

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLV. NO. 24

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

EASTERN STARS' SUCCESSFUL PARTY

SPLENDID MUSIC: DELICIOUS LUNCHEON; ARTISTIC DECORATIONS.

The Eastern Stars are to be congratulated on the success of the New Year party given by them last Thursday evening. The rink was decorated in white with ropes of green with touches of red and made a charming background for the dancers, over seventy-five couples being in attendance.

The members of the order could not have secured better music than that furnished by the Northville orchestra. The boys outdid themselves in producing lively and novel music. A vocal solo, cornet solo and the playing of the chimes at the stroke of twelve were a few of the unexpected numbers.

A delicious buffet luncheon was arranged in one corner of the rink which every one patronized, sooner or later, during the evening.

The society is so well pleased with both the financial and social success of this party that they are already planning to give another. Though the date has not been definitely settled, it may be a George Washington affair.

CLOSING SCENES OF NINETEEN FOURTEEN

The most notable event that marked the closing of "last year" in these parts was the discovery that Northville had a real genuine "Bad Man." His first demonstration occurred during a controversy over a heretofore perfectly good card game, when the B. M. brought the argument to a very abrupt unforeseen conclusion by pulling a big gun in the most approved style. The company dispersed with such precipitancy and confusion that some of them (or it haven't) (or hasn't) been seen since—not here, anyway. Next, the B. M. proceeded on his wild career by manifesting violent and undue affection for the ordinary artist at a local hotel. The lady's protests brought to the scene the proprietor of the hostelry, who fell upon the aggressor in a Philistine and smote him with his staff, sorely. If there is any sequel to this vicious history, it must be written in 1915.

QUAINT OLD NEWSPAPER OF 1840.

A copy of the "Western Spectator and Public Advertiser" bearing date Dec. 1830, is owned by H. O. Ward of this village. The paper was issued at Palmyra, N. Y., and has four pages of four wide columns each. From the modern newspaper viewpoint, it looks just as quaint and peculiar as does a bonnet or garment of that period. There is nothing to indicate whether the paper is a weekly or daily or monthly publication, unless it be the price, which was \$250 a year, to out-of-town subscribers, and \$2.00 to people in town. Patrons are informed, among other rules laid down, that "No paper will be discontinued without payment, except at our own discretion." It is also stated, at the top of the first column, that "Family Paper is Designed as a Family Instructor, and is Devoted to Political and Religious News, Domestic Economy, Education, Science, Arts, Agriculture, Temperance, Health, Morality, &c."

There are articles in "Philosophy of the Mind," "Matrimony," and a long "Essay on Education," immediately followed by another on "Pickles." A somewhat startling feature, under the caption "Counterfeit Detector" is a whole closely printed column comprising "A list of Altered, Counterfeit and Spurious Banknotes," probably close to 200 in number, with a note at the bottom stating that "The above embraces all the counterfeits that have been detected (in the state of New York) except on the City Banks, Syracuse, Salt Creek, Utica Insurance and Washington Manuf. Co. Notes."

Talk about the good old times! The financial vagaries of 85 years ago would, according to this sample, be hard to match even in these degenerate days.

There are no "scare head lines," in fact but one in the entire paper besides single lines of from one to four words each. The paper is credited to "Luther Howard, Proprietor and Publisher, and, Erasmus Shepard, Editor and Printer."

WHEN A FELLOW SWEARS OFF



(Copyright)

THE STORY OF THE ROSARY.

Famous War Play Comes to Detroit Week of January 11.

Comstock & Gest will present "The Story of the Rosary," Walter Howard's romantic melodrama of modern war, at the Garrick theater, Detroit, the week starting January 11, with popular matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Mail orders are now being received. The reserved seat prices are 60c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 evenings, and 50c, 75c and \$1.00 both matinees.

The staunch love of an impoverished army captain for an impoverished Princess; the vindictive hatred of that young woman's father, the ill-devised, golden attentions of a rival, the loss of the wife or in the wilderness of war; the plight of his bride of an hour; the persecutions she endures, her turn to the church in that despair—these are some of the darker threads in a story of absorbing interest—a story which author Howard has made bright by an interweaving of many threads of vivid, keen comedy.

More than 100 actors—not super-numeraries—are seen in the scenes of this great war melodrama. Seats are on sale for all performances except Wednesday evening, January 12, which has been sold to the convention of the National Association of Commissioners Merchants.

BASKET BALL NEWS.

The Maroons wiped the rink floor with the Wayne Omega basket ball team last Friday night. The boys have perfected their team work and doped out some extra signals and the result showed in the score of 61 to 18. The second game of the 1915 season is scheduled for home play this, Friday evening, Jan. 8, with the Shamrocks of Detroit.

Everybody out for the game.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.) The joint installation of officers of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. is to be held on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 13, in Cattermole's hall. Supper will be served at the close of the installation service, and the regular W. R. C. meeting will be held in the evening at the usual hour.

There will be a practice meeting next Tuesday afternoon in the hall, at 2:00 o'clock. It is especially requested that all officers and officers-elect be present, also all other members who can come, and particularly that all be on hand promptly at the appointed time.

AUCTION SALE.

E. W. Reed will sell at auction on the old Jonathan Neal farm, 1 1/4 miles west and 3/4 miles north of town on the Base Line road, on Wednesday, Jan. 20, his farm tools, stock, grain, etc. F. J. Boyle, auctioneer.

Mer's Wool Socks—Heavy, medium and light weight, 19c. White House.

DETROIT'S BIG AUTOMOBILE SHOW

PROMISES TO BE BIGGEST EVENT EVER IN MICHIGAN.

OPENS JANUARY 16 AND CONTINUES UNTIL JANUARY 23.

The Detroit Auto Dealers association is preparing to give the biggest auto show this year that Michigan has ever seen. The big event opens up January 16 and continues until January 23.

The show takes place in the Detroit Lumber Co's plant out West Jefferson avenue, corner Junction and Campbell avenues.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Grade eight pupils are working hard at reviewing now.

The Edison Co. is planning to give the schools better light.

Gladys Kellington, Harold White and Kernal Babbitt visited school Monday.

J. R. Miller of Detroit, agent for Merrill & Co., visited school Monday.

Donald Hornberger, a student of the U or M was among the Monday visitors.

Miss Frances Yerkes taught the first grade Monday in Miss Whitem's absence.

Rev. R. M. Pierce substituted for the English teacher Monday and Tuesday.

A new supply of sanitary paper towels has been received for the use of the school.

Reviews are being begun in several subjects, preparatory to the semester examinations.

The physical geography class is using Tarr and Engeln's note book in that science.

The janitor has oiled the floors and cleaned the buildings in good shape during vacation.

The music department has put in a new Coda, "Wiegenlied Cradle Song" by D. Frank.

Carl Sprunk is staying with his grandparents and attending the McKinstry school in Detroit.

Miss Weller stopped off at Flint on her way back from Marlette to visit Miss Winkler who is teaching there.

Paul Allen is a new pupil enrolled in the Second grade. Over thirty have been enrolled in that department this semester.

Miss Corder has secured a two months' leave of absence from her school work in Flint on account of her mother's sickness.

Mr. Baldwin, salesman for the Cliver

typewriter, was a Monday visitor.

The Fourth grade is planning a debate for January 11. Question, "Which is the more civilized country, Germany or England?"

There was an average attendance for last month of nearly 93 per cent notwithstanding the numerous cases of chicken pox, colds and so forth.

Miss Wickins returned from Clyde, her home town, Sunday evening but she has not been able to take up her school work on account of being sick.

The Misses Johnson, Weller and Whitem met great difficulties in returning from their homes on account of the great snow blockade in central and eastern Michigan.

The High school girls entertained the boys on the afternoon before the holidays. They gave a fine program consisting of vocal and piano selections, recitations and selections by the High school orchestra. After the literary and musical program they furnished a fine supply of popcorn, apples and candy and elegant Christmas presents for the young gentlemen.

NORTHVILLE LADIES TO GIVE DANCE FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 15, IN RINK.

The ladies of Northville will give a dancing party in the rink next Friday evening Jan. 15. They are trying to make this dance as enjoyable as those of three or four years ago and they desire the attendance of all the old, congenial crowd which was on hand at that time, including both the young couples and the married people. Robber two-steps, circle two-steps, waltzes, and even a few square dances will replace to a great extent the one step and other new fol-de-rols.

The rink will be decorated in an elaborate and unusual manner and some special electrical effects are promised by the Edison company.

A grand march is scheduled for a quarter of nine, and music will be furnished by four pieces of Stone's orchestra.

The ladies will foot the dance bill (no pun intended) but it will be up to the men to ask for the dances. Everybody should push the work for this party and make it what is wanted—a reunion of the old dancing crowd.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

Christian Science service in the Ladies' Library Sunday morning at 10:15 o'clock.

England and Ireland. Erin-go-Bragh means "Ireland for ever." The Royal Standard was adopted January 1, 1801, on the union of Ireland with Great Britain. The quarters were representative of the three countries: England, three couchant lions on a red background in the first and fourth quarters, Scotland, a rampant lion in the second quarter; and Ireland, a golden harp on a green background, in the third quarter. The lion of Scotland was taken from the coat of arms of James VI.

COMING!

600 PIECES GREY ENAMELED WARE

Consisting of
Rinsing Pans Wash Bowls
Preserving Kettles
Pudding Pans Sauce Pans
Etc., Etc., Etc.

at 10c Each Cash

WATCH OUR STORE SHOW WINDOWS

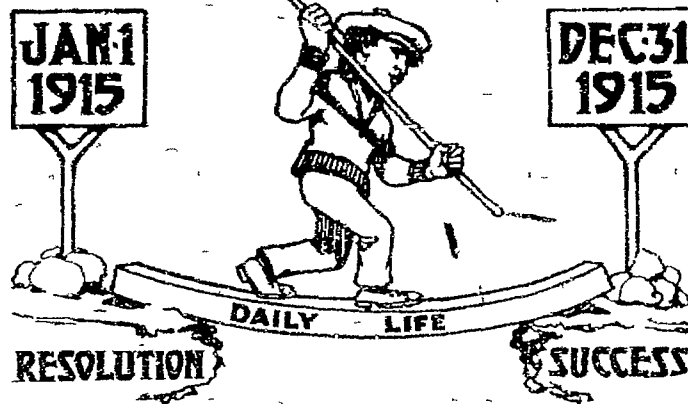
If you don't get in on this do not blame us. It was all we could buy at the price. Nothing reserved

YOUR MONEY GLADLY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY.

The reason we are mentioning this now is because THIS GRANITEWARE will be on display before the next issue of this paper.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

KEEP A GOOD BALANCE IN 1915!



CAN you do better than bank YOUR money with us during 1915? Hundreds who have done so through 1914 and through previous years are glad YOU join them in the NEW YEAR. This bank offers every banking facility. It especially solicits the SMALL ACCOUNTS of the people of the community. It desires also to encourage the good HOUSEWIVES to open accounts. Banking is simple, not intricate. See us about it.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.



WE can save you money on soap. We have in stock many varieties at many prices. If you think you can get better soap at less cost through mail order houses you are sadly mistaken.

Keep your money in town, anyway, even if you don't buy from us. But perhaps we have just the soap you like. Come in. Get acquainted.

C. E. RYDER,

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Making the Home Comfortable

DISCERNMENT AND CARE.

Use of These Qualities Will Aid Much in Home Comforts.

A young woman once took a table-cover of Chinese silk of a becoming hue, cut a hole in the center large enough to slip her head through, added a gold cord at the waist and wore the garment to a tea. The round part cut from the cover was twisted about her head as a turban. This is a little too ingenious for general application.

Two young artists have utilized a ten by ten-foot opening from their studio back door in a very clever manner. A few laths made a lattice along the entire end to protect them from the too intimate view of their backdoor neighbors. A little daubing of paint gave to it a fine weather-beaten look. Vines took lovingly to the lattice. A small transplanted bush added its fresh, vigorous green. Daisies brought from the fields grew blithely in their new home.

A small cast of Narcissus on a pedestal looks down into a pan of water around which are placed stones and pots of marigolds. Against the red brick wall at one side wooden boxes, piled high with cushions, serve for seats. Against this wall, also a discarded panel forms a wall-fountain, and at the base of this a basin moulded of plaster is filled with ferns and vines. A Greek motto is painted on the wall. A narrow scantling extends from the lattice to the studio door, and from this a little Pompeian lamp is suspended. Another lamp of Venetian wrought iron hangs in a corner.

The top of a big tree spreads its branches over one end of this charming little roof garden, which serves as a summer dining room for these city dwellers, who have made one barren, ugly spot a garden of delight.

It cost almost nothing but a discerning eye, a little time and the ingenious use of materials at hand.

There are many ugly unsightly spots in both city and country that would respond as readily to the capable man or woman's discernment and care.

HOUSE CLEANING HINTS.

Some Suggestions Toward Getting Best Results From the Work.

House cleaning at any time is a matter of importance and the appended hints touching helpful aids may be of value to many women.

A good, easily made polish for varnished furniture is made of equal

ounces of alcohol, eight ounces of raw linseed oil, one-half ounce of balsam fir, and one-half ounce acetate ether. Dissolve the fir in the alcohol, add the others and apply with a flannel cloth, rubbing until dry. If the furniture is oiled (not varnished) rub with a cloth wrung out of kerosene oil, and it will look bright and new.

In cleaning paint, use water to which ammonia has been added until it feels slippery. For spots on white paint-whiting may be used. Take a woolen cloth, dip in warm water, squeeze nearly dry, put a little whiting on the cloth, rub the spot gently, and wash off in warm water. White spots may be taken from varnished furniture by rubbing with a cloth dampened with spirits of camphor.

To remove mortar and paint spots from windows, rub the mortar spots with hot, sharp vinegar, or if fresh, cold vinegar will loosen them. Rub the paint with camphene and sand.

To clean the kitchen utensils, plunge all bake pans, sauce pans, kettles, etc., into a boiler filled with hot water in which washing soda has been dissolved. A good cleaning fluid for this purpose may be made from one pound sal (or washing) soda, one-half pound stone lime and five quarts water. Boil a short time in a copper kettle, stirring occasionally. Then let settle and pour off the clear fluid into a stone jar or jug. Add this to the clear hot water.

The kitchen should have a painted wall, so that it can be washed with a scrubbing brush.

SICK ROOM HELPS.

Burning a string in a sick room will purify the air.

To clean a stain on mattress, apply thick paste of starch, let dry and brush off. If it is not entirely removed repeat.

Used in water as a daily gargle borax keeps the throat healthy. Used in water for cleansing the teeth it "disinfects" them and prevents the decay.

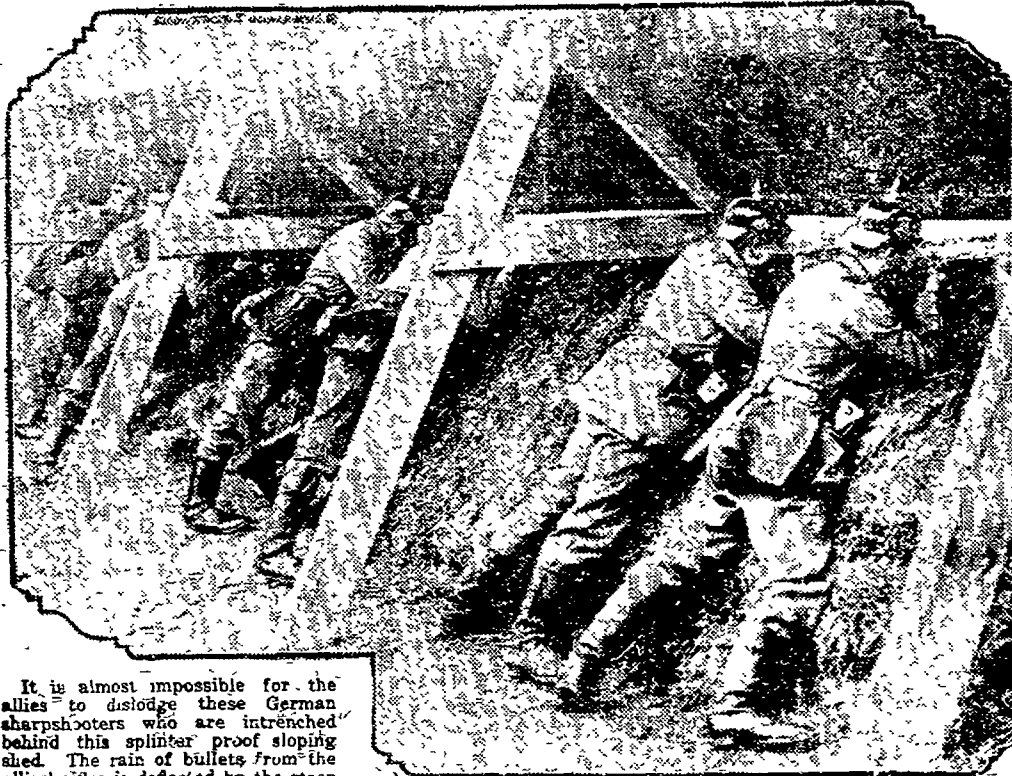
For excessive perspiration, particularly under the arms, use equal parts of powdered alum and corn starch.

BAKING SODA BLESSINGS.

To relieve toothache rub-baking soda round the tooth and rinse the mouth with hot water.

A half teaspoonful of soda in a glass of hot water will relieve heart-burn.

GERMAN SHARPSHOOTERS IN THEIR WELL PROTECTED LAIRS



It is almost impossible for the allies to dislodge these German sharpshooters who are entrenched behind this splinter proof sloping shield. The rain of bullets from the allies' rifles is deflected by the steep incline of the roof of the shelter.

BRITAIN'S ABLE COMMANDER.



SIR JOHN FRENCH, Commander in chief of British armies in the field.

ORATORY AND CHICKENS.

They Proved the Undoing of An Enterprising Citizen of Wisconsin.

COVINGTON, Ky. - Henry Clay Shelby, the prize orator of Genoa Junction, Wis., and its foremost lover of chickens - the feathered variety - is under arrest in Covington, charged with having swindled the Citizens' State Bank of Genoa Junction out of \$750 by means of a forged check.

His dual affection - for chickens and for spell binding oratory - and the tails of two prize winning Rhode Island red chickens brought about his arrest.

Shelby didn't waste the \$750 he is charged with losing in investigating the ventilation systems and safety appliances of cafes. If he had he might still be delivering orations in Genoa Junction.

Instead he purchased the two Rhode Island reds - a pullet and a rooster, both prize winners at the Kanawake, Ill., fair. They cost him \$275 each.

When the Pinkerton National Detective Agency learned of his alleged forgery a representative was sent to Genoa Junction to learn about Henry Clay. He was told of Shelby's fancy for chickens and oratory.

A canvass of commission merchants on South Water street, Chicago, brought out the fact that a man answering Shelby's description had purchased the two prize winners, which had been used for advertising purposes.

Shelby was traced to Lake Geneva, Cedar Rapids and other Iowa towns and was arrested in Covington.

He had exhibited the chickens in every town he visited. When arrested he was found to possess more than the \$750 he had received from the bank, according to the charge. The money and the chickens will be turned over to the bank.

The Pinkerton detective lost trace of him in Woodstock during the pursuit. The chickens had arrived all right, according to way bills on file at the Chicago and Northwestern freight office but the detective could not learn where they had been shipped from that city.

While wandering about the yards one day he found two feathers too glossy and beautifully colored to belong to any Woodstock chickens. A little further away he found some more.

Following the feathered trail he came to the office of an electric railroad and discovered the chickens had been shipped from there to Lake Geneva.

Shelby will be taken to Genoa Junction and given a chance to say good-by to his two Rhode Island reds, which will become the property of the president of the bank.

CLOVER AND SAND.

The Conditions Under Which They May Be Fatal to Horses.

Balls composed of millions of tiny hairs from the crimson clover plant are sometimes taken from the alimentary tracts of horses. The formation of these strange feltlike balls in the intestines of horses is a singular feature of the somewhat rare cases where nature seems to have made no provision to protect her creatures against their common instincts.

Crimson clover is an excellent forage plant, and all kinds of stock animals graze it greedily, yet if it is eaten in the full ripe stage it almost invariably results in these felt balls, which are nearly always fatal to horses and mules. Man, however, can control the trouble by feeding the clover before it has become mature, when the small hairs are still soft and digestible.

A quite similar example of one of Nature's slips is the sanding of horses in Florida and other very sandy regions. Here animals in close grazing swallow considerable quantities of sand, and in horses this sand compacts into balls in the animal's digestive tract which become cemented and as hard as rock, choking up the intestines and causing the death of the horse, accompanied by great agony. There is no known remedy for cases of either the crimson clover ball or for sanding. - Washington Star

THE BOARDING HOUSE GUN.

One Barrel Used To Summon Guests To Their Meals.

Some time ago an Englishman who stopped over night at a Western American hotel noticed that instead of ringing the bell, or sounding the gong, at meal time the proprietor went to the front door and fired a double-barreled shotgun. Later in the evening the Englishman commented on the strange procedure.

"That's a novel idea of yours," he remarked to the proprietor, "calling your guests by firing a gun."

"Yas," drawled the proprietor, "it generally terches 'em round in time to say grace."

"Yes," admitted the Englishman. "But pardon the question, why do you discharge only one barrel?"

"Wouldn't do to shoot 'em both," answered the proprietor. "Have to keep t'other barrel to collect pay for the meals and lodgins."

Neck Broken But Life Saved. CORRY, Pa. - Fred Schaub, an Adams Express Company employee, was struck on the head by a falling crate and his neck was broken. Prompt action by a surgeon in reducing the dislocation saved his life.

WAITING FOR THE DAWN.



DONAHEY, In Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

A NEW YEAR WISH—FOR EUROPE, Peace, Blessed Peace.

"Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace."

Novel Entertainment Suggestions

JAPANESE PARTY.

It seems to me that Japanese attire and especially fitting for a Japanese party with chrysanthemums and plum blossoms. Such parties are always effective and pleasing to the guests. To make the rooms as really Japanese as possible much of the furniture should be removed, particularly off screens where necessary with Japanese paper screens. Use flowering shrubs, almond blossoms, artificial chrysanthemums and butterflies suspended by invisible black threads.

The hostess must have very low three times, saying "Konnichiwa" when the guests arrive and "Sayonara" when they leave. Tea should be served with no cups, one cup without handles. Sponge cakes may be served if rice ones are not obtainable, also preserved ginger. If something cold is wished have cornice. These who assist should wear kimonos.

Have some young girls in Japanese costumes play "bag ball" (dama). Have a number of bright-colored bags filled with dried beans. Each girl tries to keep as many bags going as possible without dropping them. Another amusing game is played by means of a long silk scarf, in the center of which is a loose knot or loop held midway between the two players who hold the scarf and the floor. On one side of the loop a player sits. On the other side is a small object, a flower, a bean bag, even a thimble. The player who sits by the loop tries to slip her hand through, grab the small article and take her hand back again before those holding the loop can draw it tight and make her hand prisoner.

ANNOUNCING AN ENGAGEMENT.

"Polly" declared she must have some unusual way of announcing her engagement, so after much careful thought this was evolved. The 20 special friends were asked for a humble party, and there was nothing doing until refreshments were served. Then each guest found a

little envelope on the plate and the hostess explained that inside there would be found a jumbled lot of letters, that the letters of each color would spell the word and there was just one word in each envelope, so each one made their word and the light gradually dawned on the story was told by the guests putting their words together. It was great fun and added the afternoon to a most happy manner as the little incident was a great treat, and she was fairly screaming when all began to offer good wishes and wanted to know all about it.

GIVING A PHOTOGRAPH PARTY.

There were four couples, all with the camera craze so this evening was evolved by the clever brain of the wife of the "oldest photographer." The invitations were on photographic prints and had pasted on a picture of the house a tiny print of the host and hostess, a clock face and hands at the hour of eight. The day and date were written in. A little note inclosed asked each guest to bring a half dozen of his pet prints.

A most interesting evening was spent in looking over and comparing pictures, planning trips, etc. For the centerpiece there was a camera on a tripod, the legs wound with smilax and flowers. The place cards were snaps that the hostess had developed and no one but herself had seen. All the others had forgotten them, so they were a most agreeable surprise.

CHURCH SUPPER INVITATION.

The following invitation may assist in planning the church supper.

THE LADIES AID

of Big Foot Will Serve a CHICKEN PIE DINNER

In the Church Next

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9.

"If it rains, bring two;

If it pours, bring four;

If it's hot, bring more;

If it's cold, all come!"

A Good Attendance

Is Desired

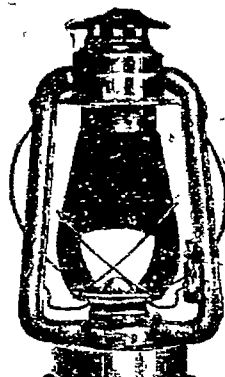
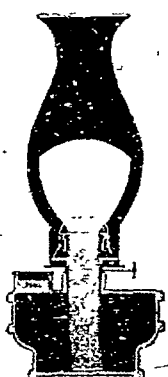
The Population of Richmond.

Some time ago a traveling man, waiting in a retail store in Richmond to speak to the buyer, said to an elderly colored woman: "Auntie, what is the population of Richmond?" "What's dat, boss?"

"I said about how many people live in Richmond?"

"Oh, dat's what you-all wants to know. Well, boss, I don't 'ac'ly know but I 'specks about a hundred and twenty-five thousand, countin' de white."

ONE STEEL MANTLE BURNER GIVES as MUCH LIGHT as Three Common Burners



REASON WHY - It Converts Kerosene Oil into Gas and BURNS the GAS.

THEY ARE Economical Odorless Durable Efficient

"The Burners the People Buy"

THE ORIGINAL GUARANTEED

READY TO USE

NO LOOSE PARTS

No Adjusting of Parts

Cold Rolled Steel Mantle

Securely Fastened in Dome of Burner

No 3 to 2

Adapting Col

lins for Using

No 2 Burners

on No 3 Lamps

10 cents extra

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS

DEMAND THE STEEL MANTLE BURNERS

HALF SIZE CUT STEEL MANTLE LAMP BURNER NO. 2

COMPLETE WITH WICK

NO PARTS TO LOSE

Wick Trimmed without Removing Mantle

Fits on the Common Ordinary Lamp and Lantern

Two Sizes Lamp Burners No. 1 Lamp No. 2 Lamp

One Size Lantern Burner For No. 2 Cold Blast Tubular Lantern

There is nothing to adjust. No parts to get out of order.

Saves the Chimneys. Burns Any Grade Oil Gives More Light

Per gallon of oil used, than any other burner on the market.

SENT PREPAID

to any address for ONLY 30c

Send today, NOW

Complete with Wick Ready to Use.

Our Guarantee

All burners are tested before they are sent out, but should any burner prove unsatisfactory in any way, or should one desire their money back, we will refund same at once upon receipt of the burner.

SEND CASH, STAMPS or MONEY ORDER

Write TODAY, to

Chapman Mfg. Co.

335 Erie Street

TOLEDO, OHIO

UNCLE SAM SHOULD BUILD MORE ROADS

Committee Points Out Great Advantages That Would Accrue to United States.

WANT NO "PORK BARREL."

Better, Cheaper, and Additional Transportation Facilities in the United States Must Benefit Every Inhabitant.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—That very great advantages would accrue to the United States from the construction of a system of model highways throughout the country, is the conclusion reached by the joint congressional committee on federal aid in the construction of postroads. The committee's chairman, ex-Senator Bourne of Oregon.

In its report the committee proposes the building of roads equal to European thoroughfares by co-operation of the national government, the states, counties and other local agencies.

While the committee refrains from any definite plan of action, it urges that Congress take some action at



JONATHAN BOURNE

once. The principal conclusions presented by the report follow.

Congress should proceed at once to devise a broad, comprehensive plan for federal aid to the building of model roads.

The supervision of the government's highway building activities should be entrusted to a congressional commission, not an administrative bureau.

Care should be exercised that federal aid be scientific and effective and not degenerate into a "pork barrel" raid on the national treasury.

First class roads in this country would reduce the cost of living, improve business, and ameliorate educational and social conditions in rural communities.

Beware of the "pork barrel" in appropriating for "good roads," is one of the chief warnings uttered by the committee. It is contended that the small portions of this sum received by each state, even in conjunction with local appropriations, would accomplish so little in actual road building that the appropriation really would amount to the dispensation of so much political "pork."

"In the first place," the committee says, "we believe that when the United States government undertakes so important a problem it should undertake it in a large way."

"Probably the chief fault of highway methods in the past has been that either from necessity imposed by lack of local finances or through shortsightedness highway construction and maintenance has been conducted in a small and haphazard way. The annual expenditures on any particular piece of road, have been so slight as to barely cover reasonable maintenance, with the result that it is a common expression that highway funds have been largely dumped into mudholes."

From an economic standpoint, says the report, good roads constitute the most important question of government now before the people.

"Better, cheaper, and additional transportation facilities in the United States must benefit every inhabitant and result in more development and greater productivity of our natural resources, meaning more and cheaper food and necessities of life," says the committee, which states that already gasoline propelled busses are competing on rural roads with interurban electric lines.

"Where the haul is only a few miles, transportation of freight by auto truck is found cheaper and more satisfactory than transportation by rail," the report continues.

Analyzing the cost of wagon transportation here and abroad the committee finds that "hard surface roads similar to those in France would effect a saving of 12 cents per ton mile, or nearly two-thirds of the present cost. Even if the cost could be reduced 8 cents a ton mile, a saving of \$304,000,000 a year in the cost of American products hauled to market over rural roads could be effected."

MICHIGAN NEWS

TWENTY ACRES OF LAND SLIP INTO LAKE

Big Slice Goes Into 40 Feet of Water Which Flows Over Spot Where Many Tourists Gathered.

Traverse City, Mich.—Twenty acres of land on Sleeping Bear Point, located between the lighthouse and Glen Haven, slipped into Lake Michigan and disappeared under 40 feet of water, which now flows over the place which has been a mecca for summer tourists for many years.

The tract disappeared ranged from 25 to 50 feet in height and in sinking into the lake was sheared off from the rest of the land as though cut with a knife. There was a fisherman's shanty 15 rods back from shore, and this and \$200 worth of fishing equipment was carried down, and the shore line is now located eight rods back of where the shanty stood.

Those who examined the place are unable to account for the slide, as the lake was calm at the time and a party of lifesavers from the station had passed over the land that disappeared less than half an hour before.

The mystery is still greater because the former depth of the water at the end of the point was only 20 feet, while now, where the land disappeared, there is 40 or more feet.

MISFORTUNES FALL HEAVILY ON SPICER

Muskegon, Mich.—Henry Spicer's cattle are under quarantine because of "lumpy jaw," and he is unable as a result of the quarantine to dispose of 125 tons of hay to meet pressing payments on farm implements. He is also being sued for wages by Harry Field, a former employee. Monday Spicer saw his home burn to ground, with no insurance. The cause of the blaze is said to have been an overheated stove.

Spicer, a former Chicago business man, bought a 1,000-acre tract recently and was meeting with good success until an inspector quarantined his cattle. With over \$5,000 invested in the farm and over half that amount in equipment, it appears to him that he will likely lose the property.

FIRES AT RABBIT; SHOOT HIS BROTHER

Muskegon, Mich.—Shooting at a rabbit which his brother had started from its hole, Fred Ritséma, living near Spring Lake, perhaps fatally wounded Henry Ritséma Monday afternoon, when he emptied both barrels of his shotgun, the shot tearing away part of the latter's head. The injured youth was brought to a hospital here

DIES AT AGE OF 99

Adrian, Mich.—Mrs. Clotilda Lane, of Hudson, near here, is dead at the advanced age of 99 years. She was the mother of Judge Victor H. Lane, professor of law at the University of Michigan, and for many years a prominent lawyer in this city. Two other brothers, O. B. Lane, of Pittsford, Hillsdale county, and Willis, of Hudson, survive.

ATTEMPTS TO KILL SELF

Bay City, Mich.—Henry Reutter, aged 65, laborer, attempted to kill himself by slashing his wrists with a razor. He was taken to a Bay City hospital, where, it is said, he will recover. He left a note indicating he was despondent because of illness. He had a bank book showing over \$600 in a savings bank.

FINDS KIN AFTER 25 YEARS

Muskegon, Mich.—Through the efforts of Congressman James C. McLaughlin, J. B. Rouse, of Muskegon Heights, has located his brother, George Rouse, an Alaskan miner, whom he has not seen in a quarter of a century.

OVERCOME BY FUMES

Flint, Mich.—James Beatty, 40 years old, was overcome by fumes in a varnish works, where he was employed.

MAN IS FOUND DEAD; FALL IS BLAMED

Port Huron, Mich.—John Pringle, employed by F. P. Brogan, a coal dealer of Marysville, was killed while at work unloading a car of coal near the Morton Salt Plant, near Marysville.

The exact cause of Pringle's death is not yet known, but it is believed he fell from the car into the wagon, sustaining injuries which caused his death in a few moments. As there were no witnesses to the accident, it could not be learned how Pringle came to his death. Coroner Hill has started an investigation.

Kalamazoo.—As the result of a 17-foot fall, Leonard Hunter is in Bronson hospital paralyzed. He struck his head on a cement floor, suffering concussion of the brain. There is little chance for his recovery.

Owosso.—Mrs. Alexander Young, 70, who died Monday, leaves an aged

she cared tenderly for three years. husband, who is blind and for whom Young will probably spend the balance of his life with his son, Frank, of Benton, Washington.

Saginaw.—Dr. Charles L. Grube, 45, died in Pontiac asylum. He was a well-known druggist and was formerly health officer here. Durling-Saginaw's smallpox epidemic, four years ago, he worked night and day for two months, and shortly after his mind became affected.

Kalamazoo.—Numerous gifts sent to inmates of the Kalamazoo State hospital were stolen by John Savidge, an attendant, he has admitted to officers. When taken before the municipal judge Savidge pleaded guilty to the thefts and was released on probation. This was his first offense.

Bessemer.—The Castle mine, near Wakefield, in this county, which has been closed since October, resumes operations with the opening of the new year, with about 100 men employed. Indications point to a general resumption of mining along the whole Gogebic range in the near future.

Marshall.—While making a delivery, Leroy Van Gelsen, proprietor of the City delivery, was thrown out of his sleigh on a stone pile when his team ran away. He suffered a compound fracture of the left leg and his face was badly cut. The accident is serious, as he is past 70 years of age.

Hillsdale.—Wisconsin attorneys were here taking the deposition of Ira W. Piper, of Pittsford, in a \$10,000 suit brought by Dr. George Pugh, of Kenosha, Wis., against the U. S. Express Co. of that city. In August 1912, Piper was driving an express wagon in Kenosha, which collided with Dr. Pugh's auto. The hills of the wagon went through the windshield and penetrated Mrs. Pugh's heart, killing her instantly.

Kalamazoo.—Mrs. Amy Heaton, of Augusta, failed to get a divorce from her multi-order husband, Ryan Heaton. Judge George V. Welmer refused to grant the decree, declaring the woman had failed to show proper grounds. Mrs. Heaton at one time had her husband placed in jail on a capias, stating that he intended to leave the state with his property. Recently the man is said to have lost his savings, through the failure of an enterpriser, concern.

FOLLY BURLESQUE THEATRE

Shelby and Lafayette Sts. DETROIT

THE BIG SHOWS A "Stag" Favorite

This is the theatre that always gives you your money's worth. The latest and brightest in burlesque every day in the week. Hosts of pretty girls, funny scenarios, newest songs and dances.

Come to the Folly For a Jolly time

Healthy Hair

50c

NO MORE DANDRUFF

DAFFODIL SCALP SOAP is the result of the combined scientific investigation and research of two physicians, Drs. A. R. and R. B. Wilson of Detroit, Mich. For over five years DAFFODIL SCALP SOAP has been curing dandruff and making a healthy, vigorous and beautiful growth of hair for thousands from coast to coast and in Canada. We want you to try it.

DAFFODIL TONIC SOAP FOR HAIR AND SCALP

It will surely delight you. Stop falling hair and eradicate the dandruff. Fully recommended. The price is only 50c and will be sent on receipt of order.

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You Can Secure the Complete Outfit FREE

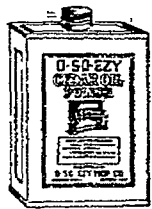
THE O-SO-EASY MAKES HOUSE CLEANING A PLEASURE

O-SO-EZY MOP

The Self-Feeding

Wonder Mop

The O-SO-EZY is the only self-feeding polish mop in the world. It has 15 holes perforating the top of the patent lock plate. Through these holes the O-SO-EZY Cedar Polish seeps evenly and economically down the mop fibers and onto the floor just as it is needed. No trouble whatever—no need of soaking your mop over night in an oil bath—no danger of soiling hands or clothing. This self-feeding device is the wonder of the age and makes the O-SO-EZY peer of all others.



The O-So-Ezy Cedar Oil Polish

The result of many years' careful experimenting and testing. We offer you the very best oil polish that's manufactured. It "nourishes" the wood, it is fragrant oil, quickly drives out moths, and as if by magic removes marks, scratches and blemishes on floor or furniture. It gives rich, lasting luster—in fact, it is perfect in polish oils. In all sizes. Half-pint, 25c; pint, 50c; quart, \$1.00; half gallon, \$1.50, and gallon \$2.00—it goes very far and is very economical.



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2 MOPS 1 Polish Mop and Dust Mop

The Only Self Feeding Oil Mop

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Features

- Self-feeding oil device.
- Interchangeable, Polish and Dust Mop fit same handle.
- Adjust to every angle, triangular mops fit every nook and corner.
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- Most economical mop on earth.
- Fully guaranteed in every respect. Money back if not satisfied.
- Makes mopping a pleasure instead of a task.

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS BY MAIL PREPAID

Order NOW, By Mail - Become a Club Member

You will receive a complete Interchangeable Polish and Dust O-SO-EZY Mop, and the 25c size of O-SO-EZY Cedar Oil Polish for \$1.75, you will become an O-SO-EZY Mop Club member, you will receive ten certificates, and when these are redeemed you will receive a check for \$1.75—YOUR OUTFIT WILL BE FREE. Money back if not satisfactory. Send in the order before you do another thing. Address, and make all money orders payable to

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DETROIT, MICH.

FREE

The Northville Record.

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NEAL PRINTING CO.

Established.....1899

An Independent Newspaper published
every Friday morning by the Neal
Printing Co., at Northville, Michigan,
and entered at the Northville Post-
office as Second-Class matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JAN. 3, 1915.

From Our Exchanges.

Have you sworn off?—South Lyon
Herald.

Certainly not: 'Spouse we'd swear?

Don't worry. If we had a white
Christmas we will have a green fourth
of July—Town Cor Orion Review
Maybe, now, it'll be a dry Fourth
of JulyThe Holly Advertiser prints its
wedding notes under the caption
"cup's work." If the marriage ends
as so many do now days whose (or
"whats") work will it be?Most of the stores in town have
agreed to close at 6:30 p. m. standard
time, commencing Jan. 4th, to March
1st, excepting Wednesday and Satur-
day evenings.—Carleton Times.Dressed hogs are bringing in this
market from \$3 to \$3.50 per hundred.
—Milford Times, from issue of Nov.
16, 1878. Some comment on present
h. c. of l. then and now.Mr. and Mrs. Harry Snowball and
family were guests Christmas of the
former's mother, Mrs. Martha
Snowball, on First street.—Milan
LeaderThe name is certainly appropriate
for winter, and very cool and con-
soling to think about in summerA wagon on wheels is becoming
more the exception than the rule,
since the heavy snow fall of a couple
of weeks ago.—Farmington Enter-
priseUp our way we very seldom see any
wagons or buggies on runners, but
sleighs and cutters are very numerous
these daysThe South Lyon Herald objects to
our calling the next local option fight
"The Battle of the Bunchhole."
Surely "The Battle of the Spigot,"
then, would be acceptable.—Oxford
LeaderAnd if that doesn't suit, how about
"Strap of Spirits" as both brief and
alliterative?A attempt to hold up Louise Mor-
gan, a 70-year-old tailor residing
on Orange street, was made Christmas
eve. Opening the door in response
to a rap, Morgan was confronted
by a masked man, who cracked him
over the head with a bludge. The tal-
lor's cries brought out the neighbors,
and the would-be robber took to his
heels. A trunk and bag were found in
the yard. A physician sawed up
the wound in Morgan's head.—
Wyandotte HeraldWhen a newspaper gives you a lot
of free advertising in order to boom
some concert or entertainment in
which you are interested keep track
of the bills that are printed week by
week and multiply that number by
the regular advertising rates of the
paper. Compare the results with
the actual money value of any favor
that you get from any other business
concern. To take into considera-
tion the fact that advertising and
circulation are the only two things
that a newspaper has to sell. Now,
in these days of higher prices, how
much do you think it ought to give
away?—Rockester EraC. B. Truesdell, a prominent farmer
of Canton and well known in this
village, when a boy swallowed a small
pin, which lodged in his throat and
nearly caused strangulation. Last
week, after a lapse of about sixty-
five years, a pin point was noticed
protruding from his left ear. It was
removed by Mrs. Hall at once. Mr.
Truesdell has at times suffered nearly
total deafness and always more or
less pain in his head, and has had the
services of several physicians with-
out any relief. But now that the
cause is removed his hearing is nor-
mal and the pain has entirely ceased.
—Plymouth MailThat there are still folks who have
something to learn in regard to parcel
post etiquette is evident by the fol-
lowing from the Birmingham Eccen-
tric:Some kind hearted person in
North Dakota sent for a Christmas
present, a music roll of leather and
something that look like a small grey
shawl. They wrapped it in a news-
paper and tied it with a string.
When it reached this office all that
was left of it was "ngahm, Mich."
Who is the owner? Please call at
the postoffice.But what we'd like to know is how
even an editor or a postmaster could
know about the music roll or the
supposed shawl.VISITORS HERE
AND ELSEWHEREMrs. H. F. Jackson is visiting her
sister at New Haven.Mrs. W. J. Thompson has been very
ill for the past week.Mrs. W. D. Killett is visiting
friends in Marine City.Miss Mae French visited friends at
Birmingham during the holiday timeMiss Helen Kellington of Windsor
has been visiting Miss Lydella Mur-
dockMr. and Mrs. John Christensen have
returned from a holiday visit at Mid-
land.Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Carpenter enter-
tained Dr. Rhoads of Cleveland over
SundayMr. and Mrs. Geo. Blashill of De-
troit spent Sunday with their uncle,
P. B. Parley.Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Waid spent New
Year's day with Dr. E. P. Waid and
family at Salem.Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Newton spent
Christmas with friends and relatives
in Buffalo, N. Y.Little Miss Reva Schrader spent a
part of last week with her grand-
parents at Salem.Mrs. Kittie Webber of Detroit was
the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Maude
Bennett, last weekThe Misses Hazel Killett and Hattie
Klavitter attended a theater party in
Detroit last week.Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hendryx ate
New Year's dinner with their daugh-
ter, Flora, in Detroit.Miss Marietta Bell left Sunday for
her home in Marine City after a visit
with Miss Hazel Killett.Mrs. Frank Thompson and daughter
returned home Monday from a visit
at Saginaw and MarletteMr. and Mrs. T. A. Garfield spent
Christmas with their daughter, Mrs.
L. C. Hillborn at ColdwaterMr. and Mrs. F. L. Newton were
week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. J.
W. McMahon at Toledo, OhioMrs. Roy Clark visited J. S. Hud-
dock and family and Mrs. L. M.
Currie in Detroit last weekRaymond and Walter Scott of Rom-
ulus were house guests of Mr. and
Mrs. D. A. Kohler for the holidaysMr. and Mrs. Fred Lockwood and
child of Detroit were over Sunday
guests of Ed Lockwood and wife.Mrs. G. W. Carl returned to her
home in New Haven the first of the
week after a visit with relatives hereMrs. Roger Angstrom of New York
City, formerly Genevieve Clark of this
place, was a week-end guest of Mrs.
Albert StanleyBert Clark returned to the C. of M.
Sunday after spending the holidays
at the home of his parents, Mr. and
Mrs. Joe ClarkMrs. John Barker received a let-
ter from her father, Geo. Galbraith, and
sister Mrs. Goers and baby, of Mon-
roe, on New Year's.Fred and Henry Fry and families
returned to their homes in Detroit
Sunday after attending the funeral of
their father, F. S. FryMrs. L. A. Bibbing of Detroit was
the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Ter-
rell one day last week, before leaving
for Florida to spend the winterMiss Blanche Clark returned to
Ypsilanti Monday to resume her col-
lege duties after spending the vaca-
tion at her parental home hereMiss Permeha Kohler returned
home Sunday evening from Lansing,
where she spent the holidays with
Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Lott. Mrs. Lott
was formerly Miss Ethel Lauray of
this place.Frank U. Fry returned to his home
in Rochester, N. Y., Monday after at-
tending the funeral of his father, the
late Frank S. Fry. Mrs. Fry and son,
Robert, remained for a two weeks'
visit with relatives hereMr. and Mrs. Ernest Kohler enter-
tained the Elite and the Criterion
500 clubs at New Year's dinner. Mr.
and Mrs. Kohler are members of both
clubs, and their hospitality furnished
a very pleasant occasion for all par-
ticipating.Mr. and Mrs. Roy Westlake and
Clyde Spencer of Redford, Miss Tessa
Pierson of Farmington and Miss Clara
Renfer of Detroit were guests of Mr.
and Mrs. Henry Franklin on Wednes-
day.Six pairs Canvas Gloves for 23c.
White House.day of last week and attended the
Star party that evening.Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodman of
Detroit were guests of L. A. Babbitt
and family and Mr. and Mrs. H. O.
Waid, Sunday.

WEEK'S CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Morning topic: "The Failure of
Unbelief." This is the first of a group
of two sermons to be preached. The
subject of the second sermon to be
preached one week from Sunday will
be "The Victory of Faith." These
services should be of considerable
profit. It is hoped that the good at-
tendance of last Sabbath will mark
the service next SundayEvening subject: "Sampson
Shorn of His Locks."The Sunday school at the usual
hour. The new graded lessons were
started last Sunday and promise to
be very interesting. Three new
classes were started as a result of
the increased attendance and the new
system introduced.Christian Endeavor at six o'clock.
Endeavorers remember the business
meeting and sleigh ride to-night, con-
ditions permitting.Mrs. Curtis' Sunday school class
is to hold an important meeting
tonight at the home of Mrs. J. B.
Tinsam. Plans for organizing the
class and for enlargement of activities
are to be considered. All who are
eligible for membership are urged to
be present.The annual meeting and supper will
be held next Thursday night, Jan. 14.
The supper will be followed by an
interesting program. All interested
in the Presbyterian church should
plan to be present. This meeting
should be the largest and most en-
thusiastic of its kind.The Ladies' Aid society held its
annual meeting at the home of Mrs.
James Sessions. The annual reports
were given and the following officers
were elected for the coming year:
Mrs. Froyd, President; Mrs. Georgia
Yerkes, vice-president; Miss Lucile Cal-
kins, Secy; and Mrs. C. A. Ponsford,
treasurer. Plans were also sub-
mitted for an enlarged work for the
coming year.The Bible Reading circle will meet
Monday afternoon at the home of
Mrs. J. D. Webber

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Sunday morning sermon: "Ap-
proach to God."Sunday night sermon: "The Res-
urrection." This is the second sermon in
the series on Pilgrim's Progress.The story gives in interest every
Sunday night. Our church was
filled last Sunday night, and more
are expected this weekFamily church day was a great
success. Both auditorium and par-
lors were completely filled at the
morning serviceThe Sunday school still holds its
high average. Without any special
effort the attendance was 256 last
Sunday. It might be one hundred
larger than that each week, if we
would make a little more effort.The January-February committee
of the Ladies' Aid will give a noon
luncheon at the church, Tuesday,
January 12. This luncheon will be
open to everyone, business men, shop
men, every man, and all the women
of the town who will enjoy a good
luncheon. The menu will be
escaloped potatoes, cabbage salad,
bread and butter, baked beans, coffee
and pie. Price 15 cents.The Bible Reading circle meets next
Monday afternoon at the home of
Mrs. J. E. WebberOn Tuesday afternoon of next week
the Ladies' Aid society will hold its
annual meeting. All of the ladies
of the church are cordially invited to
attend. Officers for the coming year
will be elected, and many matters of
interest and importance will be con-
sidered.The Queen Esther circle holds its
January meeting at the home of Miss
Madeline Barnum next Tuesday even-
ing

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

German communion services at 10
o'clock Sunday morning, January 10.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The topic for Sunday morning will
be "The Man of Vision vs. the Vision-
ary Man."In the evening the subject is "The
Unconscious Ministry."Thanks for the large congregations
last Sunday.The E. Y. P. U. will give a "Poverty
No. 13-B, Plymouth.Social" at the home of Roy Warner
on the Base Line Wednesday evening,
January 13. Sleighs at post office
at 7 o'clock. Refreshments. Every-
body welcome. Price 10c.At the annual meeting Monday
evening the following officers of the
church were elected: Clerk, W. B.
Mosher; Treas., H. F. Jackson; Dea-
con, G. A. Sutton; Trustees, C.
Vanvalkenburg, Gilbert Palmer and
G. A. Sutton; Chorister, Mrs. E. S.
Brown, Chairman of Ushers, F. S.
Brown. The ladies of the church
served a supper in the evening which
was greatly enjoyed by a large rep-
resentation of the church.The Ladies' Bible Reading circle
will meet next Monday afternoon at
the home of Mrs. J. E. Webber.

NO Balleors That Day.

When Dickson, not yet four years
old, ran to ask his mother if he
could buy a balloon she replied: "I
can't let you buy one today; for I
haven't any change." A minute or
two later he was heard calling at
the top of his voice: "Balloon man
balloon man," to the man who was by
that time well past the house. He
rushed and came into the yard and
up to the porch, expecting, of course
to make a sale. When Dickson said
"Balloon man, my mother hasn't any
change today."—Chicago Tribune.

A Distingu Art.

"Don't you want your boy Josh to be
a good speller?" asked the school
teacher. "I dunno," replied Farmer
Gorntosel. "About all the notice a
good speller gets nowadays is bein'
called on occasionally to decide a
bet."

His Position.

"My father's elected on the com-
mittee who are going to have some
more driven wells put down for the
city." "Ah I see; he's on the water
board."A healthy man is a king in his own
right; an unhealthy man an unhappy
slave. For impure blood and slug-
gish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters.
On the market 35 years. \$1.00 a bot-
tle.—Adv.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent, For Sale, Lost, Found.
Wanted notices inserted under this
head for 1 cent per wordNOW is the time to get your automo-
biles, buggies and wagons painted
like a new. Paint Shop, North-
ville, Mich. Phone 71W. 24x3p.WANTED: enough farmers to share
on a car load of Potoksky Fluo
Ground Lame. For particulars, J.
White, Northville 24x1cLOST—Monday, on Main street, near
4th, a black buggy whip. Finder
please notify Bailey Johnson 24x1cFOR SALE—Single comb Rhode
Island cockerels, beauties. En-
quire M. H. Shaw 24x2pHAVE your old carpets made into
rugs. Claude Stanley, Phone
147 W 22x1pCALL 356 W FOR ALL kinds of Car-
penter work and repairing. E. H.
Thompson, Northville 21x1cFOR RENT—House on Dubois St.
Inquire Mrs. E. Greer Phone 194
21x1cFOR RENT—Comfortable bedroom
with privilege of bath. Phone 17W.
21x1cFOR SALE—My house and lot, corner
Wing and Main St., Northville.
Bargain. A. F. Lumbright. 22x3pFOR SALE—Pair of bobs, ice plow
and ice tools. Fred Carpenter,
Northville. 22x1cWANTED—Customers for our fancy
buckwheat flour, delivered at town,
10-lb sack for 35c, 25-lb sack for
\$6c. Northville Milling Co 20x1c

AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN.

Wanted as Salesman in this territory.
Must be willing to learn and work
hard. Permanent position, Rapid
Advancement and good pay. No ex-
perience necessary.

THE FRONTIER CO.

318 New Telegraph Bldg. (2 blocks
from Interurban Station)
DETROIT.

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DR. P. R. ALEXANDER, DENTIST—
Office over Park Brothers Store. Hours
8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Phone 29. 21x3pDR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon. Office and residence 31 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.
Phone No. 1.DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
door west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours 1.00 to 3.00, and 6.00 to 8.00
p. m. Telephone.DR. D. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN
and Surgeon. Office, Lapham
Savings Bank Bldg., Northville.
Hours: 7 to 9 a. m.; 1 to 3 and 7
to 9 p. m. Telephone 24. 37x1cDR. BEEBE RUTH JEPSON,
Osteopath. Graduate American
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Detroit office, Suite 301-244 Wood-
ward Ave. Northville office, Mrs.
Frances Horton's, Main street.
Phone 25-J. 19x1cW. H. BETTEYS, M. D., PHYSI-
cian and Surgeon. Office at
home of Mrs. Stoneburner, opposite
Bayer Pharmacy. Office hours: 7 to
10 a. m.; 3 to 5 p. m. Calls promptly
attended day or night. Telephone
No. 143-B, Plymouth. 21x3p

ANNUAL SALE

AT

THE WHITE HOUSE

Continues Until Saturd'y, Jan'y 16

Dress Gingham, 12 1-2c for 8 1-2c
Our Best Percales, all 9 1-2c
Outing Flannels, 10c for 7 1-2c; 8c for 6c
Flannellettes, 10c for 7 1-2c; 12 1-2c for 9c; 15c for 11c
Boys' and Girls' Underwear 1-4 Off
Ladies' Undervests and Pants 25c for 19c;
50c for 39c.Ladies' Union Suits, 50c for 39c; \$1.00 for 79c
Pillow Tops, with Silk, 25c for 17c
Blankets, 65c for 49c; 79c for 63c; \$1.10 for 87c
\$1.50 for \$1.15. All others cut in proportion.
Ladies' Coats, \$12.50 for \$7.50; \$10.00 for \$6.50
\$7.50 for \$4.95.All Children's Coats 1/2 Price
Gents' Bath Robes, Made up, \$3.75 for \$2.75;
\$5.00 for \$3.50; \$6.00 for \$4.75.
Comforters, \$1.25 for 98c; \$1.50 for \$1.15;
\$2.00 for \$1.50.Comforter Saten, 12 1-2c for 9c
Unbleached Sheeting, 1 yd wide, 6 1-2-7 1-2-8 1-2-9c
2 yds wide Unbleached Sheeting, 25c for 21c
2 yds Bleached Sheeting, 27c for 22c
2 1-4 wide Unbleached Sheeting, for 25c
2 1-4 Bleached Sheeting, for 25c
Black and Fancy Petticoats, \$1.00 for 79c;
\$1.25 for 98c; \$1.98 for \$1.35.Fancy 25c Linen Handkerchiefs for 19c
Linen Handkerchiefs at 4c, 8c, 12c and 19c
Ladies' \$2.25 Sweaters for \$1.49; \$2.00 for \$1.25
Children's Sweaters from 29c to 79c
Baby Blankets, 50c for 35c; 75c for 59c;
\$1.00 for 79c; \$1.50 for \$1.15.Lounge Robes, 79c, 98c, \$1.25, \$1.69
Our Poplins and Fancy Dress Goods at 25c yd
to Close Out at 15c yd
1-4 Off on all Dress Goods 1-4 Off
Bargains in Everything.We carry Pink, Blue, White, Yellow and Ecru
Peri Lustre.

Pictures Framed to Order.

Notice—From January 4th to April 1st we
Close at 6 p. m., Saturdays Excepted.

EDWIN WHITE, Northville.

What Four Cents Worth of Electricity Will Do.

- Will light 8,000 cigars
- Will heat a curling iron continuously for 33 hours
- Will heat a cabinet maker's glue pot for five hours
- Will heat a family sized flat iron continuously for two hours
- Will heat 480 slices of bread
- Will percolate 12 cups of coffee
- Will light a 100 watt Mazda lamp for 10 hours
- Will light a 25 watt Mazda lamp for 40 hours
- Will run a sewing machine for 25 hours
- Will run a washing machine for 14 hours
- Will run a grocer's coffee mill for six hours
- Will run an eight inch desk fan for 40 hours
- Will run a 12 inch desk fan for 25 hours
- Will run a 56 inch, four blade ceiling fan for 7 hours
- Will heat a bath room for two hours
- Will give you 10 cents worth of cleanliness, convenience and comfort

Eastern Mich. Edison Co.

Telephone No. 53.

Medieval Teutons.

The Teutonic races, spurred for-
ward by migrating hordes in the rear
and thrown backward by trained ar-
mies upon the Roman frontiers, were
compelled to bend the full force of
their tribal organizations to warfare.
Their youths were trained to a hardy,
active life. Their courage and spirit
were constantly fed by stories of ex-
ploits of the chase and the battlefield.
They were proud of their stature and
strength and were full of boasting and
ferocity.—Engineering Magazine.

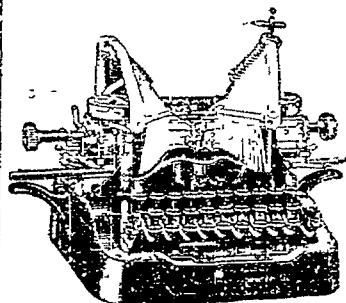
Many Lives Saved.

Out of 2,500 persons who accepted
the free annual medical examination
offered by one of the large insurance
companies, 50 per cent were found to
be more or less out of order, most of
the derangements being in the heart,
blood vessels and kidneys. Of those
impaired, 44 per cent did not suspect
it. In every case the family phy-
sician was informed of the trouble.
At the end of four years the death
rate in this group of 2,500 was only
60 per cent of that reasonably ex-
pected by the actuaries.

No Life is Wasted.

No life is wasted in the great work-
er's hand. The gem too poor to pol-
ish in itself is grinded to brighter oth-
ers.—Philip James Bailey.The Silent Seven
Oliver Typewriter

MEANS EFFICIENCY.

More Work. Better Work. No Trouble
For Touch Method Expert or Busy
Business ManLightest Touch. Greatest Speed.
Comfort and Convenience. Best Man-
holder and Stencil Cutter. Various
sizes of carriages interchangeable in
a moment. Many varieties of Type-
But Printtype is Best.A Real Typewriter
BUILT LIKE A MACHINE.EDWARD L. BOGART,
Local Agent, NORTHVILLE, MICH.

A Fair Warning

One That Should Be Heeded by Northville Residents.

Frequently the first sign of kidney trouble is a slight ache or pain in the loins. Neglect of this warning makes the way easy for more serious troubles—dropsy, gravel, Bright's disease. It is well to pay attention to the first sign. Weak kidneys generally grow weaker and delay is often dangerous. Residents of this locality place reliance in Doan's Kidney Pills. This tested remedy has been used in kidney trouble over 50 years—is recommended all over the civilized world. Read the following:

Mrs. R. E. Cole, Horton Ave., Northville, Mich., says: "Different ones of my family have used Doan's Kidney Pills with splendid results. One of us had a lame back and soreness across the loins. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved him of the trouble. Another suffered from trouble with the kidney secretions and in this case, Doan's Kidney Pills also gave quick relief. We are all pleased to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills because we know just how good they are."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Cole had. Foster-Mulburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Advertisement.

TSOUR STOMACH MAKES A SOUR MAN.

This is the day of the optimist. The "don't worry" man is a genial smiling chap who looks forward to a bright future of health and happiness.

The pessimist is scorned. He is blamed for a surly and gloomy disposition and receives no sympathy for his morbid forebodings. It isn't altogether right.

Many a man gets the reputation for having a sour disposition, when the truth of the matter is that he has a sour stomach.

NYAL'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

will help that man.

A good digestion is a blessing; Nyal's Dyspepsia Tablets bring a blessing. Two sizes, 25c and 50c.

T. E. Murdock

DRUGGIST

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MILLER'S MEAT MARKET.

FRESH, SALT & SMOKED MEATS.

F. A. MILLER, Propr.

193 Main St. NORTHVILLE.

Telephone

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 5:15 a. m. and every four thereafter until 5:15 p. m. 10:30 p. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac only 11:15 p. m.; for Farmington Junction only 12:20 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 5:30 a. m. and hourly to 1:30 p. m. 9:30 p. m. 11:20 p. m. Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:44 a. m. 6:44 a. m. and hourly to 6:44 p. m. Also 8:44 p. m. 10:15 p. m. and midnight.

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.

Remember

That every added subscriber helps to make this paper better for everybody

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

Northville Newslets.

Nico ice.

Taxes due.

Water taxes.

Good skating.

P. O. box rents.

Electric light bills.

Great coasting days.

And spring 72 days away.

Great days these for settling up.

Easter this year comes on April 4

The moon started the new year by getting full.

Annual bank meetings Tuesday, January 12.

Miss Lida Richardson has been ill with tonsillitis this week.

Bell Foundry annual meet next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hills have moved into the Totten house on South Wing street.

Mrs. N. I. Colt has been ill since last week Wednesday, but is much better today.

L. W. Simmons is slowly improving and is now able to sit up a short time each day.

F. E. VanAtta recently received an order from Scotland for a car load of Superior Churns.

The annual meeting of the Globe Furniture Co., occurs next Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Don't forget a handful of salt in the rinse water these cold wash-days, to keep the clothes from freezing to the line.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Olm Saturday, January 2. Mrs. Olm was formerly Miss Jessie VanValkenburg.

Silver will be bright as new if it is covered with sour milk, allowed to stand for half an hour, and then washed and rinsed.

Mrs. Walter Dugan of Wyandotte, formerly Flora Lapham of Northville, is slowly recovering after a serious operation, performed a few weeks ago in a Detroit hospital.

The Maid—do you think it's unlucky to get married on Friday? The Bachelor Of course. Why should Friday be an exception?

Curtains in the home of Charles Mundy, caught fire from a lighted gasoline stove early Monday evening and an alarm was turned in. But the flames were extinguished by neighbors before the bell had stopped ringing, with but little damage to the house and furnishings.

R. Smitherman and family, including Mrs. M. T. Murray, R. Smitherman, Jr. of Redford, Mrs. J. H. Wellfare of Birmingham, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Campbell and sons of Springfield were royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kator New Year's day.

Rev. J. E. Webber was presented with a beautiful gold watch and handsome robe by the Presbyterian church and congregation, on the Sunday following Christmas as a token of affection and appreciation. Mrs. Webber was remembered with a number of pieces of pretty table silver.

Hot water may be had the first thing in the morning, or any time during the night, in an unheated room, by putting boiling water in a wrapped small crock, setting this in a larger crock, covering and putting a pillow or cushion on top. If baby needs a bottle of warm milk, it will be right very shortly if set in the hot water.

One's "robe de nuit" is a pretty necessary article and to find it missing upon returning from a trip to South Lyon was both exasperating and embarrassing to one of Northville's citizens recently. As sad as it wasn't enough, the darn machine in which the return trip was being made, busted and the arrival home delayed several hours. Best's all, doesn't it?

Satisfaction is Dangerous. It's good to be gratified, but dangerous to be satisfied—Sheldon.

Furs—Got a few left at less than cost. White House.

WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat—White \$1.22. Red—\$1.25

Oats—50c.

Shelled Corn—70c.

Hogs, Live.

Dressed Hogs—\$3.50.

Eggs—33c. Butter—31c.

Lamb, alive—\$7.00.

Veal Calves—10 1-2c per lb.

Beef Hides—10c.

Rumors of a K. P. barn dance are afloat. Are you on?

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stimpson are spending a couple of months with relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Burrows treated about thirty ladies to a sleighride Monday afternoon.

Regular meeting F. & A. M. lodge No. 186, Monday evening, Jan. 11. Banquet at 8 o'clock.

The B. Y. P. U. will give a poverty social at the Roy Warner home, Wednesday evening, Jan. 13.

Henry Priest, who has been very sick with bronchial and heart trouble, is convalescent.

The Eastern Michigan Edison Co. has an interesting ad in this week's issue telling what four cents will do in the way of electricity.

Luther Lapham is now a student at the Cadillac Motor company's school of instruction in Detroit, where he expects to take a two years' course.

Electric light bills sent out by the Edison Co. show that 80 per cent of the rates are lower and the other 20 per cent slightly higher than under the old regime.

If the vinegar cruet, water bottle, or vase is stained, fill with soapuds made of strong ammonia. Let stand a short time, then drop in a few shot or beans and shake well.

This Friday, with Saturday and Monday following, are the final days for paying the state and county taxes in Northville township before the extra percentage is added.

If a cork has fallen into a bottle that you want to use, pour in enough strong ammonia to float the cork, leave it a day or two and it will be so eaten that it can easily be shaken out.

Fred Lyke has been appointed superintendent of the Northville water works system. Mr. Lyke is extremely capable of filling this position to the best advantage for the people of this village and satisfaction is assured.

The reason that people in the west part of town were unable to get night telephone service a week or so ago was because of faulty cable wiring. The trouble has been remedied and the night bell again rings with an awakening note.

Friends of Starr Taft will be interested to hear that he has accepted a position as manager of one of the largest drug stores in Columbus, Ohio. Up till now he has traveled Indiana and Ohio in the interest of the Frederick Stearns Co., of Detroit.

The annual banquet given by the ladies employed by the local U. S. fish commission, took place Monday noon, Dec. 28. The guests, including the men of the hatchery force, numbered 20. A delicious meal was served and several flash light pictures taken.

The Ladies Aid society of the M. E. church will serve a noon luncheon in the church Tuesday, January 12, open to all business people. A hearty meal will be served at an extremely small price, in order to make sure that many attend and enjoy the social part as well as the eatables.

W. L. Ely of Farmington died in a hospital at Ann Arbor Sunday morning of gangrene which set in from a carbuncle on his neck. Mr. Ely was well known here, having dealt in real estate about town. He owned the house on Main street occupied by H. K. Ellis and family which A. E. Stanley recently purchased.

The date of the operetta, "Cherry Blossom," to be given as a benefit for the Library under the auspices of the trustees, has not been definitely fixed because of the uncertainty of the finishing of the Alseum theater. The cast will be composed of about 40 young people of Northville, with Miss June Filkins in the title role.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors and also members of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. for aid given us after our loss by fire.

LESTER LYKE AND FAMILY.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our friends for their kindness during our sad bereavement, in the sickness and death of our daughter, Mrs. Mark Risner.

FRED RORABACHER AND FAMILY.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all those who assisted us in so many kind ways during the sickness and death of our husband and father.

MRS. FRANK FRY, SR. AND SONS.

FRANK, HENRY AND FRED.

Heavy Oatmeal 10c; usually sold for 12 1-2c. for 7 1-2c. White House.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Regular Convention January 12, 1915. Installation of officers.

C. B. Bristol, K. of R. & S. W. L. TINHAM, C. C.

DONELSON-LYON.

A very pleasant event occurred at the Bathwick-Donelson home at Novi on Wednesday, Dec. 30, at high noon, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Bertha Donelson and Rev. O. J. Lyon of Gaines. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Steadman of Detroit, a friend of the groom. The beautiful ring service was used with Lottie Bernadine Verduyn as ring bearer.

The bride was gowned in white crepe de chene with an overdress of cream net with cream velvet and silver lace trimming and wore a corsage bouquet of bridal roses.

The rooms were very prettily decorated in red, green and white, the color scheme being carried out in all the rooms. Ferrand Hollister of Detroit, a cousin of the bride, sang "O Promise Me," after which the bridal party took their place across a corner of the parlor under a large bell and back of which, suspended from the ceiling, were two white doves. The corner was banked with green and white and tiny red Christmas bells. The attendants were Gideon Murray and Miss Payline Hollister of Detroit, Mr. Geo. Duett of Mason and Miss Gladys Rose of Menominee.

About 60 guests were present from Detroit, Pontiac, Milford, Walled Lake, Pittsburg, Pa., Mason, Gaines, Northville, West Bloomfield and Novi. The many presents were beautiful and useful.

After congratulations and a delicious luncheon, the happy couple left amid showers of rice, etc., for a short wedding trip before going to their home at Gaines, where Mr. Lyon is pastor of the M. E. church. He had the Novi and Walled Lake charges last year till conference time when he was given the charge at Gaines.

The best wishes of a large circle of friends go with the happy couple for a very useful, happy and prosperous life.

Old Wine in New Bottles.

Dad (from the hall)—"Why Marjorie, how dim the light is in here!" Frigg (the dance not a college graduate in mind)—"Yes, sir. Professor Munsterberg has a theory that brilliant light hinders the intellect. We're experimenting to find the degree of illumination by which the attention is kept vivid and the mental functions active."—Judge.

Friendship

A friend loveth at all times and is a brother born for adversity."—Book of Proverbs.

Ladies' Coats cut to \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$7.50; worth double. White House.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

at the close of business Dec. 31, 1914.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts,	143,589.59
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities,	178,854.62
Overdrafts,	None
Banking house,	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	2,735.00
Items in Transit,	2,079.17
One year Bank Reserve	
Cities,	50,997.33
Cash and Cash Items,	24,564.20
Total,	\$410,269.91

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	1,500.00
Undivided Profit,	2,712.12
Reserve for taxes,	375.70
Deposits—	
Subject to Check,	\$97,546.29
Certificates of Deposit,	97,331.25
Savings accounts,	180,772.46
Total,	\$410,269.91

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. Harmon,	R. Christensen,	F. S. Harmon, President.
F. E. Bradley,	Frank S. Neal,	R. Christensen, Vice-President.
M. N. Johnson,	E. G. Terrill,	E. H. Lapham, Cashier.
E. H. Lapham,		Ernest Miller, Asst. Cashier.

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.

MORE LEG ROOM FOR PASSENGERS

OLDSMOBILE INCREASES BODY LENGTH OF LIGHT FOUR GIVING GREATER SPACE IN TONNEAU.

Further improvements have been made in the light four Oldsmobile, and shipments of the new cars are on the way to distributing centers throughout the country. The manufacturers explain that these improvements, while few in number, are quite important in that they add materially to the riding qualities and the roominess as well as the outward comeliness of the car. In the main they have to do with the body, increasing to a noticeable extent the space in the tonneau. More leg room is afforded by an addition of three inches to the length of the body, which, however, is not obtained by any lengthening of the wheelbase, but rather by adding slightly to the body in the rear.

The radiator has been increased in height giving more room under the hood and a higher and more massive appearance to the front end of the car.

It is stated by J. V. Hall, sales manager of the Olds company, that the new changes in the light four model relate principally to the comfort afforded passengers and the outward appearance and do not affect in any way the mechanical features of the car.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.



You May Talk to One Man

But an advertisement in this paper talks to the whole community.

Catch the Idea?

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS, AT

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE

J. M. DIXON, Prop., Phone

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

Doc Says==

Nine Years Ago this Business was Started. Founded on the idea of Real, True Values and Absolute Sincerity and Truthfulness, in all our dealings with the public. We ascribe what little success we have had to this Feature of our business.

\$10.00

Every Suit and Overcoat in Our Stock that formerly Sold for \$15.00, will be sold for \$10.00. And Good Suits are these; No man can show you better ones. They are All Wool, Strictly Fast Colors, Hand Made Button Holes; Hand Made Collars, and Open Shoulders; Up-to-Date in Cut.

There are in our Sweater Stock about 25 Sweaters—odds and ends—most of them Strictly All Wool, which we will sell for \$3.00. Former price \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

We have Several Balmacaan Overcoats, Strictly All Wool and Water Proof, that were \$15.00. They are yours for \$10.00. They come in Brown, Olive, Navy Blue and Gray Mixtures. A Very Swagger Garment.

We have a few of these Comfy, Cold Weather Garments left. Strictly All Wool. Former price \$8.00, you own them for \$5.50.

WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.



PHILIP STEELE

of the ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of The Danger Trail, The Honor of the Big Snows, etc.

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

MacGregor gave him a three weeks' furlough; and his first move was to go up to Edmonton and Le Pas. Colonel Becker and Isobel had been at those places six weeks before. He could find no trace of their having stopped at Prince Albert. He ran down to Winnipeg and spent several days in making inquiries which proved the hopelessness of any longer expecting to find Isobel in Canada.

He assured himself that by this time they were probably in London and he made his plans accordingly. His discharge would come to him by the tenth of August, and he would immediately set off for England.

Upon his return to Prince Albert he was detailed to a big prairie stretch of country where there was little to do but wait. On the first day of August he was at Hymers when the limited plunged down the embankment into Blind Indian river. The first word of it came over the wire from Bleak House Station a little before midnight, while he and the agent were playing cribbage. Pink-cheeked little Gunn, agent-operator, and one-third of the total population of Hymers, had lifted a peg to make a count when his hand stopped in mid-air, and with a gasping break in his voice he sprang to his feet.

The instrument on the little table near the window was clicking furiously. It was Billinger, at Bleak House, calling on the headquarters, clear lines, the right of way. The Transcontinental—extra, tender, baggage car, two coaches and a sleeper, had gone to the devil.

There, in his excitement, were his first words. From fifty to a hundred were dead. Gunn almost swore Billinger's next words to the line. It was not an accident! Human hands had torn up three sections of rail. The same human hands had rolled a live iron boulder in the right of way. He did not know whether the express car or what little remained of it had been rolled over or not.

From midnight until two o'clock the lines were hot. A wrecking train was on its way from the east, and other train division headquarters to the west. Obviously headquarters demanded no information, and told him that the terrible tragedy was told even as the men and women in it died and the few souls from the prairie around Bleak House Station fought to save lives.

Then a new word crept in on the wire. It called for Philip Steele of Hymers. It commanded him in the name of Inspector MacGregor of the Royal Mounted to reach Bleak House Station without delay. What he was to do when he arrived at the scene of the wreck was left to his own judgment.

The wire from MacGregor aroused Philip from the stupor of horror into which he had fallen. Gunn's girlish face was as white as a sheet.

"I've got a message," he said, "and you can take it. It's forty miles to Bleak House and you can make it in three hours. There won't be a train for six."

Philip scribbled a few words for MacGregor and shoved them into Gunn's nervous hand. While the operator was sending them off he rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and buckled on his revolver belt. Then Gunn hurried him through the door and they lifted the velocipede on the track.

"Where Billinger I'm coming," called back Philip as Gunn started him off with a running shove.

CHAPTER XVI

A Lock of Golden Hair.

As the sun was rising in a burning August glare over the edge of the parched prairie, Philip saw ahead of him the unpainted board shanty that was called Bleak House Station, and a few moments later he saw a man run out into the middle of the track and stare down at him from under the shade of his hands. It was Billinger, his English face as white as he had left Gunn's, his shirt in tatters, arms bare, and his tremendous blond mustaches crisped and seared by fire. Close to the station, fastened to posts, were two saddle-horses. A mile beyond these things a thin film of smoke clouded the sky.

As the finger stopped Philip jumped from his seat and held out a blistered hand.

"I'm Steele—Philip Steele, of the Northwest Mounted."

"And I'm Billinger—agent," said the other.

Philip noticed that the hand that gripped his own was raw and bleeding.

"I got your word, and I've received instructions from the department to place myself at your service. My wife is at the key. I've found the key, and I've got two horses. But I can't tell another man who'll leave there for love or God or money."

"I heard their screams from where

you're standing—the hurt, I mean. They won't leave the wreck—not a man, and I don't blame 'em."

A pretty, brown-haired young woman had come to the door and Billinger ran to meet her.

"Good-by," he cried, taking her for a moment in his big arms. "Take care of the key!"

He turned as quickly to the horses, talking as they mounted.

"It was robbery," he said—and they got off at a canter, side by side.

"There was two hundred thousand in currency in the express car and it's gone. I found their trail this morning, going into the North. They're hitting for what we call the Bad Lands over beyond the Coyote, twenty miles from here. I don't suppose there's any time to lose."

"No," said Philip. "How many are there?"

"Four—maybe more."

Billinger started his horse into a gallop and Philip purposely held his mount behind to look at the other man. The first law of MacGregor's teaching was to study men, and it

suspect it was the first law of the splendid service of which he was a part—and so he looked hard at Billinger. The Englishman was hatless. His sandy hair was cropped short and his mustaches floated out like

flexible horns from the sides of his face. His shirt was in tatters. In one place it was ripped clean of the shoulder and Philip saw a purplish bruise where the flesh was bare. He knew these for the marks of Billinger's presence at the wreck. Now the man was equipped for other business.

A huge forty-four—bang at his waist, a short carbine swung at his saddle-bow, and there was something in the manner of his riding in the lurch of his shoulders, and in the quick sweep of his long mustaches, that testified Philip he was a man who could use them. He rode up alongside of him with a new confidence. They were coming to the top of a knoll at the summit. Billinger stopped and pointed down into a hollow a quarter of a mile away.

"It will be a long time to go down there," he said, "and it will do you good. See that thing that looks like a big log in the river? That's the top of the day coach. It's out a right side up, and the conductor who wasn't hurt says there were twenty people in it. We watched it settle from the shore, and we couldn't do a thing while they were dying in there like so many caged rats. The other coach buried, and that heap of stuff you see there is what's left of the Pullman and the baggage car. There's two or three dead stretched out along the track, and a good many hurt. Great heavens, listen to that!"

He shuddered and Philip shuddered at the wailing sound of grief and pain that came up to them.

"It'll be a long time to go down," agreed Philip.

His blood was burning at fever heat when he raised his eyes from the scene below to Billinger's face. Every fighting fiber in his body was tugging for action, and at the responsive glare which he met in Billinger's eyes he thrust his hand half over the space that separated them.

"We'll get 'em, Billinger," he cried. "By God, we'll get 'em!"

There was something ferocious in the crush of the other's hand. The Englishman's teeth gleamed for an instant between his seared mustaches as he heeled his mount into a canter along the back of the ridge. Five minutes later the knoll dipped again into the plain and at the foot of it Billinger stopped his horse for a second and pointed to fresh boot-marks in the prairie sod. Philip jumped from his horse and examined the ground.

"There are five in the gang, Billinger," he said shortly. "All of them were galloping—but one."

He looked up to catch Billinger leaning over the pommel of his saddle staring at something almost directly under his horse's feet.

"What's that?" he demanded. "A handkerchief?"

Philip picked it up—a dainty bit of fine linen, crumpled and sodden by dew, and held it out between the forefinger and thumb of both hands.

"Yes, and a woman's handkerchief. Now what the devil—"

He stopped at the look in Billinger's face as he reached down for the handkerchief. The square jaws of the man were set like steel springs, but Philip noticed that his hand was trembling.

"A woman in the gang," he laughed as Philip mounted.

They started out at a canter, Billinger still holding the bit of linen close under his eyes. After a little he passed it back to Philip who was riding close beside him.

"Something happened last night," he said, looking straight ahead of him, "that I can't understand. I don't tell my wife. I haven't told my one. But I guess you ought to know. It's interesting, anyway—and has made a wreck of my nerves."

He wiped his face with a blackened rag which he drew from his hip pocket.

"We were working hard to get out the living, leaving the dead where they were for a time, and I had crawled under the wreck of the sleeper. I was sure that I had heard a cry, and crawled in among the debris, snoring a lantern ahead of me. About where Earth Number Ten should have been, the timbers had telescoped upward, leaving an open space four or five feet high. I was on my hands and knees, bare-headed, and my lantern lighted up things as plain as day. At first I saw nothing, and was listening again for the cry when I felt something soft and light sweeping down over me, and I looked up. Heavens—"

Billinger was mopping his face again, leaving streaks of char-black where the perspiration had started.

"Pinned up there in the mass of twisted steel, and broken wood was a woman," he went on. "She was the most beautiful thing I have ever looked upon. Her arms were reaching down to me; her face was turned a little to one side, but still looking at me—and all but her face and part of her arms was smothered in a mass of red-gold hair that fell down to my shoulders. I could have sworn that she was alive. Her lips were red, and I thought for a moment that she was going to speak to me. I could have sworn, too, that there was color in her face, but it must have been something

With a tremendous effort he recovered himself, and saw Billinger staring at him as though the hot sun had for an instant blinded him of reason. But the look of hair still rippled and shone before his eyes.

"You—you have given me a shock," he said, straining to keep his voice even. "I'm glad you had foresight enough to keep the lock of hair, Billinger. At first—I jumped to a conclusion. But there's only one chance in a hundred that I'm right. If I should be right—I know the girl. Do you understand why it startled me? Now for the chase, Billinger. Lead away!"

Leaving low over their saddles they galloped into the North. For a time the trail of the five outlaws was so distinct that they rode at a speed which lathered their horses. Then the short, prairie grass, crisp and sun-dried, gave place to a broad sweep of wire-grass above which the yellow backs of coyotes were visible as now and then they bobbed up in their quick, short leaps to look over the top of it. In this brown sea all trace of the trail was lost from the saddle and both men dismounted. Foot by foot they followed the faint signs ahead of them. So slow was their progress that after a time Billinger straightened himself with a nervous curse.

"Won't do," said Billinger. "It's ten miles across this wire dip, and we won't make it until night—if we make it at all. I've got an idea. You're a better trailer than I am,

so you follow this through. I'll ride on and see if I can pick up the trail somewhere in the edge of the clean prairie. What do you say?"

"Good," said Philip. "I believe you can do it."

Billinger leaped into his saddle and was off at a gallop. Philip was almost eagerly anxious for the opportunity, and went on the line handkerchief and the crumpled lock of hair from his pocket and held them in his hand as he looked after the agent.

Then, slowly, he raised the handkerchief to his face. For a full minute he stood with the dainty fabric pressed to his lips and nose. Back there when he had first held the handkerchief he thought that he imagined. But now he was sure. Faintly the bit of soiled fabric breathed to him the sweet scent of hyacinth. His eyes shone in an eager bloodshot glare as he watched Billinger disappear over a roll in the prairie a mile away.

In spite of his efforts to argue the absurdity of his thoughts, he could feel that he was trembling in every nerve of his body. And twice—three times—he held the handkerchief to his face before he reached the rise in the prairie over which Billinger had disappeared. The agent had been gone an hour when the trail of the outlaws brought him to the knoll. From the top of it Philip looked over the prairie to the North.

A horseman was galloping toward him. He knew that it was Billinger, and stood up in his stirrups so that the other would see him. Half a mile away the agent stopped and Philip could see him signaling frantically with both arms. Five minutes later Philip rode up to him. Billinger's horse was half-winded, and in Billinger's face there were tense lines of excitement.

"There's some one out on the prairie," he called, as Philip reined in. "I couldn't make out a horse, but there's a man in the trail beyond the second ridge. I believe they've stopped to water their horses and feed a little like just this side of the rough country."

Billinger had loosened his carbine, and was examining the breach. He glanced anxiously at Philip's empty saddle straps.

"It'll be long-range shooting, if they've got guns," he said. "Sorry, I couldn't find a gun for you."

Philip drew one of his two long-barreled service revolvers and set his lips in a grim and reassuring smile as he followed the bobbing head of a coyote some distance away.

"We're not considered proficient in the service unless we can make use of these things at two hundred yards, Billinger," he replied, replacing the weapon in its holster. "If it's a running fight I'd rather have 'em than a carbine. If it isn't a running fight we'll come in close."

Philip looked at the agent as they galloped side by side through the long grass, and Billinger looked at him in the face of each there was something which gave the other assurance. For the first time it struck Philip that his companion was something more than an operator at Bleak

House Station. He was a fighter. He was a man of the stamp needed down at Headquarters, and he was bound to tell him so before this affair was over. He was thinking of it when they came to the second ridge.

Five miles to the north and west loomed the black line of the Bad Lands. To a tenderfoot they would not have appeared to be more than a mile distant. Midway in the prairie between there loomed a human figure. Even at that distance Philip and Billinger could see that was moving, though with a slowness that puzzled them.

For several minutes they stood breathing their horses, their eyes glued on the subject ahead of them. Twice in a space of a hundred yards it seemed to stumble and fall. The second time that it rose Philip knew that it was standing motionless. Then it disappeared again. He stared until the rolling heat waves of the blistered prairie stung his eyes. The object did not rise.

Blinking, he looked at Billinger, and through the sweat and grime of the other's face he saw the question that was on his own lips. Without a word they spurred down the slope, and after a time Billinger swept to the right and Philip to the left, each with his eyes searching the low prairie grass. The agent saw the thing first, still a hundred yards to his right. He was off his horse when Philip whirled at his shout and galloped across to him.

"It's her—the girl I found in the wreck," he said.

Something seemed to be choking him. His neck muscles twitched and his long, lean fingers were digging into his own flesh.

In an instant Philip was on his feet. He saw nothing of the girl's face, hidden under a mass of hair in which the sun burned like golden fire. He saw nothing but the crumpled, lifeless form, smothered under the shining mass, and yet in this moment he knew. With a fierce cry he dropped upon his knees and drew away the girl's hair until her lovely face lay revealed to him in terrible pallor and stillness, and as Billinger stood there, tense and staring, he caught that face close to his breast, and began talking to it as though he had gone mad.

"Isobel—Isobel—Isobel!" he moaned. "My God, my Isobel!"

He had repeated the name a hundred times, when Billinger, who began to understand, put his hand on Philip's shoulder and gave him his water canteen.

"She's not dead, man," he said, as Philip's red eyes glared up at him. "Here water."

"My God—It's strange," almost moaned Philip. "Billinger—you understand—she's going to be my wife—if she lives."

That was all of the story he told, but Billinger knew what those few words meant.

"She's going to live," he said. "See—there's color coming back into her face—she's breathing!" He bathed her face in water, and placed the canteen to her lips.

A moment later Philip bent down and kissed her. "Isobel—my sweet-heart!" he whispered.

"We must hurry with her to the water hole," said Billinger, laying a sympathetic hand on Philip's shoulder. "It's the sun. Thank God, nothing has happened to her, Steele. It's the sun—this terrible heat."

He almost pulled Philip to his feet, and when he had mounted Billinger lifted the girl very gently and gave her to him.

Then, with the agent leading in the trail of the outlaws, they set off at a walk through the sickening sun-glare for the water hole in the edge of the Bad Lands.

CHAPTER XVII

The Battle in the Canyon.

HUNCHED over, with Isobel's head sheltered against his breast, Philip rode a dozen paces behind the agent. It seemed as if the sun had suddenly burst in molten fire upon the back of his neck, and for a time it made him dizzy. His bridle reins hung loosely over the pommel. He made no effort to guide his horse, which followed after Billinger's.

It was Billinger who brought him back to himself. The agent waited for them, and when he swung over in one stirrup to look at the girl it was the animal ferocity in his face, and not his words, that aroused Philip.

"She's coming to," he said, straining to keep the tremble out of his voice. "I don't believe she's much hurt. You take this canteen. I'm going ahead."

He gave Philip the water and leaned over again to gaze into the girl's face.

"I don't believe she's much hurt," he repeated in a hoarse, dry whisper. "You can leave her at the water hole just beyond that hill off there—and then you can follow me."

Philip clutched the girl tighter to him as the agent rode off. He saw the first faint flush returning into her cheeks, the reddening of her lips, the gentle tremor of her silken lashes, and forgetful of all else but her, he moaned her name, cried out his love for her, again and again, even as her eyes opened and she stared up into the face of the man who had come to her first at Lac Bain, and who had fought for her there.

For a breath or two the wonder of this thing that was happening held her speechless and still. Lifeless, though her senses were adjusting themselves with lightning swiftness. At first Philip had not seen her open eyes, and he believed that she did not hear the words of love he whispered in her hair. When he raised her face a little from his breast she was looking at him with all the sweet sanity in the world.

A moment there was silence—a silence, of even the breath in Philip's body, the beating of his heart. His arms loosened a little. He drew himself up rigid, and the girl lifted her head a trifle, so that their eyes met squarely, and a world of question and understanding passed between them in an instant.

As swift as morning glow a flush mounted into Isobel's face, then ebbed as swiftly, and Philip cried: "You were hurt—hurt back there in the wreck. But you're safe now. The train was wrecked by outlaws. We came out after them, and I found you—back there on the prairie. You're safe now."

His arms tightened about her again.

"You're all right now," he repeated gently.

He was not conscious of the sobbing break in his voice, or of the great, throbbing love that it breathed to her. He tried to speak calmly. "There's nothing wrong—nothing. The heat made you sick. But you're all right now."

From beyond the hill there came a sound that made him break off with a sudden, quick breath. It was the sharp, stinging report of Billinger's carbine. Once, twice, three times—and then there followed more distant shots.

"He's come up with them!" he cried.

The fury of fight of desire for vengeance blazed anew in his face. There was pain in the grip of his arm about the girl.

"Do you feel strong—strong enough to ride fast?" he asked. "There's only one man with me, and there are five of them. I'm murder to let him fight it alone."

"Yes—yes," whispered the girl, her arms tightening round him. "Ride fast—or put me off. I can follow."

It was the first time that he had heard her voice since that last evening up at Lac Bain, many months before, and the sound of it thrilled him.

"Hold tight!" he breathed.

Like the wind they swept across the prairie and up the slope of the hill. At the top Philip reined in. Three or four hundred yards distant lay a thick clump of poplar trees and a thousand yards beyond that the first black escarpments of the Bad Lands. In the space between a horseman was galloping fiercely to the west. It was Billinger. With a quick movement Philip slipped the girl to the ground and when she sprang a step back, looking up at him in white terror, he had whipped out one of his big service revolvers.

"There's a little lake over there among those trees," he said. "Wait there—until I come back!"

He raced down the slope—not to cut off the flying horseman—but to find the clump of poplars. It was Billinger he was thinking of now. The agent had fired three shots. There had followed other shots, not Billinger's and after that his carbine had remained silent. Billinger was among the poplars. He was hurt or dead.

A well-worn trail, beaten down by transient rangers, cut through the stunted growth of prairie timber, and without checking his speed Philip sped along it, only his head and shoulders and his big revolver showing over his horse's ears. A hundred paces and the timber gave place to a sandy dip, in the center of which was the water hole. The dip was not more than an acre in extent. Up to his knees in the hole was Billinger's riderless horse, and a little way up the sand was Billinger, doubled over on his hands and knees beside two black objects that Philip knew were men, stretched out like the dead back at the wreck. Billinger's yellow-mustached face, pallid and twisted with pain, looked over them as Philip galloped across the open and sprang out of his saddle. With a terrible grimace he raised himself to his knees, anticipating the question on Philip's lips.

"Nothing very bad, Steele," he said. "One of the cusses plunked me through the leg, and broke it. I guess painful, but not killing. Now look at that!"

He nodded to the two men lying with their faces turned up to the hot glare of the sun. One glance was enough to tell Philip that they were dead, and that it was not Billinger who had killed them. Their bearded faces had stiffened in the first agonies of death. Their breasts were soaked with blood and their arms had been drawn down close to their sides.

As he looked down the gleam of a metal buckle on the belt of the dead man nearest him caught Philip's eye. He took a step nearer to examine it and then drew back. This bit of metal told the story—it bore the letters R. N. W. M. P.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Oklahoma inventor's corn-planter is light enough to be carried in the hand, yet will sow the grains evenly and cover each with soil.



"Isobel, Isobel, Isobel," he moaned.

in the lantern light and the red-gold of her hair, for when I spoke, and then reached up, she was cold."

Billinger shivered and urged his horse into a faster pace.

"I went out and helped with the injured then. I guess it must have been two hours after they were turned to take out her body. But the place where I had seen her was gone. She was gone. At first I thought that some of the others had carried her out, and I looked among the dead and injured. She was not among them. I searched again when day came, with the same result. No one had seen her. She has completely disappeared—and with the exception of my shiny teeth isn't a house within ten miles of here where she could have been taken. What do you make of it, Steele?"

Philip had listened with tense interest.

"Perhaps you didn't return to the right place," he suggested. "Her body may still be in the wreck."

Billinger glanced toward him with a nervous laugh.

"But it was the right place," he said. "She had evidently not gone to bed, and was dressed. When I returned I found a part of her skirt in the debris above. A heavy tress of her hair had caught around a steel ribbing and it was cut off! Some one had been there during my absence and had taken the body. I'm almost ready to believe that I was mistaken, and that she was alive. I found nothing there, nothing—that could prove her death."

"Is it possible?" began Philip, holding out the handkerchief.

It was not necessary for him to finish. Billinger understood, and nodded his head.

"That's what I'm thinking," he said. "Is it possible? What in God's name would they want of her, unless—"

"Unless she was alive," added Philip. "Unless one or more of the scoundrels searching for valuables in there during the excitement, saw her and carried her off with their booty. It's up to us, Billinger!"

Billinger had reached inside his shirt, and now he drew forth a small paper parcel.

"I don't know why—but I kept the tress of hair," he said. "See—"

From between his fingers, as he turned toward Philip, there streamed out a long silken tress that shone a marvelous gold in the sun, and in that same instant there fell from Philip's lips a cry such as Billinger had not heard, even from the lips of the wounded; and before he could recover from his astonishment, he had leaned over and snatched the golden tress from him, and sat in his saddle staring at it like a madman.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Girl in the Wreck.

That moment of terrible shock—in the one moment when it seemed to him as though no other woman in the world could have worn that golden tress of hair but Isobel, Philip had stopped his horse, and his face had gone as white as death.

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The Wife's Money

By Mrs. Eva Leonard

"What is it dear?" asked Mrs. Prentiss as her little daughter came crying into the kitchen where she was washing dishes.

"My foot hurts," sobbed the child. "That old shoe! Let mother see!" Oh, a stone has worked into that sole. The card-board mother put in has worn through. I'll put another piece. Then no stones can work in for a while," she said as she buttoned the shoe. "Won't you ask Daddy to get me a new pair?" asked the child.

"Yes, dear. Much good will it do," she added to herself as the child ran from the room.

"There comes the grocer's man. I am afraid to meet him. He surely will tell me I can order nothing more until something is paid on account, but if I keep my boarders, I must feed them, that is certain," and she answered the knock at the door and gave her order.

"In just such a tension as this Mrs. Prentiss had lived for two years. Her husband earned a good salary, but Saturday evening he came home late with most of his money gone. He had made it a habit to hide the little bit that remained before he went to work Monday morning. That was easier than meeting the reproachful eyes of his wife when he handed her a sum pitifully inadequate to meet the household needs.

After the other clerk had left, she placed the roast in the oven and set about a thorough search for the money. She had looked in the corners of the bureau drawers, in the medicine cabinet, and the tian of her trunk and had found nothing. She

began making her bed, wondering where to look next. While she was beating up the pillows something fluttered to the floor. She picked up a roll of money that had evidently been tucked in the pillow case. Unrolling it she found there were four one-dollar bills. She opened her pocket book and placed them with the \$8 she had received from her two boarders that morning, making \$12 in all.

"Taking a pencil she jotted down these items: Rent \$20, grocer \$28, coal \$8, shoes \$2.75. 'What can I do with \$12?' she asked herself aloud, then bowed her head on her arm and the hot tears wet heringham sleeve. She reached for her handkerchief and resolutely wiped them away.

From a drawer in her writing desk she took out a leather case, and opened it. A diamond sparkled on its satin bed. It was her engagement ring. She wondered if she could be the happy girl to whom that ring had been given, she whose life stretched in one dead level of monotonous work and desperate struggle to meet her bills. She slipped the case back in the drawer and returned to the kitchen.

After the dinner work was cleared away she dressed herself and little Bess and placing the leather box in her handbag she left the house.

She had a friend, who was a jeweler. He would give her what the ring was worth, she knew.

"Do you wish to sell it or borrow on it?" asked the jeweler, noticing the name and date engraved on the inside.

"Sell it," she answered, while the hot blood surged to her face. "A good judge of diamonds selected that," said her friend, as he counted out the money. "That is a fine stone."

"Now I can pay all the debts," she breathed as she left the store.

Household Hint

ROSE BEADS.

The Genuine Ones Do Retain Their Fragrance.

A woman signing herself "Mrs. H. H." spoke recently of rose beads being a fraud. She said they lose their fragrance. I should like to say that I have a lovely string of rose beads made of nothing but rose petals. They have been worn over three years and I wear them often and they remain just as sweet as when they were made. I have made over 700 beads myself so I know that pure rose petals were used. Some rose beads are pretty, but a woman who makes a good many gold and that half of them are mixed with flour and rose water. Those I should think would not keep their perfume long. I hope this will prove to your readers that the real rose petal beads are not a fraud.

GLOVE NOVELTIES.

Among nice things in gloves there is a good-looking pair which is effective without being conspicuous. Made from the finest white glove kid, it is piped in black and has long cuffs inset with puffings of black silk and edged with fine white Chantilly lace. The backs are richly embroidered, and two smoked pearl clasps fasten the gloves at the wrist. Another of the fine glove-kid gloves has deep appliqued cuffs of contrasting colored kid in a pointed effect, the backs finely embroidered in raised silk dots.

CLEANING SILVER.

A simple and efficacious way of cleaning silver is this: Make a solution of baking soda and salt, allowing a teaspoonful of each to a quart of water. Put this solution in an aluminum pan or kettle and when it boils drop the silver in for an instant only. Have another pan of hot water handy for rinsing purposes. On taking the silver from the soda mixture drop it in the rinsing water, remove and wipe dry. No further polishing will be necessary and all tarnish and stains will have disappeared.

BEADS OF ALLSPICE.

My grandfather taught me to make allspice beads that are pretty. I would like to tell you about them. Soak the allspice in warm water until they are soft enough to put a pin into. Then make a hole through each with a needle. After they are hardened string them alternately with gilt beads.

The bead craze knows no abatement. The allspice necklace is pretty if the spices are selected carefully, uniform in size, and lightly oiled, then dried, turning often to have them evenly glazed.

DON'TS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Don't let the butcher weigh the paper with your meat.

Don't let the butcher touch the scales or remove the package until the indicator has come to a stop.

Don't forget that the weight of bread must be plainly marked on the loaf or wrapper.

Don't be afraid of the tradesman, and don't be ashamed to carry a bundle.

Don't mistake economy for economy.

TO TINT LACE.

When wanting to tint lace of beautiful creamy color, use 5 cents worth of yellow ochre and enough flour (a tablespoonful perhaps). Try a little at a time till you have the tint desired, by shaking in a paper bag. Wash you have the right color put your lace in and shake thoroughly and you will be surprised to see what a beautiful tint you have.

FOR CRAMP IN THE LEG.

When the cramp comes on take a long string or a long gutter will do. Wind it round the knee, the place that is affected, and take the end in each hand and give it a sharp pull—once that will cure a little pain. In stubborn the cramp will depart and the sufferer can return to bed as sure it will not come on again that night.

PORCELAIN MAKERS OF TOKIO.

Porcelain with beautiful novel patterns, depicting mountains, lakes and streams and historical scenes, are being manufactured and sold in Tokio, Japan. These are fine artistic productions of the ancient Japanese craft, including Satsuma yaki, Ku-tani yaki, Kyo-to yaki and Toko-yaki which have been early designed to serve the purpose of table ware and utensils, mantelpiece and window decorations.

USEFUL WASH DAY HINTS.

Soda should be thoroughly dissolved in the washing water before the clothes are put in. Never allow it to be about on the clothes as this sometimes causes ironmould. Soda should never be added to water in which woollens are being washed, as it causes them to shrink.

TO KEEP FISH.

Fish may be preserved for a couple of days in a very simple yet safe way. Boil together three quarts of water and a pint of vinegar. When just on the boil put in the fish and scald it, but not for more than two minutes. Hang the fish in a cool place, and it will keep fresh even in the hottest weather.

SULPHUR AND MOLASSES.

The old-fashioned way of preparing sulphur and molasses is one pint of molasses, three tablespoons of tartar. Mix thoroughly. Dose, a dessert spoonful every morning. It is harmless. Children may go to the dish and eat it whenever they please.

Paint the Rangs.

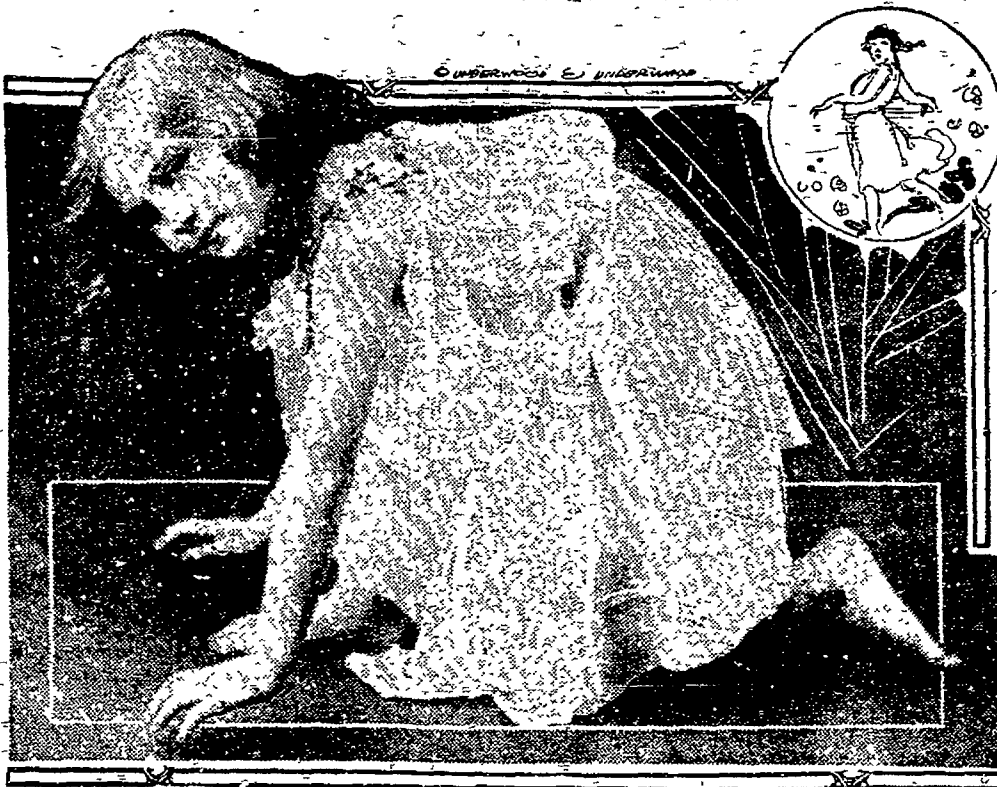
If one has trouble keeping the kitchen range bright, the expedient adopted by one housewife might prove helpful. After cleaning the stove well she gave the entire front of it a coating of aluminum paint. This lasts for several months. The stove covered with this paint will not rust.

CLEANING WITH GASOLINE.

In cleaning clothes with gasoline a ring is sometimes left on the fabric. The ring can be removed by steaming over a tea kettle.

For gathering dust from walls a woman has patented a bag to be placed over a broom and be held in place by suspenderlike straps.

LITTLE NORTH CAROLINA MAID WHO HAS ENTERTAINED ROYALTY WILL DANCE IN PHILADELPHIA TO SWELL THE WAR RELIEF FUND

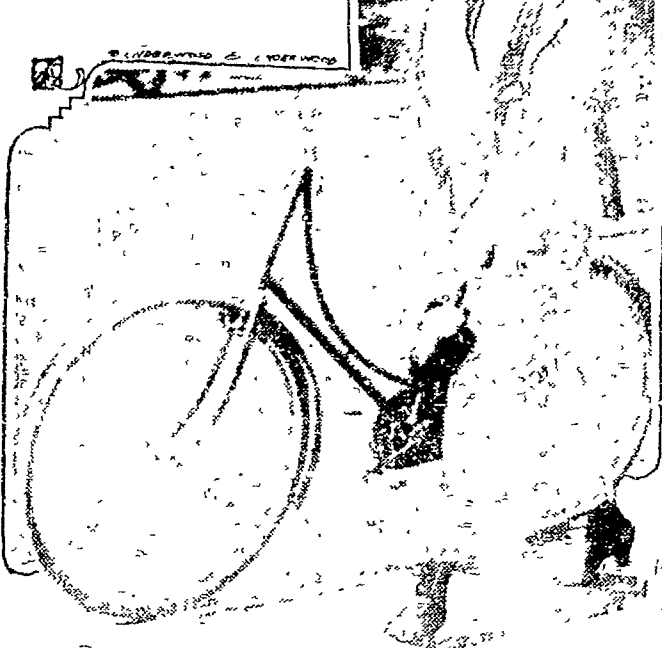


Lillian Emerson.

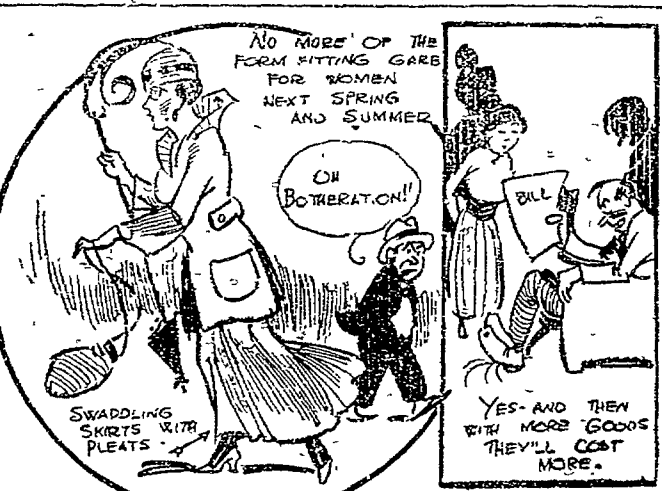
"Lillian Emerson, the pretty little dancing sprite of North Carolina, who has entertained royalty, will appear before a big gathering in Philadelphia soon and dance to swell the relief fund for war sufferers. Little Lillian has charmed the most critical people of Europe and America with her dancing. She is six years old.

MARTIAL LAW IN SOUTH AFRICA; WOMEN TURN IN THEIR HUSBANDS' FIREARMS

With the announcement that martial law prevailed in Pretoria, South Africa, there went forth an imperative order that all firearms should be turned in at military headquarters. The photo shows the wife of a Pretorian citizen complying with the order while her husband was still at business.



SPRING STYLES WILL SEE THE PASSING OF THE SLENDER SKIRT; MANY REPINE



The National Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' association recently assembled at Toledo decided to do away with the tight skirts that have been such a favor in the past, and to replace them with pleated skirts of greater width. The nether proportions of the frail sex will no longer be as clearly displayed as heretofore. It is thought that this will move the fashion to more conservative lines.

A REFINED-FARMER.

Got a Year in the Workhouse for Having Two Wives.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—"He said in an advertisement in a newspaper that he was a refined farmer and that he wanted to get acquainted with a young woman of good family. I wrote to him for a few weeks, then I met him, and a few days later we were married. That was last June. I didn't know that he had another wife whom he had married six months before."

Such was the tearful statement of wife Number 2 of G. B. Craig, a young farmer of Cecil, who was sentenced to one year in the workhouse by Judge L. L. Davis in criminal court on a charge of bigamy.

Both wives are young and pretty, and both stood side by side before Judge Davis as he questioned them and Craig regarding the charge. Wife No. 1 said she had married Craig in January of this year, and that he corresponded with wife No. 2, Miss Rose Higgs, of Braddock, for some time before she found it out.

Little testimony was offered before the court, but Attorney Armin H. Friedman, who appeared for Mrs. Craig No. 1, said that his client became ill after marrying Craig and that later she attempted to commit suicide and was confined in the Allegheny hospital for some time.

When Judge Davis asked Craig if he would do the same thing over again, if he was let off, Craig replied: "No, two wives is a plenty."

"No, two is too many," replied the court: "one year to the workhouse."

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Toric lenses are a first aid to the eyes, and I know how to fit them.

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DETROIT, MICH.

WHY WE LAUGH.

Caused By Muscles Responding To Impression On Sensory Nerve.

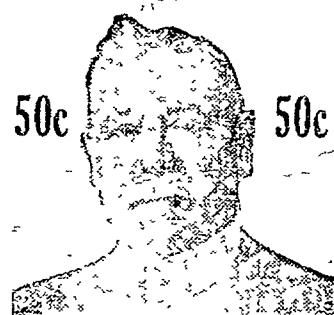
Laughter is an involuntary response of certain muscles to a communication from nerves controlling their action. We laugh because we receive an impression through our sensory nerves that causes a demonstration from the muscles which express mirth. The vigor or heartiness of laughter depends upon the susceptibility of the brain to what is received through the sensory nerves.

They get the impression in three ways—from something we see, feel or hear—and send it along to the nerve centre. From there it is sent along other nerves connected with certain muscles or glands and excites them to activity.

The nerves are like so many electric wires, and the sensory nerves act as a battery, by means of which the electric currents of life are transmitted. The muscles have the power to express the state of gladness, indicated by laughter, according to the positiveness of the impressions passed along the nerves which operate them. You laugh less heartily the second time you hear a funny story because the impression is less positive.

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