





## THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

OLD GLORY! say, who,  
By the ships and the crew,  
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—  
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear  
With such pride everywhere  
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air  
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?—  
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—  
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,  
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—  
By day or by night  
Their delightfulest light  
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then  
In vague lips and whispers fell silent again.*

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about  
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,  
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay  
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way—  
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—  
We—Tom, Dick, and Harry—each swinging his hat  
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,  
When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!  
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all  
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall  
Into line, with you over us, waving us on  
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone—  
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—  
(And we're wanting it so!—  
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—Oh!—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

*The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill  
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.*

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear  
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—  
For your name—just to hear it,  
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit  
As salt as a tear;—  
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,  
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye  
And an aching to live for you always—or die,  
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.  
And so, by our love  
For you, floating above,  
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why  
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?  
*Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,  
And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—  
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red  
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—  
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,  
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,  
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—  
My name is as old as the glory of God.  
... So I came by the name of Old Glory.

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## WHAT CAN WE DO?



### How to Form a Red Cross Chapter

Just as the family is the group on which all modern civilization is based, and of which counties, states and nations are formed, so the chapter is the unit on which is based the great work of the American Red Cross. The aim of this article is to tell, as clearly and briefly as may be, the best way to form a chapter.

A small group of persons—three or four or half a dozen, or even ten—should hold an informal meeting and reach a mutual understanding of what is to be done. They must understand that the Red Cross chapter is not a sewing society, nor a physicians' club, nor a nurses' organization, nor a political or religious group of any kind. It is a union of the brightest and strongest men and women of any community, formed to prepare for the alleviation of human misery.

This being true, those who form the chapter must be men and women who command the respect of the community. It has been found well to have in this group a representative of the local chamber of commerce or whatever business organization the community affords. Physicians, lawyers, clergymen, educators, bankers, business men—whichever are leaders in the daily life of the community—make good material for Red Cross work. Politics and creed are never considered at all.

It is preferred that each county have a chapter, usually located at the county seat, but there is no hard and fast rule. In any case, those who wish to form a chapter should agree on a course, form themselves into an organization committee, choose a chairman and secretary, and write to the Division Director of the Red Cross for permission to organize a chapter. In the letter asking this permission, a brief account should be given of each of those in the movement, for the director invariably makes inquiry, before granting permission, to make sure that the chapter will be in capable and trustworthy hands.

The division director will send a blank form petition, which is to be filled out with the names, addresses and other items concerning each of the

petitioners, and returned to him. If it appears that responsible and representative men and women are back of the movement, he will grant authority to organize a chapter.

The next step is a meeting of the group, already organized into a committee on organization, together with a few other of the strongest men and women of the community, but not a public mass meeting. At this meeting a board of trustees of from 12 to 36 is usually elected, one-third to hold office one year, one-third two years, and one-third three years. This board then elects a central committee of ten members, the central committee chooses the chapter chairman, and the chairman with the aid of the central committee names the principal committees.

It has been found best to elect an experienced business man and capable executive as chairman. In only a few instances have women been chosen. The secretary must be familiar with the work of keeping records, and carrying on businesslike correspondence with men whose every minute is valuable. The treasurer is usually the president of a strong bank. Chairman, secretary and treasurer are usually ex officio members of the executive committee.

When the chapter has been fully organized, a certificate of organization and election, made out on blanks which will have been furnished, will be sent to the division director. If he finds it regular, he will forward it to the Director of Chapters, at Washington, it will be taken by him before the central committee, and a formal recognition of the new chapter will be granted. From that moment the chapter is the official representative of the American Red Cross in the territory over which it has jurisdiction.

The name of the chapter is usually that of the town in which it is formed. The name must be geographical, and the territory over which the chapter wishes jurisdiction must be clearly set forth in the petition, and will be as clearly defined in the authority to organize, and in the formal recognition by the central committee.

### For the Heart of Summer



Here is a dress that makes itself instantly liked, with simplicity and style the paramount features in its make-up, and much originality in its design, to proclaim it distinguished. It is made of tussah silk, but can be successfully copied in the heavier cotton fabrics for summer, without losing any of its good points. But if you copy it, be faithful to the original, for one cannot imagine a departure from it that would not mar the copy.

The dress as shown is in oyster white, with figures on the belt and pockets in blue and black—the disks in blue and the bars in black. It is made with a straight skirt, having a three-inch hem at the bottom and fullness gathered in at the waistline and arranged in a panel at the back and front. The skirt is set on to a muslin underbodice, which is sleeveless and finished at the neck with folds of white georgette crepe. The wide girde fastens with snap fasteners, at the left side. The square pockets are set on at each side and finished with flat pearl buttons.

The bodice is made in the effect of a short jacket, with tabs at the back and front, finished about the edges with three rows of machine stitching. The tabs make a place for flat pearl buttons in all their modest glory, and they appear again in rows of four at the front of the bodice. The sleeves are finished on the outside seam with five buttons, beginning at the wrist.

*Julie Bottomley*

#### Dots and Dashes.

When your frock or your blouse is in need of a little decorative fluffery take some ordinary yarn or floss and do all the hems and things in dots and dashes. You may appear somewhat like a characterization of the Morse code, but you will be pre-eminently in the front rank of the soldier of fashion.

The elder Dumas, in one phenomenal year, actually turned out volumes at the rate of one a week.

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THIS inspiring poem was read by Mr. Riley on February 23, 1903, when the state of Indiana presented a sword to Admiral Taylor, who commanded the battleship Indiana in the engagement off Santiago. Before reading the stanzas, the poet paid an introductory tribute to the flag as follows:

"It may seem a late day in which to attempt a tribute to our glorious old flag, the Stars and Stripes; but that it is an ever newer glory in our eyes and an ever dearer rapture in our hearts. The coming generations of its patriot followers, high and low, can but lift to it continuous voices of applause and benediction. Master orators may eulogize it till no further thrill of speech seems left with which to flit glorify it, or poets may sing its praise till their song seems one with the music of the breezes in its silken folds; but no tribute-voice of forum, harp or clarion may well hold mute the one all-universal voice that breaks, with cheers and tears at every newer sight of our nation's hallowed emblem—the old flag. Over its brave heroes and defenders, since 'the shot heard round the world,' it has been a panoply, a shelter and a shield, and yet how proudly have the embattled hosts gone down that they might lift it to securer heights. Its wavering shade has fallen on the weary marcher softly as the shadow of the maple at his father's door. He has heard its flutterings, like light laughter, in the lull of noonday battle; and, worn with agony, above the surgeon's tent, that all is well. Yea, and in death the sacred banner has enfolded him, even as a mother's fond caress. So, but the Lord's own victory in which he shares; the land he loved restored, inviolate, to kinsmen, comrades and oncoming patriot thousands yet to be—the broad old land of freedom firm underfoot once more—the old flag overhead! And what inspiring symbol must this banner be to its brave defenders who go down to sea in ships. One of these—a hapless prisoner for a while—says this of the old flag:

"There is an odd thing about that flag when you meet it on the high seas and the wind is blowing hard, namely, that of all flags I know, it is the most alive; when the wind blows, the most eager and keen, with the stars seeming to dance with the joy of excitement. So that there is none better to go into battle, or come down the street when the fires are piping ahead."

"And with righteous pride it is recorded that upon the sea—borne on the throbbing bosom of the gale and baptized with the salt sea spray—this beloved flag of ours was first christened by the name of Old Glory."

### SCRAPS

Ancient Rome was built on seven hills.

The Spitz is a domesticated jackal. Kissing was at one time an essential part of the marriage service.

German naval authorities are experimenting with electrical machinery for gathering peat.

In the olden times the sultan was allowed seven kachims, there were seven principal officers of the court, and seven female court functionaries.

In Asia tusks are possessed only by the male elephants.

Four pounds per capita is the cheese product of this country annually.

The Christian churches planted by the apostles were seven.

It has been computed that 25,000 vehicles pass Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, New York, each day.

More than 700,000 gallons of oil are burned each year at the light stations of the United States, about 350,000 gallons of which are for lighthouse illumination.

Sideline developments from the war in Europe are endless. Just now London shops are featuring an egg cup for the use of men with only one arm.

Black paper covers for celery plants make excellent bleachers. The paper comes in flat sheets, and is fastened about the plant by means of a string and buttons.

The heavier the soil the deeper it should be spaded. Light soil needs more food and more stirring but only about the plant by means of a string and buttons.

Heavy soils are seldom stirred deep enough.



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## Detroit Theatres

## GARRICK

In "It Pays to Advertise," which the Bonstelle company offers at the Garrick theatre this week, the authors have made happy use of the phrase.

## COMING

It may seem strange at first to think of Miss Geraldine Farrar as a movie star, but her work in "Joan the Woman" is another and notable proof of the high standard of attainment that is now required from those who play the moving camera. "Joan the Woman" comes to the Detroit opera house starting Sunday evening, June 17.

## WASHINGTON

Bryant Washburn will soon be seen at the Washington theatre for one week commencing this afternoon in his latest Essay production, "Filling His Own Shoes."

## MADISON

John H. Kinsky will present the latest Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley production, "Idle Wives," at the Madison theatre.

## Misnamed Crustacean.

Everyone has seen the curious, little flat gray creatures that scurry out of sight when you lift a decayed log or a moss-covered stone in the woods or near the water. They are the Armadillid, or isopods of the genus Oniscoides, commonly called the armadillo, sow bug and pill bug. They are really not bugs at all, but crustaceans or distant relatives of the crab, with gills provided with air tubes not unlike the air tubes through which insects breathe all over their body. A favorite food of frogs, toads and salamanders, the pill bug itself subsists largely on decaying vegetable matter, and some believe it to be a useful scavenger. According to the Zoological Society bulletin, the name armadillo was given it because of its habit when disturbed of rolling itself up into a ball, as the mammal of South America does; but the crustacean is shrewder than the mammal, for, whereas the armadillo never uncoils when it is caught or frightened, and therefore its shell often serves as its own roasting pan in the ovens of equatorial countries—the pill bug, after rolling itself up once or twice and discovering that it is still in the presence of danger, will give up the useless stratagem and try to make off unnoticed.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Think of That.

They were talking about wonderful parrots when Col. Harta Beem pulled a chair up to the little circle. "When I commanded the Sally Lun, plying between Cape Spuds and the Malay sea with cargoes of typewriters and mouth organs," Beem was saying, "I had a parrot aboard that could whistle 'Home, Sweet Home,' so beautifully, so touchingly, that the tears would positively run down our faces." "When I was a lad," chimed in young Wullup, "we had a parrot at home that could imitate a cat fight so faithfully that we all used to stand around and roar with laughter till we had to leave the room for fear of doing ourselves an injury." "Remarkable!" said Col. Harta Beem, courteously. "But let me tell you, gentlemen, of a parrot that I kept for company in my lonely tent while I was snaring lily birds for the Perkins in southern Yaloo. That bird, gentlemen, could sing 'The Jolly Blacksmith' so perfectly that, believe it or not, sparks would fly from his blooming tail!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

## Another Cavity.

"Mamma," said small Edgar, "when sister Nettie had the toothache you took her to the dentist and had her tooth filled, didn't you?" "Yes, Edgar," she replied. "Well," continued the small diplomat, "I've got the stomach-ache; don't you think you'd better take me to the candy store and get it filled?"

## Congratulations.

First Tramp (reading ad)—"Want-ed—Two husky men not afraid of work." "Wot glorious luck; dis paper is six months old."

# KAZAN

## JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

### KAZAN ONCE MORE PERFORMS A GREAT SERVICE AND WINS JOAN'S LIFE-LONG AFFECTION.

**Synopsis.**—Kazan, a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter wolf, saves the life of Thorpe, his master, and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Even Thorpe is afraid to touch Kazan, who has been made savage by brutality, but Isobel, the dog's new mistress, wins his affection instantly. On the way northward, McCready, a dog team driver, joins the party and at night beats the master to insensibility and attacks Isobel. Kazan kills McCready, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader, takes a mate, Gray Wolf, and soon afterward drives off the pack which had attacked Pierre, a sick man, his daughter, Joan, and her baby. Kazan submits to adoption through kindness. Pierre is near death.

## CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Kazan's alert eyes saw Pierre start suddenly. He rose from his seat on the sledge and went to the tent. He drew back the flap and thrust in his head and shoulders.

"Asleep, Joan?" he asked.

"Almost, father. Won't you please come—soon?"

"After I smoke," he said. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, I'm so tired—and—sleepy—"

Pierre laughed softly. In the darkness he was gripping at his throat.

"We're almost home, Joan. That is our river out there—the Little Beaver. If I should run away and leave you tonight you could follow it right to our cabin. It's only forty miles. Do you hear?"

"Yes—I know—"

"Forty miles—straight down the river. You couldn't lose yourself, Joan. Only you'd have to be careful of air-holes in the ice."

"Won't you come to bed, father? You're tired—and almost sick."

"Yes—after I smoke," he repeated.

"Joan, will you keep reminding me tomorrow of the air-holes? I might forget. You can always tell them, for the snow and the crust over them are whiter than on the rest of the ice, and like a sponge. Will you remember—the air-holes—"

"Yes—s—"

Pierre dropped the tent-flap and returned to the fire. He staggered as he walked.

"Good night, boy," he said. "Guess I'd better go in with the kids. Two days more—forty miles—two days—"

Kazan watched him as he entered the tent. He laid his weight against the end of his chain until the collar shut off his wind. His legs and back twitched. In that tent where Radisson had gone were Joan and the baby. He knew that Pierre would not hurt them, but he knew, also, that with Pierre Radisson something terrible and impending was hovering very near to them. He wanted the man outside—by the fire—where he could lie still, and watch him.

In the tent there was silence. Nearer to him than before came Gray Wolf's cry. Each night she was calling earlier, and coming closer to the camp. He wanted her very near to him tonight, but he did not even whine in response. He dared not break that strange silence in the tent. He lay still for a long time, tired and lame from the day's journey, but sleepless.

The fire burned lower; the wind in the tree tops died away; and the thick, gray clouds rolled like a massive curtain from under the skies. The stars began to glow white and metallic, and from far in the north came faintly a crisp, moaning sound, like steel sleigh runners running over frosty snow—the mysterious monotone of the northern lights. After that it grew steadily and swiftly colder.

Tonight Gray Wolf did not compass herself by the direction of the wind. She followed like a sneaking shadow over the trail Pierre Radisson had made, and when Kazan heard her again, long after midnight, he lay with his head erect, and his body rigid, save for a curious twitching of his muscles. There was a new note in Gray Wolf's voice, a warning note in which there was more than the mate-call. It was The Message. And at the sound of it Kazan rose from out of his silence and his fear, and with his head turned straight up to the sky he howled as the wild dogs of the North howl before the tepees of masters who are newly dead.

Pierre Radisson was dead.

## CHAPTER IX.

## Out of the Blizzard.

It was dawn when the baby snuggled close to Joan's warm breast and awakened her with its cry of hunger. She opened her eyes, brushed back the thick hair from her face, and could see where the shadowy form of her father was lying at the other side of the tent. He was very quiet, and she was pleased that he was still sleeping. She knew that the day before he had been very near to exhaustion, and so for half an hour longer she lay quiet, cooling softly to the baby Joan. Then she arose cautiously, tucked the baby in the warm blankets and furs, put on

her heavier garments, and went outside.

By this time it was broad day, and she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that the storm had passed. It was bitterly cold. It seemed to her that she had never known it to be so cold in all her life. The fire was completely out. Kazan was huddled in a round ball, his nose tucked under his body. He raised his head, shivering, as Joan came out. With her heavily moccasined foot Joan scattered the ashes and charred sticks where the fire had been. There was not a spark left.

In returning to the tent she stopped for a moment beside Kazan, and patted his shaggy head.

"Poor Wolf!" she said. "I wish I had given you one of the bearskins!"

She threw back the tent-flap and entered. For the first time she saw her father's face in the light—and outside, Kazan heard the terrible moaning cry that broke from her lips. No one could have looked at Pierre Radisson's face once—and not have understood.

After that one agonizing cry Joan flung herself upon her father's breast, sobbing so softly that even Kazan's sharp ears heard no sound. She remained there in her grief until every vital energy of womanhood and motherhood in her girlish body was roused to action by the wailing cry of baby Joan. Then she sprang to her feet and ran out through the tent opening. Kazan tugged at the end of his chain to meet her, but she saw nothing of him now. The terror of the wilderness is greater than that of death, and in an instant it had fallen upon Joan. It was not because of fear for herself. It was the baby. The wailing cries from the tent pierced her like knife-thrusts.

And then, all at once, there came to her what old Pierre had said the night before—his words about the river, the air-holes, the home forty miles away.

"You couldn't lose yourself, Joan!" He had guessed what might happen.

She bundled the baby deep in the furs and returned to the fire bed. Her one thought now was that they must have fire. She made a little pile of birch bark, covered it with half-burned bits of wood, and went into the tent for the matches. Pierre Radisson carried them in a waterproof box in a pocket of his bearskin coat. She sobbed as she knelt beside him again, and obtained the box. As the fire flared up she added other bits of wood, and then some of the larger pieces that Pierre had dragged into camp. The fire gave her courage.

Forty miles—and the river led to their home! She must make that, with the baby and Wolf. For the first time she turned to him, and spoke his name as she put her hand on his head. After that she gave him a chunk of meat which she thawed out over the fire, and melted snow for tea. She was not hungry, but she recalled how her father had made her eat four or five times a day, so she forced herself to make a breakfast of a biscuit, a shred of meat and as much hot tea as she could drink.

The terrible hour she dreaded followed that. She wrapped blankets closely about her father's body, and tied them with babble cord. After that she piled all the furs and blankets that remained on the sledge close to the fire, and snuggled baby Joan deep down in them. Pulling down the tent was a task. The ropes were stiff and frozen, and when she had flushed one of her hands was bleeding. She piled the tent on the sledge, and then, half covering her face, turned and looked back.

Pierre Radisson lay on his balsam bed, with nothing over him now but the gray sky and the spruce-tops. Kazan stood stiff-legged and sniffed the air. His spine bristled when Joan went back slowly and knelt beside the blanket-wrapped object. When she returned to him her face was white and tense, and now there was a strange and terrible look in her eyes as she stared out across the barren. She put him in the traces, and fastened about her slender waist the strap that Pierre had used. Thus they struck out for the river, floundering knee-deep in the freshly fallen and drifted snow.

Halfway Joan stumbled in a drift and fell, her loose hair flying in a shimmering veil over the snow. With a mighty puff Kazan was at her side, and his cold muzzle touched her face as she

draw herself to her feet. For a moment Joan took his shaggy head between her two hands.

"Wolf!" she moaned. "Oh, Wolf!"

She went on, her breath coming pantingly now, even from her brief exertion. The snow was not so deep on the ice of the river. But a wind was rising. It came from the north and east, straight in her face, and Joan bowed her head as she pulled with Kazan. Half a mile down the river she stopped, and no longer could she repress the hopelessness that rose to her lips in a sobbing, choking cry.

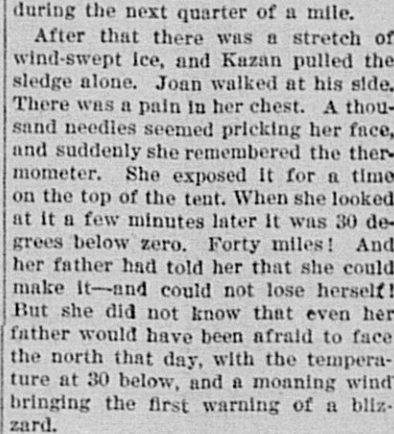
Forty miles! She clutched her hands at her breast, and stood breathing like one who had been beaten, her back to the wind. The baby was quiet. Joan went back and peered down under the furs, and what she saw there spurred her on again almost fiercely. Twice she stumbled to her knees in the drifts during the next quarter of a mile.

After that there was a stretch of wind-swept ice, and Kazan pulled the sledge alone. Joan walked at his side. There was a pain in her chest. A thousand needles seemed pricking her face, and suddenly she remembered the thermometer. She exposed it for a time on the top of the tent. When she looked at it a few minutes later it was 30 degrees below zero. Forty miles! And her father had told her that she could make it—and could not lose herself! But she did not know that even her father would have been afraid to face the north that day, with the temperature at 30 below, and a moaning wind bringing the first warning of a blizzard.

The timber was far behind her now. Ahead there was nothing but the pitiless barren, and the timber beyond that was hidden by the gray gloom of the day. If there had been trees, Joan's heart would not have choked so with terror. But there was nothing—nothing but that gray, ghostly gloom, with the rim of the sky touching the earth a mile away.

The snow grew heavy under her feet again. Always she was watching for those treacherous, frost-coated traps in the ice her father had spoken of. But she found now that all the ice and snow looked alike to her, and that there was a growing pain back of her eyes. It was the intense cold.

The river widened into a small lake, and here the wind struck her in the face with such force that her weight was taken from the strap, and Kazan dragged the sledge alone. A few inches of snow impeded her as much



He Was Very Quiet.

as a foot had done before. Little by little she dropped back. Kazan forged to her side, every ounce of his magnificent strength in the traces. By the time they were on the river channel again Joan was at the back of the sledge, following in the trail made by Kazan. She was powerless to help him. She felt more and more the leaden weight of her legs. There was but one hope—and that was the forest. If they did not reach it soon, within half an hour, she would be able to go no farther. Over and over again she moaned a prayer for her baby as she struggled on. She fell in the snow-drifts. Kazan and the sledge became only a dark blotch to her. And then, all at once, she saw that they were leaving her. They were not more than twenty feet ahead of her—but the blotch seemed to be a vast distance away. Every bit of life and strength in her body was now bent upon reaching the sledge—and baby Joan.

It seemed an interminable time before she gained. With the sledge only six feet ahead of her, she struggled for what seemed to her to be an hour before she could reach out and touch it. With a moan she flung herself forward, and fell upon it. She no longer heard the wailing of the storm. She no longer felt discomfort. With her face in the furs under which baby Joan was buried, there came to her with swiftness and joy a vision of warmth and home. And then the vision faded away, and was followed by deep night.

What happens to Joan and her baby after she falls unconscious on the sledge is told graphically in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dried Buttermilk on the Market. Commercialized dried buttermilk is a new feed. The first carload of it reached Chicago for a company which controls the output of 20,000,000 pounds annually. It is to be used for special mixing feed for fattening poultry and hogs.—Chicago Herald

## The Money You Save on a Bond \$15 Suit Will Go a Long Ways Towards Buying a Liberty Bond.

If you had a good friend in New York City who could go to a Fifth Avenue shop and select the latest suit and send it to you at just about the manufacturer's price—you'd get in touch with that friend immediately, wouldn't you?

You have such good friends in New York who can do just that for you.

Only, they make the clothes themselves (Fifth Avenue's latest)—and sell them to you at practically the manufacturer's price for clothes of this quality.

# \$15

But they are in no way connected with retailers. Their clothes are sold only through their own outlet store. You don't have to send to New York for them—the clothes are right here in the city, waiting for you to come in after them. They are at Bond's.

Look at any retailer's \$25 lines and then compare the clothes you see there with Bond's \$15 clothes. You'll know then that the money you save on Bond's clothes will help a great deal in buying a Liberty Bond.

# BOND'S

New York City  
32-36 West 15th St.  
Cleveland  
643 Euclid Ave.

Pittsburg  
Corner 5th Ave. and Market  
Detroit  
Cor. Campus and Monroe

Toledo  
222-224 Summit St.  
Akron  
Corner Main and Church Sts.

### NATURE'S FACIAL DEFECTS CORRECTED

NO PAIN, DELAY or BANDAGES  
All other facial defects corrected, such as:  
Red Nose, Holes, Hollow Cheeks, Hump Nose, Warts, Outstanding Ears, Dish Nose, Scars, Sagging Cheeks, Long Nose, Bumps, Superficial Itch, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Itchy Eyelids, Birthmarks, Pimples, All Skin Diseases, Double Chin, Freckles. Call or write.  
**DR. PINKSTAFF**  
SPECIALIST IN  
In Detroit the last 10 days of Every Month. Hours, 10 to 8, Evenings, 7 to 8.  
604 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT  
805 JACQUARD BLDG., ST. LOUIS

Charles C. Deuel Co.  
75 Jones St., Detroit  
Welding  
Worthless Machinery Repaired  
Work Guaranteed  
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Artists and Engravers.  
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Engraving Dept., Open Day and Night

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The aches and pains of winter colds and sickness  
The ever troublesome Rheumatic pains—Skin Eruptions caused from closed pores. A

### TURKISH BATH at the ORIENTAL

Will give you a renewed vigorous feeling—take away that "getting old" feeling and give you a buoyant spirit that is certainly worth the time and money you invest in this Turkish Bath.  
100 Rooms—\$1.00 and up.

**Oriental Hotel**  
Library Ave. Detroit

### CHOOSE---

From More Than Fifty High Grade

## USED CARS

If you are in the market for a used car of dependability. You will find always a worthy selection to choose from here. We may have just the car you are looking for. Write the

### PACKARD MOTOR

Used Car Department, Detroit.

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Don't guess, when you invest secure permanent representation in your dealings in Detroit Real Estate. It will make you money and insure safety.

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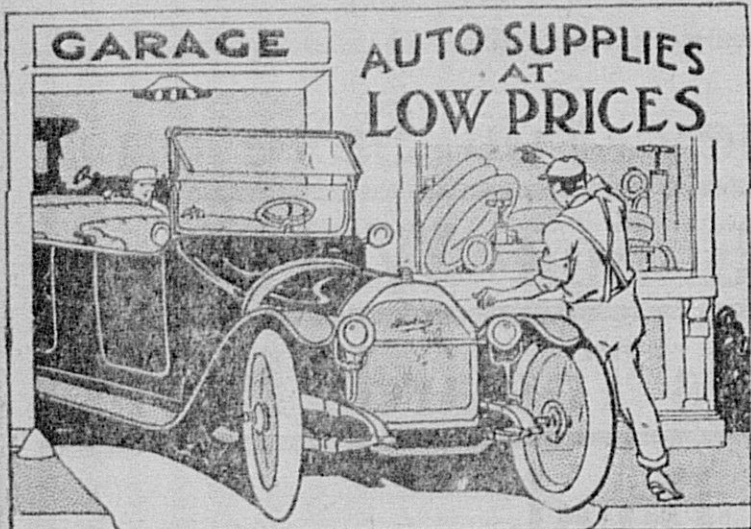
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DETROIT  
European Plan—Absolutely Fireproof  
Rates—\$1.50 and upward with bath  
Special Noontime Luncheon, 60c

**LIBRARY PARK HOTEL**  
Cor. Gratiot & Library.  
Rates \$1.00 and up  
Moonday Lunch.....40c  
Sunday Dinner.....30c  
**A. E. HAMILTON, Mgr.**

Powerful Can Opener.  
A foot-power can opener for restaurants cuts the entire top from a can as a pedal is pressed.





**CARBURETORS, magnetos, differentials, batteries, engines, rejuvenated here. Made to operate as they did when they left the factory. Spark plugs that stand long usage. Tubes of all standard makes. We keep acetylene tanks and batteries always in stock.**

—LOCAL AUTO HEADQUARTERS HERE.—

## OVERLAND GARAGE

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**Fruits, Candies, Connor's Ice Cream  
...Cigars and Tobacco...**

**Try a sack of our fresh roasted  
Jumbo Peanuts**  
Bananas, Oranges, Lemons—always in stock  
at all prices

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### CAVANAUGH LAKE GRANGE.

The next regular meeting of Cavanaugh Lake Grange will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Whitaker on Tuesday evening, June 19. The program will be as follows:

Song, by the grange.  
Roll call, current events.  
Instrumental music—Clara Riemenschneider.  
Select reading—Mrs. H. J. Musbach.

Quartet, by four Grange members.  
Question for the lady members: To serve a substantial breakfast, what is the cheapest and most easy to get?

Is coffee drinking beneficial? Led by Mrs. P. Schweinfurth.  
Question for the men: Must a farmer have a high school education to make a success of his calling? Led by Fred Menzing.  
Closing song.

Try the Tribune job printing.

### RED CROSS HOLDS

#### "TORNADO" SHOWERS

Several Families Given Practical Aid During Past Week.

Chester Red Cross workers have put in a busy week. Tuesday they served hot coffee to the volunteer workers in the tornado belt and they have also held several "showers" for especially needy families in the stricken territory, resulting in liberal donations of bedding, furniture and other household goods.

Names enrolled in the local chapter since Tuesday follow:

Louis H. Faber.  
Clayton Heschelwerdt.  
Mrs. H. H. Darling.  
Mrs. Fred Rowe.  
Mrs. J. Vincent.  
Mrs. William Atkinson.  
Mrs. George P. Glazier.  
Mrs. R. A. Sanborn.  
Otto Luick.  
Mrs. Otto Luick.

### GREGORY.

A. J. Brearley was a Detroit visitor last Thursday.

Two sons of Kirk Drown have enlisted in the U. S. navy.

Elmer Jacob visited relatives and friends at Holt last Thursday.

Harry Singleton made a visit to Ann Arbor last week Thursday.

Miss Imo Douglas of Jackson is visiting with Miss Dorothy Budd.

Mrs. Laura Blakley returned to her home at Mason last Saturday.

Miss Daisy Howlett came home from Cleveland last Wednesday night.

Miss Jennie Bowdish of Stockbridge called on Gregory friends last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cook visited her son, James Cook of Stockbridge, last Thursday.

Walter Wilson of Detroit spent a few days of last week with his friend, Russell Livermore.

O. B. Arnold and family and Lloyd Boyce were Howell visitors Thursday of last week.

The Literary and Civic club will meet with Mrs. H. E. Marshall, Wednesday afternoon, June 20.

Miss Ruth Waters of Parkers Corners made a several days' visit at the home of her brother, Milton Waters.

Ray Hill, C. M. Titus, Verne Stevens, of Rochester, and William Hemmer of Pinckney were visitors at E. Hill's last Sunday.

Miss Frankie Placeway's S. S. class will give an ice cream social at the Placeway home Friday evening, June 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Marshall and son, Donald, made several days' visit at the home of her brother, Dr. R. B. Howlett of Caro.

Mrs. Roy Placeway went to Quincy, Mich., last Wednesday, to be present at the funeral of her niece, little Eleanor Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Whited and little daughter, Harriett, left for Rising Sun, Indiana, last week, where they will make their home for the present.

Henry Howlett was a Detroit visitor last Wednesday, to meet his daughter, Daisy, on her return from Cleveland, where she has been attending school.

Three surprise parties among the members of the Young People's Bible Class occurred this past week. On Monday night they met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Waters and on Wednesday night at the home of Miss Katie Worden, where they spent a short time, then went on to the home of Lynn Parrish. A most enjoyable time was spent at each place.

Several weeks ago Mrs. R. A. Williams and little daughter Eleanor, of California, came here to visit Mrs. William's sister, Mrs. Roy Placeway. On Saturday, May 19, they went to Detroit to see relatives and friends, and while there little Eleanor was taken seriously ill and passed away Monday, June 4th. Mr. Williams came from California too late to see his little one alive. She was taken to Quincy for burial. The friends in this community all sympathize with them in this hour of deep sorrow and commend them to God who alone can give comfort in a time of such sorrow.

### MACCABEES TAKE NOTICE.

Each Lady Maccabee please remember that all dues and taxes must be paid promptly this month.

8011 Finance Keeper.

### LOCAL BREVITIES

Our Phone No. 190-W

Mrs. J. A. Conlan was in Dexter, Tuesday.

Sylvester Weber is seriously ill at his home in Sylvan.

Miss Margaret Eder is home from Hammond, Indiana, for the summer. Welton Mayett fell from a hammock, Sunday, and broke his arm.

William Kolb is home from Assumption college, Sandwich, Ontario.

George Miller of Chicago is visiting his mother and sisters for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Neufang of Reading are visiting Mrs. Mary Boyd.

Dr. Henry Wood of Detroit visited his mother, Mrs. H. L. Wood, Sunday.

Miss Grace Whitney is home from Muncie, Indiana, where she has been teaching.

Mrs. W. D. Arnold has potatoes that have been in blossom for the past week.

Miss Anna Miller and niece, Miss Josephine Miller, were Detroit visitors yesterday.

W. D. Arnold is again on duty at the city power plant, after six weeks' sickness.

Miss Mattie Wheelock of Lima is spending this week in Flint at the home of Dr. Whitaker.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jones of Jackson visited at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Woods, Monday.

The sophomore class of the Chelsea high school has donated eight dollars to the Red Cross society.

Mr. and Mrs. George English, Mrs. Fred Young and Miss Pauline Barth were in Ann Arbor, Saturday.

Russell Wheelock lost a fine work horse, Monday, from lock-jaw, the result of injuring its foot some time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hammond spent Sunday at Michigan Center with Mr. and Mrs. George Seckinger.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Benjamin of near Perry are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Ford Axtell, for a few days.

Elmer Haab and Wilhelmnia Nicolai, both pupils in the first grade, have not been absent during the entire school year.

Ralph Stone, Jr., a student at the university in Ann Arbor, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McMillen of Lima, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Potts and daughter, Harriett, of Dowagiac, are spending the week-end with his sister, Mrs. George BeGole.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Young have moved from the residence at 305 Grant street to the Maroney residence, 316 McKinley street.

Mrs. Ruby E. Lillibridge and little grandson, of Detroit, have been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McMillen of Lima.

A. E. Winans cut a bad gash in his foot, Tuesday, while at work in the cyclone district, but is able to attend to his store duties as usual.

E. R. Shile and family and the Misses Adele and Elizabeth Foster, of Detroit, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hoppe of Sylvan, Sunday.

Leo Weick of Montana visited his aunt, Mrs. Lena McLaughlin, over the week-end and is now the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Weick of Detroit, formerly of Chelsea.

Miss Emilie Steinbach of New York city, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Steinbach of this place, is motoring with friends to northern Vermont, via Boston and the White mountains.

Ralph Axtell returned from the hospital in Ann Arbor, where he recently submitted to an operation for appendicitis, last evening, and is recovering as rapidly as could be expected.

Wilbur K. Kempf of Hillsdale, son of the late C. H. Kempf and formerly of Chelsea, has been in poor health for several months past and is in Cleveland, Ohio, taking special treatment.

Special meeting of Olive Chapter No. 108 O. E. S., will be held Monday, June 18th. Initiation at 3:30 and 7:00 o'clock p. m. Past Matrons will do the work. Scrub lunch supper at six o'clock.

Still it was a pleasant summer while it lasted.

### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 76c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Adv.

J. O. Steele has accepted a position with the Peerless automobile agency in Jackson.

Gaetano DelGuidice is visiting Albert Sincer, director of the Hollier band. They formerly played together in Vasselli's band on the steel pier at Atlantic City.

Louis Cobby and son, Wilbur, and Harry Perrin, of Fowlerville, are remodeling Mrs. Mary Fish's residence, South Main street and the Territorial road.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cook and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Dietker and son Wesley, Miss Melina Feldkamp and Eugene Crittenden of Saline were Sunday guests of Rev. and Mrs. P. W. Dierberger.

The banns of marriage of Miss Marie Hindelang, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hindelang of this place, and Mr. Hugh Quinn of Detroit were published Sunday in the church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Something of an idea of the effect of the recent tornado in this county on tornado insurance, may be gleaned from the fact that Mr. H. J. Heininger as agent wrote \$140,975.00 tornado insurance in three days.

While Chelsea, Manchester, Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti merchants and business men have been free to aid those in the tornado belt, we note that neither Montgomery Ward & Co. nor the Sears, Roebuck & Co. have sent aid of any kind.

Closing exercises of St. Mary's academy will be held Tuesday evening, June 19th, at eight o'clock, in St. Mary's auditorium. A fine program has been prepared and Rev. P. J. Howard of Assumption college, Sandwich, Ontario, will deliver the address.

### WATERLOO.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Prince and two daughters drove to Howell, Saturday, and returned Sunday.

Andrew Harr and family, Earl Beaman and wife and Orson, Jr., spent Sunday at Paul Schable's in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Clad Rowe spent Friday until Monday with their son, George, in Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartig and Mr. and Mrs. Smith and children of Roots Station were the guests of Emory Runciman and wife Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vicary spent from Friday 'till Monday in Detroit.

Mrs. Bessie Saunders left for Howell, Saturday, where she will study to be a Red-Cross nurse.

Henry Howlett and family, of Gregory, were callers at Orville Gorton's, Sunday.

Many attended the Children's Day services at Salem M. E. church, Sunday evening.

John Moekel and family spent Sunday at Albert Moekel's.

Lloyd Riemenschneider is very ill with the measles.

Mrs. Amelia Garris died at her home in North Waterloo, Tuesday afternoon aged 51 years. Funeral services were held Thursday morning at the German church, Rev. Stephens, officiating. Three sisters survive.

### NORTH LAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Schultz of Ann Arbor visited friends at North Lake, Saturday.

Miss Clara Fuller of Hamburg spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fuller.

W. R. Daniels of Chelsea visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Daniels, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Rielly and son Basil visited relatives in Battle Creek the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Birch called at Geo. Fuller's, Monday.

Miss Mildred Daniels of Albion visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Daniels, over Sunday.

Misses Veva and Jennie Hadley visited in Flint, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gilbert attended the exercises at Unadilla, Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Birch visited in Webster, Sunday.

### LIMA CENTER.

Mrs. Frank Abdon and daughter Eleanor visited Mrs. William H. Ryan, Tuesday.

Mrs. N. Bates of Chelsea spent a few days with Mrs. Harry Hammond.

John Steinbach and Jacob Steinbach were in Ann Arbor, Wednesday.

Mrs. Bertha Wolff of Chelsea spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. John Steinbach.

Mrs. Tom Vail and little daughter and Mrs. Carrie Breitenwischer, of Chelsea, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Mayer.

The Lima Center church will have Children's day exercises on Sunday, June 17th, at 10 o'clock.

### CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. Bertha Stephens and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Koch desire to express their sincere appreciation of the many acts of kindness and assistance rendered them following their recent misfortune resulting from the tornado.

### Cholera Morbus.

This is a very painful and dangerous disease. In almost every neighborhood someone has died from it before medicine could be obtained or a physician summoned. The right way is to have a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house so as to be prepared for it. Mrs. Charles Eyearnt, Huntington, Ind., writes: "During the summer of 1911 two of my children were taken sick with cholera morbus. I used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy and it gave them immediate relief."—Adv.



Mail Orders Filled.

JACKSON, Mich.

## SUMMER APPAREL FOR EVERY NEED

### WOMEN'S SUMMER FROCKS

that have the sparkle of summer about them, the vivaciousness of youth, the substantiality of dependable materials and good workmanship. In attractive new designs are crisp tub frocks for morning wear, \$3.00 to \$5.00; afternoon dresses of linen, lawn and voile, \$6.00 to \$16.50; fine net and lace frocks for the informal entertainments and dances of summer, \$15.00 to \$39.50.

### BLOUSES AND SMOCKS

Like white snow drifts the lingerie blouses for summer pile high, each a dainty flake of midsummer fashion, cool and inviting. Colorful blouses of georgette rival the white in favor. As for smocks, they are more than ever fashionable, altogether lovely affairs in linen, imported crepe and lawn having been evolved from the smock of yesterday. Smocks, \$2.50 to \$5.00. Lingerie blouses, \$1.00 to \$6.00.

### SEPARATE SKIRTS

Women have found that good grooming throughout the warmest weather is a thing easily accomplished if one has a supply of trim white skirts. Fine cotton gabardines, well tailored white piques, novelty printed cottons, striped fabrics—all await a woman's choice. The prices are decidedly interesting—the cotton fabrics being priced from \$3.50 to \$9.00.

### MISSSES' FROCKS

Surely youth has never known a lovelier summer so far as frocks are concerned, and surely seldom have such attractive values been obtainable. Fine white and tinted Afternoon Frocks of organdies, voile and lawn are cleverly fashioned and priced \$5.00 to \$12.00; smart Tub Frocks, linen, gingham and other durable materials, are \$4.95 to \$12.00.

### MIDSUMMER LINGERIE

which offers new, dainty, cool looking garments at an advantageous pricing. The irresistible lace underthings of the moment in delicate flesh and white, the sensible light weight undergarments of knitted wear and Kayser silk, the exquisite hand-embroidered Philippine work and the fine batiste underclothes women favor for summer. Here are also the correct summer models in corsets of net and batiste, and brassieres featuring many new ideas.

### SPORTS HATS

designed in the spirit of the out-of-door, truly appropriate in the swing of the brim, or the motif of trimming. Prices start as low as \$1.75 and range to \$12.00.

Midsummer millinery for dress wear is featured in many charming hats of delicate tints and all white—\$5.00 to \$15.50.

....Buy Your Summer Shirts Here....



THREE reasons for this—Quality, Price, Looks. Take our outing shirts, for instance. Made of strongest madras, serviceable percale, finest silk or lasting flannel.

Our special prices make them very good buys. These shirts are of up to date designs and colorings—snappy, dressy, comfortable. Everything else in shirts.

Dancer Brothers. - Chelsea, Mich.

### BASS SEASON OPENS

May Legally Catch Both Large and Small Mouths After Midnight, Friday, June 15th.

The black bass season opens at midnight Friday, June 15, and Warden Oates will have deputies at the principal fishing grounds to see that the law is observed. While the last legislature changed the time for taking small mouth bass, the new law will not be in operation Friday, and it will be legal to catch both large and small mouth black bass, providing they are 10 inches in length. No one can catch more than 10 bass in one day or have more than 10 bass in his possession at one time. A non-resident is required to pay \$1 for a license before he can catch and ship bass from the state.

### GRABER—VOGEL.

Mrs. E. A. Graber of Detroit and Mr. L. P. Vogel of Chelsea were married Monday evening, June 11, 1917, at seven o'clock, at the bride's home, 2658 East Grand Boulevard, Rev. Alber of LaPorte, Indiana, officiating.

There is no slacker like a dollar in an old sock.

### INSURANCE

In some cases insurance is better than money in the bank. Think your case over then see F. H. BELSER South and Garfield Streets FIRE, ACCIDENT AND AUTOMOBILE

### Order of Publication.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 22d day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven-

teen, Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Helen Daly, incompetent.

Patrick Daly, guardian of said estate, having filed in this court his final account, and praying that the same may be heard and allowed.

It is ordered that the 15th day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said account.

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

Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate

[A true copy]. Dorcas C. Donegan, Register. May 25, June 1, 8, 15.

### F. STAFFAN & SON UNDERTAKERS

Established over fifty years Phone 201 / CHELSEA, Mich.

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

## They Traveled With Bryan



ONE of the most unique attractions coming with the Chautauqua is Grobecker's Tyrolean Alpine Singers and Yodlers, shown in the above picture. This company came into national fame as a Chautauqua headline attraction three years ago when it was appearing with the then secretary of state, Mr. Bryan. They appear in the beautiful costumes of their native country, and their program is made up of American, German, Bavarian and Tyrolean folk songs and of original solos, duos, quartets and choruses. Their instrumental music is decidedly unusual because of the peculiar Alpine instruments which they use exclusively. The company is made up entirely of Alpine Singers and instrumentalists who have been carefully selected and trained and rehearsed in their famous folk and imitable yodel and warbling songs. The program includes many of the favorite national and popular songs of America. They have appeared in some of the largest Chautauquas in this country and were over the Lincoln circuit last season, meeting with big success everywhere. Special interest in the company is taken in view of the fact that they come from the country in which the Italians and Austrians are

—Adapted—Travel, a small province of Austria. They come the second day of the Chautauqua