.

Miss Clara Fox is home from Detroit for the holidays.

Julius Klein of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting at the home of his father, C. Klein.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Schoenhals and family spent Christmas with relatives in Hamburg.

Arthur Schulte attended the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Jack Dwyer, in Detroit, Monday.

John Reule, Jr., of Detroit, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Reule, Sr., on Christmas.

Henry Ahnemer is home from the Puget Sound navy yard. He is boat-wain's mate, second class.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cummings were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Millsbaugh of Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bliss of Holt were the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Wood, for Christmas.

Miss Marvel Stout was painfully scalded Friday afternoon when she accidentally upset a kettle of hot water.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Moore of Grand Rapids are visiting his nephews William and Charles Moore, over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Lighthall and daughter, Ilone, of Detroit, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Cooke, Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Winans and Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Burkhardt were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Winans of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sullivan and children, of Union City, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McKernan.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Zinke of Cleveland, Ohio, are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Zinke, and other relatives and friends.

George A. Young is carrying the mail on rural route number three while the regular carrier, Bert Taylor, is taking a 15-days' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vogel and two daughters, Misses Margaret and Helen, were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Braun of Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Katherine Donovan, Miss Tressa Winters and James Winters spent Christmas in Detroit with their brother, Joseph Winters and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Glenn and little daughter, of Stockbridge, have been guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Wright, for a few days.

William Winkelman is home from the Houston, Texas, military camp on a 10 days' furlough. He has been transferred to Camp Pike, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ehrbright and son Philip, of Toledo, are expected this evening for a week-end visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Steger, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon McMillan of Middleville are the parents of a daughter, born Saturday, December 21, 1918. Mrs. McMillan was formerly Miss Myrtle Fish of this place.

Mrs. E. K. Stinson, who has been visiting in Chelsea for some time, left Tuesday morning for Lansing, where she will visit her son, Glenn, before returning to her home in Milwaukee, Wis.

The Tribune acknowledges receipt of a copy of Ambulance Service News, published in Italy. It was sent by J. T. Willis, a former employee of this office, who is in the ambulance service.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bidleman and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fritz and children spent Christmas day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Watts. A very fine dinner was served and all spent a very enjoyable day.

Christmas day at the Old People's home was very pleasantly spent. Many individual gifts were received, also a box of fine oranges from Dr. and Mrs. Springer of St. Petersburg, Florida, and a box of fine nuts and candies from the board of trustees of the home.

H. J. Smith and H. M. Armour have formed a partnership and will open the Chelsea Home Bakery in the Raftrey building on East Middle street, Saturday, December 28th. The building has been redecorated and made spic and span. A reception will be held tomorrow afternoon from two until five o'clock and light refreshments will be served. Drop in and see the new bakery.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75 cents. Adv.

A. K. Collins was in Detroit, Monday.

Justin Wheeler has purchased a Ford car.

Miss Ella Barber was in Jackson, Wednesday.

A. E. Winans is confined to his home by illness.

S. W. Reed and family spent Christmas in Rochester.

Lieut. Don C. Roedel is home from Camp Sherman, Ohio.

W. H. Benton and daughter, Miss Winifred, are both ill with the influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Foster of Detroit spent Christmas with relatives here.

Mrs. Hugh Quinn and brother, John Hindelang, of Detroit, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hindelang.

C. G. Hoover of Akron, Ohio, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Hoover.

Rev. and Mrs. William J. Balmer have been visiting their daughter in Port Huron for a few days.

The annual Christmas gathering of the Purchase family was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark.

Special communication Olive Lodge No. 156 F. & A. M., Tuesday, December 31. Work in the second degree.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McLaren were Christmas guests at the home of their son, W. S. McLaren and family, of Jackson.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our thanks to all those who so kindly assisted us in our recent bereavement; also for the beautiful flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Guinan, and family.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our kind friends and neighbors for their many kindnesses and words of sympathy following our recent sad bereavement; also the choir and pastor of St. Paul's church.

Lewis Mayer and children.

DEXTER TOWNSHIP TAXES.

I will be at the Kempf Com. & Savings bank in Chelsea on Wednesday, January 8th.

R. L. Donovan, Treasurer.

For Croup.

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is splendid for croup," writes Mrs. Edward Hassett, Frankfort, N. Y. "My children have been quickly relieved of attacks of this dreadful complaint by its use." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult.

Few Escape.

There are few indeed who escape having at least one cold during the winter months, and they are fortunate who have but one and get through with it quickly and without any serious consequences. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and observe the directions with each bottle, and you are likely to be one of the fortunate ones. The worth and merit of this remedy has been fully proven. There are many families who have always used it for years when troubled with a cough or cold, and with the very best results.

Try Tribune job printing service.

F. STAFFAN & SON

UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years

Phone 201 CHELSEA, Mich

Notice of Application to Railroad Commission

In accordance with the provisions of Act. No. 206 of the Public Acts of 1913, notice is hereby given that an application will be presented by the Michigan State Telephone Company to the Michigan Railroad Commission at the offices of the Commission in the Oakland Building, in the City of Lansing, Michigan, on the seventh day of January, 1919, at 10 A. M. of that day, for authority to alter, by standardizing and making more nearly adequate, the Schedule of Rates, Rentals and practices in effect in all the local exchanges of the Michigan State Telephone Company in the State of Michigan, other than the Detroit Exchange, by establishing a standard schedule throughout the State of Michigan, as set forth below, and said Commission will be then and there requested to fix a date of hearing of said application.

Proposed Standard Schedule Annual Rates:

Group Number	POPULATION RANGE	Type of Switchboard	BUSINESS SERVICE			RESIDENCE SERVICE			FARM LINE SERVICE				EXTENSION SETS not over 660 ft. from the Main Station	
			Flat Rate			Flat Rate			Distance from Company Office					
			1-p'ty	2-p'ty	4-p'ty	1-p'ty	2-p'ty	4-p'ty	Bus.	Res.	Bus.	Res.	Bus.	Res.
1	Up to 2000	Mg.	\$24 00	\$ —	\$ —	\$18 00	\$ —	\$15 00	\$24 00	\$18 00	\$27 00	\$21 00	\$ 9 00	\$ 6 00
2	1501 to 4500	C. B.	30 00	—	24 00	21 00	—	18 00	24 00	18 00	27 00	21 00	9 00	6 00
		Mg.	30 00	—	24 00	18 00	—	15 00	24 00	18 00	27 00	21 00	9 00	6 00
3	3501 to 10000	C. B.	36 00	—	30 00	24 00	21 00	18 00	24 00	18 00	27 00	21 00	9 00	6 00
		Mg.	30 00	—	24 00	21 00	—	18 00	24 00	18 00	27 00	21 00	9 00	6 00
4	8001 to 20000	C. B.	42 00	—	36 00	27 00	24 00	21 00	24 00	18 00	27 00	21 00	9 00	6 00
		Mg.	36 00	—	30 00	24 00	21 00	18 00	24 00	18 00	27 00	21 00	9 00	6 00
5	15001 to 35000	C. B.	48 00	42 00	36 50	30 00	24 00	21 00	24 00	18 00	27 00	21 00	9 00	9 00
X 6	30001 and Over	C. B.	54 00	48 00	36 50	33 00	27 00	21 00	27 00	21 00	30 00	24 00	9 00	9 00

NOTE: *—Type of Switchboard. C. B.—Common Battery. Mg.—Magneto. †—Coin Box Service.

No. 1 Type COMMERCIAL BRANCH EXCHANGE—Common to all Groups

SWITCHBOARD and OPERATOR SET NON-MULTIPLE		TRUNK LINES	STATIONS Located not over 660 feet from the Switchboard			
First Position	Additional Positions		First Ten	Next Forty	Next Fifty	All Others
\$30 00	\$24 00 each	\$6 00 more than the 1-Party Business Rate	Rate for each \$15 00	Rate for each \$12 00	Rate for each \$9 00	Rate for each \$6 00

MULTIPLE SWITCHBOARDS, ORDER TABLES and OTHER SPECIAL APPARATUS; Rate based on the installed cost of the apparatus and associated wiring.

MILEAGE: For branch exchange stations and extension stations, located more than 660 feet and less than 1320 feet from the switchboard or main station, an additional charge will be made of \$3.75 per annum, plus an additional \$3.75 per annum for each additional quarter mile or fraction thereof, except where it is necessary to use a cable pair in the Telephone Company's exchange cable, in which event the additional charge will be \$7.50 per annum per quarter mile or fraction thereof.

No. 2 Type—Common Battery Exchanges

TRUNK LINES		STATIONS	
Business	Residence	Business	Residence
\$6.00 more than the 1-Party Business Rate	\$6.00 more than the 1-Party Residence Rate	\$24.00	\$18.00

At Magneto Exchanges, rate will be based on the installed cost of the apparatus and associated wiring.

EXCESS COST—Where local conditions are such that excessive construction or maintenance cost is involved, the subscriber will pay such excess cost.

X—This schedule, for which approval is to be asked, is the minimum for communities of over 30000 population in group number 6. Schedules above the minimum will be determined by the usual factors of population and special conditions.

The Chelsea Exchange

will be assigned to Group No. 2 Mg of said standard schedule and the rate, rentals and practices specified in said schedule for said group will be requested to be authorized for said exchange, and will supersede the rates now in effect as listed below.

Present Existing Schedule Annual Rates:

BUSINESS SERVICE			RESIDENCE SERVICE			FARM LINE SERVICE		EXTENSION SETS		Commercial Branch Exchange		
Flat Rate			Flat Rate			Bus'nas	Resid'ce	Bus'nas	Resid'ce	Sw'ch'bd & Opr. Set	Trunk Lines	Stations
1-party	2-party	4-party	1-party	2-party	4-party							
\$24.00	\$18.00		\$18.00	\$15.00		\$15.00	\$15.00	\$6.00	\$6.00	\$24.00	\$24.00	\$12.00

COMMERCIAL BRANCH EXCHANGE TERMINAL MILEAGE: The rates quoted above are for stations located on the same premises as the switchboard. For stations not on the same premises add \$7.60 per annum per quarter mile or fraction thereof of extra circuit. Where the firm or individual occupies more than one building, all of the buildings being on the same premises, without intervening public streets or alleys, terminal stations may be installed in any one of the buildings located within 4000 feet of the switchboard without extra charge for mileage.

No. 2 Type

TRUNK LINES		STATIONS	
Business	Residence	Business	Residence
1-Party Business Rate	1-Party Residence Rate	\$18.00	\$15.00

CONCESSIONS: All concessions and special rates, such as to Charitable Institutions, Churches, Clergy and Employees will be discontinued.

Attention is directed to the fact that under the provisions of Act 206 the Michigan Railroad Commission will, upon receipt of application, fix the date of hearing which will not be more than twenty (20) days from the receipt of application.

MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE CO.
G. M. Welch, General Manager

OPENING

Saturday, December 28th

H. J. Smith will move his Bakery to the Raftrey building, East Middle Street, and will open with a

Full Line of Baked Goods

Reception from 2 to 5 p. m. Everybody Invited

Light Refreshments will be served.

Our Bakery will be open for inspection at all times.

CHELSEA HOME BAKERY

SMITH & ARMOUR, Proprietors

SHELLED CORN

\$1.50 PER BU.

Chelsea Elevator Co.

Gentlemen, a Few Tips on Hosiery



SOME socks look like sleeves after you have worn them a week. You don't want to buy that kind. You demand service in hosiery. We keep the kinds that last. And they cost you little.

We want you for a regular customer, not only when you lay in your supply of hosiery, but for garters, suspenders, gloves, hats, shirts and everything else for men. Let us show you.

HERMAN J. DANCER