

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLV. NO. 59.

THE RECORD NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1915.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

FINE HERD CATTLE ARE BURNED

GEORGE YERKES OF DETROIT MEETS BIG LOSS NEAR HERE.

FARM BARN AND HOLSTEINS DESTROYED TUESDAY MORNING.

The large stock barn on the property known as the Joy farm, 2 miles north and 1 1/2 miles east of town, owned by Attorney Geo. B. Yerkes of Detroit, was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning.

The building contained one of the finest blooded Holstein dairy herds in this section of the state, about 20 in number. Seventeen of these were milk cows, only one of which escaped. The origin of the fire is a complete mystery. The farm man, Sam Picard, had attended to the morning chores as usual and was out in the field at work when the fire was discovered, but at such a stage that nothing could be done. The loss is probably in the neighborhood of \$8,000, partially covered by insurance.

SUPT. WHEATON LEAVES NORTHVILLE

The departure of Superintendent of schools, F. W. Wheaton, to other fields of educational usefulness, will be keenly regretted in this community. Besides being an accomplished teacher and a man of unusual culture, Mr. Wheaton is a Christian gentleman of a high order and a splendid citizen in all respects. The family have won many warm friends during their three years' residence in Northville and their going away will be a distinct loss to society here in many

ways, and especially so, to those who have enjoyed being their co-workers in church and social affairs, and the residents who have had the privilege of being their immediate neighbors for three years past.

OBITUARY—MRS. ELLEN Y. HOLCOMB.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen Y. Holcomb, whose death was briefly noted last week, was held from the home Sunday, conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. E. Webber. Mrs. Holcomb was born in Lyon township and was a daughter of a former well known resident of Lyon and Novi, John C. Emery, and a niece of the late Robert Yerkes. Her entire life was passed in this vicinity, aside from a residence of some years in Detroit. The end came on April 15, the fifth anniversary of the death of her oldest son, William.

She united with the Northville Presbyterian church in early life, and was an active member of the Northville Woman's club for many years.

The nearest surviving relatives are her only daughter, Mrs. May Power of this place, a son, Ray, of Palisade, Neb., two brothers, two half-brothers, and her half-sisters, Mrs. Susie Woolley of Northville and Mrs. Mary Barnhart of Lyon township.

DEATH OF MRS. PATRICK CONNELLY.

Mrs. Patrick Connelly, a life-long and greatly respected resident of the vicinity, died at her home near this village, Sunday, April 18.

She was 86 years of age, and had been ill for the past 17 months. The funeral service was held at the residence Thursday afternoon, Rev. Frank Brash of the Baptist church officiating. Mrs. Connelly is survived by her aged husband, to whom she was wedded sixty years ago.

FINE ENTERTAINMENT PROMISED WEDNESDAY

DR. BEEBE RUTH JEPSON, MRS. ARTHUR GRIFFIN AND PROF. GUY FILKINS IN A WHIRLWIND OF GOOD THINGS.

An entertainment which promises to be especially fine is to be given in the Methodist church next Wednesday evening, April 23. The program is to include pipe organ music by Guy Filkins, vocal solos by Mrs. Arthur Griffin and readings by Dr. Beebe Ruth Jepson, a combination that certainly figures a rare treat. Mrs. Griffin has been prominent in Detroit musical circles as one of the contraltos. Dr. Jepson has exceptional talent as a reader, and all Northville is proud of Guy Filkins as an organist. This will be an opportunity well worth every one's patronage. The admission charge will be only 15c.

FORMER NORTHVILLE COUPLE WED.

Miss Alene Smith, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. J. Henry Smith of Detroit, became the bride of Harold Ballard of Chicago on April 16, the ceremony taking place in the church of the Messiah, where Prof. Smith is organist and choir director. Henry Ballard of Sparta, the groom's brother, with his wife, formerly Miss Gladys Cobb of this place, were the attendants of the bridal couple. The bride lived here with her parents during her childhood and girlhood, graduating from the High school as one of its brightest pupils, before taking up a college course in the east, and later at the U. of M. Mr. Ballard also lived here some years ago. After a wedding breakfast at the parental home the new Mr. and Mrs. Ballard left immediately for Chicago, where they are to make their home.

Novi News.

John Monroe of Pontiac spent Sunday at Novi.

Mrs. James Leavenworth and son, Carl, of Detroit visited friends here the first of the week.

There was a large attendance Sunday evening at the Baptist church for the first Sunday evening entertainment of the L. T. L. which was very interesting. It voted to dispense with the regular B. Y. P. U. service the third Sunday in each month in favor of the L. T. L. meetings.

Ernest Root of this place and Miss Mary Niles of Orionville, who were quietly married at Pontiac, took a brief wedding trip to Cass City, where a reception was given in their honor. By the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Root. A miscellaneous shower followed by a six o'clock dinner was given the bride last week Thursday afternoon by her cousin, Mrs. Effie Root. Each lady came prepared to sew carpet rags, and occasionally the laughter and noise sounded like "rag time." The newlyweds have started housekeeping on Mrs. Nettie Leavenworth's farm.

MRS. E. N. STEWART DEAD.

Mrs. Elizabeth Neal Stewart died at her home in Los Angeles Calif., April 9, 1915, aged 81 years and five months.

She was born in Novi township the eldest daughter of Jonathan Neal who passed away in 1893 at the advanced age of 92 years.

Mrs. Stewart was well known in Northville where her early days were spent. For many years her home was in the vicinity of St. Johns, Mich., from which place she removed to California.

A sister, Mrs. Helen M. Whiting, one son, Arthur N. and grandchildren, all of Los Angeles, Calif., and Mrs. Bliss Temple of Shepardsville Mich., are saddened by her death. Mrs. E. K. Simonds of this place is a cousin.

The body was taken to St. Johns, Mich., for burial.

WHEN THE TIGERS PLAY IN DETROIT.

April 26, 27, 28, 29, with St. Louis.
May 9, with Washington.
May 11, 12, 13, 15, with Boston.
May 16, 17, 18, 19, with New York.
May 20, 21, 22, 23, with Philadelphia.
May 24, 25, 26, 27, with Washington.
June 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, with St. Louis.
June 27, 28, 29, with Cleveland.

Mind reader and hypnotist at the Alceum theater, Wednesday evening, April 22.

WAS AN INTERESTING DEMONSTRATION.

The demonstration of electrical conveniences for household use given last Friday and Saturday by the Edison Co. was a most interesting affair, and won a great deal of favorable comment. The demonstration covered an almost unlimited field of house keeping operations, and will no doubt result in a good many sales. It was supplemented in the evening by a film exhibition at the Alceum theater. Floral souvenirs were presented to the ladies who attended the demonstration, and the visitors were also treated to samples of the good things produced by the use of the electrical appliances.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The subject for Sunday morning will be "Lessons from Birds and Flowers." This will be a sermon the children will enjoy.

The Ladies Aid society will meet with Mrs. Capp Wednesday afternoon, April 23.

The B. Y. P. U. will give an experience local Monday evening April 26, in the parlors of the church Refreshments, 10c All welcome.

The subject for evening will be "Christ the Friend of the Teller."

Surprise your automobile by driving to church Sunday.

"Thanks to those who were on time last Sunday. Don't take the back seats at church and the front seats at the picture show."

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, to.

For Rent, For Sale, Lost, Found. Wanted notices inserted under this head for 1 cent per word.

WANTED—Tree trimming by the day or by the job. Prices right. Write George W. Wallace, Wilcox Mich., R. F. D. 35 w3p.

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS—for hatching. Stock from best American and Canadian strains. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per setting—16 eggs. E. H. Lapham 34-11.

PLACE for Sale—Corner Hutton and Dunlap. Price \$1,550. Edna Hakes 28w2p.

READY TO Do all kinds of one-horse work. Prompt attention. Phone 160 W. W. D. Benton 28w2c.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper in small family, with little girl 7 years of age. Mrs. Lena Daggett, Northville 38tf.

WANTED—Girl for general housework, family of two. Mrs. R. C. Yerkes, Northville. 38tf.

WANTED—Young lady as clerk in dry goods store. E. White, Northville 38tf.

FOR SALE—Good farm of 21 acres near Northville. Good buildings. Patrick Connelly, Northville. 391p.

FOR SALE—We sell all kinds of ensilage seed corn. Fred Oldenburg 39w3c.

FOR SALE—Silo corn of every description, or 5 different kinds. Fred Oldenburg 39w3c.

FOR SALE—Clover seed of all kinds. Fred Oldenburg 39w3c.

FOR SALE—Good potatoes, for seed or eating. J. O. Knapp. 39w1c.

FOR SALE—To be removed immediately, house, northeast corner Dunlap and Center street. H. F. Farrell 39w1p.

FOR SALE—2 Work horses, 5 and 6 yrs old, wt. 1,350 lbs each. S. Litsenberger, Northville 39w1c.

FOR RENT—Good barn for auto garage. Address box 219, Northville Mich. 39w2c.

FOR SALE—Fine home in Highland Park (Detroit), \$3,600; \$1,100 down. Would let \$700 of down payment stand as first payment on a fruit farm in vicinity of Northville or Plymouth. G. M. Collins, 240 Glendale Ave., Detroit, Mich. 37-2c.

FOR SALE—Eggs for hatching—Rose Comb black Minorcas. Fine laying strain. W. E. Scotten, Tel. 122-J. 37w3p.

FOR SALE—House on Yerkes Ave. Geo. Gibson, R. 2, phone 130 R-3. 53-11.

FOR SALE—Brown mare 10 yr old. Good work horse. Phone 316 R-4. 33-11.

FOR SALE—1 Cement block machine. Harry Bovee, Main street. 33-11.

FOR SALE—Silver Campines, Jones-Kennedy strains; layers of large white eggs and lots of them. All stock and eggs guaranteed. H. Ray Plymouth, Mich. Box 193. 35-45.

WOOD FOR SALE—\$1.50 per cord, up. Apply to Stewart Montgomery 26-11.

CALL 356 W. FOR ALL kinds of Carpenter work and repairing. E. H. Thompson, Northville. 21-11.



When the painter applies paint on your house it is to your best interests to know what that paint is—its spreading capacity—its appearance—its durability. You are the man who pays the bill and who loses if the paint goes wrong. Make sure of good results—the most satisfactory and economical job—by having your painter use—

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT PREPARED

It is better than any other prepared paint on the market, or "lead and oil". The Sherwin-Williams Co. safeguard its quality in every process of manufacture. They make all their linseed oil; own and operate large zinc and lead mines and smelters, and make their dry colors in the largest and best equipped dry color plant in the United States. The results are in the goods. Protect your interests and your property with S.W.P. We sell it.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



The Careful man's advice

Take it from me old man—put some money in the bank—It will help you and make you secure Do it now

THE "BOSS" KNOWS THAT THE MAN WHO IS PUTTING MONEY IN THE BANK IS NOT WASTING TIME SPENDING IT. HE MUST BE ON THE JOB, HE KNOWS THE VALUE OF HIS JOB AND HIS TIME—HE DOESN'T LOSE EITHER. HE KNOWS TIME IS MONEY—HE WANTS MONEY. WHEN HE GETS IT HE PUTS IT IN THE BANK. IT IS SAFE THERE. IT HELPS TO HAVE A BANK BOOK. HAVE ONE. BANK WITH US. WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST. NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

Some Specials

Pressing's Golden Kernal Corn, 18c Quality (Extra) 15c

Richelieu Tomato Catsup, Best quality 15 Cent Bottle for 8c

25 Cent Bottles, 13c; 2 for 25c

Holly Band Salmon (Gilt Edge), Columbia River, 20c Cans for 15c

AT RYDER'S

Northville, Michigan.

There's a Big Difference in Coffee

A traveling salesman offered me a bargain in Coffee. He said it was a brand his firm was closing out. It had not been a good seller, his firm was going to put in a new line of Coffee, and that I could buy the old brand at several cents less. I told him I was afraid if I bought it I would be closing it out some day at less than I paid for it. I further stated that I would rather stick to

CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE

for in the five years I have sold this line I never had to close out a single pound of it.

In Chase & Sanborn's Coffee you get every cent's worth of value you pay for. We don't have to cut the prices to sell them. The COFFEE IS RIGHT and the PRICE IS RIGHT.

B. A. WHEELER, Northville.

John D. Mabley

We are reaping a harvest of loyal patronage because we have always sown the seeds of full value and your money's worth. The regularity with which our customers come back again and again is a splendid tribute to the superiority of Mabley Clothing.

SAYS:

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

Can You Think of Anything More Important Than Your Winter's Supply of Coal? It Deserves Your Early Consideration! Consider Us!

April and May Prices for D. L. & W. Scranton Coal:

Stove and Egg size.....\$7.50 per ton

Chestnut size,\$7.75 per ton

25 per cent Discount if bills are paid on or before the 10th of the month following delivery.

McKAHAN FUEL & ICE CO.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MILLIONS SPENT ON COPPER MOUNT

Guggenheims Find Deposits in Chili
"Richer Than Gold Mines of Incas."

ARE PREPARING TO MARKET ORE

Ships and Railroads Are Built by Them in Scheme of Development of Mine.

New York—Richer by far than the sources from which the Incas and Aztecs drew their supply of gold is the way an American mining engineer who recently returned from South America described the copper deposits which have been opened up at Chuquibambilla, Chili, by the Chile Exploration Company, an American corporation controlled by the Guggenheim interests.

The description given by the engineer of the mountain of almost pure copper to market which the Guggenheims are spending millions of dollars in steamships, mining equipment, railroads and port equipment, reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. The operations entailed the overcoming of what looked to be practically insurmountable difficulties.

Back of the story of the Guggenheims' achievements in opening up the Chuquibambilla mine lies the yet stranger tale of how the presence of the rich copper deposits had been known for 50 years before the news reached the Guggenheims. That a mountain composed wholly of copper ore which could be scooped up by steam shovels, the ore-assaying a higher percentage of copper than the ore of any mine in the United States, really existed was scoffed at. The Guggenheims took it seriously, sent men to investigate the matter and on the receipt of their reports immediately made arrangements to secretly obtain possession of the concession.

One hundred million tons is the estimate given of the amount of copper which the mountain contains. It is situated about 200 kilometers inland from the port of Antofagasta. The country is extremely mountainous and the copper mountain itself is at an elevation of 9,500 feet above the sea level.

The actual work on the preparations for getting the ore to market began two years ago. First of all it was necessary to build a railroad from Antofagasta to the mine. The railroad was the most difficult of all the problems which faced the engineers. The road soon became an accomplished fact, however, and it is now in operation.

Long before the railroad was completed contracts were let in Germany for the machinery which is to extract the copper from the ore. An entirely new process never before used in the handling of copper ore will be introduced at Chuquibambilla. It is known as the "leaching" process, by which the copper is extracted by means of electricity.

Although the war held up the delivery of much of the mining machinery, necessitating the purchase of some of the equipment in this country, the mine will be in full operation soon. After the copper has been extracted it will be cast into ingots, transported on the private railroad to Antofagasta, where it will be put on board steamships for the markets of the world.

It is estimated that more than \$10,000,000 has already been spent, in equipment for getting the copper to the coast. The outlay is still incomplete, however, as Antofagasta is to be abandoned as a port by the Guggenheims in favor of Megillones, located a short distance to the north of Antofagasta.

British and German interests are competing strongly with Americans in their efforts to obtain the most desirable concessions, but the Americans have taken the lead in developing such concessions as have been given out by the Government.

WOMAN COLLECTS 5,000 DIMES

Flour Sack Necessary When Husband Took Them to Bank.

Big Laurel, Va.—Mrs. Clara Killgore, wife of Frank Killgore, a farmer of this place, has been busy during the last ten years collecting dimes. Mrs. Killgore began her odd collection ten years ago while selling vegetables in Glamorgan, a mining camp near her home. She says a lady gave her \$1 in dimes in payment for some vegetables and this suggested the idea of saving how

HERE'S GERMAN HEAD OF TURK MEDICAL STAFF ASTRIDE CAMEL IN THE DESERT



Dr. Ingells, the German doctor in charge of the Turkish medical staff, is seen here in the desert on the back of Hedshin, the biggest camel in the Turkish army.

many she could collect in a month.

At the end of the month she had thirty and then she decided to keep on with her collection. She prepared a box and each dime that came into her possession she dropped into the box. She had to make a larger box five times in the ten years. When her collection consisted of 5,000 dimes Mr. Killgore took them to a bank to deposit. He had to use a flour sack in which to carry the \$500 in 10-cent pieces.

MICHIGAN NEWS

ADVISES AGAINST BIG WHEAT CROPS

M. A. C. Says Michigan Farmers Shouldn't Gamble on War's Duration.

Plant Only Usual Amount and Adhere To Fixed Rotations.

East Lansing, Mich.—Authorities at the Michigan Agricultural college are not urging farmers to plant any more than the usual amount of wheat or corn this spring despite the fact that conditions in Europe may continue to keep European farmers engaged in shooting each other. All high growers are being advised not to break up their scheme of crop rotations, because the dependency of crop prices upon the cessation of war is believed to be too much of a gambler's chance.

"We are not recommending the planting of unusual amounts of wheat or corn," said Professor Shoenholtz of the farm crops department at the college. "It will be safest for farmers to adhere to their fixed rotations. If the war were to cease this summer, it is said, prices probably would drop heavily and might threaten with ruin the man who held unusually large crops of wheat or corn."

START SURVEY OF NEW TRANS-STATE ELECTRIC

Muskegon, Mich.—With C. R. Gamble, ex-city engineer, and James L. Smith, secretary of the Muskegon-Casnovia-Saginaw Interurban Promotion Co., in Muskegon county, actual work on making the survey for the proposed Muskegon electric railway has been started. Within a few weeks the first leg of the new line from Muskegon to Ionia will be surveyed and a full report made.

With a survey under way and terminal facilities in Muskegon acquired, the proposed road is taking tangible form. Voters in each of the 15 townships in which new franchises for the road were asked granted them by big majorities. These townships are located in Muskegon, Newaygo, Kent and Montcalm counties. The franchises give until 1918 to complete the road.

WILL SUPPRESS FAKE CHARITY SOLICITORS

Lansing, Mich.—A bill has been passed, the purpose of which is to suppress fake charitable organizations and institutions. It provides that all organizations, institutions and associations formed for charitable purposes and which publicly solicit and receive donations, must file with the state board of charities and corrections a statement giving full information as to what charitable work they are doing, as well as the names of the principal officers and the solicitors. When the statement satisfies the board that the charity is a worthy one and that donations are not diverted from the purposes for which they are given the board will issue an annual license. Soliciting without such a license will render the offender liable to a fine of \$100 to \$500 or six months in the county jail. Local organizations and institutions may, however, solicit funds in the county where they are located without a license.

Missing Kalamazoo Court Clerk Lived High On \$75 a Month Salary

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Although his salary was only \$75 a month Harry H. Smith, court clerk, who is missing, lived as though he had an income of \$75 a day. Irvine kept two big high-powered automobiles, and left the city in one of them after he had learned that auditors were at work on his books.

Not only did he keep two automobiles, but he lived in a fine home in Kalamazoo and maintained a big summer place at Gull Lake, where he spent each summer with his family. Whenever anything was ever said about his personal affairs Irvine always explained that he had a big income from real estate business he did after hours.

Since his disappearance officers have learned that not only are his court accounts several thousand dollars, but that there are nearly two dozen men in Kalamazoo from whom he has secured \$200 or \$300 each at various times.

DECLARE PEACH CROP RUINED BY FROST

Lapeer, Mich.—That freezing weather of recent date has ruined the peach crop in this vicinity is the opinion of several fruit growers here. The heavy frosts have nipped the tender buds and the most only one-third of a crop is to be expected, say the experts.

DETECT LIARS BY SCIENTIFIC TEST

Dr. Louisa Burns Tells Osteopaths Action of Pulse is Bound to Betray Them.

IS USED FOR DIAGNOSIS ALSO

She Is Certain She Can Find Out the Truth From Witnesses in Criminal Cases.

New York—The man isn't born who can tell a lie under close observation, of physiological experts without an increase in the pressure of the blood, according to a statement made by Dr. Louisa Burns of the A. T. Still Research Institute of Chicago, at the final meeting of the sixteenth annual convention of the New York Osteopathic Society. Dr. Burns has drawn her conclusions from a long series of experiments, conducted in her laboratory.

It was pointed out to the 300 osteopaths by Dr. Burns that any habitual liar could tell an untruth without betraying the slightest sign of deceit in the expression of his face, or the movement of his body. But the action of the pulse, she said, was far beyond the control even of the best liar. She explained that his was so because the pulse or pressure of blood, was influenced chiefly by the change of emotions, and the most finished liars, she observed, had sometimes the strongest emotions.

The action of the blood pressure is an indicator to the person who is accustomed to work with it. By watching if you are able to get the true history of a case, even in spite of the reticence of the patient, in the same way in which you are able to find a hidden object in the game of hide and seek, when your search is guided to ward that hidden thing by the warm

HER SPOUSE IS NEW ADMIRAL OF BRITAIN



Mrs. J. Cochrane and her daughter Mary.

When Mrs. J. Cochrane, who arrived in San Francisco from the Orient a few days ago with her five-year-old daughter Mary, heard from her husband for the first time in nearly six months, she learned that he had been made an admiral in the British navy. She saw her husband last at the outbreak of the war, when he was commander of the battleship Maryland, then patrolling the Pacific.

ing, "You're getting hot," and away from it by the counter warning "You're getting cold."

"When a patient comes to my office I always find it is better to work with him lying on a table. In order to avoid distracting his attention it is better to sit quietly beside him rather than stand over him. He is engaged in a conversation at first simply about the nature of his complaint. Meanwhile I have found his pulse, and as the conversation progresses the patient soon forgets that his pulse is the one thing under observation. If the patient is asked about a certain thing which may have been true of his case he will confirm your guess by the action of his pulse, even though he may evade your question. If he is trying to keep from disclosing this fact to you the pressure of his blood will inevitably be increased."

Dr. Burns said she was certain she could take a witness in a criminal case and find out absolutely to her own satisfaction whether he was telling the truth or lying. However, she would be unwilling to give testimony this way for conviction. Asked if a man of low mentality responded differently in the pressure of his blood to a man of higher mentality, Dr. Burns explained that he did, yet the truth and the lie were as easily distinguished in one as in the other.

"THE HOLY CITY."

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder leading the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing.

"Last night as I lay a-sleeping, There came a dream so fair." "Last night" it had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fall of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem, By the side of the Temple there." The song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees, one boy, at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed. "Oh, mother, mother!"

The song chiming to the very heart the man who he led, and the song, still yelling, is way through the court room, heard by the judge.

At length one man protested "Judge" and he "have we got to submit to this?" Were here to take our punishment, but this—He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing for the night is o'er!"

Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out and then there was silence. The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song, not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases on—A kind word of advice and he dismissed them all. A man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could possibly have accomplished. —Youth's Companion.

FLYING-FISH SHOWS ITS SKILL

Does Occasional Stunts While Villagers Wait for Mail.

Winsted, Conn.—A flying fish, a specimen of the trout variety, taken from a stream in Hartland by Liner Parsons of Riverton is attracting attention in the post-office there, where it is on exhibition in a long, narrow tank of water. The fish, unless a cover is kept on the tank, takes occasional flights. It flattens its large fins like a wing, thus obtaining locomotive power, and it, too.

SCOTTY--THE FORD MAN

WILL BUY YOUR USED FORD

or will sell it for you

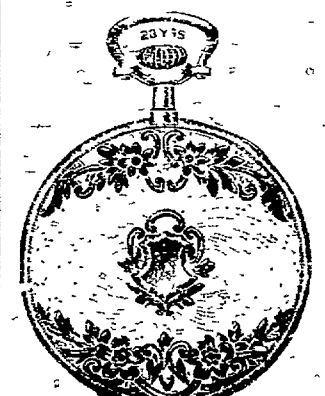
AT A FAIR PRICE

Write me, or come in and let me know what you have. I give honest prices and real values.

SPECIAL PROPOSITION TO FORD DEALERS

Come down to Detroit and talk with me. I always have some great Fords at small prices.

SCOTTY--THE FORD MAN
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They Will Set Their Watches by Your Watch if Yours is the

HUNN SPECIAL WATCH

The Masterpiece Among Watches

Men's and Ladies' Sizes

Special Direct Offer

\$2.50 a Month

This Watch is sold at the direct rock bottom price. We want to encourage everybody to secure this watch at once, either for cash or \$2.50 a month on our Great Special Offer.

17 finest selected Genuine Imported Ruby and Sapphire Jewels.

Adjusted to the most rigid tests. Material the best that money can buy. Workmen—World renowned experts in their line.

Factory Fitted and Factory Tested and returned after fitting.

If you cannot call and see this wonder of a watch, send for "Watch Book."

HUNN WATCH COMPANY,

14th and Grand River Ave. Detroit

Camping Outfits

Complete outfitting tackle

L. T. FARRELLY,

195 Jefferson Ave. E. Detroit

THE AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY CO.

240-2 Jefferson Avenue, East, Detroit, Mich.

A full line of high grade automobile accessories. Our 1915 catalog ready for distribution.

Mailed on request.

Typewriters--All Makes

No 5 Underwoods, No 5 L. C. Smith, No 5 Royals, No 10 Remingtons at about one-half new prices.

Rebuilt typewriters—black type, all makes, better look and work like new machines.

SPECIAL—latest model No 2 L. C. Smith black type factory rebuilt \$42.50.

TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES COMPANY,

96 Griswold St. Detroit, Mich.

One Block North International Depot.

AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL

DETROIT Y. M. C. A.

DAY & EVENING CLASSES

For Salesmen, Chauffeurs, Machineists and Owners. Enter any time.

For Particulars, Address Y. M. C. A. Automobile School, Room 308, Detroit, Mich.

FARMS! FARMS!

Large and small, near Detroit, for sale. City income property to exchange for farms. City income property for sale, showing 10 per cent net.

If your farm is for sale write us, we have a large list of buyers.

Maloney-Campbell Realty Co. Inc., 304 Free Press Bldg., Detroit.



MOTOR BOAT SUPPLIES

Marine paints, Bufo Engines, Co.

Marine Propellers and everything for motor boats.

HENRY H. SMITH CO., 252 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Phone Main 251.

TIRES VULCANIZING ACCESSORIES

Distributors of Imperial Tires Johnson Shock Absorbers

Everything for the Automobile. Mail orders are promptly filled. Send for our Price Lists.

H. H. TIRE SALES CO., 377 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

377 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

377 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

377 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

377 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

HERE'S LAST OF GERMAN SEA RAIDERS THAT FINDS HAVEN IN NEWPORT NEWS



Kronprinz Wilhelm.

The last of the German sea raiders, the converted cruiser, Kronprinz Wilhelm, arrived Sunday at Newport News, Va., and here she will remain until the end of the war. Many times reported destroyed, the former North German Lloyd liner had evaded hostile warships for eight months while cruising in the Atlantic.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. R. ALEXANDER, DENTIST.
Office over Stark Brothers Store. Hours
8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Phone 29. p13.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND
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FEEL FINE

Ever get up in the morning more
tired than when you went to bed?
Made you weak, languid and list-
less—hardly last out the day.

NYAL'S LIVER REGULATOR
will stir up that sluggish liver,
give you a hearty appetite and
will rid you of that languid, de-
pressed feeling and make you
ready for the most active work—

You will enjoy your daily tasks
—you will work hard and play
hard—you will sleep well, too

You will notice a decided im-
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Northville to Farmington and Pontiac—
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Cars leave Northville for Farmington
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hour thereafter until 9:35 p.m.; 10:50
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only 11:15 p.m. for Farmington. Junc-
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Half hourly service Saturdays and
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Through cars leave Northville for
Detroit at 5:30 a.m. and hourly to 7:30
p.m.; 9:30 p.m., 11:20 p.m.
Leave Wayne for Northville at 6:44
a.m., 6:44 a.m. and hourly to 6:44
p.m.; Also 8:44 p.m., 10:15 p.m. and
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W. L. B. CLARK'S
MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

Northville Newslets.

Dusty.

Shakespeare day.

How about oiling streets?

Grant's birthday next Tuesday.

Arbor and Bird Day May 7.

"Clean up day" Monday, May 3.

Eighty-eight in the shade Monday.

Moon gets full next week Thursday

One of the European armies made a
five-foot gain last week

The Oxford Leader has just started
on its 35th year. Many happy
returns.

Thomas Gleason and family have
moved to the Cattermole house on
Main street East.

The little babe of Mr. and Mrs.
F. E. Vanatta has been very sick dur-
ing the past week.

A Mr. Bates and family from "up
north" have moved into the Totten
house on south Wing street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taft expect to
move next week to their handsome
new bungalow on Rogers street.

Ralph Shafer's condition has become
so serious that he was taken to a
tuberculosis sanitarium for treatment.

The "Farther Lights" class of the
Baptist Sunday school has arranged
to hold a baby show the second week
in May.

A petition is being circulated at
South Lyon as a tentative move
toward a water works system for that
village. S. L. is a progressive town
all right.

Mrs. Ella White, who has been ill
at the home of her daughter, Mrs.
Chas. Riggs, for the past few weeks,
was taken to the home of her daughter
in Detroit last week—Plymouth Mail

The most expensive spring suit of
the season so far is the one that has
just cost Millionaire Kinney of Pala-
ma, Mich., \$30,000. And it was not
a wedding suit either. Quite the con-
trary.

Monday next, the Saxon automobile
people of Detroit are to start a 30
day endurance test of 150 miles per
day, for their car, Northville being
included in the course on each alter-
nate day.

"Take your shoes to 30 and 30's
confectionery store for repairs" says
an advertisement in one of our ex-
changes. Evidently confectionery
isn't the sole business of that estab-
lishment.

The body of Pitt H. Mosher was
brought from Detroit last week to
South Lyon for burial. Mr. Mosher
was born in Northville in 1857, and
was a clerk and later a merchant in
South Lyon for some years.

Miss Marjory Shafer, who has been
one of the clerks in the White dry
goods store for some time past, has
accepted a position as operator in the
telephone office. Miss Helen Wilk-
inson is filling the vacancy in the
White store.

The young people composing the
cast of "Brookdale Farm" again did
themselves proud Wednesday evening.
The parts were enacted in a manner
that would have done credit to pro-
fessionals. All did so well that it
would be an injustice to mention any
in particular.

The school board has engaged the
services of Prof. O. M. Jensen, at
present principal of the High school
at Newberry, Mich. as superintend-
ent of the Northville schools for the
coming year. The new incumbent,
who is a married man, has excellent
recommendations for the position.

Quite a number from South Lyon
were at Northville Thursday evening
attending the picture show. Man-
ager Thompson produced the famous
play "The Lion and the Mouse," a
six reel feature. It was very inter-
esting and the 12 people from this
place enjoyed it immensely—South
Lyon Herald.

A \$2,000 barn on the Cyrus Packard
farm, with its contents, which includ-
ed four calves and 30 tons of hay was
burned Saturday night as the result
of a combination of matches and
children. The property is owned by
Mrs. Harry Andrews and Mrs. Jas.
Woodward of Detroit, and occupied
by Simon Brown and family.

R. Christensen is the owner of
a broken right arm as the result of
a kick from a horse that either didn't
relish some medicine he had given it,
or the manner of administering the
dose. Mr. Christensen didn't propose
to let a little thing like a broken bone
bother him too much, so calmly fin-
ished his day's work before seeking
the services of a physician.

Mrs. Arthur G. Griffin will sing in
the Methodist church this Sunday
evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stanley have
been moving into their new home on
Main street this week.

Remember the entertainment in the
Methodist church next Wednesday
evening. It will be one of the best
ever.

The C. of S. club enjoyed a very
pleasant meeting Monday evening at
Mrs. Woodworth's, with Miss White-
lem as hostess.

A new sidewalk is in process of con-
struction from the corner of Rogers
and Mill streets to Rural H'1 cem-
etry, which is certainly a fine idea.

Plymouth is having a small sized
epidemic of small-pox in a very light
form. Northville, too, has had a
few mild cases during the last few
weeks.

Orient Chapter, O. E. S. will hold
its installation of officers, Friday
evening, April 20. An entertainment
and refreshments will follow the in-
stallation. Members only.

A new barn, to replace the one
burned Tuesday morning on the farm
belonging to Geo. B. Yerkes, is al-
ready commenced—in fact, the pre-
liminary work was put in motion be-
fore night the same day. Some
hustle.

L. L. Brooks has a new cure for
rheumatism—accidentally discovered.
The cure consists in a liberal appli-
cation of carbolic acid, hastily fol-
lowed by olive oil, or any good treat-
ment for burns. It did the work in
L. L.'s case all right, and any one
who doesn't believe in the remedy can
try it and see.

L. M. Coe, formerly proprietor of the
Novi hotel, has leased the hotel
at Salem, in connection with which
he will operate a livery, and also
will furnish automobile service on
order. Mr. Coe will also make a
specialty of sort drinks, cigars and
tobacco. His friends wish him suc-
cess in his new location.

The Pontiac Gazette tells of an
Avon township farmer who submitted
to the "egg editor" of that paper a
two-story egg, a big one and a little
one hitched together by a membrane
an inch long and half an inch thick.
The fact that "Old Grimes" hen
wasn't the only fowl of her species
that could lay "two eggs a day" has
long ago been demonstrated, but Si-
amese twins in the egg line are some-
thing new.

WEEK'S CALENDAR

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)
Morning and evening services as
usual.

A goodly attendance is desired at
all the services of the Sabbath day.

The Christian Endeavor and Sunday
school will meet at their usual hours.

The subject of the evening service
will be "Winstanding the Church."

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)
Sunday morning sermon-topical
"God's Commands to Man—What
Meaning Have They for Us?"

Evening subject: Human and Di-
vine Aids to Victory Over Tempta-
tion. Special music. Mrs. Arthur
G. Griffin, formerly contralto soloist
in a number of Detroit churches, will
sing.

The graduation festival to be given
by Mrs. Pierce will take place May
3rd, in the afternoon, in Detroit. It
is the wish of Mrs. Pierce that every
one in the church and congregation
should feel free to secure an invita-
tion. To this end, she has placed a
number of invitations in the church,
where they may be secured next
Sunday. Mrs. Pierce will be assisted
by Miss Leola Kenyon, soloist, and
Mrs. Gordon Fernley, accompanist.

Saturday of this week is League
Day. That is it is League Day in
the sense that this organization will
endeavor to lift its debt burden that
day by collecting all the old papers
and magazines in town that are avail-
able. Please give the workers as
much attention and help as lays
within your power.

GERMAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)
English services next Sunday after-
noon. The discourse of last Sunday
dealt with the subject of church-going.
From John 8, 47, it was shown that
you can not be a Christian without
going to church, when you have a
chance.

Next Sunday the pastor will dis-
course on the true purpose of church-
going and decent conduct or manners
in church.

Come, and see whether the shoe
fits you; and if it does, put it on.

CLEAN-UP DAY PROCLAMATION.

Governor Woodbridge N. Ferris has
issued the following proclamation:
"The recurrence of another period
of the breaking up of winter brings
with it the duty of again admonish-
ing the people of Michigan of the
necessity of observing another Clean-
Up day, not only in the interest of
the public health, but in the interest
of fire protection. This ought not
to be observed in a merely per-
functory way, but the work of clean-
ing up should be undertaken in a
vigorous and systematic manner. The
average American citizen is too much
crossed in his business affairs to
heed the alarm that is sounded in the
interest of his health and the health
of the community, but if he will stop
to consider that the cleaning up of
streets and alleys, of dogyards and
factory premises, of cellars, and
garrets, is not only a work that will
safeguard health, but go a long way
toward fire prevention and ultimately
have its bearing on lower insurance
premiums, he will realize the prac-
tical advantage of responding to the
appeal for a general observance in
Michigan of

Monday, May 3, as Clean-Up and
Fire Prevention Day.

"Let it be more than Clean-Up day
—let us make it a 'clean-out' day—
a day when we not only clean up
our streets and alleys and premises,
but clean out the garrets and cellars,
where combustible matter has been
allowed to accumulate. We spend
thousands of dollars to maintain fire
departments to extinguish fires, and
millions of dollars for insurance; why
not spend a little time and money to
prevent fires? Oily rags, always
the accompaniment of the painting
season, produce fires. Attics, mostly
unventilated, become in the summer
months intensely hot, and if duct and
cobwebs, together with rubbish, are
allowed to remain, they furnish a
fruitful source of spontaneous com-
bustion. In carrying out these clean-
up ideas do not leave the burning of
rubbish to children."

"I urge, therefore, the mayors of
cities, the presidents of villages, as
well as township officers, throughout
Michigan to bring to the attention of
the people of their respective com-
munities, by proclamation and through
the public press, the importance of
the observance of Monday May 3rd,
in line with the thoughts suggested
in this appeal. Action by the thou-
sands of women's clubs in Michigan,
looking to an endorsement of this
idea, will be a helpful influence to
make this appeal and the effort of
local and municipal authorities ef-
fective."

In accordance with the above, I
urge the people of Northville to ob-
serve the day and occasion mentioned.
THOMAS B. HENRY,
Village President

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.


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

SPRING

The season for preparation of the
soil for the sowing of seed in anticipa-
tion of the coming harvest.

If you are not already one of our
depositors, Start an account today.
Sow the seed and watch the growth
of your amount during the coming
months. Interest for the full time on
Every deposit.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Michigan.



R Our toilet articles will
help make your life
comfortable. Use plentifully.

See Our Toilet Articles

We carry a large assortment of toilet articles that are new
and reasonable in price. Sponges, soap, shaving brushes, razors,
toilet water, tooth brushes and powder, talcum powder, etc., are
among the many toilet requisites that you can buy here. Why
not buy something useful in this line and save it for Christmas?
Useful presents are the best.

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

Phone 247-J
DIAMOND DAIRY
NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.
"Everything in a strictly sanitary
condition. All milk we sell is the
product of our own dairy."
Our having fresh cows at all times
of the year gives you a high stan-
dard 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.

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Record Office.

Doc Says==

DON'T TALK WAR—TALK GLOVES
AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.

Remember that it's a "Hansen" that tells the whole story about the
high quality of a Glove more than any one thing you could say. That's
due to the reputation that Hansen Gloves have won among Glove Wearers.
They are made of Heavy Horse Hide are Soft and Pliable, and are Guar-
anteed to come nearer being Wear-Proof, Water Proof, and Fire Proof than
any other Glove on the market. They are Table Cut, which means a Good
Fit. The most Satisfactory Glove on earth for Spraying purposes.

Price \$1.00

SUMMER CAPS.

Regal Caps are as Smartly Designed as they are Skilfully Made. They
serve well for a long spell. In all the land there is no better Cap nor one
with more life.

We are showing Blue Serge, Silk Featherweights, in Black and White
Stripe, Plain Grays, Pin Checks and all the up-to-date patterns. Do not
fail to see them.

SILK HALF HOSE

We have the last word in Silk Hosiery, in Navy Blue, Black and White,
in both Plain and Clocked.

WM. BARKER CO.'S COLLARS

The only All Linen Collar made that sells 2 for 25c. Pure Linen Collars do
not stretch; always hold their shape and Wear Well.

WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

THE BLUE BOMB

By J. V. Gisey

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SYNOPSIS

Ned Gafford, who has been unjustly accused of treason when at West Point, and gone to Japan, has become an opium slave. While in an opium dream, he overhears a conversation between two Japanese who want a war against the U. S. for the sake of selling their "Blue Bombs," which are an invention of Karloff, a Russian nihilist.

Later Gafford saves Shiela McRae, daughter of the American Secretary of State, from abduction by Oshitu, the Japanese of whose crime Gafford was accused.

She urges him to regain his manhood for the sake of his country, so with the help of "White Kate" he overcomes his drug habit.

While he is kept imprisoned, Shiela is abducted by Oshitu. "White Kate" hears of it, and sends Gafford to her rescue.

Gafford, disguised as a coolie, starts in pursuit, having learned where the blue bombs are made and judging that to be his destination.

He gains the confidence of Karloff, who turns against Oshitu when he learns that the bombs were to be used against the U. S. instead of Russia, and agrees to help rescue Shiela.

It attracted Gafford's attention for two reasons. First, there floated above it the sun-ray flag of Japan. Secondly, it was the only structure boasting any attempt at ornamentation in the whole grim place. He decided that it was probably the home of the commandant or superintendent of the works. With a leap of the heart he wondered if it might be the prison of Shiela McRae.

While he lay there the sound of a bugle came faintly to his ears. The great gate of the prisoners' compound opened, and a line of human forms began to creep out of it and across the space to the factory buildings.

They moved with a swaying rhythm, and beside them at intervals walked guards carrying guns. They disappeared among the smoke-belching buildings, but the gate remained open. Presently Gafford saw other lines of men returning from their night of toil. It was, therefore, the sound of a prison phenomenon. The sun had crept sufficiently high over the mountains so that its rays no longer struck under the bill of smoke that hung over the factory buildings, but through it. Suddenly the sound of a machine came to his ears. It was a faint, rhythmic sound, like the ticking of a clock, but it was not a clock. It was the sound of a machine, and it was coming from the factory buildings.

The whistle of a locomotive called him from his contemplation of the weird scene. Turning from his inspection of the great plant, he became aware that a train had arrived out from among the buildings and was approaching the circular structure below him along the spur of switch he had observed before.

It consisted of a small engine and a string of flat-cars, and upon the latter were a number of the strange objects he had ever seen. To his starting eyes it seemed that they were a cross between an aeroplane and a Whitehead torpedo.

They were long, slender, cigar-shaped, as Gafford judged them, some ten feet in length. They stood on what looked like skids, something similar to those of an aeroplane. From each side of the slender bodies there stretched an expansive wing, such as he had seen in the wings of monoplanes in the years gone by, save that these were fan-shaped and made of some fabric stiffened and stretched over several ribs, instead of a frame.

And each rib ended in a long, curved hook, which was evidently designed to serve as a grapple on anything which the machines might strike. At the back of each was a small propeller with several blades, and from the top there projected a couple of short uprights, between which stretched what looked like a wire.

So far as Gafford could see, they resembled nothing so much as a series of duplicate models of a new form of flying-machine.

But the thing which arrested his attention above all else, sent his heart into his mouth and understanding to his mind, was the fact that the things were blue! The bodies, the wide-spread wings, the little runners, of the skids, even the tiny propellers, were a bright, semi-transparent blue, like that of the sky!

In that moment Gafford knew that he was looking at the blue bombs and knew all that Oshitu had meant. Here they were—finished, ready.

Launched against an enemy, their color alone would make them practically invisible on a clear day. Only by catching them against a background or a cloud could their menace be seen, and then only by an expert eye; for they would move swiftly, and their irregular outline

of body and wing and skid might easily be mistaken for a rift in any cloud they crossed.

Gafford's heart pounded in his breast as he watched their approach on the train and foresaw all that they might mean. Sent against a fleet or an army, they could hover above the doomed with never a sign of their presence.

Not until from a seemingly clear sky came the flash of their explosion and their death burst over the heads unsuspecting, would it be realized that they were there. The fiendish ingenuity of their design appalled him. The horror of their potential power gripped his breath in his throat. At the same time he realized that the circular structure was a magazine in which they were stored against the time of their need.

The sight of the train-load of death spurred him to action. He wriggled back from the lip of the ledge and crawled into his cave. Once there, he drew out his little mirror and the bottle of stain and went carefully over his face, arms, body and limbs, renewing their tint, as he now did each day.

That finished, he rolled his blankets and threw them over his shoulder, left the cave, and plunged into the undergrowth, slanting down the side of the mountain toward the railroad. Consciously or unconsciously, he had determined to reach the track and walk openly into the bomb plant. There he would apply for work and risk all on the one chance, or, at least, so he thought.

The sight of the things in their finished form had made him impatient of all delay, fired all the adventurous spirit which had thus far led him to the place, determined him to risk everything in an attempt to destroy them and remove their menace from his race. In that moment when he left the cave he had not one thought of self.

So for some time he went onward in a line which led obliquely forward and down. In fact, he had almost regained the right-of-way of the service railroad when a new sound arrested his ear. It was the pant of a motor ascending a hill. With the instinct of caution returning, he sank down and listened screened by a friendly bush. The throb of the approaching car came on, turned off just below him and died in a last wheeze. Gafford straightened and began to slip toward it through the trees and bushes. Presently he came in sight of a recently built hut.

It was of concrete construction, like the factory buildings, and he could see that it stood on the banks of the little brook which had given him drink earlier in the day. His eyes picked out the reason for this in the doorway, a water wheel, through which foamed a stream of water. Before the hut stood a powerful roadster auto, and a man was just unloading the door.

It was tall with a first impression of great physical strength, clad in brown khaki, with a square uniform in its breadth of shoulder for Japan. Then, as he turned, Gafford all but cried out, for the face he looked upon was white. A black beard and cap squarely covered his lower portion, and above it a flat, stark, conformation rose to a shock of black hair, half concealed by a round cap.

The man made some remark to the chauffeur of the car and the machine swung and fled away along a path that led to the white man's hut. Gafford waited for a moment, then he moved slowly, turned and went into the hut. Gafford watched him, a passing speculation which changed in the next second. Karloff, which passed his lips. He felt it on his back, and he knew that this was the man whom Oshitu had named as the inventor of the bombs.

Gafford crouched down and waited to see what might happen. Almost at once there came to his ears the purring hum of a dynamo. He nodded. The purpose of the water-wheel was explained. It was its power which turned the electric engine. He strained his ears to hear more. It came in a crackling crash. "Cra-a-sh! Cra-a-sh!"

He started. He knew the sound. It was the hiss and snap of a wireless spark. He glanced hurriedly from his spot of concealment and became conscious of what his low-focused gaze had not before observed. Beyond the hut, opposite a wide break in the trees of the hillside, two straight trunks had been trimmed of branches so that they might serve as masts. Between them hung the laterals of a wireless installation. He drew back and pondered the thing and shook his head. He had hardly expected to find such things as this in the hills.

The volleys spark was changing its singing as the operator tuned it down. It was taking on a regular rhythm of beat. Gafford crept half out of cover and fastened his eyes on the laterals beyond the hut. They held a fascination which drew him. He wondered if they were even now reporting to headquarters the progress made on the bombs. He stood and gazed upon them and clenched his hands.

Beyond them something swam into his field of vision. At first he could not believe his eyes. It was a strange shape hanging against the smoke-pall of the valley, and it seemed to him that it was blue. It darted up like a strange bird with wide-spread wings, paused, and seemed to hover over the valley, turned and flew sidewise, turned and swung back, paused again.

In a swooping sweep it darted far out until it seemed to poise above the great plant itself. It whirled around in steadily rising circles and came back. Then, in a long, gliding slant, it seemed to slide along an invisible plane toward the valley floor and was gone. The crash of the wireless died.

Trembling in every limb, Gafford drew back once more. At last he held the complete secret. The silence of the wireless had given him the last clue to the whole. The thing he had seen had been one of the bombs.

It had risen and flown and alighted in sympathy with the force which controlled it, and that force he now knew was the spark. The blue

bombs were flown and directed by wireless power! He no longer doubted that they were exploded by the same force. Now he knew what Oshitu must have meant by the secret of the firing device.

He trembled and quivered. Before him in the hut he knew was the mind of the matter. Impulse urged him to creep out and kill the evil genius, and so put an end to the affair. Yet some inner voice prompted caution. There was no proof that Karloff's death might put a stop to the manufacture of use of the bombs. Oshitu had said they had all the plans, save those of the firing device. Might these not now be installed and so obtainable by them? If so, to kill the man in the hut would be but to serve warning upon them that an unkinning of their plans had leaked out.

Such thoughts held him as he crouched in concealment. With them came another. To kill and give an alarm would almost certainly prevent his hope of entrance to the plant and keep him from his attempt to rescue Shiela McRae. His hand, which had closed about the butt of Yamata's revolver, loosened its grip, and at that moment Karloff came out of the hut.

He stood for a moment with face raised to the sky, lifted his hands and shook them toward the west and north, and dropped them to his sides. Then, without warning, he turned and began to walk along the brook-bank directly toward the spot where Gafford crouched. He moved slowly, with head bowed and hands clasped behind him, as though lost in thought.

Gafford found himself trapped. To seek to escape would be to invite almost certain detection. He adopted a different course. With a purposeful crash of the bushes, he pushed out into full view.

Karloff lifted his head in startled surprise and surveyed him in silence.

"Good morning, worthy Karloff," he said in greeting, changing the identification. "Thou art Karloff, art thou not?"

"Aye," said the man of the hut. "But who art thou? How dost thou know my name?"

"I am a man from Kobe, who slept last night on the hillside," returned Gafford in Japanese. "I am on my way to the place below here, where they make thy bombs. Passing down from my bed in the weeds, I heard strange sounds from the hut and paused to listen. I witnessed the flight of the bomb from behind yonder bush. It was a thing of magic. I laugh when I think how surprised these Americans will be when they burst over their stupid heads."

Karloff started. "The Americans?" he repeated. "It is not the Americans whom my pets will sting. It is the Czars of the Russias, whose iron heel grinds the necks of the groaning peasants into the dust, against whom they shall fly, my little friend."

Gafford chuckled. "Perhaps later, yes. But the Americans come first, Karloff," he sneered. "You have been so informed, perhaps? I know it. It is the Americans whom we will destroy."

"But I have no quarrel with America," protested the big man. "You?" cried Gafford. "It is Nippon of whom I am talking. What have you to do with it? You make the bombs. We fire them. When they are finished, then we will make war on these superior whites and wipe them away."

Karloff smiled slowly. "It is you who have been misinformed," he said. "I have planned this thing for years. I have talked it with representatives of your government. The war will be on Russia. I wish only to overthrow the government of the Czar and free my people from bondage. It was for that I invented these bombs."

Gafford smiled in superior fashion. "What is it to you?" he inquired. "You receive your price. But I know already, have steps been taken when the bombs are ready as they will be in a few days, shall force America to fight. In proof of this, my Karloff, did not Oshitu, when he returned from his last trip, bring a white girl to the works?"

"A white girl?" gasped Karloff. "He brought no white girl, but a shameless woman of his people—a geisha, whom he keeps in his house."

"A white girl disguised as a geisha?" insisted Gafford, while a tremor shook him at the other's words.

A puzzled frown grew on Karloff's heavy face. "But why should you want war with them?" he asked. "Why? Because they will not recognize us as equals. They will not admit that we are their equals in every way and their superiors in most."

Karloff's frown deepened. "Neither are you," he said. "Are you?" he challenged. "Karloff, we of Nippon are the superiors of all other men, yellow or white. Look what we did to your people a few years ago. They were as chaff before a wind when we blew upon them."

"They died by thousands, and the rest ran away. They trembled when we cried 'Banzai!' and they trembled at night for fear they would hear the cry. When Nippon piped, all Russia danced. And now the bombs are finished, as I myself heard the honorable Oshitu tell a friend of his but lately. Nippon shall rule the world."

"Stop! God of my father's stop!" cried Karloff, with a gesture of clenched fists. "Thou art a fanatic, little man of Nippon. You dream dreams. This thing shall never be. I, Karloff, know. America is the hope of the nations, from which glows the torch of freedom, enlightening the world. Our people have gone to her in thousands and learned how to live as men and women, not cattle. Rather than see her touched, I would destroy what I have made."

Again Gafford sneered. "Be not so foolish, Karloff," he taunted. "True, thou hast made the bombs; but of them we have the plans. We can make more of them as the necessity arises. The days of the whites are numbered. The men of Nippon shall soon possess the world. The American fools shall come first; the cowards of thy race must take second place."

Karloff turned away. Watching him, Gafford became aware that his heavy face was convulsed with a keener horror. He added the last taunt. "Be not dismayed," he assured him. "Thou wilt have thy money, and for what you have done we shall permit you to live."

The Russian's hands clenched. He lifted them and thumped his breast with the gesture of a savage ape. "No," he thundered. "God of the cross, no!" The eyes which he turned upon Gafford glittered wildly with a deadly light. "If I have been deceived I still live!" he cried in a tone of defiance. "What! Have I done I can undo. If I live it shall be as I have lived, not as the Judas of my race."

"Why worry?" said Gafford. "Already you stand traitor to your country."

The face of the other came closer. His great arms lifted slightly. "What are you?" he hissed. Karloff, panting. "You have strange knowledge for a coolie. Are you a spy?"

Gafford threw all caution to the winds of fate and risked all on one cast. "Yes," he said firmly. "I am a spy. But, Karloff, my friend, I am not what you fancy. Under this stain my skin is as white as your own. I am an American."

CHAPTER X

Converting a Russian.

"Thou liest," snarled Karloff. "This is some trickery which I do not understand. Thou art a paid jackal, and I shall kill you and none will know." He lunged forward with reaching hands.

Yamata's revolver swung upon him as Gafford sprang back. "Wait a bit, Karloff," he snapped sharply. "Come to the brook and I will prove that I am white."

The Russian stopped and stood shaking his head. "If you speak truly," he questioned, "what do you here?"

"I came to find you and wake you from the dreams which held you," said Gafford. "All I have told you is the truth. Come to the brook." He turned and walked to the bank of the stream. Stopping, he moistened his fingers and began rubbing the back of his other hand.

The color of his skin lightened and presently showed a white spot. The Russian on the bank above him gazed with a hush of the chest.

"Come up quickly, then," he directed. "I believe you now, and we must talk."

Gafford scrambled back to his side, and without a word he turned and led the way farther back from the hut. In a little glade in a thicket he paused and squatted down.

"All you have told me is true," he asked.

"On the word of a soldier, yes."

"About what I say intend doing, and about this girl whom Oshitu stole?"

"Yes, I desire to rescue her."

Karloff nodded. "You have performed the first part of your mission. I am awake," he said.

"For years I have, as you said, dreamed dreams—for over nine years. It is time I waked. I, Dimitri Karloff, was a dreamer always. Perhaps had it been different I had not been what I am. I studied and I dreamed. In time I joined a society which sought to make some dreams come true."

Gafford nodded. "I know you are a nihilist," he said.

"So?" responded Karloff. "You know much, it seems. You must tell me how, and your name."

Gafford nodded again and plunged into the story of how he had come by his knowledge of the bombs, went on to his rescue of Shiela McRae and her final abduction, and paused.

Karloff put out a hand and gripped that of his companion.

"Listen, and I will tell you my story," he said. "Confidence begets confidence, Lieutenant—so. At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war I was an electrician on the Retzivan. When the vessel was sunk I, with others, leaped into the sea and began to swim. After a long time hands picked me up and lifted me out of the water, and I found myself in the power of the Japanese."

"I tell you truth when I say that my service in the Russian navy was not one of love. I had suffered too much already from the hands of our autocracy, and the society to which I belonged was one which plotted their overthrow and the establishment of a popular government."

"Unlike you, had I been accused of plotting against my land I would have been guilty. I regard her government; so that I troubled little about my capture. I told my captors of my knowledge of electricity, and I was kept as a sort of privileged prisoner to do work for them. I was even paid a small wage."

"After the war I found work in this country, and I continued to study. In that way was born my great idea of bombs. I had studied the wireless deeply, and I conceived of a bomb which could be moved, steered and exploded by wireless force. After two years' success came to me. I believed that I held in my hands the means of finally freeing Russia from the despots who hold her."

were to overthrow the government of the Czar. Siberia was to be their price. I was to have a certain sum of money. But, believe me, I did not wish this for myself, but to use in spreading the doctrines of my society. They accepted my proposition and the plant here was built."

"Yesterday my dream seemed in a fair way to come true. Yesterday I finished placing the firing devices in a great number of bombs, and received word that tomorrow I should have an opportunity to demonstrate the work of my hands and brain."

"It was to give the final test to my work, for my own satisfaction, that I came up here today. Yet now, if what you are telling me is true, I shall lose all, because I cannot willingly consent to endanger the race merely to free a part. If Japan plans war on your country we must find a means to prevent her."

"And to save the girl," Gafford added.

"That, too," said Karloff. "I, too, had a sister once. She was pretty. It is dangerous for a woman to be too pretty. A noble of Russia saw her. Now she is his property—or was. He took her from me; had her stolen. I knew, but I could do nothing. I can see how you feel. You love this girl?"

Gafford opened his mouth to deny and paused. Karloff's words had evoked something within him. He questioned himself as the Russian had questioned him, but a moment before, and it seemed as though suddenly he knew beyond doubt that he loved Shiela McRae.

Karloff smiled slightly as he read his expression. "The girl must be saved. I loved my sister as a brother. I have never loved with the man love," he said.

"There is one thing I did not tell you," Gafford resumed after a moment. "In the house of Oku Kobe, where Oshitu talked with Yamata, they spoke of the price you were to receive. Oshitu declared that after you had been paid you would disappear."

Karloff indulged in a slow grin. "That, too, would be like him, I suppose," he growled in his beard. "But I shall not disappear until I have given them all the plans. I have been shrewd enough to hold something back of which they do not know."

"You mean the firing devices," returned Gafford. "He spoke of them. Can't you see that now they are installed, they can make their drawings from them and so make your whole secret theirs?"

"Doubtless they think so," said Karloff. "but my bombs obey only their master's hand."

"At any rate," declared Gafford, "I have told you all I know. Do you believe?"

"I believe," said Karloff slowly. "And you will help me save a woman and a nation?"

"I will help," the Russian replied. "For a moment he sat silent, then. 'Together we shall save the white race. You have come in time to wake me from my dreaming and show me the terrible thing I would have done. As a Lieutenant Gafford, if these things be true, Dimitri Karloff will undo the thing he has done in a way that will not forget.'

"How? What do you mean?"

"How? Karloff's lips twitched. 'I made and I can destroy. So easy is it that when ready I can undo the work of years in five minutes. But for the complication of the girl in Oshitu's possession we will remove this danger as though it had never been. But the girl must be saved, because she is the one whom thou lovest and hast sworn to rescue, and for the reason that she deserves it by having made a man of you after you had thrown away your manhood, even as I must help you to save my race because you have shown me that I am a dreaming fool.'

"But your plan?" urged Gafford. "You know more of the situation than I do. Which move shall we make first?"

Karloff drew out a heavy watch and inspected the dial. "Leave it to Karloff," he said. "I have the freedom of the plant. I can come and go as I will. In fifteen minutes more the motor will come back to take me to the valley. When I arrive there I shall plan to rescue the girl this same night. First I must be certain that it is really your sweetheart who is there—he paused and then went on—"or at least a woman who is white."

"But how can you learn that if Oshitu has her shut up in his house?" cried Gafford. "Is not my word enough?"

"I believe that you believe what you tell me," said Karloff. "But before I accept all the facts I must prove them. I have decided that this shall be the test. If a white woman is in Oshitu's house I shall find out; and I shall believe all if it is so. Now I must go."

"Do you lie in cover, and as soon as it is dark slip down into the valley. At a point where the switch turns from the railroad to the storage house of the bombs is a little hut where they keep a small track-motor for the track repairs. Lie in the bushes at that spot until I come. Now, good-by." He rose.

"But how are you to learn if the girl is there? Tell me," Gafford protested. "How am I to know if you learn—or not?"

Karloff turned back. "I am the official means of communication with the outside by my wireless," he said quickly. "Each day I talk with the capitol from this station. When I go back I shall tell Oshitu that there is much excitement over the loss of this woman, and that he is accused of her abduction; and advise him that, if it is so, he had better see to it that she is well hidden before the government tests are made tomorrow. I have lived with these people for years and I shall be able to tell if my words hit near the mark."

"Good!" accepted Gafford. "That is a clever trick. Make him tell you all I wanted to know, I am satisfied. Tonight, after dark, then, I shall meet you at the little hut by the switch. Good-by, Karloff, and good luck."

The throb of the returning motor came to their ears. Karloff stepped out of the bushes and Gafford crept to their edge. The roadster was

just halting in front of the wireless hut. Karloff lifted a hand and walked slowly toward the machine. When he reached it he climbed up beside the driver and sunk his bearded chin on his breast above his folded arms. The machine swung around and vanished down the road.

Gafford waited until the sound of the receding car had died, then slipped down with great caution and inspected the hut through a window.

So far as he could see it was an ordinary wireless plant. He made out the lever which threw the water-wheel into gear, the dynamo which furnished the current for the spark, the table of the operator, with its coils and switches, nodded in satisfaction that Karloff seemed to have spoken truly concerning the control of his engines of destruction, and slipped away in the direction of his cave on the ledge. He had decided that he could best watch the plant from that point with the least chance of being accidentally observed.

He reached the cave without incident and ate a little of his food. Then, after repainting the bare spot on his hand he stretched out in the weeds on the lip of the ledge and focussed his glasses on the scene below.

But always as he swung them they came back to the house above which flew the sun-ray flag. An instinctive voice told him that beneath its pagoda-like roof Shiela McRae was held the captive of Oshitu, and straightway he began to dream of the girl. Karloff had asked him if he loved her, and waked the love in his breast.

He pictured her on each time he had seen her on the quay at Nagasaki that first evening; at the house of the Moon Faces, when he had come to her assistance; in the garden of the Nippon, when she had waked all that was good in his soul.

Longest he dwelt on that last occasion. Her face came back as he had seen against it the faint glow of the lanterns, the pensive, wrapt, brooding—the face of a woman in the concrete, with all the mystery which life has woven about her, in that she is the source of life itself.

In all the past five years that evening spent with her stood out as the one simply sweet page in a record of sordid days and nights full of feld, seething passions and lack of self-control.

To Be Continued.

BUSINESS LETTERS.

Correct Stationery and Brevity Are Two Essentials to Good Form.

A man conspicuously successful in business remarked the other day that he considered the knowledge of how to write a business letter one of the most important accomplishments that a working man in possession of an employer is always prejudiced for or against a person before he knows her by the letters written," he said, and the remark has great truth.

Correct stationery is a mark of good breeding quite as much in business as it is in social matters. To write a business communication upon untidy paper that would be correct for a luncheon would be shocking ignorance of the fitness of things. A letter to a business man, if the matter under discussion is also business, should be upon ample paper, and the style of writing should be brief, direct and courteous. A man who has many things upon his mind and much to attend to is not wanting moments reading notes from girls in whom he has no personal interest, and if she wishes to get and hold his attention she must be concise. It is not always easy for an inexperienced person to be brief, and not curt, but the combination is possible, and she must get it.

A girl who is answering an advertisement for a stenographer might write something like this:

No 3010-Broadway, New York City: My Dear Mr. Breyer—Your advertisement for a stenographer has come to my notice and I would be very glad if you would try me for the position. I have had several years' experience, am reliable, painstaking and interested in my work. If you would let me know when you could see me in regard to the matter I will be pleased to call at your office.

Yours truly,

MARY SMITH GREEN.

The note should be done on a machine, the signature being put in with a pen.

If a girl has not had any previous experience she should say so, but may still use the phrase of "reliable and painstaking."

Such a letter may have a wide margin on the paper, and every effort must be made to have it clear and attractive. The writer's address should go at the top.

Neatness in all such work is most desirable and not especially common. A large office down-town has had in its employ for five years a certain stenographer who is not quick or bright, but who as a copyist cannot be excelled. She can write the same circular letter hundreds of times and the thousandth copy will be as clear, carefully done and clean as the first. It is her neatness that keeps her the position, for in her specialty she cannot be excelled.

One of the most invaluable qualities that a stenographer can acquire is the ability to block out a letter after she has been given points for it. If she can save her employer's time to that extent, so that he merely has to give her the subject and she dresses it, she becomes of the utmost importance to him. All business men dislike letter writing, and they will put up with a great deal from a person who will save their thinking of the matter. It is an art any girl can cultivate, for it requires only practice, careful construction and a knowledge of good English.

BOY OF 12 KILLS BEAR

Runs on Track While Out Looking for Birds.

Jamison City, Pa.—While looking for English sparrows in the woods near his home here, James Edson, 12, ran across bear tracks. He followed them for more than a mile when he came upon a large black bear and two cubs. The mother bear showed fight, and the boy fired twice from his Florent rifle without effect. The bear then made a charge on him and the boy climbed a tree.

The bear then stood guard under the boy, and young Edson reloaded his gun and waited for a chance to get a shot at a vital spot. After a while the animal tried to climb the tree and was making an effort to reach him.

Taking a careful aim, the boy fired at the white of the bear's eyes. The animal fell, but Edson took no chances and waited a full half hour, when he descended. The bear at once arose and went after him. The lad seized a club that lay close by and beat it over the bear's head. This time it fell and did not rise. After a long wait the boy cut its throat and started home, when he met his father and neighbors hunting for him. They carried the carcass home. It weighed 200 pounds and was the biggest bear killed in this section in many years.

Pet Dogs of Ancient Egypt

There is nothing new under the sun, and the graves of old Egypt make this fact very clear to us.

Subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund have just been told that the ancient Egyptians kept their pet dogs, whose bodies have been found with the leather dog lead still attached to the collar. And these dogs were pampered animals, dogs whose decayed teeth mark the drawing room pet, fed on all sorts of unwholesome dainties. —Home Notes.

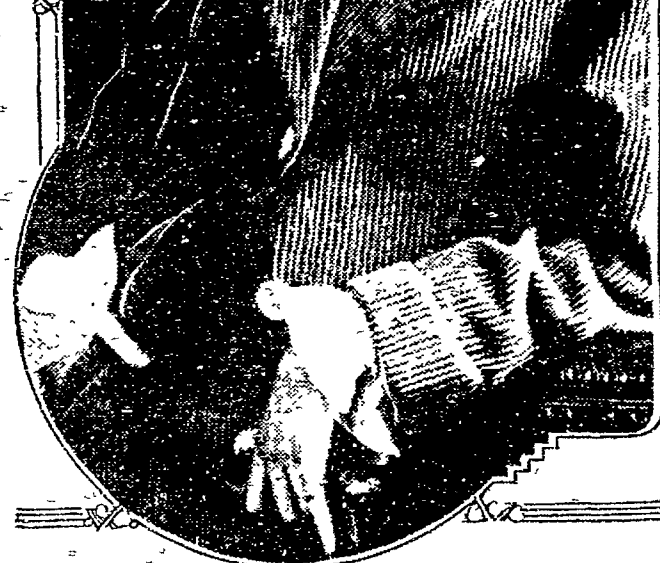
AFTERNOON DRESS



Model of gray taffeta with a white pique vest, full ruffled skirt and orange guimpe. The parasol is a gray silk canopy shape with pleated edging and black handle. The model was exhibited last week in New York.

BELIEVES "AVERAGE AMERICAN IS NOT WORTH WHILE" WILL DIVORCE HUSBAND AND MAKE BID FOR GLORY ON THE STAGE

Mrs. Marguerite Upton Hopkins of Washington, D. C., has lost all faith in men and declares that the average American man is decidedly not worth while. She thinks the only real career for a woman is on the stage, so she will become an actress pretty soon. Mrs. Hopkins has another big idea, to wit: that she is the best dressed woman in the national capital. Her husband, Sherbourne Hopkins, Jr., represents many Mexican and Central American interests in Washington, and is at present somewhere in Central America. "But, wherever he is," Mrs. Hopkins emphatically states, "he is going to have a divorce suit to defend."



Paper Clothes the Latest

In this age of paper and sanitation did it ever occur to you how you do your paper underwear? The suggestion now comes as the latest idea of sanitation experts for the Congress of Abolition. At the congress, after dwelling upon the subject of paper cups and plates, napkins and tablecloths, a noted hygienist astonished the assembly by suggesting that paper underwear be used as a further step in sanitation, as it could be destroyed after each use and would not be much more expensive than ordinary underwear at present laundry rates.

Paper yarn is something new, but it has been heard from in several textile lines. It is even being made to withstand laundering, and is almost as strong as ordinary textiles made to withstand tugging.

A cheap grade of paper yarn would be suitable for paper underwear, this expert explained, as it could then be thrown away after using without economy gained.

STRIPPED PARASOLS

Smart parasols which look like miniature awnings are to be had in various stripes of black and white according to the Philadelphia North American. These "awning" parasols will doubtless appear in other colors as the season advances.

Glimpses of Married Life

"She will get along all right now with a few days' careful nursing," was the doctor's verdict the next morning.

The messenger boy handed in a telegram from Mrs. Reeves before the doctor left, and Dick tore it open nervously and read:



"Father is sick in bed. I cannot leave Mother."

What was to be done? Work at the office was piling up and simply must be done if there was any possible way to care for Nell.

"Isn't there anybody in Fairport who can be had over for a day?" Dick asked in desperation. "I can send for my mother. If she could start at once she would arrive on the night train."

Dr. Elson thought a few minutes. "Perhaps I can get Mrs. Jones. She was a nurse before her marriage and has accommodated me a few times. I'll phone as soon as I can drive over there."

Dick sent a dispatch to his mother as soon as he received word that Mrs. Jones would come, and hurried away to the office as soon as she arrived, leaving directions for her to telephone if any change for the worse was noticed.

Late that night Dick met his mother, who had dropped everything to come to the rescue.

Dr. Elson had been afraid that Mrs. Morton would not be sympathetic enough to be a good nurse and

was happily disappointed at her quiet efficiency. The first two nights Dick and his mother divided the watching that was necessary because of the medicine. After that Nell slept well.

"When can I take her home with me, doctor? We have an easy carriage and good roads," Mrs. Morton asked one morning when Nell began to decidedly mend.

"I hope by the first of next week, the change will do her good. Give her plenty of fresh air and milk."

"What about it, Richard? Are you still making yourself a target for all eyes with that stenographer?" she asked, eyeing him sharply while the plans were being discussed.

"No, I've come to my senses. I did not know it was really distressing Nell," he said. "Besides, Miss Rudolph is going away on her vacation next week."

"Good!" Mrs. Morton gave a sharp, satisfied nod. "I suppose she has two weeks. Can you have your turn then?"

Dick nodded. He was to come to the farm at week-ends until his vacation began.

Nell set up a little Thursday and Dick bowed around her, full of delight at her improvement. Mrs. Morton had a chance to spy on the laundress and reported that she used far more soap than was necessary. "You put your dresses in the wash before they're soiled at all," she told Nell. "It fades them and wears them out, such frequent washing, to say nothing of the bill for work."

Nell looked worried, so the subject was dropped.

After the morning was done the next day, Mrs. Morton got out the steamer trunk from the attic and began packing it for the journey, Nell selecting the things to go and telling her where to find them. Soon the capable hands had everything ready for an early start Monday.

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Household Hints

SOME GOOD SALADS

Eggs in Nest—Take at least two eggs for each guest. Boil eggs hard, remove yolks whole and arrange them in a nest made of celery straws covered with chopped whites of eggs, cut celery into pieces four inches long, divide in straight, thin pieces and lay on a bed of white lettuce leaves. If celery cannot be procured, the nest may be made of lettuce alone, eggs piled in the center.

Cottage Cheese Salad—Take fresh cottage cheese, add a few broken nut meats and a little sweet green peppers chopped fine. Make mixture into balls after adding salt to taste. Roll balls in some finely chopped parsley until completely covered. They may then be used as a garnish for salad or placed on lettuce leaves covered with salad dressing and served with wafers.

Dutched Lettuce—Wash two heads lettuce, separate leaves and tear each leaf into two or three pieces. Cut one-fourth pound bacon into pieces or once and fry till brown. While hot, add two tablespoons vinegar. Beat an egg till light and put it in two tablespoons sour cream. Mix with the bacon and stir over fire until thickens. Pour this boiling hot over lettuce. Mix well, serve quickly.

Apple and Cheese Salad—Simple but very wholesome. Use ripe, good eating apples of a juicy variety. Pare, core, cut in strips and blanch in cold acidulated water to make firm and white. Swiss cheese may be used, cut in strips. Mix carefully, heap on head of lettuce and serve with French dressing. A little orange, grape fruit or white grapes will combine with this salad.

French Dressing—In small bowl put one-half teaspoon salt and one-fourth teaspoon white pepper; add four tablespoons French olive oil and stir for a moment until salt is melted. Gradually drop in one tablespoon malt vinegar, stirring rapidly until mixture is slightly opaque or somewhat thickened. Use at once, as it quickly separates.

THE TABLE

Red Kidney Beans With Chili Sauce—To prepare this delicious dish, place one tablespoonful of cheese chopped up in a frying pan with a little lard, and when melted, add a medium sized onion, chopped fine. When slightly brown, stir in one tablespoonful of Mexican ground chili powder; then add the contents of one can of tomatoes (having first removed seeds and straining through a colander). Let this cook about ten minutes, thoroughly blending together. Now add one can of red kidney beans. When sufficiently heated it is ready to serve.

Stuffed Green Peppers—Take six green peppers, cut the stem end off and take out the seeds. To one pound of ground meat add one-half cup of bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Mix well and stuff the peppers, place in the frying pan with a little drippings; fry until a light brown. Put in one can of tomatoes and cook slowly for one hour. Take up the pepper on the serving dish and thicken the tomatoes and pour over the peppers and serve at once.

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VISITORS HERE
AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. T. S. Ball spent several days in Detroit last week.

Mrs. Frank Leadley visited her mother at Milford one day last week.

Miss Laura Blach of Lapham's Corners spent last week with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Webber visited friends in Pontiac Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. D. B. Henry entertained Mrs. F. M. Glenan of South Lyon a part of last week.

Miss Viola McCully attended the

Smith-Ballard wedding in Detroit last week Thursday.

Mrs. Mary Palmer and Mrs. A. C. Harmon spent last Friday with relatives at Wixom.

Miss Lida Richardson returned last Friday from a two weeks' visit with friends in Toledo.

Mrs. Martha Taylor has been enjoying a visit from her sister, Mrs. W. P. Draper of Milan.

Dr. and Mrs. Croman of Mt. Clemens were entertained last Friday and Saturday at the home of A. C. Balder and his parents.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moore of Walled Lake, a sister of the late Mrs. James

Shaw, is at Mr. Shaw's home here for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. Mary Sinclair is visiting near Pontiac.

Emery Cole of Milford was a Northville visitor Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Erta Curtis of Detroit was the guest of Miss Bertha Whitelem for the week-end.

Alfred Hyde of Novi was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Brown Saturday.

Mrs. S. E. Parsons returned Tuesday from a several days' visit with relatives in Detroit.

Mrs. Nettie Carpenter of Wixom was a week-end guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fred L. Carpenter.

Miss Elizabeth Emery of Detroit was in town Sunday to sing at the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Holcomb.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Simmons were over-Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Simmons's daughter at Milford.

Arthur Fisher has returned to his home at New Hudson after a three weeks' stay with his daughter, Mrs. G. W. Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. James Huff are soon to take a vacation in the form of a trip to the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco.

Mrs. Ed Fuller entertained Miss Margaretha Weller, Miss Bertha Whitelem and the latter's guest, Miss Curtis at luncheon Sunday.

A few cents invested in the For Sale columns of the Record will sell anything you want to get rid of.

FEATURE AT THE
NEW ALSEIUM THEATER.

"Million Dollar Mystery" continued Tuesday evening.

Thursday evening "The Daughters of Men," a five-part photoplay is to be the attraction.

Special features for Saturday evening's show.

INSTALL OFFICERS.

Northville Commandery installed the following officers Tuesday evening:

E. C. T. E. Murdock

Gen. H. C. Thayer

C. G. Wm. Kay

P. Wm. Harlin

S. W. M. A. Porter

J. W. L. N. Tupper

Treas. B. A. Wheeler

Recorder F. Dolph

Sw. B. B. G. Filkins

St. B. Amos Otis

W. A. E. Fuller

Sent—D. F. Griswold.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

The half-century anniversary of Lee's surrender at Appomattox was observed at the regular meeting last week, a program in accordance with the occasion following the regular meeting. Several of the G. A. R. members responded to the invitation extended them, and two of the veterans, Comrades Mead and Shaw gave interesting talks on their war experiences. Mr. Shaw was near the scene of the now historic surrender, as a member of Custer's cavalry. Coffee and friedcakes were served at the conclusion of the program.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the King's Daughters, Foresters of America and Knights of Pythias; also friends and neighbors for the beautiful flowers and many other things sent me during my illness at home.

RALPH L. SHAPER

"Gold Lace" Flour

Makes the Best of Bread and Pastry. Ask your Grocer for it.

GET YOUR GRASS SEED NOW
WE HAVE IT.

We will have a Car of
BUFFALO GLUTEN MEAL

In a Few Days

\$20 per Ton if taken from the Car

FOR SALE BY

NORTHVILLE MILLING CO.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Make Every Step
One of Pleasure

Our Line of Work Shoes are of the Best
Makes and their Fitting Qualities are
Unexcelled.

Remember we Handle the
Celebrated Peninsular Work
Shirts and Overalls. None
Better.

STARK BROTHERS

The Shoemen.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

APRIL, 1910.

Our Fifth Anniversary

APRIL, 1915

Saturday, April 24th to Saturday, May 1st, Inclusive.

FIVE YEARS AGO we opened our doors to do a Dry Goods business in Northville. After five years we think that every resident of this community knows of our store and of our method of doing business.

That portion of patronage that you have extended to us is greatly appreciated and we take this occasion to thank you for it. We feel that we merit your trade and confidence purely from the system we have applied to our business building.

STRAIGHT LINE MERCHANDISING

Demanding from those who would supply us the very best

lines of merchandise and in turn selling the same over our counters at the very lowest "live and let live" rate of profit.

This principal, combined with efficient Store Service, we find works out satisfactorily and on this combination we are willing to bank our future.

Just to celebrate these five years (or twenty seasons), of business we are going to offer 20 Specials (one for each season) especially priced for this week only. Each and every item is a Real Bargain, which we are sure you will want to take advantage of.

EACH AND EVERY ARTICLE QUOTED BELOW IS A BARGAIN FOR ANNIVERSARY WEEK ONLY.

ARTICLE 1.

A Good Fast Black Rib Top Ladies Hose, at, per pair 9c

ARTICLE 6.

APRONS.

A Great Big Cover-All Bungalow Apron, Light or Dark 35c; 3 for \$1.00

ARTICLE 11.

Ladies' Fast Black, Silk Boot, Wide Hemmed Hose; regular 50c quality, Anniversary Special, 31c

ARTICLE 16.

Wash Cloths.

We have bought a lot of Wash Cloths, but at that there will not be any too many at the price we are going to sell them; each, 2c

ARTICLE 2.

Ladies' Gowns.

Purchased for this event; made from a Fine Grade of Muslin, nicely trimmed, at, each, 50c

ARTICLE 7.

Velvet Rugs.

26x54—Floral and Oriental Designs for the Anniversary Sale, each \$1.05

ARTICLE 12.

Turkish Bath Towels—a Bargain at the price, each 7c

ARTICLE 17.

Read This Twice.

A 45x23 inch, Bleached, Hemmed and Very Heavy, Bath Towel, at, each, 19c

ARTICLE 3.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

A High Grade Quality of Ladies' Handkerchiefs, at, each, 9c

ARTICLE 8.

All Wool Poplin

42-inch Navy Blue, All-Wool Poplin. Must be seen to be appreciated, yd., 63c

ARTICLE 13.

Ladies' White Muslin Skirts. Be sure and see them, each, 59c

ARTICLE 18.

Men's Cambric Night Gowns, Plain White or Fancy, Braid Trimmed, 75c and \$1.00 Goods; for this week each, 50c

ARTICLE 4.

Months ago we made a purchase of an all Linen Crash to sell during Anniversary Celebration. Owing to the Flax condition in Russia, these goods are worth more at the mill's today than we will ask for them—500 yds to sell at, 10c

ARTICLE 9.

A CHANCE FOR BUSY MOTHERS.

Your choice of our Entire Line of Misses Dresses, ranging in price from 75c to \$1.50—each 59c

ARTICLE 14.

Just at this time when you would pay the regular price for them we are going to sell a line of very handsome Night Gowns, at each, 98c

ARTICLE 19.

Silk Petticoats.

High Colored, All Silk Charmeuse Petticoats, for Anniversary days, sell regularly for \$2.50. Only \$1.98

ARTICLE 5.

Next to a pocket in a shirt the handiest thing we know of is a Black String Bundle Rags, each, 8c

ARTICLE 10.

For Girls from 8 to 14 years, we are showing some very pretty Muslin Night Gowns, Embroidery and Ribboa trimmed—each 50c

ARTICLE 15.

Just to correspond with Article No. 14, we are going to offer a Beautiful Muslin, Embroidery Trimmed, Skirt at 98c

ARTICLE 20.

Being stuck for the 20th item we will put in our line of Ladies' House Dresses, Light or Dark Colors; sell always at \$1.00 and \$1.25—For 79c

In Preparing for above Event we have made provision to take care of a Big Trade. We cannot, however, supply any of the items after present supply is exhausted.

CHARLES A. PONSFORD, Northville, Mich.