

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

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THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

REXALL HAIR TONIC

The question is often asked:

"Why is Rexall '93' Hair Tonic so successful in keeping the hair in proper health and condition?"

The answer is that it is successful because it is a scientific treatment, designed to destroy the harmful microbes, restore the blood circulation among the hair roots, and make the scalp healthy and the hair grow.

Rexall

"93" HAIR TONIC

adds to the luxuriance and soft, silky glossiness of the hair and makes it easier to dress. It also helps to preserve its natural color.

It is not only a successful treatment, we guarantee it to be successful with you, or your money back.

The scalp should be cleansed with Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste about once a week.

Enough for several weeks' treatment of either Hair Tonic or Shampoo Paste in each package.

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, 50c and \$1.00.

Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste 25c.

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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

All Good Values

Hershey's Cocoa, 1-2-lb.,	19c
Purity Oats, Pkg.,	10c, 25c.
Macaroni, Pkg.,	10c
Spaghetti, Pkg.,	10c
Matches, Box,	5c
6 Bars Queen Anne Soap	25c
7 Bars Climax Soap,	25c
5 Bars Flake White Soap,	25c
6 Bars Bob White Soap,	25c

We will have some good deals for Saturday.

WHEELER & BLACKBURN

Northville, Michigan.

Sport Cloths

Your Fashion Book and Magazines have been telling you about Sport Cloths for Spring. Drop into our store at your very earliest convenience and look over our assortment of New Arrivals.

Buy Thread

We do not know when it will be, but with the prices of all raw materials where they are, and steadily advancing, the thrifty housewife should buy Coats Thread at 5c per Spool. Thread is bound to go higher. When the advance comes please remember that we reminded you of the possibility.

New Silk and Muslin Waists.

Always Something New in Silk Skirts.
American Lady and Nemo Corsets.

We are on our last selling of Percales at 15c per yard. If you have any to buy, get them now, as we will be forced to pay a big advance on all we purchase from now on. We are referring to the best grades of Merchandise only.

PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE,

MICHIGAN.

COMBINE MODERATION WITH OUR PATRIOTISM

TREASONABLE UTTERANCES ARE
OFTEN DUE ONLY TO IGNOR-
ANCE OR THOUGHTLESSNESS.

ALL SUCH SHOULD BE FIRMLY
SUPPRESSED, BUT NOT BY UN-
REASONABLE VIOLENCE.

The following little paragraph from the Pontiac Press Gazette's editorial columns epitomizes so much truth that we are impelled to enlarge upon it. "Reckless babbling is often mistaken for reason. An efficient traitor would of necessity know how to hold his tongue."

At this time of tension and of repeatedly proven danger to our national life and welfare from foes within, it is to be expected that we should be

sensitively on the alert for anything that looks or sounds treasonable; but the thoughtful among us must deplore the instant violence that in several places, has even resulted, fatally to those foolish, thoughtless or ignorant

enough to give voice to unpatriotic sentiments. As indicated in the paragraph quoted, the real traitors and spies, the ones most to be feared, are not shouting about it in public. Their work is not done that way, but quite

otherwise. The person who does not know any better than to "blow" about the government, the country and the flag that shelters and protects him should of course be made to thoroughly understand his folly, but not by a physical violence more creditable to the hot-headed nations than to the

probably ignorant victim. It is very natural for the man of German or Austrian or Hungarian antecedents to feel inclined to sympathy for his

mother country, but if he cares more for its welfare than for that of his voluntarily adopted land he should be compelled to seek its protection or

taught to keep silent. The fact that after all these undesirables are in a comparatively small majority and that the great masses of our adopted

countrymen are loyal citizens should make us less hasty in condemnation and action.

F. & A. N. INITIATION MONDAY.

Northville Lodge No. 186, F. & A. M. convened for special work Monday afternoon and evening, when the first degree was conferred on an unusually large class, with the Past Masters in charge. An appetizing supper was

served at six o'clock accompanied with fine music by Turner's orchestra and followed by a number of good speeches. The attendance was gratifyingly large and the entire affair constituted one of the red-letter days of the lodge.

CLARK-HARTZMAN.

A quiet wedding ceremony was performed Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. F. A. Brass, uniting in marriage Mr. Lewis Clark of Salem and Miss Thelma Hartzman of South Lyon.

"The Village Post-office," at Albeum theatre, Monday evening, April 30.

NORTHVILLE READY TO CO-OPERATE.

The wisely selected agricultural emergency commission for Michigan, with Ex. Gov. Warner of Farmington as its chairman, appointed by Gov. Sleeper, will undoubtedly find ready

co-operation here as elsewhere in the work of utilizing every resource for food production and conservation this coming season. One Northville business man has already offered the free

use of the lot at the rear of his store to any one who may wish to use it for planting purposes and there is no doubt that others will do likewise.

There is much vacant land here and there in and around this village that has never been used for any purpose except to grow weeds, but it is a safe guess that most of it will be put under cultivation this year, as it certainly should be for the credit of Northville and its citizens as helpers in a great movement.

ENJOYABLE TRIP TO LANSING.

The senior class of N. H. S., 17 in number, accompanied by Supt. Misener, making, with their three extra chauffeurs a party of 21, enjoyed a most delightful motor trip Wednesday, going in four autos to Lansing.

They left Northville at 5:30 a. m. stopping on the way for a breakfast at fresco. The objective on arrival at the capital was a visit to the capitol where they saw the state's solons in action, shook hands with our commonwealth's chief magistrate and inspected the stately and beautiful building that shelters Michigan's legislative and executive bodies. An

intended visit to the M. A. C. had to be replaced, for lack of sufficient time, by a mere passing view of that institution. The party arrived in Northville at 3 a. m. having suffered very little inconvenience from the electric storm which prevailed in this locality throughout the night.

NOTICE.

The final day for paying water taxes is this Friday, April 20. I will be at the Northville State Savings bank during the day and evening to receive same.

HARRY TAFT
Village Treasurer.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. Lester Stage wishes to thank the L. O. T. M., the W. R. C. and The King's Daughters for the beautiful flowers sent during her recent illness.

NOTICE—Bids for material and tearing down and removing the temporary school building and other out-buildings, at the school grounds will be received up to noon, May 1, 1917. The timbers under the temporary building are not to be included.

C. A. DOLPH,
Secy. School Dist. No. 2.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

LOST—Sometime from Tuesday evening to Wednesday evening, the owner of an Olds automobile headlight. Finder will receive reward for returning same to Dr. E. B. Caveir, Northville. 39w1c.

FOUND—White hog strayed onto my farm. Owner may obtain same by paying for this ad. Phone 172 R-1. 39w1c.

WANTED—Girl or middle-aged woman to care for invalid. A. N. Stilson, Northville. 39w1p.

NOTICE—Any person having old rags, papers, iron, etc., call 44-J. Samuel Kleiman. 35-43p.

FOR SALE—Colonial velvet rug, 6x9 feet; wool fibre rug, 6x11-ft. Both rugs used about one year. E. M. Bogart, Phone 187-J. 39w1p.

FOR SALE—Ramsy seed oats, Extra heavy yielders. Phone 185-J. H. B. Clark. 39w1c.

FOR SALE—You can save money on a new 1917 Ford touring car. Inquire of Corbett at Lyke's tin shop. 39w1p.

FOR SALE—Several pieces of furniture. Phone 340-W. Mrs. M. D. Taylor, Yerkes avenue. 39w1c.

FOR SALE—Ten loads good stable manure. Phone 702-J. 39w1c.

FOR SALE—Four goods cows. L. H. Brossow. Phone 251-J-1. 39w1p.

FOR SALE—Quantity of Hay and Oats. Dayton Bunn. Phone 305-J-2. 39w1p.

FOR SALE—House and lot corner Randolph and High Sts.; good location. G. W. Hills. 39w1c.

FOR SALE—First-class mare in foal, sound and in good condition. Weighs 1200 pounds. Inquire National Dist. Co., Detroit, Mich. 39w1c.

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

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-3. 29w1f.

Going to Paint?

Then use

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
PREPARED

MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS WITH, OUTSIDE AND INSIDE

and you'll get satisfaction.

It's the best protection you can give your house.

It is made from the highest quality materials.

It does not powder, flake off or crack.

It forms a tough, durable film that wears and looks well for the longest time.

Its colors are clear, bright and lasting.

It costs less by the job than any other paint made.

The full color card shows 48 handsome shades. S. W. P. is put up full measure, always.

THE TRADE MARK

ALABASTINE

Why We Sell

Alabastine

We sell Alabastine because we are convinced that every claim made for it by its manufacturers is borne out by the facts—because we know that it is easy to apply, is wonderfully durable, has distinctive hygienic properties, and offers decorative possibilities not found in any other form of wall covering.

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

The man with

MONEY

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 of 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.

Died of Premature Old Age!

How many times we hear of comparatively young persons passing away when they should have lived to be 70 or 80 years of age. This fatal work is usually attributed to the kidneys as, when the kidneys degenerate, it causes auto-intoxication. The more injurious the poisons passing thru the kidneys the quicker will those noble organs be degenerated, and the sooner they decay.

It is thus the wisest policy, to prevent premature old age and promote long life, to lighten the work of the kidneys. This can be done by drinking plenty of pure water all day long, and occasionally taking Anuric, double strength, before meals. This can be obtained at almost any drug store. You will find Anuric more potent than lithia for it dissolves uric acid as water does sugar.

A Cleveland Woman Speaks

Cleveland, Ohio.—"My first child left me in a very bad condition, this caused me to become all run down, weak and nervous. I got so that I was a walking skeleton. I tried different medicines, also had the doctor, but did not get any relief. I at last decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and this medicine completely cured me of my trouble and built me up in a good, strong, healthy condition."—MRS. ELIZABETH JORDAN, 4724 Tullman Ave.

This herbal tonic is made up in liquid or tablet form and can be obtained in almost any drug store. It contains no alcohol or narcotic, and its ingredients are printed on the wrapper. Purely an herbal tonic.

If not obtainable at your dealer's send \$1.00 to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will mail large package of tablets, or send 50-cents for smaller size.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best-Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wear is guaranteed against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas' product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other notice. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.

**INFLUENZA**

And all diseases of the horse affecting his throat speedily cured, colts and horses in same stable kept from having influenza by using Spohn's Influenza Compound 1 to 6 doses often care one bottle guaranteed to cure one case. Safe for brood mares, baby colts, stallions all ages and conditions. Most skillful scientific compound 50c and \$1 per bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Any druggist or delivered by manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind.

Very Much So: "I understand your son has been given a light work." "Yes, he's reading gas meters."

The ancients supposed rock crystal to be merely ice congealed by intense cold.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A Michigan Case

S. O. Morgan, 121 E. Washington St., Coldwater, Mich., says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good medicine for I have used them with benefit. My kidneys were disordered and I had weakness and pain across the small of my back. I could hardly go any lifting or stooping and my kidneys were sluggish. Doan's Kidney Pills put me on my feet, relieved the action of my kidneys and benefited me in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma for Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. 25c and one dollar. Write for sample. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

ECZEMA!

Money back without question if ERYTHEMA, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin disease. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherrill, Tex.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 18-1917.

Carter's Little Liver Pills For Constipation

The Great Vegetable Remedy



Puts You Right Over Night

Genuine Bears Signature Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

Colorless or Pale Faces usually indicate the absence of iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by Carter's Iron Pills

BILLY EVANS SOLVES BASEBALL PROBLEMS

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

Frank Chance figured in an unusual play that came up in the American league. St. Louis and New York were playing a series in St. Louis.

In the game in question, St. Louis held a fairly good lead until the seventh or eighth inning, when Chance decided to employ some pinch hitting. It was this which caused the confusion and the protest that followed.

Chance decided to go in and hit for the pitcher, who was the first man up in the inning. He started a rally, and before the Browns could realize it, the New Yorkers, who had not appeared to have a chance, were evened up. Chance, after batting for the pitcher, took up the coaching at third base. With three or four runs across the plate and a couple of men on the bases, one of the New York players yelled from the bench, "You're up again, manager." Chance hastened from the coaching lines to the bench, got his bat and sent a single through short, scoring two runs and leaving crossing the plate himself.

Now, when Chance took his second turn at the bat, Derrick, who was playing short and hitting eighth, should have been the batter. He was asleep at the switch and never did bat in this inning, in which New York made seven runs and went into the lead. Not until the end of the inning was the mistake discovered.

Then, just as the first St. Louis player stepped into the batter's box, one of the scribes in the press box managed to apprise the St. Louis team of the mistake.

A big protest followed before the game was continued. With the score 8 to 3 against them, St. Louis made three runs before the close of the game, bringing the score up to 8 to 3, the final result. Thus it turned out that had not Chance batted out of order the game would have been won by the Browns 6 to 5. Why do you suppose this was not the final score?

Answer to Problem.

The umpire in charge refused to consider the protest of the Browns, and the game was later protested, but the protest was not allowed. The rule on this point says that the batsman is not out for such a mistake unless the fact that he has batted out of order is discovered before a ball has been delivered to the succeeding batsman. In the St. Louis game a couple of men batted after Chance, and some eight or ten balls were pitched before the error was discovered. So, the game went into the records as 8 to 6 in favor of New York. The rules on batting out of order are a little confusing. One rule says that the umpire must take no action unless the mistake be found out before a ball has been pitched to the succeeding batter. Rule 57 says that, with two exceptions, which are cited, the umpire shall declare the batsman out without waiting for an appeal in all cases where the player is put out in accordance with the rules. Neither of these exceptions dealt with the play under discussion.

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DIAMOND NOTES

Rube Marquard, according to reports, is traveling at a great clip this spring.

Three reasons why a ball player likes to go South—Breakfast, lunch, dinner.

Ty Cobb's weakness has at last been discovered. He has a great admiration for Napoleon.

Mal Eason has been released as a National league umpire, but Stallings and Johnny Evers are still left.

A ball player's bean is enough to make fans groan—sometimes it's empty and sometimes it's solid bone.

There's always a something to be thankful for. What if you were a Mexican umpire in the Texas league?

Fleider Jones, manager of the St. Louis Americans, believes he has uncovered a star in George Hale, a recruit catcher.

George Kelly's high-class pitching for the Giants has made the veterans of the McGraw squad sit up and take a second look.

After announcing his retirement from the game Pitcher George Davis changed his mind and joined his team, the Boston Braves.

Manager Norman Elberfeld of the Chattanooga team has stirred a merry storm by referring to Texas league teams as "business."

Fred Clarke's old pirate machine has just about gone to the discard, but Honus Wagner is able to play the role of ivy on the ruins.

Branch Rickey is quoted as saying that Scrapper Moore, the St. Louis Browns' collegian third baseman, is a "second Kid Elberfeld."

Bade Myers, who will manage the Richmond team in the Central league, announces that he will get surplus players from the Toledo club.

Terrific hitting has made "Baby Doll" Jacobson, a recruit outfielder with the St. Louis Americans, a man much to be feared by pitchers.

Speaking of strikes, we never enthused over any—except the third one called on the opposing club's pinch hitter when the bases were filled.

Clark Griffith is authority for the statement that Walter Johnson never uses the spitball, although the big fellow has a good delivery of that sort.

YARN OF GEORGE STALLINGS

Baseball Career of Manager of Boston Braves Nearly Epied by Clark Griffith of Washington.

One of the fanning bees incidental to the recent big-league meetings in New York developed a story about how Manager Griffith nearly epied George Stallings' baseball career in Boston. According to the New York Globe, the pilot of the Braves tells it this way:

"That fellow Clark Griffith came within an ace of costing me my job in Boston. It was on the day that we dedicated the new Braves' field, two years ago. Griffith was asked to come over and attend the opening ceremonies.

"There were 45,000 or more people in the park. Someone conceived the



Manager George Stallings.

brilliant idea of having Griffith pitch the first ball across the plate, while I stood in the catcher's position to receive it.

"I fell for the idea. I went out in my street clothes, with a catcher's mitt on. Griffith strolled to the box in uniform. I expected him to lob one over. To my astonishment and consternation, he cut loose with a fast curve!

"I hadn't caught a ball in a dozen years. If he had kept it a bit lower, I never would have caught this one. I just did reach it, and clung to it for dear life. If I'd missed it, with 45,000 fans looking on, I would have been kidded out of Boston.

"It seems the whole thing was a plant. My players got Griffith to warm up for five minutes under the grandstand, just to throw that one ball and make a sucker of me."

WALSH WAS PECULIAR

Forced Out of Baseball by Excessive Massaging.

Big White Sox Hurler Was Called Upon to Work Often and Never Shirked, but He Did Insist on Having Arm Rubbed.

"I see where Ed Walsh is not on the White Sox reserve list. Excessive massage put him out of baseball two years ahead of the time he should have been through."

Thus spoke a well-informed man who has followed the destinies of the South side ball club for many years. Walsh was a peculiar hurler. He was called upon to work often. He never shirked, but he did insist on having his arm rubbed. Every day the trainer had to apply the soothing lotion and the muscle kneading. Walsh insisted on it. He was rubbed before the game and after the game, and sometimes in between. Massage was his hobby, and he took it in the liberal portions that a man generally demands when the things he wants cost nothing.

Fellow players remonstrated, but he knew. Wasn't he the greatest pitcher



Ed Walsh.

of his time? He was. Didn't he dust the hostilities off the plate with great regularity and more effect than the others? He did.

So he had his arm rubbed morning, noon and night, so to speak.

"Rubbing," says King Brady of the Cubs, "is only artificial exercise. A muscle becomes sore from overwork or from a strain. The trainer rubs the sore spot to stimulate the circulation of blood, which, of course, removes the soreness. The same effect could be obtained by proper exercise, but one resorts to massage to correct the one local fault. Exercise would put a strain on other muscles which already are in shape.

"If a player, such as a pitcher, has had his arm treated to excess he has submitted to just that much more artificial exercise, which in the long run saps his strength.

"In handling sprinters and ball players I have come to the conclusion that there is in each man just so much energy to be expended. When that energy is exhausted you are done. The spirit may be willing and the member may feel all right, but the zip is gone. Long rest in some classes may restore the expended vitality, but such cases are rare."

Artie Hofman was a fine example. He tried a "comeback" with the Cubs last summer, but looked bad. Yet he was in prime physical condition.

SCHEDULE WILL HELP YANKS

Donovan's Team Will Not Be Away From Polo Ground After September 12—Should Be at Top.

The 1917 schedule of the American league, differing in arrangement from any schedule of previous years, furnishes many interesting features for Bill Donovan's Yankees. Accepting the theory that a team with a large number of home games in the closing month has an advantage over other clubs it can be said that the Yankees have nothing to complain about. They will not be away from the Polo grounds after September 12, writes William J. Slovic in New York Evening Sun.

If Donovan's team can stick with the leaders until mid June or early July, as it did a year ago, there is no reason why the Yankees should not be in the fight right down to the end of the season. It will not be so easy, however, for the club to get a good start, as the early weeks of the campaign furnish an assignment for the Yanks that is as difficult as the closing weeks are easy.

REDUCE NUMBER OF PLAYERS

President Morris of Texas League Catches Drift of Argument Put Up by Al Tarnsey.

President Walter Morris of the Texas league seems to have caught the drift of the argument put up by President Al Tarnsey of the Three-L. Reports from Fort Worth are that Morris at the next meeting of the minor leagues will propose a rule cutting down the number of players that each club may reserve to a mere nucleus of a ball team. Morris also wants to restore the rule that contracts must be sent out by February 1.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache; biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean; pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway, every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken, or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

White Elephant No Jinx. W. H. Boyd of Cleveland, O., received a letter from a friend in India saying he had sent him a white elephant as a gift, and to make preparations to receive it.

"My worry lest I have an elephant on my hands was relieved only when the gift came," says Boyd. It was an ivory carving made to wear as a watch charm.

THE 3 D'S IN DODD'S

Mr. Robert W. Ferguson, Hingham, Mass., writes: I suffered from kidney disorder for years. Had incessant backache and trouble. Nearly died from it at one time while in Vancouver, but overcame it by a persistent use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Finally I was completely cured. Occasionally use the remedy now in order to keep the kidneys regulated.

I have the highest praise for Dodd's. Be sure to get "DODD'S," the name with the three D's for deranged, disordered, diseased kidneys, just as Mr. Ferguson did. No similar named article will do.—Adv.

Put One Over on Murphy. Paddy was jubilant. He chuckled as he sat in the corner by the pot-house fire.

"What's the joke?" asked a neighbor.

"Shure, and a've done a deal!" chorled Paddy.

"Good!"

"A've gave Murphy th' ould mare for a cartload o' hay."

"But what's the good of the hay if the mare's gone?" asked the neighbor.

"Och, bebad," said Paddy, with glee. "Murphy promises to lend me the ould mare to ate it!"—London Answers.

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make it Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

A Big Saving.

"I'm thinking of buying a car."

"Where do you expect to get the money?"

"Oh, that will be easy. My doctor has ordered me to stop eating potatoes."

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. Fletcher*.

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Idealism is the contemplation of marriage; a realism is what you get

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, four bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well-playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Process of Elimination.

The portly man with the appetite to match, surveyed with astonishment the tray of dishes, the waiter had brought.

"George," he said, "how could you remember all these things I ordered?" "That was easy, sir. I don't take de chef dere wuz a man outside waned everything 'on de bill 'cep de olives."

RELIABLE REMEDY RESTORES KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. Dr. Kilmer used it for years in his private practice. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it will help you. No other remedy can successfully take its place.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.

Probably Needed It.

"I say, miss, where's the bar?" "What kind of a bar?" queried the waitress in return, and as icily as she could.

"Why, a liquor bar, of course," he drawled. "What sort of a bar did you suppose I meant?"

"Well," she said, and her eyebrows arched slightly, "I didn't know, but I thought you might mean a bar of soap."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Used All Over the Civilized World
for More Than 50 Years.

Stomach troubles seem to be almost universal the last few years; I mean indigestion in many forms, internal nervousness, caused by incompatible food fermentation, coming up of food, sour stomach, headache, apparent constipation, the heart, habitual constipation, intestinal indigestion, caused by a torpid liver, and a general breakdown with low spirits and depressed feeling. Green's August Flower was introduced in this and foreign countries fifty years ago with wonderful success in relieving the above complaints. Sold by druggists everywhere at 25¢ trial bottles or 75¢ family size. Sole manufacturer, G. G. Green, Woodbury, N. J., U. S. A., Australia and Toronto, Canada. Adv.

Caution.

"You are not making as many speeches as usual."

"I'm not feeling oratorical at present," replied Senator Sorghum. "The folks out home are differing on several questions so violently that I don't know which side to agree with."

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed, to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles. Adv.

Several London (England) papers may be compelled to suspend owing to paper shortage.

Wilmington, Del., will spend \$1,000,000 to increase public school facilities.

COMMUNITY ACTION ON IRRIGATED AREAS



CROP OF ALFALFA AIDED BY IRRIGATION.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Community co-operation is even more of an obvious advantage on irrigated land than elsewhere. Most of these areas, especially the government reclamation projects which now include approximately 800,000 producing acres, are far removed from the great consuming centers. In consequence, the transportation charges are high and the marketing problem is a very serious one. Its solution is more likely to be reached through co-operation than by any other method.

The common practice on reclamation areas is to seed the land to alfalfa as soon as possible. This is accompanied or followed by the planting of small grains so that on newly irrigated lands a large proportion of the cultivated acreage is given up to these crops. Under ordinary conditions neither alfalfa nor grain will bear the cost of transportation to distant market centers. It is a common practice, therefore, to turn these foodstuffs into live stock and dairy products which bring high prices in proportion to their weight and can be shipped profitably over comparatively long distances. It has been found that the returns secured by pasturing hogs on irrigated alfalfa, supplemented with a light ration of grain, are frequently three to five times as great as could be obtained from selling the alfalfa as hay. With grain, the gain from marketing it in the form of pork is usually from 25 to 50 per cent. Live-stock production is, therefore, rapidly becoming an important industry on reclamation projects and, in fact, on a great portion of the irrigated land in the United States. For a maximum of success, however, in live-stock production, community action is indispensable. The danger of hog cholera is frequently an important factor in deterring farmers from raising hogs on a large scale. The control of this disease is, to a great extent, beyond the power of any individual. On irrigated lands, in particular, the germs may be carried in the irrigation water and in this way be spread throughout the entire community. On the other hand, the isolated position of the irrigation projects makes it comparatively easy to enforce whatever quarantine and sanitary regulations are necessary, provided that the entire community has the enforcement of these regulations at heart.

In addition to the prevention of disease, community action results in such obvious economies as the shipping of hogs in carload lots, and the most efficient utilization of the community's grain supply. It frequently happens

that farmers have more grain than they can use in the fall and, in consequence, ship it out to market. The following spring swine-raisers who are in need of grain to feed their herds buy in the outside market at higher prices and have the grain shipped back again. The unnecessary expenses of this process are a strong argument for community arrangements which will result in the utilization of the grain by farmers in the immediate neighborhood.

The potato industry is another field in which community action can be of great benefit on many reclamation projects. There is a strong tendency for prices in the potato market to fluctuate widely and the production tends inevitably to follow these fluctuations. If, after mature consideration, a whole community were to decide to make potato growing a feature of their agriculture and to persist in this determination in the face of discouraging conditions, it would not be long before it made itself known as a reliable source of supply. Buyers would come to it before looking into less certain markets and it would be possible to dispose of the crop at times when the individual producers would have little chance of selling at a profit. Another great advantage of community action in this field is its effect in promoting the adoption of a standard variety, or, at most, two varieties, and thus making possible the shipment of large lots of uniform character. This uniformity of production has proved of special advantage in the case of potatoes grown for the seed market. The same principle can be adopted with equal success in the case of stock raising.

Some of the most conspicuous successes attained by community co-operation have been in fruit raising. Although there appears to be at the present time a certain reaction from fruit production toward other industries, there is no reason why the same methods which have done so much for fruit growing should not prove equally effective in other lines. Essential factors, however, are far sightedness and persistence. It does not do to plan for only a year or two in advance, and whatever plan is adopted must be adhered to. A certain amount of experimentation is, of course, necessary, but the practice of jumping from one industry to another as the market fluctuates is certain to prevent the building up of a stabilized agriculture. Only a very small percentage of those who speculate in this way time their changes accurately. The great majority find that they have jumped just a little too late.

SITTING HEN SHOULD HAVE SEPARATE PEN

Floor Should Be of Earth, Dug Up
and Moistened—Place Nests
Around the Side.

(Clemson College Bulletin.)

It is less trouble to care for sitting hens when they are confined in a separate pen away from the layers. The floor of this pen should be of earth, dug up and moistened. The nest boxes should be placed around the sides, and there can be 25 hens in the pen. A box from 12 to 15 inches square and about the same in height is suitable for the nest. Remove the top, front and bottom. Cover the top with a burlap sack to provide ventilation, and nail a wooden strip four inches wide across the front at the bottom. Have a wide board to lean against the open front and a brick to keep it in place when it is necessary to confine the hen.

Fill the bottom of the box level with the top of the 4-inch board with moist garden soil, and hollow the soil like a saucer, so the eggs will not roll away from the hen and become chilled. The surface of the earth should be smooth and hard to allow the eggs to roll. Cover the earth with a very little straw and put in a few common eggs. Remove the sitting hen to the new nest at night. Dust her with yellow insect powder, or grease her with 33 per cent mercurial ointment, and then place her quietly on the nest and shut her in.

The next evening, when it is growing dark, dishes of whole grain and water should be placed in front of the nest and the hen removed to feed. Let her alone and do not return until night. If the hen is on her nest and is contented, she may be given the sitting of eggs you have selected for her.

Feed the sitting hens at the same hour each day. Give them whole grain (whole corn is best) in a dish, so they can eat all they desire. Even under the most favorable conditions

for feeding, a sitting hen will lose about three-quarters of a pound in weight during the three weeks of incubation. Examine the nests while the hens are feeding, and if any eggs are broken the remaining eggs should be washed in warm water and the nest cleaned. Moistened earth around the nest frequently, and on the eighteenth day of incubation immerse the eggs for two minutes in warm water (105 degrees Fahrenheit). This softens the membrane inside the shell and results in a greater percentage of chicks hatching.

ASPHALT COAT GOOD IN BUILDING SILOS

Recommended as Result of Investigations Carried On at the Oklahoma Station.

By DR. CHARLES K. FRANCIS, Chemist, Oklahoma Experiment Station, Stillwater.

This department is investigating silage prepared from the grain sorghums and closely related crops. Incidentally, tests are being made of materials which are commonly used in the construction of silos. This experiment has been under way for several years, but it so happens that cane and sorghums have not been placed in the cement silo. However, I believe that the method used here for treating the interior of the metal silos will prove of help if applied to cement.

In general, materials made of heavy tinware will not decompose by the ordinary acids. I have found that the silage will disintegrate a heavy tin in one season if it is unprotected, but when the same material is coated with asphalt it shows a smaller loss than any other material.

I believe that if a cement silo is built of good cement, which will stand up well under autoclave test, allowed to dry, and is well coated with asphalt before the green material is placed in it, that no serious action will occur. Of course the walls should be recoated each season, and any faults or imperfections which may have developed be remedied.

DAIRY FACTS

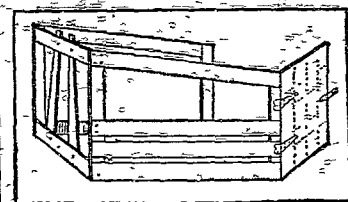
CRATES FOR SHIPPING COWS

If Animal Comes Within 1,000-Pound Limit Make Device Strong and Light as Possible.

In answer to a query as to the best way of crating a cow for shipment by express, J. Grant Morse, in Rural New Yorker, makes the following reply:

If one is thinking of shipping a cow by express the first thing necessary is to weigh the cow. The express companies have made a ruling that no express package (including live stock) will be accepted that weighs over 1,000 pounds.

But, if your cow comes within the limit, it is necessary to make your crate as light as possible and insure its holding her. Measure four cow as to length from the middle of her neck back to her tail. (Allow a little so that she can move a little). Then get the width of her through the widest part. Next get the height. Cut three pieces of 2-by-4, or other lumber, for the sills the width of the cow. Then cut the floor boards



Cow-Shipping Crate.

from inch hard pine or spruce, the length of the cow. Nail these to the three sills, and then turn your floor over so that the sills will be on the inside. This gives a smooth bottom to the crate, and is very essential in moving it with the cow inside.

Next cut two 2-by-4's the height of the cow for the hind posts of the crate, and two more, six inches longer for the fore posts. The fore posts are longer for the cross pieces of the stanchion to be nailed to. Nail the corner posts to the bottom. Now place a stanchion in front, which should be of good strong material, as this alone keeps the cow from escaping. The back end may be boarded up after the cow is in position.

If the cow is going far, send along a food supply, which may be chopped hay and grain mixed. Also send a pail to water her, and the pail can be used to feed her from also.

ROUGHAGE FOR DAIRY FEEDS

Dairymen Cannot Hope for Success Unless He Pays More Attention to Home-Grown Crops.

(Clemson College Bulletin.)

The past year has demonstrated one thing to the satisfaction of every man in the state who is engaged in dairy farming, and that is that he cannot hope for success unless he produces at home all of the roughage needed and most of the grain feeds. In every instance where farmers have become discouraged with the business the underlying cause has been the lack of sufficient home-grown feeds. To meet this requirement the following feed requirement for one cow has been worked out by the extension division for the information of farmers during the coming year.

One ton legume hay.
Four tons mangel or silage.
One ton sorghum.
One-half acre velvet beans and corn.
One-half acre rye for winter pasture.
One acre permanent Bermuda pasture.

The above ration will furnish sufficient feed for one cow for one year, with the exception of 200 pounds of cottonseed meal or soy bean meal which should be added to the grain mixture. The one-half acre of velvet beans should furnish at least two months of winter grazing, besides 700 pounds of velvet beans in the pod and 700 pounds of corn and cob meal to be mixed with the velvet bean meal and cottonseed or soy bean meal for the grain mixture.

FLIES CARRY DISEASE GERMS

Most Practical Plan to Keep Pests Out of Barn and Milk Room—Don't Let Manure Accumulate.

Keep flies out of the barn and milk room. One fly may carry as many as 150,000 germs to the milk. They may be disease germs.

Manure should not be allowed to accumulate around the barn—it is a breeding place for flies.

FEED GRAIN TO YOUNG CALF

No More Should Be Given Than Will Be Eaten Up Clean Twice a Day, About Half-Pound.

After a calf begins to eat considerable grain should not be kept before it. No more should be given than will be eaten up twice each day, which will not be over one-half pound daily or the first two months.



He's telling her that nothing he received from home brought more joy, longer-lasting pleasure, greater relief from thirst and fatigue, than

WRIGLEY'S THE FLAVOR LASTS

She slipped a stick in every letter and mailed him a box now and then.

Naturally he loves her, she loves him, and they both love WRIGLEY'S.

CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

Three of a kind

Keep them in mind



Japan has a wireless system which is extensive and complete.

Send 16¢ to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, for large trial package of Anuric for kidneys—cures backache—Adv.

Discharged.

Boss—My man, it is my painful duty to discharge you.
Bosser—Well, sir, one should discharge his duty, even though that duty is to discharge.

Good Substitute.

"Ma, have you any conspicuously saccharine combinations for gastronomical enjoyment at supper?"
"No, Betsy, all we got extra for supper is some candy and cake."

THE TRUTH ABOUT ECZEMA AND PILES

Thousands and thousands of people, says Peterson, are learning every week that one 25-cent box of Peterson's Ointment will abolish Eczema and banish piles, and the grateful letters I receive every day are worth more to me than money.

I had Eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to do it any good. I saw your ad and got one box and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson for the cure is great.

Mrs. Mary Hill, 420 Third Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's is the only ointment that relieves me, besides the piles seem to have gone. A. B. Enger, 1127 Washington Ave., Racine, Wis.

Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum and all skin diseases. Druggists recommend it. Adv.

If we are bound to forgive an enemy, we are not bound to trust him.

Method in it. "It is very kind of you to mix the cocktails for your wife's parties?" "Yes, I try to be helpful. Besides, I usually get a chance to sneak a drop or two for myself."

Naturally it takes a grunk to get up a revolution.



TWO LARGE PACKAGES 25¢
MADE FROM THE HIGHEST GRADE DURUM WHEAT
COOKS IN 12 MINUTES. COOK BOOK FREE
SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U.S.A.
Largest Macaroni Factory in America

Frost Proof Cabbage Plants
Early Jersey and Charleston Wakefield, Succession and Flat Dutch, 50¢ for 25, 1.00 for 50, 5.00 for 250. 2 to 6 here; postpaid 30¢ per 100. Satisfaction guaranteed. NEW YORK POTATO PLANTS—Immediate shipment. Nancy Hall and Porto Rico, 1,000 to 5,000 at \$2.00; 10,000 up at \$1.50. 1 to 6 here. Tomato plants at \$1.50. Seed and Pepper plants at \$1.50 per 100. 2 to 6 here. Postpaid 40¢ per 100. D. F. FARMERS, SUMMITVILLE, S. C.



PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Farm Hands Wanted

Western Canada Farmers require 50,000 American farm labourers at once. Urgent demand sent out for farm help by the Government of Canada.

Good Wages Steady Employment
Low Railway Fares
Pleasant Surroundings Comfortable Homes
No Compulsory Military Service

Farm hands from the United States are absolutely guaranteed against conscription. This advertisement is to secure farm help to replace Canadian farmers who have enlisted for the war.

A splendid opportunity for the young man to investigate Western Canada's agricultural offerings, and to do so at but little expense.

Only Those Accustomed to Farming Need Apply

For particulars as to railway rates and districts requiring labour, or any other information regarding Western Canada apply to

M. V. MacINNIS, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Government Agent

METZ
CARS \$633

Le Veque-Baston Motor Sales Co.
86 Jeff Ave. STATE DISTRIBUTORS Detroit
LIVE AGENTS WANTED

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 20, 1917

Under "new fiction at the library" one of our exchanges lists "History of Genesee County," How to Study Birds, "Home Garden," "Potential Russia," "Physical Training for Boys," "Reference Passages Bible," "Browning's Poems," etc. No doubt there may possibly be some fiction mixed up in some of 'em but it is morally certain that most of the authors involved would object very decidedly to the classification.

The high cost of drinking is now agitating a certain class of people, who find in it a hardship that demands official investigation. It is certainly too bad if the price of intoxicants is unlawfully boosted. The federal authorities should immediately drop the food and fuel inquiries as well as the military preparations and turn their attention to this flagrant attack on a vital necessity. In the words of a well-known classic phrase, "We should worry."

A company manufacturing rubber goods is sending out an advertising publication entitled "The Romance of Rubber." Everybody knows that there are a great many so-called "romances" due to "rubbering" but a large percentage of 'em are certainly not worth advertising.

Another of our German Americans worth having is Charles M. Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Co., who is said to have refused an offer of a hundred million dollars from Germany to quit making munitions for the Allies.

Such wholesale marrying in haste as is indicated by the present drive on the matrimonial license strongly holds all along the line must naturally suggest much repenting at leisure, later on.

The Oxford Leader began its thirty-seventh year with last week's issue. Many happy (and also profitable) returns.

Old saying for encouragement of the Tigers and the rascals fans: "A poor beginning indicates a good ending."

With both Roosevelt and Bryan on the job the war ought to come to a speedy termination.

Northville School Notes.

Mrs. Charles Schoultz visited school Monday.

Katharine Bovee has re-entered the Fourth grade.

Mildred Ely was a welcome visitor at school Monday.

The Sixth graders are doing excellent work in physiology.

Doris Armitage from Georgia has entered the Fourth grade.

The First graders are dramatizing the story of the Ant and the Dove.

The Second graders had an arithmetic contest in which the girls won.

The Fifth graders are learning the poem entitled, "The Psalm of Life."

The Eighth grade arithmetic class is hard at work on the study of circles.

Come and see some of the work in penmanship done by the Seventh and Eighth graders.

The Seniors are enjoying their opportunity for chemistry laboratory work, even though so belated.

The zoology students are studying the crawfish from living animals brought in by members of the class.

The Fourth graders, after studying the life of Daniel Boone, have written some very interesting compositions about him.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our many friends for the beautiful flowers sent us; the F. A. M. W. A., The King's Daughters and others; those who furnished automobiles, Rev. Frank Brass for his kind words, and Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Flint, for the music. Also our neighbors and all those who so kindly assisted us at the time of the death of our father and grandfather.
**MR. AND MRS. ULLIE A. TIBBITS,
WYLLIE D. TIBBITS,
J. HAROLD TIBBITS.**

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

C. C. Yerkes and wife returned Saturday from their southern trip.

Clayton Gage of Flint visited friends here the latter part of last week.

Miss Jeanette Jacobus of Flint is visiting in Northville and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Wheeler have returned from their visit in Dayton, Ohio.

Thomas Shaw arrived home last week after spending the winter in Florida.

O. S. Harger of Detroit has been among the Northville visitors this week.

Miss Hazel Barrett was called to Midland last week by the death of a relative.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Vanderhoof of Royal Oak visited Northville relatives for the week-end.

William Morgan and Miss Ione Morgan of Pontiac were Northville visitors Saturday.

Miss Marie Pinney of Ann Arbor spent the week-end with her sister Miss Ruie Pinney.

Andrew Rasch of Detroit, a former well-known Northville resident, was in town Tuesday.

Miss Emeline Lapham, who has been nursing in Farmington for the past four months, is now at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Crosby of Detroit were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Armstrong, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller and son of Detroit were week-end guests at the home of Mrs. O. T. Tewksbury and family.

Messrs. Raymond Kirby and Ellis Martin of Detroit were entertained Sunday at the DesAutels home on Dunlap street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren of South Lyon have been recent guests of Mrs. McLaren's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Erwin.

Mrs. Cowell and daughter, Mrs. Dey Jeff for Gladwin, Mich., Tuesday, called there by the serious illness of the former's mother.

C. E. Ryder was at Royal Oak Tuesday as representative from the Northville church at the spring meeting of the Detroit Presbytery.

Dr. J. R. Kestell and son, Stanley, arrived at their home here last week, having spent the winter in Florida. Mrs. Kestell and Lyle return this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lapham are now occupying their home here. Mr. Lapham has been in the south most of the winter and Mrs. Lapham has spent some weeks in Detroit.

T. J. Perkins of Bennington has been spending a few days among friends here before returning home from Ypsilanti, where he was called to attend the funeral of his brother.

Out-of-town relatives who attended the funeral of Mr. Killett Saturday were: Mrs. Horace E. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. VonBuelow and Mrs. McKinnon of Grosse Pointe. W. D. Evans and family and Mr. Sauvie and family of Detroit were also in attendance.

Miss Lida Richardson returned Saturday from a few days' visit in Ann Arbor, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Norman Shaw (the latter formerly Miss Anne Jerome of this place). The Shaws are about to leave Ann Arbor for St. Joseph, where the doctor has established a practice.

Raymond DesAutels leaves home this Friday afternoon for Columbus, Ohio, having passed the preliminary examinations for enlistment in the signal corps of the aviation division of the United States army. If he comes through the "nerve test" successfully, Northville will have furnished still another of her boys for Uncle Sam's service.

David Gage visited at Flint over the week-end and was one of a crowd of ten thousand people who attended the celebration at the Buick when an enormous flag was raised over the plant with appropriate exercises. Patriotic addresses by several fine speakers, band music and unbounded enthusiasm were features of the occasion. Mr. Gage reports that the city of Flint fairly blossoms with red, white and blue.

There will be something for you "At the Village Post-office," Monday evening, April 30.

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

Convincing Testimony

Given by Many Northville People.

Experiences told by Northville people. Those who have had weak kidneys who used Doan's Kidney Pills—Who found the remedy effective—Such statements prove merit. You might doubt an utter stranger. You must believe Northville people. Here's Northville proof. Verify it. Read. Investigate. Be convinced. You'll find why Northville folks believe in Doan's. Frank Daber, blacksmith, Center street, Northville, says: "On different occasions my back felt weak and lame. At these times, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they never failed to do good work. I consider this medicine one of merit and never hesitate to recommend it to others." Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Lauer had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. —Advt. 52.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors for the kindness shown us in our bereavement for our little baby.

MR. AND MRS. CHESTER LONG.

CARD OF THANKS.

We sincerely thank the Presbyterian and Methodist Ladies Aid societies, The King's Daughters, Martha Chapter of Westminster Guild, neighbors and friends for flowers and kindness in our time of bereavement, also those who furnished automobiles.

MRS. KILLETT AND DAUGHTERS.

YOUR HOME--

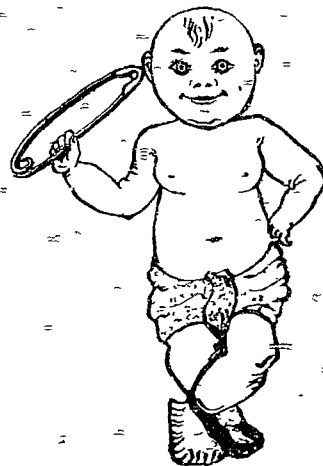
The advent of Spring means Housecleaning, and a general re-establishment of the home for the coming year. Why not make it a thoro job and have your house wired at the same time? If you have ever enjoyed the convenience, cleanliness and efficiency of Electric Light you will never want to dispense with 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.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.



Car Load Mattresses

Last spring we took advantage of the market and bought a Car-Load of Mattresses, Springs and Pillows, manufactured by the Grand Rapids Bedding Co., enabling us to sell them to you at a slight advance in price. We can only do this by buying in car-load lots.



Our "Banner Cotton Felt."



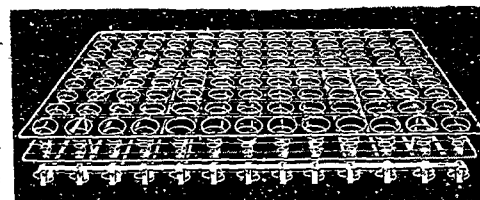
Pillows of All Grades and Prices.

Remember—We have all kinds of Mattresses at all Prices, but we are still able to sell you our Banner Cotton Felt Mattress at \$12. We will give 10 per cent off, for cash, which would make the Mattress \$10.80.

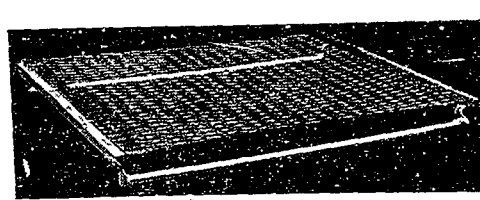
DON'T FORGET THAT WE ARE

Headquarters for ROOM-SIZED RUGS

KING DOUBLE DECK SPRING - 88 SAGLESS LINK FABRIC SPRINGS



Guaranteed for 25 Years.



Guaranteed for 10 Years.

WE GIVE 10 PER CENT OFF FOR CASH ON ALL GOODS

You buy the goods, we Deliver them free of charge, no matter where you live.

Schrader Bros.

The Firm Name that Stands for Quality and Lowest Possible Prices.

Furniture Dealers—Funeral Directors. NORTHVILLE and PLYMOUTH.

M. E. Tripp, Attorney, 1626 Penobscot Bldg., Detroit.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne. In Chancery. No. 58733.

Edith E. Fisher, complainant.

Julius W. Fisher, defendant.

At a session of the said court held at the Court house, in the City of Detroit, on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1917.

Present, the Honorable George S. Hosmer, Circuit Judge.

It appearing to said court from the affidavit now on file, that the residence of the said defendant, Julius W. Fisher, is unknown and that it is not known in what state or county he now is;

On motion of M. E. Tripp, plaintiff's attorney, it is ordered that the said defendant, Julius W. Fisher, cause his appearance to be entered herein within three months from the date hereof and that in case of his appearance, that he answer his answer to be filed and a copy thereof served on me and plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after service on him of a copy of the bill of complaint and this order or that said bill of complaint be taken as confessed against him; That this order be published as required by law in the Northville Record, a newspaper published and circulating in this state.

GEORGE S. HOSMER, Circuit Judge.

A true copy.

W. J. McKAY, Clerk. 34-40.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

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, and any person claiming from either of them as devisees, legatees, grantees or assignees, defendants.

At a session of said court held in the court house, in the City of Detroit, in said county and state, 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, as necessary and proper parties, had 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, are living or dead or where they reside, if living, or whether their right, title, interests or claim, if any, has been assigned to any person or persons, or if dead whether they have personal representatives or heirs living or their any of them has 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 named.

On motion of Allen L. Lamphere, attorney for plaintiffs, it is ordered that Dennis Brink, his wife, if he had a wife, and the unknown heirs of 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, 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. R. 9 E., containing eighty (80) acres more or less, the same being the premises conveyed by Minnie Cort to William H. Cort, his wife, by deed dated December 27, 1916, and recorded December 28, 1916, in volume 1174 of Deeds, page 226, in the office of the Register of Deeds, for Wayne county, Michigan.

ALLEN L. LAMPHERE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

625-25 Moffat Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 34-40.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE BILKIN BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Bilkin Brand Pills. They are the only pills that will cure you of all ailments. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
four 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
1:00 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

PENSLAR

DYNAMIC
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FOR OVERWORKED MEN AND
WOMEN, FOR FEEBLE FOLKS OF
OLD AGE AND FOR DELICATE
CHILDREN, THIS TONIC IS RE-
COMMENDED HIGHLY.

READ THE EXACT FORMULA
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LET IT HELP YOU—IT SURELY
WILL IF PROPERLY TAKEN. 75c
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T. E. Murdock
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

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IF YOU ARE THINKING OF
FLOWERS, PLEASE REMEM-
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Ford Touring Cars \$360
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TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for
Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 5:30 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.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of
HENRY GIBSON, 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
office of Lapham State Savings
Bank, Northville, Mich., in said county,
on Tuesday, the 12th day of June A.
D. 1917, and on Saturday, the 11th day
of August 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
12th day of April A. D. 1917, were al-
lowed by said Court for creditors to
present their claims to us for examina-
tion and allowance.

E. H. LAPHAM,
ERNEST MILLER,
39-41. Commissioners.

Northville Newslets.

Swat early and often.

Postmaster Tinnah is driving a
handsome new Buick Six.

Whacking the carpet is now in
order. Save some (swats) for the
flies.

Lots and lots of ice in the big lakes
yet. That's what's the matter with
April.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred VanAtta have
both been ill during the past week or
two.

Catholic services will be held in
Scott's Hall Sunday morning at 10:00
o'clock.

T. G. Richardson has a new Cadillac
"g" touring car, one of the swiftest
of the swell.

U. S. Grant's birthday anniversary
next Friday. Thomas Jefferson's
last Friday.

Yesterday was "Patriots' Day." Few
noticed it because the days are all
that kind now.

The Colonial Crochet club is to
meet with Mrs. Wm. Elliott next Wed-
nesday, April 25.

Attorney C. C. Yerkes has just pur-
chased a new Olds Eight through the
F. S. Neal agency.

Harry Bovee and family have moved
back from Detroit to their Northville
home on Main street.

The ladies' aid of the Baptist church
will meet with Mrs. Ed. Lockwood
next Wednesday, April 25.

The U. S. Fisheries car was here
the first of the week, taking away
750,000 lake trout eggs to St. Joe and
Manistee for distribution.

The Main 500 club was entertained
at dinner Wednesday evening at the
home of Mrs. Frank Macomber, with
Mrs. Hinkley and Mrs. Neal as assist-
ant hostesses.

Northville's new water-works super-
intendent, Mr. Porter has instituted a
thorough overhauling of the entire
system. He has already discovered
much need of repair work, which will
be completed as rapidly as possible.

Invitations are out for the "J-hop"
of the N. H. S., which is to take place
next Friday evening, April 27, in the
new "gym." The music is to be
furnished by Finzel's orchestra of De-
troit.

Dr. Tom Henry has successfully
passed the final examination for army
service and will be assigned at the
first opportunity to duty in the sur-
gical department of the Red Cross
association.

The W. R. C. is to hold a bake sale
this coming Saturday in Huff's store.
All members are requested to con-
tribute in some way, as the object in
view is one that cannot fail to meet
general approval when disclosed later.

A farmer near Milan offers, through
the Milan Leader, as a reward for
the return of his lost strayed or stolen
cat "a thousand strawberry plants,
six shade trees and a peck of seed
potatoes." That certainly must be
"some cat."

The interior of the local electric
lighting plant has been dismantled
and rearranged by the Edison Co. so
as to take care, for the present, of
the Plymouth service. A part of the
machinery went to parties in New
York state, some to Wyandotte and
the boilers were purchased by the
Northville Milling Co.

The King's Daughters' meeting in
the Presbyterian church parlors
Tuesday evening proved a very de-
lightful affair. Supper was served at
6 o'clock, with the state president,
Mrs. J. N. Lewis of Detroit as the
guest of honor. One new member
was given the obligation by Mrs.
Lewis.

There's a treasure buried in every
man's back yard, says a state board
of health bulletin; but to find it each
man must dig it himself, he cannot
delegate the work to an employee.
This is the time of the year for garden
digging, and the board is handing out
the advice to all to dig in their back
yards, not chiefly for the treasure in
vegetables (though that is not by any
means inconsiderable) but for the
treasure of health.

If Michigan sends a large number
of men into the ranks that will make
war on Germany, unusual precautions
should be taken to make certain these
men are free from tuberculosis, thinks
Wm. DeKline of the state tuberculosis
survey. There are many who have
latent tuberculosis which would break
out into active form if subjected to the
hardships of the trenches. Life in
camp will harden the system of a
naturally strong man, as a rule, Dr.
DeKline asserts, but it has the reverse
effect on persons who are especially
liable to tuberculosis. Experience
in Europe has proved this.

New moon tomorrow. Be sure to
look at it over your right shoulder.

Albert Sessions has rented the
Frank Whittaker farm in Salem town-
ship.

Ernest Lyke has been appointed
Treasurer for the Northville dis-
trict by the school board.

Good mixed program for Saturday
evening as usual at the Alseum.
Continuation of the serial "Iron Claw"
Tuesday night.

There will be a special convocation
of Northville Lodge No. 136, F. & A.
M., next Monday evening, April 23,
for work in the second degree.

Several carloads (more or less) of
Northville baseball fans have been on
the job at Navin field since the open-
ing game last week Wednesday.

Dandelion "greens" are about the
only eatable that isn't "way up." The
delay is owing to the cold weather.
Got the war, we are quite sure.

Palmer Sherman, presumably
Farmington's oldest resident, celebrated
his 99th birthday April 7th. The
Enterprise reports him "as spry as a
man half his age."

Plymouth, Milford and a number of
other towns represented on the
Record's exchange table are taking
steps toward the organizing of private
military companies.

The many Northville friends of Rev.
and Mrs. Ralph Pierce of Hancock
will be interested to know that Mr.
and Mrs. Pierce are the parents of a
son, born April 12, weighing 9 pounds.

Harry Coleman, former publisher of
the Pontiac Press Gazette and one of
the best known newspaper men in
Michigan, has accepted the position
of Managing director of the Detroit
Free Press.

The Northville friends of Rev. Wm.
S. Jerome of Ann Arbor will be glad
to learn that he has progressed far
enough toward recovery of his health
to resume his work in the
University library for a part of each
day.

The three months old baby of Mr.
and Mrs. C. Long, died Sunday morn-
ing of pneumonia at their home at the
corner of Walnut and Center streets.
Brief funeral services were held Tues-
day morning, at the residence and the
little body was taken to Clarkston for
interment.

There is surely no longer any reason
to urge the citizens of Northville to
display the national colors. The
business places, residences, and auto-
mobiles that are not decorated with
the red, white and blue of Old Glory
are made actually conspicuous by the
absence of such ornamentation.

Remember the "Pools' Carnival" at
the school this (Friday) evening. It
is to be an evening of fun and frolic
and sure to be worth attending. It
is the intention, as stated last week,
to make such an event an annual af-
fair and the object is the worthy one
of adding to the beauty and attractive-
ness of the school and its surround-
ings.

Since April 9, 1917 Mr. and Mrs.
John Kenyon of Detroit have been the
parents of a 1-2 pound son, John
Harland Kenyon, junior whose proud
young father volunteers the informa-
tion (for some unexplained reason)
that son "has black hair like his
mother's," also that Northville friends
desirous of meeting the new member
of the family will be welcome at No.
6, Otsego Ave., Detroit, after May 1,
next.

The annual meeting and banquet of
the Presbyterian church and congre-
gation last week Thursday evening
was largely attended. The method
of serving supper was an innovation,
locally, and was highly commended
for the rapidity and efficiency with
which the large company was pro-
vided for under the competent man-
agement of the Ladies' Aid society.
The balloting resulted in the re-elec-
tion of the trustees whose terms ex-
pired with the ending of the fiscal year.

Agreeable callers at the Record
office Wednesday were Editor Sanders
of the Trenton Times and Superin-
tendent J. L. Anderson of the Trenton
schools, who were in town to inspect
Northville's new school building and
to interview the school authorities
for the purpose of obtaining pointers
for future use, as their own town is
greatly in need of improved facilities
in that line. They expressed them-
selves as thoroughly pleased with
our fine building, which they pro-
nounced one of the most beautiful
and perfect of its class they had ever
seen. Both gentlemen are obviously
"hustlers" in their respective voca-
tions, and as both are enthusiastic in
their determination to arouse public
sentiment in Trenton in favor of a
modernized school equipment, it is
safe to expect that pretty town to
have such an addition to its attractions
in the not far distant future.

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

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

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO.
136, F. & A. M.
Sp'd April 23, 2nd degree.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55
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.

At the spring meeting of the Detroit
Presbytery at Royal Oak Tuesday, D.
P. Yerkes of this place was elected
third delegate from that body to the
General Assembly at Dallas, Texas,
next month. Mr. Yerkes was not
present and the honor to himself and
Northville was entirely unexpected.

The Quality club enjoyed a five-
course, progressive dinner Wednesday
evening, beginning with the fruit cock-
tail served at the Ray Richardson
home. The soup was scheduled for
the Ponsford dining room, the meat
course, in charge of Mesdames E. A.
Miller and J. A. Huff at the residence
of the former family, the salad course
at the Charlie Blackburn domicile and
the grand finale in the form of dessert
was listed for the Floyd Northrop
home.

Farmington Flashes.

Shell Gates was a Novi visitor Sat-
urday.

Mrs. Edward Brown was in North-
ville Tuesday.

Reed Webster of Detroit was in
town Saturday.

Dorr Catherman has moved his family
to the Boisford farm.

Palmer Sherman celebrated his
90th birthday April 7.

Rev. J. E. Priestly made a trip to
Duudee the last of the week.

Mrs. A. B. Peterson was the guest
of her son, Walter and family, in De-
troit last week.

Recently about thirty friends of Miss
Julia Eisenlord were pleasantly en-
tertained at her home on East Grand
River Ave.

1907. APRIL 15TH. 1917.

Deposits, April 15, 1907, \$3,500.46
April 11, 1917, \$503,745.34

The tenth anniversary of the opening of this
Bank offers an opportunity for us to thank our
many depositors for their help in making our
business a success.

It is our aim to continue serving this com-
munity with the best in Banking Service.

We appreciate the small as well as the larger
depositor. Open an account now—it will be-
come a habit to add to it later.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Michigan.

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

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.

UPHOLSTERING

DON'T CONSIGN THAT OLD FUR-
NITURE TO THE ATTIC OR
RUBBISH HEAP. LET US
TELL YOU WHAT IT WILL
COST TO MAKE IT
AS GOOD AS NEW.

I HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF UP-
TO-DATE SAMPLES OF UP-
HOLSTERY GOODS.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. ALSO
CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

SHOP—ROGERS ST., NORTH.
F. R. WOODWORTH
NORTHVILLE, MICH.
Phone 258-W. NORTHVILLE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of
Wayne, ss. At a session of the Pro-
bate Court for said county of Wayne,
held in the Probate Court Room in
the city of Detroit on the eleventh day
of April in the year one thousand nine
hundred and seventeen.

Present—HENRY S. HULBERT,
Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of
FLORENCE A. SEATON, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of
Judd Furman praying that administra-
tion of said estate be granted to him
or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the sixteenth day
of May next, at ten o'clock in the fore-
noon, Eastern Standard Time, at said
Court Room, be appointed for hearing
said petition.

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

(A true copy).
HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate
CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

M. E. Tripp, Attorney, Penobscot bldg.,
Detroit, Mich.
STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Cir-
cuit Court for the county of Wayne,
in Chancery. No. 58573.
Clarence S. Crawford, plaintiff,
vs.

John Crawford, defendant.
At a session of the said Court, held
at the Court-house in the city of De-
troit, on the 16th day of April, 1917.

Present, the Honorable George S.
Hosmer, Circuit Judge.

It appearing to the said Court from
affidavit now on file, that the de-
fendant, John Crawford, is not a resi-
dent of this state but is now a resi-
dent of the state of Indiana. On motion
of M. E. Tripp, attorney for plaintiff,
it is ordered that the said defendant
enter his appearance in the above en-
titled cause within three months from
the date of this order or the bill of
complaint filed therein will be taken
as confessed against him; and it is
further ordered that a copy of this
order be published once in each week
for six successive weeks in the North-
ville Record, a newspaper published
and circulating in this state.

GEORGE S. HOSMER,
Circuit Judge
A true copy.
THOS. L. MCGOLDRICK,
38-41 Deputy Clerk.

Phone 247-J
DIAMOND DAIRY

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

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

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

Eight Features You Should
Demand in Your Clothes

There are Eight Points of Superiority in our Kirschbaum Clothes. These
qualities cannot be secured in any other Clothes selling for like prices. They are:

- 1—Absolutely all-wool fabrics.
- 2—Complete shrinking by the original London cold-water process.
- 3—Fast color—guaranteed.
- 4—Tailored by hand.
- 5—Sewn at all points of strain with silk thread.
- 6—Their canvas, lining and stay tape is as thoroughly shrunk as the woolen itself.
- 7—Their haircloth in the coat fronts is invariably laid horizontally and taped to give the greatest resistance to wrinkles or "breaking down" of the coat front.
- 8—Kirschbaum Clothes include every conceivable model in good standing.

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES
\$15 AND \$20

SEE KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES. WANTING THEM WILL FOLLOW AS A
NATURAL MATTER OF COURSE.

NORTHVILLE,
MICHIGAN.

WM. GORTON.



WEB OF STEEL

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY and CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Jr.
Author and Clergyman Civil Engineer

This Is a Thrilling Story
of American Life as Strong,
Courageous Men Live It

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

YOUNG BERTRAM MEADE LEARNS IN A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE JUST HOW MUCH HELEN ILLINGWORTH MEANS TO HIM

The Marlett Construction Company is building a great international bridge planned by Bertram Meade, Sr., a famous engineer. His son, Bertram Meade, Jr., resident engineer at the bridge, is in love with Helen Illingworth, daughter of Colonel Illingworth, president of the company. Young Meade questioned his father's judgment on the strength of certain important steel beams in the gigantic structure but was laughed to scorn. He still has private doubts, though outwardly agreeing with his elder.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

In spite of herself the woman looked at him.

"But now?" she whispered as he hesitated, and then she turned her head half fearful of his answer.

"I am almost afraid to say it," he said, lowering his voice to match her own.

"A soldier of steel," she said, "and afraid?"

"Well, then, all that was the second now takes the third place."

"And before your father comes?"

But she did not give him time to answer. "Come," she said, "let us go out on the bridge."

"It's a rough place for you. Those little slippers you wear—"

He looked down, and as if in obedience to his glance she outthrust her foot from her gown. It was not the smallest foot that ever appeared on a woman. Quite the contrary. Which is not saying it was too large, not at all. It was just right for her height and figure, and its shape and shoe left nothing to be desired.

"Never mind the slippers," she said; "they're stronger than they look. They'll serve."

"But the distance between here and the bridge is inches deep in dust."

"Dust?" she exclaimed in dismay. "I don't mind rough walking, but dust?"

"I never thought of that," admitted the man. "The fact is I have thought of nothing but you since I saw you, but now we'll have to go back or—"

"I shall not go back," she answered firmly.

He stepped down off the platform, and before she knew what he would be at, he lifted her straight up in his arms. He did not carry her like a baby. He held her erect, crushed against his breast, and before she had time to utter a protest, or even to say a word, he started through the dusty roadway toward the bridgehead.

It was a strange position. She knew she ought to protest, but the words would not come. Whilst she was trying to think them up, they had crossed the little desert that intervened between the portal of the bridge and the end of the platform. Then he set her down gently.

"Thank you," she said simply, "that was very nice of you. You are wonderfully strong."

The moon, by this time, had passed the floor level and the cross-bracing cast a network of shadows over them, upon track and floor beams and stringers. The silence of the half-light, the mystery of it all oppressed them a little. It was with beating hearts that they pressed on.

CHAPTER III.

Fall and Revelation.

"It's rather confused in here," said the man, "but we will soon get out toward the end and then the view is magnificent. You can see up and down the river for miles and the night boat will be along in a few minutes."

"Isn't that it?" asked the woman, pointing up the river to where a cluster of lights rounded a huge bend not far away, and swung out in midstream.

"Yes," said the man, "if we listen I think we can hear her."

They both stopped and, sure enough, faintly across the water came the noise of clanking paddles of the big river steamer. With that sound also mingled the song of the night wind, for a wonder comparatively gentle, making strange, weird harmonies as it sifted through the taut and rigid bars of steel. She listened enchanted with the sound.

The big floor beams extended from one side to the other of the bridge, between the trusses at intervals of fifty feet. At right angles to them and six feet apart, the stringers ran lengthways parallel to the trusses. Here and there pieces of timber falsework had been thrown across the stringers for the convenience of the workmen, but as these two slowly moved toward midstream at last these pieces became fewer, and finally there was nothing to be seen but the heavy floor beams and the lighter stringers.

After they passed the top of the pier and got beyond the small space of river bank on which the pier was set, there was nothing between them and the water, now moonlit and quivering, except these cross-girders of steel on either hand beyond the planking in the tracks.

"Have you a clear head?" asked the man. "I mean does it affect you to be on high elevations? Do you get dizzy?"

"I never have," was the answer, "but—"

"I think I'll hold you," was the reply. He grasped her firmly by the arm.

The loose wrap she was wearing over her shoulders did not cover her arms, and it was a bare arm that he took in his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly, "but—"

"It doesn't matter. I understand. You would better hold me, I might slip." There was something electric and compelling in the pressure of his strong hand upon the tiny flesh of her round arm. She sank closer to him, again unthinkingly, by a natural impulse.

The moon was now well clear of the brow of the highest hill. Its yellow was turning to silver and in its fold and beautiful illumination the whole river flowed bright beneath them. Every inch of the bridge was now gleefully revealed in the white, passionless light.

Fifty feet away it ended in the air. They were now almost directly beneath the traveler, near the end of the suspended span. Its huge legs sprang out like those of a gigantic animal on the extreme edges of the bridge on either side above their heads. The wooden platform on the track ran out half the distance to the bridge end. Slowly the two walked along it until but a few feet were left between them and the naked floor beams and the stringers carrying the ties to which the rails were bolted and the planks laid.

By the side of the track on the top of the stringers had been placed a pile of material surmounted by a large flat plate of steel, which lay level upon it. It was triangular in shape, the blunt point inward. The base which was about six feet wide paralleled the course of the river. The plate on the top of the pile was raised about three feet above the level of the track. They stopped abreast of it.

"Can't we go any further?" asked the girl in low tones, still close to the young man, who still lightly clasped her arm.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be safe to go any farther," he said.

"I want to see the steamer. It will pass directly under the bridge."

"They have no business to pass under the bridge," said Meade. "They've been warned hundreds of times and orders have been issued. There is always danger that something might fall."

"Why can't I stand up there?"

"On that gusset plate?"

"Is that what you call it?"

"Yes, it bears the same relation to structural steel that a gusset does to a woman's dress."

"Exactly. But can't I stand on it?"

"Wait," he answered.

He climbed to the center of it, lifted himself up and down on his feet to test it, and found it solid apparently.

"I think so, but I shall have to put you up," he said at last as he lifted her up and set her down on her feet in the middle of the plate of steel.

"Oh, there comes the steamer," she cried. "I can see it beautifully from here."

"Be careful. You must not move. Stand perfectly steady. I am not so sure of that plate." He reached over from where he stood on the track below her and by her side and gathered the material of her dress in an iron grasp.

"I do not think that is necessary," she said. "This plate seems as solid as the rest of the bridge and—oh, there's the steamer! She's right under us."

The big river craft was filled with light and laughter. The wind fortunately blew the smoke away from the bridge so that they had a clear and perfect view of her. There was a band playing aboard her. They heard the music above the beat of the whirling paddles, the song of the rising wind. The passengers were congregated about the rails on the upper decks staring upward. The bridge was as fascinating to them as it was to the people ashore evidently.

"How interesting!" said the delighted girl. "Why don't you come up here yourself, you can see so much better?"

The man had dropped her gown, lifted his right foot to the pile on the stringers to follow her suggestion. Thoughtlessly she stepped toward the outer end to give him room, quite forgetful of his caution. Before he could complete his step of with her up the danger, it now bent forward. It tilted distinctly. In spite of herself, Helen Illingworth was carried still farther forward as she sought to regain her balance. The piece of steel began to slip downward, grating on the pile of beams as it moved; another second and it would be off and on its way irrevocably.

Meade threw himself at the girl. He lunged out and caught her just as she was slipping downward with the plate now almost perpendicular. To catch her he had to step to the very edge of the planking beyond which the rails ran naked on the ties.

With a tremendous effort he caught her by the waist, swung her up and in, and stood fast on the brink quivering, heaving himself desperately backward as he sought to maintain his balance and take the backward step that meant safety.

A wild shout rose from the steamer as the huge plate dropped. Like the blade of a mighty guillotine, straight down through the air. If it had struck the boat, it would have cut through like a knife. Fortunately it cleared the gangway by inches. In a second it had disappeared. Screams, shouts, arose from the boat which promptly sheered off into midstream.

Helen Illingworth's back had been toward Meade as he seized her. She had seen as he had everything that happened. Recovering herself at last, he stepped back slowly, almost dragging her, until they were a safe distance from the edge. His face was ghastly white in the moonlight. Sweat covered his forehead. He was shaking like a wind-blown leaf.

"The whole world went black when I saw you go," he said slowly.

"Do you care that much?" asked the girl, trembling herself.

There was no necessity for maidenly reticence now.

"Care?" said the man. "Care?"

"I'm all right now."

"You are more fortunate than I. I stood to lose you, you stood to lose only life. Don't you see? Can't you understand?"

Suddenly he swept her to his breast as this time she faced him. She was very near him and she did not make the slightest resistance. She had waited for this hour and she was glad they had faced death too nearly for any hesitation now. She knew he loved her, and knew that he had saved her at the imminent risk of his own life. There had been swift yet eternal moments when it seemed that both of them, trembling on the brink, would follow the downward rush of the gusset plate. Now as he strained her to him, she lifted her face to him, glad that she was tall enough for him to kiss her with so slight a bend of the head.

There, under the great trusses of steel, amid the huge, gaunt, massive evidences of the power of the might, of the mastery of man, two hearts spoke to each other in the silence, and told the story that was old before the first smelter had ever turned the first ore into the first bit of iron, before Tubal Cain ever smote the anvil; the story of love that began with creation, that will outlast all the iron in all the hills of the earth—that is as eternal as it is divine!

After that wild embrace, that first rapturous meeting of lips, he released her slightly, though he still held her closely and she was quite content.

"I'm quite calm now," he began, "that is, I am as composed as any man could be who is holding you in his arms. But if it had not been for me, you would never have been in danger. It was my fault. I should have made sure. I shall never forgive myself."

"But if I had not been in danger I might not now be here in your arms. And if I were not here," she went on swiftly, too happy in her love to be mindful of anything else, "I certainly would not be doing this."

And of her own motion she kissed him in the moonlight.

"And if you were not doing this," said he, making the proper return, "I might not have had the courage to tell you."

"You haven't told me anything—in words," she answered, fain to hear from his lips what she well knew from the beating of his heart.

"It's not too late then to tell you that I love you, that I am yours. To give myself to you seems to be the highest possibility in life, if you will only take me."

"And do you love me more than the bridge?"

"More than all the bridges in the world, past, present and to come; more than anything or anybody. I tell you I never knew what love was or what life was until I saw you sliding to your death. If I had not succeeded I should have followed you."

"I felt that, too," she answered dreamily.

"We must go back, dearest," he said at last. "I am so fearful for you even now that I am almost unwilling to try it. Every time I glance down through these interspaces between the stringers my blood runs cold."

"You supported me before; I will support you now," laughed the woman.

"No," said the man, "we will go together."

They turned toward the shore. He took her hand and slipped his other arm about her just as simply and naturally as if they had been an humble lover and his lass in the countryside. By and by they got to the end of the bridge. Far down the platform they could see the lights of the car.

"Listen," she said as they walked slowly along. "You must not tell father anything about this little accident."

"I obey, but why not?"

"It would only worry him, and it was my fault."

"No, mine."

"I will not hear you say it."

"But I must speak to your father about—"

"And the sooner the better; he is in good humor with you and the bridge now. I have heard him speak well of you. I believe he will be glad to give me to you."

"And if not?"

"I should hate to grieve my father, but—"

She turned and looked at him in the moonlight, her glorious golden head, her neck, her shoulders, her arms bare and beautiful in the celestial illumination. He seized her hand and lifted it to his lips as a devotee, and she understood the reason for the little touch of old-world formality and reserve, when naught but his will prevented him from taking her to his heart and making her lips, her eyes, her face, his own.

"Now may God deal with me as I deal with you," he said fervently, "if I ever fail at least to try with all my heart and soul and strength to measure up to your sweetness and light."

"My prayer for myself, too," she whispered.

"You need it not."

"You must wait here," she said, deeply touched, as they had now reached the steps of the car, "until I have changed my dress; rather would notice—anybody would—that tear. When I have finished I will come back to you and then we will seek him and tell him."

Accordingly Meade stood obediently waiting outside the car in the shadow it cast. There was no one about. The servants had gone to bed. The porter of the car was nodding in his quarters, waiting for the time to turn out the lights. The engineer had the long platform all to himself. After a time he chose to walk quietly up and down, thinking. The future looked very fair to him.

"Bert," a sweet voice came to him out of the darkness. He turned to discover her standing in the door of the car dressed as she should have been for such an excursion had she at first followed her father's wise suggestion. His heart thrilled to the use of the familiar name. "Bert, I'm coming down to you."

Hand in hand they walked to the rear of the car, where the observation platform was still brightly lighted. Abbott had gone and the other three men were on their feet. They were about to separate for the night, although it was still rather early.

"Father," said his daughter out of the darkness.

"Oh, you're there," answered the colonel. "I wondered when you were coming back. I was just thinking of going to fetch you. Is Mr. Meade—?"

"I'm here, sir."

"Good night, gentlemen," said the colonel as the others turned away, leaving him alone on the platform. He came to the edge and leaned over the brass railing.

"Are you two going to make a night of it?" he asked jocosely.

"Colonel Illingworth," began Meade.

"Father," said his daughter at the same time, "we have something to say to you."

Colonel Illingworth opened the gate, lifted the platform, and descended the steps.

"Here I am," he said as he stopped by the two.

His daughter took him by the arm and they walked down the platform so as to be out of any possible hearing from the car.

"Now," she said to Meade, who followed her.

His heart was beating almost as rapidly as it had on the bridge, and for exactly the same reason—fear of losing her. He tried to speak.

"Well, young man?" said Illingworth, flicking the ashes from his cigar and wishing to get it over, "you said you had something to say to me."

"It's a very hard thing to say, sir."

He looked helplessly at the girl, but she was speechless. It was his task. If she were not worth asking for, she was not worth having. She might have said, "Well, sir," he began desperately, "I love your daughter, Helen. I want to marry her."

"Umph," said the colonel. "I supposed as much. How long have you and Helen known each other?"

"Over a year, sir, but I loved her from the very moment I saw her. I did not dare hope, I didn't dream. I never imagined, and strange as it may seem, sir, she seems to love me."

"Of course I do," said Helen, realizing that it was now high time for her to come to the rescue of her lover, "and so would any other woman."

"You know, of course, that while I am not rich, I am not poor, and I can support my wife in every comfort, sir," urged the man, greatly relieved by the woman's prompt avowal.

"She'll need a few luxuries besides, I'm thinking."

"Yes, of course, sir, I'll see that she gets them. This bridge is going to make us all famous, and I shall have my father's influence and—"

"When the bridge is finished," said the colonel decisively, "come to me and you shall have my daughter."

"Oh, father, the bridge won't be finished for—"

"I understand, sir," answered the engineer, too happy at her father's consent to make any difficulties over any reasonable conditions he might impose. "Yes, Helen, it's all right; your father is right. This job's got to be done before I—"

"Oh, don't say before you tackle another," protested the girl, half disappointed, and yet seeing the reasonableness of both men, while the colonel laughed grimly.

"That's about the size of it," said the old man, "no matter how you put it. One thing at a time. Meade, I don't know anybody on earth I would rather have for my son-in-law than a clean, honest, able American with a record like yours. A man who can look me in the eye and grasp me by the hand, like this."

He put out his hand as he spoke. Meade's own palm met it and the two men shook hands unemotionally but firmly, after the manner of the self-restrained, practical American, who is always fearful of a scene and does not wear his heart upon his sleeve. The colonel threw away his cigar, slipped his arm around his daughter's waist, kissed her softly on the forehead.

"I hate to lose you, Helen. I hate to give you up to anyone. We have been very happy together since your mother died, leaving you a little girl to me; but it had to come, I suppose, and perhaps I shall be glad in the end. Good night, Meade. You will be coming in presently, Helen?"

He turned and walked away as they answered him. They watched him go slowly with bended head. They watched him climb, rather heavily, up the steps to the car—that he was an old man seemed rather suddenly borne in upon them. He stood for a moment in the light, smiling, remembering, and then turned and marched within the car. He switched the light out as he passed down the corridor.

"Wasn't he splendid?" said Helen, when she had time to breathe and freedom to speak.

"One of the finest old men on earth. He and father would make a great team."

"I was interested in the bridge, before," said the woman, "but think how I shall watch it now. You must write me every day and tell me every inch that you have gained."

"Trust me, I'll measure it in millimeters."

"And now, sweet love, good night," she whispered. And she laughed as she looked back at him through the door.

CHAPTER IV.

The Deflection in the Memoir.

Three days after the departure of the Illingworth party the young engineer fell ill with follicular tonsillitis, which is about the meanest small thing that can lay a strong man low. He fretted over his enforced absence from the work and in the end had to pay for that very fretting, for he got up too soon and went on too quickly, and was promptly forced to bed again as a consequence of his impatience.

Now, after a week's confinement in his cabin, he felt strong enough to venture out again and to attack his problems. They were personal problems now, much more intimate than before, for he was building not only the bridge but weaving in its web of steel his own future happiness.

Of course he had been able to get out on the rough porch of his galvanized iron shack where he had the bridge in full view, and the day before he had even walked unsteadily down to the river bank, where he had been equally surprised and delighted at the progress that had been made. Abbott was a driver after his own heart. Really things seemed to have gone on just as well without him as if he had been on the job. He had not been lonely in his illness; for all of the chief men connected with the construction had done their best to beguile the tedium of his hours by visiting him whenever they could spare the time.

Abbott had been especially kind in his somewhat rough-and-ready way. The big construction superintendent was fond of Meade, although he undervalued him. He regarded him more as a theoretical than a practical man and the inevitable antagonism between the theorist and the practical man, when they are not combined in one personality, was latent in Abbott's heart. Nightly, he brought to Meade details of the progress of the work. That evening, just before leaving, he remarked in the most casual manner in the world, as if it were a matter of little or no importance, that C-10-R was a trifle out of line.

Now C-10-R was the biggest member of the great right-hand truss on the north side of the river. It consisted of four parallel composite webs, each

formed of several plates of steel riveted together. These webs were connected across their upper and lower edges by diagonal latticing made of steel angle bars. C-10-R and its parallel companion member, C-10-L, in the left-hand truss, carried the entire weight of the cantilever span to the shoe resting on the pier. These members were sixty feet long and five feet wide. The webs were over four feet deep and in size and responsibility the great truss were the most important of the whole structure.

To say that C-10-R was out of line meant that it had buckled, or bent, or was springing, and had departed from that rigid rectangularity and parallelism which was absolutely necessary to maintain the stability and immobility of the truss and the strength of the bridge. To the theorist nothing on earth could be more terribly portentous than such a statement, if it were true. To the practical man, who, to do him justice, had never dealt with such vast structures—and he was not singular in that because the bridge was unique on account of its size—the deflection noted meant little or nothing.

"Good God!" exclaimed Meade, aflame on the instant with anxious apprehension. The night was warm and he was dressed in his pajamas and had been lying on the bed. As if he had been shocked into action he sat up, forgetful of his weakness. "Deflection!" he fairly shouted at Abbott, who regarded him with half-amused astonishment. "A camber in C-10-R? Why didn't you tell me?"

By this time Meade had got his feet into his slippers, and was standing erect.

"It isn't enough to make any difference," answered Abbott quickly, perhaps a little disdainfully.

"It makes all the difference on earth," cried Meade. "It means the ruin of the bridge."

He reached for his jacket, hanging at the foot of the bed, and dragged it on him.

"Don't worry about it, youngster," said Abbott rather contemptuously, although he meant to be soothing. "I'm going to jack it into line and—here," he cried as Meade bolted out of the door, "you'd better not excite yourself that way. Come back to bed, man, and—"

How young Meade faces a great crisis and what he does in trying to avert serious trouble is told in a thrilling chapter in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Must Be Able to Overlook.

Two persons will not be friends long if they cannot forgive each other little failings.—La Bruyere.

When the Bridge Is Finished.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Must Be Able to Overlook.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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THE MORGAN GAP GANG STARTS TROUBLE AND DE SPAIN TAKES IMMEDIATE ACTION.

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky mountain mine country, is infested with stage-coach robbers, cattle rustlers and gunmen. The worst of these belong to the Morgan gang, whose hang-out is in Morgan Gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabasas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage line from the Thief River mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the Mountain division, decides to break up the depredations of the bad men and appoints Henry de Spain general manager of the stage line. De Spain goes to Calabasas with John Lefever as his assistant. Things begin to happen.

CHAPTER III.

The Spanish Sinks.

In two extended groups, separated by a narrow but well-defined break, a magnificent rampart, named by Spaniards the Superstition mountains, stretches beyond the horizon to the south, along the vast depression known as the Spanish sinks. The break on the eastern side of the chain comes about twenty miles southwest of Sleepy Cat, and is marked on the north by the most striking, and in some respects most majestic peak in the range—Music mountain; the break itself has taken the name of its earliest white settlers, and is called Morgan's gap. No railroad has ever yet penetrated this southern country, despite the fact that rich mines have been opened along these mountains, and are still being opened; but it lies today in much of the condition of primitive savagery, and lawlessness, as the word is conventionally accepted, that obtained when the first rush was made for the Thief River gold-fields.

Business is done in this country; but business must halt everywhere with its means of communication, and in the Music Mountain country is still rests on the facilities of a stage line. The bullion wagons still travel the difficult roads. They look for safety to their armed horsemen; the four and six-horse stages look to the armed guard, the wayfarer must look to his horse—and it should be a good one; the mountain rancher to his rifle, the cattle thief to the moonless night, the bandit to his wits, the gunman to his holster; these include practically all the people that travel the Spanish sinks, except the Morgans and the Mormons. The Morgans looked to the Morgans for safety; the Morgans to themselves.

For many a year the Morgans have been almost overlords of the Music Mountain country. They own, or have laid claim to, an extended territory in the mountains, a Spanish grant. Morgan's gap opens south of Music mountain, less than ten miles west of Calabasas. It is a narrow valley where valleys are more precious than water—for the mountain valley means water—and this in a country where water is much more precious than life. And some of the best of this land at the foot of Music mountain was the maternal inheritance of Nan Morgan.

At Calabasas the Thief River stage line maintains completely equipped relay barns. They are over twenty miles from Sleepy Cat, but nearly fifty the other way from Thief river. And except a few shacks, there is nothing between Calabasas, Thief river and the mountains except sunshine and alkali. I say nothing, meaning especially nothing in the way of a human habitation.

The Calabasas inn stood in one of the loveliest canyons of the whole seventy miles between Sleepy Cat and Thief river; it looked in its depletion to be what it was, a somber, mysterious, sun, wind and alkali-beaten pile, around which was a main like those pretentious deserted structures sometimes seen in frontier towns—relics of the wide-open days, which stand afterward, stark and somber, to serve as bats' nests or blind pigs. The inn at Calabasas looked its part—a haunt of rustlers, a haven of nameless men, a refuge of road-agents.

The very first time De Spain made an inspection trip over the stage line with Lefever, he was conscious of the sinister air of this lonely building. He and Lefever had ridden down from the barn, while their horses were being changed, to look at the place. De Spain wanted to look over everything connected in any way, however remotely, with the operation of his wagons, and this joint, Lefever had told him, was where the freighters and drivers were not infrequently robbed of their money. It was here that one of their own men, Bill McCarty, once "scratched a man's neck" with a knife—which, Bill explained, he just "happened" to have in his hand—for cheating at cards. Lefever pointed out the unlucky gambler's grave as he and De Spain rode into the canyon toward the inn.

Not a sign or any sort was displayed about the habitation. No man was invited to enter, no man warned to keep out, none was within in sight. The stage men dismounted, threw their lines, pushed open the front door, of the house, and entered a room of per-

haps sixteen by twenty feet. A long, high bar stretched across the farther side of the room. The left end, as they faced the bar, was brought around to escape a small window opening on a court or patio to the rear of the room. Back of the bar itself, about midway, a low door in the bare wall gave entrance to a rear room. Aside from this the room presented nothing but wall. Two windows flanking the front door helped to light it, but not a mirror, picture, chair, table, bottle or glass was to be seen. De Spain covered every feature of the interior at a glance. "Quiet around here, John," he remarked casually.

"This is the quietest place in the Rocky mountains most of the time. But when it is noisy, believe me, it is noisy. I look at the bullet holes in the walls."

"The old story," remarked De Spain, inspecting with mild-mannered interest the punctured plastering, "they always shoot high."

He walked over to the left end of the bar, noting the hard usage shown by the ornate mahogany, and spreading his hands wide open, palms down, on the face of it, glanced at the low window on his left, opening on the gravelled patio. He peered in the semidarkness, at the battered door behind the bar.

"Henry," observed Lefever, "if you are looking for a drink, it would only be fair, as well as polite, to call the Mexican."

De Spain, turning, looked all around the room again. "You wouldn't think," he said slowly, "from looking at the place there was a road-agent within a thousand miles."

"You wouldn't think, from riding through the Superstition mountains there was a lion within a thousand miles. I've hunted them for eleven years, and I never saw one except when the dogs drove 'em out; but for eleven years they saw me. If we haven't been seen coming in here by some of this Calabasas bunch, I miss my guess," declared Lefever cheerfully.

The battered door behind the bar now began to open slowly and noiselessly. Lefever peered through it. "Come in, Pedro," he cried reassuringly, "come in, man. This is no officer, no revenue agent looking for your license. Meet a friend, Pedro," he continued encouragingly, as the swarthy publican, low-browed and sullen, emerged very deliberately from the inner darkness into the obscurity of the barroom, and bent his one good eye searchingly on De Spain. "This," Lefever's left hand lay familiarly on the back of De Spain's shoulder, "is our new manager, Mr. Henry de Spain. Henry, shake hands with Mexico."

This invitation to shake hands seemed an empty formality. De Spain never shook hands with anybody; at least if he did so, he extended, through habit long injured, his left hand, with an excuse for the soreness of his right. Pedro did not even bat his remaining eye at the invitation. The situation, as Lefever facetiously remarked, remained about where it was before he spoke, when the sound of galloping horses came through the open door. A moment later three men walked, single file, into the room. De Spain stood at the left end of the bar, and Lefever introduced him to Gale Morgan, to David Sandusky, and to Sassoon's cronies, Deaf Sandusky, as the new stage-line manager. The later arrivals lined up before the bar, Sandusky next to Lefever and De Spain, so he could hear what was said. Pedro from his den produced two queer-looking bottles and a supply of glasses.

"De Spain," Gale Morgan began bluntly, "one of our men was put off a stage of yours last week by Frank Elpaso." He spoke without any preliminary compliments, and his heavy voice was bellicose.

De Spain, regarding him undisturbed, answered after a little pause: "Elpaso told me he put a man off his stage last week for fighting."

"No," contradicted Morgan loudly, "not for fighting. Elpaso was drunk."

"What's the name of the man Elpaso put off, John?" asked De Spain, looking at Lefever.

Morgan hooked his thumb toward the man standing at his side. "There's the man right here, Dave Sassoon."

Sassoon never looked a man in the face when the man looked at him, except by implication; it was almost impossible without surprising him, to

catch his eyes with your eyes. He seemed now to regard De Spain keenly, as the latter, still attending to Morgan's statement, replied: "Elpaso tells a pretty straight story."

"Elpaso couldn't tell a straight story if he tried," interjected Sassoon.

"I have the statement of three other passengers; they confirm Elpaso. According to them, Sassoon—" De Spain looked straight at the accused, "was drunk and abusive, and kept trying to put some of the other passengers off. Finally he put his feet in the lap of Pumperwasser, our tank and windmill man, and Pumperwasser hit him."

Morgan, stepping back from the bar, waved his hand with an air of finality toward his inoffensive companion: "Here is Sassoon, right here—he can tell the whole story."

"Those fellows were miners," muttered Sassoon. His utterance was broken, but he spoke fast. "They'll side with the guards every time against a cattleman."

"Sassoon," interposed Morgan deliberately, "is a man whose word can always be depended on."

"To convey his meaning," intervened Lefever cryptically. "Of course, I know," he asserted, earnest to the point of vehemence. "Everyone in Calabasas has the highest respect for Sassoon. That is understood. And," he added with as much impressiveness as if he were talking sense, "everybody in Calabasas would be sorry to see Sassoon put off a stage. But Sassoon is off; that is the situation. We are sorry. If it occurs again—"

"What do you mean?" thundered Morgan, resenting the interference. "De Spain is the manager, isn't he? What we want to know is, what you are going to do about it?" he demanded, addressing De Spain again.

"There is nothing more to be done," returned De Spain composedly. "I've already told Elpaso if Sassoon starts another fight on a stage to put him off again."

Morgan's fist came down on the bar. "Look here, De Spain! You come from Medicine Bend, don't you? Well, you can't bully Music Mountain men—understand that?"

"Any time you have a real grievance, Morgan, I'll be glad to consider it," said De Spain. "When one of your men is drunk and quarrelsome he will be put off like any other disturber. That we can't avoid. Public stages can't be run any other way."

"All right," retorted Morgan. "If you take that tack for your new management, we'll see how you get along running stages down this country."

"We will run them peaceably, just as long as we can," smiled De Spain. "We will get on with everybody that gives us a chance."

Morgan pointed a finger at him. "I give you a chance, De Spain, right now. Will you discharge Elpaso?"

"No."

Morgan almost caught his breath at the refusal. But De Spain could be extremely blunt, and in the parting shots between the two he gave no ground.

"Jeffries put me here to stop this kind of rowdiness on the stages," he said to Lefever on their way back to the barn.



For Many a Year the Morgans Have Been Overlords of the Music Mountain Country.

the barn. "This is a good time to begin. And Sassoon and Gale Morgan are good men to begin with," he added. As the horses of the two men emerged from the canyon they saw a slender horsewoman riding in toward the barn from the Music Mountain trail. She stopped in front of McAlpin's office door. McAlpin, the old Medicine Bend barnman, had been promoted from Sleepy Cat by the new manager. De Spain recognized the roan pony, but, aside from that, a glance at the figure of the rider, as she sat with her back to him, was enough to assure him of Nan Morgan.

He spurred ahead fast enough to overhear a request she was making of McAlpin to mail a letter for her. She also asked McAlpin, just as De Spain drew up, whether the down stage had passed. McAlpin told her it had. De Spain, touching his hat, spoke: "I am going right up to Sleepy Cat. I'll mail your letter if you wish."

She looked at him in some surprise, and then glanced toward Lefever, who now rode up. De Spain was holding out his hand for the letter. His eyes met Nan's, and each felt the moment was a sort of challenge. De Spain, a little self-conscious, under her inspection, was aware only of her rather fearless eyes and the dark hair under her fawn cowboy hat.

"Thank you," she responded evenly. "If the stage is gone I will hold it to add something." So saying, she tucked the letter inside her blouse and spoke to her pony, which turned leisurely down the road.

"I'm trying to get acquainted with your country today," returned De Spain, managing with his knee to keep his own horse moving alongside Nan as she edged away.

Nan, without speaking, ruthlessly widened the distance between the two. De Spain unobtrusively spurred his steed to greater activity. "You must have a great deal of game around you. Do you hunt?" he asked.

He knew she was famed as a huntress, but he could make no headway whatever against her studied reserve and when at length she excused herself and turned her pony from the Sleepy Cat road into the Morgan gap trail, De Spain had been defeated in every attempt to arouse the slightest interest in anything he had said. But, watching with regret, at the parting, the trim lines of her figure as she dashed away on the desert trail, seated as if a part of her spirited horse, he felt only a fast-rising resolution to attempt again to break through her stubborn reticence and know her better.

CHAPTER IV.

First Blood at Calabasas.

Nothing more than De Spain's announcement that he would sustain his stage-guards was necessary to arouse a violent resentment at Calabasas and among the Morgan following. The grievance against Elpaso was made a general one along the line. His stage was singled out and ridden at times both by Sandusky and Logan—the really dangerous men of the Spanish sinks—and by Gale Morgan and Sassoon to stir up trouble.

All Calabasas knew that Elpaso, if he had to, would fight, and that the eccentric guard was not actually to be cornered with impunity. Even Logan, who like Sandusky, was known to be without fear and without mercy, felt at least a respect for Elpaso's shortened shotgun, and stepped this side actual hostilities with him. Sassoon, however, nourished a particular grievance against the meditative guard, and his was one not tempered either by prudence or calculation. His chance came one night when Elpaso had unwisely allowed himself to be drawn into a card game at Calabasas inn. Elpaso was notoriously a stickler for a square deal at cards. A dispute found him without a friend in the room. Sassoon reached for him with a knife.

McAlpin was the first to get the news at the barn. He gave first aid to the helpless guard, and, without dreaming he could be got to a surgeon alive, rushed him in a light wagon to the hospital at Sleepy Cat, where it was said that he must have more lives than a wildcat. Sassoon, not caring to brave De Spain's anger in town, went temporarily into hiding. Elpaso, in the end, justified his old reputation by making a recovery—altruistically, it is true, and with perilous intervals of sinking, but a recovery.

It was while he still lay in the hospital and hope was very low that De Spain and Lefever rode, one hot morning, into Calabasas and were told by McAlpin that Sassoon had been seen within five minutes at the inn. To Lefever the news was like a bubbling spring to a thirsty man. His face beamed, he tightened his belt, shook out his gun, and looked with benevolent interest on De Spain, who stood pondering. "If you will stay right here, Henry," he averred convincingly, "I will go over and get Sassoon."

The chief stage-guard, Bob Scott, the Indian, was in the barn. He smiled at Lefever's enthusiasm. "Sassoon," said he, "is slippery."

"You'd better let us go along and see you do it," suggested De Spain, who with the business in hand grew thoughtful.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," protested Lefever, raising one hand in deprecation, the other resting lightly on his holster. "We still have some little reputation to maintain along the sinks. Don't let us make it a posse for Sassoon." No one opposed him further, and he rode away alone.

"It won't be any trouble for John to bring Sassoon in," murmured Scott, who spoke with a smile and in the low

tone and deliberate manner of the Indian, "if he can find him."

Lefever rode down to the inn without seeing a living thing anywhere about it. When he dismounted in the barroom, but, pushing open the door and looking circumspectly into the room before entering, he was surprised to find it empty. He noticed, however, that the sash of the low window on his left, which looked into the patio, was open, and two heelmarks in the hard clay suggested that a man might have jumped through. Ranning out of the front door, he sprang into his saddle and rode to where he could signal De Spain and Scott to come up.

He told his story as they joined him, and the three returned to the inn. A better tracker than either of his companions, Scott after a minute confirmed their belief that Sassoon must have escaped by the window. He then took the two men out to where someone, within a few minutes, had mounted a horse and galloped off.

"But where has he gone?" demanded Lefever, pointing with his hand. "There is the road both ways for three miles." Scott nodded toward the snow-capped peak of Music mountain. "Over to Morgan's, most likely. He knows no one would follow him into the gap."

"After him!" cried Lefever hotly. De Spain looked inquiringly at the guard. Scott shook his head. "That would be all right, but there's two other Calabasas men in the gap this afternoon it wouldn't be nice to mix with—Deaf Sandusky and Harvey Logan."

"We won't mix with them," suggested De Spain.

"If we tackle Sassoon, they'll mix with us," explained Scott. He reflected a moment. "They always stay at



Morgan's Fist Came Down on the Bar.

Gale Morgan's or Duke's. We might sneak Sassoon out without their getting on. Sassoon knows he is safe in the gap; but he'll hide even after he gets there. I've got the Thief River run this afternoon."

"Don't take your run this afternoon," directed De Spain. "Telephone Sleepy Cat for a substitute. Suppose we go back, get something to eat, and you two ride singly over toward the gap this afternoon; he outside under cover to see whether Sassoon or his friends leave before night—there's only one way out of the place, they tell me. Then I will join you, and we'll ride in before daylight, and perhaps catch him while everybody is asleep."

"If you do," predicted Scott, in his deliberate way of expressing a conclusion, "I think you'll get him."

It was so arranged. De Spain joined his associates at dark outside the gap. Neither Sassoon nor his friends had been seen. The night was still, the sky cloudless, and as the three men with a led horse rode at midnight into the mountains, the great red heart of the Scorpion shone afire in the southern sky. Spreading out when they rode between the mountain walls, they made their way without interruption silently toward their rendezvous, an aspen grove near which Purgatoire creek makes its way out of the gap.

You'll find in the next installment that De Spain has picked a mighty big job for himself. Not the least of his troubles in the immediate future is pretty Nan Morgan; pride of the gang.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Took it the Wrong Way. A draper is bemoaning the loss of a customer at L—. A lady was in the shop on Saturday and bought some goods.

"How much is it?"

"One dollar."

"Dear me! Ninety-five cents is all I have with me. Cannot you let me have it for that?"

"Really, I could not," said the draper, "but you can pay the next time you are in."

"Oh, but suppose I should die?" laughingly inquired the lady.

"It would be a small loss," rejoined the draper, but he saw from behind the injured look the customer's ore as she crept out of the door that he had made a mistake somewhere, though it did not dawn upon him until too late. Exchange.

Writers That Count.

Two sorts of writers possess a name: those who think, and those who cause others to think.—Joseph Horn.

THE EASTER SURPRISE

By LOUISE OLIVER.

It was the evening of Good Friday and the rain that had started in the early morning was still drizzling down into the cheerless streets. Donald, in the doorway opening his umbrella preparatory to a trip to the movies two blocks down, stepped aside to let the girl pass.

He just called her "the girl," for he didn't know her name yet. She was practically new to the building, and the little sign on her door and the one in the entrance announced modestly, "Piano Lessons," without any hint as to the name of the person who did the teaching.

Donald turned and held open the inside door for her. "Thank you," she said simply, with a ghost of a smile, and passed on up the stairs.

An uncomfortable feeling took hold of him, as it always did if he saw a child-hurt or a baby cry, a feeling that somehow he was responsible for the fact that someone in the world was not happy and that it was up to him to do the best he could to make amends. It was such a dear old world. What was the use of being sad?

Donald's creed being practical as well as theoretical, he put his wits to work during the short walk downtown, and by the time he came to the dripping illuminated arch of the Lyric he had a plan mapped out that was calculated to furnish dull care for the time at any rate, from the brow of the little music teacher.

By Saturday night "the Easter bunny," as he called himself, had such a leg-out on his sitting room table that magazines and cigar jar had been relegated to the floor. He had had no idea he was buying so much stuff, and when the bags and boxes had disgorged their contents he was appalled.

But when the bright red and green basket was trimmed up with its nest of green grass, and its wonderful burden of chocolate eggs, cream eggs and eggs of all colors, pink rabbits, downy chickens and ducks full of bonbons, he decided that the artists were not all dead and that he was going to get this gorgeous Easter surprise to his sad-hearted little neighbor if he had to make the very dead themselves to do it.

The dumbwaiter was large, holding laundry baskets with ease. He slid up the drop door in his own kitchen, pulled the rope and soon had his freight and himself stowed comfortably on the little shelf. A manipulation of the rope, and the cargo, human and festive, rose upward through the dark shaft.

Donald touched the panel as he rose so that he would know when he came to the first door. This he knew to be his destination. But as fate would have it he went gliding on up through the dark, two stories instead of one and stopped at the drop door two floors above.

He disembarked and lifted off his freight as quickly as he could. Through the glass door to the fire escape came enough light for him to locate a table. He was in the act of laying his precious contributions upon this when the same light revealed a stout figure in the doorway which proceeded to yell lustily, "Help, murder, police!"

Mrs. Wilker, by all that was holy! And he with his gorgeous burden for the poor little piano teacher! He could never explain! He must not be recognized.

Quick as a flash he sprang to the door, gave the key a quick turn and was out with his burdens.

Donald, down one flight, heard windows opening below. He was before what he thought was his own back door. It took just an instant to smash the glass, reach in his, and turn the key. Thank heaven! He was home!

But surprise had not ceased. The light flashed and a girl in a blue silk kimono stood before him staring incredulously at the gayly decked basket, his tousled hair and knuckles that were dripping blood.

"You're hurt!" were her first words. "And you're been crying again!" he said in spite of the fact that his senses were swimming, and he had no idea how he, or the girl either, came to be in this strange kitchen. But when she got a piece of linen and began to tear it he realized she was at home and that he wasn't. But he had reached his destination at last.

He laid his offerings on the table. "I—I'm the Easter bunny!" he explained incoherently. Then seeing her mystification he told the whole thing while she tied up his hand.

The little sign "Piano Lessons" is gone now—and instead there is one that says, "This flat to let." But downstairs lives a happy couple that laugh whenever Mrs. Wilker tells of the hundredth time how she alone routed a desperate burglar the night before Easter. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Considerate.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Anstole."

"What do you know about Aristotles?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to name the brute after somebody who had been dead so long there would be no chance of hurting his family's feelings."

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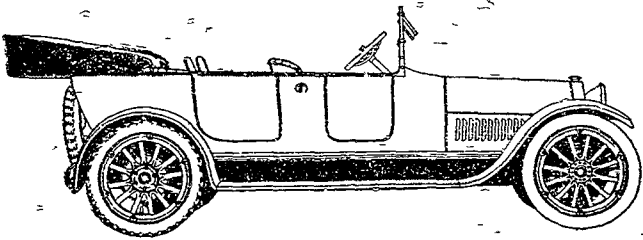
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OBITUARY—WILLIAM D. KILLETT.

William D. Killett, whose death on April 11, 1917, was briefly mentioned last week, was born in London, England, in 1856, coming to Detroit when 15 years old. At the age of 21 he commenced sailing the great lakes, and for 20 years had held the responsible position of chief engineer with the Pittsburg Steamship Co. Mr. Killett was married at 25 to Agnes W. Evans of Detroit. Twelve years ago they purchased a farm near Northville, where they have since resided. Mr. Killett continuing his business on the lakes each season. He leaves, besides his widow, two daughters, Mrs. L. D. Stage, Jr., and Mrs. Howard Stewart. Funeral services were held Saturday, conducted by Rev. F. I. Walker, with burial in Rural Hill cemetery.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. Leonard McDonald of Gaylord, Mich., is to occupy the pulpit at the morning and evening services.

The Sunday school session will be held at the accustomed hour. Be loyal to your Sunday school and help to keep the attendance up to normal.

Christian Endeavor meeting at 6 o'clock.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

The regular meeting of the Light Bearers society will be held at the home of the Misses Margaret and Helen Murdock, Saturday afternoon, April 21, at 2:30 o'clock.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)
The Sunday morning service will be conducted by Rev. Halverson of Walled Lake.

The evening service will be in the hands of the pastor. The topic will be given from the pulpit.

The congregations last Sunday were very good. There were more two-sermon people than the pastor anticipated, but ministers are not supposed to know everything.

One of the problems of the church is how to interest the outsider, and the best way to interest the outsider is for every member to be an interested insider. There is nothing so humiliating to a pastor when he is soliciting the outsider to attend service as to have some church graduate referred to as an example. We exhort all insiders to faithful attendance.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor)
German communion service next Sunday morning. The regular service begins at 10 o'clock, standard time, the confessional service at 9:30. The sermon will deal with the 400th anniversary of the Lutheran Reformation.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)
The sermon-topic for the service Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, will be, "Sacrifice Without Cost." You will find the service of interest and profit and a supply for the greatest need of human life. We invite you to worship with us.

The Sunday school will meet at 11:30. The attendance and interest was very fine last Sunday but they should be better next Sunday.

Mrs. E. M. Bogart will have direction of the Epworth League service at 6 o'clock. All young people invited.

Dr. E. M. Moore of Ypsilanti will preach at 7 o'clock. His topic will be, "The Veteran and His Care."

Our male quartet sing tonight at the revival meetings which are being conducted in the Methodist church, at Milford, by the Hillis evangelistic party.

"The Village Post-office," a home talent play with lots of fun for old and young, will be given by the Epworth League, at the Alseum theatre, Monday evening, April 30.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin are visiting in Pontiac for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert E. Stanbro of Salem spent Tuesday with friends here.

Mrs. H. Halverson and Miss Lute Hoyt spent Tuesday with Mrs. A. Atkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pomerville of Detroit spent the week-end as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Chafy.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Deversaux and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McKnight attended the funeral of Mrs. E. D. Perkins at

Salem Sunday

Mrs. Moore died quite suddenly Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Seymour Seeley after a short illness with pleuro-pneumonia. The funeral was held Monday, with burial at Commerce.

Wixom Whisperings.

H. Perry was a Detroit visitor Monday.

W. Kline of Detroit visited Wixom relatives Sunday.

Miss Maude Pattan was a Milford visitor a part of last week.

J. W. McLaren and family of Detroit were Wixom visitors Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Hennessey April 11, a ten-pound daughter.

N. W. Ball and family of Milford called at John Pattan's Monday night.

W. G. Price and wife and Miss Nabel Burgess were in Pontiac Saturday.

N. Schemerhorn attended the funeral of his father-in-law at Hastings last week Friday.

Mrs. George Parker returned home Wednesday, after a several weeks' stay in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Grow of Royal Oak visited the family of J. Pattan last Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Mary Stevens and granddaughter, Virginia, returned Monday from a ten days' visit at Saginaw.

Novi News.

George Tibbitts, a life-long resident of Novi and vicinity, died April 11 at the home of his son, Ulie, after an illness of several months. Mr. Tibbitts, who was born in Farmington 76 years ago, had been an esteemed member of the Novi Baptist church for nearly half a century. His wife, who was Harriet Place of Novi, died 14 years ago. He is survived by two sons, Ulie A. of this township and Wyllid of Northville and a daughter, Mrs. Nellie Beck, who lives in California. The funeral services, in charge of Rev. F. A. Brass of Northville were held from the home Saturday, and interment was made in the Novi cemetery.

"BLACK YOUR BOOTS AND KEEP THEM BLACKED."

The following article by Bruce Barton, editor of "Every Week" was handed the Record by H. B. Wilber of this place as so widely applicable as to be of value and interest both locally and generally.

"There are two ways to keep a man out of the mud—so some one has said. One is to punish him if he steps in. The other is to black his boots.

You have read a great deal about how a man can change his environment. Have you ever stopped to think how tremendously the environment can change the man? We think of the Greeks as creators of wonderful statuary. It would be equally true, in a sense, to say that it was the wonderful statuary that created the Greeks. It was the influence of those statues of big, muscular men, and beautiful women, forever before their eyes, that inspired the Greeks to build themselves up toward physical perfection.

Hypnotize a man: dirty his face and hands, and dress him in ragged clothes. What happens? Instantly he slouches; his actions become furtive, slovenly. His soul takes on the color of his hands. Dress him in a soldier's uniform, and with no other suggestion his shoulders straighten. Dress him like a gentleman, and his every movement betrays an increased self-respect.

What is true of men is true of organizations. I know a certain church that was in the dumps. No enthusiasm, no spirit, no pride. Everybody hopeless.

And some amateur psychologist with a little extra money determined to try an experiment. At his own expense he treated the church building to two coats of paint. The transforming influence of that paint was little short of miraculous. Members, for the first time in their lives, began to feel a little pride in their church. And, feeling pride in it, they wanted to do something for it. Out of the pride came effort, and out of the effort enthusiasm, and out of enthusiasm new life for an organization that was almost dead.

I know a town where the Board of Trade never met except to attend in a body, the funeral of a member. No new industries came to that town; people went elsewhere to trade. It was rolling downhill with the clutch thrown out and both brakes broken. And somebody started a Spring Clean-Up Campaign. Men who had never done anything at all for the town got out and worked together on the streets. Little children competed for the tin can prize and swatted the fly with a crusader enthusiasm. When the Clean-Up campaign was done it had created a momentum that simply could not be stilled. Citizens who had cleaned a street for the town wanted

to do something else. The whole community began to be recreated because it had washed its face and blacked its boots.

For your own sake this spring, go out and clean up something; paint up something. Anything. Quit spanking the children for tramping mud into the house. Make the house shine, and they will want to take off their shoes and enter in stocking feet. Quit scolding about your town for its lack of spirit. Get it clean, for once, and see what happens. Paint the fence in front of your house. And a surprising thing will occur. Every time you pass it in the morning on your way to work, you will be so pleased with yourself that the whole day will go better. I would not be surprised if that feeling of self-satisfaction would actually register itself in your income.

If you want to lift yourself out of the mud—Now's the time—this spring. Black your boots!



W. R. C. NOTES.

Do not forget the W. R. C. bake sale to be held in Huff's hardware store Saturday, April 21, beginning at 9:30 o'clock.

The 8th regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon W. R. C., No. 225, will be held in Scott's hall Wednesday evening, April 25, at 7:30. A program will be given under the good of the order.

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There is always a public waiting somewhere for more of Dodge Brothers cars than the works can deliver.

That situation has existed now for more than two years.

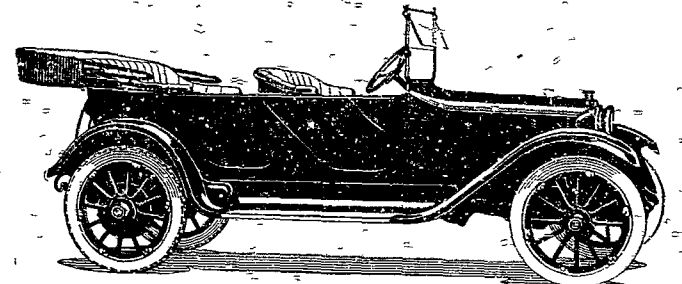
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