

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII NO. 38.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

SPECIALS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Children's Dresses; New Line. Choice patterns, 39c, 50c and \$1.25.

Children's Long Sleeve Dresses, all sizes. Closing out at 1/4 off.

Rompers, 2 to 6 years; neat Styles, 50c, 59c, 75c.

Aprons. We are showing an exceptional Strong Line, at 50c, 65c, 75c and \$1.00.

Percalés. A Splendid Line of the Best Grades. Buy now as prices will be higher.

Crach Toweling, 15c, 16c, 18c and 20c yard.

Bleached, 18c 20c and 25c yard.

Silk Poplins. Exceptional Values, \$1.39 pr yd (Grey, Blue, Black, Purple, Brown, etc.)

Bed Spreads. Good Values, \$1.00, \$1.35 to \$5.50

Our Line of Sheetings cannot be beaten.

Tubing—the Best that's Made.

Pillow Cases, 15c, 20c 25c and 30c.

Wall Paper. We carry a Good Line in Stock. Buy early as we cannot duplicate these prices.

Ladies' Voile Waists, \$2.00 for \$1.50 (for this week); Silk Waists, \$2.25 for \$1.65.

Room Moulding, 1 1/2 in., at 2c per foot.

Our Special Books of Wall Paper—the Best that are produced.

EDWIN WHITE, Northville.

HILLS BROS' MEAT MARKET

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 Street.

Phone 493.

NORTHVILLE

YOUR HOME--

The advent of Spring means **Housecleaning**, and a general re-establishment of the home for the coming year. Why not make it a thoro job and have your house wired at the same time? If you have ever enjoyed the convenience, cleanliness and efficiency of Electric Light you will never want to dispense with it; and we recommend that you look into the merits of the same. We will be pleased to give you an estimate on the wiring for your home and equally pleased to show you what we have in the line of Fixtures. To all those who sign contracts for Wiring before the first of May, we will give, **FREE OF CHARGE**, one three heat Electric Iron, which we are sure, you will enjoy very much during the coming summer. We carry in stock Electric Irons, Toasters, Appliances, Dry Cells, Lamps, Fixtures, Glassware, and will take your order for anything Electrical.

"If its Electrical, See Us."

THE ELECTRIC SHOP

Phone 208-J. NORTHVILLE.

For Saturday

25 Oranges 25c.

5 Pkgs. Krinkle Corn Flakes 25c.

1-2 lb Chop Suey Tea 25c.

3 Pkgs. Jellicon 25c.

6 Pkgs. Garden Seeds 25c.

Any of the above articles with 50c worth of other goods.

The early seeds are going fast. Now is the time to buy. Fresh, bulk seeds now on sale.

WHEELER & BLACKBURN

Northville, Michigan.

MAYOR FILKINS MAKES APPOINTMENTS

SPLENDID LOT OF OFFICERS SELECTED MEETS COUNCIL'S APPROVAL.

OIL FOR STREETS IS SECURED JUST IN NICK OF TIME.

At Monday night's council meeting President Filkins announced his appointments for the ensuing year; the list including both new and former officials for superintendence of the various departments of municipal affairs. The men assigned to the different divisions are: George Hotelling, president pro tem; Dr. T. H. Turner, health officer; Ernest Lyke, marshal; Mark Seeley street commissioner; M. A. Porter, supt. water works; Chas. Coldren and Chas. Ponsford, members board of review; John Lockwood, night watchman; Lester Stage, fire chief; Charles Shipley, supt. cemetery; C. C. Yerkes, attorney.

The names of the aldermen composing the council committees will be found in the council report elsewhere in this issue of the Record. The entire list includes a splendid lot of appointments and insures competent service along all lines of local welfare entrusted to our "village fathers." An example of the promptness with which they can act when necessary was shown in the securing of the oil for the streets this season by a very narrow margin of time. Notice was sent President Filkins that no more contracts would be taken by the Standard people after a certain date, but later a telephone message came to Village Clerk Murdock from the Detroit agent that he had been notified to cancel all contracts for street oil, but that if an immediate order were forthcoming he would be able to close the Northville contract. As it was actually a matter of hours, the village officials, after a brief consultation, sent for the agent to come here and an eleven-hour deal was made whereby our street dust can be kept in its proper place this summer instead of invading stores, noses and lungs with its unwelcome filth.

"SWAT" NOTES.

The following fly facts are condensed by the Record from a recent Bulletin issued by the Merchants' Association of New York:

Kill every fly you can and burn it up.

Every fly you kill early means billions less next summer.

Clean up or disinfect every bit of filth anywhere on your premises.

Flies distribute typhoid and other diseases—possibly infantile-paralysis.

Fight them hard in April, May and June.

Kill flies and save lives of people.

Formaldehyde solution, 3 teaspoonfuls to a pint of water is a good fly poison.

Any odor pleasing to people is not liked by flies.

Flies dislike blue color. (Decorative hint.)

A good fly poison is made from one part each of cream, black pepper and brown sugar, placed in a saucer in one window in an otherwise darkened room.

Burn pyrethrum powder in house but be sure to burn the drugged flies you sweep up or they will "come to."

Borax scattered liberally over manure piles and sprinkled with water kills flies and eggs and adds to fertilizing quality.

Lye, chloride of lime, copperas or crude carbolic acid are good for disinfecting vaults, cesspools and the like.

GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

One week of buoyant spirited musical comedy is promised for the Garrick Theatre next week, when "His Little Widows" begins its engagement of one week with the company of stars, beauty chorus, special orchestra, etc. "His Little Widows" is described as the very last word in a 1917 model musical comedy. A special orchestra under the direction of Silvio Hein is carried. It is said to tell a story of youth, with plenty of novelty and originality such as have marked the author's previous offerings, and the opportunity that is offered local theatregoers to see this new play even before it is seen in New York, should not be overlooked.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. G. A. Sutton sincerely thanks the King's Daughters, W. C. T. U., Baptist ladies and neighbors for the sweet flowers and other kindness during her illness.

RALPH MOSHER RETURNS TO OLDS.

After an absence of nearly a year, R. N. Mosher has resumed the management of the Detroit branch of the Michigan Oldsmobile company. Few men are better known among motorists of the city, for Mr. Mosher spent 10 years in charge of the local branch, retiring when it changed hands, but coming back with a new stock of pep and a lot of advanced sales ideas.

Mr. Mosher brings with him three of his old staff, J. H. East, who is returning from Chicago, Fred Post and Roy Jones, the Ty Cobb of mechanics.

In 1905 Mr. Mosher started with the Olds company, filling many positions at the factory and taking the branch management at Dallas, which he gave up when he came here. His return is expected to add to the popularity of the product of the Lansing plant.

Mr. Mosher is a cousin of Charles Coldren of this place and also of the late Nelson Bogart and for many years his home was at West Norf, and he is well known in this locality.

KNIGHT TEMPLAR INSTALLATION.

Next week Tuesday evening, April 17, Northville Commandery No. 39 will hold its annual installation, with Past E. C. A. N. Kimmis of Detroit in charge.

L. M. Tupper, E. C.

C. A. Dolph, Gen.

Wm. Kay, C. G.

T. R. Carrington, S. W.

Andrew Taylor, J. W.

B. A. Wheeler, Treas.

F. Dolph, Rec.

A. E. Fuller, Sw. B.

Amos Otis, St. B.

Geo. Ravlin, W.

D. F. Griswold, Senf.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the neighbors for their kindness; the King's Daughters for flowers sent and those who furnished automobiles at the funeral of our father.

MR. AND MRS. WM. SALOW.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

WANTED—Young lady to clerk in store. E. White. 38w1c.

NOTICE—I am prepared to draw ashes and plow gardens at any time. Walter Ware, Phone 283-M. 37-2-p.

NOTICE—If you want your garden plowed or ashes drawn away, remember John is still in the business. John Crommer, Phone 127-M. 37-1-p.

NOTICE—Any person having old rags, papers, iron, etc., call 44-J. Samuel Kleiman. 35-45p.

WANTED—Lace curtains to wash and stretch. Mrs. Geo. Dixon, first house south of grist mill. 37w2p.

WANTED—Good reliable man to rent farm on shares. Must understand care of fruit. Phone 182 J. Northville. 30t1.

FOR SALE—Ten loads good stable manure. Phone 202-J. 38w2c.

FOR SALE—White sow and twelve pigs, week old Saturday 14. Isaac Shipley. R. F. D. 1. Northville. 38w1p.

FOR SALE—Colonial Velvet rug, 6 by 9 feet. Dining table, 42 inch top. E. M. Bogart, Phone 178-J. 38w1p.

FOR SALE—Four goods cows. H. Brossow. Phone 251-J. 38w2p.

FOR SALE—Second hand Ford Touring car. F. N. Perrin and Sons. 38w1p.

FOR SALE—Garland range, Perfection oil stove and folding baby carriage. Phone 212-J. 38w1c.

FOR SALE—Quantity of Hay and Oats. Dayton Bunn. Phone 305-J. 38w2p.

FOR SALE—House and lot corner Randolph and High Sts; good location. G. W. Hills. 38w2c.

FOR SALE—Will have a car of fertilizer soon, order now and save a dollar a ton by getting from car. Phone 151-R-3. J. W. Cole. 38w1p.

FOR SALE—1100 pound horse good in any harness. Phone 253-W. F. R. Woodworth. 38w2p.

FOR SALE—Strawberry dent seed corn. Good germination, vigorous grower and good yielder, \$1.25 per crate. Fred Foreman. 38w2c.

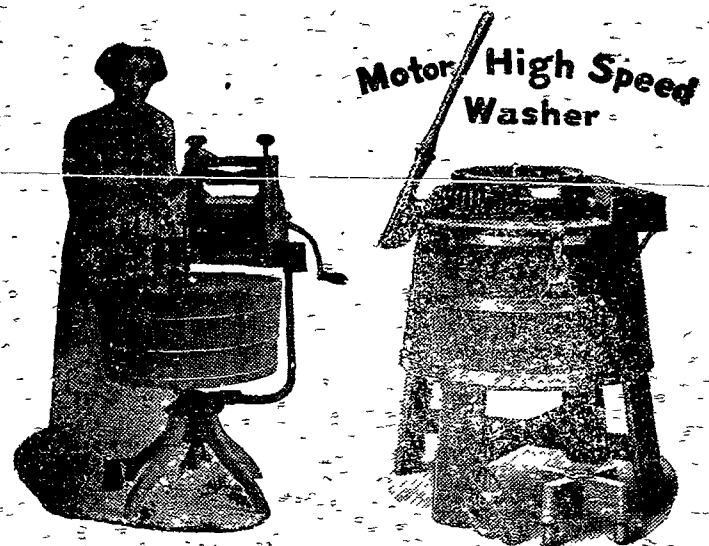
FOR SALE—First-class mare in foal, sound and in good condition. Weighs 1200 pounds. Inquire National Biscuit Co., Detroit, Mich. 38w1c.

FOR SALE—or Rent Two farms. George Gibson, Northville. Phone 130-J-3. 32t1.

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-3. 29wt1.

FOR RENT—One room. Inquire of Mrs. Emma Burrows. 38w2c.

WASHING MACHINES



"1900" Washer \$14.00 Motor High Speed \$11.00

Here are a pair of Good, Durable, Sensible Washing Machines. Why Rub Your Life Away when Washers like these can save you money in time or labor or Clothes.

Continued Sale on Guaranteed Shumate Razors.

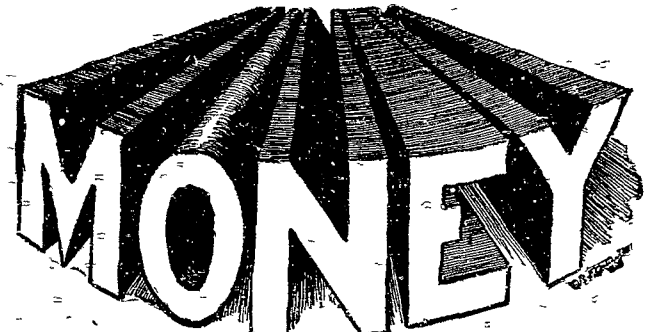
We are overstocked. Down they go at 1-2 Price while our stock of Guaranteed Shumate Razors last. You run no chances.

\$2.00 Razors,	\$1.00	\$2.75 Razors,	\$1.38
\$2.25 Razors,	\$1.13	\$3.00 Razors,	\$1.50
\$2.50 Razors,	\$1.25	\$3.75 Razors,	\$1.88

FARMERS, ATTENTION! Use "SMUTICIDE" for treatment of your Seed Oats and other grain. It absolutely prevents smut and pays for itself a hundred fold in no time. Get it now while the supply lasts.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

The man with



IN THE BANK is master of every situation. He can grasp any good, first-class business opportunity.

Have you ever said to yourself when some good business chance came along: "If I only had thousands dollars NOW?" The way to get your first THOUSAND is to put your first DOLLAR in our bank with a strong will to bank more and to bank REGULARLY. The other \$999 will follow more easily than putting in the first dollar. Isn't this experiment worth TRYING? Would John D. Rockefeller have been the richest man in the world if he had never banked his FIRST dollar?

Put YOUR Money in OUR Bank. We pay 3 per cent interest.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK.

Watch
Our Window
SATURDAY
for a
BARGAIN.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

HORSES VERY SELDOM DEAF

Immunity in This Respect Is More Striking as Equines Are Frequently Blind.

The ordinary immunity of horses from deafness is a great advantage to the human race, for the value of a horse which could not hear the command to go or to stop and which could not be quieted, controlled and encouraged by the human voice when frightened or in difficulties would be greatly lessened. The horse is really one of the best listeners in the world, the "Nomad," writes in the Boston Evening Transcript. He is always on the alert for sounds which concern or interest him. When he looks at anything he turns his ears toward it, to observe the better whether any sound comes from it. If a horse is particularly interested in your driving of him, he always turns his ears backward toward you, but if he has no concern on that subject, or if he sees anything ahead that interests him, he keeps his ears pricked forward. A horse hears the whinny of another horse at a greater distance than the average man can hear it.

This comparative immunity is more remarkable from the fact that horses are often blind or have defective eyesight. We see blind horses every day and always sympathize with them, but it is certainly wonderful how they get along so well. The guidance by the rein, of course, helps them greatly, but the "Nomad" is told by the "Paraphraser" at the next table that he once knew a pair of totally blind horses which were driven among stumps in plowing rough ground, and that they picked their way among the stumps as successfully as seeing horses could have done. It is possible that blindness is compensated in a horse by a special faculty for feeling its way, just as blind people have a particular keenness of the sense of touch.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why take ordinary cough remedies when Boschée's German Syrup has been used for fifty-one years in all towns in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other countries, for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung trouble. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, giving nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health, assisted by pure air and sunshine when possible. Trial size, 25c, and 75c family size. Sold in all towns in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other countries.—Adv.

The National Tiger. During the French revolution, in 1789, the proprietor of a menagerie in Paris had among his collection a Bengal tiger, one of the largest species, usually known as the royal tiger. As royalty and everything pertaining thereto was abolished, he was afraid he might be accused of a want of patriotism, and, therefore, had the following inscription posted outside his establishment: "Walk In and See the National Tiger."

An Exception.

Johnnie's father had a comfortable income that did not require that he should have any settled occupation, and the only thing in the nature of work that Johnnie had ever seen him do was to write checks. At school Mary announced that her father was a doctor. "My father is a lawyer," said Edward.

Johnnie thought a moment, and then said: "My father pays his debts."

Anuric cures Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism. Send 10c. Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package. Adv.

Duluth, Minn., and Gary, Ind., will soon be connected by trolley lines.

Los Angeles in 1916 paid out nearly \$15,000,000 for new buildings.

San Francisco last year spent \$18,837,173 for new buildings.

PLAN TO GET A GOOD STAND OF ALFALFA

(By PROF. F. G. HOLDEN, Former Dean of Iowa State College.)

Manure a piece of ground in the fall and plow; or, if this cannot be done, manure the ground in the winter or early spring and disk thoroughly and then plow.

2. Disk or harrow or cultivate the ground every week or ten days during April, May and June to kill the weeds. Keep the ground clean. Don't let the weeds get a start. In addition this will give a firm seedbed, just what alfalfa must have.

3. Apply from three to five tons of ground lime each per acre any time during the spring when most convenient.

4. Sow from 10 to 12 pounds of seed per acre the last of June or during July or the first of August, without any nurse crop.

The important things are: Manure, lime, killing the weeds, a firm seedbed, sowing early so as to have strong

grown on the farm for several years.

The inoculation is a simple matter and easily done. During the spring or summer distribute from the rear end of a wagon 200 or 400 pounds per acre of sweet clover or alfalfa seed, secured from a sweet clover or from a good alfalfa field.

Drainage.—Alfalfa will not do well in sour, wet, soggy ground. If not naturally drained it should be tile-drained.

1. Cultivate.—Cultivate and cultivate both ways. Don't be afraid of hurting the alfalfa. There is nothing equal to a spring-tooth harrow for cultivating alfalfa. It destroys the weeds and especially blue grass which is alfalfa's greatest enemy, and forms a mulch, keeping the ground from getting hard. Cultivate in the fall, cultivate early in the spring; cultivate after each cutting except after the first cutting in the spring when you won't have time. Begin cultivating the second season after sowing.

2. When to Cut Alfalfa.—Cut when



ALFALFA A PROFITABLE CROP—FOUR TONS PER ACRE.

plants to withstand the winter, and determination.

By sowing early, say in July or the last of June, as soon as the weeds are killed, there is time to re-sow in case of heavy rain which may form a hard crust on the soil and prevent the first sowing from coming up.

5. Inoculation.—Inoculation never hurts and, east of the Missouri river usually helps and often is essential; especially until alfalfa has been

the little shoots or buds begin to start at the base of the plant. This is important and especially for the first cutting in the spring. When the buds or shoots start that means that all the strength is going to the new shoots for the next crop. If we delay cutting until these shoots have grown up so that we cut them off, we will cut two crops of alfalfa and get but one. Keep your eye on the little shoots—never mind the blossom.

SELECTION OF HENS FOR BREEDING PENS

Pick Only Active, Vigorous Fowls, Avoiding Use of Thin, Immature Pullets.

Select mature hens, and not pullets, for breeding purposes, advises F. E. Fox, assistant in poultry husbandry in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

"Constitutional vigor should be the first consideration in the selection of a hen," said Mr. Fox. "The head should be broad, wide and deep; the eyes full, round and prominent; the back short and stout; and the neck of medium length.

"Individuals should be selected that have well proportioned backs, broad at the rear extremity. The birds should have broad, deep breasts with long keels, which should extend well to the rear. The body should have plenty of capacity to allow room for the digestive and reproductive organs. Another indication of vigor is the well-worn or blunt toenail.

"Select only active, vigorous hens. A good rule for this is the old saying, 'the best hen is the first off the roost in the morning and the last on in the evening.' Avoid the use of immature pullets.

PLAN TO RID SHEEP OF ALL PARASITES

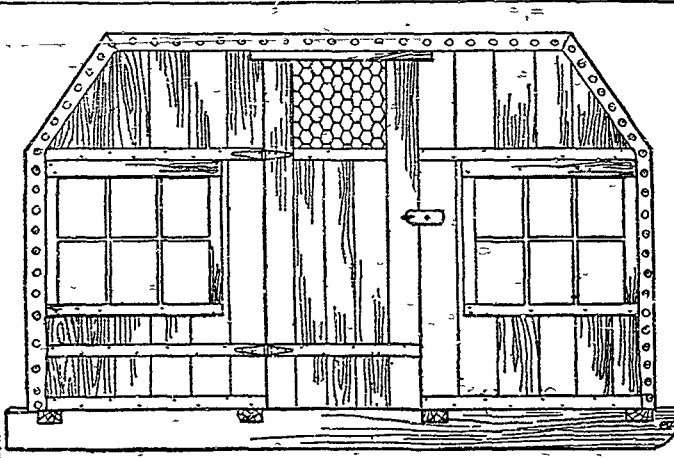
Drench of Copper Sulphate Has Been Found Most Satisfactory at Ohio Station.

Sheepmen having flocks infested with stomach and tapeworms may free the animals of such pests by treatment before turning out to spring pasture. For this purpose a drench of copper sulphate has been found most satisfactory in the flocks at the Ohio experiment station.

Two fluid ounces of a solution made by dissolving an ounce of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) in two quarts of water is sufficient for a yearling, and a two-year-old sheep needs three fluid ounces. A long-necked bottle or a rubber tube and funnel may be used to give the dose. Most effective results follow when the sheep are fasted for a day both before and after treatment. Water should not be given for a few hours preceding and following the dosing.

Digestive disturbances, poor appetite, loss of flesh and general weakness indicate the presence of worms. Lambs are most seriously affected. Ridding the sheep of worms in the spring will result in fewer losses in the lamb crop.

CHEAP PORTABLE COLONY POULTRY HOUSE



HENHOUSE MADE FROM OLD PIANO BOXES.

Not having enough brooding space last spring and not wanting to put much money into new houses, I hit upon the following plan: I first secured two piano boxes from a piano dealer. Then I bought at the lumber yard two pieces 2 by 6, 9 feet long, and four pieces 2 by 4, 6 feet long, says a writer in National Stockman and Farmer. These six pieces I made into a sled. I set the 2 by 6 pieces on edge parallel and six feet apart. I then mortised the four pieces in them, spacing them hardly three feet apart and spiked them down. I set the boxes on the sled one at each end with the backs facing in, then carefully removed the backs and divided each into two equal parts and put one of these parts on the sled between the boxes for the floor. Another part bridges the gap in the roof. The third part closes one side and the fourth makes the door. On each side of the door I put in a window. For roofing I used prepared roofing and extended the strips to the ground on both ends. I covered the back with the same material.

THE COUNTRY GIRL

By HARRISON CHASE.

"I'm crazy about you." Bruce Barton, sitting on the steps of the rambling farmhouse, looked up into the eyes of Mary Neilson. The girl smiled.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Positive."

"Why?"

For a moment Bruce was silent. "It's because you are different from any other girl I have ever known," he answered finally. "You're pretty and you're clever, but at the same time you don't think anything about clothes, you don't powder your nose, and you don't go around fishing for compliments."

"Listen, Bruce. You don't know what I'm doing up here, where I came from or who my parents are."

"I know," he answered in mock seriousness. "All that I care about is that I came up to Riverton Center three weeks ago expecting to take a rest. I met you, and I haven't had any rest since."

"And you're going home tomorrow?" He nodded. "Yes, but I want you to come down to college next week and go with me to the senior ball."

"He looked up anxiously, but the girl shook her head.

"I've read about college dances," she answered, "and I don't think that I'm the girl you want to take."

"Why?"

"Because the girls at the house parties wear beautiful clothes and are accustomed to society; the men try to outdo one another, and the senior who takes a girl who doesn't measure up to the standard is more or less of a laughing stock."

Bruce's face reddened. "It isn't anything like that," he retorted. "I want you to come with me. Will you?"

Mary hesitated for a moment.

"I don't know," she answered finally. "I'm only a country girl. I haven't many dresses, and I hardly think that you would be very proud of me down there in college."

"I would," he answered. "I'd be proud of you anywhere."

But somehow his words failed to carry conviction, and the girl, sensing his hesitancy, made her decision.

"We'll compromise," she said. "There are ten days before the dance. If, after you go back to college and think over what I've told you, you still want me to go to the dance, you may write and ask me next Saturday. If I don't get a letter I'll forget all about it."

The next day, when Bruce Barton returned to college, he found the members of his fraternity talking eagerly of the approaching dance.

"I'm going to bring a wonder of a girl," Dud Chambers announced. "She's coming in her dad's car, and she's got all kinds of money. She'll make a hit, all right."

"My guest is one of the most popular girls in Vassar," Bob Voorhees remarked. "At the Yale prom she was the hit of the house party."

Bruce said nothing. A picture of Mary as he had learned to know her, with her simple clothes and unaffected manner, flashed before him. For three days he debated the question, and it was not until Friday night that he made his decision. Then he wrote a letter, but it was addressed to a girl he had met in New York who, he knew, would "make a hit" with his fellow students.

On the afternoon of the dance his conscience troubled him a bit, but when the guests began to arrive and the members of the house party flocked around the girl he had invited, he smiled satisfiedly.

"Mary's all right up in the wilds of Riverton Center," he said to himself. "But she wouldn't fit in down here." He reached the big armory where the dance was to be held rather early, and having donned his gloves and arranged his tie, waited outside of the armory for his partner to appear. He watched idly as girl after girl strolled out of the room and joined their escorts. He noticed with approval that his girl promised to eclipse them all.

He was still enjoying this feeling of self-satisfaction when the door opened and a veritable vision of loveliness came forth. Bruce's heart stood still; the girl was Mary Neilson. Involuntarily, he stepped forward, but Ralph Towers, the varsity football captain, brushed him aside and offered his arm to the waiting girl. Together they made their way to the dance floor.

Bruce gazed after them, his mouth opened in astonishment. Mary, whom he had considered not good enough to attend the dance, was the guest of the biggest man in college.

Bruce, resolved to solve the mystery of her appearance, made his way across the floor.

"Hello, Mary," he said easily. "Are you going to save a dance for me?"

"I don't know." She looked at him strangely. "I'm engaged to Mr. Towers, you know."

"What?"

"I've been engaged to him for six months."

"But why did you say that you'd come to the dance with me, if I should ask you?"

"Because I knew that you wouldn't have courage enough to ask me. You thought that I was only a country girl."

"And aren't you?"

"No." She tossed her head rather proudly. "I am president of the senior class at Wellesley."

(Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

No Eggs, Milk or Butter

The following recipe shows how an appetizing, wholesome cake can be made without expensive ingredients.

In many other recipes the number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more by using an additional quantity of ROYAL Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

EGGLESS, MILKLESS, BUTTERLESS CAKE

1/4 cup water
1 cup seeded raisins
2 ounces citron
1/2 cup shortening
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

The old method (fruit cake) called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS.—Put the first eight ingredients into saucepan and boil three minutes. When cool, add the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake in moderate oven in loaf pan (round tin with hole in center) for 35 or 40 minutes. Ice with white icing.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 125 William Street, New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes, adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum No Phosphate No Bitter Taste

The Pie Market.

The influx of pieplant from the South has caused a strong demand in fashionable quarters for rhubarb pie, "deep dish preferred" selling at a slight advance over "common." The result has been the expected seasonal slump in the staple pumpkin, although there is still some reactionary trading in that commodity. Apple sold-off on account of the public fancy for the new comer, but is expected to recover when money tightens later in the week. Lemon meringue was dull. Always an off season pie, it is expected soon to fall back to the level of custard and coconut, attractive only to a certain conservative class of investors. Boston cream was slow and colorless, and it is reported that the governors expect to take it from the pie market list and let it go back to the cake curb, where it naturally belongs. No trading in mince which is expected to pass its next dividend.—New York Sun.

The Soy Bean.

In 1915 the United States imported more than 3,837,000 pounds of soy beans, valued at approximately \$87,000; nearly 6,000,000 pounds of cake, valued at \$64,000; and over 19,000,000 pounds of oil valued at nearly \$900,000.

CLEAR AWAY PIMPLES

Does Cuticura Ointment—Assisted by Cuticura Soap—Trial Free.

"On rising and retiring smear the affected surfaces gently with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. When the skin is clear keep it so by using Cuticura for every-day toilet and nursery purposes.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Appraising Father's Wealth.

When the kid went to Sunday school the lesson was evidently about how it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

"Dad," said the boy, "you're awfully rich, aren't you?"

"Why, no, son," answered the father, "not so terribly rich."

"Well, you're pretty rich, anyhow, aren't you?"

"I don't call myself rich at all. Why?"

"Are you rich enough to go to Hades?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletchman*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

His Specialty.

"Did I understand you to say that this gentleman is an impresario?"

"That's what he calls himself."

"Then he must know a great many grand opera stars."

"Oh, I dare say he has met a few in vaudeville. He directs a troupe of trained ones."

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight shoes feel easy and gives instant relief to corns and bunions. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25c. For FREE trial package address, Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

Up to Date.

Sunday School Teacher—Willie, who was born in Bethlehem?

Willie—Charles M. Schwab.

If a man tells a woman she has a musical laugh, she will fall for any old joke he may get off.

"Glad to meet you," is what one man usually says when introduced to another—but is he?

A Kidney Medicine That Always Makes Friends

I have heard practically no one complain regarding the effective influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root in the diseases for which it is so highly recommended during nearly twenty-four years' sale of the medicine. I have never been afraid to recommend Swamp-Root for kidney and bladder troubles, consequently my sales have been splendid.

Very truly yours,
J. O. GRETTENBERGER,
Druggist,
Oct. 8, 1916. Okemos, Michigan.

I believe there is no superior preparation to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root on the market. I have been selling it for the past twenty years and have never heard a single complaint; in every case it has given satisfaction. I have tested its value and found it to be very beneficial; therefore, I heartily recommend it to those in need of such a preparation.

Very truly yours,
H. M. GIBBS, Druggist,
Oct. 7, 1916. Howard City, Mich.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

METZ Lo Veque-Boston Motor Sales Co.
CARS \$633 80 Jeff Ave. STATE DISTRIBUTORS Detroit
LIVE AGENTS WANTED



106 Fly Poison Cases Reported in 3 Years

A Large Percentage Fatal

Appalling as this recent season, it is only a fraction of the rear number. The symptoms of cholera infantum and arsenical poisoning are almost identical. Diagnosis is extremely difficult. Many actual fly poison cases are unrecognized and unreported.

The Government recognizes this danger to childhood and issues this warning in supplement No. 20 to the Public Health Report.

Of other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made merely for the purpose of condemnation of those composed of arsenic. Fatal cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent and owing to the resemblance to cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported do not, by any means, comprise the total. Arsenical fly poisoning is a very serious disease and should never be used, even if other measures are not at hand.

THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

are responsible—they not only give relief

—they permanently cure Constipation, Migrations use them for

Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. F. Wood

Knew What Dad Would Say.

Jack, the three-year-old brother of the new and historic Bellefontaine Avenue twins, has taken up his dad's burden in a remarkable manner, considering his years.

A neighbor lady calling on the twins the other night expressed her approval of them, and then turned to Jack and asked:

"Jack, may I have your little sister Betty?"

Jack consented readily.

"And how about little brother Bobby may I have him, too?"

Jack said sure.

"Well, what would papa say when he came home and found them gone?"

"Oh," said Jack, "he'd say, 'You're very welcome.'"

WOMEN! IT IS MAGIC!

LIFT OUT ANY CORN

Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off with fingers—no pain.

Just think! You can lift off any corn or callus without pain or soreness.

A Cincinnati man discovered this ether compound and named it freezone. Any druggist will sell a tiny bottle of freezone, like here shown, for very little cost.

You apply a few drops directly upon a tender corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it right off.

Freezone is wonderful. It dries instantly. It doesn't eat away the corn or callus, but shrivels it up without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Hard, soft or corns between the toes, as well as painful calluses, lift right off. There is no pain before or afterwards. If your druggist hasn't freezone, tell him to order a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

The Usual Way.

He—How did this fire go out?

She—I guess it went out by the fire escape.

"That there nice, long, streaky kind," said the private. "Then I can use the rind for shoe-laces."

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smearing, just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye FREE ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

BILLY EVANS SOLVES BASEBALL PROBLEMS

(Written Especially for This Paper by the Famous American League Umpire.)

Baseball rules are supposed to be uniform, yet the two major leagues differ on the interpretation of a rather peculiar play that comes up quite often. It happened several times in both major leagues last year. It deals with the accidental dropping of the ball by pitcher while in the act of delivering it to the plate.

In a game at St. Louis last year, with a man on first base, Ford of the New York team started to deliver the ball to the batter. The ball got away from him, and instead of going up to the plate, fell a few feet in the rear of the pitcher's box. Turning around, Ford picked up the ball and attempted to retire the runner, who was stealing at second, but failed to do so by the scantest of margins.

Some time previous, a somewhat similar play came up in the National league. With men on first and third, a double steal was called for. As the pitcher started to deliver the ball both men started to advance. In going through his wind-up, the pitcher's arm accidentally struck his side and the ball dropped to the rear of the box. Immediately, the man on third dashed for the plate, but was thrown out by the pitcher, who recovered the ball.

The ruling on the two plays at the time they came up differed entirely. The American league has since changed its original ruling, but its present ruling differs as much as ever from the construction placed on the play by the National league. This is one play that the proposed rules committee could clear up.

Answer to Problem.

At the time the play came up in the American league, all the umpires regarded such happening as purely accidental and suspended play immediately, not allowing any bases to be run or men retired. In the play at St. Louis, the umpire simply sent the runner back to first and started everything over again.

A strict interpretation of the play makes the accidental happening a balk, but such a construction has never been favored by the American league. It has always been pointed out that such a way to win a game, by forcing a man home from third, was not to be desired. Hence, the making of the play a purely accidental feature. Last year, however, the American league decided that in the event of such a play the ball should be regarded as in play and base-runners permitted to advance at their peril.

In the National league the play is regarded as a balk. In the National league play cited, the runner retired at the plate was allowed to score and the man on first granted second.

Both rulings are open to much argument.

(Copyright by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

RUSSELL FORD.

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RUNNERS LOSE TIME

How Much Two-Fifths of a Second Affects Safe Hitting.

Pitcher Ed Reulbach Tells of Batsman Who Failed to Beat Out Hit by Turning to See How Shortstop Was Fielding Ball.

In the Baseball Magazine Ed Reulbach has an article disclosing how much two-fifths of a second affects safe hitting. We quote in part from his magazine story.

"Out," yelled the umpire. The base runner ran hard. He dug his spikes into the ground and hurled himself at the bag. But the ball beat him out in the race by perhaps one-fifth of a second.

The infielders tighten their belts, clap their hands to their gloves and call to one another. "That's the boy—get the next one now." They are on their toes, alert, spirited, eager. The base runner, mopping his face, ambles back to the dugout and takes his place dejectedly on the bench. Perhaps someone asks him why he didn't beat the ball. He answers curtly that he ran his best. There is a general feeling that he did run hard under the circumstances, and interest speedily centers in the next play.

That play is repeated at least ten times in an average game, but before we dismiss it let's see just what happened. The batter had hit the ball

rather sharply to deep short field. The shortstop had to sprint several feet to his right in order to stop the ball. Then he had to recover his balance and set himself for a long, hard throw. All this took time and although the ball went straight and true into the first baseman's mitt, it took a large fraction of a second to travel across that intervening space. The batter made a quick getaway from the plate. Half the success of beating a throw is in getting a good start. He was a reasonably fast man and he ran well. But he knew when he hit the ball that he had no time to spare. He was curious to see if the shortstop fielded the ball clean and just what were his chances of beating out the throw. This curiosity led him to cast one look out across the diamond to where the shortstop was trying to field the ball, and although he did not cease running, in that one look he involuntarily slackened his speed. How much time did he lose? Probably at least two-fifths of a second, and that robbed him of a hit and perhaps robbed his teammates of the victory.

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The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
F. S. NEAL, Owner.
J. W. PERKINS, Manager.

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., APRIL 13, 1917

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP.

In accordance with the U. S. postal laws, Act August 24, 1912, the following statement is published:
Name of publication: The Northville Record.
Publisher: Neal Printing Co.
Managing Editor: J. W. Perkins.
Business Manager: J. W. Perkins.
Bonds and mortgages: None.
Owner: Frank S. Neal.
(Signed) J. W. PERKINS, Business Manager.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 2nd day of April, 1917.
ERNEST MILLER, Notary Public.
My commission expires Feb. 9, 1920.

WHY NOT A "HOME ARMY"?

The thousands of loyal Americans who are being daily rejected for various reasons by the nation's recruiting agents might have an army of their own that can render even more important service to their country. What magnificent possibilities are suggested by the thought of a thoroughly organized and efficiently officered "home army," whose work it should be to see that our enormous food producing areas are brought and held to their fullest capacity of usefulness! The difficulty of obtaining capable—or even half-capable—farm help is fully acknowledged to be responsible for under-production and consequent scarcity and prohibitive food prices. Now that every available acre should be put under cultivation this year to do its part in supplying an immensely increased demand, the food situation is of even graver import than before. Government conservation and regulations of existing food materials is not enough, labor bureaus are not enough, even the English "Brassard system" is not enough, but what a regularly organized, national agricultural army, with its state departments and sub-departments, its divisions, regiments, companies, and squads would mean in the distribution of farm help to all places where it should be required! By all means let us have a real, practical, soil-tilling army. The Record offers the suggestion free to the national government.

Billy Sunday has carried New York city by storm with an opening declaration that he will turn over every cent he receives during his present campaign there, over and above actual family expenses to the army. Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross society. He says he will submit an itemized account to prove that he does exactly as he promises. One could never have imagined Billy as anything else than a militant citizen when it should come to the test. The way he divides his verbal, wordiness between enemies of righteousness and the enemies of the U. S. reveals the fact that he has plenty of preparedness for either kind. If the Rev. William manages to restrain himself from actual physical participation in the war it will be almost a miracle.

Our own Michigan Metropolis, notwithstanding its excellent strategic position from a military viewpoint, is declared by expert students of affairs to be sure of greater immunity from the effects of the present participation of the United States in the world-war than any other city of like size and importance in the entire world. The reason for this belief lies in the enormous manufacturing resources of Detroit, covering as they do almost everything needed for human uses. This fact insures not only local supplies but constant commercial and industrial activity in furnishing these necessities to other parts of the world. It is very comforting to Northville and other suburban towns to be privileged to play in Detroit's yard.

Rev. R. M. Traver, pastor of the First Baptist church of that city seems to be the "marrying parson" of Pontiac. He married seven couples last Saturday and Sunday.

A thousand men applied for enlistment at the recruiting offices last week in Detroit alone. to say nothing

of the rest of the state. Old Mich. is on the job, as usual, when it comes to doing things for "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The Oxford Leader intimates (and then some) that dogs are not the only animals that should be muzzled when "madness" prevails. Sure thing. But the U. S. secret service is actively and successfully engaged in the muzzling biz, and has been for some time past.

"Lo! the poor Indian"—\$25,000 of him—wants to enlist to fight for Uncle Sam. The original American is handicapped by no hyphenated citizenship, and he never posed as a pacifist even in his palmest days.

All those girls who are becoming brides of men who marry them to escape military duty are by no means assured thereby that they will never have to engage in any family fights.

California Japanese have offered themselves for hospital and military service for the United States. Looks something like "coals of fire."

A Pontiac bride of last week was Miss Apple. However, that isn't saying she wasn't a peach.

Whatever you do, don't "rock the boat" now.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Olin Pepper was a Milan visitor last week.

D. J. M. Burgess of Detroit was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Catherine Wing has returned from a visit at Jackson and other points.

Bert and Blanche Clark of Detroit were at their parental home here over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Flint of Ypsilanti was the guest of Mrs. Carl Schultz a part of this week.

Alto VanValkenburg of Royal Oak spent the week-end at his parents' home here.

Mrs. Adèle Simonds is now at her home here after spending the winter at Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dolph went to Cleveland the latter part of last week to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ford entertained friends Sunday from Flint, Detroit, Farmington and Novi.

Miss Dorothy Hunt of Holland, Mich. was Miss Alene McCully's house guest for several days last week.

Mrs. C. C. Keyes has returned to Northville after spending the winter at Farmington and Redford.

Flora Hendryx and Arthur Avis of Detroit were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hendryx over Easter.

Mrs. Ida Joslin was in town Friday to assist in the initiatory work at the O. E. S. meeting, returning to Detroit Saturday.

Mrs. Eva Clarkson went to Detroit Saturday for a few days' stay with her daughter, Mrs. Bennett Dean and other relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Edith Miller of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Miller of Redford were Easter guests of Joe Miller and family.

Rev. F. J. Walker was called to Rochester recently to officiate at the funeral of Mrs. S. M. B. Fox, mother of the editor of the Rochester Era.

Miss Ella Wilcox and her nieces, Marie and Katherine were week-end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones Wilcox in North Farmington.

J. Roland Wilber, Paul F. Wilber and Glen Ballagh or Detroit were entertained for the week-end at the home of the former's parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Wheeler left Tuesday morning for a week's visit with their daughter, and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paul at Dayton, Ohio.

Earl Ward of Ann Arbor, a former Novi township boy who is now a U. S. soldier, was the guest of Miss Irene Angell at her parental home for the week-end.

Mrs. Robert Park of Detroit spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. W. E. Ambler, and was accompanied home by her son, Russell, who visited here during his vacation.

Arthur Murray and family of Toledo, Ohio, and Norman Miller and family, Mrs. Anna Hood and Miss Marian Hood of Plymouth were guests

of Mrs. Leona Whipple and family at Easter dinner Sunday.

Howard Stewart and L. D. Stage will travel the great lakes this season on one of the big freighters.

Mrs. Laura Ostrander and family of Novi and Frank McDonald of Merrill were guests of Mrs. Sonnenburg, Sunday.

Mrs. F. S. Brown and Mrs. George Ford were visitors Wednesday at the home of the latter's daughter, Mrs. Phil Taylor at Novi.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark of Salem dined with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cobb of this place were entertained Sunday at the home of their uncle, James Clark.

Olive DesAutels returned home Sunday after spending a week in Detroit with her cousin, Ruth DesAutels, who came with her for a short visit here.

The Misses Frances and Margaret Yerkes, Louise Thayer and Cecil Johnston and Messrs. Donald Yerkes and Carroll Dubuair, students at the U. of M. have been spending the spring vacation at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Babbitt arrived home Saturday from their southern trip. They report that the South is alive with patriotic enthusiasm far exceeding in expression that displayed in this part of the Union, and that the stars and stripes are lavishly displayed in every direction.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.**BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.**

(By the Pastor.)

The subject for Sunday morning will be "The responsibility of the church to the village of Northville." Let us come and get a larger conception of our mission. Don't think all Christianity is for us a fire escape. That is the lowest possible conception of it. Christianity is the highest interpretation of life. I don't care how many universities you have graduated from, you need a course of this to put you on the market at the highest value.

Don't forget that you have a soul, even if the physicians have failed to locate it. They can't locate Edison's inventive genius, either, but he has it just the same.

The evening topic will be given from the pulpit.

As for the evening service, we are aware of the fact that all are not able to stand two sermons a day. I suppose this is due to a lack of capacity. We don't wish to criticize any one who has but a one-sermon capacity. We leave that to the judgement of the individual.

One feature of the Sunday evening service will be special music from Walled Lake.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

There will be no services next Sunday, April 15, but please take notice that there will be services Sunday, April 22. In the forenoon, Lord's Supper commencing confession, 9:30. Church service starts at 10 o'clock, standard time.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

It is expected that Rev. Leonard McDonald of Gaylord, Mich., will occupy the pulpit next Sunday, both morning and evening.

Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

Christian Endeavor meeting at 6 o'clock.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at the customary hour.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

"Sharing in a Great Enterprise" will be the sermon-topic for the service next Sunday morning.

The Sunday school at 11:30 furnishes a splendid opportunity for the study of the bible. The plans and specifications for every life are found in this book and none can build his life well who will be indifferent to or ignorant of its directions.

The Epworth League will meet at 6 o'clock, under the direction of Mr. Wilbur Walker. The topic for discussion will be, "How God Guides." All young people are cordially invited.

For the evening service of worship and praise, at 7 o'clock, the sermon-topical will be, "One Thing." There is no better place to spend an hour of Sabbath evening than in the Lord's house. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

The Woman's Home Missionary society will meet with Mrs. James VanDyne Tuesday afternoon, April 17, at 2 o'clock. Ladies are requested to bring thimble and needle.

The Epworth League has something of interest for everybody, on the evening of April 30. You will learn more about it at the Village Post Office.

Forewarned is Forearmed

In the event of war, all lines of Cotton Goods are bound to be much higher. At the present time we are well prepared to take care of the trade that we are soliciting from our customers.

For a few days, only, we can sell the Best Percales, at 15c yard.
A well balanced line of Voiles, Lawns and other White Goods, await you.
Toile-de-Nord Gingham, 15c & 18c yd.

Boy Blue Cloths, the ideal Cloth for Little Romper Suits, at 20c yard.
Gilt Edge Silk and Wool Poblins, 40-in. wide, at \$1.50 yd.

This is the time to insist upon Advertised Goods. If Advertised Goods are allowed to depreciate in Service-Giving Qualities, the Manufacturers of those goods lose millions of dollars that they have already invested in the past in bringing their wares before the consuming public. Some of the Advertised Lines that we specialize in:

American Lady Corsets.
Nemo Corsets.
Cadet Hosiery.
Kayser Gloves.
Coats' Thread.
Corticelli Silk and Silk Thread.
Royal Society Crochet Cottons.
O. N. T. Crochet Cottons.



PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

A HEART TO HEART TALK WITH OUR READERS

The publishing house of Chas. Scribner Sons, New York, sell Frank Spearman's story, "Nan of Music Mountain," for \$1.25. This story contains approximately 100,000 words. That is just one twenty-eighth the amount of reading matter the Northville Record will in the future provide for its readers each year. In other words, The Record will print over 55,000 words of reading matter each week, more than 2,900,000 words of reading matter each year, and included in this amount of reading matter will be not only "Nan of Music Mountain," which the Scribner firm sells for \$1.25, but some five or six other stories of equal value.

Since The Record was started, it has stood as an ideal local newspaper. Now it is going to be more than strictly a local newspaper—it is going to be both newspaper and high grade magazine. Its magazine features will equal in quality those found in any of the high grade monthly or weekly publications. They will consist of the very best of serial stories printed in liberal installments; of interesting information for the farmers, and of practical fashion gossip for the women.

In the matter of quantity The Record will give twice as much reading matter as the largest of the popular high grade monthly magazines, and it gives you this in a home publication. In the matter of quality the stories will be written by such well-known authors as Frank Spearman, Rex Beach, Mary Roberts, Rhinhart, Francis Lynde and others of their class, in fact, that have made the magazines and big national weeklies popular all over the United States.

Another of the new features of The Record will be a department for the women prepared by Julia Bottomly. Mrs. Bottomly is not only the most widely read writer on fashion subjects in the United States, but is recognized as the most practical from the viewpoint of the women of the smaller cities and towns. She writes of and pictures the gowns and hats that are actually worn by the modest women of the smaller cities and towns. She does not tell of the freaks that are worn only by the publicity seeking class of the large cities. And she knows her audience for she was for many years a dressmaker and milliner in a country town.

For the farmers there will be a department on the very important subject of dairying, and much of the material in this department will be supplied by the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, and can be accepted as authoritative.

Another new feature of The Record will be a department devoted to Sporting. This is not a sporting news report in terms of box scores and tallies by quarters, rounds and periods. It is sporting news in that it covers the field in a general manner—sporting gossip and sporting tendencies. It is of interest to men who enjoy baseball, football, boxing, wrestling, field athletics, motor racing, etc.

The Record has always been worth, as a newspaper, more than its subscription price, and it will in the future, with its new departments and features, be worth much more than it has been in the past. The serial stories alone, if purchased at book publishers' prices, would cost, from four to five dollars each a year, and other features are of equal value.

STAYS HOT

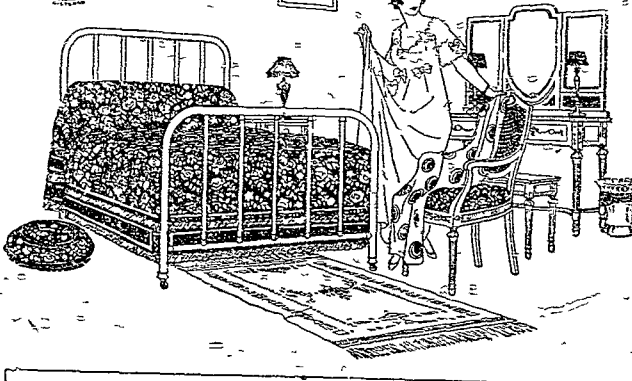
Use an Electric Flat Iron and save yourself the bother of changing irons.

SAVES TIME

An Electric Flat Iron will do the work in less time—and with much less labor.

Come in and get one—try it out at our expense.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY



Beds Which Will Bear the Man's Closest Scrutiny

SATURDAY is the man's shopping day. The wife may make her furniture selection during the week, but on Saturday she brings in her husband to see if the pieces she has picked out are good for the money. We want to show men this

Handsome Simmons Steel Bed Illustrated—\$00

New Design—new finish—real steel bed. The famous Simmons-make advertised by them in the best magazines; the electrically welded bed that has no bolts or screws to come loose or rattle.

One-third lighter than old-type metal bed. Bigger, hand-somer tubing. Mounted on frictionless casters that insure easy rolling.

Beautiful enameled finish in any color or in wood-graining if desired. This is the bed sure to please a woman who seeks solid, massive construction, with a style and individuality to harmonize with the decorations of her home. And her husband will approve her choice.

Let us show you all our good furniture, embracing very finest medium grade and low price lines, with largest assortments in each grade. Let us offer you helpful assistance from experienced salespeople whose instructions and efforts are to please you and make your buying a source of greatest possible satisfaction.

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THE FIRM NAME THAT STANDS FOR QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICES. FURNITURE DEALERS—FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

NORTHVILLE.

and PLYMOUTH.

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

DR. 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.

GO TO THE OFFICE WITH
NEW VIGOR—THROW OFF THAT
FEELING OF WEARINESS AND
FATIGUE WITH

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DYNAMIC
TONIC.

FOR OVERWORKED MEN AND
WOMEN, FOR FRIBLE FOLKS OF
OLD AGE AND FOR DELICATE
CHILDREN, THIS TONIC IS REC-
OMENDED HIGHLY.

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ON THE LABEL.

LET IT HELP YOU—IT SURELY
WILL IF PROPERLY TAKEN. 75c
AND \$1.50.

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Also Vegetable Plants of
Many Kinds.

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Vocal Instructions and Coaching.
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Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.
Everything in a Strictly Sanitary
Condition. All Milk we sell is the
product of our own dairy.

Our having fresh cows at all times
of the year gives you a high stan-
dard of milk. It is worth a few cents a week to know
what you are getting.

WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.
G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE
THEATRE.

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

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

The Proper Course

Information of Priceless Value to
Every Northville Citizen.

How to act in an emergency is
knowledge of inestimable worth, and
this is particularly true of the diseases
and ills of the human body. If you
suffer with kidney backache, urinary
disorders, or any form of kidney
trouble, the advice contained in the
following statement should add a
valuable asset to your store of knowl-
edge. What could be more convinc-
ing proof of the efficiency of Doan's
Kidney Pills than the statement of a
Northville woman who used them and
who publicly tells of the benefits de-
rived?

Mrs. J. N. Elliott, Grace and Verkes
streets, Northville, says: "Doan's
Kidney Pills are a family medicine for
kidney disorders and backache in our
home. A few doses of this medicine
now and then keeps my kidneys in
good working order and give me the
best of satisfaction generally. Too
much couldn't be said in praise of this
medicine."

Price 50c at all Dealers. Don't
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that
Mrs. Elliott uses. Foster-Milburn
Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv. 5L

Northville Newslets.

"Patriot's Day" next week Tuesday.

Spring cleaning shows increasing
activity.

Thomas Jefferson's birthday anni-
versary today.

L. B. Charter and family are enjoy-
ing the ownership of a Dodge touring
car.

The Edison company has commenced
preparatory work on its new office
building on Center street.

The ladies of the Baptist church are
to hold a bake sale in the Steers hard-
ware store this coming Saturday,
April 14.

Only 20 degrees above zero Monday
and Tuesday mornings, and 70 Wed-
nesday afternoon. Some versatility to
our weather.

Don VanSickle has purchased the
draying business of Joe Montgomery,
including the big motor truck and
other accessories.

In its "Along the Interurban Lines"
department the Electric Railway Ser-
vice of April 6 has a fine picture of a
Main street scene in Northville.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark are now
Northville residents, having moved
from their farm northwest of town to
the house on Grace avenue recently
vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bogart.

Northville lodge No. 186, F & A M
will work the first degree on a class
of eight candidates Monday afternoon
and evening, April 16, commencing at
2 o'clock with supper at six.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Green, who re-
cently sold their farm near Mead's
Hills, to Detroit parties are among
our new Northville residents, having
bought the Pearsall place on Butler
avenue.

The debating class of the N. H. S.
and Supt. Misenar are planning for an
automobile trip to Lansing next week.
They will visit the State capitol and
the M. A. C.

The new Methodist church at Plym-
outh, replacing the one burned a year
ago, was dedicated last Sunday, with
appropriate ceremonies. Bishop
Henderson of Detroit was the principal
speaker.

Ross R. Ball has been assigned to
guard duty at his place of employment
with a Detroit manufacturing insti-
tution, because of his skill in mark-
smanship, for which he holds a medal
won during his residence in the West.

The Masons of this place are plan-
ning a ball team of their own this
season, and will try to arrange a few
games with their brothers of the
square and compasses, of Milford,
Brighton, Northville and other towns.
—South Lyon Herald.

Gov. Sleeper is planning the im-
mediate organization of a home guard of
perhaps 5,000 men to take the place of
the state troops called to national
service. These soldiers will be sub-
ject to call for guard duty at all
places where military watchfulness is
needed, and in case of any riots or
other serious disturbances.

Wyandotte has so many citizens of
foreign birth that the city commission
found it necessary to have a recently
issued public proclamation printed in
Hungarian, Slavic, Polish, Serbian and
German. The proclamation was an
assurance of protection and security to
alien residents "as long as they
obey the laws and behave themselves."

Kenneth Harmon, nephew of Mr.
and Mrs. Frank S. Harmon of this
place, died Wednesday, April 4, in
Council Bluffs, Iowa. The funeral
was held in that city April 6. The
young man was well known to the
young people of Northville, having
made his home here with his uncle's
family for some time a few years ago.

J. A. Dubuar has been ill this week.

We note through our exchanges that
Rev. J. E. Webber had the honor of
officiating this week at the first church
wedding held in the new Presbyterian
church at Royal Oak.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Stewart have
moved from Detroit to the farm south
of town owned by Mrs. Mary Miller.
Mrs. Stewart was formerly Miss Mary
Hills of this place.

Since the departure of the Kinder-
garten the Library rooms have been
cleaned and are again available for
rental to societies or individuals for
parties, suppers, etc.

As the Record goes to press, we
learn of the death of W. D. Killett at
his home west of town, after a long
illness. More extended notice will be
given in next week's issue.

Miss Olive DeCautels entertained
fine girls at a very enjoyable fudge
party last Monday evening. The
party was given for her cousin, Miss
Ruth DesAutels of Detroit.

Mrs. Clarie Stanley entertained
fifteen little girls at an Easter party
last Saturday afternoon. Various
games and a dainty Easter luncheon
were features of an occasion im-
mensely enjoyed by the company of
little folks.

C. E. Ryder credits his advertising
in the Record with the fact that he
sold 200 dozen eggs last Saturday,
clearing out his entire supply, which is
gratifying to both the Record and Mr.
Ryder, even though the latter didn't
make any profits on the "Easter fruit."

The King's Daughters are to hold
their quarterly spread in the Presby-
terian church parlors next Tuesday
evening, April 17, at 5:30 o'clock.
The state President, Mrs. J. N. Lewis
of Detroit is to be present. Members
are requested to bring the "penny
bags."

John Couch is Northville's first pres-
ent-day contribution to the marine
service. He leaves tomorrow, Sat-
urday, for Port Royal, S. C., Earl Alex-
ander is another local young patriot
in the service of his country and he
is daily expecting a call to his place in
the ranks of the 31st Michigan infantry.

The many friends of Prof. J. D.
LaRue will be glad to learn that he
is soon to be located much nearer this
place, having accepted a position as
superintendent of the Wayne schools.
Wayne, which is enjoying a "boom"
unprecedented in its history, is fortu-
nate in securing an able, up-to-date,
progressive educator like Mr. LaRue
to head its educational forces.

A spectacular runaway took place
in town Saturday when a team belong-
ing to Wesley Kenner, a farmer living
a few miles from Northville became
uncontrollable. The driver was
thrown out but not seriously injured
and the wagon considerably damaged.
The horses were caught some distance
from where they got loose from the
wagon.

Charged with making remarks derog-
atory to President Wilson Michael
Zimmerman, was sentenced to six
months' imprisonment by a police
magistrate at Camden, N. J. Ac-
cording to the evidence, Zimmerman
declared that the president was "No
Good." In passing sentence the
magistrate told Zimmerman "he had
taken his life in his own hands by his
utterances."—Detroit News.

Northville's Boy Scout troop, 16
strong, with Scoutmaster Pomeroy of
Detroit in command, marched to Vil-
lage President Filkins' residence Tues-
day night and formally offered their
services for any local public purpose
which might develop in connection
with the present national crisis, also
presenting to Mr. Filkins a book ex-
plaining the splendid objects, purposes
and rules of the Scout movement in
character and body building for our
future citizenship.

Another fatal electric railway col-
lision occurred two miles east of
Wayne last week Sunday night, re-
sulting three days later in the death
of motorman William Haggerty of
Ypsilanti, formerly of South Lyon.
Mr. Haggerty, smashed between the
two cars, heroically directed the work
of extracting himself, but could not
survive his terrible injuries. He was
only 30 years of age and left a widow
and one child. All the heroes are not
found on the battlefield.

On being notified by telephone Mon-
day that an abandoned automobile was
standing in the mud a mile west of
Novi, Deputy Perrin went over to in-
vestigate, and found the car to be an
expensive Chalmers Sedan. He com-
municated with the Detroit police and
was told that the car had been stolen
there. He got on the trail of two
strangers, negroes, as they took the
train at Novi for the North. They
were followed by means of an elec-
tric hand car and stopped at Wixom
where an Oakland county deputy took
charge of them. From Pontiac they

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA
Regular Meetings:
April 13 and 27.
A. J. SIMMONS, B. A. SCHULTZ,
Secy. C. R.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186
F. & A. M.
Sp'cl April 16. Work.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 53
R. A. M.
Regular May 9.

NORTHVILLE
COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.
Regular May 1st.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77
O. E. S.
Regular April 20.

were taken to Detroit and locked up.
The company in which the car was in-
sured took it back to Detroit.

Features at the New
Alseum Theatre.

Next week Thursday evening Al-
seum patrons will have the privilege
of seeing beautiful Marie Doro in the
pictureization by the Famous Players
of the great Sardou drama "Diplo-
macy" as played by the Charles
Frohman Co. Elliott Dexter, Miss
Doro's husband, acts with her in the
play.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent)
At the 7th regular meeting of A. M.
Herman W. R. C. a suitable and pleas-
ing program was given in honor of
Grand Army Day, followed by a treat
of home-made candy by our president.

An Easter offering of fruit and jelly
was sent to the Woman's annex at the
soldier's home in Grand Rapids.
Could we but realize how these little
delicacies are appreciated, a more
liberal response to these calls would
be given.

The ladies of the W. R. C. will hold
a bake sale Saturday, April 21. The
place of holding the sale will be an-
nounced in next week's issue of the
Record, and it is hoped that every
member will respond to this call.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

Christian Science service in the
Ladies Library Sunday morning at
10:45 o'clock.

Saturday night dancing in Catter-
mole hall. Good Music and Good
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"Why is Rexall '92' Hair Tonic so successful in keeping
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The answer is that it is successful because it is a scientific
treatment, designed to destroy the harmful microbes, restore the
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healthy and the hair grow.

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makes it easier to dress. It also helps to preserve its natural
color.

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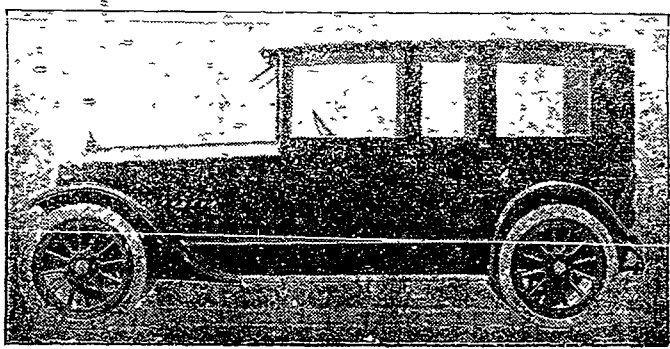
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WEB OF STEEL

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
Father and Son

Here Is a Powerful Story of Failure and Sacrifice and Love and Courage and Success

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CHARACTER TEST

CONFIDENCE and good nature are easy for folks who are already prosperous and successful. The true strength of a man's character is revealed, however, in adversity. Tear the foundation from beneath one who has always enjoyed advantages of wealth and position, and see if he has the backbone to conquer evil days—to rise above circumstances and win. In "Web of Steel" we have the story of a man whose foundation is destroyed. His fight to rebuild it makes the novel. It is not merely entertaining fiction; it is a piece of inspiring literature. We feel sure all of our readers will enjoy this Cyrus Townsend Brady serial.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Love of Woman.

If meetings only lived up to their anticipations, life would be a succession of startling climaxes. It had been some months since Meade had seen Helen Illingworth. He had dreamed of meeting her every day and had pictured the meeting differently and more rapturously after every letter. As a matter of fact the whole thing was casual and ordinary to the last degree. It always is.

Doctor Severance, a retired physician, who was vice president and financial man, and Curtiss, the chief engineer of the bridge company, were hard upon Miss Illingworth's heels as she stepped down from the car to the station platform. He saw her, as it were, surrounded by prosaic men. The woman he loved got the same welcome and the same handshake as her father and the other two men. It was not until big Abbott, who had been belated by some sudden demand of work, came sweeping down the platform to engage the attention of the men that the anxious Meade had a moment with the girl herself.

Now Helen Illingworth had also been seeing visions, so that she had been disappointed as he. The only real satisfaction that either of them could take in the situation lay in the fact that the other was there. It was midsummer and the girl was dressed in some light, filmy fabric which well became her radiant beauty. Meade could look at a bit of structural steel work and tell you all about it. All that he could have told you about the dress she wore was that it was exquisitely appropriate, but it never occurred to him that with a great price to a great artist Helen Illingworth had obtained that look of delightful simplicity.

The gown was not wasted on Meade, she decided, as she caught his rapturous glance. "She had never looked lovelier. She was not a fragile, ethereal woman; quite the reverse. That was one of ten thousand things Meade liked about her. She could do all those athletic and practical things that modern young women can do and she could do them well."

Meade was intensely practical and efficient. He could do all of those things himself and many more and he liked to do them, and that is one reason why he had been attracted to her. Yet not for that alone did he love her. On that soft summer afternoon she looked so subtly delicate as every man would at one time or another have the woman he loves appear, and as far removed from things strenuous as if in another world! He was wearing the rough clothes, flannel shirt, khaki trousers, heavy shoes and leggings which were his habitual use at work. Contrasted with her filmy and delicately colored fabric his well-worn olive-drab habiliments stood forth hideously. That is, he thought so, and the contrast somehow seemed typical of the difference between them as he considered her.

There was the careless insouciance of conscious power in the bearing of the engineer which differentiated him from most of the men with whom she had been thrown in contact during her life. The International Bridge was the biggest thing of the kind the Martlet company or any other American structural plant had ever undertaken. It had been a constant topic of conversation wherever her father was. She had heard all about it, and although, strictly speaking, the bridge was the work of Meade, Sr., yet she always identified it with Meade, Jr. There was a feeling in her mind that it was her bridge and that, through him, she commanded it. She was a supremely assured and entirely confident young lady, yet with the man by her side she experienced a passing sense of uneasiness, such as one might conceive the latter would feel in the presence of a steam hammer.

They were as awkward and constrained when left to themselves as if one had not been all over the world on man's jobs for a decade and the other had not queened it among the

nicest girls of the land for half as many years. And with thoughts burning, passionate, and words embarrassingly torrential at hand to give them utterance, they only spoke common places!

"How is the bridge getting along?" asked the girl, repeating her father's words of a few minutes before, as these two fell behind the others marching down the long platform, while the maid standing by the private car with the porter looked curiously after the moving group and wondered if that gray-green, long-legged young man was the reason for the New York gown!

"It's doing splendidly," was the answer, and even with his heart full of the girl by his side whom he longed to clasp in his arms but did not even dare touch the hem of her garment, some little enthusiasm came into his voice. "It is the greatest bridge that was ever erected," he said.

"How you love it," said the girl. Did Meade love the bridge? Ah, there could be no doubt as to that. He had studied its growth hour by hour. As the great steel web rose, his



He Lingered About It.

heart expanded with it. He took pride in it, even more when they began to push the suspended span across the river on the outer end of the completed cantilever, toward its fellow rising on the other side. He lingered about it when the rest of the workaday world which was concerned with it had withdrawn to rest. Frequently late in the night he had arisen and had left the sheet-iron shack he occupied near the work (for the topography of the land and the course of the river had determined the location of the bridge far from any town), and in the moonlight he had gazed bewitched by the great web of steel, all its mighty tracery delicately silvered, faintly outlined like a lofty, lifted high into the heavens. He fell into a little reverie for a brief moment from which she recalled him.

"Well?" she asked. "Yes, naturally," he found himself saying in a conventional tone of voice, "it means a great deal to me. My father—"

"Oh, your father," she began indifferently, although she knew and liked the great engineer. "It is his crowning work, isn't it?" "Your beginning," he said.

"It is not in me, or in any engineer, to begin where my father left off," he said. "But this will count a great deal, because through father's kindness I had some hand—"

"I believe you did it all," interrupted the girl. He broke into sudden laughter, and his merriment had that boyish ring she liked. He seemed to think that was a sufficient answer to that statement, for he went on quickly.

"How long shall you stay?" "And in spite of himself he could not keep his anxiety out of his voice. "I think father's going on to the city sometime tomorrow—probably in the morning."

Meade's face fell. "So soon as that?" "I will try to persuade him to stay longer. I've seen lots of bridges built but never one like the International, and I should enjoy standing by and watching you work."

"I don't do the work. Abbott does that, and the men, of course."

"Your work is the work that makes possible and profitable the labor of the others," she answered. "You plan, you lead, the rest only follow. By the way, father told me to ask you and Mr. Abbott to dine with us tonight in the car."

Meade's mood changed into positive gloom. "I can't," he said dejectedly. "I haven't any clothes, neither has Abbott. We left our dress suits behind us when we came into the wilderness to work."

"Oh," she laughed. "What difference does that make? Come just as you are. It will be a relief. I like you that way."

I get so tired of black and white," she went on, quickly to prevent him from taking advantage of her incautious admission.

"Hang the clothes!" said the man, radiant once more in that admission, "since you will allow it, I will come with what I can take up. But you'll have to tell me which fork to use. I have almost forgotten out here in the wilderness."

"It isn't six months since you were at our house."

"Six months! It's a thousand years," he went on, "and I'm going to take you out on the bridge after dinner. It's great at any time. It's the most magnificent sight on earth—even now, but in the moonlight—there it is now," he pointed as the little group walked past the station, which had had the view and the great structure suddenly was revealed to them.

The four men ahead had stopped and stood silent. There was something awe-inspiring and tremendous about the great, black, outreaching, far-reaching arms of steel. The first sight of it always gave the beholder a little shock. It was so huge, so massive, so grandly majestic, and withal so airy, seen against the impressive background of deep gorge and palisaded wall and far-off mountains. So other-borne was it in its perfect proportion that even dull and stupid people—and none of these were that—felt its overpowering presence. Meade and the girl stopped too. After one glance at the bridge, she looked at him. And that was typical. For the first time he was not at the moment aware of, or immediately responsive to, her glance. And that, too, was typical. She noted this with a pang of jealousy.

"You love the bridge," she said softly. He straightened up and threw his head back and looked at her. "I thought so," he said simply—"until today, but now"—he stopped again. "But now?" she asked.

"I have just learned what love really is and the lesson has not been taught me by a bridge," he answered directly. Yet Bertram Meade, the younger, did truly love the bridge which he had seen grow from the placing of the first shoe—the great steel base on top of the pier which carries the whole structure—to the completion of the soaring cantilever reaching out to meet its companion on the other side—the great International, which was to be the tie that bound, with web of steel, two great countries which lay breast to breast; already in touch save for the mighty river that flowed between them.

By no means would Meade, the younger, have been charged with the great responsibilities of the bridge had it not been for his exhaustive preparation and wide experience. To a thorough technical training at Harvard, in the Lawrence Scientific school, had been added a substantial record of achievement. A fine bridge which he had erected in faraway Burma, triumphantly achieving the design despite all sorts of difficulties, had attracted the attention of old Colonel Illingworth, the president of the Martlet Bridge company.

He had kept the young man under his eye for a long time. When he commissioned his father, Bertram Meade, Sr., to prepare the plans for the great International, the most-sought-for and famous of bridges, he had noted with satisfaction that the older man, who

had been associated with himself his son, Meade, Jr., had recently returned from South America, where he had again shown his mettle. The two worked together in the preparation of the designs for what was to be the crown and triumph of the older man's life, the most stupendous of all the cantilever bridges in the world.

The great engineer had a high idea of his only son's ability. He was willing to proclaim it, to maintain it, and defend it against all comers except himself. When the two wills clashed, he recognized but one way, his own. The relations between the two were lovely but not ideal. There was leadership not partnership, direction rather than co-operation. The knowledge and experience of the boy—for so he loved to call him—where of course nothing compared to those of his father. When, in discussing moot points, the younger man had been unconvinced by the calculations of the elder, he had been laughed to scorn in a good-natured way. His carefully set forth objections, even in serious matters, had been overborne generally, and by triumphant calculations of his own—the father had re-enforced himself in his conclusions; and the more strongly because of the opposition.

Young Meade's position was really anomalous. He had no direct supervision of the construction. He served there as resident engineer representative of his father. He had welcomed the position because it gave him the opportunity to see from the very beginning the erection of what was to be the greatest cantilever bridge the world had ever trod upon feet of the world had ever rolled across. He had followed with the utmost

care, constantly reporting the progress to his father, every step taken under the superintendence of Abbott, a man of great practical ability as an engineer, but of much less capacity as a scientific designer or office engineer. Meade had watched its daily growth with the closest attention. Like every other man in similar case, the work had got into his blood. It had become a part of his life. He loved the bridge; yet more he loved Helen Illingworth.

CHAPTER II.

The Witness for the Defense.

One of the pleasant evidences of the possession of riches is in the luxury of a private car. Although Colonel Illingworth was personally a man of simple tastes as became an old campaigner, there was no appointment that he could devise or that money could buy which was lacking to make his private car either more comfortable or more luxurious in its napery, glass, china and silver, the dining table needed not to apologize to any other anywhere. The colonel was most punctilious in dressing his part and Meade and Abbott were both scrubbed to within an inch of their lives, but climbing about the bridge, their hands were scratched, roughened, stained and torn. Aside from that, Meade was certainly most presentable, and old Abbott, in spite of his indifference to such matters, looked the able and powerful man he was.

The conversation at dinner was at first light and frivolous.

"I'm lost," began Abbott, "overpowered with all this silver and glass and china!"

"Yes," laughed Meade, "we should have brought along our granite ware and tin cups, then we would be free from the dreadful fear that we are going to drop something or break something."

"You can break anything you like," said the colonel with heavy pleasantry, "so long as the bridge stands."

"And that is going to be forever, isn't it, Mr. Meade?" asked Helen quickly. "I don't think anything built by man will survive quite that long," he answered as much to her father and the others as to her, "but this gives every promise of lasting its time."

"You know," observed Curtiss, "there was some question in my mind about these big compression members. When I first studied your father's drawings, I wondered if he had made them strong enough to hold the webs."

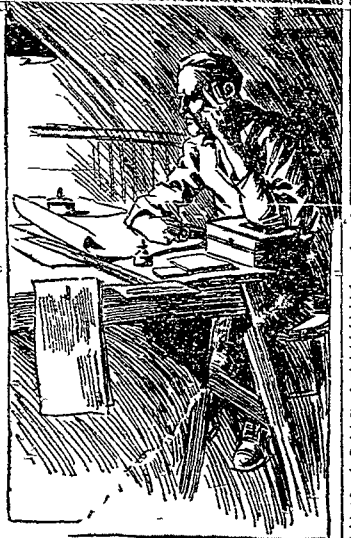
"That matter was very thoroughly gone into," said Meade quickly. "It was the very point which I myself had questioned, but father is absolutely confident that we provided latticing enough to take up all the stresses. I looked into that matter myself," he went on with much emphasis.

"I guess it's all right," said Curtiss lightly. "I examined the webs and latticings carefully this afternoon. They seem to be as right as possible."

"Those trusses," said Abbott emphatically, "will stand forever. You need not worry about that."

"Are you going to finish this job on time?" asked Severance, the vice president. "You know the financial end of it is mine, and much depends upon the date of completion."

"That depends upon you people at the shop, doctor. If you get the stuff



It Had Been a Part of His Life.

are to me I'll get it in place in short order," answered Abbott. "We aren't worrying about anything with you and Meade on the job, Abbott," said the colonel genially.

"Yes, you are, father," said the girl. "Ever since the International has been started you have scarcely been able to give a thought even to me. I'm tired of it. I hope the old thing will soon be finished, so that we can all go back to normal life again."

"I hope so, too," assented the colonel, "and I guess you are right. The fact is the bridge is an obsession with me. It is the biggest job the Martlet has ever handled. Meade, it is the

biggest thing in the world. It's the longest cantilever, the greatest span, the heaviest trusses, the—"

"I've heard all about it," interrupted the girl, waving him into silence, "ever since you began it. Sometimes I think it's beginning to obsess me, too."

"You don't look like it," whispered Meade, under cover of the general laugh that greeted her remark.

"What do I look like?" she whispered back quickly, in return.

"But Meade had no opportunity to tell her—"

"It is not exactly a subject for dinner conversation," said the colonel with sudden gravity, "but all of us here, even you, my dear, must realize how much that bridge means to us. I won't go so far as to say that its failure would ruin us, but it would be hard for us to survive."

"Have you ever known anything that my father designed to fail?" asked Meade somewhat hotly.

"No, and that is why we took his plans in spite of—"

"In spite of what, sir?"

"In spite of Curtiss here and some others."

"Mr. Curtiss," said Meade, turning to the chief engineer, "if it will add anything to your peace of mind, I will assume my full share of responsibility for the matter. You know the books by Schmidt-Chemnitz, the great German bridge engineer?"

Curtiss nodded. "At first I—that is, we—thought that there might possibly be weakness in those compression members, but I checked them with the methods he advocates and then submitted the figures to my father, and then he went through the whole calculation and applied coefficients he felt to be safe."

"I'm willing to take your father's judgment in the matter rather than Schmidt-Chemnitz, or anybody's," said Curtiss, "so successful has been his career."

"Now that I have seen the members in place I have no doubt that they will stand," said the colonel.

"Sure they will," added Abbott with supreme and contagious confidence, an assurance which helped even Meade to believe.

"Of course we all know," said Doctor Severance, who had been long enough in touch with engineering to learn much about it, "that there is always more or less of experimenting in the design of a new thing like this."

"Yes," said the colonel, "but we don't want our experiment to fail in this instance."

"They won't," said the young man boldly.

He had long since persuaded himself that he had been all wrong and his father all right, so that he entered upon his defense and the defense of the bridge with enthusiasm. He was ready to break a lance with anybody on its behalf.

"Well," began the colonel, "we have every confidence in your father and in you. I don't mind telling you, Meade, it need not go any further, that when this bridge is completed we shall be prepared to make you personally a very advantageous offer for future relations with the Martlet company if you care to accept it. On the strength of your probable acceptance we are already planning to venture into certain foreign fields which we have hitherto not felt it to our interest to enter."

"That is most kind of you, Colonel Illingworth," said the young man gratefully, "and it appeals to me very strongly. I have been associated with father latterly. He wants to retire with the completion of this bridge, and before I open any office of my own, should like the advantage of further experience."

"Such a connection as you may seem to me to be ideal, from any point of view. No man could have a better backing than the Martlet Bridge company."

"Well, we shall look to you to be worthy of it," said the colonel kindly.

His glance vaguely comprehended his daughter as he spoke. Colonel Illingworth was a very rich man. The Martlet Bridge company was nearest his heart, but he had many other interests. His only daughter would eventually be the mistress of a great fortune. Meade was not poor. Of course, his means were limited compared to Colonel Illingworth's great fortune, but what he had earned, saved, and invested was sufficient—yes, even for two. And he would inherit much more. Old Meade had not been the greatest engineer of his generation for nothing. Independent and self-respecting, young Meade could not be considered a fortune hunter by anybody. He was the kind of man to whom a decent father likes to intrust his daughter. Old Colonel Illingworth found himself gazing wonderingly at the two.

After dinner the men sat out on the observation platform with their cigars and coffee. For those that liked it there was something in tall glasses in which ice tinkled when the glasses were agitated, but Meade declined all three.

"With your permission, sir," he said, "I am going to take Miss Illingworth out on the bridge. The moon is rising and—"

"I have heard so much about it," said the girl, standing by the door. "I want to see it when the workmen are all off and it is all quiet, in the moonlight."

"Very well. You had better change your dress, Helen, before you go," said the colonel, turning to Abbott and engaging him in conversation on technical matters.

"I'll wait for you at the front door of the car," said the engineer, his heart beating like a pneumatic riveter and sounding almost as loud in his ears. "I won't be long," she whispered as she left him.

Helen did not want to waste time any more than Meade did. So, instead of taking her father's advice, all she did was to cover her beautiful shoulders with a light wrap and hasten to the car door in the shortest possible time. Every moment they were apart, since the sum-total in which they could be together was so small, was a moment lost.

"Now," she said, coming out of the door of the car and descending the steps toward him, eagerly expectant, "I want a prize for my swiftness."

"A prize!" returned the man, "why, you've been gone years, and you haven't even changed your gown. You



They Saw Her Round, Red, Full Face. can't go out on a bridge in that gown and those slippers, tramping over dirty tracks, piles of steel, rough wooden planks, paint and—"

"Can't I?" she said; "you just see." "I hate to see you spoil your dress," he said uncertainly as she stopped.

Really what gown on earth was worth half an hour of her society? At least that is the way he felt about it, and evidently she felt the same way.

"It is settled, then," she said, slipping her arm through his as they walked down the long wooden platform near the siding. "At the end of the platform, as they turned about the temporary station and storehouse, before them rose the bridge. The moon was rising over the high hills that sprang up from the steep clifflike bank of the other side of the vast river. They saw her round, red, full face through an interlacing tracery of steel. The lower part of the bridge was still in deep shadow. Indeed, the moon had just cleared the hills of the opposite bank of the great gorge cut by the broad river, and was swiftly in its darkness far below. At the farther end of the suspended arm extending far over the water the top of the traveler glistened. The cantilever on the opposite shore, incomplete and sunk under a high rise of sand, was still in shadow and not yet discernible.

Unwittingly the woman drew a little near the man. He became more conscious than before of the light touch of her hand upon his arm. It was very still where they stood. The shacks of the workmen had been erected below the bridge about a quarter of a mile to the right along the banks of the little affluent of the main stream. They could hear faint but indistinguishable noises that yet indicated humanity coming from that direction. The fires in the machine house and in the engines were banked. Lazy curls of smoke rose to be blown away in the limitless areas of the upper air. In the darkness all the unsightly evidences of construction work were hidden.

"Oh," said the woman, drawing a long breath, "I don't wonder that you love it. Isn't it beautiful, hung up in the air that way? One would think it wasn't steel, but silver and gold and—"

"Time was," said the man, "when I loved a thing like that above every thing except my father, but now—"

Young Meade comes out of his dream with a terrific bump—the real story begins with the next installment. Tell your friends to read "Web of Steel," the best serial of the year.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Nan of Music Mountain

By
FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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Frank Hamilton Spearman is America's foremost writer of railroad adventure stories, and his work is in constant demand by leading periodicals and publishing houses. For a number of years he was a railroader in the Rocky mountain country, and the robust fascination of that life is reflected in this serial. We believe that you surely will enjoy "Nan of Music Mountain," because the characters are unusually impressive, the plot well made and the movement vigorous.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Frontier Day.

Lefever sat sideways on the edge of the table. His subdued whistle, which seemed meditative, irritated De Spain more or less, despite his endeavor not to be irritated. It was like the low singing of a teakettle, which, however unobtrusive, indicates steam within. In fact, John Lefever, who was built not unlike a kettle, never whistled except when there was some pressure on his sensibilities.

The warm sun came streaming through the windows of the private office of the division superintendent at Sleepy Cat, a railroad town lying almost within gunshot of the great continental divide. De Spain, tilted back in the superintendent's chair, sat near Lefever. Jeffries had the mountain division then; his feet crossed on the walnut rim of the shabby, cloth-topped table. His chin lay on his soft, open collar and the, his sunburnt lips were shut tight, and his nervous brown eyes were staring at the dull finish barrel of a new rifle, that lay across Lefever's lap. At intervals Lefever took the rifle up and, whistling softly, examined with care a fracture of the lever, the broken thumbpiece of which lay on the table between the two men.

From the main street side of the large room came the hooting and clattering of a Frontier day celebration, and these noises seemed not to allay the discomfort apparent on the faces of the two men.

"Hang it, John," blurted out De Spain peevishly, "what possessed you to send for me to do the shooting, anyway?"

His companion answered gently—Lefever's patience was noted even among contained men—"Henry," he remonstrated, "I sent for you because I thought you could shoot."

De Spain's expression did not change under the reproach. His features were so regular as to contribute to this undisturbed expression, and his face would not ordinarily attract attention but for his extremely bright and alive eyes—the frequent mark of an out-of-door mountain life—and especially for a red birthmark, low on his left cheek, disappearing under the turn of the jaw. It was merely a strawberry, so called, and after knowing him, one forgot about the birthmark in the man that carried it. Lefever's reproach was naturally provocative. "I hope now," retorted De Spain, but without any show of resentment, "you understand I can't."

"No," persisted Lefever, good-naturedly, "I only realize, Henry, that this wasn't your day for the job."

The door of the outer office opened, and Jeffries, the superintendent, walked into the room; he had just come from Medicine Bend in his car. The two men rose to greet him. He asked about the noise in the street.

"That noise, William, comes from all Calabasas and all Morgan's gap," explained Lefever, still frowning the rifle. "The Morgans are celebrating our defeat. They put it all over us. We were challenged yesterday," he continued in response to the abrupt questions of Jeffries. "The Morgans offered to shoot us offhand, two hundred yards, bull's-eye count. I thought we could trim them by running in a real gunman, so I wired to Medicine Bend for Henry. Henry comes up last night with a brand-new rifle. This is the gun. The lever," he added with a patient expletive, "broke. Henry got to shooting too fast."

"That wasn't what beat me," exclaimed De Spain curiously. And taking up the offending rifle, he walked out of the room.

"What do you think, William?" Lefever grumbled on. "The Morgans ran in a girl to shoot against us—Nan Morgan, old Duke Morgan's little niece. And I never before in my life saw Henry so fussed. The little Music Mountain skirt simply put it all over him. She had five bull's-eyes to Henry's three when the lever snapped. He forfeited."

"Some shooting," commented Jeffries, rapidly signing letters.

"We expected some when Henry was along his gun," Lefever went on without respecting Jeffries' preoccupation. "As it is, those fellows have cleaned up every dollar loose in Sleepy Cat, and then some. Money? They could start a bank this minute."

Sounds of revelry continued to pour in through the street window. The Morgans were celebrating uncommonly. Rubbing it in, John Lefever suggested Jeffries.

"Think of it," gasped Lefever, "to be beaten by an eighteen-year-old girl." "Now that," declared Jeffries, walking up as if for the first time interested, "is exactly where you made your mistake, John. A gunman shoots his best when there's somebody shooting at him. That's why you shoot well—because you're a gunman, and not a marksman."

"That boy can shoot all around me, Jeff."

"For instance," continued Jeffries, "if you had put Gale Morgan up against Henry, and told him to shoot at each other, instead of against each other, you'd have got bull's-eyes to burn from De Spain. And the Calabasas crowd wouldn't have your money, John, if you want to win money, you must study the psychology."

"There was abundance of rillery in Lefever's retort: 'That's why you are rich, Jeff?'"

"No, I am poor because I failed to study it. That is why I am at Sleepy Cat holding down a division. But now that you've brought Henry up here, we'll keep him."

"What do you mean, keep him?" demanded Lefever, starting in protest. "I mean I need him. I mean the time to shoot a bear is when you see him. John, what kind of a fellow is De Spain?" demanded the superintendent, as if he had never heard of him.

Lefever, regarding Jeffries keenly, exclaimed with emphasis: "Why, if you want him short and sharp, he's a man with a soft eye and a snap-turtle jaw, a man of close squeaks and short-arm shots, always getting into trouble, always getting out; a man that can wheedle more out of a horse than anybody but an Indian; coax more shots out of a gun than anybody else can put into it—if you want him flat, that's Henry, as I size him."

Jeffries resumed his mildest tone: "Tell him to come in a minute, John."

De Spain himself expressed contemptuous indignation when Lefever

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have no more idea of getting killed than I have—of you have."

"Don't include me! I have a pretty good idea of getting killed right away—the minute I take this job."

"We have temporized with this Calabasas outfit long enough," declared Jeffries, dropping his mask at last. "Dear Sandusky, Logan and that squint-eyed thief, Dave Sassoon—all holdup men, every one of them! Henry, I'm putting you in on that job because you've got nerve, because you can shoot, because I don't think they can get you—and paying you a whaling big salary to straighten things out along the Spanish Sinks. Do you know, Henry?"

Jeffries leaned forward and lowered his tone. Master of the art of persuading and convincing, of hammering and pounding, of swaying the doubting and deciding the undecided, the strong-eyed mountain man looked his best as he held the younger man under his spell.

"Do you know," he repeated, "I suspect that Morgan's Gap bunch are really behind and beneath a lot of this devilry around Calabasas? You take Gale Morgan—why, he trains with Dave Sassoon; take his uncle, Duke Sassoon—never is in trouble but what Duke will help him out." Jeffries ex- ploded with a slight but forcible expletive.

"Was there ever a thief or a robber driven into Morgan's gap that didn't find sympathy and shelter with some of the Morgans? I believe they are in every game pulled on the Thief river stages."

"As bad as that?"

Jeffries turned to his desk. "Ask John Lefever."

De Spain had a long talk with John. But John was a poor adviser. He advised no one on any subject. He whistled, he hummed a tune. He extended his arm, at times, suddenly, as if on the brink of a positive assertion. He decided nothing, and asserted nothing. But concerning the Morgans and their friends, he did abandon his habitual reticence. "Rustlers, thieves, robbers, cowboys, outlaws!" he exclaimed energetically.

"Is this because they got your money today, John?" asked De Spain.

"Never mind my money. I've got a new job with nothing to do, and plenty of cash."

De Spain asked what the job was, and on the stages," announced Lefever, "I am now general superintendent of the Thief River line."

"What does that mean?"

"No! It means that I am to be your assistant."

"I'm not going to take that job, John."

Lefever took off his hat and twirled skillfully on one hand, humming cheerily the while.

"I believe you'd better change your mind, Henry, and stay with us."

"No," returned De Spain meditatively. "I'm not going to stay. I've

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automatic piano. He took his place in a fringe of onlookers that filled the sidewalk. But he was thinking as he stood, not of the boisterous dancing or the clumsy canners, but of the broken lever and the defeat at the fairgrounds. It still rankled in his mind. While he stood thinking the music ceased.

A man, who appeared to be in authority, walked to the center of the dancing-floor, made an announcement that De Spain failed to catch, and looked toward a young couple standing in an attitude of waiting at the head of the hall.

All eyes being turned their way, De Spain's attention as well was drawn toward them. The man was powerful in stature, and rather too heavy, but straight as an Indian. His small, reddish face was tanned by the sun and wind, and from the handsome hat down to the small, high-heeled and spurred boots, he wore the distinctive cowboy rig of the mountains. De Spain seemed to recall that this particular fellow had forfeited the loudest when he himself forfeited the shooting-match earlier in the day.

But De Spain, unamiable as he now was, looked with unconcealed interest at the man's dancing partner. She, too, was browned by the mountain sun and air—a slight, erect girl, her hair well set, and a delicate waistline above a belted, brown skirt, which just reached the tops of her small, high-tan riding boots. She wore a soft, French-gray Stetson hat. Her eyes, noticeably pretty, wandered about the platform, reflecting in their unrest the dissatisfied expression of her face. A talkative woman standing just in front of De Spain, told a companion that the man was Gale Morgan, a nephew of Satterlee, laziest of the Morgans. De Spain at once recognized in the dancing partner the little Music Mountain girl who had been his undoing at the target.

The energetic piano thumped the strains of a two-step. Gale Morgan extended his arm toward Nan; she looked very slight at his side. Then, responding with a sort of fiery impatience to her partner's guiding, she caught the rapid step of the music and together the two swept down the floor. The spectators soon showed their admiration of the dancing with unrestrained handclapping, and followed with approving outcries. Every swaying step, every agile turn proved how sure Nan was of herself, and how perfectly her body answered to every exaction of the quick movement of the dance. Gale Morgan seemed the merest attendant for his partner, who, with quickened pulses, gave herself up more and more to the lively call of the music.

Once the two swung away out, near to De Spain's corner. As Nan whirled by, De Spain, either with the infection of the music or from her nearness to him, caught his breath. His eyes riveted themselves on her flushed face as she passed—oblivious of his presence—and he recalled how in the morning she had handled her rifle in the same, quick, sure way. De Spain could not dance at all; but no one could successfully accuse him of not knowing how to handle any sort of a gun. It was only now he forgave her, unasked, the humiliation she had put on him. He felt an impulse to go up to her now that she had stopped dancing, and congratulate her honestly, instead of boorishly as he had done at the match.

But while he thought of this the two dancers disappeared, and a new and rougher party crowded out on the floor.

"Now, isn't that a pretty bunch!" exclaimed the talkative woman again. "That's the Calabasas gang. Look at Sandusky, that big fellow, with the crooked jaw. And Harvey Logan, with his black hair plastered over his eyes. Why, for one drink those two fellows would turn loose on this crowd and kill half a dozen. And there's two of Duke Morgan's cowboys with them, boozing old Bull Page, and that squint-eyed Sassoon—he's worse than the others, that fellow—a fine bunch to allow in this town."

It had become second nature to De Spain to note even insignificant details concerning men, and he took an interest in and remarked how very low Logan carried his gun in front of his hip. Sandusky's holster was slung higher and farther back on the side. Logan wore a tan shirt and khaki. Sandusky, coatless, was dressed in a white shirt, with a red tie, and wore a soiled, figured waistcoat fastened at the bottom by a cut-glass button.

The Sleepy Cat gossip commented on how much money these men had been spending all day. She wondered aloud, reckless apparently of consequences, who had been robbed, lately, to provide it. Her companion scolded her for stirring up talk that might make trouble; averred she didn't believe half the stories she heard; asserted that these men lived quietly at Calabasas, minding their own affairs. "And they're kind to poor folks, too." "Sure!" glanced the obtuse one, "with other people's money."

De Spain, discontented, turning again into Main street, continued on to the Thief River stage barn. After look-

ing the horses over and inspecting the wagons with a new but mild curiosity, awakened by Jeffries' proposal, De Spain walked back toward the station. He had virtually decided not to take the job. Medicine Bend was his home. He knew every man, woman and child in the town. Before the tragic death of his father, his mother had lived there, and De Spain had grown up in the town and gone to school there. He was a railroad man, anyway—a modest trainmaster—and not eager for stage-line management.

As he passed Grant street again he encountered a party on horseback heading for the river bridge. Three of the men were riding abreast and a little ahead. Of these, the middle horseman was a spare man of frankly disagreeable air. His face was drawn up into a one-sided smile. Satt Morgan's smile was habitual and lessened his stern aspect. At his right rode his cousin, Duke Morgan, older, shorter and stouter. His square, heavy-jawed, smooth-shaven face was lighted by hard, keen eyes, and finished by an uncompromising chin. Duke was the real head of the clan, of which there were numerous branches in the Superstition mountains, all looking with friendliness of enmity to the Morgans of Morgan's gap.

The yellow-haired man, riding on the left, with a red face and red-lidded, squinting eyes, showed none of the blood of his companions. But David Sassoon, the Calabasas gambler, quondam cowboy, and chronic brawler, stood in some way close to the different Morgans, and was reputed to have got each of them, at different times, out of more than one troublesome affair, either by sheer force of arms, or through his resourceful cunning.

These men were followed by a younger man riding with a very young woman. De Spain knew none of the front-rank men, but he knew well Nan Morgan and her dancing partner. Gale's face lighted as he set eyes on De Spain, and he spoke quickly to Nan: "There's your handsome Medicine Bend gunman!"

Nan, glancing toward De Spain, seemed aware that he heard. She looked away. De Spain tightened up with a rage. The blood rushed to his face, the sarcasm struck in. If the birthmark could have deepened with humiliation it would have done so at the instant of the cold inspection of the girl's pretty eyes. Gale, calling ahead to the others, invited their attention to the man on the street corner. De Spain only stood still, returning their inspection as insolently as silence could. Each face was faithfully photographed and filed in his memory, and his steady gaze followed them until they rode down the hill and clattered jauntily out on the swaying suspension bridge that still crosses the Rat river at Grant street, and connects the whole south country—the Spanish sinks, the Thief River gold fields, the saw-toothed Superstition range, Morgan's gap, and Music Mountain with Sleepy Cat and the railroad.

De Spain, walking down Grant street, watched the party disappear among the mills across the river. The encounter had stirred him. He already hated the Morgans, at least all except the blue-eyed girl, and she, it was not difficult to divine from her expression, was, at least, disdainful of her morning rival.

Reaching the station platform while still busy with his thoughts, De Spain encountered Jeffries and Lefever.

"Jeffries, I'll take that Thief River stage job," announced De Spain bluntly.

"What's the reason that fellow changed his mind?" demanded Jeffries, when Lefever joined him later in his office.

"Don't ask me," frowned Lefever perplexed. "Don't ask me, Henry is odd in some ways. You can't tell what's going on inside that fellow's head by looking at the outside of it." Jeffries granted coldly at this bit of wisdom.

"I'll tell you what I should think—if I had to think," Henry De Spain has never found out rightly who was responsible for the death of his father. He expects to do it, some time; and long ago some of these same Morgans lived on the Peace river above his father's ranch."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worked Both Ways.

White—So Green is applying for a divorce from the widow he married a month ago, is he? Whatever possessed him to marry her, anyway?

Brown—Her wonderful conversational powers, I believe.

White—And why is he applying to a divorce so soon?

Brown—Oh, for the same reason.

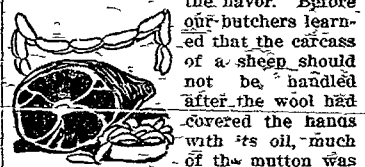
The KITCHEN CABINET

Everyone has a chance to stand a hundred on his job, but too many are content to stand just high enough to pass.

Far off water will not quench near fire.

MUTTON OUR GOOD MEAT.

Mutton is not served as often as it should be because many do not like the flavor. Before our butchers learned that the carcass of a sheep should not be handled after the wool had covered the hands with its oil, much of the mutton was ruined as to flavor.



If care is used in the preparation of the meat before it reaches the cook and she removes all of the skin, there will be no woolly flavor left to disturb the most fastidious. Mutton being a short-fibered meat, is more easily digested than beef or pork.

Mutton in Casserole.—Cut mutton into serving-sized pieces, roll in seasoned flour with a bit of chopped onion and fry brown in a small amount of hot fat. Then add a pint of more of finely shredded carrots, with enough water to cook them, leaving just enough for the gravy. The flour will furnish the thickening. Cook slowly well covered for two or three hours, or until the meat and vegetables are tender. A small serving of meat with plenty of the carrots, which are well flavored with the meat juices will make a good meal. This dish may be prepared in an ordinary iron frying pan, cooking the meat and vegetables on the back part of the stove at the simmering temperature.

Take a shoulder of mutton, remove the bone and fill with stuffing, using any desired forcemeat; baste frequently while roasting.

Mutton With Dumplings.—Take three pounds of the breast, simmer until tender, then set aside to cool; skim off all the fat, return the mutton to the liquid; add oil or two onions finely chopped, salt, pepper and a little curry powder if liked. Just before ready to serve, drop dumplings into the boiling hot kettle; small ones cook in eight minutes. Serve with the dumplings surrounding the platter of meat. Mutton chops are delicious when well cooked and seasoned. Mutton may be served rare, lamb never. A few peas to a mutton stew adds to the flavor and gives variety.

Breast of Mutton With Tomatoes.—Take three or four pounds of the breast of mutton, season well and put into the oven to roast. When it commences to get brown pour over it a half-can of tomatoes, to which has been added one finely chopped green pepper. Cook until the vegetables are well cooked.

Hot is habit and not to be flung out of the window by any man, but cooled downstairs a step at a time.

An ounce of prevention is a good antidote for remorse.

TEMPTING DISHES FOR THE INVALID.

As the invalid who is convalescing needs food to rebuild waste tissues and usually has no desire for food, the problem for the home nurse is a real one. The fickle appetite of an invalid must be tempted by dainty, attractive looking food to create an interest great enough to cause him to taste of it. The tray should be arranged in the most pleasing way with the best of linen and prettiest china that the house affords. If a flower or two is placed on the tray it adds greatly to the invalid's pleasure.

In case of contagious diseases it is an excellent plan to use paper dollies and paper napkins that can be burned immediately. There are many shapes and sizes of paper dishes also available if one cares to buy, saving the washing and disinfecting of dishes.

When serving a hot dish of any kind it should reach the patient piping hot and if the dish is an ice or a cold one it should be cold.

There is nothing more distasteful even to a well person than a hot dish served lukewarm or a frozen dish half melted.

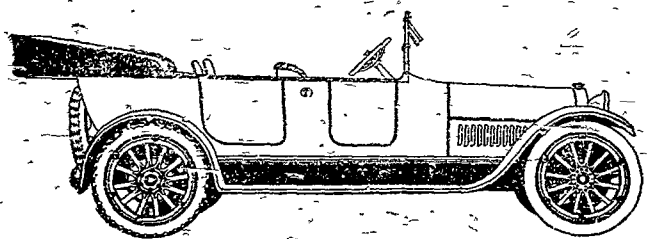
All gruels and cereals served to an invalid should be long and well cooked. Dried fruits should be soaked overnight and cooked until soft. Prune juice, orange juice and many lightly sweetened juices are all suitable to give to the sick. Toast water given when digestion is weak, is very helpful in inducing an appetite for more nourishing foods, as is beef extract. Fresh butter-milk, junket koumiss and clabbered milk are all most valuable to give variety in a milk diet.

Baked apples with cream, lemon or various gelatin jellies, rice, sage and soft cooked eggs are all good and may be presented in a most attractive manner.

A new apple cooked in its skin and carefully skinned leaving the pink on its cheeks, then served with a strup made by boiling the peeling in the stewed juice of the fruit. Add cream and the dish will look so pretty that the patient will want to try it.

Nellie Maxwell

Studebaker
Established 1892



CHARACTER

Back of the Series 18 Studebaker FOUR and SIX there is character. The character developed through sixty-four years of business success has won for Studebaker a name which is favorably known all over the world. Wherever there is civilization the name of Studebaker is held in good repute. This good will is a priceless business asset. To protect this reputation Studebaker makes sure.

Every piece of steel that goes into the construction of a Studebaker is true and tried. Experts in the art of making steel have "checked it up." Innumerable tests in the Studebaker engineering laboratories "make sure" that it is many times stronger than necessary to carry the car and its load.

See these cars now—ride in them—know what they can do on the road.

40-H. P., 7-Passenger FOUR, \$985.
50-H. P., 7-Passenger SIX, \$1,250.

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CATTERMOLE HALL

Good Music. Good Floor. Good Singer.

Spectators FREE.

SEED CORN.

We have in Stock Contract Grown, Carefully Selected, True to Name, Has been Tested and is of High Germination; in short, it is the Finest Quality Obtainable.

DENT CORNS.

IMPROVED LEAMING.
REID'S YELLOW DENT.
KING OF THE EARLEST.
WHITE CAP YELLOW DENT.
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RED COB—SOUTHERN GROWN.
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ALSO STOCK—

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CANADA FIELD PEAS.

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No other Seed House Better Able to Handle Your Orders for Quality, at Reasonable Prices. Are Pleased to Quote Prices.

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"SEED MERCHANTS"

Phone 166.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

Our Seeds will Comply with the Seed Laws of Michigan, and are of High Test of Purity and Germination.

Wixom Whisperings.

Howard Pratt was home from Lansing over Sunday.

George Calkins visited relatives at Highland Saturday.

John Chamberlain visited his brother at Pontiac, Tuesday.

Mrs. R. J. Banfield went to Flushing Wednesday for a visit.

Miss Lulu Decker of Pontiac spent the week-end at her parent's home.

Howard Kehrl of Highland visited former schoolmates here over Sunday.

Mrs. P. M. Johnson of Vassar visited her sister, Mrs. M. S. Pratt, a part of last week.

Adelman VanLeuven and wife of Flint are visiting the latter's parents, H. P. Gullick and wife.

Mrs. Mary Stevens and granddaughter, Virginia Johnson, went to Saginaw Saturday for a week's visit with the former's daughter.

Rev. and Mrs. O. B. Ansted, D. D. Bennett and wife, M. S. Pratt, wife and daughter, Florence, went to Pontiac Tuesday to attend the funeral of Rev. S. D. Boynton, a former pastor here.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Miss Cella Taylor of Detroit spent Sunday at her home here.

Mrs. D. Sickner entertained the Embroidery club Wednesday.

Mrs. H. J. Smith has been numbered among the sick for the past week.

Earl Larr had the misfortune to run a nail into his hand one day last week.

Mrs. Charles D. Green of Detroit spent Sunday at the home of F. L. Tuttle.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chafy of Detroit spent Sunday at their parent's home here.

Miss Marion Stevens of Orchard Lake was a guest of Gladys Anscomb for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Russell of Highland Park spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Johns.

Mr. and Mrs. Judd Taylor were in

Midland the latter part of last week, called there by the death of Mr. Barrett.

The Easter exercises given in the M. E. Church Sunday morning were well attended and greatly enjoyed, all taking their parts well.

The many friends of Hazel Bentley will be sorry to know that she is ill with scarlet fever at the home of Clarence Riley in Pontiac.

Novi News.

Mr. Hull will preach in the Baptist church Sunday morning.

Mrs. Mary Leavenworth returned to Leonard Saturday with her son, Jay and family.

Mrs. A. M. Bourn returned to Detroit Sunday with her son, Hubert for a few days' stay.

Mrs. Stoneman of Detroit spent Friday evening here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Potter.

The Woman's Home Mission society has postponed its meeting until April 19, at the home of Mrs. Rix.

M. and Mrs. J. O. Munro and children spent Sunday at Newburg. Mrs. C. D. Geer returned with them to spend a week.

The Cheerful Workers will meet with Mrs. Will Borehart, Saturday, April 14, for dinner. Bring thimble and shears. All welcome.

Mrs. Alice Jones has returned to her home here after spending the winter in Portland, Oregon. She reports the arrival of a nine-pound son in the home of her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Budd Jones of that city.

Rev. Mr. Huey closed his seventh year as pastor of the Novi Baptist church April 1, 1917. Mr. and Mrs. Huey have loyally served the church and community, with their untiring hospitality and their kindness to the sick and the shut-in. It is the wish of their friends that many blessings may surround them in their new vocation in life.

When the Tigers Play in Detroit.

Following is the 1917 schedule of the Tigers for Detroit games and the names of the teams with whom they play:

April 11, 12, 13, 14—with Cleveland.
April 15, 16, 17, 18—with Chicago.
April 24, 25, 26, 27—with St. Louis.
May 5, 6, 7, 8—with St. Louis.
May 10, 11, 12, 13—with Cleveland.
May 14, 15, 16, 17—with Washington.
May 18, 19, 20, 21—with New York.
May 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27—with Athletics.
June 21, 22, 23, 24—with St. Louis.
July 3, 4, 5, 6—with Chicago.
July 7, 8, 9, 10—with Washington.
July 11, 12, 13, 14—with Boston.
July 15, 16, 17, 18—with Athletics.
July 19, 20, 21, 22—with New York.

Northville School Notes.

Earl Moyer is sick this week.

Katherine Kidd is a new pupil in the Second grade.

The Sixth graders are much interested in the Physiology work.

The Junior High is having history and Physiology tests.

Ruth DesAutels of Detroit was a N. H. S. visitor this week.

The girls of the Fourth grade have resumed their sewing class.

The Junior High school gave a fine program Monday morning.

Elsie Witt is still absent from the Second grade because of illness.

Mildred Ely, who has been very ill since Christmas, is able to be out again.

The Fifth graders have finished their reader and are to spend the rest of the time on classics.

The Fourth graders have been enjoying themselves in their geography class by planting rice and cotton seeds.

Five students were excused from the Sixth grade Friday afternoon because of perfect marks in spelling for the month.

The Second graders are having interesting contests between the boys and girls in arithmetic. Usually the boys come out ahead.

The First graders are making spring books for sheet work, also learning "The Wind" by Stevenson. Pictures are drawn to illustrate the poem.

Friday evening April 20 the school will put on its first Fools Carnival which it intends to make an annual April affair. The scheme is to make it one hilarious evening. The admission will be 25 cents and the money thus raised will be spent on beautifying the school building and premises.

Dancing Saturday evenings in Cattermole Hall. Good Music. Good Floor. Good Singer. Spectators FREE.

THE WORLD'S BEST FURNITURE POLISH
GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION
25¢
RUBY GLOSS
POLISHING MOP
\$2.50

CLEANING & PRESSING
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
WORK CALLED FOR & DELIVERED
CHARLES FREYDL
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

RECORD LINES PAY—TRY ONE.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Monday, April 9, 1917.

Present—Chas. S. Filkins, President; Trustees—Hotaling, VanValkenburg, Stanley, Tewksbury.

Quorum present.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

John Cooper, \$1.00

W. E. Amble, 5.00

Joe Montgomery, 1.50

Stimpson Scale & Electric Co., 3.00

Fire Dept., 12.50

Detroit Edison Co., 5.90

Detroit Edison Co., w. w., 83.35

A. Babbitt, premium on Treas.

U. S. bond, 20.00

Moved by Hotaling and supported by VanValkenburg that bills be allowed and ordered paid.

Yates, Hotaling, VanValkenburg, Stanley, Tewksbury, W. S. None Carried.

Village President Filkins made the following appointments for the ensuing year:

President pro tem—Geo. Hotaling.

Health Officer—Dr. T. H. Turner.

Marshal—Ernie Lyke.

Street Commissioner—Mark Seeley.

Night Watch—John Lockwood.

Fire Chief—Lester Stage.

Supt. Cemetery—Charles Shipley.

Supt. Water Works—M. A. Porter.

Board of Review—C. A. Ponsford and C. H. Coldren.

Attorney—C. G. Yerkes.

Committees—Geo. Hotaling, Charles VanValkenburg, M. F. Stanley.

Cemetery—Charles VanValkenburg.

A. C. Balden, Geo. Hotaling.

Electric Lights—Otis Tewksbury.

Joe Montgomery, M. F. Stanley.

Water Works—Charles VanValkenburg, Geo. Hotaling, M. F. Stanley.

Finance—A. C. Balden, Geo. Hotaling, M. F. Stanley.

Park and Property—M. F. Stanley, Otis Tewksbury, Joe Montgomery.

Sidewalks—Otis Tewksbury, M. F. Stanley, Geo. Hotaling.

Fire—Joe Montgomery, M. F. Stanley, Otis Tewksbury.

Street Railway—A. C. Balden, Joe Montgomery, Charles VanValkenburg.

Wife, or the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, or assignees, of either of them, who are living or dead or where they reside, or whether their right, title, interest or claim, if any, has been assigned to any person or persons, or if dead whether they have personal representatives or heirs living or any of them have been disposed of by law, and that said plaintiffs do not know and have been unable, after diligent search, to ascertain the names and the persons who are included as defendants in said bill of complaint without being aided.

On motion of Allen L. Lamphere, attorney for plaintiffs, it is ordered that Dennis Brink, his wife, if he has a wife, and the unknown heirs of said Dennis Brink and his wife, if he has a wife, and any person claiming from either of them as devisees, legatees, grantees or assignees, and the unknown persons who are or may be entitled to claim under them, or either of them, cause their several appearances to be entered herein in the manner provided by law within three months from the date of this order and that within twenty days after the making of this order the said plaintiffs cause the same to be published in the Northville Record once in each week for six weeks in succession.

FRED S. LAMB, Circuit Judge.

A true copy W. J. McKAY, Deputy Clerk.

The foregoing suit is brought to quiet the title to certain land and property situated in the township of Livonia, county of Wayne, and State of Michigan, and described as follows:

The east one-half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-two, T. 1, S. 4, R. 9, E., containing eighty (80) acres more or less, the same being the premises conveyed by Minnie Cort to William H. Cort's wife, by deed dated December 27, 1916, and recorded December 28, 1916, in volume 1174 of Deeds, page 226, in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, for Wayne county, Michigan.

ALLEN L. LAMPHERE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

625-26 Moffat Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 34-40.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of JASPER N. ELLIOTT, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the residence of Abram H. Piper, in the village of Northville, in said county, on Wednesday the 23rd day of May A. D. 1917, and on Monday, the 22nd day of July A. D. 1917, 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 23rd day of March A. D. 1917, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated March 23, 1917.
ABRAM H. PIPER,
PETER B. BARLEY,
Commissioners.

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farmington 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 6:35 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 6:20 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 6:43 p. m.; also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m. and 12:09 a. m.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, in the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, In Chancery, No. 58133.

William H. Cort and Minnie F. Cort, plaintiffs.

Dennis Brink, the wife of Dennis Brink, if he had a wife, the unknown heirs of said Dennis Brink and his wife, if he had a wife, and any person or the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assignees of the said Dennis Brink, and his wife, if he had a wife, and any person claiming from either of them as devisees, legatees, grantees or assignees, defendants.

A session of said court held in the court house, in the city of Detroit, in said county, to-wit: on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1917.

Present, the Honorable, Fred S. Lamb, Circuit Judge.

On reading and filing the bill of complaint in this cause, duly sworn to by William H. Cort, one of the plaintiffs herein, from which it satisfactorily appears that the defendants hereto are necessary and proper parties and have some apparent or possible right, title, interest or claim to the premises described in the said bill of complaint and hereinafter described which right, title, interest and claim of said defendants, and each of them said plaintiffs aver to be barred by the continuous, open, notorious, exclusive, hostile and adverse possession of said plaintiffs and their grantors for more than fifteen years last past, and that more than fifteen (15) years since the several rights to the possession thereof accrued to the said respective defendants, which possession has been during all of said time and still is adverse, and hostile to the right, title, interest and claim of the respective defendants, and that it is not known and could not be ascertained, after diligent search and inquiry whether the defendants, Dennis Brink and his wife, if he had a wife, or the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, grantees or assignees, of either of them, who are living or dead or where they reside, or whether their right, title, interest or claim, if any, has been assigned to any person or persons, or if dead whether they have personal representatives or heirs living or any of them have been disposed of by law, and that said plaintiffs do not know and have been unable, after diligent search, to ascertain the names and the persons who are included as defendants in said bill of complaint without being aided.

On motion of Allen L. Lamphere, attorney for plaintiffs, it is ordered that Dennis Brink, his wife, if he has a wife, and the unknown heirs of said Dennis Brink and his wife, if he has a wife, and any person claiming from either of them as devisees, legatees, grantees or assignees, and the unknown persons who are or may be entitled to claim under them, or either of them, cause their several appearances to be entered herein in the manner provided by law within three months from the date of this order and that within twenty days after the making of this order the said plaintiffs cause the same to be published in the Northville Record once in each week for six weeks in succession.

FRED S. LAMB, Circuit Judge.

A true copy W. J. McKAY, Deputy Clerk.

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Dated March 23, 1917.
ABRAM H. PIPER,
PETER B. BARLEY,
Commissioners.

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