

CHELSEA AVIATOR IN ST. LOUIS ACCIDENT

Lieut. Belser Pilot of the Big Fokker
Which Plunged Into Spectators;
Seriously Injuring Six.

Lieut. George N. Belser, a well known Chelsea boy, was the pilot of the big German Fokker aeroplane which Monday plunged into a crowd of spectators at St. Louis, Mo., seriously injuring six persons. The following story of the accident is from the St. Louis Republic:

Six persons were seriously injured yesterday afternoon when an aeroplane crashed into a crowd standing rows deep watching the stunts of the Victory Loan flying circus at Forest Park.

Cus F. Miller suffered the worst injuries, and little hope is held for his recovery. He received the full force of a wing, as the plane struck the wire rope that surrounded the field, snapping it in two. The accident was witnessed by a crowd estimated at 20,000. Although his machine turned entirely over the pilot, Lieut. Belser, was uninjured. The machine was of the giant Fokker type, recently handed over to the allies by Germany.

Pilot Attempts Assistance.
Belser crept from under the wreck-

age of his machine and tried to assist in caring for the injured, but his hands trembled so that assistance from him was impossible. He was taken away by brother officers. The machine was badly wrecked.

Belser was making his initial flight of the day. He had been in the air only a short time. He put the ship in a tailspin and also looped. When he started to land the first time he overshot, his landing mark and "zoomed" up again, sweeping over the heads of the crowd.

A "zoom" is an opening of the throttle, increasing the power of the engine, and then pointing the nose of the ship into the air again.

The crowd at first thought this was part of the exhibition, and they were thrilled by the barking of the engine and the whir of the propeller as the plane circled gracefully overhead. Belser had complete mastery of his machine and at no time lost his head.

He circled the field again, banking a little steeply at the turns. He then came into a straight, easy glide for the field. As he landed, the machine started to roll along the level earth. He was unable to stop the plane, as it continued toward the southern extremity of the field.

Effort to Swerve Fails.

It was seen that Belser was frantically trying to swerve his machine. There are no brakes on an aeroplane and once it starts rolling after landing it must continue until the propeller



gradually decreases its revolutions.

Belser appeared to realize he was too near the crowd to ascend again. As the machine hit the wire it turned up on its nose. Virtually all the victims were struck by the wings.

Following the accident the exhibition was stopped. This is the first mishap to occur among the flyers since they started out in the interest of the Victory Loan.

Belser is Not Blamed.

Major Tobin, officer in charge of the circus, said last night that the crash was unavoidable and he blamed the public for crowding so close after he warned against it.

"When I saw the first plane land yesterday I knew something was likely to happen," he said. "When we first took off there was a stiff breeze, but the wind changed. We had only that narrow strip in which to land. I rushed down to the end of the field and pleaded with the people to move back a hundred feet or more. They could see as well farther back, but they refused to heed my warnings. The flying on the part of Lieut. Belser was perfect, and he is not to blame. When he didn't succeed in landing the first time, I again warned the crowd to move back. A Fokker will roll a considerable distance and it cannot be stopped in a short distance. The crowd did not appear to realize its danger."

The Fokker machine in which Belser was flying is one of the Germans' best air scouts. During the war it was equipped with a 230-horsepower engine and was capable of making approximately 125 miles an hour. When turned over to the Allies, the heavy motor was removed and another substituted.

Many others in the crowd besides the six mentioned, received slight cuts and bruises, but because of the panic that followed it was impossible to obtain a list.

The St. Louis paper from which the above is republished, was sent to C. Klein by his son, Julius Klein, who resides in that city.

JOHN W. MONKS.

John William Monks died Sunday, April 13, 1919, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Heeselschwerdt, with whom he had resided for the past 18 years. He was nearly 34 years of age.

Mr. Monks was born in Saginaw, May 9, 1885, but had been a resident of this vicinity for the past 20 years. Last October he was stricken with influenza and had never fully recovered. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure. He is survived by his mother, one brother and one sister.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon from St. Paul's church, Rev. A. A. Schoen conducting the service. Interment at Oak Grove cemetery.

GREGORY CHIRPINGS.

Disco Brown is working in Howell. Mrs. O. B. Arnold was a Mason visitor last Wednesday.

Mrs. R. G. Williams visited her children in Detroit last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Herrington of Jackson visited at the Robert Leach home recently.

Miss Daisy Howlett was a Jackson visitor last Monday.

Mrs. Allison and daughter, Mrs. Lindorf of Jackson, were visitors at the Lee Hill home last week.

Arthur McCleer and F. A. Howlett made a trip to Howell, Saturday.

Mrs. Ezra Plummer was a Stockbridge visitor Saturday.

Will Durkee of Jackson was in Gregory last Thursday.

Miss Hazel Arnold was home from Ypsilanti over the week-end.

Mrs. Jane Ayrault is staying at the home of her brother, Harry Sharp, near Stockbridge.

The dinner and supper served by the Ladies' Aid last week was very much a success, over \$40 being cleared. The cutting of the meat by A. J. Breary was much appreciated.

Mrs. G. M. Jones spent several days the past week at her home in Laingburg.

Mrs. Laura Blakely of Mason has

(Continued on fourth page.)

COUNTY VICTORY LOAN QUOTA IS \$2,116,676

Chelsea District is Given Quota of \$160,344.56; Volunteer Days Are April 21, 22 and 23.

The Victory Loan quota for Wash-ton county is to be \$2,116,676.85, according to an announcement made Wednesday by County Manager Hugh Van de Walker of Ypsilanti. This is to be divided among the several districts in the county as follows:

Ann Arbor, \$1,111,629.28; Chelsea, \$160,344.56; Dexter, \$13,575; Manchester, \$160,344.56; Milan, \$69,750; Salem, \$24,425; Saline, \$94,725; Whitmore Lake, \$24,075; Ypsilanti, \$423,808.45.

Volunteer days are April 21, 22 and 23 and headquarters will be in the Sylvan town hall, Chelsea.

SPECIALS FOR EASTER

Chelsea Churches Offer Fine Programs for Glad Easter Tide.

Special music, appropriate sermons, and fine programs in which both old and young have their part, will be features of the Easter Sunday services in the several Chelsea churches, as follows:

CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger, Pastor.
Morning service at 10 o'clock, with special Easter music. Subject, "The Resurrection of Christ." Sunday school 11:15. Special program in the evening at 7 o'clock, as follows: Devotionals; "A Garden of Lilies," Nine small girls; recitation, "What the Glad Bells Say," Ruth Vogel; duet, "An Easter Carol," Frances Kuntelner, Jean Dancer; recitation, "Wake," Mary Dierberger; chorus, "Beautiful Blossoms," recitation, "The Easter Lilly," Margaret Lautenslager; recitation, Edward Shepherd; chorus, "The Easter Rabbit," Little tots; song, "The Bells Ring Out," "The Life, the Truth, the Way," Ruth Smith, Bernice Evans; "A Vision of Gardens," Florence Turnbull; "The Beautiful Lilies," Nina Evans, Dorothy Cavanaugh, Ruth Brooks, Gladys Green, Ruth Russell, Marion Slayton; song, "Praise the Heavenly Father," recitation, "Mistress Spring in a Hurry," Ruth Dancer; Mary Magdalene's Story, Dora Chandler; "The Centurion's Daughter," Anna Rogers, Audrey Harris, Irene Gilbert; "The Legend of the Lilies," Dorothy Cavanaugh; song, "Christ is Risen, Hallelujah," benediction.

ST. PAUL'S

A. A. Schoen, Pastor.

Sunday school at 9 a. m. The mite boxes for missions will be opened and contents recorded. Easter service at 10 o'clock. Subject, "Losing, Seeking, Finding." Communion service at 11 o'clock. At 7:30 p. m. the chorus choir will give the cantata, "Easter Memories." During the intermission the two classes, "Workers" and "Sunshine," will give a fifteen minutes program. Following is an outline of the cantata: Chorus, Easter Memories; bass solo, "A Ransom for Many;" chorus, "Blessed be the King;" tenor and alto chorus, "Gethsemane;" contralto solo, "Christ Betrayed;" tenor solo and chorus, "The Trial;" chorus and bass solo, "The Immortal Sacrifice;" women's chorus, "The Weary Night;" chorus, "The Story of the Resurrection;" chorus, "Teach All Nations;" final chorus, "Hail the Prince of Life."

METHODIST.

Rev. William J. Balmer, Pastor.
Special Easter services both morning and evening. At 10 a. m. the Sunday school will render an Easter program entitled, "Life Abounding." A

special Easter sermon at 7 p. m. which will be attended in a body by the Chelsea Masonic fraternities. Announcement is made of the coming of two splendid Christian men as helpers in a two week's revival campaign, beginning May 4th. The Kerr brothers are tried, true, safe and sane leaders in Evangelism. The inspiration of new songs with a large chorus choir led by the singing evangelist will be a feature. While the meetings will be in the Methodist church and the expense involved will be cared for by the church, the campaign will be run in no mere denominational spirit, the benefit of the entire community is sought, with the blessing of God on all the churches.

CATHOLIC

Rev. Henry VanDyke, Rector.
Holy communion at 7 a. m. Low Mass at 7:30 a. m. High Mass at 10 a. m. Catechism at 11 a. m. Baptism at 3 p. m. Mass on week days at 6:30 a. m.

BAPTIST.

Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. There will be a service at 7 o'clock Sunday evening. Rev. J. J. Schuler of Gregory will preach.

WATERLOO ITEMS.

George Rowe and family, of Jackson, spent the week-end at his parents' home.

Lynn Gorton has a new Ford truck.

Herbert Collins and family, of Stockbridge, Alva Heeman and family and Ralph Reynolds of Grass Lake spent Sunday at D. N. Collins'.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beeman and daughter Mae spent Sunday at Frank Ellsworth's in Stockbridge.

Miss Schuyler of Leoni is clerking at the Waterloo store.

Nina and Leigh Beeman spent Sunday at J. Dykemaster's.

Mr. and Mrs. Berger are entertaining his brother and sister from Detroit.

Ed. Peterson is spending some time at the parsonage.

The C. E. necktie social netted the society \$18.00.

Charlotte Moeckel spent Sunday at her brother's, Ernest Moeckel's.

Misses Isabella and Vivian Gorton of Detroit spent the week-end at their parents home here.

Will Barber and family, of Stockbridge, spent Sunday at his parents home.

Remember the Easter exercises next Sunday evening.

The Aid took in \$26.00 election day.

Mr. and Mrs. John Foster and daughter, Mrs. Harry Foster, and Mrs. Amy Wellman, all of Jackson, called on relatives here Sunday.

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

WANT AND FOR SALE ADS

Five cents per line first time, 2½ cents per line each consecutive time. Minimum charge 15 cents. TRY A LINDER AD when you have a want, or something for sale, to rent, lost, found, etc. The cost is trifling.

LAUNDRY—Agency for the 'Varsity laundry at the Crescent hotel. F. A. Mayett, phone 75. 6213

FOR SALE—Early or late potatoes, for either seed or table use. Wm. Laverock, phone 206-F18. 6113

FOR SALE—Good twin-cylinder Indian motorcycle, cheap. A. G. Faist, Chelsea. 6113

FOR SALE—Several good work horses. John Walz, phone 180-F22, Chelsea. 6113

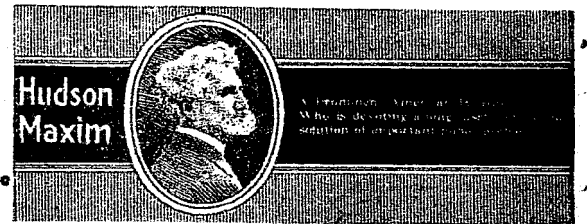
FOR RENT—Second floor flat, Jackson and East Sts. Inquire Tribune office. 6113

FOR SALE—Beckford-Hoffman 12 hoe grain drill; also Jersey cow, 6 yrs. old. W. S. Fielemeyer, phone 155-F4. 6113

SALESMAN WANTED—Fine opening in Chelsea for a wide-awake salesman with small capital. Call at 106 N. Main St., Ann Arbor, for particulars. 6013

WOOD—Those who desire to purchase fire wood from the municipal wood lot should leave orders at A. E. Wiman's store. Price \$3.50 per cord, delivered. H. W. Freeman, Village Clerk. 5714

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



Hudson
Maxim

THOUGH AN INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF THE INSTRUMENTS OF MODERN WARFARE, Mr. Maxim is not a believer in that method of adjusting the differences of nations.

HE BELIEVES that it is possible to eliminate war by making it incredibly horrible; that complete preparation for war is the best preparation for peace.

THE SAME THOUGHT APPLIES to the saving of money: The best preparation for success is that preparation which eliminates the possibility of failure.

YOU CAN ASSURE YOUR FUTURE by saving your money now. An account at this bank will be a long step in the right direction. Why not start one to-day?

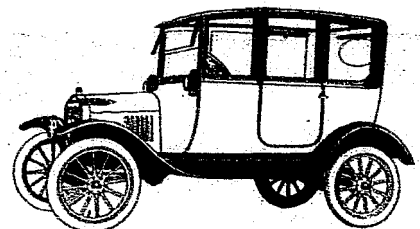
NOTHING TO SELL BUT SERVICE

KEMPF COMMERCIAL & SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$100,000

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR



The Ford Sedan is a splendid car for the farmer because it is good and comfortable every day in the year. It has all the utility of the touring car with the niceties of the high-class car. The wife and children enjoy the refinements and comforts. It is easy for women to operate, it is always reliable, as well as economical. Your early order is solicited because the big Ford Factory is a good ways from normal production, and with us, it is first come, first supplied. Sedan \$775; Coupe, \$650; Runabout, \$500; Touring Car, \$525; Truck Chassis, \$550. These prices f. o. b. Detroit.

SATURDAY BARGAINS

Champion X Spark Plugs..... \$.50
30x3 U. S. Pennsylvania Tires..... 13.00
30x3 Vacuum Cup Pennsylvania Tires..... 16.50
30x3½ Ebony Tread Pennsylvania Tires..... 19.00

PALMER MOTOR SALES COMPANY

Caps to Cover All Sorts of Heads

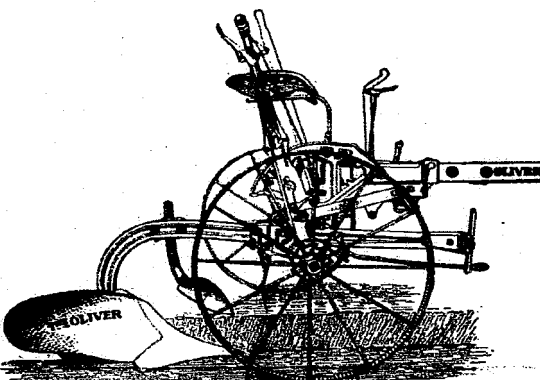


LOW prices for caps become significant only when quoted by a reliable store for caps of quality. Caps for golfing, for autoing, for all sorts of outdoor sports or recreation, are sold by us.

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

HERMAN J. DANCER

HOLMES & WALKER



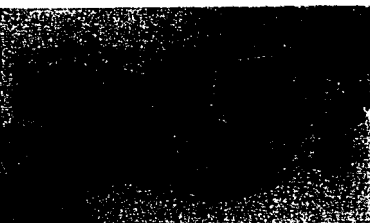
THE OLIVER NO. 26 SULKY PLOW

Is the best plow ever put in the field for general purpose use, for the following reasons: The Oliver No. 26 is a horse lift plow. It is particularly adapted to hillside work and will not tip over. It is a good plow in dry climates. It is light draft. It is easy to operate. The main frame is made from cast iron, thus insuring a plow frame that will not twist or bend out of shape. The pole is flexible. You can make all of the necessary adjustments while sitting on the seat and while the plow is in operation. The name Oliver on a plow or any implement is for the protection of the purchaser, when sold by Holmes & Walker. When buying repair parts, insist on getting the Genuine Oliver parts. We have them.



THE PRIMROSE SEPARATOR IS IN THE LEAD

There is no other Separator that gives you so much satisfaction as the Primrose. It skims the closest and is the most reasonable in price. We always have them.



THE BELLEVUE NO. 10 SPREADER

Makes everybody take notice. Why? Because our confidence in the Bellevue No. 10 Spreader is unlimited, and we stand squarely behind its performance and our statements, backing both with our reputation for selling honest goods at fair prices. To see it is to believe.

FURNITURE—We have everything that you may want.

FARM IMPLEMENTS—We have all the leading makes—the McCormick line, the John Deere line, and any other kind that you may want.

FIRST-CLASS PLUMBING AND TINSHOP

HOLMES & WALKER

"We Always Treat You Right"

The Thirteenth Commandment

By
RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

When Bayard opened the door Clay swept in like a March gale. He flung himself at Bayard and clenched his elbows in his hands and roared:

"Bayard! Bayard! It's come! We're rich! We're made! Eureka! Unedea! Muntional! Wow! Listen! The other night while I was trailing a job in darkest New Jersey I ran across a little clue, and a little man who told me a little secret. The Germans have been getting ready for this war for years, piling up guns and ammunition for Der Tag. The other countries were caught only half ready. They have stopped the Germans on the Marne, but they've been using their shells at such a rate that the famme is near. Their only hope is to buy supplies of us. They're going to dump enough contracts on this country to furnish about a million dollars to every citizen. Their agents are pussy-footing round to distribute contracts quietly.

"The Bethlehem Steel company has gathered in a big lot of them, and I had a tip that the stock was going to boom; so are a lot of other stocks. I'd sell my right arm for a little cash. But there's no market for detached right arms, so I used mine to sign up a few little contracts for placing contracts, and I've plucked them and brought them to you." He broke into dance and whirled Bayard off his feet.

Bayard tried to be patient. "That's all very interesting, Clay, but take your delusions down to Bellevue, where they'll put you in the right cell. What can you or I do with ammunition contracts?"

"Accept 'em, you blamed list! Open up your old shut-up factory and get busy."

"We have no machinery for making ammunition."

"Get it, then, or adapt your machinery. They need millions of each article, for there are millions of men in the field using up what they've got so fast that it's only a matter of weeks before they'll be desperate."

Bayard began to see the scheme—also the obstacles. "But it takes money to make those things. Where will we get the cash for the pay rolls and the raw materials?"

"From the banks! The banks are bursting open with idle money; it's rotting on their hands!"

Bayard went aglow with the realization of the opportunity. He began to tremble at the vision of the sudden avalanches of wealth pouring down the bleak mountains of despair. He could hear the roar of the Niagara of gold.

Daphne and Lella came rushing from concealment. Clay's beatitude was so complete that he forgot his repentments and kissed them both.

Bayard was frantic to be at work. He resolved to telephone the president of his company at once and lay the matter before him. Lella cannily advised Bayard to grasp the whip hand of the situation and keep it. She began to dance about the room like a Miriam celebrating the passage of the Red sea.

"The first thing we'll do," she said, "will be to get my jewelry out of the pawnshop and the second will be to buy some more. And, oh, the dresses and the hats!"

This asserted a sobering effect on Bayard. "No," he announced. "We've gone through hades once because I gambled away my reserves. This time I'm going to get a big reserve before I spend a cent. I'll never risk another ordeal like the one we've been through. No more fractures of the Thirteenth for me!"

Lella laughed.

Bayard went to the telephone to start the wheels of the factory in motion by summoning the president to council. He paused to ask: "He'll want to know who the foreign agent is you are dealing with? Or are there several? Who shall I say?"

"Wetherell," said Clay.

The great Skoda gun that suddenly one day dropped a monster shell in Dunkirk twenty miles off could hardly have caused more stupefaction than the name of Wetherell detonating in that room.

Daphne snatched her hand from Clay's. Bayard sprang up so sharply that he almost threw Lella forward on her face. Instinctively he caught her by the arm and saved her from falling. But instantly he flung her away from him in a gush of disgust.

Clay gaped at the tableau in bewilderment. He had not dreamed that any of the three had ever heard of Wetherell. He could not imagine the bitterness the name involved.

"Will some kind friend please tell me what all the excitement is about?"

This was not easy. Who wanted to tell Clay that Lella had just been accused of neglecting her husband and her own duties for the society of this very Wetherell? Lella herself was the one that told him.

"Look here, Dylle," Lella cooed and blurted, "don't you think you've done enough? You've shown me that you don't trust me and you've ordered Mr. Wetherell never to come near me again. Isn't that enough without beg-

garling us all for spite? What else is it but cheap, nasty spite?"

"It's a great deal more than spite," Bayard groaned. "Do you think I'll accept favors from a man who has been courting you and got caught at it? I'd rather starve!"

"Well, I wouldn't!" Lella averred. "And I'm not going to starve. And I'm not going to let you commit harikari on Wetherell's doorstep just to spite him. I tell you again, once for all, there was nothing wrong in Wetherell's behavior, absolutely nothing. It's outrageous that you should accuse me of such horrible things."

So Bayard was coerced into having his life saved by his enemy. It was one thing, however, to consent to deal with Wetherell, and another to devise a tolerable reconciliation.

"Well," Bayard sighed, "beggars can't be choosers. If I'd saved my money I shouldn't have to take Wetherell's money."

Bayard called up the president of his company at the office. His oration made a huge success. Bayard began to smile to himself, to wink at the spectators, and finally to share in the apparent rapture of his distant ear-to-ear.

The end of the matter was that when Bayard left the telephone he was a new man. He had cunningly raised his chief's hopes to the highest degree, yet withheld the name of the English agent. He explained that he intended to take Lella's advice and use his knowledge as a lever for his own advancement and Clay's.

Clay and Bayard sat down to make figures, and the talk grew too technical for the women to endure. After hearing the first music of Bayard and Clay chatting in hundreds of thousands of dollars Daphne stole out unheeded and went up to her own room.

Mr. Chivvis was sitting by a window in mournful idleness. Mrs. Chivvis was stitching away at her embroidery. She was cheerful—for her. She told Daphne that she had found a market for her needlework; the prices were poor but they were real. She advised Daphne to get to work with her.

Daphne had not the courage to say that her brother and her betrothed were about to become plutocrats. She said only that she was very tired. And there is no more exhausting drain on the nerves than their response to unexpected good news. It is more fatiguing than bad. She was surprised and shocked, too, to find how snobbish she was all of a sudden about the petty earnings of a Chivvis.

CHAPTER XXII.

In those days the United States of America suddenly woke to the fact that they could pull themselves out of bankruptcy by helping the benighted states of Europe into it.

There were sudden reverses of fortune and sudden collapses of failure. As in bonanza times, many were ruined, while the few prospered. But Clay and Bayard seemed to touch nothing that did not turn to gold. Bayard had gained immense prestige



So Bayard Was Coerced Into Having His Life Saved by His Enemy.

with his firm because of the huge orders he brought in. He took all the power that was accorded and grasped for more. His most reckless audacities were rewarded with success. He rode a tidal wave and swam with it so well that all his progress seemed to be due to his own power.

Bayard astounded Dylle with the solution of that old account, and with a cash payment for new gowns in celebration of his new glory. He did not forget his own people. He telegraphed his mother a thousand dollars and almost slew her with amazement. He telegraphed his father simply the price of a railroad ticket to New York and a peremptory summons to take the first train east.

When Daphne heard this she had to sit down to keep from falling down. Bayard resuscitated her with a check for a thousand dollars. It meant nothing more to her than abraçadabra. The whole incredible altercation was a fairy story to her. She made a faint attempt to refuse the gift, but Bayard forced it back into her palm and closed her fingers on it.

She repaid Bayard with kisses till she lost count and embraces till they both lost breath. Then she borrowed from him enough cash to pay her moss-grown bill with the Chivvisses.

Daphne could not wait for the elevator. She ran up several flights of stairs, scratched the door with her painted knuckle and flung herself into Mrs. Chivvis' arms and kissed her—even Mrs. Chivvis. Her apology was the money for the bill. She flaunted before her the check bearing the heavenly legend commanding the Fifth Avenue bank to "pay to Daphne Kip or order one thousand and no hundredths dollars" on penalty of incurring the displeasure of "Bayard Kip."

Mrs. Chivvis handled the parchment with reverence, and permitted her husband to touch it. It might have been one of the golden leaves of the sacred Book of Mormon, and she a sealed wife of Brigham himself.

"What are you planning to do with all this?" she said at length.

"I don't know," said Daphne. "What would you suggest?"

"You were planning to go into business. Why not use this as capital?"

"Fine! What business ought I to start—banking? or battleship building, or what?"

"There's embroidery," said Mrs. Chivvis.

Daphne had to guffaw at that. Mrs. Chivvis did not laugh. "I mean it," she urged; "think it over."

"All right, I'll think it over."

The novelty of being rich lost its savor with Lella, and the monotony of being neglected began to prey upon her damask soul. She and Daphne forgot their mutual grievances for their common grievance.

"That's the trouble with these husbands," Lella grumbled. "When they're in bad luck you can't lose 'em, and when they're in good you can't find 'em."

"It's the same with fiancées," said Daphne.

Daphne had the worst of it, for Lella began to wander again, leaving Daphne to the society of Mrs. Chivvis, who kept urging her to invest her dwindling thousands before it was gone. But in the environs of money riches the schemes of Mrs. Chivvis demanded such prolonged labor for such minute profit that Daphne remained cold.

She began to resent Clay's neglect morosely. The few attentions he paid her only insulted her; his mind was so far away and his heart was all for his business. He was dazzled by the fierce white light of success, and he spoke to Daphne in a kind of drowsy hypnosis. And he spoke incessantly of the details of his business, or his gambings. He could not see how deaf she was to the very vulgar fractions of his speculations, or the mad writhings of his commissions. She yawned in his face when he grew eloquent on the dynamics of wealth, the higher philosophies of finance. And he never knew. He kissed her good-by as if he were kissing a government bond, safe and quiet and all his own.

After one of Clay's visits Mrs. Chivvis found Daphne in a brown study. Mrs. Chivvis explained her own affairs; and Daphne was so exhausted with the sultry problems of love that Mrs. Chivvis' business gossip was completely refreshing.

"I've been down to the Woman's exchange," she said, "trying to sell some of my needlework. They were very nice about it, but it means a terrible amount of labor for a pittance of money. You have to pay them so much a year for the privilege of putting your things on sale there. Then they don't guarantee to return it in good condition, and they don't guarantee to sell it; or if they do they charge you 20 per cent for their end of it."

"I couldn't see any profit in that, so I went to one of the jobbers. He said my style of work brought good prices in the big stores. But they won't pay him much and he'll pay me less."

"I was thinking—There's money in these things and in all sorts of needle things if you have a little capital."

"That's different," said Daphne. "And I've got some capital now. Do you remember suggesting to me once that we might go into business together—you to furnish the brains and I the money?"

"Oh, I didn't put it that way!"

"Anyway, it's true. Well, would you?"

"Land's sake! If you're a mind to furnish the money and the ideas and let me count the pennies, I'd like nothing better."

"Great! What could we go into?"

"What would you prefer?"

"Oh, any old business that will keep me busy and make a lot of money."

"My husband says that you can't make a lot of money without putting

in a lot. That's one reason he has been kept down so. He never could get ahead. That was what we were saving up for—to get a little capital. And then the war came along—and we had to spend our savings. That same war has made your brother so rich that he could give you a small fortune. I don't believe you could do better than to put that into a business."

"Neither do I!" Daphne cried. "Let's!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Daphne was going to be independent, but she was still all woman when it came to the selection of her special trade. She would be a business woman, but she would do a woman's business.

There were ever so many dainties and exquisite that she wanted to hang in her shop. She was going to



"My Husband Says That You Can't Make a Lot of Money Without Putting in a Lot."

have a window! With her name on it! That would be more fun than a limousine with crest on door.

Gradually her scheme enlarged. She would devote her shop to the whole mechanism of the bon-doir. "Boudoir-wear" was the word that pleased her.

It was in human nature that the partners should quarrel over a name for the baby before the baby was born. They spoke of themselves as "The Firm."

Finally Daphne, claiming the majority of the power, voted en bloc for "Boudoir-wear," and claimed the victory. Mrs. Chivvis surrendered with the amendment that "Miss Kip" should be at one side, "Mrs. Chivvis" at the other. She bribed the assembly by promising that a cousin of hers, a young artist living in the Washington Mews, should paint a pretty sign-board on a swinging shingle. After many designs had been composed and destroyed they agreed on this legend:

BODOIRWEAR
Everything for the Boudoir.
Exquisite Things for Brides.
MISS KIP. MRS. CHIVVIS.

The cousin painted it well and illuminated it with elaborate initials and an allegorical figure of a young lady in Cabaret negligee. It had the traditional charm of a tavern board. In fact, their shop was to be a tavern for women in search of sartorial refreshment.

Troubles mustered about them as weeds shove up in a garden faster than they can be plucked out. Expenses undreamed of materialized in swarms. Everything was delayed except the demands for their money. The petty-cash box, like a sort of perverted fairy purse, emptied itself as fast as it was filled.

The petty cash was the least of their dismay. The grand cash was the main problem. They had stitched their fingers full of holes and piled up reams of fabrics, but the total was pathetically tiny.

One thing was instantly demonstrated. They must give up their plan or go into debt. Indeed, they already were in debt.

"We've got to take the plunge," said Daphne. "I'd rather die than go on paying a year's rent for an empty shop."

"I know," Mrs. Chivvis fretted, gnawing her thin lips. "But it's a risk. You'd better ask your brother."

"No!" Daphne stormed. "I'm going to win out on my own. Poor Bayard is too busy to be bothered with my troubles. He doesn't know I have any. And Lella is so busy with her social business that she never asks me what I'm up to."

"But what are we to do?" Mrs. Chivvis wailed. "We can't go on with our stock, and you have no money left, and I haven't any to start with."

"There's only one thing to do," Daphne answered, with a sphinxlike solemnity. "Buy on credit. It's a case of nothing venture, nothing gain; nothing purchase, nothing sell; nothing borrow, nothing pay. The only way to get out of debt is to go in deeper—like getting a fish hook out of your thumb."

Mrs. Chivvis suffered herself to be persuaded. They visited the wholesalers and the jobbers and were well received, having paid cash before—and, thanks to Mr. Chivvis' suggestion, having been astute enough to demand discount for cash.

And now the motortrucks and the delivery wagons and the cyclecars and the messenger boys began to pour stock into the little shop. It was pleasant not to have to pay for things, though the tips were reaching alarming proportions, and the bundle of bills for future settlement grew and grew.

Mrs. Chivvis made a list of their debts and tried to show it to Daphne, but she stopped her eyes and ears and forbade any discussion that would quench her spirit.

In the swirl of her tasks Daphne almost forgot Clay Wimburn. She was too busy to care much. She had no time to mourn. Clay was only one among a myriad regrets, and his affairs could wait. Her business needs could not.

Clay did not come near her. He spent a lot of money trying to get her off his mind. He got a good deal on his conscience, but not Daphne off his mind. He longed for her especially, too, because there came a sudden disaster to his schemes. He was not so rich as he had been. Indeed, he could not be sure that he was rich at all. Any day might smother him with bankruptcy. This fear kept him from Daphne, too.

The bouncing monition stocks that were known as "war babies" had abruptly fallen into a decline. The submarine that torpedoed the Lusitania shattered Wall street's joy, threw the dread of war into the United States, and set every one to questioning the problem of revenge and its cost.

The slump in the market came at the most unfortunate moment for Bayard and Clay. Any moment of slump, indeed, would have come most untimely for their ventures.

"Kip and Chivvis" were making a picnic ground of the shop. Behind the soap-vellied windows they laughed and debated on arrangements and price tags and show cards.

Mr. Chivvis, still out of a job, acted as maid of all work and stevedore, and grew so useful that they had to put him out. And at last the moment arrived when they declared the shop open, "raised the curtain," as Daphne said.

She waited with a stage-fright she had not felt in Reben's theater. There was no lack of temperament in her manner now. But there was no audience either.

At night Kip and Chivvis locked their doors and went home, discouraged beyond words and dismayed weary in the legs, also in the smile-muscles which had been kept at an expectant tension all day long.

Occasional purchases were made, but unimportant. Kip and Chivvis tried to learn what interested people and what did not. They realized that they had far too much of certain things and far too little of others. They attempted to sell the deadwood by marking it down; but it would not move.

"What do the women care for prices?" Daphne railed. "They are spending some man's money, anyway. They pretend that it's to please him, but they know and we know that it's because they hate each other."

One day a great lady who could hardly squeeze through the door creaked into the shop and spilled herself into a startled little chair like a load of coal. Daphne felt that she was about to die on their hands or ask for an ambulance, but she asked instead for an embroidered breakfast gown from the window.

Mrs. Chivvis fetched it and the old ogress clutched it from her, holding it up to her nose as if to sniff it, but really to see it.

"That's it! That's what I've been looking for!" she wheezed. "Have you got much of this sort of thing?"

"Oh yes."

"Agh, that's good! My daughter is marrying in some haste—a young imbecile who's going over to France to run an ambulance. I'm Mrs. Romilly."

Mrs. Chivvis waited unperturbed for further identification. Daphne had never heard of Mrs. Romilly, either, but she gasped as if she had been saying her prayers at the shrine of Romilly from childhood and now had been visited by the patron saint, whom she had recognized at once, of course.

"Oh yes, of course."

"Mrs. Romilly was coughing on; I've been to several shops, and I was almost in despair until I saw your sign. If you could do a few things I rather a hurry I fancy I could give you a large-ish order. And if the things were at all successful, I could throw quite a little trade your way. You're rather new, aren't you?"

Daphne assented that the firm was quite new. She brought forward an order pad and stood at attention.

Mrs. Romilly had transcribed a large family of children and several poor relations. She knew what she wanted and what she ought to pay for it and when it should be done. Daphne took down her orders as if the little room were the mere vestibule to an enormous sweatshop where hundreds of computers would seize the job and complete it in a jiffy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic Thought.

All have men love; for he only to brave who has affection to fight for.

The Easter Song of Mary Magdalene

by William Allen White

My heart is a-throb with a song for you,
Out here where the skies are wide.
For oh! now I know that you live anew,
For oh! that your promise is true, is true,
My charnel soul has arisen, too—
My soul that I thought had died.

For you who uncovered my leaden heart,
Finding its dross and alloy,
For you who smiled at my shameless art,
For you who bade all my devils depart—
Oh, you—you are here and my pulses start,
Dancing in new-found joy.

I MET you, I heard you with mine own ears,
Whom mine own eyes could see;
Then what do I care now for death or years
And why should I reckon with dreads or fears?—
But oh, that my soul could melt in tears,
For you have come back to me!

To me—even me—first of all you came!
(And ah, but the earth is fair!)
And oh, but there burneth a sheer white flame,
Cleansing my heart's red chalice of shame!—
My heart that shall shine ever one dear name,
For you—you are there!

So let me sing where the skies are blue,
Here where the white petals fall.
Oh, let me dance all my joy for you!
For you have arisen—my dream is true,
And Master, my soul has arisen, too,
Out of its hateful thrall.

VICTORY OF HOPE

Easter's Teaching Is the Dis-
pelling of Gloom From the
Hearts of Mankind.

HOPE that springs eternal in the human breast does not depend upon the latent fatalism in humanity for its justification—such a hope holds no key to event. And without this key hope is but in reality a hopeless expectancy. Events, governed by that outstanding law of reprobation, by which degeneracy and decay follow all things in the mutable course of nature, would bring mankind back to the stage of savagery and leave to him naught but the material environment of his immediate activities. Events must be conquered, regulated, subordinated, controlled, even glorified. Hope springs exultant in the human breast, because there is something that can certify to hope. This is the divine spark in the human breast, becoming in many cases a luminous ray that shines up on the entire pathway of life. It was fitting that when the women came to the tomb early upon the first Easter morning they should find that an angel was the announcer of the victory of hope over the most malignant adverse event of experience—the event of death. Nor is it strange that the consciousness of this victory for all men has transformed human life and causes the Christian to take on a glory of effulgence that is to be derived from nothing else.

That Sure and Certain Hope.

If there were no resurrection from the dead then were we, of all men, the most miserable, wrote the apostle whose life was luminous with the light of a certified hope—a hope victorious over events that drove him forward in his missionary itineraries throughout Asia and into Europe. Nature was turned to by him to disclose the analogy for the open doors of the tomb; scripture was likewise turned to, and his own knowledge of the resurrection of Jesus was, last of all, called into play in order to point his marvelous discourse upon the resurrection of the dead. Nature, revelation and personal testimony all give the same account that death is robbed of sting and gray of victory. Easter is precious to human kind, because it teaches that all things may be conquered by a hope that is based upon living faith in God and his good purpose to give life rather than to destroy, to impart blessing rather than to withhold, to grace human life and to wipe out the disgraces of human failure.

The undimmed hope of humanity in the final triumph of the good is based largely upon the testimonies to the triumph of the ineffably good one over the might and dominion of death. Faith has garlanded hope; thus grace it seems to consort with fatalism. Faith has given of its precious blossoms for the decking of hope, and it will not companion in the dark with mere material destiny. The skies look down upon the risen tomb. The open tomb reveals the glorified angel. The angel discloses the fact of the resurrection of the dead. Event, direful and universal event—death itself—testifies to the power of the undimmed hope of mankind made precious through Jesus.

Hope Eternal.

The undimmed hope cannot be clouded by the shedding of blood. Did not the old law that pointed to the stricken form of Calvary say that

without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin? The undimmed hope that triumphs over the battle roar of the artillery of the nations. Did not Moses endure the thunders of the mountain of revelation sustained by the still small voice? The undimmed hope cannot be challenged by the despair of suffering. Is not humanity told that inasmuch as he suffered being tempted he is able to succor those who are in any trouble?

Across the horizon of Easter pass the phantasmagorical figure of hate and carnal ambition, and the myriad crimes against humanity that lie at the door of the nations of spoliators. Yet the hope of humanity is undimmed. The hope that triumphs over event and through event reaches to the eternities is the Easter hope of glory, and of goodness, and of grace. Jesus, the first fruits of them that slept, has risen, and points to the eternal hope of humanity and the provisions of the grace of God that bring redemption both to the individual and to the race. The open tomb is the silent testimony to the risen and glorified Jesus. He sits at the right hand of Jehovah, who in turn looks upon the petty wars of princes and will hold in derision they who lift themselves up against the government of his son.

Mourning Friday.

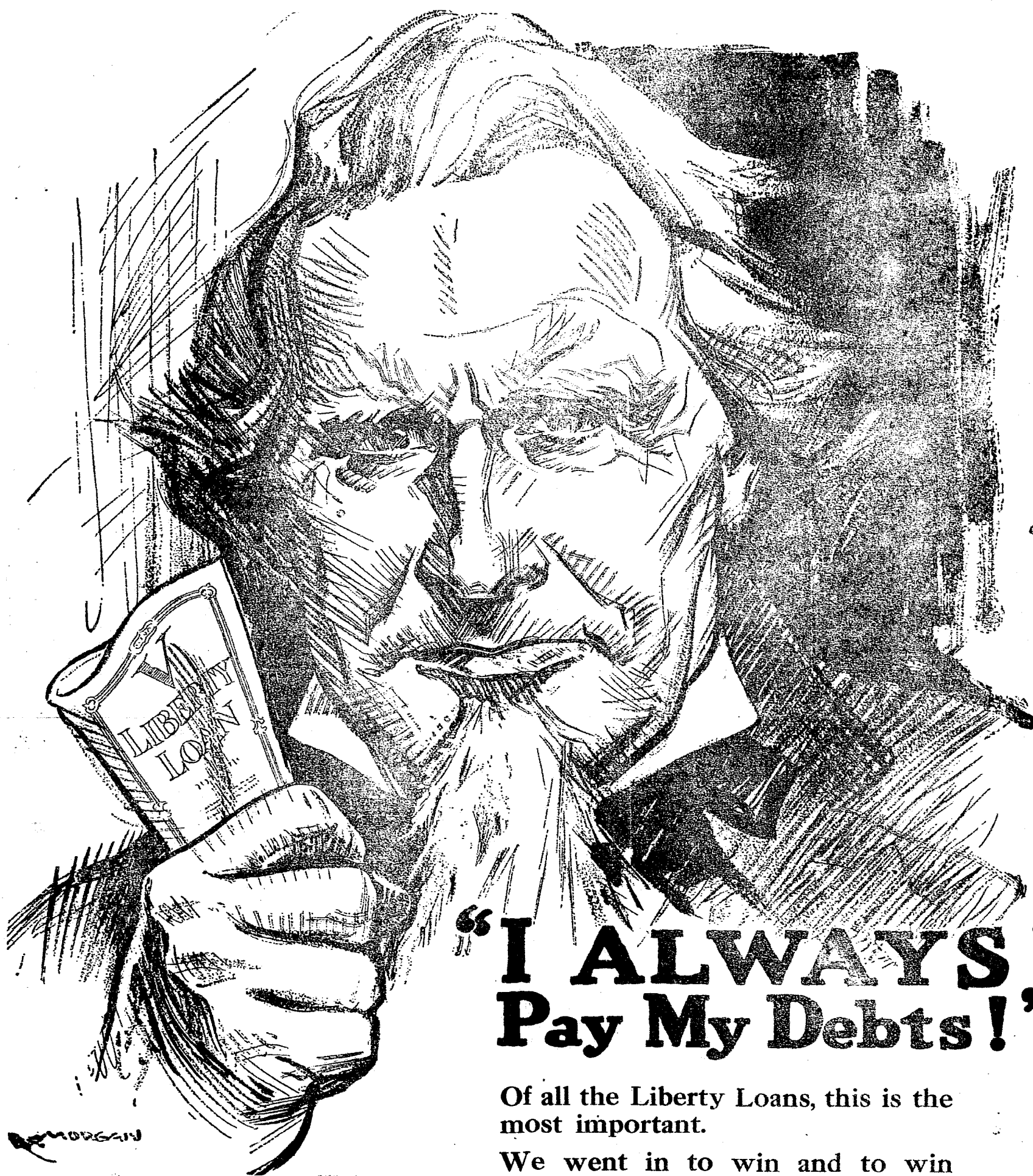
It was not always called Good Friday. Years ago in Germany it was frequently referred to as Mourning Friday. Our early ancestors in England did not call it Good Friday, either, but Long Friday. Such is the term in an ancient ecclesiastical law about 1,000 years old. The Danes used the same name, Long, instead of Good Friday.

The reason for using the word "long" was doubtless found in the seeming endless and severe fast practiced that day. At one time the Spaniards emphasized the solemnity of Good Friday by closing all the churches.

Nowhere else that I have happened to be on a Good Friday was the day so solemnly observed as in Rome. The city seemed to be in mourning, making all the more inspiring the matchless services and singing in St. Peter's cathedral on Easter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Easter Pets





**“I ALWAYS
Pay My Debts!”**

Of all the Liberty Loans, this is the most important.

We went in to win and to win quickly. We won. Now we have got to pay our bills.

It means we must see the thing through — Uncle Sam's debt is your debt and my debt.

Let's put over the Victory Liberty Loan with a bang and square things up — buy for cash and buy on installments and do it today.

Victory Liberty Loan Committee

High Sierra of the Yosemite



In the Yosemite.

If you go to Yosemite this summer, you should plan to visit the monster mountain climax of the national park of which Mount Lyell is the chief. This is no one-day hike with a luxurious public camp at the other end of it. It means taking enough camping-out equipment along to enable you to spend three or four nights in the open. But after all that is no great matter, for it is so seldom that the Sierra that tents will not be necessary; comfortable sleeping bags, a coffee pot, a few tins, and a plentiful supply of food will be all that is necessary—besides, of course, a good guide. All equipment, including guide and horses, may be got in the valley.

The first night out from the valley should be spent in the celebrated Tuolumne Meadows where you may have plenty of trout for supper for the catch; the Tuolumne is a capital trout stream.

Lyell's Inner Shrine.

After an early trout breakfast, your outfit will travel up the river to the mouth of Lyell Fork, and, swinging around Johnson peak, will follow that beautiful stream miles up its long scenic canyon. Past Taft's peak and Parsons peak on your right, and skirting long Kuna Crest with its frothing cascades on your left, you will find yourself at lunch time at the head of the canyon facing lofty shelves of granite, far beyond which loom jagged, shrouded peaks. These, as you will see presently, are Mount Lyell, 13,000 feet, and its flanking giants, McClure mountain on the north, and Rodgers peak on the south.

Scrambling up the granite shelf and over Donohue pass, your horses carry you through a vast basin of tumbled granite encircled at its majestic climax by a titanic rampart of nine sharp glittering peaks and hundreds of spear-like points, the whole cloaked in enormous shrouds of snow.

Presently—just how you do not know, so breathless is your gaze ahead—the granite spurs incline you. And presently your horses scrambling over impossible walls and shelves, looms above you a mighty glittering wall which apparently forbids further approach to Lyell's inner shrine. But even this the agile horses surmount and you find yourself in the summit's very embrace, facing glaciers and a lakelet of robin's-egg blue. This is the Sierra's climax!

Thousand Island Lake.

Passing south along the John Muir trail you cross the Yosemite boundary and in a couple of hours camp at Thousand Island lake in the shadow of Banner peak. Your day's ride has been seventeen miles, and, at day's close, you find yourself at a spot so extraordinarily wild and noble that you vote it worth the trip a thousand times had there been no Lyell on the way. For Banner peak, with its 12,975 feet of altitude and its remarkable beauty and personality, will remain a vivid memory to your dying day.

Leaving Thousand Island lake the next morning you may return as you came—four days; three nights.

Or, far better, if you can spare the time, you will linger an hour or two in front of Banner before starting, and, again, an hour or two in Lyell's inner shrine; you then may camp at the head of Lyell canyon, spend the next night at Tenaya lake for the sunset and the early morning, and jog leisurely back to the valley—five days; four nights.

Thus will you taste, in addition to the stirring beauty of the incomparable valley, the glory of the High Sierra in its noblest expression.

QUEER CUSTOMS IN BORNEO

Norwegian Explorer Writes of Some of His Experiences in That Island.

Quaint customs in darkest Borneo are described by Dr. Carl Lumholtz, Norwegian traveler. Doctor Lumholtz says, in part:

We met six natives who had been hunting the rhinoceros in the west. The horn of the animal when howled is in great demand by the Chinese as a medicine, and fetches a high price. Such an expedition may last for two months. The hunters carry no provisions, and live on sago and what animals they can kill. When there is a scarcity of food they frequently go three or four days merely on water, and stay the pangs of hunger with tobacco. I was told that a man would tackle a rhinoceros with a spear single-handed, though the beast is very difficult to kill.

One day we were surprised by the arrival of a Sapantan chief with two companions in a boat. They brought with them a dog, a blowpipe for darts, and a recently killed pig.

Not far from the Muller mountains we camped upon the Upper Kasao river, which is inhabited by Sapantans. They are a crude, friendly people, who, a hundred years ago, were mere cave-dwellers in the mountains to the east.

At Sapantan I had the good fortune to take a cinematograph picture of the ceremony of the piercing of a chief's ears. It is their privilege to wear a tiger's tooth inserted in a hole in the upper part of each ear.

The chief was seated and a board was placed behind his head. Friends and supporters assisted in the operation, which consisted of an empty rifle cartridge being forced through his ear. Blood streamed down, and the man, apparently of a very robust type, seemed to be near fainting. A medicine man was hurriedly summoned, and he clapped his hands over the ears and then, opening them, produced a small stone. This he threw into the river.

I was told that this stone was the supposed cause of the chief's illness. The scene was brought to a dramatic conclusion by the exhausted chief being ignominiously carried away on the back of a young man. During the afternoon more pebbles were produced by the same sleight of hand, and a pig was killed in order to appease the bad spirit which had caused the chief's illness.

The Dyaks of the Upper Malakkan are friendly to strangers, and as the great rapids down the river form a natural barrier they seldom receive visitors, and are little changed by outside influence. The Mohammedan Malays, for instance, have never been able to extend their influence above the rapids.

Luckily for the Dyaks, and incidentally for ethnology, these natives possess a fine muscular development. The women are well formed and move with grace and freedom. The headhunting part of the native religion has been practically suppressed by Dutch influence, and so far as I could ascertain the last case of the kind in this region was at least five years ago.

MUFFLER CARE IS IMPORTANT ITEM

Cleveland Auto School Head Gives Its Purpose, Construction and Troubles.

CLOGGING IS DUE TO SOOT

May Be Caused by Too Rich a Mixture From Carburetor, Indicated by Black Smoke From Exhaust—Best to Let It Alone.

What is the purpose of the muffler, what care does it require and to what troubles it is subject are questions frequently asked of Clyde H. Pratt, president of the Cleveland Automobile school.

The purpose of the muffler, he says, is to diminish the noise of the exhaust. The gas escapes from the exhaust valve at high pressure and the resulting noise is disagreeable unless it is muffled.

It is necessary to reduce the pressure from each explosion and to allow the gas to escape so that a great deal of its force is dissipated and its dissipated nature completely changed. The gas then passes out quietly with only a slight pulsation or throbbing.

The methods by which this is brought about are simple. A gas passing along an ordinary pipe would be allowed down and spread out. But this arrangement would require too long a pipe. So baffles or plates are used to make the gas turn corners and force its way through small holes in the plates.

In some mufflers the gas enters an expansion chamber. All this time it is losing heat and so contracting and thus it slows down more and more. The final effect is, as stated, to have the gas issue from the muffler in a steady, quiet manner.

Let Muffler Alone.

The care of the muffler is to leave it alone until it becomes clogged. It does its work without attention and requires nothing from the driver. The only time we think of it is when we wish to find out if the engine is missing explosions. Then we cut out the muffler and listen to the sound of the exhaust.

Do this cautiously on the road, as there are laws against it in many localities. If the sound of the exhaust is not sufficiently loud it may be increased by retarding the spark and opening the throttle part way. The sound of each cylinder will then be brought out distinctly and any weakness will be noticed immediately.

About the only trouble to which the muffler is subject is that it becomes clogged with soot. This may be caused by too rich a mixture from the carburetor, indicated by black smoke from the exhaust, or it may be caused by oil working up on top of the pistons, giving the bluish white smoke characteristic of too much lubricant.

Carbon Clogs Muffler.

Another cause is where the carbon has been scraped loose from the cylinders, but allowed to fall on the piston. This is carried into the muffler, and so helps to clog. In order to clean it, it must be taken apart and all the carbon deposits removed. If the small holes are closed with soot they must be reamed out with a three-cornered file or bearing scraper. The parts are then reassembled carefully and replaced on the car.

It is easy to tell if the muffler is clogged where there is a cutout. Run the machine up a fairly steep hill. If the car speeds up with the cutout open it shows that the muffler is clogged.

A well designed silencer should not cut down the power of the engine more than 3 per cent. This difference will hardly be noticeable on an ordinary hill. So the fact that the car slows down would indicate back pressure due to clogging.

Get Car Out of Mud.

A small metal paddle clamped to either rear wheel of the automobile which has become stuck in the mud will help the car out in less time than it takes to adjust tire chains.

ARMY MOTORTRUCK LINE THREE MILES IN LENGTH PASSES THROUGH EMPIRE STATE



A three-mile line of motortrucks for the army making its way through New York city on the final stretch from Buffalo to the government pier. There are more than 150 slate-colored cars in the procession, which was the longest ever seen. The motor train presented a most unusual sight. (Covered an passed by the committee on public information.)

TEST BRAKES ON ARMY CARS

Government Makes Thorough Examination of Trucks Before Being Sent to Firing Line.

Uncle Sam is not overlooking the importance of efficiency from every angle in the motor transport and ambulance division of the army. These machines must stand a wear and tear probably never given to motor-driven vehicles since their birth as an established necessity in every day and international life.

One of the most important factors entering into the final analysis of a motortruck ambulance which will eventually see service "somewhere in France" is, in the estimation of motor war officers, the efficiency of the brakes. The motors, especially the trucks, must travel hundreds of miles back and forth from the front amid the most difficult surroundings. It has been stated on authority that for 300 miles up and down the fighting front there is an almost continual stream of trucks, ambulances, couriers and motorcycles running in such close proximity that unless the brakes are in perfect running order hundreds of casualties would result almost daily.

Brakes form only a background for their more important sister, upon which the real burden rests—the brake lining itself. Thousands of miles of brake lining are being used daily by the government, and owing to this fact Uncle Sam has ordered tests to be made of the various makes. These tests are now going on in Washington.

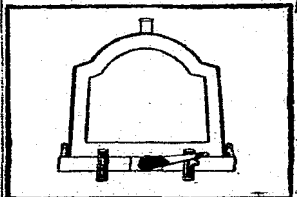
Lining made under the thermoid-hydraulic compressed process is said to be regarded as best adapted to military use in France on account of its moisture and dust-resisting qualities.

SAFETY DEVICE FOR AUTOS

Invention of Georgia Man Relates Particularly to Machines Employing Cranks.

The Scientific American, in illustrating and describing a safety crank catch for automobiles invented by M. S. Lander of Rome, Ga., says:

The invention relates particularly to attachments for automobiles employing cranks at the forward end of the



Front Elevation of Device.

power shaft. The object is to provide a catch which will engage the crank in case of back fire and to obviate injury. A further object is to provide a catch which may be readily positioned at both sides of the starting crank and mounted in connection with the vehicle frame. The catch has a laterally yielding movement to permit the passage of the starting crank. The movement is such that the catch is immediately brought back to operative position by a controlling spring.

PLAN TO IMPROVISE A JACK

Writer Explains How Wheel Was Raised by Use of Rocks and New Tire Mounted.

The writer recently had the misfortune to have the lifting jack removed from his car during the night and unaware of it drove into the country the following day only to have a blow-out occur on the open road. The wheel was raised first by driving it upon a flat rock suitably placed. With the wheel in this position it was a question merely of looking around the roadside for another rock or log which could be placed under the raised axle. When found, the flat rock was forced out by means of a sledge and the wheel thus remained off the ground ready for the mounting of the new tire. Another method which could be used consists in having one man use a fence rail to pry up the front end. This could be done after the lugs have been removed so that no time will be lost in slipping on the new tire and rim.

Arbitrate!

By BOOTH TARKINGTON
Of The Vigilantes

In wartime the strike is not the remedy for profiteering. Publicity and action by the government are the remedies for profiteering. Profiteering that brings on a strike is, in effect, not better than treason; but a strike may itself be an attempt to "profiteer" and therefore not better in result than treason. Every sensible person, however, understands that workmen are entitled to as high wages as they can get without interfering with the utmost possible efficiency of industry engaged in the prosecution of the war. A strike does interfere with such efficiency, and therefore means a larger casualty list and increased danger to the country. That is to say: If I am a war industry workman on strike I am prolonging the war and adding to the risk of America's defeat in the war. This means that I cause death and wounds to a certain number of American boys who would have come home safe and sound to their mothers if I hadn't gone on strike. That is the simple truth; and if I am impeding a war industry by going on strike, I might just as well have torn and tortured the bodies of those boys myself. The responsibility is so terrible that no workman who understands it would take it, except to avoid a greater amount of torture and death at home through starvation wages.

Arbitration will give him what he needs and what he justifiably wants. The whole country understands that a workman cannot live today on the wages of ten years ago. Wages have got to advance, of course, as the price of commodities advances, and the price of commodities advances, of course, as wages advance; though it is to the advantage of the workman to let the price of commodities begin to advance first. But his wages must take account of higher prices, and permit him not only life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but allow him to save, as well. That is all that any man on this earth is entitled to whether he be garbage man or Kaiser; and it is all that is worth getting; and the ideal of this country is that every man shall have it. This is what we are fighting for; that no man shall take away this right from another man, that no man shall make another man his slave, as the Germans have made conquered labor their slave and as they would make slaves of us if they conquered us.

Now such is the temper of our country that the responsibility for a strike which means more death, more crippling, more blinding, more shot away faces, for our young men, sons of workmen and sons of capitalists, fighting side by side and comrades "over there," as they will be over here when they come home—the responsibility for such a strike is an infinitely heavier and more dangerous thing than those who rashly assume that responsibility can know, and no decent human being could be so selfish and so treacherous to his country as knowingly to bring about such a strike.

And the temper of the country in these days is to know causes as well as results. Where the greediness of a profiteer has caused a strike, his money will not be envied him for he shall not have it, nor his liberty either. And it is unthinkable that American workmen, or workmen who are human beings, for that matter—it is unthinkable that they will strike, even for more justice, without having to the last utmost atom of their energy pressed for settlement by arbitration.

The syndicate service, founded by Samuel Gompers and representing the point of view of the American Federation of Labor, reports an address by William Moses, president of the Pattern Makers' Union of Great Britain. Mr. Moses was speaking in the Labor Temple in San Francisco. He said: "We were requested to arbitrate our working rules and agreements . . . to give up everything that tended to restrict output. . . . Being convinced that this was necessary, unless we desired to see the entire world subjugated by German autocracy, we recommended that our unions submit to the request made by the government. This meant that there was to be no stoppage of work during the war. It meant the acceptance of compulsory arbitration. . . . We have secured better results through arbitration than by resorting to the strike, which should be used as a last resort after all else has failed. If this is done, the strike weapon will rest in its scabbard."

And Mr. Moses said another thing worth thinking about. "Today labor in Great Britain is more prosperous than ever before in its history. . . . Our influence is greater than ever before and our workers are enjoying wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

Not only is arbitration necessary, but it pays!

PASSING OF MR. JOHNSTON

By ISOBEL FIELD
Of The Vigilantes

The traditional Englishman, he of the eyeglasses and the haw-haw manner, has been thrown into the discard. The last four years have changed our views on many things and today when we think of a Britisher it is not as we used to see him, in cutawards, but as he is, a simple, shabby, friendly chap, and "a first-class fighting man."

Another figure has gone, never to return: the dancing, bowing, frog-eating Alphonse, the very opposite in every particular to the real Frenchman we have come to know, whose very name is the personification of valor.

Giuseppe, he of the organ and monkey, with a stiletto in his belt and a plume of macaroni in the rear distance, is displaced by a bold Alpinist fighting in the clouds, or a dashing, gallant Bersagliere defending his country to the last drop of his blood.

There is a personage nearer home that we must be prepared to lose, Mistah Johnston, the Durkinton count. He is no more. Gradually there has appeared in his place a stern young American, trained and alert, musket in hand. There is no hyphen to his name. His forefathers were Africans, but he is loyal United States.

When the colored troops marched down Fifth avenue for the last time before going to France, the newspapers reported that they were given a "tumultuous ovation." As a matter of fact, there was little cheering. The dense masses that lined the sidewalks and filled the windows and overhanging balconies looked on in growing wonder. Here and there a pattering of gloved hands or a "bravo" was drowned in the beat of drums and the tramp of many feet. The sight of the long, long line of khaki-clad figures marching like clock-work; the strange grim faces that might have been cast in bronze—eyes straight ahead, with not a side glance or a gleam of white teeth; company after company led by smart, soldierly colored officers, all on their way to the battlefield, was too awe-inspiring for noise. The crowds gave them the deeper homage of breathless surprised silence. They came to applaud Mistah Johnston and beheld in his place a bold warrior who commanded their respect and admiration.

THE NEW LIFE

By ZOE ADKINS
Of The Vigilantes

This is an Intermittent: Time stands still. And we—as lost as children in a haze—To take from some heritage of other days Forgotten faith and unsuspected will: We have gone back, like children, to our knees. And we have learned the sad and splendid price. Of those whose dearest gloriously died, Knowing our own face Death across the seas.

Oh, after this—when joy-bells ring out peace. And home our war-tired heroes come again. Shall we not vow ourselves, when war is dead, To a new life, and prove that not in vain We saw the Prussian sword drawn from its sheath. And neutral lands—and children—fall beneath?

THE FASHION OF 1918

By ISOBEL FIELD
Of The Vigilantes

Her hat was plainly old fashioned, and the ribbon that adorned it had evidently been cleaned and pressed with a hot iron; her tailor-made suit, though well fitting, was faded in color and cut in the mode of year before last; but she walked down Fifth avenue among the best-dressed women in the world with a swing of the skirts and a noble condescension of glance that attracted my attention. I watched her with interest, snatching a little ahead and stopping at shop windows to study her as she passed.

Was she a great painter, authoress or poet puffed up with her well-deserved fame? No, her face was not familiar, as, in these days of newspaper photography it would be were she of the elect. She was neither young nor strikingly beautiful, yet why the grand manner as of one above the common herd?

Suddenly she paused beside me to cast an indifferent glance at a dazzling array of diamonds in a shop window and then I discovered the secret of her proud bearing. What need had she of fine clothes or feathers in her hat? She was dressed in the height of the fashion of 1918. On the breast of her shabby jacket she wore a little service bar and on that bar were three blue stars!

EXPOSE EVERY ONE

By HARRY V. MARTIN
Of The Vigilantes

While we are at it, reporting German spies to the federal government, why not go a little further and give your local food administrator the names of those grocers and butchers who are charging more for their goods than they should? By helping to force up the cost of living, already deucedly high, these petit larceny profiteers, although waving the American flag at every opportunity, are really helping the Kaiser. Their safety lies in the fact that they are too insignificant to come under the notice of investigators employed by Uncle Sam.

Here is your opportunity, Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Citizen. A chance to sniff that detective instinct that is within us all. A very good way of "doing your bit," and one that is bound to be appreciated. It stands to reason that "the food administrator in your town and county has his hands full taking care of the big things. Give him a lift by appointing yourself, this very instant, as one of his assistants to ferret out the meanest man and woman in all the world, the criminals who are in the war a chance to get rich quick at the expense of their own countrymen."

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THE DREAM GIRL

By LOUISE OLIVER.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When the car gave a lurch which sent Jack with great force against some one behind him, and he turned to apologize, he almost lost his breath with surprise. For there smiling with amusement was the girl he had been dreaming about.

Jack was no sentimentalist. He was not given to dreaming at all—much. Only this girl had got into his head some way, how, he couldn't have told, and he took to dreaming about her.

One night at training camp he had awakened suddenly in the barracks and a dozen fellows bending over him "listening in."

"Sweetheart!" One grinning soul had mocked. "Dee-ar little sweetheart! Oh, mamma!"

"Don't worry, darling. How can I get killed when you're waiting for me," sang another, waving his arms and dancing around on one leg.

"You devils!" cried Jack, springing up. Of the dozen men in his barracks, he was probably the only one who didn't have a real sweetheart.

So now was it any wonder that he was too paralyzed with amazement to make the apology he had begun, and colored like a girl under his tan? His eyes held hers for quite several seconds before he remembered. "I beg your pardon," he said, his hand to his cap. "I hope I didn't hurt you."

"No," she said kindly. "You didn't." "It's too bad a woman has to stand," declared Jack. "If you say so I'll pick up anybody you choose, and you may have his seat."

"No, thank you. I like to stand." "Good," said Jack. "I'm with you. Only soldiers, you see, get the habit." "And I'm trying to get the habit, too," she still smiled.

The car stopped. "I get off here," she said. "Why, so do I." He alighted first and turned to help her off. He could do no less—could he?

"I'm going shopping," she explained. His face fell. "Oh, I had hoped that you were going somewhere that I might—that I could perhaps be of help."

"Well, you can. If you really want to be useful, stay by me and I'll find plenty for you to do before the afternoon's over."

"I'm yours forever," he cried happily. "I don't want you forever," she said. "But I can make good use of you this afternoon. I need some one to help me with my family."

"Your family?" "Don't look so horrified. I'm not the mother of ten, nor the wife of any body at all. You see, I've been trying to hunt up families of drafted soldiers who need help. There are people too proud to ask for aid. Take the Caseys I've just discovered."

"You're a sort of good Samaritan," said Jack, admiringly. "No, I'm not. Don't call me that," she denied impatiently, turning into a big department store. "I'm going to get them a few things they need, though, and as deliveries are slow you may help carry it off."

And so Jack and the girl arrived at Casey's, laden like caravan camels. "Now, you tell Mr. Casey a few funny stories to cheer him up," said the girl, "while I make a hot poultice, and put things in the kitchen to rights."

So Lieutenant Jack and the dream girl stayed all afternoon at the Caseys'. By five o'clock the little house was in order, dinner ready, and a neighbor installed to serve it.

"Can't I call a taxicab?" asked Jack, when they were ready to depart. "The cars are so crowded now."

"No," she refused. "I either walk or use street cars everywhere I go now. War times!" she reminded.

"But you spent a fortune on those people this afternoon."

"That's it, don't you see. I save where I can. It's a little game of my own."

When he put her on the car, she held out her hand. "Thank you, oh so much, for all you've done today. Perhaps another day I may ask your assistance. But you see I don't know yet who you are."

He gave her a curl. "I'm only home another week," he said. "Make it soon, won't you? But won't you tell me your name, now?"

"And isn't it funny," she said teasingly, after a second's hesitation, "I haven't any. Just call me the Dream Girl."

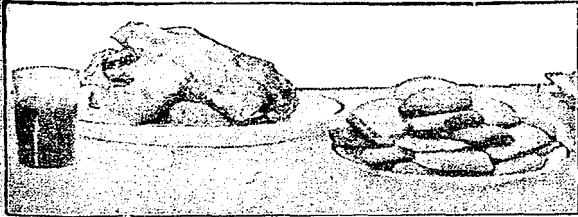
That night Jack was going over some sport things he was packing away, and unfolded an old newspaper full of fish books, reels and flies, he had brought home in the spring from a fishing trip. And there was a full page picture of the Dream Girl! He understood it now. His brain had not manufactured her. He had seen her in the paper and his subconscious self had retained the impression.

"Miss Dorothy Armour, daughter of Frank Hamilton Armour, capitalist and philanthropist," ran the note underneath. "Richest girl in the city does war work, and won't use motor cars, buys hand-me-down clothes, and turns entire income over to various societies for relief." The telephone rang.

"If you'll not be too busy in the morning, I think I can use you," said Dorothy's voice. "Can you come?"

"Delighted," he cried. "Can't I go this evening and talk it over?"

"Yes," came her voice graciously. "I was hoping you'd say that."

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE ADVOCATES
USE OF CHICKEN FAT IN MAKING PASTRIES

Clarified Fat Removed from Roasted Chicken and Cookies Shortened With Portion of It.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Use chicken fat, the most delicious of all cooking fats."

Beneath this placard at a recent food exhibit was a roasted chicken, delicious looking and browned to a tempting turn, and a glass full of clarified fat, the excess fat of the chicken. "But," said one practical woman as she stopped in front of the booth, "I would not know how to use it if I did take it out before I made the gravy. If it can be used satisfactorily, I'd like to know how."

The uniformed woman in the booth came forward smilingly. "I am glad you are interested in knowing how, for learning to use all our available fats is one of the primary lessons in this series. I am here for the purpose of telling the value of chicken fat and how to use it, to all who will stop and listen. So many people do not seem to know that chicken fat can be used as a substitute for any fat your recipes call for."

Use Only Four-Fifths the Quantity. Just then another woman came up. "Well, I had abominable luck substituting chicken fat for butter in my recipes. Someone told me just what you are saying now, but my cake fell and my pie crust was a sight."

"I am sorry about those cakes and pies," said the home demonstration agent in charge of the booth, "but I am afraid this someone with whom you talked did not finish her discussion. The fact that your cake fell would lead you to believe that the mixture was too rich, wouldn't it?"

"But why would that be?" broke in the first woman.

"Think of the butter you used to make which had some water in it, and to which you usually added salt. Now, chicken fat has no water in its content; it is a 100 per cent fat. Butter contains practically 85 per cent fat. Chicken fat also lacks the salt and the small amount of curd present in fresh butter. The difference between chicken fat and butter for shortening, you see, is the difference in water content, rather than fat, and that is why you should use less of the former."

"Then your directions would be to use less when you are using chicken fat in place of butter in cooking?"

"Yes, about four-fifths as much fat as the recipe with butter calls for and not extra salt."

"Thank you, I will try that," said one.

"I am not ready to give in yet," said the other. "Chicken fat has a different flavor than butter and I would hesitate before I'd put it in my choicest white cake recipe for fear it would flavor it."

"Chicken fat does have a different flavor. When it is unclarified I would suggest using it only in cakes and cookies which have quite definite flavors of their own. However, I wish you would try it in your cake recipe after rendering it carefully in the way noted on this slip. I think you will find nothing objectionable in the flavor then."

How to Render Chicken Fat.

On the slip was printed: Heat the fat very slowly in a double boiler with whole milk (preferably sour). Use one-half cup milk to each pound of fat. Strain the rendered fat through a cloth and when it is set, lift fat from the milk which remains.

"Chicken fat is valuable food," she went on. "For making other fats like suet, more usable. These harder fats, as beef and mutton suet, are much improved if rendered in the proportions of two parts to one of a soft fat, such as that obtained from the chicken. I would be well satisfied to use chicken fat altogether in my cooking, in preference to any other, could I get it, and it is the favorite fat of the French pastry cook."

"But it doesn't keep well," said the conservative one, "and that makes it a nuisance."

Becomes Rancid.

"It will become rancid and strong-flavored," the home demonstration agent agreed. "Just as other fats will if mis-treated. If you wish to save it keep it tightly covered, in a cool place, and you will have little trouble."

"I hope you did not misunderstand me when I spoke of rendering chicken fat. It is not necessary in many instances to go to the trouble of rendering it. Chicken fat may be used for frying purposes just as it is. When it is used as shortening for muffins, spiced cookies or chocolate cake, where its characteristic flavor will not be noticed as it might in white cake or pastry, it can be melted slightly and measured without clarifying."

"Keep in mind that it is 100 per cent fat. Try a little experimenting and see if you do not find that you prefer it to any other shortening," she said, as the woman started toward the next exhibit.

Latest Markets

LIVE STOCK—DETROIT.

Best heavy steers, \$14.60@15.50; best handy wt butcher steers, \$12.50@13.50; mixed steers and heifers, \$12@13; handy light butchers, \$10.50@11.50; light butchers, \$8.50@10; best cows, \$10@11; butcher cows, \$8.50@9.50; cutters, \$7@7.50; canners, \$6@6.75; best heavy bulls, \$10@12; bologna bulls, \$8.50@9.50; stock bulls, \$7.50@8; feeders, \$10@13; stockers, \$8@10; milkers and springers, \$6.50@12.50.

Veal Calves.

Best grades, \$17; culs and common, \$10@13.

Sheep and Lambs.

Best lambs, \$19; fair lambs, \$13@15.50; light to common lambs, \$14@16.25; clipped lambs, \$10; culs and common, \$7@9; fair to good sheep, \$13@13.50.

Hogs.

Pigs brought \$19 and mixed hogs \$20 to \$20.25.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo: Cattle—Best grades steady, others slow; prime heavy steers, \$17@18.35; best shipping steers, \$15@16; medium shipping steers, \$13.50@14; best yearlings, 35 to 1,000 lbs., \$15@16; light yearlings, good quality, \$14@14.50; best handy steers, \$13.50@14.50; fair to good kind, \$12@13; handy steers and heifers, mixed, \$12@13; western heifers, \$12.50@13.50; best fat cows, \$12@13; butcherling cows, \$9@10; cutters, \$7@8; canners, \$6@7; fancy bulls, \$10@10.50; butchering bulls, \$9@10; common bulls, \$6@7; best feeding steers 900 to 1,000 lbs., \$11@12.50; medium feeding steers, \$10@11; stockers, \$10@10.50; light, common, \$8@9; best milkers and springers, \$7@15.00.

Hogs: steady; heavy, \$20.80@20.90; Yorkers, \$20.65@20.75; pigs and lights, \$19.75@20.

Sheep and lambs—Market strong; wool lambs, \$20.75; clipped, \$17.50@17.75; yearlings, \$17@18; wethers, \$16@16.50; ewes, \$14.50@15.

Culves—Market 50c lower; tops, \$20.50; grass calves, \$5@8.

GRAIN ETC.—DETROIT.

Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, \$2.45; No. 2 mixed, \$2.43; No. 2 white, \$2.43. Corn—Cash No. 3, \$1.58; No. 3 yellow, \$1.63; No. 4 yellow, \$1.53; No. 5 yellow, \$1.56; No. 6 yellow, \$1.53; No. 3 white, \$1.53.

Oats—Standard, 70c; No. 3 white, 69 1/2c; No. 4 white, 68 1/2c. Rye—Cash No. 2, \$1.65.

Beans—Immediate and prompt shipment, \$7.25 per cwt.

Barley—Cash No. 3, \$2.15@2.25 per cwt.

Seeds—Prime red clover, \$29.50; alsike, \$25; timothy, \$5.15.

Flour—Spring patent, \$13; fancy winter patent, \$13; standard winter patent, \$11.75@12; straight winter, \$11@11.50 per bbl.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$31.50@32; standard timothy, \$30.50@31; light mixed, \$30.50@31; No. 2 timothy, \$29.50@30; No. 1 mixed, \$29.50@30; No. 1 clover, \$27.50@28; tangled rye straw, \$11.50@12; wheat and oat straw, \$10@10.50 per ton in carlots, track, Detroit.

Feed—In 100-lb sacks to jobbers: Bran, \$45@46; standard middlings, \$45@46; fine middlings, \$45@50; coarse cornmeal, \$63; cracked corn, \$57; chop, \$54 per ton.

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS.

Detroit—Butter: Fresh creamery, 55@60c per lb.

Eggs—Fresh firsts, 40 1/2c; extra firsts in new cases, 41 1/2c; storage packed firsts in new cases, 43 1/2c; extras, 44c per doz.

Cheese—Michigan firsts, 29 1/2@30c; Michigan single daisies, 30c; brick, 28c; long horns, 30 1/2c; Wisconsin daisies, 29c; Wisconsin twins, 30c; Limburger, October make, 31@32c; domestic Swiss, 44@45c; American head cheese, 35@37c per lb.

PROVISIONS.

Detroit—Family pork, \$53; clear back pork, \$49@52; briskets, \$54 per bbl; hams, 35@37c; shoulders, 28c; picnic hams, 24 1/2@25 1/2c; bacon, 40@48c; lard, 32@32 1/2c per lb.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Apples—Greening, \$11@12; Baldwin, \$10@11; Willow Twig, \$8.50 per bbl. Cabbage—New, \$8 per 100 lbs.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 23@24c; heavy, 21@22c per lb.

Calves (dressed)—Fancy, 25@26c; choice, 21@22c per lb.

Tomatoes—Hothouse, 30@35c per lb; Florida, 27.75@28 per case.

Potatoes—Carlots, No. 1 round white, \$3.25@3.35 per sack of 150 lbs.

Live Poultry—No. 1 springs, 36@37c; stags, 30c; fat hens, 40c; small hens and Leghorns, 37@38c; roosters, 25@26c; geese, 27@28c; ducks, 35@40c; turkeys, 38@40c per pound.

Bring Edith Cavell's Remains Home. London—Arrangements are being made for the removal of the remains of the martyred nurse Edith Cavell from their present resting place, according to the Daily Chronicle which adds that the internment will be marked by considerable public ceremony.

In view of the proposed ceremonial it is regarded as quite possible that a warship will be placed at the disposal of the commission in charge for transportation of Edith Cavell's body to this country.

America's
Immortals

Most striking instances of gallantry for which the Distinguished Service Cross has been awarded

The blood of every loyal American will be stirred by the little stories of conspicuous bravery on the part of American soldiers in France that are printed below. These are only a few of thousands of cases of unusual gallantry that won for Pershing's fighters the Distinguished Service Cross. These cases have been picked out by General Pershing's staff as among the most notable of the thousands that are now a part of the official record of the American expeditionary forces.

GEORGE S. ROBB.

First Lieutenant, 369th Infantry. For conspicuous gallantry, beyond the call of duty, near Sechart, France, September 29 and 30, Lieut. Robb was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. While leading his platoon in the assault on Sechart, Lieut. Robb was severely wounded by machine gun fire, but rather than go to the rear for proper treatment, he remained with his platoon, until ordered to the dressing station by his commanding officer. Returning within forty-five minutes, he remained on duty throughout the entire night, inspecting his lines and establishing outposts. Early the next morning he was again wounded, once again displaying remarkable devotion to duty by remaining in command of his platoon. Later the same day a bursting shell added two more wounds, the same shell killing his commanding officer and two officers of his company. He then assumed command of his company, and organized its position in the trenches. Displaying wonderful courage and tenacity at the critical times, he was the only officer of his battalion who advanced beyond the town and by clearing machine gun and sniping posts, contributed largely to the aid of his battalion in holding their objective. His example of bravery and fortitude and his eagerness to continue with his mission despite severe wounds, set before the enlisted men of his command a most wonderful standard of morale and self-sacrifice.

Lieut. Robb's home address is 308 South Twelfth street, Salina, Kan., where his mother lives.

ANDREW B. LYNCH.

Second Lieutenant, 110th Infantry. Lieutenant Lynch was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for unusual bravery in action near Apremont, France, September 29, 1918. Lieutenant Lynch while a sergeant on duty with a 37 mm. gun section of his company was moving the guns to a more advantageous position when he learned that the officer in charge of the party had been captured by an enemy patrol. Organizing a group of five men, Lieutenant Lynch immediately attacked the Germans, killed 15 of them and liberated the officer. Immediately afterward Lieutenant Lynch took command of 75 men and launched a counter-attack on the enemy, driving him back for more than a kilometer.

Lieutenant Lynch is married, his wife living at 2446 Franklin street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRANK GAFFNEY.

Private, First Class, Company G, 106th Infantry. Private Gaffney earned his Distinguished Service Cross by conspicuous gallantry in action near Ronssay, France, September 29, 1918. Private Gaffney, an automatic rifleman, pushed forward alone with his gun, after all the other members of his squad had been killed, discovered several Germans placing a heavy machine gun in position. He killed the crew, captured the gun, bombed several dugouts and, after killing four more of the enemy with his pistol, held the position until reinforcements came up, when eight prisoners were captured. His home is in Lockport, N. Y., and his father is Wilbur Gaffney, Chapel street.

JOHN J. FARRELL.

Private, Company B, 354th Infantry. Private Farrell (deceased) was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action near Remonville, France, November 1, 1918. When the combat group of which he was a member was held up by machine gun fire of the enemy, Private Farrell left the group, crawling around to the flank of the nest he charged with his bayonet. The enemy surrendered and his comrades took the gun, after which the advance continued. Private Farrell was so seriously wounded during the combat that he died before he could be removed from the field. Paterson, N. J., was his home.

JAMES I. MESTROVITCH.

Sergeant, Company C, 11th Infantry. Sergt. Mestrovitch (deceased) decorated for exceptional bravery in saving the life of his company commander at Flomet, France, August 10, 1918. Seeing his captain lying wounded thirty yards in front of the line, after his company had withdrawn to a sheltered position behind a stone wall, Sergt. Mestrovitch voluntarily left cover and crawled through heavy machine gun and shell fire to where the officer lay. Sergt. Mestrovitch took the officer upon his back and crawled back to a place of safety, where he administered first aid treatment, his exceptional heroism saving the officer's life. Sergt. Mestrovitch's home was in Fresno, Cal.

ARTHUR F. BRANDT.

Corporal, Co. E, 169th Infantry. Corporal Brandt, whose home was with his mother, Mrs. W. F. Brandt at Postville, Iowa, won the Distinguished Service Cross for conspicuous bravery in action northeast of Verdun, France, October 16, 1918. After his company had been in action three days, during the attack on the Cote de Chatillon and was to be relieved, Corporal Brandt volunteered to guide the company to a position of security in the rear which he had selected. While the relief was being made under shell fire, this soldier and four others were severely wounded by a bursting shell. Realizing that his wound would prove fatal, Corporal Brandt while being carried on a stretcher indicated the route to be taken by the company, being wounded in the face and scarcely able to talk. Through his extraordinary fortitude and will power, the company was able to reach its position over difficult terrain and under enemy fire. Corporal Brandt died from his wounds the next day.

REIDER WAALER.

Sergeant, Company A, 105th Machine Gun Battalion. Sergeant Waaler was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action near Ronssay, France, September 27, 1918. Sergeant Waaler, in the face of heavy artillery and machine gun fire, crawled forward to a burning British tank, in which some of the crew were imprisoned, and succeeded in rescuing two men. Although the tank was then burning fiercely and contained ammunition which was likely to explode at any time, this soldier immediately returned to the tank and entering it, made a search for the other occupants, remaining until he satisfied himself that there were no living men in the tank. His home address is Norestrand, Norway.

WILLIE SANDLIN.

Sergeant, Company A, 132nd Infantry. Sergeant Sandlin was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action at Bois de Forges, France, September 26, 1918. Sergeant Sandlin showed conspicuous gallantry in action at Bois de Forges on September 26, by advancing alone directly on a machine gun nest which was holding up the line with its fire. He killed the crew with a grenade and enabled the line to advance. Later in the day, Sergeant Sandlin attacked alone and put out of action two other machine gun nests, setting a splendid example of bravery and coolness to his men. His brother, Johnnie Sandlin, lives in Hayden, Kentucky.

ARCHIE A. PECK.

Private, Company A, 307th Infantry. Private Peck was decorated for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in the Argonne forest, France, October 6, 1918. While engaged with two other soldiers on patrol duty, Private Peck and his comrades were wounded. Returning to his company, he obtained another soldier to accompany him, to assist in bringing in the wounded. His assistant was killed in the exploit but Private Peck continued on, twice returning and safely bringing in both men during the entire journey. His home is in Hornell, N. Y.

CHARLES D. BARGER.

Private, First Class, Company L, 354th Infantry. Private Barger was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action near the Bois de Banheville, France, October 31, 1918. Learning that two daylight patrols had been caught out in No Man's Land and were unable to return, Private Barger and another stretcher bearer, upon their own initiative, made two trips 300 yards beyond our lines, under constant machine gun fire, and rescued two officers. His uncle, Henry S. McFeron, lives in Stott City, Miss.

WALTER S. SEVALIA.

Corporal, Co. F, 7th Engineers. Corporal Sevalia was decorated for extraordinary heroism in action near Breuille, France, November 3, 1918. Corporal Sevalia swam the Meuse river with a cable for a pontoon bridge, under direct machine gun fire. Later he carried a cable for another bridge over the Est canal, across an open field covered by enemy machine guns. Here he was wounded by a machine gun bullet, but returned carrying a message of great importance. Corporal Sevalia's home is in Brule, Wis.

ALPHEUS E. STEWART.

Private, Company G, 107th Infantry. Private Stewart received the Distinguished War Cross in recognition of unusual gallantry in action near Ronssay, France, September 29, 1918. Regarding a severe wound in the head, Private Stewart fearlessly advanced toward an enemy machine gun nest and put it out of action with a grenade a few seconds before he was killed by fire from another machine gun nest near by. His home was in Jordantown, Tex.

SOCIETY THIEF IS
CAUGHT IN TEXAS

"Gentleman Burglar" Is Sought by Police of Many Cities.

Dallas, Tex.—While the police from Maine to California are begging for him, J. C. Wilson, described as a "gentleman burglar," a man with a string of aliases, a grip of jewelry and a stack of love letters, is languishing behind the bars here. Wilson has been accused in Dallas as being one of the boldest daylight burglars and smoothest society thieves that ever operated in the Southwest. He was arrested while robbing one of the finest residences in the city of \$2,500 worth of jewelry.

In robbing residences Wilson invariably would select a time when owners were shopping or at parties.



Used a Skeleton Key.

He would dash up to the house in his big touring car, walk boldly up to the front door and effect an entrance. If the doors were locked he used a skeleton key and then took his time in sacking the place.

When Wilson's room was searched a suit case containing several thousand dollars' worth of jewels was found. Sweet-scented letters from society buds of Los Angeles, Cal., Chicago, Nashville, Tenn.; St. Louis, Mo., and numerous southern cities also were found. Several contained acceptances of proposals of marriage.

The Dallas police have sent out word to other cities where the "gentleman burglar" had been. But there are charges of a more serious nature being arranged. Department of Justice officials declare that they will confront Wilson with a half dozen white slavery charges.

WAS MEASURED FOR COFFIN

Maryland Man Got Well After That and Lived for Half a Century.

Cumberland, Md.—Fane J. Smith, for years president of a local jewelry company, is dead at the age of eighty years. He was born in Montpelier, Vt., and came to Cumberland during the civil war. It was here that he met Miss Sarah Dorothy Ways, a girl whose volunteer duty it was to see to the care and feeding of the Union soldiers in hospitals at this point. Miss Ways afterward became Mrs. Smith.

It was also in the old church hospital here during the Civil war that he was measured for a coffin, to be buried the next morning. His illness at that time was of such a nature that for a time he was lying in a trance, and he was in this condition when an officer, making the rounds with the undertaker, had him measured for a coffin and ordered that he be taken out for burial next morning.

Mr. Smith, however, rallied from his illness, became quite well, and at the close of the war decided to make Cumberland his home, where he has lived for over fifty years after being measured for his coffin.

BENEFACTRESS IS HIS HEIR

Mexican Miner Left \$30,000 to Woman Who Lived Him \$100 Many Years Ago.

Piedmont, W. Va.—Charles Montgomery, who died some time ago in Cananea, Mexico, after years spent in mining, left his entire estate to Florence Renshaw, now Mrs. Bowden, of Piedmont, W. Va., granddaughter of the woman with whom Montgomery lodged when a boy. The estate amounts to \$30,000 in cash.

Montgomery, it appears, after spending his youth in Piedmont, W. Va., went to Mexico and prospered. In 1889 he returned to the United States and attended the Chicago exposition, losing his money; he returned to his old home in West Virginia, almost penniless. There he found his old friend dead, but from her granddaughter accepted a loan of \$100, money she had saved from teaching school. Ten years later Montgomery sent Mrs. Bowden \$300 in cash to repay the loan with interest, and now he has given his entire estate to the woman who once did him a kindness.

GOOD
ROADS

NEW ROAD BUILDING PROGRAM

Amount of Money Available for Federal Aid Largest Ever Set Aside by Any Nation.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

With full state co-operation according to the terms of the federal aid road act, the United States will have a total of at least \$74,000,000 for co-operative road building during the next three years. The federal part of this fund is assured by an extra appropriation of \$200,000,000 in the post office appropriation bill just passed by congress and signed by the president.

Officials of the bureau of public roads, United States department of agriculture, which administers the provisions of the federal aid road act and co-operates with the state governments in the expenditure of the money, point out that this amount of funds is the largest ever appropriated for similar purposes and for a similar period by any government in the history of the world, and that it enables the federal and state governments to carry out a road-building program of a magnitude never equaled.

In connection with the great federal aid program it is a noted that expenditures for highway work in the United States this year are likely to amount to half a billion dollars or more. On reports received from state highway departments, the bureau of public roads estimates the 1919 expenditures for roads and bridges at \$385,000,000, or \$110,000,000 more than the average expenditures for 1916 and 1917.

An important effect of the law containing the new appropriation is that it broadens the definition of a rural post road, under which class a highway had to qualify in order to receive the benefits of the federal aid act.

Under the old act it was required that mail should actually be carried on the road or that there should be a reasonable prospect that mail would be carried on it within a short time after improvement. The new act says: "... the term 'rural post road' ... shall be construed to mean any public road, a major portion of which



Traction Engine Hauling Material for Construction of Road.

is now used or can be used, or forms a connecting link not to exceed ten miles in length of any road or roads now or hereafter used, for the transportation of the United States mails, excluding every street and road in a place having a population, as shown by the latest available federal census, of 2,500 or more, except that portion of any such street or road along which the houses average more than 200 feet apart."

The new act also raises the government limit of contribution from not to exceed \$10,000 a mile to not exceed \$20,000 a mile, taking account of higher present costs of labor and materials.

The law also authorizes the secretary of war to transfer to the secretary of agriculture material, equipment and supplies suitable for highway improvement and not needed by the war department.

The original federal aid road act, which became law in July, 1916, appropriated \$75,000,000 to aid in the construction of post roads during a five-year period ending June 30, 1921, and \$10,000,000 to aid in forest-road building during a ten-year period ending June 30, 1926. Not over \$2,000,000 of the original \$85,000,000 had been expended prior to 1919, so that \$83,000,000, plus \$200,000,000, or a total of \$283,000,000 of federal funds, will be available, of which \$257,000,000 will be available during the next three years.

POOR HIGHWAYS ARE COSTLY

Economic Loss to the United States Placed at Annual Figure of \$504,000,000.

The congressional report of 1914 placed the economic loss to the United States through poor roads at an annual figure of \$504,000,000 for transportation costs alone. The heavy increase in tonnage since that time probably makes the loss today close to \$1,000,000,000 a year.

ECONOMY PRACTICED
IN MENDING CLOTHES

Old Skirt, Ready for Rag Bag, Can Be Repaired.

If Too Tight Around Hips, or Too Large, It Can Be Remade—Romp for Johnny or Jumper for Mary Can Be Made.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Have you an old white skirt which you thought ready for the rag bag? What is the matter with it? Is it too tight around the hips. Rip out the hem and if it is worn on the fold cut it off. Raise the skirt until it is large enough around the hips. Cut off the top and attach to an inner belt. Unless your old inner belt is as good as new buy a new one, for the inner belt often makes the success or failure of a skirt. Even off the bottom, and if not too short, face it. Otherwise you will have to make a false hem. What is a false hem? It is merely a strip of cloth, straight or bias, as preferred, which is set on the bottom of the skirt to represent a hem (not a facing). It may be of the same or of contrasting material. Use a plaid or a striped material, add a touch of brockets or belt, and show your friends a brand-new sport skirt.

Is your skirt too large? Either take up the seams or recut it into a new style. Or, perhaps the top is too worn to use any more. Put on a new yoke of similar material. In cases you have no more of the old material use any white material and wear the skirt with middy blouses or one of the new long blouses. You might make a new middy blouse from the old skirt. Use the bottom of the skirt for the bottom of the blouse. Measure up the length desired and cut the top of the blouse by a plain waist pattern. Add sleeves, collar and belt of similar or contrasting material and you are ready for the next picnic.

Does Johnny need a new romper or a Sunday suit? Get out your pattern and arrange all of it on the unworn parts of the skirt before cutting. Make it all white or trim it with colored scraps from the useful rag bag. The material is strong enough to last Johnny a season and by that time he will have outgrown it. Or is it Mary

that is in need? Make her a jumper dress to wear with thin white gumpies which you can make from your old waists.

But you have no Mary or Johnny and you don't need another middy blouse? However, you do need a vestee for your tailored suit and that old plique, linen, or madras skirt will furnish the very latest material. Use your old vestee for a pattern or get a new style. Cut it double if you want it lined with the same material or line it with lawn and have two vestees. Cover button molds with the same material, or use pearl or black bone buttons, and you have as stylish an article as you'll find in the shops and for a much smaller amount. And that green linen needs a new collar and cuff set which you can cut from the old skirt.

So take that old skirt out of the bag and look it over to see what wonders you can perform.

HOUSEHOLD
QUESTIONS

Saturday Specials

April 19th

Spaghetti, Macaroni or Noodles, pkg. 7c
Yeast Foam, two for 5c
Classic White Laundry Soap per bar 5c
Ritter's Pure Tomato Catsup, bottle 10c

LIQUID VENEER

25c size--20c 50c size--40c

A New Line of MEN'S WORK SHOES at the Right Prices

KEUSCH & FAHRNER
The Pure Food Store

PENNSYLVANIA

Vacuum-Cup Tires

"6,000 Miles Guarantee"

Local agency for these famous tires for Chelsea and vicinity.
See the display in our west window.

COMPRESSION AND ECONOMY. The high price of gasoline and lubricating oils makes it necessary to have your motor holding compression for the sake of the best economy. Fitting your motor with a set of "No-Leak" piston rings will reduce your gasoline and oil expense to a minimum. They will soon pay for themselves in the saving of gas and oil. Price each, only 50c

Buick-Chevrolet Agency Here

"Inclosed Valve in Head Type Motors"

Prospective purchasers of new cars should make it a point to see the new model PB-5 Passenger Chevrolet, which will be shown in Chelsea, for the first time, next week. Latest body design—you'll like it. New "hot-spot" intake manifold making it possible to get 22 miles per gallon of gasoline, 110 inch wheel-base, 33 x 4 inch Goodyear all weather tread tires, weight 2,300 lbs. This car is priced lower than others in its class. Come in and see for yourself.

BUICK-CHEVROLET GARAGE, Chelsea

Phone 283

Garage and Sales Rooms, Park St.



April 20th

IS EASTER SUNDAY. WE CAN FILL YOUR ORDER FOR SPECIAL EASTER MEATS. EVERYTHING OF THE CHOICEST QUALITY HERE AND THE PRICE IS ALWAYS REASONABLE.

ADAM EPLER

Phone 41

South Main St.

Chelsea Home Bakery

HOT CROSS BUNS

.. H. J. SMITH ..

LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Marion McClure was in Stockbridge yesterday.

Miss Margaret Miller was in Detroit, Tuesday.

Miss Lura Schoenhals is spending the week in Detroit.

Miss Margaret Eppler is home from Battle Creek this week.

Rev. P. W. Dierberger was in Grass Lake, Wednesday evening.

County Clerk Edwin Smith was a Chelsea visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. L. T. Wilcox of Peckskill, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. L. T. Freeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Wood of Lima are visiting their son, Dr. O. Wood of Hart.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Avery and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Avery were in Pinckney, Sunday.

Adna Burnett of Plymouth spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Currier.

Regular meeting L. O. T. M., Tuesday evening, April 22d. Initiation and refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Prudden are visiting their son, Dr. Meryl Prudden, of Fostoria, Ohio.

Misses Nina Crow and Ninabelle Wurster visited relatives in Lansing over the week-end.

Mrs. E. J. Otis and son of Detroit are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Maroney.

Misses Norma and Hilda Paul, of Lansing, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Hauser over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Foster of Idaho are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kilmer.

Miss Gretchen Speer of Detroit is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Speer, this week.

I. B. Brosius is now employed by Holmes & Walker in charge of their tin shop and plumbing department.

Special meeting of Olive Lodge No. 156, F. & A. M., Tuesday evening, April 22d. Work in the first degree.

Miss Norma Turnbull has accepted a position as fourth grade teacher in the Flint schools for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Rose Sparrow and Albert Goodrich, of Detroit, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mushbach, Sunday.

Dr. James H. Schmidt left Monday for Washington, D. C., to enter upon his duties as interne at Providence Hospital.

Cecil Murphy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Murphy of Lyndon, recently broke his arm while in a friendly scuffle at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Schoenhals, Miss Lura Schoenhals, and their guest, William Geddes of Detroit, spent Sunday in Brighton.

Be sure to read the big Victory Liberty Loan advertisement on page three of this issue—its message is short, but right to the point.

Members of the Masonic lodge have been invited to attend special services at the M. E. church, Sunday evening, April 20th. Members will meet at Masonic temple at 6:15 o'clock, sharp.

W. W. Hendrick shipped his household goods to his new home in Lexington, Ky., yesterday. He and Mrs. Hendrick will drive through in their automobile.

A Tribune liner ad sold a Ford car for \$100 before the ink was dry on the paper Tuesday. The ad cost 25 cents; or one-fourth-hundredth part of the total transaction. Pretty cheap advertising, we'll say.

If I Were a Farmer.

If I were a farmer I would keep at hand a few reliable medicines for minor ailments that are not so serious as to require the attention of a physician, such as Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaint, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, colds and croup, Chamberlain's Liniment for sprains, bruises and rheumatic pains, Chamberlain's Tablets for stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation. By having these articles at hand it would often save the trouble of a trip to town in the busiest season or in the night, and would enable me to treat slight ailments as soon as they appear, and thereby avoid the more serious diseases that so often follow. Adv.

MICKIE SAYS

AIN'T IT FUNNY, HOW WHEN A FELLER GETS SORE AN' STOPS HIS PAPER, HE ACTS SURPRISED BECAUSE WE DON'T ALL BUST OUT INTO TEARS AND HANG CRAPE ON THE DOOR?



The Bay View Reading club will meet with Mrs. George W. Palmer, Monday evening, April 21st.

Misses Mary Upson and Florence Howe, of Detroit, are the guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wade.

Miss Harriet Fletcher of Ypsilanti and Miss Grace Fletcher of Detroit have been visiting their brother, J. L. Fletcher, for a few days.

Fair and warmer is the weather prediction for today. Some change, we'll say, after the deluge of the past week. The good, old blue sky looks good to us!

A series of aerial photographs, taken by Aerial Observer H. F. Foster of Grass Lake, are on exhibition in Fenn's show window, and include many unusual and interesting war views as seen from above.

Rey Miller, who has been visiting his parents in West Sylvan for a few days, returned to the Ford hospital in Detroit, yesterday. He expects to be discharged from the hospital and from military service in about two weeks.

Gregory News: Continued from page 1 bought the Herbert Dancer property in Stockbridge and will move there soon.

Miss Grace Pierce of Ann Arbor visited the Misses Mary Howlett and Lillian Buhl several days last week.

Archie Arnold and Mrs. Myra Kirkland, of Fowlerville, visited at the George Arnold home the first of last week.

Mrs. Dessie Whitehead and daughter, Ruth, of Detroit, and Mrs. Norman Whitehead were Sunday guests at the Charles Whitehead home.

Mrs. M. E. Kuhn was a Detroit visitor last Thursday.

Barney Roepeke and family, and F. M. Bowditch and children, and William Heminger and family spent Sunday with their parents.

Miss Virena McGee visited the home folks over the week-end.

Miss Vancie Arnold went to Mason, Saturday, to help her grandmother, Mrs. Blakely, who sprained her wrist last week.

The Gregory-Plainfield Red Cross gave a miscellaneous shower for Mr. and Mrs. Howard May recently. They received two quilts, a pair of pillows, pillow tubing, towels, canned fruit, jelly, kitchen utensils, a sum of money and other articles.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. All druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Adv.

Household Goods at Auction

Saturday, April 19th

At 169 East Summit street, commencing at 1:30 p. m.

Consisting of two Heating Stoves, Cook Stove, four Rocking Chairs, six Dining Chairs, Sewing Machine, two Beds, Dining Table, Kitchen Table, Violin, Mandolin-Harp, Lawn Mower, Collapsible Go-Cart, and many other articles.

TERMS—CASH

H. M. Armour, Auctioneer.

K. J. BRINSON

Harry Livingston and daughter, Myra, after spending the winter in California, returned home last week. Mrs. James Cook and son and Miss Mae Parks, of Stockbridge, visited at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Cook and other friends last Tuesday.

Mrs. Myrtle Wager was a Jackson visitor Saturday.

At the last election there were less wet votes cast in Vandilla township than in any other township in the county.

Mrs. Raymond McKune and little daughter, Margaret, of Chelsea, visited at the home of her parents, E. A. Kuhn, at the first of last week.

DEXTER—William Sackett of Detroit, who formerly lived here and who has been employed as watchman in the M. C. railroad yards in Detroit, was struck by a train Saturday night when returning home from work and so badly injured that he died Sunday. He was a brother of Mrs. Minnie Turk and Warren Sackett of this place.

Whooping Cough.

Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to keep the cough loose and expectoration easy. It is excellent. Adv.

Commissioners' Notice.

No. 15380 State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Adeline L. Spingale, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that four months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of John Kalmbach, in the Village of Chelsea in said county, on the 31st day of May and on the 31st day of July next, at ten o'clock, A. M., of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated March 31st, 1919.
Henry H. Fenn,
John Kalmbach,
Commissioners.

April 4, 11, 18, 25.

The Cash Grocery

Fine Tender Peas, can.....15c Good Rolled Oats, package.....10c
Good Corn, can.....15c Fat Ocean Herring, 2 pkg.....25c
Extra Good Tomatoes, can.....15c Try one for 13c. You'll like them
An Extra Good Broom, Regular \$1.00 Value.....75c
These are not Saturday Specials, but all the week prices.
CASH FOR GOOD BUTTER AND EGGS

JOHN FARRELL

"Walk Around the Corner and Save a Nickel"

Public Notice!

Victory Liberty Loan Volunteer Days--April 21, 22 and 23, 1919 Town Hall, Chelsea, Mich.

THE IMPORTANT THING BEFORE US JUST NOW IS TO CLEAN UP OUR WAR DEBTS AND GET SOLIDLY READJUSTED ON A NORMAL PEACE BASIS. THE VICTORY LIBERTY LOAN IS THE BIGGEST ITEM ON THAT PROGRAM. IF YOU DO NOT TAKE IT THE BANKS WILL WITH A FURTHER GREAT DOSE OF CREDIT INFLATION AND AN UNFAVORABLE REACTION ON PRICES JUST WHEN IT IS TREMENDOUSLY IMPORTANT TO GET DOWN TO A FIRM FOUNDATION.

You should duplicate your subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan and more. YOU CANNOT EXIST WITHOUT BUSINESS—this is no mere play of words—As a business man, as a professional man, as a farmer or a laboring man, you cannot exist without business. Granting this, what are the facts—If you doubt—ask your banker. This Victory Loan must be taken care of by the people from their incomes. It is upon you individually that the inconveniences of inflation will fall. YOU ARE THE GOVERNMENT. The firing is all over, but it is none too pleasant for the nearly two million American citizens who are still in Europe doing police duty, sitting around garrisons a long ways from home, wondering about their families and their jobs. You can bet they would like to get back, but they have to stay there until the job is finished. They have a right to expect you to stay on your easy end of the job too. You are asked ONLY to buy the best paper in the world at a good rate of interest when the security and exemptions are considered and to pay for it out of your income—six months being given—as a straight-out-and-out business proposition, a live-and-let-live matter, it is worth while. Think it over seriously. Go to Volunteer Headquarters on Monday, April 21st, and duplicate your subscription to the Fourth Loan.

There are many other things that could be written. What's the use. You know what they are. You know the sacrifice that SOME have made. You know the amount saved because of the bonds previously bought. You will do it. IT MUST be done. Forget the other fellow and what he has bought. Ask YOUR own conscience and then go and DO YOUR FULL DUTY!

Big Mass Meeting

Sylvan Town Hall, Chelsea

Saturday Eve., April 19

At 7:30 o'clock

Good Speakers! Good Music! All Free!

Everybody Invited