

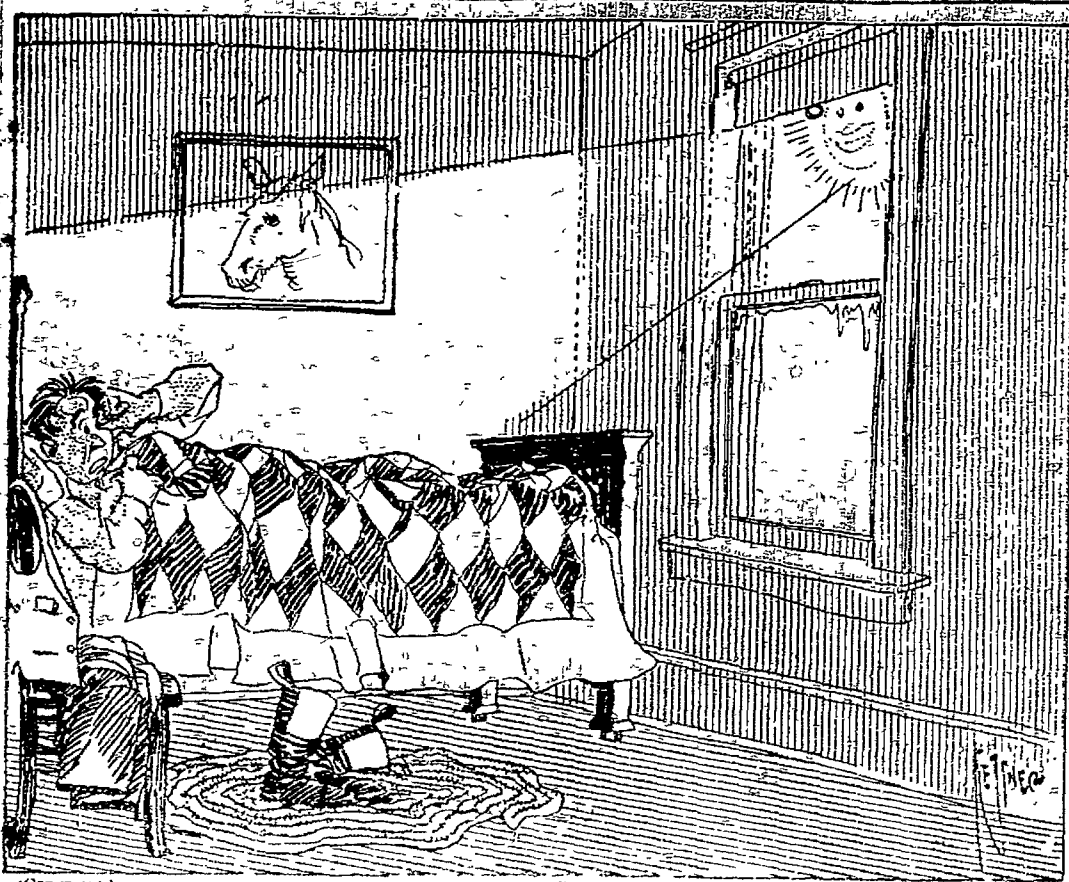
THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 36.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1914.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

COMING UP EARLIER NOW



THREE PARTIES

NOMINATE TICKETS

REPUBLICANS AGAIN NOMINATE W. JUD LANNING.

W. Kator Heads Democratic Ticket and Will Brown Is at Top of Progressives.

The three township caucuses were held this week, the Democratic Monday night, the Progressives and Republicans Tuesday afternoon, with the following results.

Democrat
Supervisor—W. Kator
Clerk—Spencer Heeneey
Treasurer—Chas. Van Valkenburg
Justice—Fred Newton
Highway Commissioner—Stewart Montgomery
Overseer Hy Wk—Gus Schoof
Board Review—L. A. Babbitt
Constables—Myron Robblus, George Merritt, Frank Taylor, Joe Montgomery.

Committee—C. A. Sessions, B. A. Northrop, T. E. Murdock

Republican
Supervisor—W. Jud Lanning
Clerk—Ernest Miller
Treasurer—Jas. Huff
Highway Comm.—Jesse Clark
Overseer of Hy. Work—Harley Johnson
Justice—Capt. E. A. Noble
Member Bd Review—Floyd Northrop.

Constables—N. L. Bogart, T. N. Perrin, H. S. Green, C. D. Waterman.
Committee—D. F. Griswold, C. A. Dolph, J. W. Perkins.

Progressive
Supervisor—Milton A. Brown
Clerk—C. L. Blackburn
Treasurer—G. H. Baker
Highway Comm. Morris Johnson
Overseer Hy.—Perry Austin
Justice Peace—W. H. Ambler
Board Review—Fred Oldenbourg
Constables—S. Littenburger, Barney Schultz, E. E. Perrin, Chas. Oim.
Committee—N. A. Clapp, C. L. Blackburn, S. W. Carrington.

DEATH OF MRS. SCHRYER.
Mrs. Harriett Schryer, wife of H. S. Schryer, died at her home, Northville, on the evening of March 25, aged 70 years, nine months and 25 days. The funeral was held from the home Friday, and the burial was at Plymouth, where the family lived for a number of years.

Mrs. Schryer had been ill all winter with heart trouble, and at her age it seemed impossible for her physician to do more than alleviate her suffering.

She was a highly respected woman and will be especially missed in the home. The family moved here from Plymouth last November.

Select dancing every Saturday evening at Princess rink. Velvet special music by Heeneey's orchestra.

THE VARILOID CASES

There are now only three high cases of varioloid all of a very mild form, in the village. Peter Perkins, Will Roberts and Robert Neeley. All are now practically well physically and as they were all quarantined last week there is not apt to be any further spread of the disease.

The health officer, Dr. T. H. Turner, has taken every step possible to stop the contagion, and in this effort he has been having the approval and cooperation of the village council.

Dr. Turner had his attention called to the disease for the first time when Mr. Neeley was taken ill last week and immediately pronounced it a light form of varioloid. The previous cases had so closely resembled chicken-pox or a rash, and the patients being so slightly ill, that but little attention was paid to them.

For instance, Will Roberts was at work driving a dray when sent home by the health officer last week, and in some previous cases children had it and were not even ill enough to stay out of school.

Dr. Turner says no one need feel the least bit alarmed. None of the attacks are harder than measles, and every case is quarantined and a further spread is not likely.

The doctor says he will clean it all up right now, and there will be no danger of larger cases next winter.

MRS. JAMES SMITH DIED FRIDAY.

Mrs. Flora, wife of James Smith, died at her home on Main street, Friday forenoon, after many months of suffering from cancerous trouble. She was 63 1/2 years of age and had lived in Northville practically all her life.

Besides her husband, James Smith, and mother, Mrs. L. W. Hutton, there are left two daughters, Mrs. Cameron of this place, and Mrs. Davitt, of Ann Arbor; one brother, W. H. Hutton, of Pontiac; and one sister, Mrs. Lucy Ambler, of this place.

The funeral occurred from the home Sunday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Pierce officiating, assisted by Rev. J. E. Webber.

Mrs. Smith will be greatly missed both in the home and in the neighborhood. She was a beloved sister, a dutiful mother, and was possessed of a Christian spirit that made her esteemed and respected by all of her acquaintances.

DID NOT HAVE VARILOID

In the mention of several who have had slight attacks of varioloid several weeks ago, in the last issue of The Record, we were misinformed relative to Dr. D. B. Henry. He was not afflicted and The Record is sorry to have made the error on wrong information.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent)
The regular W. C. T. U. meeting has been postponed by order of the president. Notice will be given when the meetings are to be resumed.

Select dancing every Saturday evening at Princess rink. Velvet special music by Heeneey's five-piece orchestra.

TOWN CAUCUSES

WERE PERMITTED

LANSING HEALTH OFFICER SELMS TO HAVE GIVEN TWO OPINIONS.

First You Can't Hold Caucuses and Then You Can Hold Them.

In calling up the secretary of the state board of health at Lansing by phone last week, Dr. Turner was told that no caucuses or elections or public gatherings could be held in Northville. When the Lansing health officer was called up from Detroit by the prosecuting attorney's office at the suggestion of some Northville officials in Detroit, Monday, someone giggled back at the Lansing office and stated that what was meant was that "no one under quarantine or who had been exposed" could attend caucuses or election. Any chump knows that persons in quarantine cannot very well leave home, and the Lansing health department must have thought the Northville health officer was from the woods not to have known that.

Dr. Turner, as local health officer, acted in good faith upon the instructions received by phone last week, and the caucuses were called off, but upon the later instructions received Monday the caucuses were all held this week and the annual village election will be pulled off at the appointed time next Monday.

The precautionary methods pursued by Health Officer Dr. Turner in stamping out at once whatever this disease is, should meet with the approval of every citizen of Northville. In his work he has had the entire approval of Village President Scotten and the whole council, and their combined efforts may bear fruit next winter in the prevention of a real epidemic that, but for the measures taken at this time, might prove real serious at that time.

THE NEW AUTO TAX LAW N. G.

The automobile tax law having been declared unconstitutional, after long and strenuous endeavors by those who didn't want it, ten millions of property values will immediately be restored (?) to the tax rolls in Detroit. Now watch the tax rate soar, as usual. Of course (not) every automobile owner will welcome the change. Meanwhile eleven million dollars' worth of political jobs can now be created or resuscitated to take care of the surplus—any old surplus, money or faithful constituents. Also, the best plan ever devised for the building and maintenance of good roads can give place to methods calling for higher taxes and fewer navigable highways.

Select dancing every Saturday evening at Princess rink. Velvet special music by Heeneey's five-piece orchestra.

N. I. Colt has sold his house and lot on the Fishery road to Joe Thompson.

BEAUTY AND OSTEOPATHY.

Dr. Beebe Ruth Jepson, of Detroit, positively says that Osteopathy is one of the greatest beautifiers of the age. She goes on to say: "I have taken a perfectly plain woman, tall, ill-formed awkward person, dull-eyed, drooping mouth, and made of them healthy and beautiful women." "Osteopathy will keep you young and will take 10 years off your age if you will but obey my rule of physical as well as mental correction. Keep your body in repair like you would your automobile, and you will shine forth and be in good running order."

"Your face reflects the inner thoughts, so be careful how you think and you will be more thoughtful how you act. There is a crying need for healthy men and women, linked with good, pure, wholesome living. Could one ask for a more perfect beautifier?"

BIG AUCTION SALE OF MICHIGAN HORSES

At the Pontiac Horse Market, Pontiac, Mich., Wednesday, April 8, at 1:00 o'clock sharp, rain or shine. Everything sold under cover. We will have two carloads of horses from 4 to 10 yrs., weighing from 1,000 to 1,700 lbs., suitable for all purposes. We will have some good matched pairs and some extra good young farm mares. Come where you can buy any kind of horses, you want guaranteed and terms to suit the purchaser. The above has been carefully selected in Michigan by experienced buyers. L. J. SEOT T. Propr., Phone 210 L2.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent For Sale For Lease. Wanted to rent a house for 1 or 2 years. For sale a house for 1 or 2 years.

FOR SALE—5 C. Rhode Island Red eggs for hatching. Mrs. Floyd Northrop. Telephone 244p.

FOR SALE—Horse Comb Brown Leghorn eggs for setting. G. H. Baker. Northville. 25w2c.

FOR SALE—Black Minorca eggs for hatching. 75c for 13. E. A. Palmer. Phone 283 W. 25w1c.

FOR SALE—A good fresh cow, calf by side. Apply to Thom Shaw. Lakewood farm, Northville. 34tf.

FOR SALE—One acre, one-half mile from car line. Good fine rent house, new furnace. Phone 248 2 R. Chas. Snook. 41f.

FOR SALE—House and 1-2 acre of ground, good chicken house, small barn, fine strawberry bed, raspberries; 1-2 blocks off Main street on Wing. Thomas Gleason, Northville. 35w.

FOR SALE—Two brood sows, one has 9 pigs, the other 10. Also have registered Yorkshire boar. Chas. E. Bassett, Novi, Mich. 36w2c.

FOR SALE—The Wm. C. Gardner house and lot on Main street. Enquire M. N. Johnson or C. A. Gardner. 36w1p.

FOR SALE—Rubber tire surrey, in first-class condition a bargain, \$65. Troy Laundry, cor. 12th and Grand River ave., Detroit, Mich. 3p 2c.

FOR SALE—Good work horse, and also a heavy milk wagon. Apply to F. N. Perrin, Northville. 36w1c.

FOR SALE—Good young team 6 and 7 yrs old, wt. 3,000. F. L. Carpenter, Northville. 36tf.

WANTED to Rent—Good house in village, with or without barn. A. M. Ward. Phone 60, Northville. 36w1c.

FOR RENT—The J. O. Knapp farm of 86 acres. After April 1st, I will be in my office over Ponsford's store. 35w1c.

FOR SALE—One Harley Davidson motorcycle, value \$385—will sell for \$250. 1914 model, rode 4 weeks. Phone 60, A. M. Ward, Northville, Mich. 35w1c.

FOR SALE—Carload new milk cows mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth, Novi. Phone 310-2R. 36tf.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. K. ALEXANDER, DENTIST—Office over Stark Brother's Store. Hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Home phone 29. p13

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office and residence 311 Main street. Office hours 8:00 to 9:00 a.m. and 12:00 to 2:30 and 6:00 to 7:30 p.m. Bell Phone No. 1.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC Physician and Surgeon. Office next post west of Park House on Main street. Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. Both Telephones.

DR. D. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office, Lapham Savings Bank—Bldg., Northville. Hours, 7 to 9 a.m., 1 to 8 and 7 to 9 p.m. Both Telephones. 37tf.

DR. BEEBE RUTH JEPSON, Osteopath. Graduate American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Wis. Northville Tuesdays and Saturdays. Detroit office, Suite 301—244 Woodward Ave. Northville office, Mrs. Frances Horton's, Main street. Phone 98-J. 19tf.

Linoleum Remnants.

2 Pc 6 ft. wide, 6 ft. long (4 sq yds) 60c grade, each. \$1.75
1 Pc 6 ft. wide, 12 ft. 1-in. long (8 sq. yds) 60c grade, \$3.85
1 Pc 6 ft. wide, 15 ft. 4-in. long (10 2-9 sq. yds) \$1 grade, Inlaid, \$8.50

Here are 5 pieces Genuine Cook's Linoleum, that were damaged in shipping; bargains, can be laid and not show defects.

1 Pc. 6 ft. wide, 9 ft. 7-in long (6 1-3 sq yds). 60c " \$2.75
1 pc. 6 ft. wide, 10 ft 3 in long (6 7-9 sq yds), 60c " \$3.00
1 pc. 6 ft. wide, 17 ft. 11 in. long (11 1-3 sq yds, 60c grade, for \$5.00

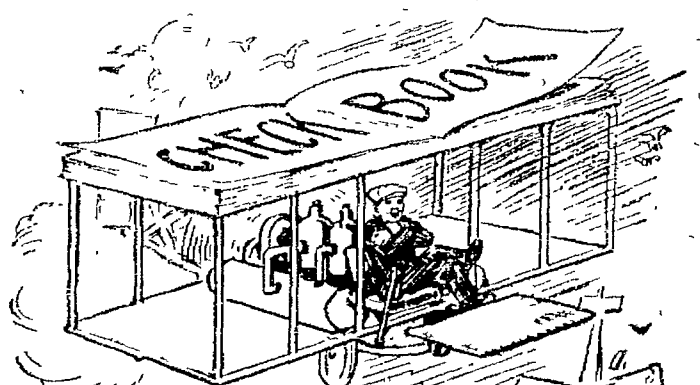
STEWART HORSE CLIPPING MACHINES AT \$7.50 and \$10.75
CLIPPER KNIVES GROUND AND SHARPENED 30c SINGLE PLATE and 50c PER PAIR.

Dairy Pails, 25c, 30c, 35c, 50c, 75c Milk Cans, 10-Gallon, \$2.25, \$2.50

BICYCLES AND BICYCLE GOODS.

Bicycles \$25.00 to \$35.00. Come in and see the New Styles, built like a Motorcycle.
Base Batts 5c, 10c, 25c up to \$1.25 League.
Ball Gloves 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50
Roller Skates, both Boys' and Girls' 50c, \$1.00
Ball Bearing \$1.50
Sherwin-Williams Full Line of PAINTS and VARNISHES.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



A CHECK BOOK THE BEST STABILIZER IN LIFE'S FLIGHT

YOU'VE read about Orville Wright's success with his aeroplane stabilizer, the balance wheel of flight. In life's flight you need several balance wheels. For instance, you need the balance wheels of honesty, of morality, of physical well being, of money. One might write a column about life's stabilizers. Instead we suggest that you THINK this sketch over.

THEN COME GET A CHECK BOOK.

DO YOUR BANKING WITH US.
WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

Northville State Savings Bank.

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS, AT
NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
J. M. DIXON, Propr. Both Phones

W. L. B. CLARK'S
MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

When You Think of

Groceries

think of

RYDER.

Exclusive Agent for Northville and vicinity for
New Century Flour, Best Ever Milled.

Where "Catgut" is Made.
Probably but a small percentage of the fishermen who use flies strong with fine translucent "catgut" are aware that the almost unbreakable substance that holds the hooks against the fiercest struggles of the struck fish comes from silk worms.
The principal centre of the manufacture of this kind of catgut is the island of Procida, in the Bay of Naples, but most of the silk worms employed are raised near Torre Annunziata, at the foot of Vesuvius. The caterpillars are killed just as they are about to begin the spinning of cocoons, the silk glands are removed and subjected to a process of pickling, which is a secret of the trade, and afterward the threads are carefully drawn out by skilled workers, mostly women. The length of the thread varies from a foot to nearly twenty inches.—Scientific American.

Dogs and the Earthquake.
The recent earthquake was most distinctly felt in Cairo, numbers of residents being awakened by the swaying of the houses and the rattling of the window and doors. The seismograph at the Helwan Observatory recorded the shock at 3.59 A. M., and it lasted ten seconds. This is the worst shock actually felt in Cairo, of recent years. Strange to relate, the numerous pariah dogs who infest the city, and its surroundings were greatly perturbed at the unusual condition of things and scattered off toward the desert howling piteously all the way, returning thence only toward nightfall.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Signing With a Cross.
Persons who cannot write their names are required to use as a substitute the sign of the cross (X). Anciently kings and popes used the same sign, but not so prominently. It was used by those who could write as well as by those who could not as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed the cross. Hence, although people now write or subscribe their names, they are still said to sign.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPT. KETTLE

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA
BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ

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CHAPTER XVIII.—On his return from the search of the Norman Towers, Captain Kettle, who had been in the "Norman" for some time, was in the "Norman" when he was invited to the "Norman" by the "Norman" for the first time.

CHAPTER XIX.—Captain Kettle, who had been in the "Norman" for some time, was in the "Norman" when he was invited to the "Norman" by the "Norman" for the first time.

CHAPTER XX.—Captain Kettle, who had been in the "Norman" for some time, was in the "Norman" when he was invited to the "Norman" by the "Norman" for the first time.

CHAPTER XXI.—Captain Kettle, who had been in the "Norman" for some time, was in the "Norman" when he was invited to the "Norman" by the "Norman" for the first time.

(Now go on with the story.)

CHAPTER XXII. The Captain Disposes

CAPTAIN KETTLE felt that he could not afford to match, and, after the day had passed, explored the slopes in the dark. The cut was only a trifle over four feet wide, so he could easily keep a hand on each wall, and having all of a sailor's distrust for navigation in strange waters, he always took careful soundings, with his advance foot, and assured himself that the floor was in place, before putting weight on it. If Captain Kettle had tried to climb the hundred-foot vertical finish to the well-shaft he would have been met at the upper end (although, of course, he did not know this) by a solid door of three-inch oak, held down by perhaps a foot of the gravel which floored one of the courtyards of the fortress.

But at the foot of this vertical shaft he paused, fingering the footholds, and recruiting his breath, and while engaged in these easy employments, fancied he felt a draft in the neighborhood of his left ear.

His right ear was facing the incline up which he had ascended, and his left ear (so he had imagined in the dark) was close to the solid rock. In order that there should be no doubt about it, he wetted a finger and held it up. The finger chilled most distinctly on the left side. There was a draft and therefore another passage somewhere.

He lighted one of his precious matches, and discovered the entrance to the farther set of inclines which he had never mentioned, and which he had never heard of.

It was up these, walking, climbing, that Kettle made his way into the fortress, step by step, and made every effort to the full of his strength.

The "rear." Moonlight shone through a narrow slit, and the elementary fact of another building was revealed.

His eyes, after their long training in the black darkness of the inclines, acted readily in this gentle gloom. He made quick circuit of the walls and found a door, opened it, and saw a street; peered up and down that, discovered it to be empty, and then ran out to the opposite wall and looked upward. He saw a big house above the cow stable, built of massive stone blocks, and narrowly windowed. None of the windows was glazed, and most were in darkness.

But three were lighted, and from one of these came voices. He thrilled to his innermost nerve as one of the voices reached him—and with it a faint smell of frankincense—and was within an ace of calling out that he was near, and armed, and full of fight, and ready to upset half the available world to bring assistance. He had the words "Miss Dubbs" on the edge of his lips, when common prudence drummed into him that there were ten thousand men within call, and if he wanted to be useful he must employ wit, and not common vulgar valor. He searched the wall of the big house for its main entrance door, found it, ran across, opened and entered.

Within was a most exasperating warren of passages and stairs. There seemed to be no ordinary human plan, no method, in the architecture of that Berber interior. There were steep stairs and narrow stairs, passages on the level, and passages on the incline, straight passages, and others that wound in figures of eight. Also, although the inside partition walls were eight or ten feet thick, the whole house seemed full of the murmur and whisper of voices, and warm with human occupation, and savory with the smell of cooking.

It was all unnerve enough to the amateur, but Captain Owen Kettle was a man of braver nerve. He resolutely pushed a black rifle muzzle ahead of him, and went on with his exploration without any acceleration to his heart-beats.

He turned so many times that in spite of his sea training for courage he was frankly lost in the maze of alleys and arches. Three times he thought he had hit on the right room, and listened at a half-closed door, and heard only the twitter of foreign speech. But at last he came to a narrow window which looked on the street, he had recently left, and from that he got his bearings.

He turned sharply to his left, burst into an ante-room and found it empty. But he was on the right track now. Miss Dubbs' full rich contralto was giving forth strong opinions from close at hand.

Kettle turned to the door behind him and shut it, and finding a heavy bronze bolt shot that into its stone socket. Then came more he pressed ahead.

The next room was a surprise to him. The voices had stopped for the moment, and he looked about him in wonder. On the walls was a photographic of English cricket players in their quintessential kit, and groups of well-dressed young men in straw hats and weirdly cut tweeds, all framed in oak, and surmounted by gilded coats of arms in colors.

There were English tobacco pipes and Moorish sabers, yellow-backed novels, and a yard-long British post-horn, a fox's mask, and a stale copy of the Sporting Times in this amazing room. On a side table among ash trays was a neezy .450 Hopkins Allen revolver. Captain Kettle picked it up, looked at it, and put it in one of the pockets of his jellab for future reference. And at that moment the voice of Miss Dubbs, crying out in terror, thrilled him in a way he had never been thrilled before.

There was another doorway to the room hidden by a drapery. He dashed through this and saw the girl struggling in Sidi Mohammed Bergash's arms.

The way that Berber kaid was thrown to the ground surprised him. He was clutched by iron hands, shaken with a ugrish ferocity and strength, plucked from his feet and thrown sprawling as though he had been as inanimate as a pillow.

The sailor stood over him with uplifted gun butt.

"I'll teach you to lay your sacrilegious hands on Miss Dubbs, you brown-bearded son of an unqualified pastry-cook. You'll apologize to her here and now, for what you've said and done, or I'll smash your worthless head like a rotten egg-shell, and glad of the chance."

"I off-red to make her my queen, and that I take it is no insult. But if my wooing was too rough for the lady's taste, then for this I do apologize."

"I call that half-hearted. Miss Dubbs, you needn't accept it unless you choose. Besides I don't know how deep his insults have gone. Say the word, and I'll kill him."

"Thank you, Captain, he did propose, and I refused, and well, that's over, and we'll say no more about it. But I'm glad you came. I don't know what I should have done with you. Oh, Captain, take me away from this. Take me back to your ship."

"Certainly, Miss Dubbs, certainly I will. There, don't fret any further, and if you feel a little trembly, please sit down on this sofa, and presently it will pass away. Try a drop out of this bottle. It's Horner's Perfect Cure, and you will find that it meets your case. And as for Mr. Bergash, if you attempt to stir from that floor till I am ready for you, I'll put you to sleep permanently. So cheer up, that you, dog. Now tell me

where are my owner and his sister?"
"In their rooms."
"Free and at liberty?"
"Yes," said the kaid.
"No," said Miss Dubbs.
Captain Kettle's boot shot out and crashed into the kaid's ribs with a regular Cape Horn's kick. "Lie to me, you swine, and I'll stove in every slat in your body. Where are their rooms?"

"Below. I suppose they would call it in the basement. They got troublesome, and I had to put them somewhere where they couldn't create a disturbance. It was for their own good. If my people here had gathered that Chesterman was shouting threats, and insults at me, they'd have killed him and his sister out of hand. I can't get them to understand that I'm looked upon as a holy man, and the people here would consider it a mere act of piety to knock on the head anybody that annoyed me."

"Holy man! You! I'll handle you before your people in a way I wouldn't handle a yellow dog, if you give me trouble. Let me see if you are armed." The little sailor ran a skilled hand over the kaid's clothing. "Apparently not. Let your Hopkins Allen in the next room before you came along here to insult a defenseless lady, through fear, I suppose, that she'd pull it and use it on you." Well, I've that gun in my pocket and another to match it—Miss Dubbs, my dear, might I trouble you to carry this Winchester rifle? If anybody annoys you, if you'll kindly place this small end up against their clothes, and pull this trigger here, I'll be obliged to you. And now, Mr. Bergash, on to your feet. Smartly there! Attention! You are to stand exactly still till you are given my permission to move."

"If you want the girl," said the kaid, "and she wants you, take her and go."

"Say 'sir' when you address me, and don't speak until you're spoken to. By James, you've got to learn respect, and you'll find the lessons rough if I have to give them to you. Don't slouch like that! Stand erect, you swine. Heels together, and clasp your hands behind the back of your neck. Now, then, you're to lead, when I give the word, to the place where Sir George and Miss Violet are held. If there are any unpleasant incidents by the way, you can rest assured that they will end fatally for you. I don't shoot you dead. I shall plug you through the liver—just there—do you feel? And if that won't make you run straight, I'll attend to you some more. I'm a doctor."

"Yes, sir."
"Are the passages to this strong room lighted?"
"They are."

Captain Kettle's foot shot out.

"They are—what?"

"They are, sir."

"You're improving. Now let me warn you not to get tempted to slip off on any nice, quiet gloom corner. Two eyes like a cat for the dark, and I'll shoot you, just if that or any other game before you have time to think. Quite understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's just one thing more. If you meet any of your friends on the way and the nature of the procession isn't clear to them, I leave you to make the necessary explanations. And look here, my lad, maybe you have not heard me talk in the tonics of this part of the world, but I'm a seafaring officer, and I can tell you I've a working knowledge of more languages than you ever heard of. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, quick march! Miss Dubbs, I ask your pardon for walking in front of you, but for the moment it seems necessary. You needn't carry your finger on that trigger while you're walking. Rest it on the trigger guard—yes, like that—and then it will slip handsily on to the place when it's wanted. That rifle pulls off a rifle easily. Go steady, Bergash. This is the rogue's goose-step you're giving us, not a foot-race." Mohammed Bergash, Cambridge graduate, kaid of the Western A'as Berbers, and saint of the stock of the prophet, was cowed. Up till now he had seen in Captain Kettle the somewhat acid shipmaster and the creature of a whimsical owner; but of a sudden he recognized in him the incarnation of energy; and, if needs be, tragedy.

He fully grasped that Kettle would, if occasion demanded it, subdue him with as little compunction as he, Sidi Mohammed Bergash, would order the extinction of an unmannered tribesman; and, in spite of himself, he was mastered.

The kaid was no coward. In ordinary tribal fighting with the Moroccan Moors he had stared death in the face a dozen times before, without awe and without tremor. But this was some how different, the threat of death was a minor item; it was the sailor's tremendous personality that made his spirit bend.

He walked ahead as a docile guide. Twice in the wandering alleys of the house he met members of his household and dismissed them elsewhere with a word; and finally, "That is the door, sir," he said. "May I drop one hand from my neck to open it?"

"Yes," said Captain Kettle, "open the door, look up your hand again, and then march inside ahead of us."

In this ungracious procession then, Captain Kettle once more came into the society of his owner and his owner's sister, and Sir George Chesterman, on his part, could not have been more surprised if the emperor

of China had walked in to pay an evening call.

Miss Chesterman, it was clear, was on the verge of a demonstration. The affair, it is true, had gone much further than she ever intended; she had, in fact, been horribly frightened (and with very good cause); but her passion for Captain Kettle was still hot, and she had it in her to have thrown wild arms of gratitude round his neck, and hailed him as her world and her preserver.

But the sight of that acid, little, precise man with the red torpedo beard had a damping effect on hysterics, and something she caught in the eye of her fellow-woman clenched her self-restraint. Miss Dubbs might be in mortal danger, but to her employer's shrewd vision she was glorious with triumph.

"Sir," said Captain Kettle to Sir George, "I gather that this swine of a saint has been misbehaving himself. That being the case, I take it you will not care to stay longer under his roof."

Sir George Chesterman laughed ruefully. "So great is my distaste for his hospitality that I'd give all I possess to be back once among the friendly cockroaches on the Wangarua. But I suppose one might as well wish to be in the moon. How in the world did you get here, Skipper?"

"Walked, sir. It struck me that I might be useful to you, as owner of the house. I propose we ride back, and that is a thing this man Bergash is going to arrange, if you will authorize him to do so. But before letting him proceed to that, I want to know if you have any complaints to make that you would like me to take payment for out of his skin?"

"I will cancel everything for a free passage to the sea."

"And you, Miss?"

"No, no. Only get me away."

"Right, miss. Then if you, Sir, and your sister, and Miss Dubbs will kindly make the most of this uncomfortable room for the next ten minutes, I will take Bergash outside again, and have a little heart-to-heart talk with him over certain arrangements for the comfort of all of us. You have the Winchester. I'll leave you also this Hopkins Allen, which I find too straight in the stock for my particular brand of gun shooting."

CHAPTER XXIII. A Charge of Cavalry

HE one and only gateway to the Berber fortress, as I have recorded above, was a heavy wooden door, the passage of a grail cow. And it is worthy of record that the great kaid, Sidi Mohammed, was within an ace of losing his valued life by being carried over the gateway edge by a strong camel, and Captain Kettle, after a long and hot battle, had just been shot by the kaid's own hand, and lying on his back just as he was in the very act of article of topling off to destruction below.

"I have to thank you for my neck," the kaid acknowledged. "I have nearly provided my countrymen with a new saint and left them without a successor."

"Say 'sir' when you address me," said Kettle ungraciously, "and order another deck-house and a camel that's been properly broken. And tell your groom to jump lively."

The kaid gave sharp orders in Berber, and his men flew to carry them out. "You make things very awkward for me, sir," he said rather querulously. "I tell you that only our women folk, and babes, and wounded men travel in these deck-houses, as you are pleased to call them. A man looks ridiculous in our eyes in such a conveyance."

"You will look ridiculous in anything I please. You say wounded men travel in them? You'll qualify as one of those if I have much more of your hip. Here's the order of the march. A covered camel carrying the two ladies, then Sir George on that horse which is trying to kick him off, and can't, with you and me on another covered camel bringing up the rear."

"Very good, sir. I may point out that if we don't have my usual escort, it's about a pound to a brick we've mopped up by some of those enterprising coast tribes which you disbelieve in, but which I have before had the honor of telling you have paid a good many attentions to you and the Norman Towers already."

Captain Kettle winced. The kaid's words had a way of coming true. Very well. Order up your men to fall in behind. Only remember that if they play games, you'll be the first to pay."

To give the Berbers their due, there was no southern distasteful about them. Moors or Arabs of the desert would have taken half a day to get that dour under way; these men had the beasts on the move across the causeway inside the half-hour.

Kettle and his prisoner sat in seats slung on either side of their camel, and were jolted violently forward and aft by reason of the gait that amiable quadruped assumes, even on level ground; and when they began to descend the slopes of the mountains, Kettle who was new to it, thought he would burst asunder. The kaid watched him for some miles with malicious amusement, and then twitched up his own clothes, and showed the ordinary camel-rider's belt.

"I should like to suggest, sir," said he, "that you take this strip of

cloth (which, as you may see, is designed for the purpose) and bind yourself round like this. If you don't, you will probably come to pieces, and remain so for the rest of your natural career."

"Thank you," said Kettle, and followed out the expert's suggestion, marveling the while it should have been made. "Probably," he told himself promptly, "so that he can get the drop on me, and put his ugly fingers once more on the owner and the ladies." And he watched his blue-eyed fellow-passenger with extreme narrowness.

The camels set the pace at a steady three and a half miles an hour, uphill and down dale, no more, no less. They swung on, remorseless as destiny, and the cavalry escort jingled in their wake. They journeyed on throughout the cool night, taking a far shorter route than the circuitous one by which Kettle had traveled; and when they began to show in the higher layers of the atmosphere, they were already among the lower slopes of the foothills.

"I don't know whether you are asleep, sir," said the kaid.

"I'm not."

"Then perhaps you are a little dull in your hearing. But there's pretty heavy firing ahead of us."

"Are you sure it isn't the surf on the beach and on those reefs?"

"There is that as well. But there's firing all right. You know I'm used to picking up these sounds."

"You're right, you've good ears. I suppose it means that your men are attacking my steamboat. Well, McToll will attend to them efficiently. But, by James! I can't afford to miss more of the scrap. Here you, tell your drivers to hurry these camels."

The saint called an order. "By the way," he added, "I don't know if you still go on the simple principle of disbelieving everything I say. But if you don't, I may mention that the people who are kicking up a row ahead aren't my men at all."

"Then who are they?"

"The same crew who've been working you all along. They like on the coast here. There are Moors among them, and men from the Susi tribes, and Arabs of the deserts to the South, with a few Twaracks thrown in, and perhaps here and there a Berber, who has been chucked out of my place for misbehavior. They're a mongrel lot, very hard, and very savage, and very dangerous, and I'm sure you'll learn to with satisfaction they'd just as soon cut my throat as yours."

"I hear you say it."

"The kaid turned to face his persecutor, and placed a lean small hand on the camel's hump, which throbbled and wavered by given them."

"Look here, Captain Kettle, you've hated me pretty tenderly since the first moment of our meeting, and I'm free to own we've detected you quite as much. But for the time being I want to propose a truce."

"I don't see cause for it."

"Man hear sense. I don't care two straws whether you are killed in the next half-hour or whether you are not. I don't care much if I am knocked on the head myself. But for the women I do care. I am—no, I won't put it that way. We both of us are very fond of one of them, and the fate of women who get into the hands of those howling devils down there is too awful to think about."

"With my escort to help we may get through, though I admit it's a thinnish chance. But if you insist on keeping me cooped up in this cubbyhole, the escort will begin to inquire directly why I'm here. You see, being rather a dissatisfied person, I've got a reputation of being in the thick of it. Then there's a skirmish going, and their curiosity on the matter will be natural enough. When they do begin to put in their questions, I suppose you'll shoot me out of hand, and proceed to enjoy yourself among the escort. Well, that would be all very interesting as a side issue, but it doesn't strike me as the best way of looking after the ladies' interest."

"Or Sir George's," Kettle admitted. "And he's my owner. By James! It strikes me I've come very near neglecting duty."

It was a bitter pill to have a home truth like this thrown against him by Sidi Bergash. But Captain Kettle always had an exact sense of fairness. He thought a moment, and then he held out a hand. "I thank you, Mr. Bergash," he said simply, "for reminding me of what's my duty. May I ask if you're open to accepting employment?"

The Berber chief saw the point and laughed. "As commander of your escort? I'll take it. My people have been mercenary soldiers off and on for some three thousand years and more, and although this will be my first bit of hired service, there is no reason why I should kick at the tribal custom. The only thing left to settle is, I think, the pay. We mercenaries guarantee fidelity, of course, as long as the pay suits us, and is forthcoming regularly. But when that stops, why then we hold ourselves free to chop round and serve under another flag."

"Pay?" repeated Captain Kettle, and pulled wearily at his red torpedo beard.

"Why not? You serve Sir George for pay yourself, I suppose?"

"I do. But you! You quite took me in, with your tales of gold-dust and the rest of it. I never dreamt

you were out for your ten of four

teen pounds a month." "Pardon me, but your ideas are so eminently British. You think that hard cash is the cure and pay for everything. Why, throughout all my people's soldiering through all the centuries, I never heard they served for money. Some of them—the slingers especially—like the men of the Balearic Islands, took wine and women for their pay; others asked for ornaments for their friends at home, and some went as mercenaries for the sheer sport of the thing. But for myself—the blue eyes looked keenly—"would it surprise you to hear that I am like an Islander of the Balearics?"

"Yes," said Kettle with a happy flash of memory. "They fought for a fee of women and wine, but also they fought naked. Now you are clothed; you've been to college at Cambridge, and you aren't going to bargain like a naked savage."

"Touche," said the kaid, throwing up a slim finger to his forehead.

"And, curse your impudence, there's my Winchester to heat time with. Here, make this earthquake of a camel heave to, and let's taste God's air again from the top of horses. I'm choked in this blanket-topped hansom. Now, you've remembered you're a white man, the things are all simple, and why you couldn't have done it before, and saved me all this bother and language beats me."

"A man must be a fool sometimes, I suppose," said the kaid shortly, "and the other was my day. Take this black horse; he's my own, and you'll like him. I'll ride that bay. If it comes to a charge, I need hardly say, don't go at it hell for leather. We've got to keep back to camel's pace. Ah, good morning, Chesterman. Captain Kettle and I have both come to the conclusion that we've been behaving like a pair of idiots, and so we've arranged to ride level through what's ahead. I'm sure you'll be delighted to join, and give your old yeomanry tricks a chance."

(To be Continued.)

Various Signs and Customs of Spilling Salt Appear as Magical Agents—Many Paintings of "The Last Supper" Show the Salt Cellar Overturned—Proverbs of Many Countries Founded on Superstitions.

long been known as a wondrously powerful agent in magic. Perhaps that is why children are advised to put some on a bird's tail in order to catch it. The twinning of Lancaster County, believe that a boy may be cured of homesickness by placing salt in the hem of his trousers and making him look up the chimney.

In India the natives rub salt and wine on scorpion bites, believing that this application will banish the demons of pain.

In Bavaria and the Ukraine, in order to ascertain whether a child has been the victim of enchantment, the mother licks its forehead, and if she can distinguish a saline flavor, she is convinced that her offspring has been under the influence of the evil eye.

But salt does not appear in folklore only as a magical agent. Being one of the principal factors of food it is often mentioned in proverbs. In the Spanish province of Andalusia the word "salt" is synonymous with gracefulness and charm of manner and you cannot address your sweetheart more flatteringly than to call her "the salt-box of my love." The phrase, "May you be well salted," is also current in Spain as an expression of affectionate regard. "Cum granis salis" suggests the use of the ever sweetening grain of common sense while listening to some exaggerated story.

Marco Polo tells us that in Thibet pieces of salt were used as currency,



as is the case in the Soudan at the present day.

The esteem with which salt is greeted, is not unanimous, however. About the year 1830 there appeared in England a volume by a certain Dr. Howard with the following title: "Salt, the forbidden fruit or food, and the chief cause of diseases of body and mind of man and animals, as taught by the ancient Egyptian priests and wise men and by scriptures, in accordance with the author's experience of many years."

MURDER BY "MERCY TABLETS."

Nothing is easier than to make out a plausible case for Dr. David O. Hudson of Missouri and his "mercy tablets" plan for the elimination of idiots and the incurably insane. One has but to enlarge with righteous eloquence upon the opening of a door of escape from hopeless ills and sufferings. The point would be ignored that a door would be opened widely, also of opportunity cunningly to commit capital crimes. Dr. Hudson talks glibly of confining the lawful use of prussic-acid poisons to patients "bereft of all human instinct" and confined in poorhouses and asylums. He proposes such limitations upon the power legally to kill and to make sure that the limits shall be invariably respected are two matters separated by many degrees of difficulty. This separation will endure so long as the world holds persons who out of revenge, jealousy, greed or other motive of self-interest are willing to commit murder. Trust in Dr. Hudson's revival of paganism is forbidden by the trustworthy elements of the very society whose relief is sought. No scheme of "merciful" execution has yet been suggested which would not involve inevitably an enlarged field for murderers.

A STARTLING THEORY.

And now comes Professor O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, with the statement that every home should provide for savage as well as civilized life. "The most aesthetic and intellectual persons," says the professor, "are those who in early life were the wildest children." He cites the cat, and declares it only plays because its ancestors hunted for a living. So, he asserts, it is with the child. "He loves dirt and fighting. He is a brute as far as his instincts go, and unless he be allowed to develop his savage tendencies at an early age the finer instincts, which do not grow until later, will not develop to their best." A glance through the childhood days of some of our greatest men seems to bear out the professor in his statement.

LONDON'S RICH BEGGER.

London newspapers are telling about Charles Phillips, who died in his 75 cent-a-week bank in White-chapel's Rowton House in his pockets were \$8 in cash and bank books showing deposits of \$14,000. He always seemed hard up, and the inmates felt sorry for him when he borrowed pennies. He never paid any back from the women he begged cups of tea. He would rise at 8 o'clock, spend 3 cents for breakfast, play chess until lunch, spend 4 cents for soup and 2 cents for bread and butter and tea, and then play chess until bedtime. Nobody was ever able to learn a word about where he came from. His will leaves all to charitable institutions.

RESPONSIBILITY DISCLAIMED.

The increase in the cost of living is an economic mystery. Everybody disclaims the responsibility for it. The Secretary of Agriculture insists that the farmers have received no undue share of the increase, while wholesalers and retail dealers protest that their average profits are no greater than they were three years ago. Consequently neither the producers nor the distributors of foodstuffs are to blame for the greatly increased cost to consumers, the fault may rest with the carriers, yet there has been no advance in freight rates sufficient to account for the general rise in retail prices.

FEWER PRISONS IN IRELAND.

Kilmainham Prison is no more. It will be recalled that the Phoenix Park hanging took place under the shadow of this prison, and also that Parnell, Sexton, Dillon and other Irish Members of Parliament have been its prisoners. There are to be less prisons in Ireland, and Kilmainham is among the first to go.

"COLLEGE MEN AND THE BIBLE."

Figures show that in 1909 over 32,000 college and university undergraduates in the United States and Canada were voluntary attendants upon Bible classes, and that in other countries 80,000 college men engaged intelligent and voluntary Bible study.

A QUESTION FOR EVERYBODY.

As you grow older you become worse or better. How are you in this respect? Some men are very promising up to thirty-five and then begin to show weak traits inherited from worthless ancestors.

THE GREATEST DETECTIVE.

After a man has known a few jealous women he doesn't marvel much at the cleverness of Sherlock Holmes or Old Sleuth.

PEARLS AND PIGS.

No sane man would cast pearls before swine in these days; hogs are too valuable to take chances of choking them.

The best results are gained when all parties to a controversy put forth all their powers in the direction of that which seems to them logical and right. Out of such contentions right and truth emerge.

The total product of wealth produced by a genius who works for the public good is so much added to the common stock without injury or injustice to any one.

Many men make more money than their fathers did, but feel poorer, because they are not willing to live as their fathers did.

WORLD'S GREAT BRIDGES.

Romans Were the First Great Builders of Stone Spans.

There is a great hope for the future development of bridges in that there seems to be a tendency among financiers more closely to consider the question of maintenance as related to original cost in large construction enterprises, and thus will unquestionably induce them to build more largely of stone and brick than has been the case until this generation, says the Metropolitan Magazine.

In the construction of stone bridges the Romans were the first great builders. Bridge building was in fact one of the most interesting problems they had to solve. In architecture and construction they were indeed a most original and artistic people, too little appreciated and studied by modern Anglo-Saxons. They were the forerunners of our present construction. Until their time the Greeks had not reached that measure of perfection now so much considered, and theirs was the culmination of the slow artistic development through the ages. The Romans, however, had presented to them untold problems to be solved which called for new methods of construction, and of these the bridge or aqueduct was one of the most interesting. They were practically the first people to use the principle of the arch and voussoir construction.

The use of the arch principle, while sometimes attributed to the Chinese, was practically unknown to the ancients of the western civilization until the Roman conquest. It has been contended that the idea of the arch principle was first evolved by the Etruscans; if this is true, it is indeed coming near to Rome.

Such wonderful bridges as the one built by Caesar Augustus at Rimini or the Pont du Gard, the great aqueduct situated about twenty miles from Nîmes built across the River Gard and attributed to Agrippa; the bridge of St. Augustus at Rome started by Adrian, and many others too numerous to mention have scarcely ever been surpassed. There seems to have been a period between this time and the twelfth century when few bridges of importance were built, and it was between the years 1178 and 1188 that the famous bridge at St. Benezet at Avignon was built. Several other beautiful bridges soon followed, similar to it in construction. Then came the early Renaissance bridges, also too numerous to mention—the old Pont Neuf being, perhaps, the finest in Paris, the famous bridge attributed to Ammann, the architect, in the sixteenth century at Florence, also the largest stone bridge ever built in the world, with a span of 183 feet, and a rise of 10 feet over the Allier at Vienne Bretonne, France, or the bridge at Chester over the Dee, 40 feet high, with 200 feet span.

The Power of Attention.

The fact that the mind of man is easily distracted from any subject in contemplation accounts for the slowness of the development of most minds, and for the extreme slowness of the development of the human mind collectively. There are historical periods when general enlightenment seems to have advanced by leaps and bounds, but when one takes cognizance of the tens of thousands of years that man has been at play in the Kindergarten of Creation, one is aware of the very gradual and deliberate character of human progress as a whole; and this deliberateness of growth, and the remains of ignorance and superstition even in minds regarded as educated, come largely from the inability of men to keep their thoughts employed steadfastly on the various objects and problems of matter, mind and life. The faculty of attention is strikingly lacking in the savage man; it increases as civilization increases, and is a large factor in the advance of civilization and of culture.

When the power of attention is exceptional in the individual, he is set apart from his fellows; he is a genius in the business world, or perhaps a poet, artist, inventor, discoverer, philosopher, reformer, statesman or conqueror. When the power of attention in a community has been stimulated by one attentive mind or by a group of attentive minds, the world passes through periods of great mental activity; great reforms take place, there is great material or intellectual advance; or there are revivals in letters and in the plastic arts.

The supreme object of the teacher is to cultivate attention in his or her charges. When a child has learned how to pay attention, he has learned how to study and to learn. "Object lessons" are favorite devices for fixing attention. According to the orthodox, theologians, religion has been taught to mankind largely through object lessons, in the form sometimes of "progressive revelations," and the system of symbols in all religions may be called simply devices for fixing the wandering attention of souls, for their sustenance and lasting benefit.

We see, year in and year out, the coming and going of beliefs, customs, popular heroes or more popular poets, best sellers among books, sports, movements and fads of all kinds, which figure prominently only as long as they are able to claim the attention of large groups or of the entire community.

Henrietta's Worry

In a way it took just as much heroism for Henrietta to go jauntily down to her place behind the handkerchief counter, that morning as would have carried half a dozen soldiers through a battle.

Had not the two girls who worked with her and likewise the three girls across the aisle all been at the party the previous night and witnessed how she had been jilted?

For that was what it amounted to. When a man has attended your footsteps steadily for a year and a half and has been your escort to every good time that came along it stands to reason you are jilted if he blandly takes another girl to a club dance without any warning. And acts stiff and haughty toward you into the bargain!

Two tears splashed into the box of blue-bordered handkerchiefs Henrietta was just putting out and she shook her head angrily.

She had not stayed at home from the dance. After waiting until the last minute expecting Tom to send word, none had come.

Then Henrietta, with a queer tightening at her heart, had commanded her cousin, who was only nineteen but who at least could pass muster as an escort.

Her cheeks had been redder than ever and she had laughed a good deal, especially when either Tom or Lizzie Andrews, the girl he had brought, was near. He should not think—

Henrietta braced herself as the girl next her gave her a shy glance. "Had a fight with Tommy?" queried the girl brutally. "I see he shook you last night, all right," she laughed.

Henrietta folded a handkerchief carefully. "I guess I'll survive," she said, in what she tried to make a calm voice. "Don't be too sure he did the shaking, Mary Smith!"

"Huh! That's all right!" said Mary Smith disbelievingly. "Henrietta's heart swelled. She knew how they would all rejoice in having her for Tom's devotion had been so marked that they had all been jealous of her good fortune. To have any man care for you as he did—make a positive deformity of himself—was fine enough, but Tom was so good looking and cheery and altogether desirable!"

Jennie Peterson, across the aisle, looked up from measuring thirty yards of lace. Jennie had mild blue eyes that lent her a deceptively sweet appearance.

"Surprised you're down to-day at all," she called over. "After last night. You must 'a' made him awful mad to have him drop you so sudden. I must say you carry it off well!"

The only solution of the mystery was that he had got tired of her. If only he had chosen any one else instead of Lizzie Andrews as her successor—a girl Henrietta disliked instinctively for her crafty smile.

She sighed and her head ached. It would not be so hard if only she knew the real reason. Henrietta longed to go away by herself and cry it out. Instead, she had to tip her chin higher and smile at the girls who watched her and occasionally laughed among themselves.

"I don't think Tom Bittan so awfully handsome, anyhow," valiantly said the girl who really liked Henrietta. "I don't think he amounts to much!"

This thought, evidently said for comfort, was the hardest of all to bear. That she should live to hear Tom aspersed and have no right to defend him.

As the afternoon wore on Henrietta felt tired all over and the ache in her head increased.

"My, you're pale," said the girl at her right, a waspish little creature. "I would not let people see I was so broken up over 'any man'!"

"You mind your own business!" said Henrietta sharply, as she turned to the boxes back of her, her white face flaming suddenly.

When closing time came she snatched her hat and coat and fled to the open air. At least she could get away from those hateful staring faces and amused smiles. If she only didn't care so much she could have laughed it off and defended herself.

In her haste she ran straight into the big young man waiting as far inside the door as he dared stand. "Tom!" Henrietta gasped, recognizing him through the moist blur her eyes had worn all afternoon. She had no room for any other emotion than the joy of seeing him again.

"I wanted to tell you," the young man broke out at once, his words falling over each other, "it was all Lizzie Andrews. She told me you had promised to go to the dance with that Shannon floorwalker man and that he had cut me out. So I asked her because I didn't care what happened then. And you wouldn't let me get near you last night to explain. I—I've felt awful about it!"

"So I," murmured Henrietta and began to cry in good earnest.

"Well, it's all right now, isn't it?" queried the young man anxiously.

From the door were approaching Jennie Peterson and Mary Smith and the other girls who had tormented her all day. Henrietta saw them and waited till they had taken in the tableau of Tom bending over her devotedly.

"Yes, it's all right now," she said.

ROADSIDE FRUIT.

In Germany It Helps Pay the Upkeep of the Highways.

The auction sales of native fruit grown on the trees bordering the country roads in the township of Lunden, adjoining the city of Hanover, yielded last autumn 20,612 marks (\$4,986). Along certain stretches of these roads the yield has amounted to 1,500 marks (\$357) a kilometer, or at the rate of \$595 a mile.

The Province of Hanover has some 7,000 miles of country highways bordered with fruit trees, the profit of which is appropriated toward the upkeep of the roads. These roads, which are commonplace to the native residents are the delight of the American tourist, who often wonders why roadside in the United States are not thus planted to fruit.

This application of the beautiful, practical and economic possibilities embraced in the control of such public property as roads is a fine illustration of the community thrift of the German. During the three or four weeks period of ripening sharp eyed old watchmen on bicycles patrol the roads being particularly active on Sunday, when the people are out in large numbers.

"It is forbidden to pick-up fruit from the ground, and to knock it from the trees is subject to a fine of 100 marks (\$23.80) or more for each offence," says Consular and Trade Reports. Laws and regulations for the general good, however, excite such respect on the part of the German that cases of theft of fruit from the highway fruit trees rarely occur.

Didn't Think the Bride Necessary.

"A queer thing happened here," said Lawyer Nathan G. Foster. "A few weeks ago a fellow and girl came here and asked me to marry them. They did not know that a license was required, so I went with them to the clerk's office and they arranged the matter. I told them to come back at a stated time and I would marry them."

"The day designated the fellow came alone and said he was all ready to be married. 'Where's the young lady?' I asked. 'Why,' replied the fellow, 'has she got to come too?' The fellow thought it queer that I could not perform the ceremony unless the lady was present, but went out and soon returned with her."—Rumford Times.

Trainmen Hunt Rabbits.

The railroad men say that in the Central Branch country the rabbits are unusually numerous and that jackrabbits are more numerous than for years.

The trainmen get a chance to hunt occasionally on account of the poor condition of the engines. Whenever an engine goes wrong the trainmen enter the fields and hunt rabbits. When the engineer gets through with the work of repairing the engine he pulls the whistle cord, and then the trainmen come back to the train and resume their work on the road. At Farmville one crew had time to have a rabbit supper.—Kansas City Star.

Italy's Rest Days.

Under a law which went into effect a few years ago, all industrial and commercial concerns throughout Italy must grant their employees a weekly rest or not less than twenty-four consecutive hours. It does not apply to public utilities, transportation lines or places of amusement. The general sense of the law is that Sunday shall be the rest day, but it is provided that freedom from work may be given on a day other than Sunday in the case of restaurants, photograph galleries, pharmacists, etc.

A Hair's Breadth.

A "hair's breadth" is 17-10,000 of an inch. For the purpose of such fine and delicate measurement tool makers use what is called a micrometer caliper. The hair's breadth is something that has to be taken into consideration in the manufacture of a thousand and one things in the machine maker's art. Close calculation of the bank vanils, for example, of this sort must be done on the doors where every part must fit to the nicest degree.—Harpers Weekly.

Health of Employes.

With the idea of increasing the efficiency of its force, the International Harvester Company is having a rigid investigation made of the health of all of its employes. The main object is to locate and weed out all of those who are afflicted with tuberculosis or who have the symptoms. This undertaking requires the examination of 35,000 persons who are employed in the 19 branches of the organization.

A Young American Singer's Mascot.

Miss Felicia Lyne, the young singer who has achieved much success at the London Opera House, told a Mail representative: "Just before I went on the stage the first night, Mr. Hammerstein gave me a shilling. There's a piece of silver to cut bad luck," he said, and I put the shilling in the front of my dress. It was my mascot."—London Daily Mail.

Scotland's Ship Canal.

It is reckoned that the proposed ship canal in Scotland, to link the Forth and the Clyde, will cost \$105,000,000.

To Produce Rain.

Experiments are being made to produce rain by firing explosives into the clouds. But, you've first got to catch your cloud.

Man Overboard

It was a beautiful sight when we left Venice. Not less the gondolas came gliding across the water to the gigantic steamer which, anchored in the bay, was waiting for its passengers.

Soon after it weighed its anchor, the captain gave a signal and majestically the huge vessel steamed slowly toward the open sea, followed for a little distance by the gondolas, but one after the other dropped out and in ten minutes we were alone.

I had moved my chair as far toward the stern as possible and was looking at the wonderful panorama of "la bella Venezia," rapidly disappearing in the horizon, and the play of the moonbeams on the azure water when I was awakened from my dreams by the voice of a stranger.

I looked up and saw a pale young man whose eyes gleamed like fire in the thin face.

"Give up your dreams," he said, "or you will go insane, and the world has no use for fools and dreamers. If you want to empty a bottle of good wine with me you are welcome."

For a while we were both silent. Suddenly he laughed—a harsh, bitter, merciless laugh.

"It is really too foolish. I will tell you something, if you will promise me to laugh—laugh as I do. Will you?"

I nodded assent, though I began to feel rather uneasy at his manner and could not help think that the man was insane.

"Well, it is this way—one of my friends was always a most peculiar fellow, who believed in truth, in love and in sincerity, and who thought he could convert the whole world to his faith. He began with a girl, a beautiful creature, the most beautiful in the world to him. She became converted and they married and thought they were happy and maybe they might have been happy, but for an unfortunate fault my friend had—he was as poor as a church mouse and his wife loved money and what money will buy."

"And so one day a third person came between them—a ghost, hollow-eyed and pale, with a diabolic smile in the cold face."

"Whenever he went it sounded like crisp new bank notes and in the thin bony fingers he held bags of glittering gold with which he tempted my wife. A terrible guest, always present, not to be shaken off. He grinned at me through my wife's eyes. If I wanted to kiss her I could hear his astute laugh, which was so loud, so heartless that it made me shudder. Often I rushed at him, wanting to murder him, to strangle him with my own hands, but he always disappeared, vanished like fog between my fingers to appear again standing close to my wife."

He seemed to forget that he had started to tell of a friend, not of himself, but he continued:

"I was powerless against such an enemy. Had he been flesh and blood as myself I could have shot him. But what could I do now—I must put gold in the scales to counterbalance his gold—love was not enough. I do not know in what disguise the demon approached my wife, but one night I found the house empty—my wife had disappeared."

The stranger laughed—a hollow, uncanny laugh and his eyes shot fire as he continued:

"She had cloped, I was told, but I knew better. She had not run away, she was dead. The demon had murdered her, and for many months I saw how he did it in my dreams in the mad-house! Why, do you think, I was sent there? Because I said what was only true—that where other men have a living, beating heart I have a stone—my wife's tombstone. It is still there."

"At last I was allowed to get out among other people. 'But, oh' how changed I found them all! They had grown anaemic and cold; but I understood them very well."

He was silent and I felt sorry for him.

"And then?" I asked. "In Venice I found a woman who threw herself at my feet and begged me to take her along. She said she was my wife. She was covered with diamonds and wore costly, heavy silks. Her eyes were red from weeping. 'An old gentleman tore her away from me. I let him do so. Why should I care for her—a stranger! She was not my sweet little wife, who is dead!'"

Suddenly he cried: "Look what a beautiful night! There is peace everywhere. Happy people are sleeping below or flirting on the deck! If now the cry, 'Man overboard!' should ring out how scared they would be!"

He turned to go. I was afraid to let him get away and wanted to follow him.

"No stay here," he said. "I will be back immediately."

For a while everything was quiet. Then came the shrill sound of the whistle—once—twice—three times—I ran forward; sailors came rushing up, passengers appeared from everywhere. The steamer stopped and a boat was lowered.

"Man overboard!"

After half an hour's search the boat returned. The stranger had not been found—his wife's tombstone had drawn him below into the depths.

August Wells.

STRANGE WEDDING PRESENTS.

Great Cheese for a Queen—Pair of Trousers for a King.

Wedding presents made to sovereigns have at times been known to take a decidedly practical if eccentric form, as was the case at the time of the late ill-fated King Alexander of Serbia's marriage, when a sum of money was raised by public subscription and presented to the royal bridegroom that he might be able to defray the cost of a new regiment, to be named as a compliment to the lady to whom he had espoused, "Queen Draga's Own."

One hundred and twenty drinking cups, all fashioned to represent dainty dancing slippers, and two of the same size, may certainly be described both as a costly and curious marriage gift. Such was the hymeneal offering made to Mlle. Zucchi, formerly prima ballerina at the Eden Theatre, Paris, by the friends of her husband, Prince Bascichukoff, on her quitting the scene of her terpsichorean triumphs for the more sedate duties of home life.

On the marriage of our late Queen in 1840 the farmers of East and West Pennard, Somersetshire, in order to show their loyalty, manufactured from the milk of 750 cows an immense cheese weighing upward of eleven hundred weight and measuring 9 feet in circumference, which was presented to the royal bride and Prince Albert and by them graciously accepted as a wedding gift.

The cheese was stored at Buckingham Palace and would doubtless in due season have been fasted by royal lips had not its donors, scenting wide advertisement, asked for its loan for the purpose of exhibition. Their request was granted, but when, their end having been attained, they would have returned the cheese they were met with an intimation that under the altered conditions her Majesty could not for a moment entertain the idea of accepting their gift.

A poor peasant woman sent a pair of trousers of her own design and make to the late King Charles of Wurtemberg on the morning of his marriage with Princess Olga of Russia, accompanied by a letter expressive of her hope that the garment which she was taking the great but one trusted pardonable liberty to send would be found a better cut and fit than the one in which she had last had the honor of seeing his Majesty attired.

Another German ruler, Louis IV of Hesse-Darmstadt, the husband of Princess Alice, received on his wedding day a perhaps more useful offering in a dozen pairs of stockings, knitted and sent by an elderly female admirer in humble circumstances.

The romantic personality of Signor Mario, the celebrated Italian singer, not infrequently evoked a hopeless passion in women's hearts that on more than one occasion found expression in strange manner. This was certainly the case on the occasion of his marriage when he received from a lady of fine admirer a handsome cushion stuffed with the fair donor's lavender hair. An even quainter present, however, did he receive on his wedding day in an anonymous gift from a Munich lady of one of her teeth, which, as she remarked in an accompanying note, she had drawn and set with pearls and emeralds as a scarfpin, in the trust that by sometimes wearing it the lips of her dreams would give a passing thought of his unknown worshipper.

Introduction of Kissing.

It is said that the art of kissing was unknown among our British forefathers like other luxuries, it was imported later. It is supposed to have come over with Rowena, the lovely daughter of the Saxon Heigist, who delighted the British Vortigern by this mode of greeting. The kiss taro fine on English ground and was soon naturalized. We might suppose that it had gone on spreading to the present day, but there were times in the past when the practice was far more general than it is now.

In the reign of Edward IV a guest was expected to kiss all the ladies of the family that he was visiting—a proceeding which in the present day might possibly give offense. It seems to have been allowable for a man to kiss any woman he liked without fear of giving annoyance. When the reformer Erasmus came to England he found the custom a very universal one, and was by no means Puritan enough to condemn it.

When Oliver Cromwell sent an ambassador to the court of Sweden, this ambassador was requested by the queen to instruct her suite in the English art, and it is said that the Englishman found very apt pupils. It used to be customary to claim a kiss from one's partner at a dance, a practice which, if revived in the present day, might do a good deal to increase the popularity of dancing.

There is no doubt that kissing was considerably indulged in among the Jews, and was a mode of salutation with men as well as with women. Samuel kissed Saul when anointing him king of Israel, and Judas "commensalizing his terrible treachery with a kiss."

Kissing under the mistletoe, as still practiced among us at Christmas, is a survival of an early Scandinavian custom, and derives its origin from the myth of the beautiful Baldur, who was killed by a spring of mistletoe.

The Northville Record

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NORTHVILLE, MICH., APR. 3, '14.

THERE IS NO EPIDEMIC.

People living outside Northville are entitled to know that because three families had been put under quarantine, free vaccination announced and public gatherings prohibited, it is not an indication that an epidemic of smallpox is sweeping the town, but that the above things are being done to prevent that very result. The necessary and sensible precautionary measures which have been used have given rise to the most absurd rumors possible in regard to the local situation, when in reality the situation has been only inconvenient instead of at all serious. In the three families in quarantine because of one case each, but one has shown any approach to severity, while one patient has had the disease in so light a form that he could scarcely be said to be ill at all. As stated, the best efforts of the local authorities are being put forth to prevent any probable or possible public danger. These facts are the only foundation for the ridiculous reports, such as "Northville has 500 cases of smallpox," etc., or the statement in the Detroit dailies that "the Northville schools have been closed because of a smallpox epidemic." As a matter of fact, the schools were closed only two days before the spring vacation began, and this as a matter of prevention and of assurance to the public that the authorities were "on guard."

VALE MARCH

March is gone. Requiem for an old year in past. All the Marches that ever marched the late lamented seem to have been the most pathetic and eloquent. Smiling with summer sunshine and day crowding with midwinter blizzards. The next, weeping and crying for dearth of home, then in some parts of the earth, crying in cyclone fury, or shaking the ground with earthquake rakes, stirring up obsolete volcanoes and using fire generally. And then, just to take it all off and go out in a haze of light, the beautiful "center" of the milking time of an old year. Good old dance to the old boy—or old girl or old spot, or where you are. Here's to you, then you come back to the old year. A good old year.

THE TRAIL OF THE TANGO

When it originated, where it emerged, what its real character, are questions that have been satisfactorily settled, but, anyway, it's obviously and unacceptably with as tainted with the suspicion of Hoochee coochee parentage, half-world upbringing and Satanic sanction, nevertheless it is diffused through the social atmosphere like an all-pervading microbe.

Since it descended (or ascended?) upon us, the press, the pulpit, the platform have trained their verbal artillery upon it, pro and con. It has been banned and blessed, defended and denounced, banished and reinstated; it has been modified and intensified, barbarized and civilized, admired and anathematized. Nothing in the terpsichorean line has ever been so cussed and discussed since a certain Oriental siren danced her way to the perpetual condemnation of succeeding centuries. And all this has resulted exactly as might have been expected. The constant agitation of the social soul, the application of fertilizing phosphates in the way of unsavory epithets, with the pruning and grafting processes have produced a pleasure-plant that has waxed strong and deep-rooted. Its influence has cavorted into culinary customs, permeated sartorial strongholds, and preyed upon physical perfections. Not only are there tango breakfasts and tango teas, but we hear of tango dresses, hats, shoes, stockings (sure thing), trousers and coats—besides other garments. And then we are constrained to believe that the tango postures are changing the once erect and dignified figures of our womenfolk into slack-jointed, straight-bodied

straightlegged young manhood into bow-legged bulbousness.

And the worst is not yet told. We are beginning to hear of the tango knee, the tango foot, the tango spine, the tango all-sorts-of-aliments, until we are forced to conclude that the result will be tango medical and surgical specialists, necessitating a new course in professional education consequent enlargement of our university accommodations, etcetera and so forth, and so on and then some.

Heavens! Where will the thing end? We dare not pursue the subject any farther lest we be suspected of an unsuccessful personal endeavor to become inoculated with the tango microbe itself. Who can tell?

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Garnet Burt is visiting her parental home at Mahanoe.

Mrs. Addie McKeehan spent last week with friends in Detroit.

Miss Lillian Smith visited Detroit relatives, Saturday and Sunday.

Cutford and Allan Bucklev have been visiting relatives at Birmingham this week.

Prof. J. D. LaRue of Ithaca was a Northville visitor from Wednesday until Sunday.

Miss Margarethe Wedler has gone to her home at Mayville, Mich., to spend the vacation.

Miss Grace Pierce is spending the school vacation with friends in Jackson and Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Lillian Ambler and son, Carroll, are here from Detroit to spend the spring school vacation.

Beech Northrop has returned to Northville after an absence of several months in the far west.

The "400 Club" was entertained Wednesday night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coldren.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Ellis leave tomorrow for their old home town, Cincinnati for a two weeks' visit.

Mrs. Clayton Gage, of Marlette, joined her husband here Saturday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Frank Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Allen spent a couple of days last week in Chicago, where they purchased a new finger ring.

Miss Ophelia Johnston is home from Ticonderoga for the school vacation. Miss Johnston is principal of the schools at that place.

Miss I. B. Thompson was hostess at a very enjoyable meeting of the Pearle Club Monday night at her home on Duane street, west.

Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin of Highland Park were visitors at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Phillips, last week.

Mrs. Robert Columbian and daughter, Margaret, lately of Winona, have been visiting Northville friends since leaving for their home at Owensville, Mich. Mrs. Columbian has a position as one of the superintendents of the Warrenton farm.

Carl W. D. Kellert was at Cleveland four days last week attending the annual meeting and banquet of the Pittsburgh Steamship company. Mr. Kellert left here Sunday for Huron, Ohio, to fit out his boat, steamer "J. W. Gates," preparatory for the opening of navigation.

J. W. Perkins was called to Chesaning last week, Thursday, by the illness of his mother, who died Saturday. The funeral was held Monday and Mr. Perkins returned Tuesday. His home was placed in temporary quarantine while he was gone and for a week or so J. W. will camp downtown.

Mrs. W. A. Carrothers and son, of Toledo, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Macomber. A dozen ladies gave Mrs. Macomber a surprise Saturday afternoon in honor of her guests, and they brought with them the belongings of a first-class 6 o'clock dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons, Mrs. J. M. Simmons and daughter, Carrie, Mr. and Mrs. Will Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Seeley, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Miller, Mrs. F. P. Simmons and Mrs. R. C. Yerkes attended the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Springer in Detroit, Tuesday. The pleasant event was enjoyed by a company of thirty-six relatives and other friends. Mrs. Springer is a sister of L. W. Simmons.

Record: "What is your answer?" said the man. "Will you marry me?" "But—but I respect you," she faltered, her eyes down with regret.

Cynic and Siren

The Cynic, who had been speaking earnestly for some moments, finally came to a stop and looked at the Siren expectantly.

"After all," she murmured dreamily, "what is love?"

"Love?" repeated the Cynic vaguely. "Oh, love—love is a concrete name given to many abstract emotions. Sometimes it's the picture, and sometimes it's just—a spasm round the heart."

"I'm afraid you really are a Cynic," said the Siren regretfully.

"A Cynic," said he gloomily, "is a man who knows everything, and understands nothing. Thank you."

The Siren looked dubious, but natural kindness of disposition kept her silent. "How," she demanded presently, "can one be sure that life is in love?"

"That," sighed the Cynic, "is the eternal tragedy of life."

"That one can't be sure?"

"No, that one always is sure."

"I don't see that that's tragic," she protested.

"Ah, but it is. Though ignorance may be bliss, when it becomes knowledge it's tragedy."

"But knowledge," argued the Siren, "is happiness."

"A phrase," he sneered, "taught to cheerful fools by gloomy philosophers. The only wisdom is cheerfulness. A thing is what we think it."

"You're frightfully—what's the word?—emphatical," said the Siren pathetically. "I wish you wouldn't be. You're so deep, it's like talking to a coal mine."

"There was silence for a few moments."

"You haven't given me my answer yet," urged the man.

"I'm going to think of it," answered the woman.

"If one only knew what love was!" said the Siren plaintively. "Does it lead to a union of hearts or a dissolution of marriage?"

"Neither," replied the Cynic. "Love is a footpath leading to everywhere; or, if you prefer it, it's a porchway leading to a house that's just as big as you think it is."

"For a beginner," said the Siren distrustfully, "you talk with a good deal of authority."

"Love," he explained, "differs in that respect from other sciences. We begin as experts and wind up as novices."

"You mean, then," said the Siren, to whom love was an art and not a science, "that you don't really know anything about love?"

"On the contrary," said the Cynic patiently, "I have just been to some trouble to explain to you that I know everything."

"I'm," said the Siren doubtfully. "Well, let's take marriage."

"And we got as far as marriage," she broke off to inquire. "Well, anyhow, marriage is akin to love, and we'd got to that."

"Some people say marriage means taking from both and giving to neither, halving one's joys and doubling one's sorrows. Of course, that's the selfish point of view," she admitted.

"From any point of view," said the Cynic, "marriage is selfish. Both parties receive so much and give so little."

"They say," resumed the Siren reflectively, "that marriages are made in heaven. I'm afraid they're mostly made for export, though."

"On the contrary," objected the Cynic, "all true marriages are made in heaven."

"But marriage is so—so definite," she said nervously; "one word, and snap—it's just a trap."

"Quite as often it's the bait."

"Do you think so? Why is it people do marry?"

"The modern girl," said the Cynic, living up to his reputation, "appears to marry because she wants to learn how to cook; the young man because he's afraid of his landlady."

"No, not seriously."

"Seriously, the woman marries because she wants to be taken care of, and the man that he may have somebody to respect him. They are both doomed to disappointment; in a few months it's the man who gets taken care of, and the woman who gets the respect."

"Do you mean," demanded the Siren, "that a woman never respects her husband?"

"Not if she loves him."

"Not?" Her voice became almost shrill. "Not, did you say?"

"Yes. A woman may sometimes love, or sometimes respect her husband, but she can't do both. It is weakness we love, strength we only respect. It is one of the compensations of nature that the weakling should love everything in the light of life—except the one thing worth winning. The strong man may found a nation, but not a family; may defend a million hearths, but never one of his own. To one, the sweetness of defeat; to the other, the bitterness of victory."

"There was silence for a moment."

"What is your answer?" said the man. "Will you marry me?"

"But—but I respect you," she faltered, her eyes down with regret.

"A woman should always respect her lover; it is her husband she should love."

"Then—I, yes."

CHURCHES TO OPEN SUNDAY AS USUAL

If no new cases of varioloid develop before that time (which is not likely), Health Officer Dr. Turner says that all the churches may open with perfect safety as usual on Sunday, and the schools on Monday. Watch for bulletin in post office.

FRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES

Morning topic: "The Trial." The fifth in the Lenten series on the Crisis of the Christ. Evening topic: Jesus the Master. Last in the series on the "Character of Jesus."

BAPTIST NOTES.

Services will be held in the Baptist church, at the usual hour Sunday April 5. See bulletin in postoffice for any change in this announcement.

METHODIST NOTES.

Services will be held as usual in the Methodist church this Sunday, April 5. In the evening Mrs. R. M. Pierce will give a program of readings, lasting one hour and a quarter. See bulletin in post-office, if any change in this program.

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this medium to extend our heartfelt thanks and most sincere appreciation for the extended courtesy and generous assistance of our many kind friends throughout the long period of illness and the recent death of our beloved mother.

JAMES SMITH,
MRS. ROBT CAMERON
MRS. P. M. DAIRTT.

CARD OF THANKS.

I want to thank all those who were so very kind during my recent bereavement, especially the Novi Baptist ladies, the F. & A. M., the Woodmen, and numerous other friends.

J. G. DENNIS.

SWAT DER FLEA

The usual season is now on, not only for the baseball swatters, but for the lambasters of the ubiquitous house fly. Every left over insect of this family you smash now is warranted to reduce the 1914 fly crop by a thousand or so. A little mathematical calculation will eradicate the possibilities of this sort of annuncatory elimination. If you are averse to slung, you needn't "swat the fly." You can just violently exterminate the noxious domestic. But, anyway do it now.

John D. Mabley

SAYS:

Value is a wonderful thing—and a very flexible word with some merchants. The value of clothing is oft times represented to be many dollars more than the "sale price," but at Mabley's you get "dollar for dollar." No merchant can give you two for one.

Mabley's Corner DETROIT: Grand River and Griswold.
Best \$10 and \$15 Men's Suits in the World.

Notice to Auto Owners!

We have a Full Line of Auto Tires and Accessories in the Bradner Building, next door west of our New Garage, now under construction. Can supply your wants on short notice.

PETTIBONE & HILLS

Phone 126

NORTHVILLE

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY ONLY.

PRICES THAT YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK.

Corset Cover Embroidery	20c yd
17 inch Embroidery Flouncing	20c yd
ACorset Cover that is worth more money, for	25c
I have a few good House Dresses, fine lawn, dark blue dotted patterns, soft blue piped cuffs, neck and front, wistace band and pannel, rochet buttons, shoulder plaits, piped waist, at	\$1.25
Good 50c Suspenders for	25c
One lot of 50c Suspenders for	20c
One lot of 25c Suspenders for	18c
Good Plain White Envelopes	50 for 5c
Good Bracket Lamp, No. 2 burner and chimney, complete	18c
Glass Tumblers, per dozen	25c
Thin Glass Tumblers, per dozen	40c

NORTHVILLE VARIETY STORE

ERNEST A. ALLEN

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS

Phone 60

Phone 60

Not In the Trust.

WARD'S CASH STORE

Auto Delivery.

Just Like a City Store. Why go to the city to trade? We have Anything You Want. If not, Will Get It For You.

Fresh Vegetables Every Day.

Full Line of Groceries

Bread and Fried Cakes.

Try Our Whole Wheat Bread.

Meats, Fresh, Salt and Smoked.

Prices Are Always Right.

Special Sale of Meats Saturdays

Cash for Farm Products.

Give us a Trial, we can do you some good.

YOURS FOR BUSINESS,

A. M. WARD

Center Street, NORTHVILLE.

Phone 60

Phone 60

Why

HAVE A COLD?

Just what you have been looking for—a sure and speedy cure for that cold, one that is easily taken—tasteless and with no unpleasant after effects.

NYAL'S LAXACOLD

—Just one tablet—every two hours during the day until six have been taken—then one every four hours until four have been taken.

ISN'T THAT SIMPLE?

You won't take but a few more than that number of tablets when the cold is banished—you will notice a decided improvement before the day is over.

They relieve the inflamed and congested mucous membrane of nose and throat and prevent catarrh conditions.

25c. Box of 35 Tablets.

T. E. Murdock

DRUGGIST

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

Everything in a strictly sanitary condition. All milk we sell is the product of our own dairy.

Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high standard of milk at all times. It is worth a few cents a week to know what you are getting. WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE. G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

PHONE 399 J.

MILK ROUTE

Will take orders for Cream and Sour Milk.

G. K. SCHOOF,
Proprietor.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

Northville to Farmington and Detroit—Also to Orchard Lake and Pontiac.

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:15 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 9:15 p. m.; 10:30 p. m. for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:15 p. m. for Farmington Junction only 12:30 a. m.

Half hourly service Saturdays and Sundays between Detroit, Farmington Junction and Pontiac.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.
Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 3:34 a. m. and hourly to 7:50 p. m.; 9:10 p. m. to 11:50 p. m.
Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:44 a. m. and hourly to 5:44 p. m.; also 3:44 p. m., 10:15 p. m. and midnight.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES

VAUDEVILLE

When visiting Detroit don't fail to see the finest Vaudeville Theatre in the world

TEMPLE THEATRE.

Two Performances
Daily
2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat, white—95c. Red—95c
Oats—46c
Shelled Corn—70c
Baled Hay, per ton—\$14.00
Hogs, alive—\$9.00
Dressed Hogs—\$12.00
Cattle—\$9.00
Lamb—\$5.50
Veal Calves—\$10.00 per lb.
Beef Hides—9c
Eggs—18c Butter—30c

HAPPENINGS IN LOCAL SOCIETY

Vaccination.

Palm Sunday.

April showers.

How's your arm?

Good Friday next.

Did you get fooled?

Nine days to Easter.

No epidemic after all

Spring hats are sprung

Born to Mr and Mrs Shrye, on March 27, a bouncing baby boy

Mustn't Go to Church Sunday was unanimously observed in Northville, March 29

Mrs. Nora Van Sickle is improving her residence by a new roof and the addition of a large porch.

Harrison Merritt is seriously ill again. He is seventy years of age but has always enjoyed good health

The regular monthly meeting of the library board will be held Saturday at the usual hour, 2:15, unless trustees are notified to the contrary.

Charles Colby and wife have moved from the Joslin farm to the house next south of Wm. Corrin's, on Center street.

Carl Stimpson left Wednesday for Peoria, Ill., to join the baseball team there, with which he has signed a contract for the season

George Schoyer has completed the finishings in the remodeling of the M. E. parsonage and is now helping Ed Lockwood put up his new garage on Main street.

On account of lack of room for the new shipment arriving daily, Schrader Bros are announcing in this issue a ten per cent. discount on all sales, for one week only

J. B. Cook and wife are getting settled in their newly purchased home on Main street west, and the Suley family is moving to the Perrine White house vacated by Mr and Mrs Cook

Rev. R. M. Pierce and family expect to be settled again in the parsonage next week, the extensive repairs on the dwelling, which have been held up from home, have now completed

A special meeting of the library board was called Saturday and it was decided to take in the books, but to give none out for two weeks. Books will be received Saturday afternoon only, usual hours 3 to 5 o'clock

Well, it certainly went out like a bomb, and a perfectly angelic lamb at that. "Maybe folks will begin to believe in some of these 'old signs' after a while. Remember how the groundhog prophecy hit the target also?"

Milton Brown and family have moved from Ed Lockwood's house on Dundas street to the Brigham house on Main street between the Pitt Johnson and Macomber residences. Mr Lockwood is to move to town and occupy his house.

Plans to have the committee furnish the supper for the L. O. T. M. M. Tuesday, April 7, have been changed. Members will please bring something and invite their friends. Ten cents will be charged for visitors. Come early to practice for work

Seeds, cuttings, bulbs, plants, etc., which have heretofore gone through the mails at two ounces for one cent, will now go as parcel post matter and may be sent in one package of up to twenty pounds, where formerly only four pounds would go

Through the kindness of Charles Bloom of this place, three Northville boys have taken up positions in Detroit this week with the Michigan Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of which Mr Bloom is the manager. They are Harold Turner, Raymond Des Autels and Harold Wood.

The town clock has again been silent this week, owing to the fact that the "striking bar" is broken. Supt. Wilkinson is having a bar cast to replace the damaged part and is also expecting an expert from the factory to put the clock in proper shape for business. Like many other public utilities and local institutions, the municipal timepiece is most appreciated when we have to do without it.

Excellent for Stomach Trouble.
"Chamberlain's Tablets are just fine for stomach trouble," writes Mrs. G. C. Dunn, Arnold, Pa. "I was bothered with this complaint for some time and frequently had bilious attacks. Chamberlain's Tablets afforded me great relief from the first, and since taking one bottle of them I feel like a different person." For sale by all dealers. Advertisement.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Regular Convention April 14, 1914.

W. L. TENHAM, C. C.

C. B. Bristol, K. of R. & S.

L. D. Stage and wife have returned from Detroit and will make their home in Northville.

Schrader Bros have recently received an entire carload of mattresses in one shipment

The regular afternoon meeting of the King's Daughters will be held next Tuesday, April 7, at Mrs. Brian Cobb's

The bake sale which was to have been given by the April division of the Presbyterian Ladies' aid society Saturday is postponed one week to April 11

Jay Stimpson will do the automobile driving for Dr. D. B. Hunt, while his brother, Carl, is away doing things for the I. & I. base ball league with the Peoria, Ill., club.

The latest spring egg story comes to the Record in the statement that a Northville housekeeper gathered 32 eggs in one day from her flock of five hens. Sounds some like an exaggeration, but perhaps it's all right

The cement block garage building under construction by Mr. Lockwood on his lot adjoining the Jarvis Palmer property on Main street begins to assume quite imposing proportions. The work has been rapidly pushed during the recent fine weather, but was sadly delayed by Wednesday's rain. When the building is completed it will be occupied by Ward Pettibone and Frank Hills the latter having acquired an interest in the business.

A municipal misfortune occurred some time during Tuesday night, when about twenty feet or more of the electric power dam embankment at the Ambler pond went out, carrying with it a small portion of the cement work and a considerable chunk off the northeast corner of W. E. Ambler's ice house, and sweeping away several tons of the ice stored in the building. One of the historic willows below the dam was also torn down by the rush of water. Some of the ice was carried as far as the bridge.

THE FIXED TRADITIONS OF BOYLAND

About now is heard again the crack of the battled ball from the back yards and vacant lots, and the quarrelsome movement of the ball is beginning their spring bout with the national game.

Did you ever think how fixed the traditions and customs of boy land are, quite as unmovable as the styles and manners of the grown-ups? Certain sports and pastimes are enjoyed at certain times and not at others, in as arbitrary a manner as the fashions of women's dress. And these customs and traditions seem to grow stronger as the social life of boyland becomes more complex. For instance, the "writer" as a boy used to play base ball at any time when weather conditions did or did not prohibit.

But today, to find a gang of boys playing base ball in the fall, or foot ball in the spring, is about as difficult as getting the date of Christmas or Easter changed.

The reason for this fixity of kid sport is no doubt the imitation of the manners of the colleges. The order of these sports was no doubt fixed for two reasons. First, scientific base ball requires a greater delicacy of manipulation than foot ball, and it could not be played quite so well in the cool days of late fall as foot ball. And then base ball is a longer game than foot ball, and the games would not draw so large a crowd in the late fall, owing to the cooler weather.

These reasons of course have no relation to the ordinary back yard boy game. And yet because big brother plays the two games that way on the Varsity team, the fifth graders of the public school must do the same.

The writer asked a small boy one Indian summer day last fall why he and the others did not get out for a game of base ball on that lovely day. "They never do," was the reply. It was like womankind's obedience to the orders of Paris about skirts.

TRY A RECORD LINER

THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

PROFITABLE TABLE TALKS.

Luke 14:7-24—April 5.

"Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—V. 7

TODAY'S lesson shows the Master as a guest of a prominent Pharisee, and speaking in a manner inappropriate to any but Himself. In a parable He criticized the gathering guests because they selfishly chose the chief seats of honor. He would have them see that this selfish spirit had to do with their character-building and their fitness for an outpost for the Kingdom.

When bidden to a function, they should humbly take inconspicuous places, not knowing how many might be more worthy than they in the estimation of the host. Then, if the host so desired, he might ask them forward to a more prominent seat. Thus they would be honored; whereas, in taking a prominent place uninvited, they ran the risk of displeasing the host.

The Master declared that this principle held with the Heavenly Father; namely, "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The thought is that the self seeking, the proud in spirit, could not be trusted by the Lord in a high position. With such a spirit they might do damage to themselves and to His Cause. But those of humble mind would not be injured by exaltation nor be in danger of defecting in the future work of the Kingdom.

Turning to His host, Jesus complimented him somewhat, saying, "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed, for thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just."

The Pharisee had done something of the very kind in inviting Jesus and probably His disciples to dinner. He well knew that they could not ask him in return. The Master's words set forth a grand principle, which should be recognized by rich and poor alike. Let us follow the Master's instruction, and seek to do kindnesses to those who cannot return the favor, assured that God will appreciate such acts and will give proper reward.

God's Great Feast.

A guest, hearing Jesus' comments, remarked that it would be a blessed thing to share in the great feast which will inaugurate the Kingdom of God. Thereupon Jesus preached another parable in respect to the Kingdom.

A man made a great supper and bade many guests. When the time arrived, he sent servants to inform them that all was ready. But with one accord they began to make excuse. When the servants returned and told their experience, the master was provoked and said, "Go quickly into the streets and the lanes, and bring in the poor, the maimed, the blind and the lame."

The meaning of the parable is apparent. Long years before, God had sent word to Israel that in due time a great blessing would be open to them—the privilege of citizenship in Messiah's Kingdom. Yet, when the time came, those who had been chosen were careless. Jesus and His disciples had been declaring for some time that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand. But those invited were full of love, money, money, money. When they heard the message of the Kingdom, they slighted God's invitation extended through Jesus and the Apostles.

The great feast represented not blessings of God's providence for the Church—knowledge of the Truth, justification from sin, begotting of the Holy Spirit, the privilege of appropriating the rich promises of God's Word. First the Pharisees, representatives of Moses, and secondly the outcasts of Israel, were invited. Some of these came; but not enough were "Israelites invited."

Gentiles urged to come in.

Then the Master sent out His servants the third time, saying, that they should go outside the city and urge people to come in, that His House might be filled. This applies, evidently, to the sending of the Gospel to the Gentiles. For eighteen hundred years the Message has gone up and down through the highways and hedges, calling such as have hearing ears and responsive hearts—a Little Flock.

Ultimately the full number purchased by the great Householder will have been found worthy through Christ to share in that feast, given in honor of the marriage of the Lamb. (Revelation 19:7-9.) At that feast, we are told, will be a second company, not worthy to be of the Bride class. These may figuratively be styled the bridesmaids, the Great Company; for after the gathering of the Bride class we have the Lord's Message to those subsequently delivered from Babylon, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

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CHICAGO WOMEN — BEST DRESSED

New York—Whether the women of Chicago are the best dressed women in the country is the question raised by Mme. Joire of Paris who is exhibiting the spring and summer gowns of Paquin. Mme. Joire appeared to be impressed with the appearance of the Chicago women.

"I motored along Chicago's boulevards," said Mme. Joire, "and was especially impressed by the large number of stylishly attired women who not only had good clothes, but knew how to wear them."

In telling of the manner in which Parisian fashions were received in the various cities, Mme. Joire said Philadelphia women were quite surprised and the "backless" gowns appeared to frighten them.

"In Pittsburgh there seemed to be a feeling of awe," said Mme. Joire. "Our Boston audiences were most dignified and restrained. Chicago and New York showed great enthusiasm and even the extreme models were liked."

Mme. Joire was impressed by the beauty of American women. "I was especially impressed," she said, "to find that there are so many pretty American girls not only in society, but among the salesgirls in the shops. It is remarkable, too, how pretty an American girl can make herself on a comparatively small outlay of money."

MEASURING FISH BY THE EYE.

Not Many Men Can Hit a Fish's Size Accurately in This Way.

Not every man can measure fish accurately by eye. Many people are apt to make their guess too big, and then there are many who mislead by the tapering head and the diminishing tail end of the fish, are apt to make it too small.

Here was a little bunch of men out fishing for blues, and presently one pulled in a handsome and fair sized fish. Then somebody started guessing at the length of it and one guessed two feet and another four and still another three feet. Then a man in the boat who was familiar with fishes glanced at this blue and said that he guessed it would measure two feet and a half; whereupon a man in the party who had a tape measure in his pocket got that out and put the tape on the fish, and it actually measured thirty-one inches.

There was not one man in the boat who could measure a fish accurately by the eye—New York Sun

A Teacher of Beggars

The police authorities at Home have arrested a notorious character named David Kofchikoff, known throughout London as the king of the beggars. He claimed to be a teacher of the poor and had founded in the principal provincial towns schools of mendacity where he had organized a "charitable" scheme of instruction for his pupils in the art of wheedling money from the charitable, and which in turn he made his pupils hand over to him.

It is not this, however, which has brought him under the law. He seems to have been a bigamist, or rather polygamist, for he was possessed of twenty wives, each living in a different town. In addition to his mendacity and polygamy, his mendacity included the production of forged papers of identity as the preliminary to his many marriages.—London Globe

An Island For Duck Shooters.

Little Slinger Island, only 10 by 22 feet, was sold recently for \$15,000, representing the highest price for a piece of land of such small dimensions ever to be recorded in Princess Anne county.

Although Little Slinger Island only contains 220 square feet of land rising from the waters of Back Bay, Va., its value lies in the fact that it forms a natural battery for shooting ducks and is located at the head to the great Virginia and Carolina ducking grounds. The title includes a strip of land on the mainland which, however, has no particular value except for the erection of a clubhouse.—Norfolk Landmark

Complex Legal Problems.

No country has such complex and varied problems to cope with as the United States. Conditions arising by reason of the heavy tide of immigration from all countries, including gentiles, Jews, Greeks, Turks, Mohammedans, those of all religions and those with none; those coming to promulgate socialistic doctrines, the perplexing Chinese and Japanese questions in the West; the abolition of slavery; the rights of trusts; the organization and rise of federations of labor; have raised perplexing questions which have demanded the attention more or less of the criminal arm of the law.—Case and Comment

A Deep Pennsylvania Shaft.

The deepest shaft in the bituminous coal field in Pennsylvania, according to the report of Col. Henry C. Deming, consulting geologist, mineralogist, and chemist, is operated by the Maryland Coal Company at St. Michael, about two and one-half miles south of South Fork, on the Dunlo branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At the Maryland company's operation the hoist shaft is 697 feet deep and the air shaft is 611 feet. Within ten miles east of this point is the highest mountain peak in the State, Blue Knob.—Philadelphia Record

RIVALS BURBANK IN PRODUCING NEW VARIETIES IN PLANTS

There may be only one Luther Burbank, but there is at least another plant wizard, as—results recently achieved by George B. Frank of San Diego, Cal., show. In a garden covering a few city lots this man is conducting experiments, the results of which will be invaluable to all vegetable producers and consumers. Here are some of his most recent creations:

1. A bean which yields almost twice as much as an ordinary bean, obtained by crossing a climber and the climbing.

2. A cucumber which is spineless and which, instead of having green ends, is almost entirely solid. The seed spaces are small and the cucumber very large and crisp, and grows rapidly.

3. A large tomato which is almost all meat. Frank crossed four times between a Stone tomato and a "beefsteak" tomato to get this result. Also, he recrossed with the Mexican bitter love apple, to take all the poisonous tendencies out of the vegetable.

4. Three distinct and new kinds of lettuce, especially designed for distinctive salads. One is a crushed

strawberry color and one is blotched with rose colors. Another is a pure green. All are heavy producers and very crisp and pleasant to the taste.

Frank's work has attracted wide attention and he has received many offers to leave his little garden on the city lots and work on a much larger scale.

"I don't want to make a lot of money out of my creations," he said. "All I want is a decent living. The people ought to share in the benefits of my plant inventions."

Experts say the eggplant, a vegetable of the deadly nightshade family, contains poison and at present Frank is working to get the poison out. To do it he is crossing the eggplant with the sweet yellow tomato and says that the result is already assured.

This wonder-worker's results in crossing vegetables are obtained by scientifically mixing pollens when the plants are in bloom. He has also installed a number of devices for forcing plants to maturity, and for testing and strengthening soils.



Photograph shows a portion of 6,000 picked troops which are garrisoned in Mexico City. President Huerta will depend largely on these rurales to protect the capital city in the event of an invasion by General Villa and his revolutionists.

Two More Regiments Sent to Texas

Two more regiments of the regular army have been sent to Texas, the Ninth and Seventeenth Infantry. They are placed mainly along the border, between the United States and Mexico, to guard against the possibility of an invasion by General Villa and his revolutionists.

We now have 18,000 soldiers in Texas. That is 3,000 more than the entire army with which Gen. Shafter invaded Cuba in 1898.

Want Statues Depraved

A silk skirt for Venus and her companions for Adonis, a lampshade for Diana and her nymphs, and a cushion for the goddesses and the goddesses, may be the effect of a crusade started by the Vanderveer Park Taxpayers' association of Brooklyn, N. Y. The sensitive morals of some of the taxpayers are painfully shocked by the display of nudes in bronzes, marbles and paintings at the exhibition of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. The Flatbush taxpayers complain particularly of a bronze group in which Venus and Adonis are the main figures.

Explorers Bar Liquor

During Sir Ernest Shackleton's trip across the south polar continent alcoholic stimulants of all kinds will be barred. Tea and cocoa will be used, and when men need warming up they will be given lump sugar instead of liquor. Sir Ernest says on his last trip he found that sugar warmed men in ten minutes. The men chosen for the expedition are between 30 and 41 years of age.

A MILLION AUTOMOBILES NOW More than 1,145,000 motor cars of all kinds are now registered in the United States. New York has more than any other state, about 135,000.

Period of Highest Cost Of Living Passed

According to this month's bulletin of the department of labor the price of necessary foods was higher on November 15, 1913, than at any other time during the 24 years preceding, when they reached the maximum of 72.8 above the average for 1890-1899. Last December's prices were below the average for the year in the case of seven articles—sirloin steak, pork chops, bacon, ham, hens, flour and sugar.

More Pay For — R. F. D. Mail Men

London Post: It is to be hoped that the action of the United States senate a few days ago in voting to increase the maximum pay of rural delivery mail carriers from \$1,000 to \$1,200 will become law. These carriers of Uncle Sam certainly deserve the proposed raise, for since the parcel post has come into operation their labors have vastly increased beyond anything thought possible before. Many are compelled to enlarge their wagons, or buy automobiles to carry the new package business. This expense should not fall upon them without added recompense. The rural carriers are a fine and dependable set of men in all their dealings with the public. Nobody will begrudge them a little better pay.

Senate Stops Smoking

By unanimous vote the United States senate, adopted Senator Tillman's motion forbidding smoking during executive sessions. In a speech supporting the resolution Senator Tillman said: "I am beset with the danger of being driven out of the party and of the senate itself, for my very life depends on pure air."

Explodes Dynamite With Rays.

Iglesias Blanco, a Spanish engineer, has made successful experiments with an ultra violet ray apparatus in exploding dynamite. He exploded a case of dynamite buried in the ground at a distance of half a mile. He claims he can explode magazines on warships or gasoline tanks on aeroplanes and balloons with the rays.

Russia to Help us Celebrate.

Russia has accepted our government's invitation to take part in the great naval review at Hampton Roads in 1915. This gathering of the world's biggest battleships is to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. It is estimated that 125 men-of-war, including some of the greatest battleships afloat, will participate.

New Kind of Aeroplane

A new type of aeroplane, which is said not to infringe on the Wright patents, was tried out last week at Marylehead, on the Massachusetts coast. Although flying in a gusty nor'wester, the machine was perfectly manageable. It is claimed to be much less likely to overturn than other machines. The wings curve like a bird's, and the control is simple.

Should Wives Take Holidays?

SHATTERING—believed in timeworn sagacious absence making the heart grow fonder, the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage of Philadelphia, has come out with an urgent plea against the separation of families during the summer, declaring that these holidays sow the seeds of divorce that reap so great a harvest for the lawyers every year.

"Beware," he says, "of separations which take away for any length of time wives from husbands, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters and parents from children. Where do you say you are going this summer?"

"Well," you answer, "I do not know. I have not yet made up my mind. I would like to go down to the seashore if I could, but that is so far away. My husband and boys could go with me only a little while, if I did so there."

"Mother, wife, I would not go far away from home if I were you. If your husband and boys and brothers have to work during the summer to earn a livelihood it is not good to be separated from them. It is not good for you. It is not good for the husband and the boys. Nine-tenths of all the divorces are due to the temptations of our summer resorts."

"These separations lay temptations, awful temptations, at the feet of the men who are compelled to stay at home and work. They lay temptations, awful temptations, at the feet of the women who are off in the summer hotels. Be in a place where all the members of the family can get together every few days."

"Never let your husband learn the lesson how to be happy without you and the children. Wives and mothers, never learn yourselves the lesson how you can be happy without your husbands and the children by your side. Is he right? Or should husbands and wives be away from each other at least for part of the summer so that each may forget the little annoyances and difficulties of housekeeping and remember only the love and tenderness of each other?"

Philosophers estimate of human nature and even the common sense of the average man would lead to the conclusion that the separation of the family during the summer is a bad thing. The daily difficulties of life at home and work for the time when they are away from home, while new business opportunities of the summer are being lost, and the time when they are away from home, while new business opportunities of the summer are being lost, and the time when they are away from home, while new business opportunities of the summer are being lost.

But if the Talmage is right, then this is all wrong, and the absence of the wife in the summer is a legal separation, and in fact of a step down the path that leads to a deeper understanding and a deeper sympathy with each other.

It is a question of a wife's life and a husband's life. And it is essentially a woman's question, for a wife who has done as well as she can, what can you yourself going to do? Will you put your faith in your husband's loyalty and leave him to spend his summer alone? Or will you stay near him and only perhaps take that congenial vacation during a week or two later in the summer?

The majority of men grow restless beneath marital bonds that are too tight, just as the majority of women grow restless if they must face fifty-two weeks a year of household duties. So after all isn't there a prospect that no vacation may also sow seeds of quarreling and divorce? And that is the question.

Broiled Chicken

Only young chickens are suitable for broiling. Draw the chicken and split it down the back, wash it clean, lay it on the board and break down the breast bone by pressing with the rolling pin, put on a double wire broiler, season with salt and broil over a clear fire, presenting the inside to the fire first. Baste with melted butter, while broiling and serve as soon as done.

Almond Kisses

Beat until very light whites of four eggs, one teaspoon flavoring one-half pound of pulverized sugar. Chop blanched almonds enough to make two heaping tablespoons; stir in the beaten whites of eggs and bake thirty minutes in slow oven. Any kind of nuts can be used with almond extract.

For the Tea Table

Pretty crystal sugar and cream sets are decorated with silver deposit. This is laid in the form of flowers, daisies, lilies, etc., and is a pretty change from the silver deposit in conventional designs.

Round trays with high borders, now which at several V-shaped dishes of dainty china or glass, offer a suggestion for serving desserts of nuts and raisins, or for sweets at a luncheon. They look very pretty in the tray and are easy to serve.

Owls' heads in iridescent browns are a pretty trimming for the natural-colored straw hats.

Many of the newest hats for summer are made of white rice straw.

Would Keep Out Some Immigrants

The bill to restrict immigration has been reported favorably in the Senate by the committee in charge of it. The bill contains the "literacy test"—that is, the provision that all immigrants must be able to read and write in some language. President Wilson is understood to be opposed to this. There is also a "head tax", \$6 for each unmarried and \$4 for each married immigrant.

Villa the Real Leader

Reports from northern Mexico are to the effect that Pancho Villa no longer takes orders from Gen. Carranza, and is resolved to succeed Gen. Huerta as dictator of Mexico.

Villa, in a note to Secretary Bryan, promises full protection to all foreigners; a promise that does not seem to be worth much when we consider the dreadnoughts, the "Texas" and "New States" to act for other nations.

COLORED WIG FAD

Colored wigs, which are "the rage" in fashionable society in European capitals, are now seen in this country. If a lady wear a blue gown at a ball she now has blue hair to match. At a dance in Washington last week, we are told that "the hostess, Mrs. Rowland, wore a white wig; the Countess Belfier a scarlet wig; and Miss Crawford a pink wig."

PANAMA CANAL FINISHED.

The electric lights along the Panama Canal were recently tested. This was the final step; the Canal is now ready for use. A little work remains to be done, but it need not interfere with commerce.

OUR INCREASING NAVY.

Work began this week, at the New York navy yard, on Battleship No. 39. This is to be the greatest of the super-battle-when we consider the dreadnoughts, the "Texas" and "New States" to act for other nations.

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