

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLV. NO. 27.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1915.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

NORTHVILLE PROUD OF NEW ALSEUM BLDG

ENTERPRISE OF OWNERS COM-
MENDED ON ALL SIDES.

BUILDING IS THOROUGHLY UP-
TO-DATE IN ALL RESPECTS.

Mr and Mrs. W. J. Thompson are receiving the congratulations of the entire town for their new theater, the Alseum. Located on Main street, near the center of our business section, it presents a very attractive appearance, both as to exterior and interior.

Of stucco work, the building is a large one, and includes offices on either side, occupied by the Edison Co. and Ray Baker, real estate agent, and living rooms above, beside the theater itself. A wide, covered passageway leads thru two large, out swinging doors with the cashier's booth between, to the auditorium.

Inside the theater is in a mahogany and white color scheme. The chairs, doors and steps leading to the exits are stained in that color, while the walls and ceiling are painted in white.

The lighting arrangement consists of a number of inverted globes suspended from the ceiling, with shaded bracket lights along the side. Pure air is provided by two large ventilators in the roof and a series of form cones on the walls. Steam has been installed.

The aisles are about twice as wide as those in the old building, thus insuring better conditions in case of fire. The floor slopes gradually down towards the platform, so that one can see well from any seat.

The stage is well proportioned to the size of the auditorium and is equipped with scenery, curtains and dressing rooms. An orchestra pit has been fitted up directly in front of and a little below the stage itself, and is cut off from the rest of the theater by a brass railing.

The screen, placed at a good distance from the machine operator's booth, allows the pictures to be shown clearly and in a large size. The building will seat about 500 people in a comfortable manner, and is a worthy addition to any town. Northville people should be thankful that Manager Thompson saw fit to plant it here and should give him deserved credit of pushing an enterprise that entailed such a financial outlay and necessitated the use of much executive ability.

The theater is being fittingly opened by a week of vaudeville extra good pictures and music by the Northville orchestra.

After this week Mr Thompson will put on three shows a week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, as before.

THREE FIRES AND-OUT.

"Three fires in succession" as the old saying goes, have been pulled off here in less than a week. Fortunately each was discovered before it developed into anything serious.

The chimney of the old schoolhouse burned out last week Thursday, early in the evening, and set fire to the roof. It was soon put out by the janitor and a passerby. Saturday morning a box on fire was discovered in the alley way near the new Alseum. The flames were extinguished before the fire department could reach the scene.

The third and last blaze occurred Monday morning when a lighted match started a blaze in a waste basket in Wm. Gorton's clothing store. The burning basket was tossed out doors with no harm done. Now may be Northville will be free from the fire bug for a while.

THOMAS JOYS DEAD.

Thomas Joys, aged 57 years, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. William Kay, Monday night.

The body was taken to Dexter yesterday for burial, the funeral services being held in the Episcopal church there.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)
Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the Baptist church parlors Monday, February 1. Our president, Mrs. Mary Cook, has been very ill for the past two weeks but her presence is hoped and looked for at the next meeting.

When merriment runs high at an evening party, think: Wouldn't you like a photograph of the bunch. Call C. O. Wisdom, Photographer.

WAR SIDELIGHTS



MUSICAL COMEDY "MISS CHERRYBLOSSOM"

LIBRARY BENEFIT, WITH FORTY
NORTHVILLE YOUNG PEOPLE
PARTICIPATING.

FINE NEW THEATER, JAPANESE
COSTUMES, ELABORATE STAGE
SETTINGS.

An unusual treat is in store for Northville people in the three-act musical comedy "Miss Cherryblossom" written by Mr and Mrs John Wilson Dodge, which the ladies of the Library board are putting on at the new Alseum theater next Monday and Wednesday evenings Feb. 1 and 3.

The 40 Northville young people who comprise the cast have been thoroughly trained by Mr Dodge's director Miss Ruth Johnson, and the stage settings, arranged by the ladies, are to be more than ordinarily beautiful. With the Japanese costumes and accessories, the very handsome and commodious new theater and the good local musical talent, so ably directed by Miss Johnson, the affair promises to be an unqualified success.

The title role is to be taken by Miss June Pitkins and the other principal characters by Lisle Alexander, H. A. Noble, Donald Yerkes, Miss Ruth Brown, Eural Clark, Stanley Kestell and George Simmons. The choruses include a large band of "Geisha Girls" in costume, and a company of "American" young people.

The Northville orchestra has offered its services for the two evenings and will furnish the best in music.

DEATH OF MRS. DAVID BARBER.

Mrs. David Barber died of heart disease last Saturday night at the Barber home near Mead's Mills. She was found dead in bed by one of her sons when he went to call her in the morning. She was 72 years old and was born in Sidney, Ohio.

Funeral services were held from the home Tuesday afternoon, Rev. R. M. Pierce officiating. The members of the Northville G. A. R., to which Mr. Barber belongs, attended in a body. The husband and four sons survive her.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the W. R. C., G. A. R., friends and neighbors for their kind sympathy and assistance extended us during our late bereavement. Also for the beautiful flowers.

J. N. BARBER.
JOHN BARBER.
GEO. BARBER.
CHAS. BARBER.
WILL BARBER.

CARD OF THANKS.

For the beautiful flowers from the Knights Templar, F. & A. M., Masons, Eastern Stars, King's Daughters, Presbyterian Aid and Missionary societies, and the kind words of sympathy we wish to extend our sincere thanks.

MR. AND MRS. L. W. SIMMONS.
You do not have to go to the studio to have a photo made. G. O. Wisdom, the Photographer, will come to you.

PRESS MEET.

The Michigan Press and Printers Federation comprising all the newspaper and printing interests of the state, will hold the annual convention at Grand Rapids Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 11-12-13 next.

It is planned to hold Federation sessions each afternoon of the three days and sectional meetings will be held forenoon including the Weekly Newspaper Men's Section, the Daily Newspaper Publishers Section, the Michigan Coast Congress section for the job printers, and the Michigan Woman's Press association section for the ladies. The evenings will be given up exclusively to entertainment features.

It is expected that the main address of Thursday afternoon on "The Benefits of Organization and Co-operation," will be given by Hon Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg, publisher of the Grand Rapids Herald. An effort is being made to secure Arthur Brisbane, of New York, the highest salaried editorial writer in the world, to address the Federation on Friday afternoon. The leading cost system experts of the land will address the meeting. Such subjects as Workmen's compensation mutual insurance, Credits, Printers Fire Protection, etc., will be thoroughly treated. Fred W. Gage of Battle Creek, will conduct the Question Box at each session.

The Michigan Woman's Press will have a very interesting program.

Between 700 and 800 newspaper people and members of the printing craft are expected to attend. Grand Rapids printers, newspaper and supply houses have raised a large fund and will generously entertain all who come.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the kind friends and neighbors for kindness in our late bereavement.

J. A. CAVELL,
E. B. CAVELL
AND FAMILY.
J. B. CAVELL.

CARD OF THANKS.

We thank the King's Daughters, neighbors and friends for flowers and during Mrs. Hale's illness.

MR. AND MRS. BLADE HALE.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank Rev. R. M. Pierce the shop men, L. O. T. M. M. and many friends for kindness extended to us during our late bereavement.

MRS. G. KING
AND CHILDREN

He Had His Chance.

"That wealthy man who has been courting her told her that if she did not marry him he would go to Europe and throw his life away in battle." "What did she say to that?" "She asked him if he would promise to do that if she would marry him."

You may not like to take the baby out these cold days, but you know you should have it's picture. C. O. Wisdom, the Photographer, will come to your home.

Dancing school Tuesday evening, at 7:30 Assembly at 9:00 27wlp.

TOWNSEND SUCCESSFUL IN TABINSKI CASE

ASSURANCE IS RECEIVED THAT
HIS ACTIVITY WILL PROCURE
RELEASE

YOUNG MAN FORTUNATE TO HAVE
SO VALUABLE A FRIEND.

Following is a letter written by the Department of State to Senator Charles E. Townsend, who has been very active in working for the release of Jos. Tabinski, now detained at Halifax, by English authorities with the sole charge of being an Austrian Pole.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON.
January 19, 1915.

The Honorable Charles E. Townsend, United States Senator.
Sir: Referring to a letter of December 15, 1914, from Mr. F. S. Neal, Northville, Michigan, left by you at the Department and in regard to the detention at Halifax of Mr. Tabinski, I have the honor to inform you that the Council General at Halifax has reported in a dispatch of January 4, 1915, that he has taken up with the appropriate Canadian authorities the matter of bringing about the release of Mr. Tabinski and that there appears to be good reason to expect the early release of the prisoner.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
For the Secretary of State,
JOHN E. OSBORN,
Assistant Secretary.

No Balloons That Day.
When Dickson, not yet four years old ran in 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 turned 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.

Medieval Teutons.
The Teutonic races, spurred forward by migrating hordes in the rear, and tarried backward by trained armies 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 exploits of the chase and the battlefield. They were proud of their stature and strength and were full of boasting and ferocity.—Engineering Magazine.

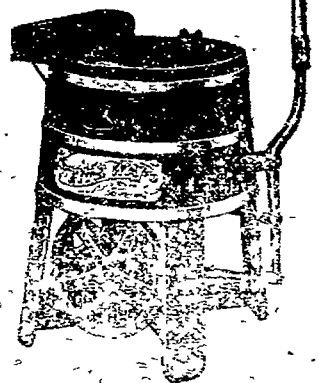
Satisfaction is Dangerous.
It's good to be gratified, but dangerous to be satisfied.—Sheldon.

When old friends meet, remember it may be impossible to get just those persons together again. Have a picture made. Call C. O. Wisdom, the photographer, day or night.

Get It Now

A good reliable Washing Machine to help about the house. The "White Lily" line of Washers have all the qualities essential to making work easier in the home. Oftentimes the helps in the home are neglected when in reality it should be the first place to receive consideration.

White Lily Washer ... \$ 7.00
The Motor Washer ... 10.00
White Way Washer ... 12.00



The "RAYO" Lamp

Here is a Perfect Oil Burning Lamp, they have a Bright Light, an Easy Light and Plenty of Light. Ask those who are using them.

Rayo Lamp, (white shade), ... \$1.75
Rayo Lamp, (green shade), ... \$2.00

Also call and see our "Newlite Favorite" Gasoline Burning Mantle Lamp, the latest success.

"Newlite Favorite" (white shade), ... \$7.25
"Newlite Favorite" (fancy shade), ... \$7.50



"BISSELLS"

Stands for the best that is in the Sweeper Line. Way better with imitations when the genuine Bissells cost no more. See our line \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00.

See our New O Cedar Dust Mops, two sizes, 75c and \$1.25

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



WINDS of misfortune generally blow upon EVERYBODY sooner or later in life. If you are prepared to meet trouble by having a GOOD BANK BALANCE you can weather any GALE. A bank book is the SUREST protection against the tempest of ill luck. If you are not a depositor here start AT ONCE. We are the financial weather vane of hundreds of SATISFIED PERSONS. Prepare NOW for the storm that is SURE to come.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

Specials For Saturday

SNIDER'S PORK AND BEANS:

10c Size at 8c, or ... 89c per doz
15c Size at 12c, or ... \$1.35 per doz
20c Size at 15c, or ... \$1.71 per doz
Holland Rusk, 10c Package for ... 9c
Kitchen Kleaner, 5c Package for ... 4c

C. E. RYDER

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

KAISER ORDERS PLAIN RATIONS FOR ARMY; APPLIES RULE TO SELF



In the commissary department of the German army.

The kaiser recently issued an order that the same bread which was eaten by his men in the field should also be served at his own table. It is the belief of the kaiser that in order for his men to keep rugged and well they should have the plainest rations and he extends this rule to apply to himself and the men on his staff. Some members of the commissary department are here seen distributing a day's rations in bread, coffee, sugar and vegetables.

Armies of Europe Eat 11,250 Tons Food Daily

Feeding Fighting Men a Big Problem—Each Nation Has Its Own Methods.

The soldiers who are fighting in the many armies of Europe eat 11,250 tons of food each day. These figures are based on the allowances made by each country for each man in war time, and averaged by an authority on commissary.

It is figured that the average for each man is two and one-half pounds of food a day. It has been stated that there are from 8,000,000 to 16,000,000 men now on the battle lines. Just what the real figures are it is impossible to determine, but 10,000,000 is probably nearer correct.

In thirty days the 10,000,000 men have eaten 337,500 tons of food. The extent of this can be better realized when it is considered that the population of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Boston, according to the last government census, was 16,344,000.

A box car on an American railroad will carry about 250 tons. This means that to transport the food of one day for 10,000,000 men, 500 of these would be needed. If these 500 cars were divided into trains of forty cars each, it would mean fourteen trains drawn by the largest engines in the country.

Each nation has its own system of feeding its men, and now it is realized everywhere that to enable the men to fight at their best they must be fed properly. England, like the United States, feeds its army from behind. That is, it sends food trains to follow each division, and these trains, equipped with the different foods, deal out to each regiment provisions, which are served to the men or are cooked and served from the kitchen. The French also furnish their men with food especially when they are fighting on the defensive, but when they are in the enemy's country they follow largely the system of the Germans, that the country should support the army as far as possible.

This system of making the country

through which they are passing support the army, has its advantages and its disadvantages.

The fighting part of the army sweeps on to some new point and after the battle has ended and the men have settled down for some hard-earned rest, the kitchens come up and furnish the soldiers with the evening meal, and again in the morning, unless the men are surprised by some early attack of an order for an early attack, more food is furnished. As soon as the new territory has been conquered, foraging parties visit all the farmhouses and villages and store everything of food value for the army.

The inhabitants are told that they have to furnish food for so many men. Every village of food that is growing in the fields is gathered, the hay is seized for the horses, and when the army moves on it has devastated the country, house and field, just as an army of locusts would. That work, well for the army unless it met with a reverse, and then it would have to return over the same ground there are no more stores to be seized, no more food to be obtained, the retreat becomes a rout and the men, hungry and tired, rush on to get away from the enemy and to get back to their own country to find more food. It is the same for horses as for men.

Catering for the army has become a science. Each country has its experts who have figured out just what it needed for the men at home and when in the field carrying arms. Each has found just what is necessary for all climates, and men who are sent to fight in hot climates have different food from those sent to war in the tropics. They have learned, too, what foods will be best to nourish and sustain men in their tremendous work, and have selected food easy of transportation and which have as little waste as possible in preparation. This has been done for two reasons. It is absolutely necessary that the men should have good, wholesome food, and it is also an important item that this food should be put into as little space as possible in order to facilitate transportation.

Just how long the armies will be able to stand the strain they are now under no one can figure. The men in the field are eating up all the food

supplies and those at home will soon be starving. This is particularly the case where the fighting has been serious, in Belgium, in the northeast portion of France, on the eastern boundary of Prussia and in Austria, and the longer the war lasts the more serious will be the work of those in charge of the feeding of the vast bodies of fighting men.

WORLD'S BEAUTY.

Lives in Africa, Says Edward Wilber, Globe Trotter.

In faraway Morocco, that land of dreams and romance, in the city of Tangiers, lives the most beautiful girl in the world. So says Edward Wilber, 39 years, wealthy bachelor of Cincinnati, who spends most of his time globe-trotting, and thinks because of his vast experience he is competent to judge of woman's beauty.

Wilber says he hopes he will never see her again, although he keeps her picture always where he can see it. He calls the attention of his friends to her charm and they claim that America has far prettier girls than this Moroccan dancer.

"What country has the prettiest women?" a friend asked this man who is ever haunted by the charm of one girl's face.

"Ireland, if you speak of all the women," answers Wilber, "but here is the most wonderful girl in the world," and he shows again the picture of the girl of Tangiers.

"She's a Moorish dancer," explains Wilber. "To see the real Oriental dance you must go to the Orient. It's the poetry of motion. This girl is a poetic romance. She is a brunette and her eyes."

Wilber is so afflicted with wanderlust that his friends never knew whether he is at home or in the Fiji Islands or at the North Pole.

Interesting Inventions

A novel vacuum cleaner for use in houses where electric power is not available has a bellows, which straps on a person's back, and is operated by a handle at one side, to provide the suction.

RANGE FINDING WITH BIG GUNS

Wonderful Devices Which Make Accurate Marksmanship Comparatively Easy.

EACH SOLDIER DOES HIS PART

How United States Soldiers Determine Distance for Effective Fire Upon the Enemy.

The gray battleship seems strangely deserted and bare, for her decks are denuded of men, while all rails and other unstanding incumbrances have been laid flat on deck.

The gun turrets, five of them, are trained round, with the long, lean muzzles of their twin weapons pointing out over the sea, and every now and then one of the guns twitches ever so slightly or a turret revolves a little, as the gunlayers keep their sights on the distant target.

The 10 13.55 the ship carries are powerful weapons. Each one of them is over 50 feet long and weighs close to eighty tons, while their 1,250 pound shells can be hurled a distance of fifteen miles. The enormous projectiles, too, leave the muzzle at the rate of 1,800 miles an hour, and can penetrate the thickest armor afloat at a range of 5,000 yards.

But now, as the ship moves on through the water, with her sharp bow sending up two little cascades of spray on either side of the stem, she looks like a great mastodon uncontrolled by man. There are no signs of life on board—nothing except the twirling gun turrets and the black smoke rolling from the squat funnels, which tells of the men laboring below. But every man on board is at the station he would occupy in action and before long the uproar of the guns will have begun.

In the counting tower, with a 12-inch armor, stands the captain, his navigating officer, a midshipman or two and several other officers and men. The small circular erection, barely 10 feet in diameter, seems very cramped for all it has to contain.

Above the counting tower is another armored erection, containing a range finder, and inside this is the gunnery lieutenant, with a dozen more of officers and men. He is surrounded by strange looking instruments, while the man at the range finder, with his eyes at its rubber eye piece, is monotonously chanting out the distance of the approaching target.

Inside the turret themselves the expectant men are grouped round their guns. The great projectiles, and the cordite charges behind them, have already been pushed home by the hydraulic rammers, and, since their weapons are thus fully loaded, the crew are idle for the time being.

But the gunlayers—the men who aim and fire the guns—and the trainers—those who keep the gun pointing to the right direction—are anxiously keeping the sights on the target, and every now and then, as they move their small brass handles, there is a wheezing of hydraulic machinery, and the great breeches rise and fall ever so slightly, while the whole armored structure containing them revolves an inch or so at a time to keep its sights on

A minute or two later, after an order has come through from the control position, the lieutenant in charge of the foremost turret suddenly raps out the order, "Bring both guns to the ready!" The men standing by the breeches flick over their small levers. "Right gun ready! Left gun ready!" they report in rapid succession.

The range, meanwhile, is decreasing rapidly and about 10 seconds later there comes the strident rattling of an electric bell.

It is the signal to open fire. The gunlayer holds his breath, sees the crosswires of his telescope cutting the latticework of the target, and then presses an innocent-looking brass thumbpiece. As he does so there is a roar, and with a blaze of orange flame and a pall of brown smoke, a projectile, weighing more than half a ton, is sailing through the air on its way toward the target.

Outside the turret the concussion is terrible, but inside it is barely felt, and the only move the gun's crew have of knowing their weapon has gone off is by the rocking of the turret and the recoil of the gun. Back she slides, with the water whistling and gurgling through the hydraulic valves far below. She stops, and then, as the running-out springs exert their strength, is driven back to the firing position.

The men, meanwhile, are working like demons. Some one, by moving a small lever which actuates a hydraulic engine, has opened the breech. A cloud of acrid cordite smoke fills the turret, but another man, turning a tap, sends a jet of water spouting into the chamber to extinguish any still burning fragments.

Everything seems chaos, but everyone knows what to do—they have done it time after time, and in less than thirty seconds we have a sharp order: "Right gun—load!"

A man moves an upright lever, and an arrangement looking like a miniature lift climbs into view through the floor. It has come up from the shell-room below laden with the new charge and projectile, and stops dead in the rear of the gun.

Reposing in a tray is the shot itself. Another lever is worked and a flexible chain hydraulic rammer, looking like a snake, darts out of its resting place

and pushes the shot before it into the breech of the gun.

It is driven home with a dull thud. The rammer is withdrawn, another handle is pulled and two enormous brown cylinders of cordite fall into the tray just vacated by the projectile. They, too, are rammed home, and before we quite realize what has happened, the breech of the gun has been swung home and the great weapon is ready for firing.

In the fire-control position the gunnery lieutenant has seen the first shot tear a jagged hole in the target and he whispers an order to a man at his side. The latter moves a small handle and thirty seconds later there is another discharge.

In about ten minutes it is all over and the ship is approaching the target to see the result of her shooting. The structure is badly battered, but most of the lattice work is still standing and is riddled with holes.

The captain and gunnery lieutenant are both on the bridge with telescope to their eyes.

"Very good shooting!" murmurs the former.

"Not so bad, sir," agreed his junior. —London Answers.

COW WITH RUMPLED HORN LOSES HER HEAD

Comes to Grief After a Series of Adventures on a New Jersey Farm.

This is the Collingwood Farm that Edwin H. Hatch, a New York banker, built at Maplewood, N. J. And this is the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by a hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built. This is the horse that was bitten by the dog with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

This is the dog that was kicked by the horse that was bitten by the dog with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built. And this is the mare that was bitten by the dog that was kicked by the horse that was bitten by the dog with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

This is Patrick Kangled, whose arm was bitten by the mare that was bitten by the dog that was kicked by the horse that was bitten by the dog with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

All of which happened in quick succession, like the falling of row of standing dominoes. Dr. G. Herbert Taylor, the county physician, could not find the hornet, the original cause of the trouble, so he ordered the cow with the crumpled horn killed and the head sent to New York City for pathological examination to determine if she had rabies. In the meantime the other animals involved have been placed under surveillance and a kangley's wound has been cauterized.

A Virginia inventor's respirator for persons entering smoke or gas filled rooms is in the shape of a vest, the pockets containing oxygen tanks that are connected with a nose and mouth piece by tubing.

Celluloid wings for aeroplanes that are said to be so transparent as to be invisible 500 feet in the air, have been invented by a German engineer.

Among the new electric cigar lighters for automobilists is one enclosed in a watch case, which can be hung up by the time.

Auto Tire Exchange

Sole manufacturers DOUGLASS TRAIL Tires. We buy, sell and exchange new and second-hand tires. We pay 4¢ a lb. for old tires. 90 Larned street, Detroit, Mich. Phone 2434. Open Saturdays.

FORD BELT FREE

Our special Wilson quick attachable fan belt guaranteed to outlast any other three belts. Not affected by heat, oil or water. Attached in one minute. Price \$5.00. One free with every two purchased. Wilson quick attachable belts. HODGES, INC., DETROIT, MICH.

AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL

DETROIT Y. M. C. A. DAY & EVENING CLASSES For Salesmen, Chauffeurs, Machinists and Owners. Enter any time. For Particulars, Address Y. M. C. A. Automobile School, Room 303 Detroit, Mich.

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OPPOSITE HUDSON STORE Rates 75c up. Noon Lunch 35c. A. E. HAMILTON

BURN'S HOTEL

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The Only Self Feeding Oil Mop. SECURE the O-So-Ezy Outfit FREE. Hundreds have already taken advantage of this great introductory offer of free outfit. The O-So-Ezy Mop and Dust Mop are really two mops in one, making housecleaning a real delight. For all floors, use polish mop once a week and oil mop balance of week. No more cleaning troubles! We give ten certificates with each order.

Give these to your friends and when they are sent to us we refund the price of your outfit—it costs you nothing. Outfits are SENT BY MAIL, PREPAID.

Price \$1.50. 2 MOPS 1 POLISH MOP AND DUST MOP.

THE O-SO-EZY MOP is sold in Detroit by Newcomb-Endicott; Crowley-Milner; El-Hott Taylor; Wolfenden; J. L. Hudson Co., and is on a MONEY BACK guarantee. Send order for \$1.75 and can of O-So-Ezy Cedar Oil Polish and complete mop will be sent you at once. You will receive ten membership certificates to give your friends—when these are redeemed, we send back your \$1.75. You need this outfit—so send in your order right away.

ADDRESS O-SO-EZY MOP CO. 41 Dodge Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

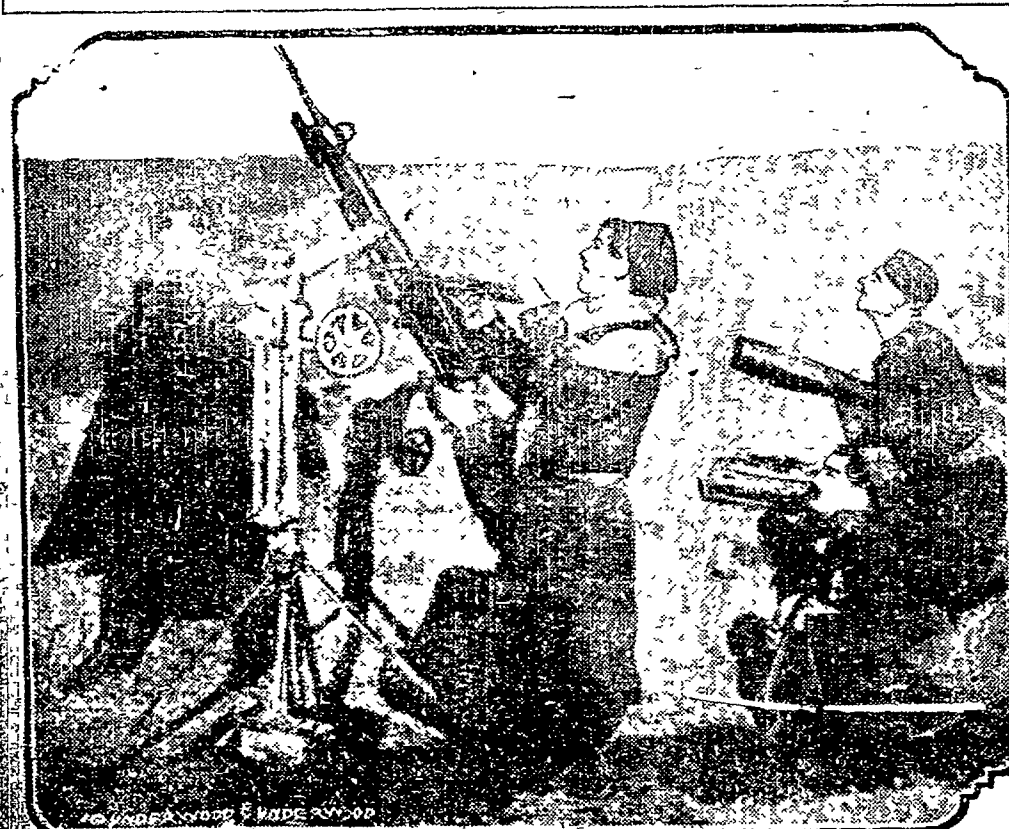
THE RIGHT SPOT IN DETROIT FOR A GOOD LUNCH

And a Cafe That's Truly Right, Best Goods, Finest Service and Pleasant—

LOUIS VAN DALL'S 63 Michigan Avenue

Two Doors from Cadillac Theatre—Opposite Cadillac Hotel.

FRENCH ZOUAVES IN BATTLE WITH A GERMAN AEROPLANE



A German taube aeroplane was spied flying over the French camp and trying to drop bombs into the ranks of the men. A squad of zouaves with an aerial machine gun and a sighter were sent out and after a sharp interchange of projectiles the aeroplane was put to flight.

WOMEN RENDER FIRST AID TO WOUNDED IN THE TRENCHES



First aid nurses placing a wounded soldier on a stretcher.

The women nurse and volunteer workers have been found to be practically indispensable in alleviating the sufferings of the wounded and mitigating the evils of the battlefield. Braving death in the trenches from the enemy, they are the real heroes of the war. The photograph shows some of these self-sacrificing women—first aid nurses of the British Yeomanry corps—at work in the trenches placing a wounded soldier on a stretcher.

MICHIGAN NEWS

WANTS JAPS BARRED FROM MICHIGAN

Rep. Oakley, Head of House Labor Committee, Receives Suggestion From Michigan Federation.

MEASURE IS COPY OF CALIFORNIA LAW

Lansing, Mich.—Michigan may find herself involved in international complications, if a bill fostered by the Michigan Federation of Labor and to be introduced in the legislature by Rep. Marshall A. Oakley, of Bar City, head of the house labor committee is enacted into law.

The bill in question is none other than the California anti-alien law, which shrank up "war talk" seriously perplexed state department officials at Washington, and for a time threatened to cause serious trouble between the United States and Japan.

Rep. Oakley's measure is an exact duplicate of the California statute, except that the word "Michigan" is inserted in place of "California."

The "gentleman from Bay" declares that the bill is the outgrowth of the recent "yellow peril" scare in Michigan which followed the announcement that an enterprising Chicago real estate man had proposed to colonize 300 Japanese on a tract of several thousand acres of swampy land in Alger and Schoolcraft counties, in the upper peninsula. Serious agitation against the plan on the part of residents of the districts involved resulted in a cancellation of the project, at least temporarily, and the Japs were never brought into the state.

Oakley's bill will provide that aliens not eligible to citizenship in the United States may not own, lease, inherit, acquire or transfer land in Michigan, unless there is a direct treaty between the United States and the country in question, especially granting to these aliens the right to acquire real property.

Chinese and Japanese subjects are the only aliens who cannot become citizens of the United States and there are no treaties between the United States and these countries which provide for the holding of land hence the bill. If it becomes a law, will make it impossible for a subject or either Japan or China to buy, lease, inherit or transfer real property of any kind.

Direct request for the introduction of such a bill came from officials of the Michigan Federation of Labor, Oakley said. The federation leaders believe according to Oakley, that the Japs, driven out of California by the action of the law there are planning to colonize in Michigan and come into competition, not only with Michigan farmers, but with Michigan laboring men.

DENTISTS WANT TRAVELING INSPECTOR

Lansing, Mich.—The Michigan State Dental Society is making a state wide effort to secure a traveling dental inspector for schools. The organization is asking citizens of every legislative district to urge their senators and representatives to appropriate \$2,000 for such a purpose. Many local men have received requests from the society to assist in the campaign.

MRS. C. F. HANKEY DIES

Petoskey, Mich.—Mrs. C. F. Hankey, pioneer of Petoskey and Emmet county, died here aged 70. Mrs. Hankey was an officer of the Home Benevolent society and a charter member of the Petoskey Federation of Women's Clubs. She was the wife of C. F. Hankey, a civil war veteran and one of the most wealthy men in Northern Michigan, owning grist mills at Petoskey, Harbor Springs, Manistowish, Gaylord and Ellensburg.

Owosso.—The board of education has designated Tuesday, Feb. 3, for a special election to vote on bonding the school district for \$30,000 to provide an additional school building.

GETS 18 MONTHS FOR HELPING CHINESE TO ENTER UNITED STATES

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Judge Sessions tonight sentenced Felix Wagner to 18 months in the federal prison at Leavenworth. Wagner was convicted in the United States district court here of being implicated in smuggling Jung Lee and Li Sen, Chinese, from the Canadian Soo into the United States at this point.

Jerry Tesand, who pleaded guilty to the same offense and at the same time implicated Wagner, was sentenced to five months in the county jail and sentence to date from the day of his arrest. Wagner served time in Leavenworth for a similar offense several years ago.

Mate Little, an Austrian, who had been charged with smuggling two of his countrymen from Canada into United States territory, was acquitted.

The Wagner case was the last one heard at the January term. The grand jury returned no other indictments.

East Lansing.—Elaborate plans for a summer school at M. A. C. to meet the needs particularly of Michigan teachers of agriculture and domestic science, and generally those of persons desiring study in the sciences and other fields of endeavor, have been mapped out at the college and endorsed by the state board of agriculture. The project includes a plan for housing the summer students in the college dormitories and boarding them at the college clubs, an arrangement which will reduce the expenses of those in attendance to a minimum.

Battle Creek.—Farmers of Southern Michigan, to the number of 1,500 to 2,000, will gather in Battle Creek Feb. 25 for a "round-up" staged by the local Chamber of Commerce. Farmers from Athens and vicinity will charter a special train for the occasion and some granges will come here in a body. Notable speakers and unusual programs are promised for the afternoon and evening sessions.

PRESIDENT'S NIECE JOINS THE MOVIES



Margaret Vale.

Margaret Vale, President Wilson's niece, has just become a moving picture actress. The president has written her, wishing her success in her new work.

FROM PHILIPPINES TO ATTEND BIG EXPO



Dr. Leon Liangson and wife.

"Dr. Leon Liangson is one of the Philippine commissioners who will look after the interests of the islands during the Panama-Pacific exposition."

Spend 25c Right to Stop that Cold

Plenty of cough remedies on the market at 25c, but don't waste your money trying one after the other. Spend 25c today for a box of Dr. E. M. A. R.'s Bromo-Aspirin (in the green box). Bromo-Aspirin will break up your cold, because it contains genuine imported aspirin, which is the greatest heat cold chemical known to science. Recommended by leading doctors. Be sure you get what you ask for. There are many imitations. If your druggist does not have it tell him to get it for you or send 25c post and we will mail it to you. Head Case Pharmaceutical Co., Cleveland, O.

CERTAIN RESULTS

Many a Grateful Reader Knows How Sure They Are.

Nothing uncertain about the work of Doan's Kidney Pills. There is plenty of positive proof of this in the testimony of citizens of this vicinity. Such evidence should convince the most skeptical doubter. Read the following statement:

Mrs. J. King, High St., Fenton, Mich., says: "For years my back ached and I didn't know what was the matter. I got so bad that I could hardly work. I got dizzy so that I had to catch hold of something to keep from falling. The kidney secretions contained sediment and I knew that all these troubles were caused by disordered kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me at once. Of course, as I am well along in years and the case was one of long standing, I don't expect them to cure me, but the relief I got is a great blessing."

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

Still Belonged

A small, rather timid-looking man entered a newspaper office and approached the clerk.

"Are you the man who takes in society news?" he queried, with an appealing look.

"Yes, sir," cheerfully replied the young man at the desk. "I can take any kind of news. What have you got?"

"Why, it's just this way," said the caller, lowering his voice. "My wife gave a party last night. It was a brilliant affair, and I am willing to pay to have this report of it put in the paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing 'society news,'" explained the clerk, at the same time taking the proffered manuscript, and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't get me. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line that says, 'Mr. Halfback assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care what the cost is, absolutely don't care what the cost is. I want my friends to know, by George, that I still belong to the family."

POETRY AND POVERTY.

Their Frequent and Pathetic Alliance in England.

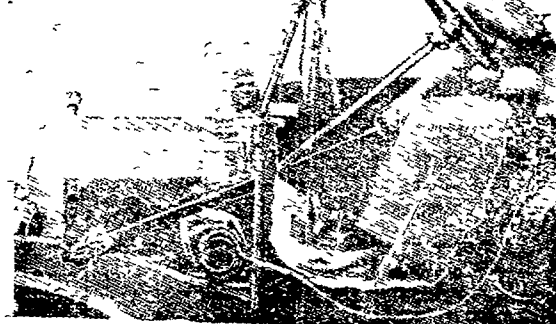
Writing of "Poets' Corner," W. J. Lottie, in "Westminster Abbey," comments on the frequent and pathetic alliance between poetry and poverty. The first of the poets laid here, Chaucer—who dwelt in a house in the monastery garden known as "The Rose"—fell into poverty in his old age. Spenser, according to Drummond of Hawthorne, "died for lack of bread" in King's street, Westminster. Ben Jonson "died in great poverty" in a house on the north side of the abbey, near St. Margaret's. Dryden is another immortal to whom the same fate attaches; also Butler of "Hudibras" fame. Chaucer's house was demolished to make way for Henry VII's chapel. His gray marble tomb dates only from 1555. Though so late in erection, it is good to recall that the tomb was the gift of a brother poet in happier material circumstances, Nicholas Brigham.

A device perfected by an inventor of Wakefield, Mass., enables the motorist of a street car to see the entire interior of the car or to have an unobstructed view down the outside. It consists of a series of mirrors arranged at angles in a small tube, through which images of any object are reflected.

BOSTON YOU REALIZE

Starts your car in opening a bank account, in which to deposit cheap spring starter, ing, tested starter that under all tests.

Every FORD Owner Needs This



NO MORE TROUBLESOME DANGEROUS CRANKING

\$25 is the price (uninstalled), and prepaid, for the famous BOSTON STARTER—the one long felt want of every Ford owner. No cranking, just a simple pull on the handle, while seated, and the motor starts at once. A child can operate. No more trouble, adds wonderfully to pleasure of autoing. This starter has had two years grueling tests and is fully guaranteed to be mechanically perfect. Easy to operate and positive in action. Not to be compared to a cheap spring starter, which only serves for a time and which has no real guarantee behind it. Full "A-B-C" instructions sent with each starter make it very easy to install.

HOW TO SECURE ONE FREE

With every order you send in for a friend or Ford owner we give you a cash refund of \$5—this makes it easy to secure yours free. Send in your order today—on our positive guarantee. Sent prepaid for \$25 to any address, with coupons for the refunds included.

AUTOMATIC APPLIANCE CO.
304 Hodges Building DETROIT, MICH.

ONE STEEL MANTLE BURNER

GIVES as MUCH LIGHT as Three Common Burners




- REASON WHY -

It Converts Kerosene Oil into Gas and BURNS the GAS.

"The Burners the People Buy"

THE ORIGINAL GUARANTEED READY TO USE

COMPLETE WITH NO 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

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS

DEMAND THE STEEL MANTLE BURNERS

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.

AGENTS WANTED

Send 30 cents for a sample burner which will be returned if the burner is sent back; or we will credit it to you on your larger orders.

THEY ARE Economical Odorless Durable Efficient

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.

No. 1 Burner uses 5/8-inch wick. No. 2 Burner uses 1-inch wick. Specify Size Wanted.

SEND CASH, STAMPS or MONEY ORDER

Write TODAY, to

Chapman Mfg. Co.

335 Erie Street TOLEDO, OHIO

The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
Established 1889
NORTHVILLE, MICH., JAN. 29, 1916.

WEEK'S CALENDAR

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The topic for the morning sermon will be, "Truth, Destructive and Constructive."

At the evening service the pastor will preach on the subject, "Atheism Eliminated."

The pastor has been with the church just three months and has no discouraging report to bring forth. Our social relations with the people of Northville have been pleasant indeed. Our interest in the moral and spiritual upbuilding of our city is broader than our denominational interests; Christianity is larger than creed. The creed is simply the shell, which like an egg, must be broken before it can be of any use. Gideon's army had to break their pitchers before they did much service. So, if there are any Baptists in Northville with their lamps concealed, do break your pitchers and show up.

If every member of my church was just like me, what kind of a church would my church be?

The Missionary circle will hold the next meeting at the home of Mrs. Will Carrin, Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 2:30 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

English services next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. While on the two previous Sundays the pastor's message dealt with the training of children and was directed to parents, especially, the sermon next Sunday will be for Young People, especially, yet the old will be interested and they are welcome as well as the young.

We certainly appreciate the visits of strangers in our services, but we do not like to see them disappointed by attending a service of which they understand nothing. Since we frequently have English people visiting in our German services we would again announce that we have English and German services alternately. One Sunday is English the next German, thus changing every Sunday.

Our services are always announced in the Northville Record. Get the Record. It records all about us.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Morning sermon topic: In Christ We Live.

The evening service is the fourth in the Pilgrims' Progress series. Subject: "The Pilgrims' Fair." This is generally the best of the best and most interesting part of the Pilgrims' Progress.

The January church conference at the Eagles and will hold a Banquet at the Eagles restaurant for a display of flowers on this date. The committee proposes to raise \$100.00 for the supply of books. Call on the committee.

Next week at 8 o'clock purchased this week for our Sunday school library.

At 7 p. m. evening prayer service, the pastor will read up Old Testament scriptures. This series will continue through the month of February.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The morning service will be devoted to the outlining of a plan for the next few months which will be known as a "Presbyterian Movement for a Greater Church and a Better Community." This program will embrace all the activities of the church, which if adopted will mean more for the church and community than anything that has heretofore been undertaken. This is not a scheme for making money so you can leave your pocketbook at home but you must bring your family and friends. The church will be warm, the fellowship will be warmer and the temperature of the session will be keeping with both.

The Sunday school at the usual hour. The Junior Christian Endeavor at 6:30 and the Senior Christian Endeavor at 8. It is hoped that these meetings will be well attended that each of these organizations will know the part they have in the united movement.

Evening service at 7. The subject: "The Place and Value of the Evening Service Making a Greater Church and a Better Community."

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

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Eugene Baker of Hunting, Ind., spent last week-end with Northville relatives.

Miss Pearl Lockwood of Detroit is the guest of her cousin, Lucile Wheeler.

Thos. Neal of Detroit and W. C. Neal of Algonac spent Tuesday with Mrs. Henry Neal.

Miss Grace Reynolds of Detroit spent Saturday with her cousin, Miss Gertrude Reynolds.

F. W. Wallace of Port Austin spent Tuesday at the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. H. Neal.

Ralph Devereaux and son of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter, Sunday.

Miss Hazel Killett accompanied Miss Hattie Kilaviter to her home in Ypsilanti for the last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Carpenter attended the funeral of Mrs. Jay M. Hoyt at Walled Lake Monday.

Mrs. G. W. Perkins left Wednesday for Louisville, Ky., where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. I. F. Arton.

Mrs. N. J. Reynolds of Rochester, N. Y., was the guest of Mrs. L. B. Reynolds, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Yerkes were week-end guests at the home of Attorney Geo. B. Yerkes in Detroit.

Mrs. L. B. Reynolds and Mrs. Henry Neal entertained Mrs. J. S. Neal and Miss Emma Arnold of Marine City, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Neal stepped off for a visit with Northville relatives Saturday, while enroute to their home in Orion from Chicago.

Ten young ladies from our town made up a theater party Wednesday evening and saw "The Blue Bird" at the Garrick theater, Detroit.

Mrs. Permelia Kohler, accompanied by Mrs. C. Castline, played a violin solo at the meeting of the Daughters' association held at Salem Thursday.

Miss Margaretha Weiler and Miss Anna Johnson spent Friday and Saturday of last week-end with Rev. and Mrs. Dow Nagle at Lansingburg. On Sunday, they were guests of the home of Mrs. J. A. Larnia, returning a Northville that evening.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mrs. O'Brien is supplying in the English department.

Raymond Thompson spelled down grade English last week.

Miss Pettibone was in Alhambra at the home of her parents last Saturday.

The percentage of attendance in the English grade for the last week was 79.

Miss Margaret Johnson visited a Lansing and Lansingburg from Thursday to Saturday.

New classes are being organized in the English, geometry, physiology, sociology and type writing.

Meier Channister and Carrie L. Channister of the English grade did not miss a spelling during the 5 months of the year, let us all make this resolve.

The English graders had 14 spell-downs during the semester. The boys spelled against the girls and the result was 7 to 7.

Kindergarten pupils present every day last semester were Anna Hoar, Ariene Keller and Earl Markman. Freda Bolton was absent only one-half day.

Entering the Kindergarten in September, the following have passed into the first grade, making it a half the usual time, Catherine Wilcox, George Beard and Alice Raymond. The first two pupils were recommended for the A class of the first grade.

The following pupils were neither absent nor tardy in the English grade last semester: Lena Dickerson, Nellie Freydt, Percival Edwards, Mary Soivies, Walter Ryder, Ekanor Wilks, and Lee Vanatta. Those absent 1-2 days were, Glenn Charter, Helen Lansing, Hulda Blunk, Carrie Lisenberger, Cecile Hutton and Blanche Walker.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching. 50c a box.—Advt.

Sick Two Years With Indigestion. "Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mr. B. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

From Our Exchanges.

Rochester has a card club named the "Laugh-a-lot." Even the winners of the booby prizes do.

Milford Lodge F. & A. M. celebrated its half century anniversary January 13 by a banquet and smoker.

Mrs. E. L. Beals, who died at her home in Plymouth January 16, was treasurer of the First District of Michigan W. C. T. U. for 36 years.

Looks good to see the Western Knitting mills all "lit up" these nights, just like a church. Plenty of business, too.—Rochester Era.

South Lyon's new school building bonds have all been sold, the architect's plans approved and bids for construction are to be opened next month.

Have you noticed that while a girl has a quiff as big as a sofa pillow for her hands, her ankles and her wishbone never seem to be cold?—Pontiac Press-Gazette.

The South Lyon Herald lows that Oakland county has one industry that is running overtime—the divorce mill, with 100 cases on the February docket.

Plymouth is having all sorts of new things—pavements, houses, etc., and now is going to have a new 20x20 cement jail building. Also, they are talking of a Carnegie library.

Redford's fine new school building was dedicated Monday with appropriate ceremonies and a large crowd of people in attendance. A pleasing program of speeches, music, etc., was given.

An advertisement in the Farmington Enterprise announces the loss of a pair of "eye glasses. Probably that's a whole lot nearer right than most errors of the types makes things.

Now ariseth the Northville Record and suggests the name "Scrap of the Spirits" for our next local option battle. And to behold many a newspaper hopes to see the ghost walk.—Oxford Leader.

The postoffice clerks receive many words of praise for their general work, that pleases all patrons. We would tell what it said, but they do bluish so.—Birmingham Eclectic.

Bad Axe has landed an implement factory employing twenty-five men.

If axon are joining the implement manufacturers could there be such a thing as Bad Axe good axes?

Mrs. Henry Keller, of Royal Oak, whose husband was struck and killed by a Grand Trunk train, has brought suit against John Vipe, Royal Oak school, for \$25,000 damages. She claims her husband became intoxicated in Vipe's saloon just before the accident.—Birmingham Eclectic.

Two Londoners are boarding at the General country and for thirty days because they appropriated with out permits a grass which another man had won (graciously) at a trial match. What about the legitimacy of the way to steal got the yard.

A Boston Independent suggests that would be a pretty good one for the readers of any paper in any town. Just now at the beginning of the new year, let us all make this resolve.

If we cannot say anything good for our home town let's either get out or keep still.

North Farmington housewives appear to be eighty per cent better cooks than needlewomen, or else that community thinks nine times as much of eatables as of fine work. A combined dinner and bazaar over there last week netted nearly \$20 for dinners and less than a tenth of that sum for bazaar goods.

There is a lady living at Gaines who never gets mad if other women call her husband "honey"—in fact they do right before her, any old time they want to. The explanation of this unusual state of affairs is found in the following item from the Canton Independent's correspondence department: Mr. and Mrs. Honey Burr of near Gaines, spent Xmas with his parents in Linden. Honey's in the poultry business on a farm near Gaines.

P. J. Heath, in addition to his other ailments, has had a great deal of pain in his left shoulder for several weeks. A swelling was observed three weeks ago which was incised without finding what was the trouble. Last Monday another incision was made and after considerable sounding the cause of the trouble was found and when removed proved to be about two-thirds of a glass-headed pin. Mr. Heath does not know how or when he was used as a human pincushion.—Milford Times.

OLDSMOBILE SALES

SHOW BIG GAIN

700 PER CENT MORE DEALERS; SALES FOR FOUR MONTHS PAST INCREASED 62 PER CENT OVER 1915.

Basing his statements upon audited sales statistics, J. W. Hall, sales manager of the Oldsmobile points out that during the last period of 1915 the Olds company established remarkable sales records. Not only was the demand for cars a surprise to the manufacturers, but Hall asserts that on December 1st there were hundreds of orders on file for future delivery and their plant found it necessary to maintain its increased production schedule in the dead of winter to meet the requirements of dealers.

"These are only a few examples," says Hall, "of the way the demand for Oldsmobile cars is growing, but they point clearly to the fact that the introduction of a lower priced car retaining the lines and all the refinements of our big six model met with a tremendous welcome by dealers and consumers.

"Few who have watched the progress of the Oldsmobile since the introduction of its light four have found any room for doubt that this company opened the way to further success when it produced a lower priced car which was almost exactly similar in appearance to its six cylinder model."

YOUR WATCH A COMPASS.

In modern times, when the vast forests have been largely cleared away, the danger of becoming lost is practically negligible, yet it sometimes happens that one is unable to determine the directions and wishes for a compass. Most people carry a watch and if it is keeping fairly accurate time it may be easily made to indicate the true north and south. All that is necessary is to point the hour hand of the watch toward the sun and the point midway between this hand and the figure 12 on the dial will be the true south, no matter what time of the year or day, and no matter where the observation may be taken.

If it happens to be 10 o'clock in the morning when the hour hand is pointed toward the sun, the figure 11, half way between the 10 and the 12, will indicate the north-south line at that point. This method of determining the directions is called "orientation by the sun." In the time that the sun is passing over the 180 degrees of its path embraced between sunrise and sunset the hour hand of the watch passes over 360 degrees; that is, it makes a complete circuit of the dial from six a. m. to six p. m. Therefore the angular movement of this hand in half an hour corresponds to the angular movement of the sun in an hour. For this reason, when the watch is held in a horizontal position with the hour hand pointing toward the sun the line from the center of the dial to a point midway between the hour hand and the 12 o'clock mark will coincide with the true north-south line. There are times, of course, when the sun cannot be seen and at such times the watch compass is of no avail. However, it is possible to determine the sun's approximate position by means of a grayish spot among the clouds. This is an idea that should be remembered for many travelers have found it invaluable when their sense of direction has been lost.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.

Following are the words of the famous popular song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," which has caught on as the war song of the British soldiers and which has been parodied in French, German, Russian and other languages. This song is copyrighted by B. Feldman & Co., London.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day, as the streets are paved with gold, sure everyone was gay; singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand, and Leicester Square, till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there.

It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know! Good-bye, Piccadilly, Farewell, Leicester Square; it's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O. saying, "Should you not receive it while and let me know. If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he.

"Remember it's pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O. saying, "Mike Murphy wants to marry me, and so, leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be blamed." For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the same."

When you give an evening party keep a photograph of it. Call C. O. Wisdom, Photographer.

Warnings! Hints! Reminders! ON A BURNING SUBJECT

YOU KNOW! WE KNOW! EVERYBODY KNOWS! That It's Cold Comfort In Cold Weather With Out Plenty of Warmth! YOU KNOW! WE KNOW! EVERYBODY KNOWS! That The Best Coal Makes The Most Heat! We Sell The Best Coal! Burn Our Coal And Be Comfortable!

McKAHAN FUEL & ICE CO. OFFICE NOW LOCATED 1ST DOOR NORTH OF D. U. R. WAITING ROOM. Office Phone 191. House Phone 219.

INFORMATION

FOR USERS AND PROSPECTIVE USERS OF ELECTRICITY.

No red tape is necessary to secure Electric Service for your HOME or STORE. Simply phone 88, or call at our office, and your order will receive Prompt Attention. A day's notice is usually sufficient to set a meter and connect the service wires. THE COMPANY furnishes the meter and runs the Service Wires from the lines to the House Free.

METERS are read approximately on the 22nd of each month. COLLECTORS deliver bills to your house on the FIRST day of each month.

PRICES ON NEW MAZDA LAMPS.

25 Watt—20 Candle Power,	30 Cents Each
40 Watt—32 Candle Power,	30 Cents
60 Watt—48 Candle Power,	40 Cents
100 Watt—80 Candle Power,	70 Cents
150 Watt—120 Candle Power,	\$1.00
200 Watt—400 Candle Power, Nitrogen Filled,	\$2.50
250 Watt—1,000 Candle Power, Nitrogen Filled,	\$1.50
1,000 Watt—2,000 Candle Power, Nitrogen Filled,	\$6.00

ELECTRIC IRONS can be operated for two cents an hour under present rates. They Cost \$3.00. You may have one for a 30 day trial and should you desire to keep it pay for it at the rate of \$1.00 per month. YOU will do the COMPANY a favor by reporting troublesome street lamps or any irregularity in your house service.

EASTERN MICH. EDISON CO.

H's Position. "My father's elected on the committee who are going to have some things driven well put down for the city." "Ah! I see, not on the water hored."

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent For Sale. Just Found World's best notice inserted under the head for 1 cent per word.

LOST—Case containing pair eye glasses in new Alconium car on Main St., Monday night. Finder please leave at Record office 27w1p

WANTED—Situation at housework by young woman, American. Willing to go to country. Apply to Mrs. Jackson, 30 High St., Northville. 27w1p

WANTED—One of the large magazine publishing houses desires to employ an active man or woman in this community to handle a special plan, which has proven unusually profitable. Good opening for right party. Address with references, Publisher, Box 155, Times Sq., Sta., New York City.

WANTED—Customers for our fancy buckwheat flour, delivered in town. 10-lb sack for 35c, 25-lb sack for 50c. Northville Milling Co. 20w1p

NOW is the time to get your automobiles, buggies and wagons painted. Hale & Davis' Paint Shop, Northville, Mich. Phone 77W. 24w3p

FOR SALE—80 acre farm, all in good state of cultivation, 1 mile north and 1-2 mile west of Novi, known as the John Leavenworth farm, to be sold at public auction on the sixth day of February, 1916, at 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon, at the east door of the county building in Pontiac 27w1c

FOR SALE—House and lot on West Main St., desirable location. Apply to Mrs. Downer at the house. 27w1p

WOOD FOR SALE—\$1.50 per cord up. Apply to Stewart Montgomery 20w1p

CALL 356 W.—FOR ALL kinds of Carpenter work and repairing. E. H. Thompson, Northville. 21w1p

FOR RENT—House on Dubuay St. Inquire Mrs. E. Greer. Phone 154. 21w1p

FOR SALE—Pair of hobs, ice plover and ice tools. Fred Carpenter, Northville 22w1p

FOR SALE—93 acres 1-2 mile north-west of Milford, Oakland Co., nearly new \$2,000 house; 2 large barns, basement for cows; silo; 12 acres timber; good orchard. Will take mortgage back for \$2,000. Call or write Fleet Hayes, Wayne, Mich. 27w1p

POULTRY SUPPLIES INCUBATORS, BROODERS, FEEDS, ETC.

A. G. GRIFFIN, Phone 392 R2

Case After Case.

Fleets More Like This in Northville.

Scores of Northville people can tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a public statement of his experience. Here is a case of it. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement?

Mrs. G. Bernhardt, Northville, Mich., says: "For a long time one of my family had kidney trouble. He complained mostly of his back but recently his condition was worse. His back was so lame he could hardly get around to work and he had sharp burning pains when the kidney secretions were passed. Not long ago he was compelled to stay in the house as he was so bad. For several days he was unable to straighten up and the pains got into his legs so that he couldn't walk without tottering over. He was advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills and I got some at Murdoch's drug store. After using two boxes he had wonderful relief. His kidneys acted regularly and he is now able to do his work without trouble. He is still taking Doan's Kidney Pills and is confident of a complete cure."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Bernhardt recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Advt.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington and Detroit at 6:15 a. m. and 8:00 a. m.; for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 11:15 a. m. for Farmington June first only 12:30 a. m.

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:50 a. m. and hourly to 7:30 p. m.; for Plymouth at 11:20 a. m. and hourly to 10:15 p. m. and midnight.

W. L. B. CLARK'S

MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

TSOUR STOMACH MAKES A SOUR MAN.

This is the day of the optimist. The "don't worry" man is a gentler 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.

NEAL'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS will help that man.

A good digestion is a blessing; Neal'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.
109 Main St. NORTHVILLE.
Telephone.

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.

Detroit News. Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

Northville Newslets.

Full moon tomorrow.

Two more days left in January.

Library entertainment next week.

F. S. Neal has been ill with the gripe this week.

Mrs. Lester Cook, who was ill last week, is convalescent.

Nice week to be sick with gripe when there's so much going on.

Mrs. P. H. Alexander entertained the First 500 club Tuesday evening.

"Miss Cherryblossom" in the new Alseum next Monday and Wednesday evening.

A. S. Parsons, who was very seriously sick last week, is now slowly improving.

Republican caucus in village hall Wednesday afternoon, February 3, at 2:00 o'clock.

Mrs. Frank Thompson was hostess to the Main 500 club Wednesday evening serving a 6 o'clock dinner.

Special communication Northville lodge No. 186, F. & A. M. Monday evening, February 1. Work in First degree.

News has been received here of the death at Buffalo, N. Y., of Mrs. McCovquodale, a former resident of Northville.

The January-February committee of the M. E. Ladies' aid gave Mrs. R. M. Pierce a pleasant surprise party Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. J. R. Kestell has just sold some property at Highland Park to the city officials who will erect a new school house thereon.

The midwinter meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural society will be held at Muskegon Tuesday and Wednesday, February 2 and 3.

The U-go-I-go club of Farmington was entertained at a 6 o'clock dinner Monday evening by Mrs. Mark Seely, who is also a member of the club.

Christian Wise, a former Northville resident, died at his home in Orange on Wednesday, January 20, at the age of 81 years. He leaves a wife and one son.

The Criticon club was pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Meseraull on Thursday evening of last week. O. W. Hotelling and Mrs. Kohler distinguished themselves as dish washers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Linscombe have moved from Mrs. Mary Fredman's housekeeping rooms to the Benjamin farm in North Farmington, where Mr. Linscombe has secured employment by the year.

On account of N. A. Clappa's death, the work in other to allures, David Gage has been appointed to take Mr. Clappa's place as local manager for the Farmers' Institute to be held in the Baptist church here Feb. 18.

Word has been received here that F. B. Eatherly, who has been very ill since going to Detroit from the East, is now home here, is very much improved in health and his friends are feeling quite encouraged.

Claude McKahan is now nicely settled in his new headquarters, first door north of the D. U. R. waiting room. Attractive gilt lettered signs "McKahan Fuel & Ice Co." and "E. A. Noble, office," have been put on the window by Hale & Davis.

The W. R. C. sleigh ride and tea party that was to have been held Thursday evening, with Mrs. S. D. Meseraull as hostess, was postponed for a week on account of the death of Mrs. George Barber, a member of the Corps.

A small company of relatives from Northville and Plymouth took dinner with Mrs. Mary Robinson Saturday, January 16, the occasion being her eightieth birthday. She has made her home with Mrs. Lydia White of this place the past two years.

What She Wanted.
"I want to stop my baby's cough," said a young mother Tuesday, "but I won't give him any harmful drugs." She bought a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It loosens the cough quickly, stimulates the mucous membranes and helps throw off the choking secretions, eases pain and gives the child normal rest. Sold everywhere.—Advertisement.

WHAT THEY ARE PAYING.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat—White, \$1.30. Red, \$1.33.
Oats—50c.
Shelled Corn—70c.
Hogs, live—
Dressed Hogs—23.50.
Eggs—32c. Butter—31c.
Lamb, alive—47.00.
Veal Calves—10 1-2c per lb.
Beef Hides—10c.

Ground hog day next Tuesday.

Bake sale at Allen's furniture store tomorrow.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Blad Hale, Jan. 15, a son.

Spring must be coming. Kids are playing marbles.

George Clark has been ill during the past few days.

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a bake sale Saturday, February 6.

Special meeting of O. E. S. this Friday evening. Banquet at 6:30 o'clock, followed by initiatory work.

L. W. Simmons, who has been seriously ill for some time is now able to be up and around the house and was out doors for a short time Wednesday.

A misconception seems to be current in regard to the price of admission to the Library benefit entertainment next week. The admission is to be 25 cents, which includes seat reservations. The tickets will be on sale from tomorrow—Saturday—at Murdoch's drug store.

The "H. E. N." division of the Main 500 club perpetrated a neat surprise on Mrs. N. C. Schrader last week Thursday. While she was downtown they took possession of her house and mused up things as women generally do, when so many of them try to serve a single meal. But everybody had a good time, at that.

Miss Ruth Johnson of Lansing, who has been in town for the past two weeks training the young people who are to take part in the operetta "Miss Cherryblossom," has proved a most efficient instructor, as well as a very charming young lady in a social way, winning the esteem of all who have been associated with her in the work.

Ed Fuller exhibited prize winning White Plymouth Rocks at the big poultry show held at the Armory in Detroit, January 21 to 26, inclusive, carrying off first prize on pen of 8 birds; third and fourth prize on cockerels and fourth prize on cockerel in competition with breeders from all over the United States and Canada, there being over 2,000 birds on exhibition. This should be of considerable interest to poultry breeders.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

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

able interest to poultry breeders in this section.

The Baptist ladies expect to serve a George Washington supper next month.

The Woodmen will have another one of their good times at Cattermole hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 4.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cochran are still engaged in getting settled in their pretty new home east of town.

Fred Sutton is able to be out again after having quite a serious time with one of his eyes for nearly 3 months.

Regular meeting of Northville Foresters Friday evening, February 5, followed by an old time dance. Everybody welcome.

The King's Daughters will meet in the Ladies' library Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Important business.

It is requested by the program committee of the Northville Woman's club that members bring plate, saucer, glass, fork and spoon to this Friday-afternoon's meeting.

Who could blame Ed Fuller if he should crow a little over those prizes he won at the poultry show? Mr. Fuller evidently understands raising over "animals" besides fishes, that scale well.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sutton were called to Detroit last Monday by the illness of the latter's mother, Mrs. Jerome Miller, who passed away the same day. The funeral and interment made at Ypsilanti, her former home.

Mrs. A. G. Griffin, contralto at the Cass avenue M. E. church, has resigned her position and will make her home in Northville. Mrs. Griffin has been soloist in several Detroit churches and has been with the Cass avenue choir for the past four years. Detroit Tribune. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin recently purchased the Burrows chicken farm on the Fishery road.

DO YOU REALIZE


that the two most important things to be considered in opening a bank account are:

1st. A safe bank in which to deposit your money.

2nd. A bank that always stands ready to lend any assistance to its customers to which they are entitled.

Our large number of accounts, both large and small, is conclusive proof that we combine these important elements of banking.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Michigan.



R Use pure drugs only at all times. We can furnish them.

A Warning to Sick People

If you are ill you probably need medicine prescribed by a doctor. Nature must be assisted. But only pure medicines can help nature. We carry that kind. Especially at this time, when the war has prevented the importation of certain drugs, you must be sure that you buy pure drugs. Our reputation cannot be questioned in this respect.

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE
THE REXALL STORE. Northville, Michigan.

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.

Suit to Your Measure

\$18

\$25 and \$30 Values

WE'RE "THERE WITH THE GOODS"

STYLE

Now on Display at Our Store

Every imaginable
pattern to choose
from.

FIT

Please come in
and look.

WORKMANSHIP

We will not urge
you to buy.

It is an HONEST FACT, and we will prove it, that the SUIT we'll Make for You for \$18.00 is the same (if not better) than any other tailor charges \$25 and \$30 for.

"GET IN ON A GOOD THING" and GRASP the Greatest Opportunity you ever had to save money.

Come in and leave your measure.

Your Money Doesn't Belong to Us Unless You're Satisfied.

WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

THE MAN IN THE WELL

BY PIERRE SALES

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SYNOPSIS

The body of a man is discovered in the well located on the dividing-line between the estates of Archibald and Louis Farades, two brothers. The police are called and upon learning that the body is that of M. Jean Farades, an uncle of the two brothers, the latter are accused of murder.

Paul Merseins, who is engaged to the daughter of Archibald Farades, sets out to clear her father of the crime.

He drew her to him. She nung her arms round his neck in an abandonment of grief.

"Oh, Paul, do bring father back to me!" she cried, "and bring uncle back to auntie and Jeanne. We are all so miserable."

"There, there, little girl," he said. "Cheer up! It will all come right." "Here, am I turned detective?" he mused as he leaned back in the cab which took him to Paris. "A crime has been committed and the police have arrested two innocent men, or perhaps only one. Louis Farades may be guilty, but he must have had an accomplice. The victim was a big, strong man and it would have taken two to overcome him. The other accomplice may be this buyer."

Each day the case against the two brothers grew stronger. The autopsy had shown that death had occurred at eleven o'clock or half past eleven. And as the victim had arrived in Boulogne at about six-thirty, it seemed almost certain that he had been at the house of one of the brothers.

The police searched for a motive for the crime. There were two. There was no money nor valuable papers found upon the man. And, secondly, the victim had a right to half the estate.

FARM HANDS SEEK COINS

Treasure Believed to Have Been Hidden Along the Historic Route in 1847.

Topoka, Kan.—Down in Grant County they are forgetting about crops to look for gold.

Recently Peter Anderson, living six miles southwest of New Clynnes, found a tin gold piece on his land. Before long other similar coins, all bearing the date 1847, were found in the same locality.

The news of the find of the coins has brought a crop of searchers who are seeking for treasure believed to be hidden somewhere in that neighborhood. Large bands are getting work to do in the search and part of the Santa Fe railroad's extra force at work on the Dodge City extension, devoted to the "gold rush" in the Grant County "find."

So far only the four gold coins have been unearthed, but a first class job of plowing is being done on the Anderson and adjoining farms, with the consent of the owners of the land.

The old "dry route" Santa Fe trail passed up the Cimarron Valley at this point and the gold coins were found adjacent to the old trail. The theory is that some transcontinental tourist of the '50's, en route to the States from California laden with gold was attacked by either Indians or Mexicans here, bent on robbery.

This Cimarron dry route was a favorite holdout for robbing Mexicans and treacherous Indians. The date of the gold coins, 1847, is before the time of California gold, and some think the coins belonged to a Santa Fe trader returning from Santa Fe via the short cut route across the plains.

At any event, it is supposed a quantity of the gold coin was secreted or hidden in time of trouble, and those who are now searching for the hiding place believe they will find it in this locality near the old trail.

"LOG DRIVE" CHECKS

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Dams Stream and Sacks Water Three Miles—Takes Two Years For it to Reach Destination

Minneapolis.—When a log drive, the largest brought from the headwaters of the Mississippi river in ten years, jammed in that stream two miles above this city, the statement that lumbering in this state is a thing of the past was clearly refuted by evidence which could not be disputed.

Packed far above and below the surface of the water, the jam formed an immense dam and backed the water for three miles. It is estimated that there are 90,000,000 feet of lumber in the immense pile, some of the logs being driven fifteen feet beneath the top of the water by the weight of those above them. The logs—Norway and white pine—constitute a summer's work for the Mississippi mills.

The drive was two years' reaching Minneapolis from Foskagama Lake, Itasca county. It was "hung up" at Little Falls last winter. The logs will remain where they are until the mill require them. Small sections are broken off each day and sent down to be sawed.

"Automobiles are a good deal like men. The less character they have the more noise they make."

tate that his brother had left, and this had been taken possession of by the two nephews.

The theory was that he had been killed so that his two nephews would not be forced to share the estate with him. The accused stated in the most positive manner that their uncle was accompanied by a man named Jacques Velizay. The police neglected to mention this man to the newspaper reporters, because here was something that baffled them.

Either this Velizay did not exist and it would be wiser not to mention him for fear of being ridiculed; or if this man did exist it was almost certain that he was implicated in the crime. In the latter case it would be more prudent to keep his name out of the papers, for if the alarm were given he might escape.

Paul Merseins settled his most important business affairs on the Bourse, and then announced to his friends and business acquaintances that he intended to take a vacation for a few weeks. His father was the only one whom he took into his confidence.

Paul had just finished reading the daily paper when his eye fell upon a full-page advertisement:

JUST ARRIVED AT THE BON MARCHE:

A Magnificent Assortment of Indian Rugs.

Our buyer, who has just returned from the Far East, et cetera. "Indian rugs!" exclaimed Merseins, jumping to his feet. "This Jacques Velizay has just come from India. Ten to one that he is the buyer for the Bon-Marche."

He snatched up his hat and ran down to the street and hailed the first cab that he saw.

"The Bon-Marche," he said. A few minutes later he was elbowing his way through the crowd in the handsome gallery, where the imported rugs were exhibited.

"Excuse me," he said, addressing the head of the department, "but these rugs have recently arrived?" "Yes, monsieur, our traveler returned two days ago; we have not even finished marking them all yet. He brought this lot with him and there are others to arrive by the next boat."

"I have met your buyer. He is an awfully good fellow."

"Oh! You know him?" "Only slightly. I met him one evening at a club. It was the evening before he started on his voyage."

Merseins continued to examine the rugs, hoping that the manager would mention the name of their foreign buyer.

He saw a magnificent Afghanistan rug whose exquisite coloring appealed to his artistic taste. He decided to buy it for his den; but at any rate would show that he meant business.

A clerk from the general office came to the head of the department. He held a letter in his hand.

"In the office they have M. Velizay's Paris address only. He might like this for a letter to him," said the clerk.

"I'll give it to him. He left the address with me. All his mail for the next few days is to be sent to this place."

The manager took out his fountain pen and crossed out the Paris address, and then wrote: "Saint-Jean, Basses, Pyrenees." Paul had moved nearer and watched while he wrote. So Velizay had come straight to his firm and had now gone south, probably to see his people.

He quickly made his plan; he would start off at once for Saint-Jean and have this man arrested. He wanted to get him himself; the police were too slow. At eight-thirty he took the express for Bordeaux. He arrived at his destination late the next day. Every one around him spoke a patois composed of Spanish and French.

He was so near Spain that he was afraid that his man might have crossed the border and escaped. The cabman laughed at him when he said that he wanted to get to Saint-Jean that night.

"A few hours' ride. Ah! non, monsieur; pas possible, tomorrow if you like."

"How much will you charge me tomorrow?"

"Ten francs."

"I'll give you forty francs if you get me there tonight. Whip up your horses."

The offer was too tempting. The cabman jumped to his box and gathered up the reins.

They drove along the magnificent route which crosses and winds in and out of the mountains, but Paul had no eye for the magnificent woods which overhung the rushing torrent. He was thinking of Valentine and this man whose arrest he was going to cause.

When they were at a short distance from Saint-Jean, Paul asked the driver if he knew the place and the size of it.

"I was born there," replied the man; "it is only a little village, and everybody knows everybody. I don't go there so often, but it happens that this week I shall have been twice. Two days ago I drove a young fellow named Velizay along this very road. He was all excited because he was going to see his old people, who live there. That young chap has made a pile of money, so they say."

Merseins thought it would not be wise to question his cabman. The slate roofs of the small houses in Saint-Jean could now be seen as the moon's rays fell aslant them. Merseins put up at the principal inn of the little village. The large dining-room, which also served as a cafe, was the rendezvous for all the villagers who liked to spend their evening playing dominoes and smoking.

Merseins only took time to put his suitcase in the room allotted to him. Then he hurried down to the main room. Saint-Jean was such a tiny village it would be quite easy for him to find his man.

At nine o'clock the habitues of the cafe began to arrive. They politely

greeted the patron who sat at her desk, then sat down, lighted their pipes, and called for drinks. Ten minutes later a handsome young fellow, about thirty years of age, strolled into the dining-room.

"Hello, boys!" he cried.

"Ah! Bonsoir, Jacques; bonsoir, Velizay!" came from all sides. "We got here first, you see, and were beginning to wonder if you'd turn up tonight."

"You promised to finish the story you were telling us last night," said one, as each man got up from his seat and shook hands with the newcomer.

Merseins eyed the man narrowly. He was disappointed, for Velizay's expression was frank and honest. His appearance was deceitful—that's all, thought Merseins.

When the men had resumed their seats, Velizay, at their request, continued to narrate his travels at the point where he had left off the previous evening.

"Yes, boys, and we crossed the valley of Kashmir. It was there that I again met my old friend Jean Farades."

"Jean Farades! Why, there's a Jean Farades just been murdered in Paris."

"What's that you say?" cried Velizay.

"It was in this morning's paper. I have not seen the paper today."

One of the men handed him a local paper which quoted an account of the crime from a Paris paper.

"There's not a doubt about it. Poor old Jean Farades, my old friend! His body is at the morgue now, poor old chap."

A good actor," thought Merseins. During the rest of the evening there was no more talk of India. The crime was the topic of conversation. Each man gave his own opinion upon it.

Velizay scarcely spoke a word. As the men were leaving he went over to the cabman who had driven Merseins to Saint-Jean and asked him if he would be returning that night.

"If you want to catch the train for Paris, you will have to leave here at 4 a. m."

"I want to get to Paris as soon as possible."

If Merseins had had any doubt that this man was the murderer it had now vanished. The crime was discovered and the murderer was submitting to the imperative wish to see his victim once more.

At 4 a. m. Paul Merseins walked out of the hotel and pushed his suitcase into the cab that was stationed outside. The cabman looked at him in astonishment.

"Going back already?" he asked.

"Yes, I have finished my business."

"There is room for two. See—here is forty francs."

Velizay made no remark to his traveling companion beyond a brief good day. He seemed to be of a gay and carefree nature and far less concerned than he had been the night before.

He began to whistle softly as the cab drove off. Then he settled himself comfortably and dropped off into a sound sleep. Merseins began to fear that perhaps his man had no intention of going to Paris and that he would try and escape to Spain.

"If that's his game I'll have him arrested at the frontier," he thought; but the man continued on to Bordeaux and from there took a ticket for Paris. In due time Merseins sent a telegram to M. Bonalieu's Paris address, which he had learned before leaving the city. The message was worded:

"Jacques Velizay, the man suspected of the murder of Jean Farades, will reach Paris tomorrow morning on the Bordeaux express. He is about thirty years of age, a mustache, wears a gray traveling suit, and carries a dark leather suitcase."

The two men were in the same compartment from Bordeaux to Paris. During the journey Velizay slept. He made a remark to his fellow traveler that he had very little sleep for the last three nights.

Merseins did not close his eyes. When the train reached Paris four men were standing on the platform scrutinizing each carriage as it slowly passed them.

As soon as the door opened one of the men approached Velizay and touched him on the shoulder.

"Is your name Jacques Velizay?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, that is my name. What do you want?"

"I want you," replied the man. "I arrest you as an accomplice in the murder of Jean Farades."

The accused stared in amazement as the four men surrounded him. At first he seemed unable to speak, then his anger burst forth. He had no intention of submitting quietly. He struck out with his fists and landed a blow on the nose of the man who had first spoken.

"You imbeciles!" he cried. "So you think I am a murderer, do you? That's coming a bit too strong."

If there had been only the four men to make the arrest, they would have had a hard time; but the railway porters ran forward and lent a hand to the police. In spite of the young Southerner's valiant attempt to defend himself, he was soon overpowered and the handcuffs slipped over his wrists.

"Who are you I would like to know?" he said to the man who was wiping the blood from his face.

"I am a police lieutenant," said the man, trying to be as dignified as possible under the circumstances.

"You should have said that before," replied the prisoner mockingly; "then I might have had more respect for your face."

"This is rebellion against police authority," said the official sternly, "and you'll get something for that."

"And you'll get something for arresting an innocent man," retorted Velizay. "I'll sue you for damages."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"If you are determined to take me to jail, don't put your hands on me; that's all. Keep your hands off and I'll go along quietly. The sooner we get it over the better."

Velizay's manner was so assured that Merseins began to feel uncomfortable and wondered if he had not made a mistake in acting so quickly.

He was led from the railway station and pushed into a cab that was waiting for them. M. Beaulieu was at the Palais when he arrived.

"Your name?" he asked when the prisoner was brought before him.

"Jacques Velizay, thirty-three years of age, foreign buyer for the Bon-Marche," replied Jacques promptly.

"You are suspected of having assassinated Jean Farades."

"Suspected by whom?"

"Silence! You were the last man seen with the victim. What have you to say now?"

"Seen by whom? See here, Judge, I came with him from Calcutta. We came to Paris on the same train. His nephews met him and we all went together up the boulevard in a cab. At about five o'clock they got out and left."

"And you?"

"Jean Farades and I got back into the same cab, and when we got to the top of the boulevard near the Porte St. Denis the horse fell down, so we paid the cabman and walked back. My friend asked me to direct him to the Rue de Banque, which I did, and then I left him."

"Had he any baggage?"

"No. All his luggage had been sent on to Boulogne. He only carried a small hand-bag."

"What did you do then?"

"I took another cab and drove to my firm."

"That does not seem very feasible—your horse falling down, and then he asking you the way to the Rue de Banque. There now; you need not get angry. If you are innocent we shall soon be able to prove it."

M. Beaulieu touched a bell. "Is Millette, the excise employee, here yet?"

"Yes?—Well, bring him in at once."

Millette was brought face to face with Velizay.

"Do you recognize this man?" asked the investigating judge.

"No. Never saw him before," replied Millette.

"Didn't this man pass by the excise office through the Boulogne gates on the evening of the crime, at the same hour as the man in the red waistcoat?"

"No," replied Millette without hesitation, "and with all due respect to you, monsieur le juge, you can't make me say he did if he didn't. If he went through the gates I never saw him."

M. Beaulieu was plainly disappointed. He then gave some orders in a low voice to an attendant. He intended to confront the accused with the victim.

The morgue had been closed to the public so that the police and the prisoners could enter quietly without being followed by a crowd.

The investigating judge and Velizay stood on one side of the coffin near to where the corpse lay. Jacques had recognized his old friend, but he had shown no undue emotion. Millette stood with a row of detectives.

As a sign from M. Beaulieu the curtain was quickly drawn on one side and the men who were under suspicion for the murder stood face to face.

As soon as the Farades brothers saw Jacques Velizay they started forward.

"That is the man who we last saw with our uncle," they cried simultaneously.

M. Beaulieu wheeled round on Millette.

"Do you still persist in saying that you did not see this man on the day of the crime?"

"I did not see him," replied Millette, rolling his eyes solemnly.

"That crime was not committed by one man. I shall have to detain all of you until your innocence can be satisfactorily proven."

The two brothers seemed resigned, but Velizay was indignant.

"Pardon, monsieur, but may I be permitted to prove that I am innocent?" he asked sarcastically.

"Why have you waited so long?"

"Because I waited to see how far the stupidity of the French police would go. You might have saved your men the trouble of getting up at such an early hour to arrest me."

"If I listen to what you have to say, you will have to show more respect for the law—understand that, monsieur?"

"Ah, pardon. You have asked me so many questions, will you allow me to ask you one now? Has the autopsy on the body been performed?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Would you oblige me by informing me at what hour death occurred?"

"The doctors state that the victim was strangled between half-past eleven and midnight. It was after death that he was thrown into the well."

"Will you do me the favor to send for the head of my firm, also one of the assistants, M. Paul Bourdin?"

"What light can they throw upon the matter?"

"All the light that is necessary, monsieur," replied Jacques, smiling affably.

M. Beaulieu agreed to his request. The two men from the Bon-Marche arrived in a short time.

"He thinks that through you he can prove that he is innocent," said M. Beaulieu when they entered his office.

"We were astonished when we heard he was arrested. He could not very well have murdered a man as eleven-thirty when at eight-thirty he had left Paris," said Paul Bourdin hotly.

"A very annoying affair," murmured M. Beaulieu; "you can retire, gentlemen."

"My young friend has his liberty, I suppose?"

"No; if he is not guilty of murder, he is at least guilty of resisting police authority. I shall be obliged to detain him."

"I think you are doing him an injustice, sir. M. Velizay had every reason to be indignant. I should think that under the circumstances a reprimand would be quite sufficient for his offense."

M. Beaulieu felt the justice of this remark, but he decided to hold him for that day. He tried in vain to find evidence that would incriminate him; but at last he was forced to admit that he was innocent.

Jacques had quite recovered his good nature.

"I wish you would tell me who it was who caused my arrest," he said to M. Beaulieu as he was leaving.

"The two Farades spoke of you from the first."

"Yes, but who told you, M. Beaulieu, that I was coming in on the Bordeaux express yesterday morning?"

"Never mind. I'm sorry to have detained you," said Beaulieu affably.

"Ah, I know who it was," cried Jacques, as in a flash he recalled the man who had traveled with him from Saint-Jean; "wait until I get hold of him!"

"Who?"

"That detective who was on the train with me. I'll make him smart for this."

"Better be careful or you might find yourself back here again," said Beaulieu with a smile.

"If you can't find the murderer, I'll turn detective," said Velizay, as he shook hands with Beaulieu.

He strolled along the boulevard until he came to the street where he lived. As he passed, the various places of amusement and the glaring posters he said to himself:

"Poor old Jean, and I promised to take him to all the places worth seeing and give him a good time! Now he is lying stiff and stark in the morgue."

Velizay lived six months in Paris and six months in foreign lands. When he was in Paris he only went occasionally to the business house. He went to study the public taste, so as to be able to make a better selection of merchandise for the next season.

During the six months that he stayed in Paris he lived in a very handsome apartment. It was filled with tapestries, rugs and curiosities that he had brought from all parts.

He went at once to his room upon leaving the prison. His trunks had now arrived. He carefully ate any dinner because of his eagerness to unpack his back with him. From time to time he looked up from his unpacking and shook his fist at an imaginary person.

"I'll teach him to trail an innocent man. Confound him!" he muttered furiously. He opened the last trunk and took out a large parcel upon which was written:

MME. JEANNE FARADES.

His old friend had brought many presents for his two nieces, but one special gift that was for Jeanne, the old man's namesake, had been put into Velizay's trunk. His old friend having already sent his luggage down to the steamer.

"A present for that pretty Jeanne. What a peach she must be," he said, staring down at the packet he held in his hand. "No wonder the old fellow swelled with pride when he showed me her photo. I never thought that I'd fall in love with a girl just from gazing at her photograph."

His bright face became grave and "Poor little girl," he mused, "she won't care about all this stuff now. Indian silks and jewelry won't interest her much now. I'd love to take the parcel to her myself, but it will be embarrassing to speak to her of her uncle, and yet somehow I feel I ought to go."

The next day after luncheon he took a cab and drove out to Boulogne.

"I need not go again if they are cool," he thought. "They may not believe that I am innocent."

The servant asked for his card, which he refused to give.

"Mme. Farades does not know me," he said; "but I would like to speak to her on an important matter."

Mme. Farades had just returned from Paris. She had been to the prison to see her husband.

"Excuse me for intruding upon you," began Jacques as he came into the room, her face pale and her eyes red with weeping. "My name is Velizay—Jacques Velizay."

There was an embarrassing silence. Mme. Farades had thought, as did every one, that Jacques Velizay was the murderer.

"Do not understand what brings you here," she said, trying to steady her voice.

"It is only natural, madame, that I should call upon you. M. Jean Farades was an old friend of mine, and before leaving Calcutta he put a packet in my trunk. It is addressed to your daughter."

Mme. Farades took the parcel he held out, then said quietly:

"Thank you. As the object of your visit is accomplished, permit me—"

"You are sending me away! Will you not allow me to express my sorrow for you in your great trouble. I have seen your husband only twice, but I am convinced that he is innocent."

M. Jean Farades had spoken to me many times of his relations, and I had looked forward to meeting you. Do not treat me as a stranger. If I can be of any service to you—"

He stopped. His frank kindly manner seemed to have won Mme. Farades. She looked at him in silence for one moment; then she held out her hand and said:

"Many of our friends have turned from us, and yet this is the time we most need them. I would like you to meet my daughter."

He sat down at a table in a corner of the cafe and ordered dinner. While he waited for his meal to be served, he again went over in his mind all the details of the crime. It was here at Boulogne where the mystery had commenced. He decided to wait until night and then, when all was dark and silent, he would go to the scene of the crime. He sat in the safe smoking until eleven o'clock, then he left and walked in the direction of the Farades house. He reached the gate which opened into Louis Farades's garden. As he raised the latch he saw a dark form in the other garden.

"Sapristi!" he muttered. "Here's that chap again. Perhaps he has nothing to do with the police, after all. He himself may be the murderer, and he tried to throw suspicion on me. It is a well-known police axiom that criminals often return to the spot where they committed their crime."

For a moment he was undecided what to do. On the other hand, if the man did belong to the police, he thought, the very fact of finding him lurking like a criminal round this spot would be sufficient to land him in jail again.

"I'll have it out, anyway, with him and done with it," he thought.

To Be Continued.

POULTRY

Mottled Ancon's History

The Mottled Anconas are but little known in the Middle West. They belong to the Mediterranean class. In general the birds are black and each feather should be tipped with white, giving the bird a beautiful, mottled appearance. The tip should be V shaped, small and clear white. There is no attempt at lacing. The ideal Mottled Ancona which poultry breeders are striving to obtain, should have the feathers tipped as indicated above, but in this as in so many matters, the ideal is a few paces ahead, and when a breeder has obtained a bird that has this white in the right proportions, he feels that he has a bird he does not care to sell, provided said bird comes to standard requirements in all other respects.

The black of the plumage shades beautiful, and gives the bird that beautiful, bottle green when

CHILD WITHOUT A COUNTRY



Princess Marie Jose.

Princess Marie Jose, the youthful and pretty daughter of the fighting King of Belgium, is at present with her two brothers in England. Their mother is with the King and has been constantly devoting herself to the care of the wounded in the front of the trenches.

Changed Her Mind

"Girls," said young Mrs. Allison, adjusting her collar to a coquettish angle and smoothing her pique skirt, "I have news! Now, what do you think?"

"War on millinery?" inquired the young matron with auburn hair, coarsely.

"Neither," said young Mrs. Allison, with a grin. "Matrimony."

"Gracious!" ejaculated the sewing circle as one seamstress, with bated breath and suspended needles "Hurry up and tell us, Celeste!"

"I never hurry," said young Mrs. Allison, placidly. "Haste, my beloved hearers, is the curse of the American commonwealth; the destroyer of courtly manners and the handicap of the rising generation, because—"

"Do you charge admission?" interrupted the young matron with auburn hair, pertly.

"Because," continued the speaker, firmly, "it racks the nerves and wastes the vitality and reduces the mind to a state of weariness. It makes the fat man look fatter and the thin man look thinner."

"She sounds like a patent cement house advertisement," murmured the auburn haired matron. "Cool in winter and warm in summer—or is it the other way about?"

"And," finished young Mrs. Allison, with determination, "it cakes the powder on every woman's nose!"

"Nonsense, Celeste," said the duffy-haired blonde. "We're not you ever late for a dressmaker's appointment?"

"You'd better believe I was," conceded young Mrs. Allison, with sudden earnestness. "Three-quarters of an hour, this very morning. Where's my powder bag now?"

"In your belt," remarked the auburn-haired member crisply. "And what is your news?"

"Oh, that!" said young Mrs. Allison, brightly enthusiastic again. "How could I forget it! Such news, my dears! Quite important enough to honor this occasion of our last meeting before we adjourn for our several vacation—to fade our hair and peel our noses. All right, then, I'll tell, Melissa is engaged."

"No!" cried the members, in unison. "Will some one please tell me," flung the duffy-haired blonde, "why it is that when a girl, even the handsomest of girls, announces her engagement, the feminine audience always says 'No,' just like that with one voice?"

"The world is astonished at her temerity, my love," answered young Mrs. Allison, promptly. "Here's Melissa now!"

The sewing circle fell upon the fair brunette in the doorway and showered her with congratulations.

"Now," ended the matron with auburn hair, "tell us about him, dear. You've always said you'd never, never, never marry a red-headed man, a person in the railroad business, or a dignitary, so I suppose, he is none of those things. Is he tall and dark?"

"His complexion is about like you," hesitated the graceful brunette with her eyes on her thumb.

"What?" cried the sewing circle, aghast.

Young Mrs. Allison grinned again and looked out the corner of her eye at the duffy-haired blonde. "And what does he do for a living, my child," she inquired perfunctorily.

"He's secretary of the J. B. & M. railroad," said the bride to be. "And," she added, indignantly, before the shout of laughter quite drowned her voice, "he says he's out last time for Wilson, but he has promised me positively that next time he'll vote for Jane Adams!"

"There's a great advantage in being blind," he often says. "A man is allowed to stay at home and enjoy his life. He always hated social functions."

"How does he handle his classroom work?" asked his companion.

"He is a lecturer, and for experiments before the class he always has had an assistant," replied the minister.

"Is his wife sensitive about his blindness?"

"No, she seems perfectly nappy. You know nothing makes a woman happier than the thought that she is necessary to her husband, and they are ideally mated."

"How terrible," said his friend. "He has children, you say?"

"Yes, three of them; they were mere babies. His wife is a very pretty, dainty woman. She was a leader in society, belonged to two clubs, besides the musical society which she organized. She is an accomplished musician. I tell you, she's the stuff," said the minister enthusiastically. "She has never at-

Adventures in Matrimony

BY MRS. EVA LEONARD

"That's a fine looking man who just passed. Who is he?" asked the stranger.

"That man is Professor Knowles, one of the brightest men in the university. Did you notice that he is blind?" replied the minister.

"Blind? No. He didn't walk like a blind man," and he turned to look.

"He rarely goes out without one of his children, a little boy, holding a little hand. He walks off with the stride that is natural to him," replied the minister.

"Then he hasn't been blind long?"

"No. He is the head of the department of chemistry and a very brilliant man. One day about five years ago he was alone in his private laboratory, bending over a crucible. The experiment was nearing completion when the thing exploded. Students in the next room heard the noise and ran in; he was lying on the floor. They thought he was dead at first, for he was unconscious. He was badly cut about the face. They carried him to the hospital and the cuts soon healed, but he was totally blind."

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January Clearance Sales

We shall offer our entire stock of

Suits, Coats and Dresses

AT MUCH LESS THAN

1/2 PRICE

Women's Suits as low as \$5.00 & \$7.50

Misses Coats as low as \$5.00 & \$7.50

Women's Coats as low as \$5.00 & \$7.50

Misses Coats as low as \$3.75 & \$5.00

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Newcomb-Endicott Company

Worth from \$10 to \$25

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PHOTOS NOW POPULAR AS VALENTINES

The most up-to-date valentine you can send your friends is a pleasing portrait of yourself. It carries with it a value and thought which is absent from all other valentines, and each year they are becoming more popular.

The Photo Studios, located at 222 Randolph Street, Detroit, have a widely known reputation for excellent photographs, and they have been developing and perfecting this art for ten years. When you next visit Detroit, call at the Photo Studio, where you will be free to look over the work which they do without being made any objections.

FORD STARTER

Ford owners will be pleased to note that substitutes can now be made at once in the Boston Starters from the Detroit office, 334 Lodge Building, Detroit. This starter is the one built for the Ford Model T, which has been famous among all Ford owners. It is easily and simply installed, costs but \$25 and is insurance against all cranking trouble and danger. Operated from the seat of the auto, a gentle pull on a handle and the motor starts at once, no getting out into the mud and dirt to crank, no labor, no delays or added expense, or loss of power. Those who order today are given coupons worth \$5 each in cash refunds on orders for friends and Ford owners. Early orders will be wise as the demand is very heavy for this long felt want.

Household Hints

SIMPLE HOME REMEDIES

Fishbone in Throat—A raw egg taken immediately will carry down a fishbone that has got in the throat.

Headache—A hot mustard foot-bath will relieve headache by drawing blood away from the head.

Oily Hair—Make your oily hair fluffy by rubbing thoroughly with corn meal; then comb. This lasts a long time. Can be repeated when necessary.

WINDOW SHADES

If you prefer a white shade buy a heavy white linen, cut to fit the window and stitch a wide hem in bottom for stick and a narrow one at top, through which you tack to the roller. All fixtures can be purchased at your dry goods store. These blinds can be taken down and laundered, always looking fresh and clean, costing less than a boughten wood blind.

REPLACES CREAM

Custard is delicious served instead of whipped cream with any gelatine dessert. It can be flavored with vanilla, with a strip of orange peel steeped in the milk, with lemon peel used in the same way or with almond extract.

THE TABLE

Baked Spareribs—Get two good-sized pieces of the ribs. Have a dressing made of stale bread, onions, yolk of one egg, pinch of salt, pinch of black pepper, enough sage to suit taste, enough water to moisten well; lay on one piece, cover with the other piece of ribs, pin together with tooth-picks, or sew; put in pan, pour in about three cups water, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little flour. Bake as you would any roast.

Greatest Millinery Sale Ever Known

Must make room for incoming stock

Earl's Spring Millinery

Clearance of all Trimmings Winter Hats
\$1.99, \$2.99 and \$3.00 up to \$20 values
Large Black Velvet Sattlers, \$1.00

THE ART MILLINERY,
61 Grand St., Broadway
DETROIT MICH.

Not Introduced

"At a country picnic a good natured chap spoke rashly to a young lady without the formality of an introduction. There was occasion for it, for he happened to see a great, fat caterpillar crawling on her lace collar, and, jumping toward her, he said: 'Madame, permit me to—'

But the young lady waved him off with an impatient gesture and said: 'How dare you speak to me without an introduction? You are certainly no gentleman, sir.'

Here the caterpillar overbalanced it self and fell down her neck.

"Ouch! Ouch! ouch! Take it off, somebody!" screamed the fair one.

The man was the only somebody around just then, and he said:

"Couldn't think of it, madame. I haven't been introduced to the caterpillar."

FREE! FREE!

1 package with each 2 ordered at 50¢ each.

Agents Wanted.

DAFFODIL MEANS 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.

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 50¢ and will be sent on receipt of order.

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Daffodil Soap Mfg. Co.

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Good glasses, if properly fitted, are a wonderful help to the eyes. They often prove a cure for those bad headaches.

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

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One dozen postal cards with every dozen pictures purchased. All work guaranteed.

PARIS STUDIO,
222 Randolph St., Detroit, Mich.

KINDLY MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

His Injuries

"The day of rowdiness, of punching and being punched, of white hopes and things like that, is going out," said the girl who had merely dropped in for a call.

"So you have met him, have you?" asked the girl at home.

"Yes, I saw Morgan Brown yesterday. It is the first time I have seen him since I turned him down. He was not quite a ruffian while I permitted him to call."

"Since you turned him down! So you turned him down, did you? He told me something about that."

"Doubtless, he told how he acquired the black eye, the puffed lip, the bandaged ear and got his arm in a sling."

"Certainly. I was among those present."

"This gave man sort of thing is picturesque only in fiction. No lady nowadays stands by and watches men beat one another."

"My dear, you are right. However, there was no other man connected with this affair. It occurred night before last, when he was calling. I had baked a cake that day and late in the evening Morgan and I decided that we would make a raid on the catables and went to the kitchen. I had just pushed the button for the electric lights when I saw a mouse, and of course I screamed. Morgan seized a

fly swatter from the kitchen cabinet and made a dash at the mouse and nearly broke his fingers against the leg of the cabinet. Then he raced after the mouse across the kitchen and bumped his eye against the corner of a shelf. He staggered backward and hurt his ear when he collided with the water heater. As if this were not enough, he stooped to look beneath the kitchen table just as I moved a chair, and he struck his mouth on the chair back. Then he saw the mouse going beneath the refrigerator and he dived in pursuit. But the creature went through the floor where the waste pipe leaves the kitchen and escaped."

"Ridiculous!"

"Wasn't it? There was I in a chair, showing silk, and Morgan spraddled out on the floor holding his ear with one hand, a broken fly swatter in the other, while he looked at the hole through which the mouse had disappeared, and said things. I never heard an angry man use such language! But you would never guess what he said as he snook his fist at that waste pipe."

"Very likely. Sometimes the character of a person's upbringing precedes their guessing along certain marks."

"Oh, yes. He shook his fist at the mouse hole and said: 'You darned little rascal! The next time I play tag with you you will know it!'"

"Ah," said the girl who dropped in for a call.

HAND PAINTED FROCKS REVIVED



Pussy willow green taffeta with hand painted butterflies in black and orange flitting across its surface is used here for an enchanting full skirted costume of the late Victorian period. The little coat lace frilled is quaintly in keeping and so is the leghorn hat with drooping brim.

