

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII, NO. 6.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1916.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Grove at the Michigan State Fair Grounds Where Band Concerts, Entertainments and Talks Are Given



Something is always going on in the grove, either addresses by prominent men, band concerts or entertainments. Comfortable seats are placed underneath the trees and the grove offers a cool place for the women and children, as well as men, to rest while they hear an address or are entertained by band music or some vaudeville act.

SUPT. MISENAR'S URGENT APPEAL

TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE LEFT SCHOOL TO RETURN

SEPTEMBER FIFTH AND FINISH THEIR EDUCATION.

Young Man! In the records of the Northville high school you will find the names of boys who have dropped out before graduation. Is yours there? What have you done since you dropped out? Possibly as well as some have done who have graduated. But have you done as well as you could have done had you graduated? Ask the first ten men you meet to-morrow morning these three questions: First, "Did you ever finish high school?" Second, "Are you sorry?" Third, "Would you advise me to finish in the local school?" I know what every one will say and you know. Never yet have I heard a man say he was anything but glad to have carried his education as far as he had. On the other hand, all men are sorry not to have carried it further. In the face of the advice of men all about you, and with the good positions going more and more to educated men, what are you going to do? Remember you will not pass again this way. What you do in an educational way, you must do at once.

Young woman? In the records of the Northville High school there are also dozens of names of girls who have dropped out. Is yours there? What have you done since you dropped out? At the present time women are taking a more and more active part in the various branches of industry. Will you be satisfied to take the poorly paid job? I do not wish to appear to show contempt for the mop and dish cloth, but I never saw any one who deliberately chose the work for which those tools are used, as her aim in life. All honors to those who do that work for a livelihood, but I am not ready to accept the proposition that some girls should not be educated in order that some of us may be able to get a hired girl for \$5.00 per week.

You, the girl who has dropped out of your local school, will undoubtedly soon be given the right to vote. Are you going to be one who will justify some anti-suffragist's contention that women don't know enough to vote? Finally you may marry. But where on the scale of intelligence and usefulness will you locate your mate? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will be the same point you have reached yourself. Your future happiness in the ability to satisfy your own needs, and better still to contribute to happiness of others will be increased.

(Continued on page 4)

"RILEY" STIMPSON DOING EXCELLENT WORK ON THE LOWELL, MASS. BALL TEAM.

The hard working left fielder of the Lowell Mass. ball team, Earl Stimpson is climbing to the 500 mark in his batting average. The first of the season luck was against him, but generally he has worked up to the select class.

The week of Aug. 25th he made two hits daily for six days giving him an average of 500 for the week. Later reports are even better so undoubtedly Earl will pass the 500 class if he continues his excellent work with the bat during the few remaining games of the season.

"Riley" was the first one of the Lowell men to reach the 100th hit for the season. Besides his stick work he is classed as the most consistent player on the team and soon will be out of that class and Northville will hear of him in the American or National leagues.

Mr. C. S. Filkins, the Superintendent, has returned from his vacation and will be glad to meet a large attendance at the Sunday school at the usual hour of meeting.

The Epworth League will resume its regular devotional service next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Miss Huston, of Plymouth, will be the speaker. All young people invited.

Evening service of worship and praise at 7 o'clock.

The Epworth League will hold its monthly business and social meeting on the lawn at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Tewksbury, Wednesday evening Sept. 6. Come and bring your friends.

The president of the Ladies' Aid Society desires all the "Dollar Raising Cards" which were distributed among the members some time ago, brought in at the next regular meeting.

Regular church prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By the Press Correspondent.) The next regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home Mrs. Linnie Cook, Sept. 4th. The subject will be: How Will Love Option Help in State Wide Prohibition Work, the discussion led by Rev. F. J. Walker.

Have you found something? The Record liner column will find an owner for you without cost.

LELAND CARRIED NORTHVILLE TWP.

BIG VOTE FOR A PRIMARY ELECTION ON TUESDAY.

ON COUNTY TICKET STEIN, OAKMAN, GRILLY WERE LEADERS.

There were 276 Republican votes cast at Tuesday's primary election and 11 Democratic.

The interest centered around the governor, sheriff and county clerk.

Leland carried the town by a vote of 162 to 72 for Sleeper and 21 for Gardner.

Oakman for clerk pulled through here by just about the same vote 163 to 68 for Farrell.

Stein for sheriff had 173 to 54 for Dickerson.

Gayle for representative had 123 to 71 for Gotts.

For U. S. Senate Townsend had 195 votes to Hall's 33.

For Lieutenant governor, Dickinson had 109 votes, Gordon 43, Heineman 49, Ogg 16 and Bohns.

That's about all there was of it, except that W. J. Lanning, S. R. Careington and F. S. Neal were elected delegates to the county convention.

The warmest part of the fight was between Leland and Sleeper but the Detroit man won out by a goodly majority.

A most surprising part of the vote cast was that on Lieutenant Governor when Dickinson led the field by a substantial majority.

Mr. Sleeper was nominated by a majority over Leland of upwards of 10,000. Gardner and Diehma together had about 64,000 votes, Leland 30,000 and Sleeper 90,000.

LYKE FAMILY REUNION

The 5th annual Lyke reunion was held Aug. 24 at the home of Wm. Van-Sickles, west of town.

Dinner was served on the lawn to about sixty relatives who were present from Ann Arbor, Grosse Pointe, South Lyon, Salem, Novi and Northville.

A business meeting was called to order by President Schaefer and reports of last year's gathering read by the secretary.

Then came a program of music and speeches. The 1917 reunion will be held at the home of Ernest Lyke.

SCARCE OF OFFICE HELP IN DETROIT.

The Business Institute on Cass avenue, the largest business training school in Michigan, conducts a free employment department for the placing of their graduates. This department is receiving nearly 300 calls per month for office help. The salaries are good and the opportunity for advancement excellent.

GET YOUR STATE FAIR TICKETS TODAY

AS THE SALE CLOSES TONIGHT SEPTEMBER 1.

Opportunity will be given the people of Northville and vicinity this year to again buy their state fair tickets at reduced prices through the office of this paper. The number who did so last year was very large and an aggregate saving of many dollars was the result. The tickets will be on sale up to Sept. 1, and at the same price as before—35 cents or three for \$1.00. The management is promising a better fair than ever for this season.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.) The Sunday morning subject will be "The Finality of Grace."

All we lacked last Sunday of having a larger congregation was your presence, but the service went on just the same. I suppose the old ship will sail on just as gallantly whether I am on board or not and Heaven will be Heaven to all who gain it, even if I should fail to be present. Come or the gang plank will soon be pulled in.

We are all going to report for duty in church and Sunday school work. If you have been on a strike, declare it off for employer ready to give you all your faith demands.

The Sunday evening topic will be given from the Pulpit.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.) English services next Sunday evening.

German services at Salem Sunday afternoon.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent For Sale, Just Packed. Water heater insured under this head, for rent per week.

SHARPLES SEPARATOR \$25. Sharple's Separator in good condition, fitted for power or hand use, cost new \$75. S. W. Carlin, Libbyville, Northville.

WANTED—Old-fashioned four-poster bed. Price must be reasonable. Report 41 Wing street or P. O. box 255, Northville.

WANTED—Dress making. How about waists for the boys? Can I help you out? Phone 147-J. 6w1p.

WANTED—By October 1st, competent help for general housework. Apply Mrs. L. W. Simmons, Northville 62c.

WANTED—Three or four furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Must have bathroom privileges. Would furnish some things ourselves. If necessary write for further information to O. M. Misenar, East Jordan, Mich.

LOST—Leather suitcase on August 25, between Walled Lake and Novi or Novi and Redford. Finder please notify J. W. Hawthorn, Redford. Reward.

FOR SALE—Timothy hay, work mare in foal; Peerless wire fence. J. W. Cole, Phone 151-R-3. 6w2c.

FOR SALE—Automobile, Studebaker, four doors, nickel lamps, good tires (1 extra), Demi-tonneau, 5 passenger, first-class condition. Will demonstrate \$219 takes it. F. S. Neal, Olds agency, Northville, 4w2.

FOR SALE—Gomol oil to make efficiency for your automobile. Neal Agency. 5w2.

FOR SALE—Sow and four pigs, cheap. If taken at once. L. B. Charter. 5w1c.

FOR SALE, Cheap—Dog, half Beagle and half Fox. Also Remington shot gun. C. C. Morgan, Northville. Phone 371-R-2. 4w1c.

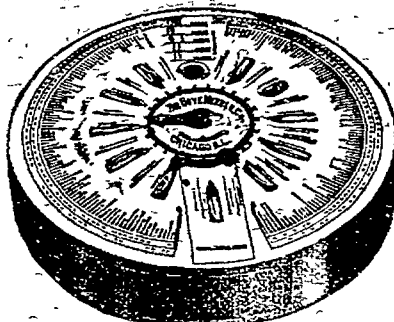
FOR SALE—New lenses for auto lamps. Approved by Detroit police department. Don't have to be dimmed. Great for night driving. \$3.50 and \$4.50 a set. F. S. Neal, Olds agency, Northville. 4w2.

FOR DRILLED WELLS—see W. F. Ward, Highland Park, R. F. D. No. 1. 3w1p.

FOR SALE—Quick Meal gasoline stove in first-class condition. Little used. Good oven. Can be seen at Fred Lyke's. \$5.50 takes it. Just the thing for campers. F. S. Neal, Northville, Mich.

FOR CHASE Brothers Co., nursery stock leave your orders at the furniture hospital, Huff Hardware Bldg. west entrance. Best goods that Rochester, N. Y. can afford. A. S. Huff, general agent of Northville. 26-42-44.

400 TYPEWRITERS! Remingtons \$12. Smith-Premiers \$12. Let your children learn typewriting at home during vacation. Instruction book free. Ask Empire Type Foundry, Buffalo, N. Y. 1w13c.



THIS—Is the "Boye" Needle Case with full Supply of Needles, Shuttles and Bobbins for all makes of Sewing Machines, old or new. Will be pleased to Supply you.

Needles, Shuttles and Bobbins for use in All Makes of Sewing Machines.

GET IT NOW.

A Good Reliable Washing Machine to help about the house. The "White Lily" Line of Washers have all the qualities essential to making work easier in the home. Oftentimes the helps in the home are neglected when in reality it should be the First Place to Receive Consideration.



White Lily Washer \$ 7.50
The Motor Washer 10.00
White-Way Washer 12.00

White Way Electric Washer with Wringer and Revolving Bench. \$55.00

J. A. HUFF, Hardware, Northville

Do your Duty.

The Man with Money has his family protected with money in the Bank.

Take a dollar out of your pocket and look at it. It is YOUR dollar. If you put it in the bank it will KEEP ON being your dollar and it will invite other dollars each pay day to join it.

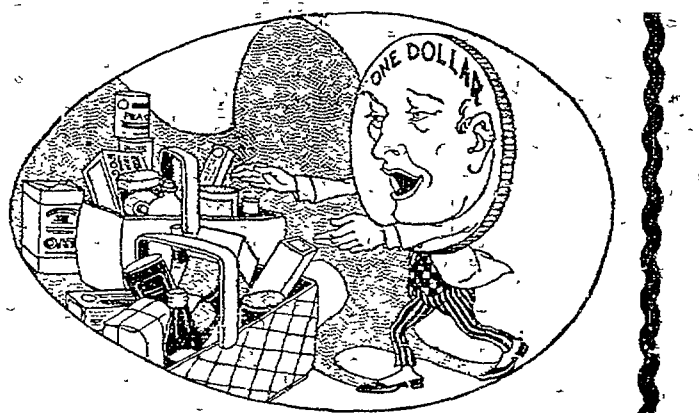
Before you know it you will have built a wall of safety around your family to PROTECT them if anything should happen to you.

Squander that dollar and it will support ANOTHER man's family.

BANK WITH US. WE PAY 3 PER CENT INTEREST.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

Dollar With Legs Goes Long Way.



YOUR dollar looks big as it comes into this store. The one in the picture has legs on it, showing that it goes a long way. For a general stock of groceries of tested merit we believe that our store cannot be outclassed. As we do a large cash business our prices are always at the bottom of the market.

C. E. RYDER. NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

MAY BE MARRIED ISN'T A BIT SURE

YOUNG DUTCHMAN IN KANSAS
CITY AWAITING NEWS OF
PROXY WEDDING IN
HOLLAND

WAR WAS CAUSE OF THE DELAY

Manufacturer's Son Studying Business
So He Can Return and Run His
Father's

Kansas City, Mo.—Victor de Bont is ready—even eager—to be a bridegroom. Caroline Zegers is ready—probably eager to be a bride. Maybe they are such, but a so the Bont doesn't know it, hence the anxiety that he carries over with him, smiling pleasantly, hopefully the while.

De Bont is sojourning in this city, his bride-to-be—maybe his bride—is in Holland.

The indefiniteness in the matrimonial situation of this couple is due to the unsettlement arising from the great war, with Holland on a war footing and its army being shifted from point to point, according to exigencies. A lieutenant in that army is to stand up with the young woman instead of the man she is actually to marry. It is to be a proxy marriage—maybe has been.

Every detail essential to the ceremony by proxy has been attended to and it came to the sole point of the army man finding it practicable for him to represent his friend in the United States before the authorities in Holland having to do with making Miss Zegers Miss de Bont. Cable communication from the Netherlands has been slow—three days. The bridegroom-to-be, on the other hand, in a letter to his fiancée, has been able to express his feelings as he would in person.

De Bont is a son of a Dutch manufacturer in Rotterdam. He is now 17, a member of a private Dutch club and in the Dutch navy, who at sea does his home work and a year or so ago at home, but the family, moved to The Hague. At one time wealthy, her family is now in only moderate circumstances.

The couple met three years ago at the annual ball masque at Breda, and young de Bont was greatly smitten with the charm of the girl who attended the affair as the "Dutch Paper of Hamburg." He was introduced and at first courted in the usual and unexciting manner followed by his mother's opposition to the match.

After his father's death, young de Bont attempted to conduct the business but found it too much for his knowledge and was forced to close corporation with his uncle as president, to take control of the business. He then came to the United States to take charge of the export end of it. Then came the war with no heavy cargo upon shipping, and he came to this country. Here de Bont, once the ideal of equipment himself for active participation in the war, established himself as a fighter, and for this purpose he is now in the front line up to a factory in this city.

But de Bont's sojourn here de Bont also resolved to marry Miss Zegers. He wrote at the earliest practicable moment, which was a proxy ceremony. First he won his mother's approval which under the Dutch law is essential. The marriage is to take place in the Dutch consulate here, obtained the necessary document, which he forwarded to Holland with a request of Lieut. Oscar Veltman to obtain the queen's consent and to impersonate him before the town clerk at Breda and in the state ceremony over there. Lieut. Veltman cheerfully complied explaining however that it must wait upon opportunity, which in the present circumstances is something different and uncertain.

When the ceremony has been performed in Holland de Bont knows that he will be advised by cable. Then his bride will leave for the United States by the first steamer. The expectant bridegroom—or maybe bridegroom—has already rented a flat, but has not furnished it. That is for her to do, he explains. But she will come soon now and pick the furniture. When she does there will be a religious marriage ceremony, not by proxy.

HIS PIPE SEEMS TO BE GONE

Man Fails to Find It Where He Hid It
Fifty Years Ago

Wanted, Cony—Half a century ago, when 65 year old Horace Emmons of Northville, a village in this county attended the little school house in Waukegan, the scene this week of a reunion of teachers and pupils of other days, he then a boy of 15 concealed a pipe in a cavity formed by two stones near a stone wall close to the school house. He hid it so that his teacher, Mrs. Nellie Miller, would not find it on his person.

Mr. Emmons visited the school for the first time in fifty years and after climbing over the stone wall, got down on his hands and knees and felt beneath the two stones. Of class mates asked Mr. Emmons what he was doing.

"Looking for my first pipe which I hid here from the teacher," he replied. He didn't find it.

OFFICERS INSPECTING GAS MASKS OF FRENCH TROOPS



This picture shows officers of a French regiment inspecting the gas masks of the troops before their departure to the first line trenches. The perfect adjustment of the mask is an important factor, and thorough inspection has often saved hundreds of soldiers.



TIMELY TOPICS FOR ALL INTERESTED IN BETTER FARMING

ALFALFA PROVING CROP

THAT PAYS

By H. P. Miller

The soils underlaid with gravel or sand are the favorable sites for alfalfa. Liberal liming and fertilization, inoculation and thorough preparation of seed bed will make alfalfa the most profitable crop that can be grown upon this kind of land.

There is yet time to sow alfalfa if the seed bed is prepared at once. First thoroughly disc the land then plow quite shallow and roll and harrow and drag with a very fine and compact seed bed is secured. Thoroughly mix the lime and fertilizer through the soil before sowing the seed. Delay the sowing until there is moisture enough in the soil to germinate the seed. Better sow just after a rain than before it. And better keep your seed than to throw it upon a poorly prepared seed bed.

I does cost more to get a good stand of alfalfa than of any other crop but it is worth more and will stand longer. There are alfalfa fields in the county yielding four tons per acre. Many dairymen claim it is worth as much per ton as bran. Measured by terms of any of the commercial concentrates it is certainly worth \$12 per ton.

Essentials in Wheat Growing.

First we must have a soil adapted to wheat, either naturally or made so by drainage. It's a gamble with the odds against winning to sow wheat upon heavy clay soils that have not been underdrained. Every gambler wins once in a while but not many often enough to make it pay. The soils not adapted to wheat should be seeded as early as possible to timothy red top and a little alsike clover.

Sowing clover in the fall I know is somewhat of a gamble but the chances of winning are better than with wheat upon land not adapted to it.

The second requisite for success with wheat is a well prepared seed bed. Usually time is an important element in this. Wheat, like all small seeds, wants a firm seed bed. It saves labor in making this to plow the ground early and let time settle it. An important factor in giving the wheat a good start is the proper amount of moisture in the seed bed. This can be secured even in dry weather by working the ground down fine and firm well in advance of sowing. The ground should be worked down with harrow and roller close after the plow. The team should never leave the field until all plowed land has been harrowed and rolled, unless driven out by a rain. Then the harrow should follow the roller within 48 hours.

Some men wouldn't take advice if it were offered to them in a golden bowl.

Disc Before Plowing.

It will very greatly help in the preparation of the seed bed to disc the ground before plowing and it will save labor both in the plowing and the preparation. There ought to be a disc harrow on every farm which is not too stony for its use. On such the spring tooth should be used.

Do not be in a hurry about sowing. A well prepared seed bed is more important than the date of seeding. Still, there is a time limit for seeding. The 15th to the 15th of September is probably the best time.

The amount of seed to sow per acre depends upon the condition of the seed bed, date of sowing and size of body of variety grown.

Where Lime Is Used.

A poor, infertile seed bed late sowing and large berries all call for more seed. One bushel is as small an amount and two bushels as large as should ever be sown.

WHAT IS A SILO WORTH?

Did you know that corn in the silo is worth 40 per cent more than corn in the shock? And that every farmer who builds a silo increases the efficiency of his acres about 35 per cent? Recent experiments show that silage when used with cottonseed meal for fattening cattle produced gains at a cost of \$4 per hundred pounds than when corn, stover and hay made up the ration?

Most silo owners say that a silo is most profitable to the farmer who feeds at least ten head of cows or fattening cattle the year round. One and one-half inches of silage should be fed daily to insure a minimum loss from spoiling. The silo should be at least ten feet in diameter.

Facts You May Not Know

The term "Yankee" is supposed to have been derived from a corrupt pronunciation of the word English by the Indians.

The bridegrooms once led the bridegroom to the church, and the bridegrooms men led the bride.

Australia can boast that it grows the tallest trees of any-rooted in the soil of the English empire.

Switzerland in times of peace is the country best supplied with hospitals, having nearly eighteen thousand beds, or about six to every thousand of the population.

We know folks who actually believe their troubles interest others.

Spring fever is a charitable covering for a multitude of indolence.

On the program of human events women are the consolation race.

Some men wouldn't take advice if it were offered to them in a golden bowl.

THE FAULTFINDER

The world's greatest nuisance is the faultfinder, for he is conspicuous everywhere. He does not hide his head under a bushel nor speak in a whisper. His mission is to be seen and heard.

The Creator in six days made the universe and when it was finished declared that the work was good. Yet, since its creation, the world has been full of faultfinders who do not think it is good enough for them.

The peculiarity of the habitual faultfinder is that he has no reason to find fault. He disturbs the serenity of those who are happy and who would enjoy peace and contentment but for him.

Nothing satisfies the faultfinder and no era has been free from his tantalizing presence. The faultfinders exasperated Moses on the mount until he dashed to pieces the stone tablets inscribed with the first written laws of God and man.

The faultfinder is the bane of the family circle. He undermines affection, destroys peace and breeds discontent. He is the fly in the ointment, the unwelcome intruder. He makes the task of the genuine reformer more difficult.

He blocks the path of progress. He cumber the statutes with unnecessary and unworkable laws. He dictates destructive policies to those in authority and makes them cower before his vitriolic tongue, his poisonous pen and pestiferous persistence. No church has been without its faultfinder, no social organization, no shop, factory or office, and no movement for the public good is exempt from his intrusion.

The faultfinder is found everywhere scattering the seeds of distrust, poisoning the minds of those who will listen, marshalling the forces of unreason, casting shadows on the sun, dimming the light of the stars, mocking the hopes of humanity and challenging the goodness of a beneficent Providence.

Out with the faultfinder! We have no room for him—Leslies.

A man with a grouch never misses an opportunity to advertise it.

Fortunate is the locomotive engineer who leads a wreckless life.

REN-WEED TESTIMONY

No one who suffers backache, headaches, or distressing urinary ills can afford to ignore this man's twofold story. It is confirmed testimony that no reader can doubt.

J. B. Smith, E. Chicago St., Tecumseh, Mich., says: "I was caused a great deal of suffering by pains in the small of my back and it was all I could do to work. When stooping, I became very dizzy and spots of fire seemed to flash before my eyes. I rested poorly and mornings, I was unrefreshed. Doan's Kidney Pills made me feel like a different person, ridding me of the trouble."

MORE THAN FOUR YEARS LATER, Mr. Smith added: "I gladly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. They never failed to act just as represented."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Smith has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N.Y.

You never hear a dressmaker say that figures cannot be

Specializing in tongues—a woman can seldom hold her own

A thing of beauty is a joy while it continues to win out



Fair Visitors

While at the State Fair don't overlook the opportunity to visit Campau and have your eyes examined.

Campau's expert Refracting will relieve you of all eye trouble and at a very moderate cost.

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By Ohio State University Experts According to Extracting Western Test

The Northville Record.

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J. W. PERKINS, Manager
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and entered at the Northville Post-
office as Second-Class Matter.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., SEP 1, 1916

"Naging" Neighbors Ordered To Sease" was the startling orthography displayed in a Detroit News headline the other day. (The key is found in the story of a woman who applied to the law to make her neighbors quit twitting her "at things" she couldn't help.) We just mention it as an illustration that big papers also occasionally have bad spells.

And now another set of Arctic explorers have returned and they are very doubtful about some of Peary's alleged discoveries. Mr. Peary hedges by admitting that his "Crocker Land" may possibly have been "clouds of condensation." "Maybe that's what ailed, also, Cook's north pole and Roosevelt's river of doubt. What?

Northville's water supply is reported as being low, and yet Northville is supplying Detroit with pure drinking water—South Lyon Herald.

But then, Northville's a dry town anyway, and they do drink such stuff in Detroit. "We're trying to reform 'em."

A store at Rochester was broken into the other day and among other articles several gallons of gasoline were stolen, which made the theft grand larceny.

"Up to this time," says the Pontiac Press Gazette, "nobody has succeeded in inventing mechanisms for either Wilson or Hughes." Nothing strange about that, either. Neither of 'em are that kind.

Rochester, N. Y. has a "child street" but according to all accounts Detroit hasn't and doesn't want any such other place of crime.

Miss Spoon was out the other day over in Wood and Oakland counties, and now is out in a "spoon" to boot.

Walled Lake Warbles.

N. B. Jones is out on parole Monday.

Wedding in P. and ring in the city soon.

Mrs. N. B. Jones is out on red among the sick.

Mr. M. M. Johnson at Walled Lake called recently.

Mrs. Jalka Chafy entertained her sister from Illinois, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin visited Salem friends the first of the week.

Walled Lake was well represented at the Centennial held in Pontiac last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chappor Hoyt of Detroit were weekend guests at the Jas. Hoyt home.

Mrs. Inez Dickerson has purchased a lot of George Tuttle and will erect a house thereon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Smith and Mrs. Will Terhune were over Sunday guests at Dawn Mills Canada.

The Misses Madge and Bly Quigley of Ypsilanti have been the guests of Mrs. Ira Carnes for the past week.

Invitations have been issued for the Annual Home-Coming to be held here September 9, at the Baptist church.

Rev. H. L. Halverson will give a lecture Friday evening in the Baptist church. There will be special music. A silver offering will be taken.

GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

"The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's love story of Hawaii will begin its fifth annual engagement at the Garrick theatre, Detroit, Labor Day afternoon, and continue for the balance of the week. "This will also be the opening of the regular dramatic season at this popular playhouse."

Manager Morosco will introduce a new Luana, Miss June Janin, a little eighteen year old southern girl, whom he thinks is another of his dramatic finds. Scenery plays an important part in "The Bird of Paradise" and from the opening scene in the first act, until the final curtain, showing Mt. Kilaua in violent eruption, and the tragic death of Luana, the settings are lavish in tropical coloring effect. A popular priced matinee will be given on Wednesday.

Gilt Edge Gatherings.

Mrs. J. Harlan spent Monday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Myers of Battle Creek spent the week at Mr. and Mrs. John Myers of this place.

Mrs. F. E. Bradley returned home last Friday after spending the week with friends and relatives in Royal Oak and Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart and children motored down from their home in Scottsville to spend a few days last week with friends and relatives.

Mr. Harry Wolfe and Miss Irene Smith of Livonia Center, were united in marriage in Detroit Thursday afternoon by the Rev. George Gullen, a former pastor of the M. E. church at Farmington. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe left Thursday night for a trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The community extends to this couple best wishes for a happy and prosperous future.

Farmington Flashes.

Mrs. Kennedy was in Pontiac Thursday.

Miss Dorothy Wixom left for Lansing Friday.

Little Dan Goodenough cut his wrist badly a few days ago.

Farmington was well represented at the centennial in Pontiac last week.

Mrs. Harriet Seward is ill and is under the care of a trained nurse.

Miss Harriet Everett of Birmingham visited relatives here Saturday.

Mrs. Rue Langbecker had as her guest last week her brother, Harry Sloat of Simcoe, Canada.

Mrs. Florence Chamberlain of Detroit visited her sister, Mrs. Chamberlain of this place last week.

Wixom Whisperings.

Elnor Clark's baby is ill.

Kathleen Burch will attend school at Lapeer this year.

Mrs. Ada Calkins and daughter of Walled Lake and L. E. Calkins and wife of Lapeer are friends.

School begins Monday with Mrs. Sawyer as principal and V. B. Good as principal teacher.

Miss Marie Hatch of Jackson visited her mother, Mrs. J. B. Hatch, and Mrs. Anna Hatch part of this week.

They McGough and wife of Hathor formerly teachers here were calling on friends at Walled Lake part of this week.

W. G. Price and family and Edwin Burgess made a motor trip to Lansing last Thursday returning Friday night.

Mabel Burgess visited Mrs. Claude Palmer, nee Flossie Wright in Jackson last week Wednesday and Thursday.

Novi News.

A. Atkinson and family are camping at the lake.

Mrs. Walter Coates was in Detroit Monday.

E. J. Verduyn and family motored to Franklin and Birmingham Sunday.

Miss Margaret Verduyn has been entertaining her friend, Miss Irene Strait of Detroit.

Miss Lillian Melow, who is at the Normal college in Detroit, studying shorthand was home Sunday.

Miss Myra West left Monday for Brooklyn N. Y. to resume her duties as a teacher of domestic science.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Beck of Mojave, Calif. spent Saturday and Sunday with Novi friends. Mrs. Beck was formerly Miss Nellie Tibbitts of this place.

C. D. Seebault and family of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Len Shoemaker and Mr. John Swagert of Sanilac county, visited their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. W. Coates, Sunday.

It is reported that our ex-supervisor, H. M. Bogart, is going to take time by the forelock and plat a portion of his Grand River Avenue frontage in to building lots, against the time when Detroit shall extend this far out.

All Novi is aroused over the kidnapping of the three year old daughter of Mrs. T. McCrumb which occurred Wednesday evening. The child was playing about the front yard while the mother visited with a friend on the sidewalk. A big touring car drew up in front of Hammond's ice cream store and the occupants, a woman and a negro, entered the store. When they emerged one of them picked up the child, jumped into the car and drove off. Nothing has yet been heard of the kidnapers or their victim.

SUPT. MISENAR'S

URGENT APPEAL

(Continued from page 1).

directly every day you climb in your struggle for an education. Are you drifting past the high school age, in spite of advice of all who have done the same before you? You also "will not pass again this way," and what you do, you must do at once.

Or both boys and girls our village seems to be contributing regularly its share to the army of "might, have beens." These deluded young people seem unable, or unwilling to profit by the experience of others.

It is true that sometimes it becomes necessary for a student to quit school. For such, we are extremely sorry and will "go the second mile" to assist in "piecing out" their education. What I am saying is to those who drop out from choice, not from necessity. I will add however that what I consider necessity is several degrees warmer than what I have heard called that. I know a girl who worked her way thru high school. Among the other duties was the feeding and watering of a horse, and cleaning the stable. Possibly those who drop out from choice, see the success of a local merchant or banker, who is a self made man, and comparing him with some high school product who became a drifter, decide that education is not necessary. But be assured the self made man would give all his present prosperity, for the chance to go over those years and get a top notch education. I have no doubt even Abraham Lincoln often sighed for the training he was not able to get. As to the high school graduate who became a drifter, we accept our share of the responsibility for the product but plead that it is often difficult to change the leopard's spots.

Next Tuesday our school begins its two hundred day run. This year we want to induce those who have dropped out to re-enter, and complete the high school work. Not a teacher in our school, but will extend every help at his or her command to any conscientious boy or girl who is seeking an education. For the present we are crowded, but thanks to a generous school district will soon be able to accommodate all in a comfortable and roomy building. However, while we have not now, and will not, in our new quarters have any room for lounges, we will enter the girl who needs a place to make room for the red head in earnest student who is "dropped out."

School will open Tuesday Sept. 5, at 8 A. M. Students will get a list of the books to read and be dismissed. Wednes day, regular work will begin. School hours will be as follows: Morning session 8:30-11:30 except in lower grades. Afternoon session 12:45-4:15 except in lower grades.

Occasionally, some one asks us to suggest a student who will do certain work or wishes a steady job. Also there are students in our school who are looking for work. We offer our selves as an employment agency to bring these two together. Please assist us by notifying us of a boyless job. This service is also open to girls.

Being about to enter a new and expensive building, we must take special care to prevent defacement and destruction of this valuable property. Students who are guilty of such offence will be fined. No credit will be given in any subject, until the fine is paid. Parents may assist us by reacting older children to earn the money to pay their own fines.

O. M. MISENAR, Supt.

MAJESTIC THEATRE, DETROIT.

At the Majestic Theatre next week, a new drama written by Anthony P. Kelley, "The Light at Dusk" with Orrin Johnson, as the star, will be the principal attraction. It is heralded as one of the best productions of the season as it was written by the author of "The Soul of a Woman" and staged by Edgar Lewis who was responsible for "The Great Divide". The plot concerns a relentless, pitiless self-seeking peasant in Russia who emigrates to America, becomes a power in the steel mills and grinds down his fellow men. He forgets his own wife and family, to marry a social leader, and it is not until she dies and he is left alone that his conscience assails him and he reforms. The character is an exceedingly strong one, and Mr. Johnson is said to do his greatest work in the leading role. A daring incident in the story is the introduction of the "Stranger", (Christ) into the story and this is handled in a sensational but striking manner. The Majestic program also will include a trombone solo by Morris Cohen, formerly of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, Miss Billie Burke in "Gloria's Romance", a Mutt and Jeff comedy a travelogue and the topical review while at the matinees, starting at 2:15, a Keystone comedy also will be included.

A Cleaning Out of Summer Merchandise

Once more we knife our Shirt
Waist Stock. All go at
(Waists up to \$1.50)

39c

Any House Dress in our Store
at, 79c each

79c

Odds and Ends of Summer Lines, consisting of Kimonos, Dresses, Blouses, Underwear, (Muslin and Gauze,) etc., all on a Bargain

25c

Men's Gauze Underwear, Balbriggan, Vests or Drawers, at
Garment

19c

Pictorial Fashion Sheets for October now Await You FREE.

Kayser Gloves.

American Lady Corsets.

NORTHVILLE,

Ponsford's

MICHIGAN.

ORPHEUM THEATRE, DETROIT.

George H. Primrose, the veteran minstrel who has entertained the public for more than a half century, returns with the minstrel show to the Orpheum theatre next week as the principal attraction for State Fair week. There will be six other acts as usual and a variety of pictures while on Friday night an automobile will be sold to some patron of the house for \$1. George H. Primrose is among the best liked of the few old minstrel who remain on the stage. Two years ago he produced his minstrel act for vaudeville at the Orpheum at the close of his regular road season. Last spring he played his second engagement and latter came to this city with the Friars. There are 10 men in his company and they stage a regulation minstrel first part with end men, soloists, interloper and jokes. The Primrose Quartet and the Primrose Dancers will be seen and the performance will conclude with Mr. Primrose, himself, doing his familiar and nationally known soft shoe dancing in which he always has excelled. It is announced that Mr. Primrose has been induced by his family to finally retire and this is his farewell tour.

When the Tigers Play in Detroit.

Following are the dates for the Tiger ball games in Detroit:
Sept. 2, with Chicago
Sept. 3, 4, 2 G. Cleveland
Sept. 6, 7, 8, 9, with St. Louis.
Sept. 13, 14, 15, with New York.
Sept. 16, 17, 18, with Philadelphia

HILLS BROS' MEAT MARKET

(Successors to F. A. Miller)

CHOICE MEATS
OF ALL KINDS.

POULTRY AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.

Also Highest Market
Prices Paid for all
Kinds of Live Stock.

A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

109 Main St. (Phone 43). NORTHVILLE.

NOT NECESSARY

It is not necessary to eat cold, kitchen-made toast—nor very appetizing. You can serve it as toast always should be served—hot, crisp, and delicious—when you have an

ELECTRIC RADIANT TOASTER

standing before you on the breakfast-table. Beautifully finished in polished nickel and an ornament to the breakfast-table. You can toast two pieces of bread at the same time, while the top may be used to keep the coffee-pot hot. Costs but little to buy, and only a few cents to operate.

NORTHVILLE,

THE-DETROIT EDISON CO.



Maxwell

\$595

Maxwell motor cars have demountable rims and the same size tires on both front and rear wheels.

F.O.B. DETROIT.

REMEMBER these important features, because they are not to be found on some of the lighter cars.

Maxwell cars have 3 1/2 in. tires all around. This is a generous size. The tires are not overtaxed. They last longer and make riding easier.

Tires of one size mean that you have to carry only one size casing and one size tube.

Demountable rims, of course, are recognized as the best. They are on all good cars. Don't buy any car without demountable rims. If you do, you'll regret it.

These two features—along with the other complete and up-to-date equipment; the economy and proved endurance of the Maxwell, make it the greatest automobile value in the world today.

5-passenger Touring Car, \$595

2-passenger Roadster, 580

2-passenger Cabriolet, \$865

6-passenger Town Car, 915

5-passenger Sedan, \$935

Northville Sales Co.



PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
door west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours 1:00 to 8:00 and 8:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon. Office in Lapham State
Bank Building, corner Main and Center
streets. Office hours: 8:00 to
9:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 2:30 p. m. and
6:00 to 7:30 p. m. Phone No. 1.

DR. N. J. MALLOY, PHYSICIAN
and Surgeon. Office in residence
on South Center street. Office hours
1:00 to 4:00 p. m., and 7:00 to 8:30
p. m. Phone 224.

It's Smooth as Silk

A Talcum Powder containing the
least particle of grit or foreign
substance is not a proper powder
to use on baby's tender skin—or
on your own.

Before you accept a toilet pow-
der rub a little on the back of the
hand or on the tender part of the
face—you will easily detect the
presence of grit.

Apply this test to NYAL'S
Toilet Talcum.

—You will notice two things—its
perfect smoothness and a deligh-
tful odor. It is a delightful powder
in every way.

Its smoothness combined with
its antiseptic properties leaves the
skin soft and velvety—and free
from irritation.

25 Cents a Box.

T. E. Murdock

THE CORNER DRUG STORE.
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

FLOWERS.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF
FLOWERS, PLEASE REMEM-
BER DIXON AND PHONE 140 J,
OR CALL IN PERSON

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone

W. L. B. CLARK'S

MILK ROUTE

Sweet and Sour Cream
Furnished on Application.

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE
THEATRE.

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

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

DETROIT
UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farming-
ton and Detroit at 6:20 a. m., and
every hour thereafter until 8:20 p. m.
9:35 p. m. and 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard
Lake and Pontiac only 11:35 p. m.;
for Farmington Junction only 12:35
a. m.

Limited to Detroit at 6:43 a. m. daily
except Sunday.

Cars leave Detroit for Northville at
5:35 a. m. and hourly to 7:35 p. m.,
8:35 p. m. and hourly to 11:05 p. m.;
Limited at 5:00 p. m. daily, except
Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for
Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and
hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To
Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:43
a. m. and hourly to 8:43 p. m.;
also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and
12:09 a. m.

Here At Home.

Northville Citizens Gladly Testify and
Confidently Recommend Doan's
Kidney Pills.

It is testimony like the following
that has placed Doan's Kidney Pills
so far above competitors. When
people right here at home raise their
voice in praise there is no room left
for doubt. Read the public state-
ment of a Northville citizen:
"Mrs. L. Charter, Duhiap street,
Northville, says: 'My experience
with Doan's Kidney Pills has been
such that I highly recommend them.
When my kidneys were out of order
and I had backache, I used Doan's
Kidney Pills and they greatly relieved
me.'"

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that
Mrs. Charter had. Foster-Milburn
Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv't 1

Northville Newslets.

Labor Day Monday.

Only twenty-one days to autumn.

Mrs. C. J. Ball is quite seriously ill.

School days begin Tuesday, Sept. 5.

Get your state fair tickets before
Saturday noon.

Big time at Lake Orion Saturday,
Sunday and Monday. See ad.

Mrs. L. E. Childs of Atlanta, Ga. is
visiting her father, Dr. R. Schuyler.

Better make your railroad trip this
week, you may not be able to next
week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Grinnell are
moving into the rooms over the Palace
Market.

C. A. McCullough has installed a
new furnace in his residence on Cady
street.

Perrin's "Marshall" band went to
Redford last Saturday to help make
music for the "Come-ye-All" day.

Charles A. Sessions and Matt Green
are Northville men whose names are
on the circuit court jury list for the
September term.

Mrs. Mary Predmore has had the
lower Cady street side of her house
repaired and arranged into cozy living
rooms for a small family.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry
German on Center street, South, has
been improved by remodeling and by
the enlargement of the porch.

Mrs. Mary Sinclair who has been in
Grace Hospital since July 31, although
still unable to walk, will be taken to
friends in Pontiac the last of this
week.

Carlton suffered a \$25,000 fire last
week, two entire blocks of store build-
ings being totally destroyed. The
insurance carried was comparatively small.

Lewis Crosby lately underwent an
operation for removal of adoids and
tonsils at Providence hospital, Detroit.
Mrs. C. M. Thornton spent a few days
with him.

The King's Daughters will meet at
the home of Mrs. F. I. Walker Tues-
day afternoon, Sept. 5th, at 3:00
o'clock. After having had quite a
vacation they are looking forward to a
large attendance.

Mrs. Flora Peterson, who was taken
ill at the home of a neighbor a few



If There is Any Errand

The "kids" will do with more
alacrity than another it's
the one with

Ice Cream at the End

Ice Cream and Hot Evenings—
go Well Together.

SEND THE BOYS TONIGHT
AND SEE IF WE'RE NOT RIGHT

AMBLER & SON
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

days ago, is still in very delicate
health.

State Fair begins Monday.

It seems as though they had cut out
summer short.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Power enter-
tained a number of young people at a
supper party Thursday evening.

The city reservoir is rapidly filling
up and by the end of next week ought
to contain enough water to meet all
demands.

A party of Northville young people
are planning a picnic supper and corn
roast at the home of Miss Ora Perkins
Saturday evening.

Dr. J. R. Kestell, accompanied by
his sons, Stanley and Lyle, are mak-
ing an 800-mile auto trip, taking in
the main cities on Lake Erie, Toronto
and Niagara Falls.

Fred Williams of Plymouth, a
brother of George Williams of this
place and a former resident here, was
killed by a Pere Marquette train while
walking along the track last week
Monday at Plymouth.

A strange incident happened at
the primary election Tuesday. Asa
Randolph called for a 'Republican
ballot' and was given No. 87. Then
he called to mind that he was just 87
years of age that very day.

Under the auspices of the Ladies'
Aid society of the Baptist church, a
benefit entertainment will be given in
the Alseum Wednesday, Sept. 27.
Harold Jarvis, the famous 'Detroit
tenor, will sing, and he will bring with
him a reader of ability.

The first beans marketed at Milford
this year brought \$5.00 per bushel.
They were raised by Alfred Garner on
seven acres of ground and the yield
was 55 bushels. The Milford Times
is of the opinion that these were
probably the first new beans threshed
and sold in the state.

One of the brick jaspers at work on
the new school house fell from a scaf-
fold Monday and was considerably
bruised but able to return to work in
a short time. It will be remembered
that while the present High school
building was in the process of erection
one of the carpenters fell and was in-
stantly killed.

The W. C. T. U. held their annual
out-of-door picnic at the home of Mrs.
Geo. Southman Monday afternoon.
There were about 75 present at the
picnic who were entertained by a
program consisting of campaign songs,
recitations and a speech by David
Gage after which a picnic supper was
served to all under the old apple tree.

GIRLS' MILKING CONTEST
AT MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

Young Women Will Compete at Ex-
position on Sept. 8.

Who is the champion milkmaid of
Michigan?
G. W. Dickinson, manager of the
Michigan State Fair, announces that
the girls of the Wolverine State will
have an opportunity to display their
talents as milkmaids at the exposition
which will be held at Detroit Sept. 4
to 13.

The first contest of the kind was
held a year ago at the State Fair, and
nearly a dozen young women compet-
ed for the cash prizes, totaling \$37.50.
According to inquiries being made to
the State Fair management, it is ex-
pected that fifty or more girls will
enter the 1916 contest.

Rules governing the contest set forth
the fact that the contestants must be
under twenty-one years of age and
residents of Michigan. The cows to
be milked by the various contestants
will be drawn by lot just before the
contest, which will be held at 4 p. m.
on Sept. 8.

It is announced that the condition
of each cow, as to showing how carefully
the milking is done, will be considered,
thus showing the skill of the con-
testants.

WILL CONDUCT TEST FOR
DAIRY COWS AT THE FAIR

Michigan Agricultural College to Have
Charge—Special Prizes.

G. W. Dickinson announces that a
test for dairy cows will be conducted
during the State Fair, which will be
held at Detroit Sept. 4 to 13. The de-
tails of the test will be in charge of
the dairy department of the Michigan
Agricultural college. Cash prizes of
\$100 will be awarded for the greatest
production of milk during four days,
at the least cost.

A special prize of \$100 will be given
by A. E. Stevenson of Port Huron, if
the winner in this test is a Shorthorn
cow and \$25 to any Shorthorn cow
which wins a prize in the test.

The Holstein-Friesian Association of
America offers a silver cup to each
prize winner in this test, if a registered
Holstein-Friesian.

Several cows were entered in this
test a year ago and it is expected that
many additional entries will be made
this fall.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Second and Fourth Tuesdays
meeting nights.
F. B. SHAFER, K. of R. & S.
S. W. McLEAN, C. C.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M.
UNION CHAPTER NO. 55
R. A. M.

NORTHVILLE
COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.
ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77
O. E. S.
Regular meeting, Friday,
September 15

VISITORS HERE
AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Frances Yerkes is entertain-
ing Miss Eyanda Wright of Detroit.

Mrs. S. A. Addie of Seattle, Wash.
is visiting at the home of Franz S.
Power and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Penfield of De-
troit were Northville visitors yester-
day, motoring out in their new Olds 8.

Sunday guests at the D. M. Herrick
home were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lat-
tiner and daughter, Hula, and Mr.
Doegnes, all of Detroit.

Mrs. Will Hepinstaff and daughter,
Beah, of Saginaw, visited this week
at the home of her brother, J. B.
Cook and sister Mrs. Robt. McCurdy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Morehouse
motored over from Fenton Sunday to
spend the day with T. G. Richardson
and family. While here they visited
the F. P. Simmons' orchards. Mr.
Morehouse being extensively engaged
in the fruit business himself. The
Simmons' orchards are in splendid
shape this season and promise a rich
harvest.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)
Services will be reopened in the
Presbyterian church Sunday, Sept. 3.
Dr. W. T. Jacques, superintendent of
church extension, of the Detroit
Presbytery, will speak both morning
and evening. A special appeal is
made for a large attendance because
of Dr. Jacques' visit.

The first regular fall meeting of the
Westminster Guild will be held at the
home of Miss Margaret Yerkes Wed-
nesday evening Sept. 6.

The Presbyterian Aid society will
meet at the home of Mrs. Charles
Coldren Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 6,
at 2 p. m. Business of importance.

CARD OF THANKS.

I desire to thank the friends, neigh-
bors, Ladies' Aid, King's Daughters;
also the Drs. Holcomb for the beauti-
ful flowers sent me during my illness.
MRS. DAISY L. CARD

RESOLUTION.

RESOLVED, That the Village of
Northville will pay to any person or
persons furnishing evidence leading
to the arrest of any person or per-
sons, selling intoxicating liquors
within said Village at retail without
a license the sum of one hundred
dollars.

And further, that said Village will
pay to any person, or persons, fur-
nishing evidence upon which any per-
son, or persons, shall be convicted of
the offense of selling intoxicating
liquors at retail within said village
without a license, the sum of two
hundred (\$200.00) dollars.

BY ORDER VILLAGE COUNCIL

PLACE YOUR ACCOUNT

with us and in return you will get all
that a good bank can give. Your in-
terests will have our most careful
attention. Large and small accounts
given the same consideration.

Interest on Savings Deposits for the
full time.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Michigan.

OUR
NEW FALL SCHOOL SHOES

Are Ready for Your Inspection.

**QUALITY RIGHT.
STYLE RIGHT.
PRICES RIGHT.**

We have a few pairs of Ladies' \$3.00 and
\$3.50 Oxfords that we are closing out at **\$1.98**

STARK BROTHERS

NORTHVILLE, MICH. THE SHOEMEN.

SCHOOL ANNOUNCEMENT

1916

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SUPPLIES FOR
NORTHVILLE AND DISTRICT SCHOOLS
ARE NOW IN STOCK. WE THINK WE
HAVE ENOUGH ON HAND TO SUPPLY
EVERYBODY. WE SOLICIT YOUR PAT-
RONAGE FOR ALL YOUR SCHOOL NEEDS.

SCHOOL BOOKS WILL BE SOLD FOR
CASH ONLY.

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

SPRING BROOK DAIRY

Our Milk and Cream is of the Highest Quality and our Facilities
for Handling our Dairy Product are Second to None.

Telephone 399 J. G. K. SCHOOF, Prop'r.

A Remarkable Growth

From

1906

to

1916

In 1906, a few small rooms in the Breitmeyer Building.
In 1916, the entire three-story Institute Building on Cass Avenue also a business
school in Pontiac occupying the second and third floor of the Howland Opera
House block, also a school in Mt. Clemens occupying the entire second floor of the
Institute Building opposite the public library.

In 1906, an equipment of a dozen typewriters.
In 1916, two hundred and eighty machines all standard makes and latest models.
Other equipment representing an investment more than twice as great as that of
any other business school in Michigan.

In 1906, an enrollment of about two hundred students.
In 1916, actual attendance during the year considerably over two thousand.

In 1906, three teachers.
In 1916, a faculty of thirty-seven teachers, officers and assistants.

TODAY we have in Detroit the largest, best equipped business training
school in Michigan, with high-grade, modern schools conducted
also in Pontiac and Mt. Clemens.

YOU KNOW that this remarkable growth IN TEN YEARS would not have
been possible if the Institute did not render superior service.

A free employment department receiving from two hundred to three hundred
calls per month from the best business offices in Detroit.

Phone or write for beautiful illustrated catalog just received from the printer.

The Business Institute

163-169 Cass Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

HOWLAND BLOCK, PONTIAC.

INSTITUTE BLDG., MT. CLEMENS.

One of These Country Girls

By PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

They sat shoulder deep in the bracken, heedless of the night dew—a man and a girl, she in his arms. He had thrown away his cigar so that all his attention might be upon her.

There was no doubt she was well let us say, as her cheek against his shoulder, she gazed up at him with parted lips and shining eyes half closed. Once she asked shyly:

"You ain't—you ain't glad, are you Mr. Blane?"

His answer was a chain of hot kisses which he pressed about her throat. And then he murmured foolish words without meaning, as is the way of men when they are drunk of the scent of a woman's hair.

Suddenly there came a faint sound from the direction of the farmhouse. The girl began to struggle in his arms. "Oh, you mustn't stop!" she gasped.

He would have helped her, but she was already on her feet.

Back from the roadside through the bracken to the barbed wire fence she bounded and stood listening, her fingers on the topmost wire.

"They'll be wondering where I am," she whispered as he joined her. "I better be gone."

"No, not yet! Haven't you forgotten something?"

His throat felt hot, and his voice sounded unusually hoarse to him.

"What?" she demanded quickly.

"Why, I've got to leave day after tomorrow."

It was a potent argument.

When he reached out his arms she let him have his way, until again through the night came a sound, shrill this time, and unmistakable.

"Get up! Oh, get up!"

"Quick! Lemme go!" pleaded the girl, pushing from him. "Why Mr. Blane, I believe you're cold. You shivered."

The man protested, but the girl put her hands to his shoulders and turned up the collar of his coat.

"Are you going out in the morning?" she asked.

"I've got to. I came after ducks, you know. I've got to have a few to take home with me."

"You take her over you don't catch more cold!" warned the girl. "Now ain't you going to play me a boat?"

Blane helped her over the fence.

"Tomorrow night?" he panted, keeping hold of her.

She nodded.

"Is that all you can say?"

She hum, her head and joining close to him again with a radiant smile, since the words he vainly wished to hear.

As the last twinkling visible hung on her lips she saw from him and ran across the field in the direction of the lake.

He strode back to the road. From his inside pocket he drew a handful of cash.

Two of them were crushed upon—whereas he chuckled grimly. Life a thrill was visible.

With it in his teeth he walked up the road a little way, for he did not want to return until Gertrude had been in some time.

Presently with a gesture of invitation, he turned away the car. The smoke had increased the burning in his throat.

"I'm a fool!" he exclaimed. "A dog-gone fool!"

And he was thinking now, not of the cigar, but of the girl, the scent of whose hair had intoxicated him.

When he entered the house, the family were evidently in the kitchen.

Mrs. Schneider had let a lamp for him by the foot of the stairs, and he ascended at once to his room. Before going to bed he wrote a doubtful note to his wife.

He addressed it simply to "Eloise Blane," for he knew that when Gertrude came in the morning to make his bed she would find the letter and read it to her brother, Oscar, who was married in the village.

Gertrude was an intelligent girl. She would likely have understood "Mr. Franklin Blane" while "Eloise Blane"—that might mean anything: sister, aunt or even distant cousin.

He was glad he did not have to write much for his head ached tired out, he guessed.

At 1 a. m., in prompt answer to the rattle of his alarm clock, he dressed and after filling his whisky flask from a tall bottle, took his gun and left the house.

The night it seemed to him, was unusually cold. He must have been cold ever since going to bed, for his headache persisted and his feet were like ice.

He stamped them on the springy earth as he made his way through the woods back of the farm down to the lake. Heavy clouds overcast the sky, deepening the darkness under the trees.

It was well that he knew the path, else he might have had difficulty in finding the canvas duck boat that lay where he had left it among the sedges.

He tugged vigorously at the oars, so that the light craft had soon crossed

ed the rippling open water, and was sliding through the black, confusing channels of the wild rice beds.

In these vast labyrinths of weeds and weed-clogged water it is easy to lose one's way, for the wild rice in autumn stands higher than a man. But Blane in the three weeks he had passed at the farmhouse by Lake Beau, had learned the landmarks.

He could almost have told his direction from the contours of the dark masses of trees that lay against the phosphorescent luminosity of the sky, away off toward the shore.

Once his oar struck a big, garfish that had been dozing near the top of the water. In its fright it leaped squarely against the boat, and Blane was so startled he nearly lost an oar among the submerged vegetation which made rowing so difficult.

But the incident served to wake him up; he began to think of the ducks—how they come like specters out of the morning mists, and how the gun leaps for joy at the command of the finger.

With the first faint light of dawn, the sport began. Blane crouching in the boat behind his "blind" would see the birds when they were but specks in the mist that ascended from the marsh.

The specks swiftly grew to spheroidal bodies enveloped in a haze of beating wings, and then the report of the gun rolled out over the wild rice. In the excitement of shooting Blane forgot his headache.

Gray dawn opened into gray morning, and by the time he judged the last brace of teal had passed it was full day, and he set about gathering in his spoils.

In the open water this was simple enough. One after another he lifted the birds into the boat, sixteen of them, all glistening with wet necks, long and limp, feathers ruffled where the shot had entered but not blood-stained.

There were two, however, which had tumbled far to one side, in an expanse of weed-clogged water almost impossible to penetrate. Only by using one oar as a pole was Blane able to pry himself toward them.

After he had picked up the nearer one, it was still some fifteen feet to the second. Just behind him was an overgrown stump, very old, that rose like a great tumbled head above the water, with sprays of grass growing in its crevices.

Against this he placed the end of the oar and shoved with all his might. The boat lurched, it came so sudden to a stop that he barely saved himself from toppling overboard.

A glance told him all. He had run on to a submerged snag. Water was rushing into the boat through a long slash in the canvas.

Blane swore gently to himself. Then, watching the water climb higher and higher around his ankles, he swore louder and repeated: "But there was no even time for profanity."

In a minute more he would have found himself sinking quietly into the marsh. By way of stimulation, he decided his fish and flung it savagely at the malevolent duck which had led him into this snare. The bird was not scared.

It answered his slap with a flap, as a man might, he would not be silent. He opened his mouth and uttered a series of "A" glances. But with a series of sickening splashes the boat was already sinking.

There was only one chance. He made a dash for the nearest stump.

He dropped his gun, placed a foot on the stern of the boat and leaped.

As soon as the first chill heft of the water passed off, he began to splash toward the goal.

To swim was impossible because of the water weeds.

He tried to touch bottom with his feet, but they only became more entangled in that treacherous vegetation.

Masses of water weeds clogged heavily about his chest, some filled his ears and lapped at his mouth.

But by reaching a hand at arms length in front of him and striking desperately downward, he found he was able to make some progress and after an exhaustive struggle, he did actually reach the stump and climb out upon it.

Revived by a moment of resting, he was somewhat inclined to laugh.

It seemed to him ridiculous to be reached out there all alone, like a turtle on a log in the center of a wind-rice marsh. But the cool wind, which began to go through his wet clothes as if they had been netting quicky brought home to him the truth of his situation.

Unless something extraordinary happened, he was likely to have to remain a good long time huddled in that selfsame stump.

Immediately uncomfortable thrills began to course up and down his spine.

In five minutes he was shivering violently. His head throbbed with pain, and despite his shivering, he hardly knew whether it was from heat or cold he suffered.

To a robust man who has experienced little of illness nothing is so terrifying as the discovery that his pulses are drumming at double speed, that his throat burns, and that his skin is growing abnormally dry and hot.

Blane was taken with a panic. He recalled his headaches, and his various sensations of the night and of the day before. He even blamed Gertrude for having kept him out there in the wet bracken.

It was three weeks since he first set eyes on her, and in the last week

of those three he had spent part of every evening in her company.

The speed with which he had brought her to the desired state of compliance did not surprise him, for he considered himself an adept in these matters.

At the club it was a favorite saying of his that "One woman does not make a summer."

He quite understood the force of the impression which he, as a city man of strong will and a certain polish, was able to make on simple country girls.

There were good reasons not entirely understood by the members of his family, why he always went duck shooting alone, and each year in a different locality. But this Gertrude—magnetic little thing—he had believed he really liked, as much as a man can like one of these curious, earnest, unreasonable creatures.

Now she had repaid him by keeping him out in the deadly night dews of the Croppie country. But she must have known a city man could not stand that sort of thing!

"Why, she had let him catch a fever! And fevers are sometimes fatal. Well, since she had got him into this mess, she better come and get him out of it! Yet he knew how little this was likely."

The Schneiders were not a worrying sort. Their boarders might be absent two or three days at a time without giving them the least alarm, as long as enough baggage remained to cover the board bill.

So Blane cursed the whole lot of them for their unnatural indifference.

After a while he became calmer. His head cooled, he felt somewhat weak, but he knew he must try to do something, he could see that very clearly.

All around him lay the marsh, with here a patch of waving, green-gray wild rice, there, a clump of lily pads of an expanse of black water.

The distant shores were rich with autumnal reds and yellows and bronzes, softly blended under a haze of purple.

Near by, level with the surface, lay the duck pond. The ducks he had shot were floating within it, more grave some row than adrift.

Finding in none of these observations any offer of hope, Blane leaned down and felt the water.

He was so cramped with cold that it seemed to him the water was warmer than the air. At least he could escape the wind!

Painfully he let himself down beside the stump until he was submerged to his neck, supporting himself by hanging to a root of the stump.

At first the sensation was luxurious, but by the end of an hour he became fully aware of a numbness. His skin felt as if it were crumpling all over him.

He was considering vaguely what to do when he felt a violent shock. In his drowsiness he had allowed his head to sink until he had bristled up water. His subsequent choking and coughing stimulated him to the fact that he was in fact able to exert a certain output of effort, to clamber up to his old position on the stump.

Then came the wind through his wet clothes again and the accompanying fits of shivering. He tried to get up but he thought he would kill himself. Prolonged tremors traversed his quivering body.

He tried to get up and cry out in the vain hope that somebody would hear him, but he was hardly aware of his own voice.

Finally, in a fit of yawning weakness, he sank like a bag across a crock of roots, and lay quite still.

There are moments between sleeping and waking when it seems that nothing could be so sweet, in life or beyond it, as a state of undreaming semiconsciousness!

Thus did it seem to Blane when, an indefinite time later he began to realize that something was disturbing him. Yes! Something had hold of his arm! He was being shaken!

At first he did not remember where he was; but as his sensations of pain and stiffness quickened, reminding him only too vividly of his hopeless plight he became alarmed.

What was it had hold of his arm?

With difficulty he turned his head, and found himself looking up into the face of Gertrude.

Her features were somewhat distorted, he thought, but there was no doubt it was Gertrude. She was speaking to him.

Without knowing or caring what she was saying, he smiled at her, closed his eyes and let her drag him where she would.

When he awoke he was in his bed in his room at the Schneider farm.

A stranger with a white beard was sitting beside him, holding a watch. The watchman spoke was drawn so that he could not see very well what was going on.

(To be continued)

Worth Considering

"I'm going to a summer hotel that makes a specialty of good things to eat. The manager is a heart, 300 pounds and his wife is the scales at more than 200 pounds."

"Still I wouldn't jump to conclusions. How do you know they eat there?"

A bathing suit that shrinks every time it is worn may not be improved.

Marriage is not a success story. It is a long and tedious way what they are tied up to be.

NEW NAVAL ATTACHE GOES TO LONDON



Capt. W. D. McDougall.

Capt. W. D. McDougall, formerly of the president yacht Mayflower, but recently on duty at the naval observatory, has been assigned to duty in London as naval attache of the United States embassy, succeeding Commander Powers Symington. Captain McDougall's father, the late Gen. Clinton McDougall, was several years ago a member of congress from New York.

Foolish Spending

"Dear," said Mrs. Minicute, looking across at him when the other had left. "I wish you could let me have \$10 over and above the house money this week."

"It has been a rather hard month, but I suppose I can spare you any objection to telling me what you contemplate doing with all that money?"

"I am going to spend it foolishly," she replied.

"Absolutely foolishly?"

"That being the case you may certainly have it. This spending money foolishly appeals to me. If I had not spent \$10 foolishly not long ago I would make it twenty later on, wouldn't you?"

"You? How?"

"Quite a long time ago a sweet appearing little bit of a woman with a beautiful baby came up to the dentist across the hall from me. He was engaged and every chair in his waiting room was occupied, so this little lady came into my office and asked to be permitted to sit there for a while. You know how wild I am about beautiful babies. I am afraid I admired her baby rather extravagantly. Anyhow, every time she visited the dentist until her baby was born she brought the baby in for me to see, so that we became well acquainted in a casual way."

"The baby?"

"Yes. One day when I returned to my office the stenographer told me that the little lady with the baby had called and had left a telephone number, and I had asked her to call up when I came in. I called up and she said she would come out there to see me at a certain hour. I went out immediately."

"And she?"

"Certainly. I found that her home was a neat little cottage and she was sitting out in the porch swing when I arrived. I was glad to see that the baby, which she held in her arms was a real beauty. A long story short, her husband had gone to Kansas City, where his mother lived, in order to sign up some papers that would permit her to sell off some property."

"And you believed that?"

"I expect I must have. But, you see I was looking at the baby then and she was looking at me, just as she talked."

"I see the picture."

"She had just received a letter from her husband telling her that he was in London and to please come to him at once. He had sent her plenty of money the preceding week, but she had spent a considerable amount of it on finery for the baby."

"So she asked you to—"

"No. He did not. I felt her to be and asked her how much."

"Oh, I said."

"She said '\$10 would be plenty, so I let her have the \$10. I should have received that money on the 10th of the month if she had kept her word."

"O-o-o-h! Was her name Llewellyn?"

"Yes, but how—"

"I received a \$10 bill thru the mail on the 10th, with just a card with her name on it. I forgot to mention it."

"Of course you did, but you didn't forget to spend it. Now, I've been doing that little woman a great injustice. What do you want of ten more dollars?"

"If you must know it was to get you some perfectly beautiful earrings for your birthday. The man is going to bring them today. He smuggled them into the country without paying duty on them and—"

"Gee whizz! Of all the easy marks the women are the worst! Take the ten and get a dress pattern. I have sworn off smoking. You told the truth when you said you were going to spend it foolishly all right."

BRIDES ELECT PAY ONE THIRD ON GOWNS THAT DIDN'T ARRIVE

Now They're Wondering How They'll Get Trousseau in Time for Vedo Days

Greenville, Ala.—If a dozen brides elect in Greenville, whose wedding gowns were set for the next few weeks are in an embarrassing position because they haven't any wedding gowns and little time is left to get them. It all came about by the visit of a young man of attractive demeanor who stopped at the best hotel in here and soon made the acquaintance of several leading citizens. By this means he obtained audiences and displayed a tempting line of samples purporting to come from "Chicago tailoring establishment." He offered unusually low prices and liberal conditions and engaged a local seamstress to make any necessary alterations when the garments arrived. The goods and trimmings were "just too lovely" for anything in the view of many of Greenville's young ladies, including several brides elect, who willingly advanced the one third in cash.

The salesman had to hurry to the next town, and neither he nor the stunning gowns have been heard from since.

Mariar's Last Hour

Mariar was going for a week to the housework had stood still, "because," as Mrs. Woodside said, "you can't ask a maid to do anything when she's leaving."

For a week the kitchen range had been cold, likewise the water tub beside it, and there being no gas heater in the Woodside home, the grownups had contented themselves with cold baths and the children with such purification as could be accomplished with occasional hot-water teakettles of hot water. "I ought to have Mariar start the fire," said the Mistress, "but it means bringing up coal from the cellar and I'm afraid to ask her."

The hour of Mariar's departure had arrived. She lazed thru the breakfast dishwashing, then disappeared upstairs to pack. Mrs. Woodside went into the deserted kitchen and said, "Now I'll have a fine and boilerful of hot water at last!" She brought kindling and coal from the lower regions, she built the fire and stoked it for an hour, until the water tank gave out a grateful heat. Then she went to look for Mariar.

The outgoing maid was not in her room. Mrs. Woodside came down from the third floor, perplexed. Could Mariar have gone without saying good by?

Then from behind the closed door of the bathroom came the joyous sounds of one luxuriating in a porcelain tub filled with glorious hot water. Mariar was taking a bath.

An Expensive Shade

When a trolley conductor on the night turn woke up one afternoon his industrious little wife brought out for his admiration a lamp shade made of colored tissue paper. She had made it with her own hands, and its scalloped border was perforated with innumerable little holes, thru which the light of a parlor lamp would fall on the table.

"Tell me if you don't think it prettier," she said, holding the shade out for the husband to inspect.

"It looks lovely," began the man; but as he looked at it more closely he turned pale and said, "You made these holes with my belt punch?"

"Yes, dear, while you were asleep. But what is the matter?" asked his wife.

"Oh, nothing," he murmured, faintly; "you've only rung up enough fares on that lamp shade to mortgage my year's salary. Every one of these holes will cost me five cents, that's all."

The man who hands out free advice to others always goes elsewhere for his own.

When a man says a bright thing he nearly always forgets the quotation marks.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

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12-14

Gene Byrnes

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BIG DISAGREEMENT SOON FOLLOWS

Matter Gets into Court—Wild Story of Yarn Told by Indian

Effingham, Ill.—A story equalling any of the thrillers of the movies, including a ten year hunt for a hidden Aztec treasure, was revealed here in Justice's court when William McCaw, a prominent Effingham county farmer, was arraigned on a charge of assault.

For ten years it became known McCaw and a party of Robinson, Ill. citizens have been digging on McCaw's Effingham county farm for a hidden Aztec treasure.

Several hundred years ago when Cortez settled in Mexico, he confiscated all the treasure of the Aztec Indians. A few, however, escaped and came North. They built several mounds, it is contended, in Western and Southern Illinois. In Union Township, this county, there is such a mound.

Twenty years later, according to the story told in court, McCaw was standing on a street corner in Robinson, Ill. fumbling a curious stone, bearing Indian inscriptions. He was approached by an Indian chief. The sight of the stone greatly affected the Indian. In broken sentences he told the mystery of the stone, declaring it was an Aztec treasure stone, and revealed the hidden place of unknown wealth.

It was contended at the trial that the Indian dropped dead due to the excitement, after his revelation of the stone. Following the information given by the Indian, McCaw came to Effingham county and purchased the farm on which the mound is located in Union Township.

He began digging, worked many years and spent a good sized fortune, but was unsuccessful.

A few months ago a party of Robinson citizens, learning of his purpose, came to McCaw with a proposition to aid in the search for the treasure. In connection with an agreement to divide the treasure McCaw was to receive \$10 per month for allowing them to dig on his farm.

The party, including McCaw, labored day and night for weeks.

Finally the searchers came to a heavy slab of rock, which thus far has withstood several varieties of explosives. It was believed that the treasure was beneath this rock.

Then, it is contended, McCaw, seeing a great wealth in his grasp, broke his original agreement and demanded they move from his farm at the point of a knife.

One man resisted. McCaw grasped him around the throat and was about to sink the knife into him. It is said when the stranger told how he had saved McCaw from freezing in a blizzard years before in Montana.

Upon hearing that the stranger was his rescuer, McCaw released him and decided that the best way to decide the search for the treasure would be to place it in court. The charge against McCaw in court here was dropped when he announced a compromise, by which they agreed to return to the mound, which is supposed to hold the treasure. Before the contending slab of stone is upturned, in the presence of the sheriff and attorneys for both sides, a new satisfactory working agreement will be made.

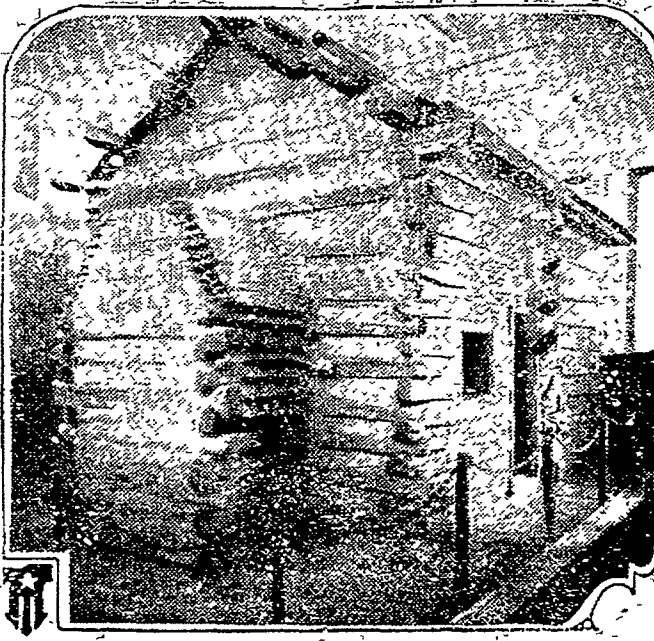
The average married man might not object to playing second violin if the orchestra to which he belongs would give only private performances.

Nature cannot jump from winter to summer without a spring, nor from summer to winter without a fall.

After a man gets about so full he can make himself believe that other men think he is perfectly sober.

The average man knows how to do another man's work better than he knows how to do his own.

LINCOLN LOG CABIN WILL BE ACCEPTED BY PRESIDENT WILSON SEPTEMBER



Log cabin in which Great Emancipator was born.

LOUISVILLE, (Special)—When President Wilson comes to Hodgenville, Boone County, Kentucky on September fourth to accept in the name of the people of the United States the Lincoln Farm and Lincoln Memorial Hall, which contains the log cabin in which the Great Emancipator was born, he will be the third chief executive of the nation to pay homage at this national shrine.

With the President will come a number of United States Senators, Congressmen, and public officials who have taken an active interest in preserving the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi is on the program for an address on "Abraham Lincoln and the South." Robert J. Collier, the New York publisher, chairman of the executive committee of the Lincoln Farm Association will formally present the deed to the Lincoln Farm to the nation. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker will speak in acceptance of the gift.

President Wilson has indicated that his speech will not contain any reference whatever to the political questions of the day.

Lincoln Farm was purchased by Mr. Collier August 25, 1906 at a commissioner's sale at the court house door in Hodgenville for \$3,600, it having been sold by order of the court for taxes. Shortly thereafter the cabin in which Lincoln was born, and which had been exploited the country over by a showman, was purchased by Mr. Collier and returned to its original position on the farm. It was then that the Lincoln Farm Association was formed and to which Mr. Collier deeded the farm and log cabin to be held in trust for the nation.

Over the entrance door to Memorial Hall are inscribed the following words: "Here over the Log Cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born deeded to preserve the Union and to free the slave the third people have dedicated this memorial to duty, peace, and brotherhood. The date is 1906. Upon the marble walls within are set the words of Lincoln and the Lincoln Amnesty. A heart of Lincoln cherishes the cabin which is kept as a sacred memory for the people of the country and no one is allowed to break through into the shrine."

A War Barometer

"Shut up!" growled Olgum, to his friend Bazook. "I don't want to talk about the war!"

"Well, I don't care whether you do or not. This is the only chance I've had to express myself in a whole month. Our cook is an importation, and we don't want to offend her, so we can't breathe a word around the house."

"This war isn't nearly as important to our family, however, as our cook is. So we don't want to say anything that can give her the slightest grounds for offense. We can go and whisper among ourselves when there are developments, but she is always on the alert even for that, and it is liable to affect the biscuits."

"When our good Theresa is feeling bad about the struggle, the biscuits are also gloomy and heavy and sad, whereas if the news is good the biscuits are airy and pleasant."

You can't imagine how biscuits become imbued with the humor of the cook. Now, when a new nation mobilizes, Theresa's lips begin to pout, and her spirits to droop.

"And the biscuits do likewise!"

"Well, they are gritty and sour."

"And are the biscuits uncertain when the news is?"

"No, her cooking is naturally good, and unless there is bad news she is the best cook in the United States. But we have to do a little censoring ourselves once in a while. When the news is bad we ditch the paper, if we possibly can, and when the news is agreeable we place the paper before her. It is a hard job to sidetrack the paper, however, for she is generally out watering the lawn when the paper boy comes, and she grabs the sheet."

"So we don't need a paper to ascer-

tain how things are faring with the conflict and the alliance. We can tell from watching Theresa's face. All we need to do is to watch her varying expressions. If we can't see her face we can still tell by her back."

"Does it go up like a mad cat?"

"No, but there is a certain rigid expression that it takes on when her fellow countrymen are making a desperate struggle and things look bad, and there is also a sort of relaxation when things are going well."

"At first I wanted to see the English and their Allies win, but not any more I want to see the Kaiser win now."

"Why? How's that?"

"I want to keep my good cook. I don't want her to get the idea that it is necessary for her to go over to Europe and help."

Thought He Meant Her

It was their honeymoon trip to London, and the first time they had ever been out of Lancashire.

As they waited on the platform at St. Pancras for the guard to bundle their boxes out of the van the young bride and bridegroom were manifestly embarrassed.

Then an inside porter came up and asked:

"Can I look after yer baggage for yer, mister?"

The red blood mounted to the young bride's cheeks, and turning on her Lubby she demanded:

"Well, well, well! If ye ain't a goin' to thrash him for returnin' to me like that, ye're no man, George!"

When a man tells a rich widow that she is all the world to him he may be trying to work the world for a living.

A man can never judge how old a woman is by hearing her tell her age.

Youth is going to do things tomorrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

Old Shoes

"I wish you would look a rose" the street" exclaimed Mrs. Chuddick. Chuddick came and looked.

"Do you see that old pair of shoes in the gutter?" said Mrs. Chuddick. "Isn't that a awful way to ornament the front of a house? Wouldn't the city look nice strewn with old shoes from one end of it to the other?"

"What's the significance of it, anyway?" asked Chuddick. "This isn't Christmas. I have heard that the Dutch put out old shoes for Santa Claus to fill. But this isn't Holland, either, so I don't understand it. Perhaps the people living there don't know that their shoes have escaped. Or perhaps there is a child visiting there and the child has been cutting its teeth on them."

"No, they must have been put there for the street cleaners to pick up when they come along," said Mrs. Chuddick. "There's a theory that the street cleaners come along and carry away all dirt from the gutters. According to theory, the street cleaners come every day, but those shoes have been there days!"

"I know it! Those two old shoes look quite pathetic! They have seen their master well and now they are turned out into the street! I am surprised the trimmers, eccentric as they are, would have old shoes on guard in front of their palace for several days! Perhaps they don't know they are there. Do you think we should tell them?"

"No they must think we were coin-

planning. "I have it! Trimmer threw them at a cat! All he seems to think is that they should have landed side by side, like that! If I could be sure that he had thrown them at a cat I would place them there in his front steps, where he could get them back, for he must have them again. As you often tell me, 'On, look at this! I had the shoes that once I threw away.' But whether a dog brought them there or not, some dog will probably happen along and demolish them tomorrow. They will no longer offend your eye!"

"I find I begin to see why they are there," said Mrs. Chuddick. "Miss Trimmer set them out there so some needy wayfarer could pick them up and wear them!"

"A very pretty custom!" declared Chuddick. "But no one gets my old shoes, no matter how needy he may be. I think too much of them. However, we might hang a couple of old straw hats or my bathing suit on the tree in front of our house for some poor fellow."

A Puzzle

"I'm up against it all right," said Tompkins to his neighbor, Footin. "The canary's dead. My wife was very particular about that bird and I said I would take good care of it during her absence. She will think I don't love her very much to let her beautiful bird die."

"Don't let it worry you," said Footin. "That's easy. The day before your wife gets back go and buy a new bird and she'll never know the difference. One canary is as good as another."

"Well, I never paid enough attention to the confounded bird to notice particularly what size it was. I couldn't pick out another just like it."

"Go get the dead one and take it to the bird man and have it duplicated. That's easy."

"But the bird is clean gone. The cat ate it!"

"Gee whiz! That is bad. Go to the same dealer she bought it from and he will, perhaps, remember and duplicate it."

"I do not know where she bought it."

"Well, then, buy any big, fat canary that will be safe. She will think you were smart to take such skillful care of her bird as to make it big and fat. You will make quite a hit with her."

"Of course if you were to go and buy a thin, measly canary, she would think you were not good. But by pointing with pride to a big fat one you can be safe. You must get a good singer; a better singer than the old one was. That will make a hit, too, and you can tell her something like this: 'In order to let the best results the singing canary should be fed with care. I find that the best results are obtained by feeding—'

"Wait a minute. Our bird might not have been all yellow. There may have been some black marks on it. What about that? As soon as she sees there are no black marks on the bird she will hold me up in scorn."

"Not necessarily. You can tell her that by scientific feeding you have been able to eliminate all blemishes, and she will think you are a wonder. One will be so impressed with your superior efficiency that she will turn the care of the canary over to you for all time."

"That's all very well, but I don't know whether the bird was male or female and my wife does it she goes away leaving a male bird and comes back finding it a female bird. She'll be pretty mad at me for pulling black art on her dear little husband. It won't tell any kind of a hit at all."

"Then the only thing you can do is burn the house down."

"I can't even do that for she'll blame me for not saving her poor little bird."

Our idea of a hustler is a man who can work as fast as a dog as he can dress in a cold room in the morning.

OPPORTUNITIES—For You—IN TOLEDO



The city offers many opportunities for steady, profitable employment. Toledo is growing rapidly and there are unbounded possibilities for you.

"ABC" — "ABC" — "ABC" — "ABC"

GIRLS WANTED

EVERY GIRL should learn a good trade, and be independent for life married or single, young or old.

The making of high grade Toilet Brushes and Mirrors is a good trade.

The work is clean and interesting, and there is always work to be had.

Living wages are paid, even to the beginner. And big pay for the expert.

To learn and secure a permanent position, apply in person, or by letter to

THE AMES-BONNER COMPANY

Makers of Toilet Brushes and Mirrors
Ottawa Street foot of Summit, near the very heart of the big shopping district.

TOLEDO, OHIO

"ABC" — "ABC" — "ABC" — "ABC"

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TO RUN POWER MACHINES
ON UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WORK

THE HETRICK BROS. CO.
HOAG ST. AND FERNWOOD AVE.

TOLEDO, OHIO

TAKE DORR ST. CAR

WANTED

GIRLS FOR FACTORY WORK
AMERICAN CAN CO.

CITY PARK AVENUE AND HAMILTON ST.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Judicious use of "soft soap" has prevented many a black eye.

It's easier to get a bad reputation than to keep a good one.

Even a little miss may make a big hit when she grows up.

Ambition is the thing that boosts a man up the ladder.

GIRLS WANTED

\$8 MINIMUM; \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18 TO GIRLS OF EXPERIENCE AND PROPER EFFICIENCY

Working conditions exceptionally good—light and air from all sides, and volumes of cool, washed air thrown into the workroom continually through our ventilating system. Our work is dependable the year around. We have no slack seasons. Fifty to 32 hours per week. We close our workrooms Saturday noon.

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TOLEDO, OHIO
Launderers—Dry Cleaners

GIRLS WANTED

For Factory Work

Best of working conditions in new factory. 9 hours per day. Saturday afternoon off. Steady employment. Beginner make \$8.00 per week. After learning operators make \$12.00 to \$14.00 per week on piece work. Bring this ad with you to

The Electric Auto-Lite Co.

Champion and Chestnut St.

TOLEDO, OHIO

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WE ARE CONSTANTLY IN NEED OF BRIGHT, INTELLIGENT GIRLS IN OUR OPERATING DEPT. APPLICANTS MUST BE TRAINED AND PAID WHILE LEARNING. THE WORK IS PLEASANT AND INTERESTING. WILL FINISH RE-TRAINING AND REST ROOMS.

OHIO STATE TELEPHONE CO.
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TOLEDO, O.

50 GIRLS WANTED

TO MAKE DRESSES AND APRONS

ON POWER MACHINES

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THE KING MANUFACTURING CO.

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Michigan Distributors

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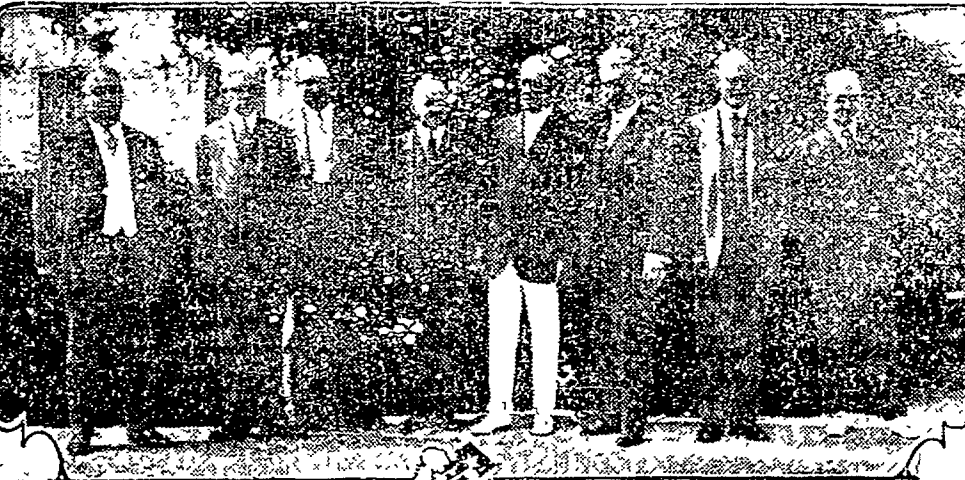


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Left to right: Judge Albert R. Norton, St. Louis; J. H. A. Hopkins, New Jersey; Henry M. Wallace, Detroit; Vance McCormick, chairman Democratic national committee; President Wilson; Bainbridge Colby, New Jersey; Matthew Hale, Massachusetts; Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty.

One of These Country Girls

By PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.

They sat shoulder deep in the bracken, heedless of the night dew—a man and a girl, she in his arms. He had thrown away his cigar so that all his attention might be upon her.

There was no doubt she was—well let us say magic, as her cheek against his shoulder, she gazed up at him with parted lips and shining eyes half closed. Once she asked shyly:

"You ain't—yourn't glad, are you Mr. Blane?"

His answer was a chain of hot kisses which he pressed about her throat. And then he murmured foolish words without meaning, as is the way of men when they are drunk on the scent of a woman's hair.

Suddenly there came a faint sound from the direction of the farmhouse. The girl began to struggle in his arms. "Oh, you mustn't stop!" she gasped.

He would have helped her, but she was already on her feet.

Back from the roadside through the bracken to the barbed wire fence she bounded and stood listening, her fingers on the topmost wire.

"They'll be wondering where I am," she whispered as he joined her. "I better be going."

"No, not yet! Haven't you forgotten something?"

His throat felt hot, and his voice sounded unusually hoarse to him.

"What?" she demanded quickly.

"Why, I've got to leave day after tomorrow."

It was a potent argument.

When he reached out his arms she let him have his way, until again through the night came a sound, still this time, and unmistakable.

"Gertrude! On Gertrude!"

"Quick! Lemme go!" pleaded the girl, pushing from him. "Why Mr. Blane, I believe you're cold, you shivered."

The man protested, but the girl put her hands to his shoulders and turned up the collar of his coat.

"Are you going out in the mornin'?" she asked.

"I've got to leave day after tomorrow, you know. I've got to have a few to take home with me."

"You take keer you don't catch more cold," warned the girl. "Now ain't you goin' to give me a boost?"

Blane helped her over the fence.

"Tomorrow night?" he panted, keeping hold of her.

She nodded.

"Is that all you can say?"

She hung her head and leaning close to him murmured with evident reluctance the words his sanity wished to hear.

As the last tremulous syllable hung on her lips she broke from him and ran across the field in the direction of the barn.

Blane craned back to the road. From an inside pocket he drew a handful of cigars.

Two of them were crushed open—where? he checked grimly, but a third was shakable.

With it in his teeth he walked up the road a little way, for he did not want to return until Gertrude had been in some time.

Presently with a gesture of invitation, he threw away the cigar. The smoke had increased the burn in his throat.

"I'm a fool!" he exclaimed. "A dog-gone fool!"

And he was thinking now, not of the cigar, but of the girl, the scent of whose hair had intoxicated him.

When he entered the house the family were evidently in the kitchen.

Mrs. Schneider had left a lamp for him by the foot of the stairs, and he ascended as once to his room. Before going to bed he wrote a dutiful note to his wife.

He addressed it simply to "Eloise Blane," for he knew that when Gertrude came in the morning to make his bed she would find the letter and carry it to her brother, Oscar, to be mailed in the village.

Gertrude was an intelligent girl. She would likely have understood "Mr. Frank Blane," while "Eloise Blane"—that might mean anything, sister, aunt or even distant cousin.

He was glad he did not have to write much for his head ached: tired out, he guessed.

At 3 a. m. in prompt answer to the rattle of his alarm clock, he dressed and after filling his whisky flask from a tall bottle, took his gun and left the house.

The night it seemed to him, was unusually cold. He must have been cold ever since going to bed, for his headache persisted and his feet were like ice.

He stamped them on the spring, earth as he made his way through the woods back of the farm down to the lake. Heavy clouds overcast the sky, deepening the darkness under the trees.

It was well that he knew the path, else he might have had difficulty in finding the canvas dack boat that lay where he had left it among the sedges.

He tugged vigorously at the oars, so that the light craft had soon crossed

ed the rippling open water, and was sliding through the black, confusing channels of the wild rice beds.

In these vast labyrinths of weeds and weed choked water it is easy to lose one's way, for the wild rice, in autumn stands higher than a man. But Blane in the three weeks he had passed at the farmhouse by Lake Michigan, had learned the landmarks.

He could almost have told his direction from the contours of the dark masses of trees that lay against the phosphorescent luminosity of the sky, away off toward the shore.

Once his oar struck a big garfish that had been dozing near the top of the water. In its fright it leaped squarely against the boat, and Blane was so startled he nearly lost an oar among the submerged vegetation which made rowing so difficult.

But the incident served to wake him up; he began to think of the ducks—how they come like specters out of the morning mists, and how the gun leaps for joy at the command of the finger.

With the first faint light of dawn the sport began. Blane crouching in the boat behind his "blind" would see the birds when they were but specks in the mist that ascended from the marsh.

The specks swiftly grew to spheroidal bodies, enveloped in a haze of beating wings, and then the report of the gun rolled out over the wild rice. In the excitement of shooting Blane forgot his headache.

Gray dawn ripened into gray morning, and by the time he judged the last brace of teal had passed it was full day, and he set about gathering in his spoils.

In the open water this was simple enough. One after another he lifted the birds into the boat, sixteen of them, all glistening with wet necks, long and lumpy, feathers ruffled where the shot had entered but not blood-stained.

There were two however which had tumbled far to one side, in an expanse of weed choked water almost impossible to penetrate. Only by using one oar as a pole was Blane able to pry them in toward him.

After he had picked up the nearer one, it was still some fifteen feet to the second. Just behind him was an overhauled stump, very old, that rose like a great tumbled head above the water, with sprays of grass growing in its crevices.

Against this he placed the end of the pole and shoved with all his might. The boat lurched. It came so sudden to a stop that he barely saved himself from toppling overboard.

A glimmer told him all. He had run on to a submerged snag. Water was rushing into the boat through a long gash in the canvas.

Blane swore gently to himself. Then watching the water climb higher and higher around his ankles, he swore loudly and repeatedly: but there was not even time for profanity.

In a minute more he would have found himself sinking quietly into the marsh. By way of stimulating ideas, he drew his flask and found it sagging at the neck, and duck which had led him into this snare. The bill was not yet dead.

It answered his final aim by flapping its wings in confusion. He waited and—by silently opening and—little his aim was true. He missed, but with a series of snatches, and darts the boat was already so near.

Blane saw only one chance. He must reach that gnarled stump.

He dropped his gun, placed a foot on the stern of the boat and leaped!

As soon as the first chill back of the water passed off, he began to splash toward the goal.

To swim was impossible because of the water weeds.

He tried to touch bottom with his feet, but they only became more enmeshed in that treacherous vegetation.

Masses of water weeds, clinging heavily about his chest, slowly filled his ears and lapped at his mouth.

By reaching a hand at arms length in front of him and striking repeatedly downward, he found he was able to make some progress, and after an exhaustive struggle, he did actually reach the stump and climb out upon it.

Revived by a moment of resting, he was somewhat inclined to laugh.

It seemed to him ridiculous to be perched on there all alone, like a turtle on a log in the center of a wild rice marsh. But the cool wind, which began to go through his wet clothes as if they had been netting quicky brought home to him the truth of his situation.

Unless something extraordinary happened, he was likely to have to remain in a good long one huddled in that scum-stump.

Immediately uncomfortable thrills began to course up and down his spine.

In five minutes he was shivering violently. His head throbed with pain, and despite his shivering, he hardly knew whether it was from heat or cold—he suffered!

To a robust man who has experienced little of illness nothing is so terrifying as the discovery that his pulses are drumming at double speed, that his throat burns, and that his skin is growing abnormally dry and hot.

Blane was taken with a panic. He recalled his headaches and his various sensations of the night and of the day before. He even blamed Gertrude for having kept him out there in the wet bracken.

It was three weeks, since he first set eyes on her, and in the last week

of those three he had spent part of every evening in her company.

The speed with which he had brought her to the desired state of complacency did not surprise him, for he considered himself an adept in these matters.

At the club it was a favorite saying of his that "One woman does not make a summer."

He quite understood the force of the impression which he, as a city man of strong will and a certain polish, was able to make on simple country girls.

There were good reasons not entirely understood by the members of his family, why he always went duck shooting alone, and each year in a different locality. But this Gertrude—magnetic little thing—he had believed he really liked, as much as a man can like one of these curious, earnest, unreasonable creatures.

Now she had repaid him by keeping him out in the deadly night dews of the Croppie country. But she must have known a city man could not stand that sort of thing!

Why, she had let him catch a fever! And fevers are sometimes fatal. Well, since she had got him into this mess, she better come and get him out of it! Yet he knew how little this was likely!

The Schneiders were not at working sort. Their boarders might be absent two or three days at a time without giving them the least alarm, as long as enough baggage remained to cover the board bill.

So, Blane cursed the whole lot of them for their unnatural indifference.

After a while he became calmer. His head reeled, he felt somewhat weak, but he knew he must try to do something, he could see that very clearly.

All around him lay the marsh, with here a patch of waving, green-gray wild rice, there, a clump of lily pads, or an expanse of black water.

The distant shores were rich with autumnal reds and yellows and bronzes, softly blended under a haze of purple.

Near by, level with the surface, lay the duck pond. The ducks he had shot were floating, within it, more game home now than admissible.

Finding in none of the observations any offer of hope, Blane leaned down and felt the water.

He was so cramped with cold that it seemed to him the water was warmer than the air. At least he could escape the wind!

Painfully he let himself down beside the stump until he was submerged up to his neck, supporting himself by hanging to a root of the stump.

At first the sensation was luxurious, but by the end of an hour he became fully aware of a numbing. His skin felt as if it were crumpling all over him.

He was considering vaguely what to do when he felt a violent shock. In his dreaminess he had allowed his head to sink until he had breathed in water. The subsequent choking and coughing stimulated him, and that he was at last able, by a last effort of effort, to climb up to his old position on the stump.

Then came the wind through his wet clothes again and the accompanying pang of chill. His teeth chattered until he thought the world fell from his head. Protruding from his trousers he huddled body.

He tried to sit up and cry out in the way he knew that somebody would be in him, but he was hardly aware of his own voice.

Finally, in a fit of swooning weakness, he sank like a bag across a scotch of pines, and lay quite still.

There are moments between sleeping and waking when it seems that nothing could be so sweet, in life or beyond it, as a state of undreaming semiconsciousness.

Thus did it seem to Blane, when, an indeterminate time later he began to realize that something was disturbing him. Yes! Something had told of his arm! He was being shaken!

At first he did not remember where he was; but as his sensations of pain and stiffness quickened, reminding him only too vividly of his hopeless plight he became alarmed.

What was it had hold of his arm?

With difficulty he turned his head, and found himself looking up into the face of—Gertrude!

Her features were somewhat distorted, he thought, but there was no doubt it was Gertrude. She was speaking to him.

Without knowing or caring what she was saying, he smiled at her, closed his eyes and let her drag him where she would.

When he awoke he was in his bed in his room at the Schneider farm.

A stranger with a white beard was sitting beside him holding a watch. The window shade was drawn so that he could not see very well what was going on.

(To be continued)

Worth Considering

"I'm going to a summer hotel that makes a specialty of good things to eat. The manager weighs nearly 300 pounds and his wife tips the scales at more than 200 pounds."

"Still I wouldn't jump to conclusions. How do you know they eat here?"

A bathing suit that shrinks every time it is worn is not so immediate.

Matrimonial packages are not always what they are held up to be.

NEW NAVAL ATTACHE GOES TO LONDON



Capt. W. D. McDougall.

Capt. W. D. McDougall, formerly of the president's yacht Mayflower, but recently on duty at the naval observatory, has been assigned to duty in London as naval attache of the United States embassy, succeeding Commander Powers Symington. Captain McDougall's father, the late Gen. Clinton McDougall, was several years ago a member of congress from New York.

Foolish Spending

"Don't you and Mrs. Jimplicat, looking at him when the other had left, 'I wish you could let me have \$50 over and above the house money, this week.'"

"It has been a rather hard month, but I suppose I can have you any objection to telling me what you contemplate doing with all that money?"

"I am going to spend it foolishly."

"Foolishly?"

"Absolutely foolishly."

"That being the case you may certainly have it. This spending money foolishly appears to me if I had not spent \$10 foolishly not long ago I would make it twenty instead of ten."

"You? How?"

"Quite a long time ago a sweet appearing little bit of a woman with a beautiful baby came up to the den-tists across the hall from me. He was engaged and every chair in his waiting room was occupied, so this little lady came into my office and asked to be permitted to sit there for a while. You know how wild I am about beautiful babies I am afraid I admired her baby rather extravagantly. Anyhow every time she visited the dentist until her work was done she brought the baby in for me to see, so that we became well acquainted in a casual way."

"The idea?"

"Yes, one day when I returned to my office the stenographer told me that the little lady with the baby had called and had left a telephone number and had asked me to call up when I came in. I called up and she asked me if I could come out there to her house right away. I went out immediately."

"Yes?"

"Certainly. I found that her home was a neat little cottage and she was sitting out in the porch swing when I arrived. I was glad to see that the baby, which she held in her arms was well. To make a long story short, her husband had gone to Kansas City, where as mother lived, in order to see up some papers so that would permit her to sell off some property."

"And you believed such an?"

"I expect I must have. But, you see I was looking at the baby then and she was looking at me just as she talked."

"I see the picture."

"She had just received a letter from her husband telling her that he was ill and to please come to him at once. He had sent her plenty of money the preceding week, but she had spent a considerable amount of it on finery for the baby."

"So she asked you to—"

"No she did not. I let her to it and asked her how much."

"Oh, I need!"

"She said \$10 would be plenty, so I let her have the \$10. I should have received that money on the 10th of this month, if she had kept her word."

"O-o-o-o! Was her name 'Llewellyn'?"

"Yes, but lower."

"I received a \$10 bill thru the mail on the 10th, with just a card with her name on it. I forgot to mention it."

"Of course you did, but you didn't forget to spend it. Now, I've been doing that little woman a gross injustice. What do you want of ten more dollars?"

"If you must know it was to get for some perfectly beautiful gowns for your birthday. The man is going to bring them today. He smuggled them into the country without paying duty on them and—"

"Gee whizz! Of all the easy marks the women are the worst! Take the men and get a dress pattern. I have sworn off smoking. You told the truth when you said you were going to spend it foolishly, all right."

BRIDES ELECT PAY ONE THIRD ON GOWNS THAT DIDN'T ARRIVE

Now They're Wondering How They'll Get Trousseau in Time for Weddings

Greenville, Ala.—Half a dozen brides elect in Greenville, whose wedding were set for the next few weeks are in an embarrassing position because they haven't any wedding gowns and little time is left to get them. It all came about by the visit of a young man of attractive demeanor who stopped at the best hotel in here and soon made the acquaintance of several leading citizens. By this means he obtained audiences and displayed a tempting line of samples purporting to come from Chicago tailoring establishment. He offered unusually low prices and liberal conditions and engaged a local seamstress to make any necessary alterations when the garments arrived. The goods and trimmings were "just too lovely for anything" in the view of many of Greenville's young ladies, including several brides elect, who willingly advanced one third in cash.

The salesman had to hurry to the next town, and neither he nor the stunning gowns have been heard from since.

Mariar's Last Hour

Mariar was going. For a week the housework had stood still, she knew, as Mrs. Woodside said, "you can't expect a maid to do anything when she's leaving."

For a week the kitchen range had been cold, likewise the water tank beside it, and there being no gas heater in the Woodside home, the grownups had contented themselves with cold baths and the children with such purification as could be accomplished with occasional beeline teakettles of hot water. "I ought to have Mariar start the fire," said the mistress, "but it means bringing up coal from the cellar and I'm afraid to ask her."

The hour of Mariar's departure had

arrived. She lazied thru the breakfast dishwashing, then disappeared upstairs to pack Mrs. Woodside. Went into the deserted kitchen and said, "Now I'll have a fire and a boilerful of hot water at last." She brought kindling and coal from the lower regions, she built the fire and stoked it for an hour, until the water tank gave out a grateful heat. Then she went to look for Mariar.

The outgoing maid was not in her room. Mrs. Woodside came down from the third floor perplexed. Could Mariar have gone without saying good by?

Then from behind the closed door of the bathroom came the joyous sounds of one luxuriating in a porcelain tub filled with glorious hot water. Mariar was taking a bath.

An Expensive Shade

When a trolley conductor on the night turn woke up one afternoon his industrious little wife brought out for his admiration a lamp shade, made of colored tissue paper. She had made it with her own hands, and its scalloped border was perforated with innumerable little holes, thru which the light of a parlor lamp would fall on the table.

"Tell me if you don't think it prettier," she said, holding the shade out for the husband to inspect.

"It looks lovely," began the man, but as he looked at it more closely he turned pale, and said, "You'll make those holes with my belt punch?"

"Yes, dear, while you were asleep. But what is the matter?" asked his wife.

"Oh, nothing," he murmured faintly, "you've only rung up enough fares on that lamp shade to mortgage my year's salary. Every one of those holes will cost me five cents; that's all."

The man who hands out free advice to others always goes elsewhere for his own.

When a man says a bright thing he nearly always forgets the quotation marks.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

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DIGS 10 YEARS FOR AZTEC TREASURE

THEN PARTY OF CITIZENS PAY HIM TO LET THEM HELP ON FIFTY-FIFTY BASIS

BIG DISAGREEMENT SOON FOLLOWS

Matter Gets into Court—Wierd. Story of Yarn Told by Indian.

Effingham, Ill.—A story, equaling any of the thrillers of the movies, including a ten year hunt for a hidden Aztec treasure, was revealed here in Justice's court when William McCaw, a prominent Effingham county farmer, was arraigned on a charge of assault.

For ten years it became known McCaw and a party of Robinson, Ill. citizens have been digging on McCaw's Effingham county farm for a hidden Aztec treasure.

Several hundred years ago when Cortez settled in Mexico, he confiscated all the treasure of the Aztecs.

A few, however, escaped and came North. They built several mounds, it is contended, in Western and Southern Illinois. In Union Township, this county, there is such a mound.

Twenty years later, according to the story told in court, McCaw was standing on a street corner in Robinson, Ill. fumbling a curious stone, bearing Indian inscriptions. He was approached by an Indian chief. The sight of the stone greatly affected the Indian. In broken sentences he told the mystery of the stone, declaring it was an Aztec treasure stone and revealed the hidden place of unknown wealth.

It was contended at the trial that the Indian dropped dead due to the excitement after his revelation of the stone. Following the information given by the Indian, McCaw came to Effingham county and purchased the farm on which the mound is located in Union Township.

He began digging, worked many years and spent a good sized fortune, but was unsuccessful.

A few months ago a party of Robinson citizens, learning of his purpose, came to McCaw with a proposition to aid in the search for the treasure. In connection with an agreement to divide the treasure McCaw was to receive \$10 per month for allowing them to dig on his farm.

The party, including McCaw, labor ed day and night for weeks.

Finally the searchers came to a heavy slab of rock, which they far had withstood several varieties of explosives. It was believed that the treasure was beneath this rock.

Then, it is contended, McCaw seeing a great wealth in his grasp, broke his original agreement and demanded they move from his farm at the point of a knife.

One man resisted. McCaw grasped him around the throat and was about to sink the knife into him. It is said when the stranger told how he had saved McCaw from freezing in a blizzard years before in Mohiana.

Upon hearing that the stranger was his rescuer, McCaw released him and decided that the best way to decide the search for the treasure would be to place it in court. The charge against McCaw in court here was dropped when he announced a compromise, by which they agreed to return to the mound, which is supposed to hold the treasure. Before the contending slab of stone is upturned, in the presence of the sheriff and attorneys for both sides a new satisfactory working agreement will be made.

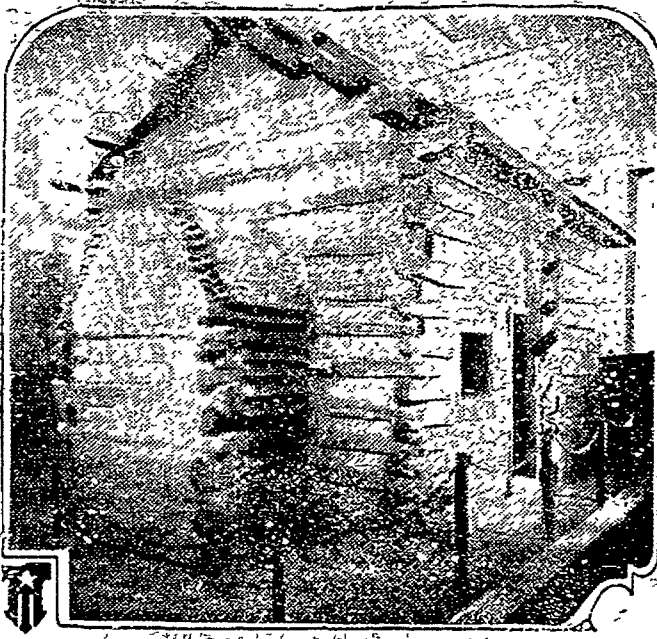
The average married man might not object to playing second violin in the orchestra to which he belongs would give only private performances.

Nature cannot jump from winter to summer without a spring, nor from summer to winter without a fall.

After a man gets about so full he can make himself believe that other men think he is perfectly sober.

The average man knows how to do another man's work better than he knows how to do his own.

LINCOLN LOG CABIN WILL BE ACCEPTED BY PRESIDENT WILSON SEPTEMBER



Log cabin in which Great Emancipator was born.

LOUISVILLE (Special).—When President Wilson comes to Hodgenville, Ky., on September 14, to accept in the name of the people of the United States the Lincoln Farm and Lincoln Memorial Hall, which contains the log cabin in which the Great Emancipator was born, he will be the third chief executive of the nation to pay homage at this national shrine.

With the President will come a number of United States Senators, Congressmen, and public officials who have taken an active interest in preserving the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi is on the program for an address on "Abraham Lincoln and the South." Robert J. Collier, the New York publisher, chairman of the executive committee of the Lincoln Farm Association, will formally present the deed to the Lincoln Farm to the nation. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker will speak in acceptance of the gift.

President Wilson has indicated that his speech will not contain any reference whatever to the political questions of the day.

A War Barometer

"Slut up!" growled Giggum, to his friend Bazook. "I don't want to talk about the war."

"Well, I don't care whether you do or not. This is the only chance I've had to express myself in a whole month. Our cook is an importation, and we don't want to offend her, so we can't breathe a word around the house."

"This war isn't nearly as important to our family, however, as our cook is. So we don't want to say anything that can give her the slightest grounds for offense. We can go and whisper among ourselves when there are developments, but she is always on the alert even for that, and it is liable to affect the biscuits."

"When our good Theresa is feeling bad about the struggle, the biscuits are also gloomy and heavy and sad, whereas if the news is good the biscuits are airy and pleasant."

"You can't imagine how biscuits become imbued with the humor of the cook. Now, when a new nation mobilizes, Theresa's lips begin to pout, and her spirits to droop."

"And the biscuits do likewise?"

"Well, they are gritty and sour."

"And are the biscuits uncertain when the news is?"

"No, her cooking is naturally good, and unless there is bad news she is the best cook in the United States. But we have to do a little censoring ourselves once in a while. When the news is bad we ditch the paper, if we possibly can, and when the news is agreeable we place the paper before her. It is a hard job to sidetrack the paper, however, for she is generally out watering the lawn when the paper boy comes, and she grabs the sheet."

"So we don't need a paper to ascer-

tain how things are faring with the entente and the alliance. We can tell from watching Theresa's face. All we need to do is to wait for her varying expression. If we can't see her face we can still tell by her back."

"Does it go up like a mad cat?"

"No, but there is a certain rigid expression that it takes on when her fellow countrymen are making a desperate struggle and things look bad, and there is also a sort of relaxation when things are going well."

"At first I wanted to see the English and their Allies win, but not any more I want to see the Kaiser win now."

"Why? How's that?"

"I want to keep my good cook. I don't want her to get the idea that it is necessary for her to go over to Europe and help."

Thought He Meant Her

It was their honeymoon trip to London, and the first time they had ever been out of Lancashire.

As they waited on the platform at St. Pancras for the guard to bundle their boxes out of the van the young bride and bridegroom were manifestly embarrassed.

Then an inside porter came up and asked:

"Can I look after yer baggage for yer, mister?"

The red blood mounted to the young bride's cheeks, and turning on her Lubby she demanded:

"Well, well, well! If ye ain't a-goin' to thrash him for refrainin' to me like that, ye're no man, George!"

When a man tells a rich widow that she is all the world to him he may be trying to work the world for a living.

A man can never judge how old a woman is by hearing her tell her age.

Youth is going to do things tomorrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

When a man tells a rich widow that she is all the world to him he may be trying to work the world for a living.

A man can never judge how old a woman is by hearing her tell her age.

Youth is going to do things tomorrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

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Youth is going to do things tomorrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

Old Shoes

"I wish you would look across the street!" exclaimed Mrs. Chuddicott. Chuddicott came and looked.

"Do you see that old pair of shoes in the gutter?" said Mrs. Chuddicott. "Is that a lovely way to ornament the front of a house? Wouldn't the city look nice shewn with old shoes from one end of it to the other?"

"What's the significance of it, anyway?" asked Chuddicott. "This isn't Christmas. I have heard that the Dutch put old shoes for Santa Claus to fill. But this isn't Holland, either, so I don't understand it. Perhaps the people living there don't know that their shoes have escaped. Or perhaps there is a child visiting there and the child has been cutting its teeth on them."

"No, they must have been put there for the street cleaners to pick up when they come along," said Mrs. Chuddicott. "There's a theory that the street cleaners come along and carry away all dirt from the gutters. According to theory, the street cleaners come every day, but those shoes have been there days."

"I know it! Those two old shoes look quite pathetic! They have served their master well and now, as they are turned out into the gutter, I am surprised the trimmers, eccentric as they are, would have old shoes on board in front of their palace at home for several days! Perhaps they don't know they are there. Do you think we should tell them?"

"No, they might think we were complaining."

"I have it! Trimmer threw them at a cat, altho it seems strange that they should have landed side by side like that. If I could be sure that he had thrown them at a cat I would place them gently on his front steps, where he could get them back, for he must want them again & may often live to say 'Oh, he is a cat! I had the shoes that were in my house. Let me see if I can find them there or not, come out and pick them up, please, and throw them in the gutter so they will no longer offend your eyes.'"

"I think I began to see why they are there," said Mrs. Chuddicott. "Trimmer set them out there so some real, wasfarer could pick them up and wear them."

"A very pretty custom!" declared Chuddicott. "But no one gets my old shoes, no matter how needy he may be. I think too much of them. However, we might hang a couple of old straw hats or my bathing suit on the tree in front of our house for some poor fellow."

"I'm up against it all right," said Tapper to his neighbor, Footin. "The canary's dead. My wife was very particular about that bird, and I said I would take good care of it during her absence. She will think I don't love her very much, to let her beautiful bird die."

"Don't let it worry you," said Footin. "That's easy. The day before your wife gets back go and buy a new bird and she'll never know the difference. One canary is as good as another."

"Well, I never paid enough attention to the confounded bird to notice particularly what size it was. I couldn't pick out another just like it."

"Go get the dead one and take it to the bird man and have it duplicated. That's easy."

"But the bird is clean gone. The cat ate it."

"Gee whiz! That is bad. Go to the same dealer she bought it from and he will, perhaps, remember and duplicate it."

"I do not know where she bought it."

"Well, then, buy any big, fat canary. That will be safe. (She will think you were smart to take such a shrewd care of her bird and make it big and fat. You will make quite a hit with her.)"

"Of course if you were to go and buy a thin, measly canary, she would think you were not good. But, by pointing with pride to a big fat one you can be safe. You must get a good singer; a better singer than the old one was. That will make a hit, too, and you can tell her something like this: 'In order to get the best results the singing canary should be fed with care. I find that the best results are obtained by feeding

"Wait a minute. Our bird might not have been all yellow. There may have been some black marks on it. What about that? As soon as she sees there are no black marks on the bird she will hold me up in scorn."

"Not necessarily. You can tell her that by scientific feeding you have been able to eliminate all blemishes, and she will think you are a wonder. She will be so impressed with your superior efficiency that she will turn the core of the canary over to you for air."

"That's all very well, but I don't grow whether the bird was male or female and my wife does. If she goes away leaving a male bird and comes back finding it a female bird, she'll be pretty mad at me for putting black air in her dear little brain. It won't take any kind of a hit at all."

"Then the only thing you can do is burn the house down."

"I can't even do that for she'll blame me for not saving her poor little bird."

Our idea of a hustler is a man who can work as fast all day as he can dress in a cold room in the morning.

OPPORTUNITIES—For You—IN TOLEDO



The city offers many opportunities for steady, profitable employment. Toledo is growing rapidly and there are unbounded possibilities for you.

GIRLS WANTED

EVERY GIRL should learn a good trade, and be independent for life married or single, young or old.

The making of high grade Toilet Brushes and Mirrors is a good trade.

The work is clean and interesting, and there is always work to be had.

Living wages are paid, even to the beginner. And big pay for the expert.

To learn and secure a permanent position, apply in person, or by letter to:

THE AMES-BONNER COMPANY

Makers of Toilet Brushes and Mirrors

Ottawa Street foot of Summit, near the very heart of the big shopping district.

TOLEDO, OHIO

WANTED—GIRLS

TO RUN POWER MACHINES

ON UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WORK

THE HETRICK BROS. CO.

HOAG ST. AND FERNWOOD AVE.

TOLEDO, OHIO

TAKE DORR ST. CAR

WANTED

GIRLS FOR FACTORY WORK

AMERICAN CAN CO.

CITY PARK AVENUE AND HAMILTON ST.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Judicious use of "rust soap" has prevented many a black eye.

It's easier to get a bad reputation than to keep a good one.

Even a little miss may make a big hit when she grows up.

Ambition is the thing that boosts a man up the ladder.

KING 8

Will be on Display at the Michigan State Fair, Detroit Throughout the Entire Week September 4th. to 11th.

Space No. 44

King Auto Sales Co.

998 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Michigan Distributors

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

The great French perfume, winner of highest international awards. Each drop as sweet and fragrant as the living Lilac blossom. A celebrated connoisseur said: "I don't see how you can sell such a remarkable perfume for 75 cents a bottle"—and remember each bottle contains 6 oz.—it is wonderful value. Try it. Ask your dealer today for ED. PINAUD'S LILAC. For 10 cents our American offices will send you a testing bottle. Write today.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, Dept. M

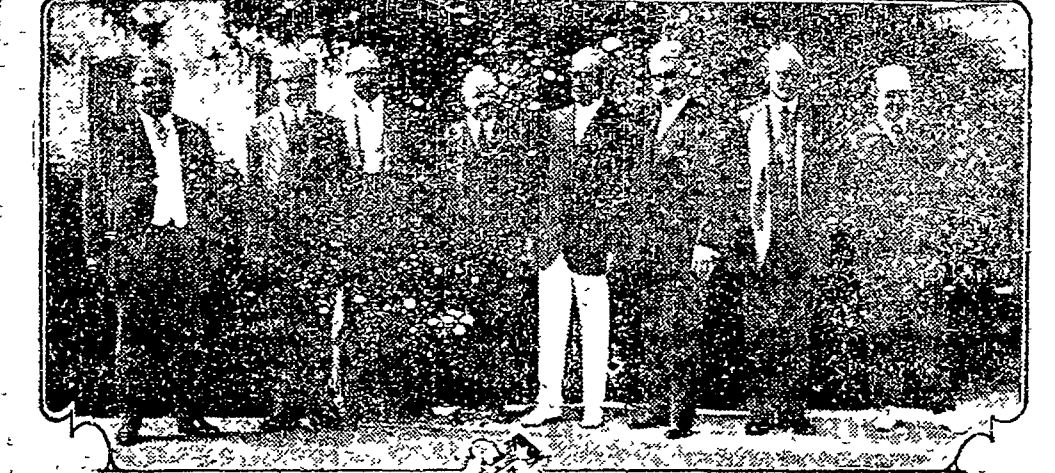
ED. PINAUD Bldg., New York

A Skin Like Velvet

Use the exquisite fragrant cream of the beauty flower of India and be complimented on your complexion. Your dealer has ELCAJA or will get it.

CRÈME ELCAJA

BULL MOOSE DEMOCRATS GET TOGETHER WITH WILSON



Left to right: Judge Albert B. Norton, St. Louis; J. R. J. Hopkins, New Jersey; Henry M. Wallace, Detroit; Vance McCormick, chairman Democratic national committee; President Wilson; Bainbridge Colby, New Jersey; Matthew Hale, Massachusetts; Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty.

TRY

THE WHITE HOUSE FOR BARGAINS

Cleaning up on \$1.00 Corsets, in sizes 18 and 19, 50c
\$1.50 Corsets for 75c; size from 18 to 25. From \$2.00
to \$3.50 Corsets sizes from 20 to 25, at 1-2 Price.
Ladies' Gingham and Seersucker Petticoats, 50c.
New lot of White Underskirts from 75c to \$2.50.
Black Petticoats, 50c, 75c, 89c, \$1, \$1.25 to \$2.
Sheeting. Now is the time to get your supplies. Prices
will certainly be higher.
Towels—Turkish, plain, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c.
Fancy Turkish Towels, 25c and 50c.
Cretonnes—25 Good Patterns, in Short Lengths.
Pequot Tubing and Sheeting—Nothing Better Made.
Coat Hangers, 3 for 10c.
Ladies' Collars, Neat Styles, 25c and 50c.
Silk Scarfs, all colors, at 50c.
Wall Paper. It will save you money to BUY this fall.
A Big Line of Children's Dresses due this week.

EDWIN WHITE, NORTHVILLE.

FOR SALE--CAR LOAD OF SALT.

Lump Rock Salt, 2-Lb. Sacks Table Salt.
Crushed Rock Salt, Medium Salt.
Granulated Salt.

WILL SELL AT COST FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS
The Salt Mfrs. are paying double the wages they
did one year ago and the price of Salt will be \$1.75
to \$2.00 in a short time. Buy now and save money.
Will exchange for Shoats, Chickens, Potatoes, Ap-
ples, Tomatoes, Butter, Eggs, Oats, Corn, Loose or
Baled Hay or Straw.

THOMAS B. COUCH

EXCHANGE HOTEL.

NORTHVILLE.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Melvina Carpenter has gone to
Onion on a visit.

David Gage was a Pontiac visitor a
part of last week.

Oliver Pepper and wife went to Alma
last week to visit relatives.

Mrs. John Buckley spent the week
with her sister in Detroit.

Frank Moore of Detroit, a former
well-known resident of Northville, was
in town Monday.

Mrs. Lucy Hawn is keeping house
for Dr. Ball and son during Mrs.
Ball's absence in New York state.

N. A. Glapp and Mrs. Sarah Lucas
have been visiting friends in New
York State for the past week or two.

F. S. Harmon and wife left last
week Thursday for a motor trip to
Petoskey, Greenville, Maple Rapids
and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Thornton were
among the Northville people who at-
tended the Centennial celebration at
Pontiac last week.

Elmer Lappan of Elkhart, Ind., a
crack well-known Northville boy, is
a guest at the home of his brother, E.
Lappan and family.

Mrs. Ada Ambler, Mrs. Roy Ambler,
Mrs. Eva Clarkston and the latter's
two little grandchildren from Detroit
have been spending this week at
Walled Lake.

Mrs. M. F. Bates and son, Sydney,
attended the gala day at Wayne Sat-
urday Sydney remaining there for a
visit at the home of Mrs. Bates'
mother, Mrs. Ruddock.

Supt. and Mrs. O. V. Visenar are
expected home this week from East.

Jordan where they have been visiting
relatives.

Miss Marce Stark visited in Fenton
this week.

Miss Averil Miles spent last week
in Rochester with friends.

Miss Florence Miller of Mason visit-
ed at the Filkins home recently.

Mrs. Glenn Chaffee of Pontiac was
a Northville visitor this week.

Miss Nellie Freydl is spending a
few days in Detroit with her aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dolph of De-
troit were Northville callers last week.

C. M. Thornton attended the reunion
of the Conkrite family near Wacona.

Mrs. H. J. Treat of Waldron visited
at the home Mrs. S. B. Treat this week.

Mrs. E. B. Baldwin of Detroit was
the guest of Mrs. H. E. Taft Wednes-
day.

Mrs. George McClellan of Farming-
ton called on Northville friends
Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fox of Detroit
spent Sunday at the home of Otis
Tewksbury.

Miss Jennie Gillespie of Tecumseh
spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs.
Cras Hill.

Mrs. E. C. Funkler attended the
home coming last week at Belleville,
her old home.

Mrs. Jennie and children of Dowagie
are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
A. W. Balgen.

Mrs. L. S. Floyd of Detroit has been
the house guest of Miss Ella Power
the last fortnight.

Samuel Maltby of Bay City and niece
Miss Maud Young of Bloomfield called
on Northville relatives Tuesday.

Miss Lydia Clark spent the week-
end in Detroit with her brother and
sister, Bert and Blanche Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rogers and
little son of Detroit recently spent a
week at the C. M. Thornton home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherrill Ambler of
Detroit spent last week end with the
former's grandfather, W. H. Ambler.

Mrs. Bertha Cook and Mrs. J. B.
Cook assisted in the program given at
the church fair in Novi last evening.

Mrs. Charlotte Parnell of Plymouth
and Mr. Levi Palmer of Jackson were
week end guests of Jas. Clark and
family.

Mrs. Chas. Hill entertained her
mother, Mrs. C. Merdham of Milford,
and Mrs. Lucy Gillespie of Tecumseh,
Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Treat are spend-
ing the week-end in Adrian, helping
to celebrate the 72nd birthday of Mr.
Treat's father.

Don Baker has gone to Lansing
where he has a position in the motor
and final test department of the Olds
Automobile Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howlett, Mr.
Roy and Miss Grace Howlett of
Detroit visited Mr. and Mrs. C. M.
Thornton last week.

J. D. LaRue and family motored to
their home in St. Louis, Monday ac-
companied by Mrs. LaRue's parents,
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Seeley.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Cranson spent
last week with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A.
Walters of Detroit at their summer
home on the St. Claire river.

Arthur Stowe is expected home Sat-
urday from a ten days visit with re-
latives in St. Johns. His mother,
Mrs. Stowe will meet him in Pontiac.

Mrs. John Tewksbury of Cass City,
Mrs. Edith Turner and two sons and
Miss Lena Tewksbury of Detroit spent
Tuesday at the home of Otis Tewks-
bury.

Mrs. Harry Weaver and children of
Traverse City have been spending the
past two weeks at the home of Mrs.
Weaver's parents, L. E. McRobert and
wife.

Miss Olive Dixon left Wednesday for
Beaver Dam, Wis., where she will
teach in the high school of that city.
She will spend a few days in Chicago
enroute.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Filkins arrived
home Wednesday noon from their trip
to New York. They were ac-
companied by their son, Guy, who had
been studying music there.

Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Telford and
children and Mrs. N. Spencer and Dr.
H. McGriss of Lima, O., were week-
end visitors at the Bert Stark home.
Little Dorothy Telford, who has been
spending the summer with her aunt
and uncle, returned home with her
parents.

Ready with the New Things First

Clothing, Hats and Haberdashery for Men and Young Men—all
the very latest ideas, made especially for us and up to our exacting
standards that call for the highest quality for the money! There's
an EXTRA VALUE APPEAL for you here that will interest you!

JOHN D. MABLEY

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

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION LAKE ORION, SEPT. 2-3-4

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Big Noise Night Grand Carnival of Fun
Free Noise Makers Motor Boat Speed Trials, 4 p. m.
Qualification Trials for Races Labor Day.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

Special Concert Afternoon and Evening by America's
Premier Concert Artists.
Pleasure Riding—The Finest In and Trip in Michigan—
A Ride Never to be Forgotten.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Free Motor Boat Races at 11 a. m.
Real Speed Kings in Spectacular Racing

Dancing All Day—Two Orchestras; Special Cabaret
Spectacular Free Acts—The World's Best Vaudeville
Artists in Hair-Raising Stunts

Prominent Politicians, Both State and Local Will Present To-Day's
Issues.

Free Barbecue and Corn Roast—12 to 2
Largest Ox ever roasted in Michigan Plenty of Bread.
Don't bring anything to eat.

Two Wrestling Matches. Something Doin' All Day

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
if the year gives you a high stand-
ard 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.

FORD AGENCY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.
Ford Touring Cars \$360
Ford Runabouts, \$345
Ford Chassis, \$325

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of
JULIA B. SESSONS, deceased, having been
appointed by the Probate court for
the county of Wayne, state of Michi-
gan, commissioners to receive, ex-
amine and adjust all claims and de-
mands of all persons against said
deceased, do hereby give notice that
we will meet at Stark Bros' Shoe Store
in the Village of Northville, in said
county, on Monday, the 16th day of
October A. D. 1916, and on Saturday,
the 16th day of December A. D. 1916,
at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said
days, for the purpose of examining
and allowing said claims, and that
four months from the 17th day of
August A. D. 1916, were allowed by
said court for creditors to present
their claims to us for examination and
allowance.

Dated August 17, 1916.
FRANCIS G. TERRILL,
WILBER H. STARK,
5-3. Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of
Wayne, ss.: At a session of the Pro-
bate court for said county of Wayne,
held at the Probate court room, in
the city of Detroit, on the ninth day
of August in the year one thousand nine
hundred and sixteen.

Present Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of
Probate.

In the matter of the estate of
ALFRED E. CARPENTER, deceased.
An instrument in writing purporting
to be the last will and testament of
said deceased having been delivered
into this court for probate.

It is ordered, that the thirteenth day
of September next, at ten o'clock in
the forenoon, eastern standard time,
at said court room, be appointed for
proving said instrument.

And it is further ordered, that a
copy of this order be published three
successive weeks previous to said
time of hearing, in the Northville
Record, a newspaper printed and
circulating in said county of Wayne.
(A true copy).

EDGAR O. DURFEE,
Judge of Probate.
ALBERT W. FLINT,
4-6. Register.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
"Take Your Pills for
Chichester's Diamond Brand
Pills in Red and Gold metallic
boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon.
Take no other. Buy of your
DRUGGIST or send for 30
years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE



Like a home run
with the bases full—they satisfy!

Ninth inning—bases full—two out—tie score
—batter up. Bang!—that "homer" into the
stands makes you feel good—it does satisfy!

Chesterfields make you feel exactly the same
way about your smoking—they satisfy!

But they're mild, too—Chesterfields are!

For the first time in the history of cigarettes
you are offered a cigarette that satisfies and
yet is mild! Chesterfields!

This new kind of enjoyment cannot be had
in any cigarette except Chesterfields, regard-
less of price—because no other cigarette
maker can copy the Chesterfield blend!

Try Chesterfields—today!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

*The Most Expensive Turkish Tobacco
that grows are contained in the famous
Chesterfield Blend—XANTHI for its
fragrance; SMYRNA for its sweetness;
CAVALLA for its aroma; SAMSOON
for its richness.

20 for 10c

They SATISFY!

—and yet they're MILD