

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII NO. 40.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## "At the Village Postoffice"

A Pleasing Comedy, introducing many characters often seen at a Country Postoffice.

GIVEN BY THE EPWORTH LEAGUE

at the

Alseium Theatre

Wednesday Evening, May 2nd

This will be one of the Most Interesting Home Talent Attractions of the season.  
DON'T MISS IT.

## NORTHVILLE BUSINESS FIRM CHANGES METHODS METROPOLITAN IDEAS IN OPERATION

The Palace Market has decided to change its business to a Cash Basis with no delivery on May 1st.

This is made necessary by the greatly increased cost of meats, etc., and the impossibility of having prompt delivery at reasonable cost.

At a superficial glance this would seem a hardship, but in reality is a blessing to the community inasmuch as the firm promises to give their customers the benefit of the expense necessary to deliver, which by the way is enormous in view of the price of labor; and also to enable the public by this basis to take advantage of cash rates.

A comparison of meats in 1915 and 1917 may prove a revelation, for instance: 1915, Ham, whole, 22c; 1917, Ham, whole, 32c. Pork Sausage, 1915, 15c; Pork Sausage, 1917, 25c; Lard, 1915, 15c; Lard, 1917, 27c; and so on down the list. Dressed pork is selling now at 29c. Prices never before heard of.

These prices are prohibitive to many and make necessary every reduction that the dealer can procure. These methods are followed by all large concerns in the city and our market here is certainly entitled to do so in view of the fact that they have expended a large sum for a refrigerator plant, sanitary show case and counter and many other modern equipments rarely found in a small town.

No one would think of asking a clothier to deliver a collar or a dry goods store to deliver a yard of gingham, or a spool of thread, so why expect a butcher to deliver a pound of meat.

We believe after a fair trial this will prove more than satisfactory to our customers and we ask their co-operation and continued friendship.

HETLEY & BALDEN.

Northville, April 27, 1917.

## SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING

CATTERMOLE HALL

Good Music. Good Floor. Good Singer.

Spectators FREE.

## Specials FOR Saturday

4 Lbs. 8c Jap. Rice, Saturday, for 25c

1-2 Lb. Hershey's 25c Coco., Saturday, for 18c

Coleman Flag Salmon, 25c brand, for 22c

Shider's Catsup, 25c kind Saturday, for 21c

Can 12c Dry Schrimps, Saturday, for 8c

13c Jiffy Jell, Saturday, for 11c

We have H. & H. Soap for Cleaning Carpets, Rugs, etc.

**WHEELER & BLACKBURN**

Northville, Michigan.

## PUBLIC MEETING TO TALK SEWER

COUNCIL CALLS ONE FOR VILLAGE HALL THIS (FRIDAY) NIGHT.

STATE SANITARY ENGINEER RICH WILL BE HERE AT THAT TIME.

The village council has called a public meeting to be held this Friday evening in the village hall for the purpose of discussing the question of a sewer system for Northville. It is only a matter of time when such a system will become obligatory but the problem is whether it would be feasible at the present time under the conditions controlling material and labor.

State Sanitary Engineer Rich of Lansing and Consulting Engineer C. W. Hubbell of Detroit are to be present at the meeting and many interesting facts will be discussed in regard to the various methods possible and the expense thereof. North has unsurpassed natural drainage facilities, but these must of course be adjusted to the necessary sanitary requirements before they could be utilized for sewerage purposes. It is hoped that our people will be sufficiently interested in this important subject to turn out in good numbers.

## OUR "OLD GLORY" AS A DECORATION

CUSTOMS AND OPINIONS DIFFER BUT THE MAIN PRINCIPLE IS THE SAME AFTER ALL.

In response to requests from subscribers, the Record has been endeavoring to collect from various sources, reliable information as to "the right way and the wrong way" of using the flag for demonstrating our patriotism, and the rules governing our treatment of our country's emblem. This has been found, as to the first mentioned part, somewhat difficult, since supposed authorities differ. The matter is governed entirely by custom as to the proper placing of the flag, except in one instance, the only existing statute in this respect being that governing the army and navy—that the field shall be always uppermost and next to the pole.

It is asserted by some writers that in placing the flag against flat surfaces the blue should be invariably toward the north or east. The rule, however, would conflict with the "left" and "right" rule when applied to the opposite sides of streets, as a little experimenting will demonstrate.

As nearly as we can determine from the numerous published directions the generally accepted custom is that when the flag is hung with the stripes running up and down, the stars should be at the right of the person facing them; when hung the other way, stars to the left, stripes to the right. In using bunting, the accepted method is that the red should be uppermost.

As to our treatment of Old Glory in the light of the real, emblematic significances, it is different. Respect toward it is absolutely demanded and disrespect or misuse in any way is punishable by law. In the army and navy it is not permitted that any part of the flag shall come in contact with the ground or the deck of a vessel. It is also said that a sentiment exists in these departments against washing or otherwise cleaning the flag, which is theoretically always immaculate.

It is forbidden by law to use the stars and stripes as a trademark, and its use in many other ways is illegal by either municipal, state or federal enactment, according to locality.

In the opinion of the Record, to sum it all up, the main points after all are to show our colors, and to love our glorious flag and what it represents so well that we cannot possibly place it in any position or environment that can be construed as wanting in respect or veneration. There can certainly be no conflicting opinions in regard to these points.

Are you going? Where? To "The Village Postoffice" Wednesday evening, May 2. Sure.

First Lithograph.

The first successful example of the lithographic art was produced 120 years ago by Aloys Senefelder, a Bavarian, who produced a piece of music printed by this process.

## Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

Pauline Frederick and Vincent Serrano will be the leading artists who appear on the Alseium screen next Thursday night. The vehicle for their unquestioned talent is to be a Frohman presentation, pictured by the Famous Players' Film Co. of the powerful drama, "Lydia Gilmore," a thrilling story of love, intrigue and maternal devotion.

## CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the King's Daughters and neighbors for the beautiful flowers sent me in my serious illness, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Greer, Mrs. Jacob and Mrs. Hake. Also Dr. Dan Henry for services rendered.  
MRS. CARRIE McMILLAN

## CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the many, many friends, the "Old home neighbors" the Novi neighbors, the Argonaut club and all the thoughtful, loving friends who gave so much of their time in kindly service and tried so hard to make our burden lighter during the sickness and death of our beloved Nettie.  
J. A. RICHARDSON.  
MRS. JAY RICHMOND.  
GEORGE WHIPPLE

AUCTION HATCH HERD—will hold its second annual sale of Registered Holstein-Friesian cattle on the Stoneacres farm, 3 miles southwest of Ypsilanti, a short distance west of the Ridge road, on Wednesday, May 9, at 10 a. m. Look for the group of King Ventilators on six red barns. At this sale will be offered all of our this year's offerings. No one has been permitted to pick even one at private sale. It will include 22 granddaughters of King of the Pontiac and Pontiac Korn-dyke, the two greatest dairy sires, all of our own breeding. There will be 12 grandsons of these great sires ready for service and younger. This is the best offering we have ever made. Now is the time to "beef" the scrub bull and the cow "boarder" and substitute profitable animals. Catalog ready May 1. If interested address William B. Hatch, Ypsilanti, Michigan. 40w1c

## Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

NOTICE—Is your farm for sale? If so we have buyers. Address Palmer-Joshua-Meserauch Co., 300 Moffat Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Phone Cad. 6766. 40w4c

ATTENTION—Lawn mowers ground, 50 cents. Repairs extra. Called and delivered. Claud Stanley. Phone 145-W. 40w4p

WANTED—Woman to clean house Mrs. James Erwin. Phone 188-R-2. 40w1c

WANTED—100 loads of manure. Apply to Wm E Mathewson, Phone 69-W. 40w1c

WANTED—Lace curtains to wash and stretch. Mrs. Geo. Dixon, first house south of grist mill. 40w2p

WANTED—Five more men for state. Staple line. Easily sold. Unusual opportunity for several men who mean business. Investigation worth while. Consolidated Oil Co., Cleveland, O. 40w1p

WANTED—To buy about 25 laying chickens. Phone 328-J-2. 40w1p

FOR SALE—Yearling colt. Belgian. Inquire James Clark, Phone 166-J. 40w2p

FOR SALE—10 good work horses, 4 sets double harness. 3 sets single harness. S. Litsenberger. 40w1p

FOR SALE—Four New Milch cows, White Dent seed corn and beans. Phone 50-J. James Heaney. 40c

FOR SALE—Good set of automobile tires, size 34 x 4; clinchers, almost new. Reasonable price, come and offer on them. Phone 44-J. Samuel Kleiman. 40 Center street. 402p

FOR SALE—Increase your crops with fertilizer. We have it. J. W. Cole. Phone 151-R-3. 40w2p

FOR SALE—White leghorn eggs for hatching. Phone 135-J-3. J. W. Cleaver. 40w2p

FOR SALE—Colonial velvet rug, 6 x 9 feet, wool fibre rug, 6 x 11 ft. Both used about one year. E. M. Bogart. Phone 178-J. 40w1c

FOR SALE—Buff orphington eggs. For winter layers. \$1 per setting. Phone 41-M. 40w1c


FOR SALE—Two horse wagon and double harness cheap. J. B. Watts. 40w1c

FOR SALE—2 silos on the Earl Wolfe farm 3 miles south of Farmington and 5 miles south of Northville. Inquire of F. L. Brown on farm. 401p

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

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

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-3. 39wt.



**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT**  
PREPARED  
is the highest quality paint you can use on your property. The Sherwin-Williams reputation—forty years of conscientious paint manufacture—is in every can.  
The best and handsomest dress for your house.

## LAWN MOWERS

Now is the time—See our complete line. Same old prices (while they last)—no advance; we bought early.



A Child can operate  
**BISSELL'S**  
"Cyclo" BALL BEARING  
Carpet Sweeper

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



He is now a man without money.  
He bit at a Get-rich-quick Scheme.  
A smooth-tongued stranger came along and showed him how he could make "big money." He put in his pile and LOST it.  
Just plain common sense should have told him if that project was so good, the schemer would have kept it for himself. Or, he should have consulted his BANKER, who knows about these things. Then he wouldn't have lost his money.  
We shall gladly advise you on any investment you are thinking of making.  
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.**



## PAIN? NOT A BIT! LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops  
then lift them away  
with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called freezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for freezone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers.

Not a twinge of soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying freezone or afterwards. This drug doesn't eat up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no humbug! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get rid of every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any freezone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—adv.

### He Had To.

It all began like a colored porter in Frankfort, newspaper men would find the game an extremely easy one. The porter, who is known to every man and boy in the city, recently was divorced from his first wife and within a few days was married again. A reporter happened in the clerk's office just as he was taking out his license. "When are you to be married, Frank?" asked the reporter. The porter told him, and the questioning was continued until his wife-to-be grabbed hold of his arm and whispered, "Don't tell that man all about this."

"I've got to," the porter whispered back. "He's a reporter!"—Indianapolis News.

## BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

### A Valued Household Remedy for Over Half a Century.

In our climate, with its sudden changes of temperature, rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, many deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschée's German Syrup kept in the house, and a few doses taken in time, will possibly prevent a severe illness, a doctor's bill, and perhaps death. For fifty years this has been a very successful remedy for coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles. It induces a good night's sleep with easy expectoration in the morning. For sale by druggists in all parts of the civilized world, 25 and 75 cent bottles.—Adv.

### Why He Subscribed.

A collector of subscriptions for the brass band fund once came across a farmer who was noted for his meanness. To his surprise the farmer at once consented to subscribe fully as large a sum as any he had yet received.

"Mr. Hardfist," he said, addressing the farmer, "you are surely very fond of music to give so much."

"Oh, yes," said the farmer; "they're grand for scaring the crows from my 'tates when they're practicin' an' I'm grateful."

### FOR SKIN TROUBLES

That Itch, Burn, Torture and Disfigure Use Cuticura—Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. They usually afford immediate relief in itching, burning eczemas, rashes, dandruff and most baby skin troubles. They also tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming great if used daily.

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

### The Better Wish.

"I wish I could afford to wear fine clothes." "I don't. I wish I could afford to wear any old thing."

Pimples, boils, carbuncles, dry up and disappear with Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Look before you leap and then take the elevator down.

**After the Movies** **Murine is for Tired Eyes.** Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Itchy Eyes—Gravel—Gripes—Headaches—Rheumatism—Stomach Troubles—Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as you give your teeth and with the same regularity. **CARE FOR THEM. USE MURINE. BUT NEW EYES.** Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.

## BILLY EVANS SOLVES BASEBALL PROBLEMS

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

A play came up in one of the smaller minor leagues several years ago that probably will never happen again. It was a freak pure and simple, but it is always a possibility, for I once saw Hal Chase turn the same trick in practice and "Kid" Elberfeld pull it off in a game, but not with such results as happened in the minor league episode.

In the game in question the play came up in the last half of the ninth, with the bases filled, no one out, three runs needed to tie and four to win. It happened the year after the rule had been changed, and the recruit umpire not being familiar with the change, interpreted the play incorrectly and a riot followed. At that, most of the fans really did not know what they were kicking about at the time, most of the trouble makers simply stirring up things on general principles.

The batter, one of the hardest hitters on the team, hit a line drive in the direction of the second baseman. It was evident to the runners that the ball was so far over the fielder's head that there was not a chance for him to get it; at the crack of the bat they had all started to advance. As the ball neared the second baseman, that player, seeing that he was unable to get it, tossed his glove in the air at the ball. As he afterwards admitted, he did not know that he was violating any rule. Anyway, the glove struck the ball squarely, causing it to fall toward the ground within a short distance of the second baseman, who recovered the ball before it struck the ground, touched second and threw to first, completing a triple play that was allowed by the umpire.

Of course, there was a big kick, in which the home crowd joined in lustily. Had the infielder not thrown his glove at the ball and checked its course, it might have gone for a home run and won the game.

### Answer to Problem.

Throwing one's glove at the ball to stop the progress of such drives as the player was unable to reach otherwise was a rather common practice at one time. To eliminate this objectionable stunt, the rule makers imposed a severe penalty, which has practically stopped it entirely. The rule entitles the batsman to three bases on all plays where the fielder stops or catches a batted ball with his cap, glove, or other part of his uniform while detached from the proper place on his person. Thus, in the play described, instead of allowing a triple play that retired the side, all three runners should have been permitted to score, and the man who hit the ball granted third base. I saw Elberfeld make such a play in a regular game, with two out and no one on the bases. It really worked to advantage, for the batter who hit the ball was very fast and probably would have made a home run, but for the rule, as it seemed impossible for the left or center fielder to reach the ball. Elberfeld was playing shortstop at the time.

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## PRACTICAL THEORY BY FOHL

Will Not Permit Young Pitchers to Use New Balls While Going Through Training Stunts.

Manager Fohl, during the short period the first bunch of players worked out at New Orleans, refused to permit the use of new baseballs, insisting that the players toss about old waxy horse-



Manager Lee Fohl.

hides. There's a reason for this. Here's Fohl's theory:

"Give a young ball player a new ball and he has a tendency to cut loose, just to see how hard and how far he can throw it. With an old ball it is different. In the first place an old ball will not travel far; secondly, the boys will see plenty of new balls before the season is over."

## KNEW REDS' SIGNALS

"I have often wondered," says Syd. Smith, manager of the Shreveport team, "if the seven other big league clubs were wise to the Cincinnati Reds' signals last summer? If so, it would account for the sad showing. Now that a year has passed, I'll tell you something: We knew every signal that Herzog and his catchers had during the exhibition games last spring, and that's the real reason for our beating you folks so thoroughly. Those signals could be read by a respectable old lady with spectacles on, they were so open, so easy to discover. And if a little minor league club could catch your signals that way, wouldn't the major leaguers, with their shrewd old generals, do it much more easily?"

## DIAMOND NOTES

For the ball players all schoolers are in the bared zone.

Some day the players, youths and vets, will catch fly balls on bayonets.

Only seven clubs now stand between the Reds and that long-coveted pennant.

As for that, there's many an umpire who spends the whole season in a trance.

The White Sox win the pennant in the spring as often as the Reds used to.

The New Orleans club has secured infielder Howard Baker from the New York Giants.

Some day, maybe, baseball clubs will start playing in the summer, instead of in the winter.

John Covalleskie, brother of Harry and Stanley, will himself take to pitching this season.

Understand that Connie Mack is going to dock his players for the time they are down in the cellar.

Latest move of the magnates to reduce expenses is to dock pitchers for the time they are up in the air.

Jack Warhop will help to increase the batting in the International league. He is going to pitch for Baltimore.

One difference between the spring and the autumn is that only two major league pennants have won in the autumn.

When ballplayers go to war, certain twirlers should be placed in the dynamite squad. They know all about blowing up.

If it should ever be necessary for Uncle Sam to call ballplayers to the colors, all he'd have to do would be to ring a dinner bell.

Pat Donahue, catcher, who has been out of the game for a year or two, is planning a comeback with the Dayton team of the Central league.

If Snooks McGaffigan sticks with the Phillies Walter Maranville will have a close run for the distinction of being the smallest infielder in the majors.

The Milwaukee Brewers claim to have one of the fastest baserunners in captivity. He is Ralph Heatley, a recruit. Ralph negotiated the distance between the home plate and first base in 0:03 4-5 seconds.

## STATISTICS OF PARKS

Do Facts Shown by Study of Baseball Situation.

Seating Capacity of More Than One Hundred Parks Is but 3 Per Cent of Population—Some Interesting Figures.

The recent discussion relative to the high cost of baseball and the changes suggested as tending to reduce what in some cases is close to prohibitive expense has led to some interesting statements and explanations. That some are not based upon cold facts can be shown by a careful study of the baseball situation as it exists today.

It has been said that one reason for the heavy expense in connection with the management of a baseball club is the building of parks and stands considerably in excess of the prospective attendance as warranted by the population of the surrounding territory. While this statement may be true in one or two isolated cases, it is not borne out by existing figures in so far as it applies to the general run of major and minor league parks.

**Build Expensive Parks.** In recent years some elaborate and expensive ball parks have been constructed, especially in cities represented in the National and American league circuits. In no case, however, does a comparison of the park seating capacity and the city population show that the accommodations are out of proportion to the attendance possibilities.

Taking 17 leagues scattered throughout the country, as a basis for computation, it is found that the total seating capacity of all the parks aggregates baseball parks is but 3 per cent of the population of all the cities in which these parks are located. In the case of the larger class of cities the addition of the population figures of numerous suburbs would make the percentage still lower.

As they stand the statistics show that these 17 leagues contain clubs which play in cities with a total population of 37,416,000, and that the seating capacity of all the parks aggregates but 1,106,800. As a result these parks would be filled almost to capacity at each game if three persons out of every hundred of the population were to attend the contests.

**In Major Leagues.** In the case of the major leagues the parks will not seat even 3 per cent of the population, the figures working out nearer to 2 per cent. On the other hand, some of the Southern and Western league parks will accommodate close to 15 per cent of the surrounding population. Seven of the leagues cover territory in which the total population of the club cities runs over the million mark, while the other ten range between one-quarter and three-quarters of a million. The figures, showing the population and seating capacity of parks by leagues, are as follows:

Leagues.	League Cities' Population.	Parks, Seating Capacity.
National	12,070,000	225,000
American	16,692,000	216,000
American Association	2,216,000	59,500
International	3,393,000	79,500
Pacific Coast	1,838,000	71,000
Southern	1,169,000	62,800
Western	821,000	51,200
Central	578,000	22,200
Eastern	1,035,000	40,000
Illinois-Iowa-Indiana	314,000	28,400
New York	731,000	43,700
Northeastern	703,000	32,100
Texas	573,000	41,800
Northern	455,000	22,300
South Atlantic	337,000	21,200
Central Association	188,000	22,500
Virginia	215,000	27,300

## CONNIE HAS MANY JOHNSONS

Besides Bill in the Outfield, Athletic Manager Has Jing and Ellis, Two Twirlers.

Connie Mack has so many strange names on his ball club even the Philadelphia experts are beginning to despair. It has now come to light that he has two pitchers and an outfielder by the name of Johnson, thus complicating matters. One is Ellis from the coast, and other is "Jing," a last-year leftover.

The outfielder is Bill Johnson, a Chicago boy. Bill is expected to give Ping Bodie and Thrasher, the Southern league slugger, a hard fight for a permanent job chasing flies. Bill is a hard hitter, fast on the bases and a splendid fielder. He excels Bodie by a wide margin on the bases, and the only reason Bodie will be given preference over him is on account of experience.



Bill Johnson.

## 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 values guaranteed and the wearers protected 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 shoes is guaranteed. They are made by the finest shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with the best material available. The shoes are made to order and the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. They are the shoes that hold their shape. They are the shoes that are worth the price paid for them.

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

## Canada Offers 160 Acres Free to Farm Hands

Bonus of Western Canada Land to Men Maintaining Needed Grain Production

The demand for farm labor in Canada is great. As an inducement to secure the necessary help at once, Canada will

## ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES OF LAND FREE AS A HOMESTEAD

and allow the time of the farm laborer who has men on the land to apply as residence duties; the same as the time of the farmer. This special concession is the reduction of one year in the time to complete duties. Two years' residence instead of three as heretofore, but only to men working on the farms for at least six months in 1917. This appeal for farm help is in no way connected with enlistment for military service but solely to increase agricultural output. A wonderful opportunity to secure a farm and draw good wages at the same time. Canadian Government will pay all fare over one cent per mile from St. Paul or Duluth to Canadian destination. Information as to low railway rates may be had on application to

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

Canadian Government Agents

## METZ Le Veque-Boston Motor Sales Co.

CARS \$633 86 Jeff Ave. STATE DISTRIBUTORS - Detroit LIVE AGENTS WANTED

## AN ANCIENT JAPANESE ART CHINESE MILITARY TACTICS

Embroidery Made in Flowery Kingdom for Centuries Before Country Was Opened to World.

Japanese embroidery, now so popular in this country, is one of the oldest arts of the mikado's people. For centuries before the country was opened to foreign intercourse heavily embroidered silk kimono, screens, and other articles were made by professional embroidery experts, principally in Kyoto. This same profession continues today, having been handed down from father to son for many generations. For this reason the center of the country's art-embroidery industry is at Kyoto, although cheap embroidery, principally for export, are produced in large quantities in other part of the Kobe district.

The majority of the workers in Kyoto are men, who produce the finer grades of embroidery. It is essentially a household industry, and is usually conducted in small shops, where from three to ten apprentices and skilled embroidery are employed. The men received from 40 to 75 cents gold per day. The women, however, are able to earn from 15 to 50 cents gold per day, depending upon their ability and diligence.

The manufacture of hand-made lace is a comparatively new industry in Japan, as lace was not used by the Japanese before the advent of foreigners. The industry is still in its infancy, and the output is small.

**Couldn't Keep It Up.** The City Man (to ninety-year-old peasant)—Tell me what must one do to grow to be as old as you are?

Peasant—Don't drink, don't smoke, keep out in the fresh air.

City Man—My father did all those things and died at sixty.

Peasant—Yes, but he didn't do them long enough.—Flegende Blaetter (Munich).

**The Measure of Grief.** "Why is Miss Fifeigh wearing only half mourning for her mother?"

"Because he was her half brother."

A reflector concentrates the heat at the top of a new electric cook stove.

While the fool is waiting for an opportunity the wise man makes one.

**Bright Idea.** A brilliant girl spent half an hour trying to capture a big miller that was flying about the house.

"Finally," cried the child, with a shout of triumph, "I've got it, and soon had it imprisoned in a chubby hand."

When the miller finally lay still and quiet the child opened her hand.

"What is it, dear?" her mother asked. Then she gave an ejaculation of amazement:

"This miller has put about 200 eggs right in my hand," the youngster replied.

The father, who had been reading his paper, looked up and said:

"Run out, Mabel, and see if you can catch a hen."

**Not the Usual Kind.** "Old Gadabout's return to his native heath doesn't match up with the usual traditions surrounding the homecoming of a globe trotter."

"So? How is that?"

"Oh, he was gone long, but he came back short."

**22 THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF HEALTHY BOYS & GIRLS EAT Grape-Nuts AND CREAM EVERY MORNING BECAUSE WISE MOTHERS KNOW "There's a Reason"**







## The Northville Record.

Published by  
**NEAL PRINTING CO**  
J. 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 27, 1917

### ROAD-BUILDING VITALLY NEEDED.

It seems very strange that so paradoxical an idea as that of discontinuing the building of good roads for the sake of adding men and teams to the farming forces should even occur to anybody, anywhere, to say nothing of actually being considered as it has been in Oakland county, according to report. One of the strongest arguments in favor of permanent roads has always been the increased marketing facilities for the farmer.

What would be the use of raising capacity crops if the state of the country roads at any time of the year were such that the produce could not be readily and rapidly moved from the place of production? The necessity for capacity cultivation of the nation's farms is proven in advance and this very necessity creates another need just as vital—that of equal increase in the work of making the highways adequate to the task of keeping the successive crops moving from the outlying agricultural districts to the greater transportation highways. One of Germany's strong points of preparedness for her scheme of world conquest was in the building of a perfect system of permanent highways and this preparation proved to be of untold value in war operations. Instead of in any least degree retarding the making of the best possible roads all over this country, the entrance of the nation into the world-conflict should render imperative the greatest possible stimulation of that industry. If ever good roads were needed, they will be needed now. It is hardly to be realized that any other policy should have been so much as suggested anywhere in the United States. With the augmented heavy traffic that must come with augmented production, good roads are a fundamental necessity that cannot be too promptly and thoroughly met.

As an example of the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin temperament, we note the manner in which German people have been treated in South America, regardless of their personal attitude toward existing conditions. It doesn't seem to matter down there whether they express disloyal sentiments or not, they are "rough housed" anyway, while in North America drastic action is only occasional.

One is led to wonder, now that a whole lot of these anti-war bridegrooms will have to go into the army anyway if some of the parties to the thousands of hastily formed contracts aren't in a mental state by this time where even the dreaded military service will seem desirable by contrast. Among so many hasty matings there must inevitably be many mismatches.

Among other achievements Kaiser Wilhelm will take rank as the most successful stirrer up of hornets' nests in modern times.—Pontiac Press-Gazette. And, to carry the analogy a little farther, he got too venture-some, as all stirrers up of hornets' nests eventually do, poked up the wrong nest and got badly stung.

The Dodge-Ford controversy over a paltry six million \$ leads us to remark that we wouldn't fight for a minute about a sum like that. In fact, we would take a tenth or even a twentieth of that amount and agree never to ask for another cent.

Many men, apparently, have entered the matrimonial ranks to keep out of the military ranks, but the "farm army" is different. A man may marry and take his wife with him into the latter service to excellent advantage sometimes.

#### Unightly Weeds.

Obnoxious weeds may be killed by covering the stalks with salt. Salt may be used to keep down weeds by sprinkling it over the ground.

## Novi News.

Rev. H. H. Hutton of Lake Odessa will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening.

Grant Putnam was badly hurt last week by a horse kicking him in the face. A wound was made which it took sixteen stitches to close.

Mrs. W. P. Flint is reported dangerously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. V. Sapp in California. Mrs. Flint suffered a severe shock when her nephew, L. L. West died, and this, with other complications has been kept from recovery of her health.

### DEATH OF MRS. J. A. RICHARDSON.

The entire community was shocked and grieved at the news of the sudden death last Friday, April 20, 1917, of Mrs. Nettie Richardson at her home in West Novi. The passing of Mrs. Richardson to the better land leaves a vacancy in the life of her church, her social circle and in the hearts of her friends that none can ever adequately fill. Of a personality unusually charming and lovable, a Christian character beyond reproach, her circle of friends was limited only by the extent of her acquaintance. She possessed intellectual gifts above the average, and her ability as an elocutionist was known and appreciated far beyond her immediate environment. The great pleasure she so often and so generously bestowed by this means will be long remembered.

Nettie Whipple was born in Northville township March 27, 1863. She was married to Judd A. Richardson 32 years ago, having previously been a successful teacher. They were the parents of one daughter who died 13 years ago. Mrs. Richardson is survived by her husband, one sister, Mrs. Renwick of New Hudson and a brother George Whipple who resides on the family homestead. Funeral services, very largely attended, were held Monday afternoon at the Novi Baptist church of which Mrs. Richardson had been a member for 30 years. Rev. F. A. Brass of Northville, a former pastor at Novi, conducted the services.

Deepest sympathy is expressed on all sides for Mr. Richardson in his irreparable loss.

### Farmington News.

The New Idea club met with Mrs. Glenn Green Wednesday.

Ada Pitcher of Plymouth was at Farmington called Sunday.

Roy Cox and family of Redford visited relatives in town Sunday.

F. L. Cook & Co's store is undergoing a thorough spring repairing.

George Cox has moved into the Westfall house on Shawasse avenue.

The Ladies' Union met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Sarah Chamberlain.

O. H. Everett and family of Southfield were visiting relatives in town Sunday.

Edward Brown and wife have moved from the Randall flat into the Charles Manzell residence on E. Grand River.

The Misses Day and Stamman attended the Paderewski concert at the Armory in Detroit Thursday evening.

Rev. Willis A. Moore delivered a sermon Sunday afternoon in the Universalist church. There was a good attendance and all enjoyed the service.

### Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. J. G. Madison was a Northville visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hopkins were Novi visitors Sunday.

Helen Hammond of Northville called on Wixom friends Sunday.

Rev. O. B. Anstead and family are visiting in Toledo, this week.

R. J. Gordon and family of Pontiac were Wixom visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Beulah Thompson returned from St. Cloud, Florida, Monday.

Edwin Banfield and family of New Hudson visited at J. H. Abrams' Sunday.

N. W. Ball and family of Milford were caller at the Patton home Sunday.

E. A. Mowrey has begun the erection of his new house east of Mrs. Martha Furman's.

Mrs. A. F. Spalding of Lapeer visited her parents, B. D. Burch and wife a part of last week. Mr. Spalding came Sunday and she returned home with him.

R. B. Cummings and wife of Detroit were in Wixom a part of last week preparing their household goods for shipment to their recently purchased home in Detroit.

It will be worth your while to be at "The Village Postoffice," next Wednesday evening.

## Walled Lake Warbles.

J. R. Champ is improving his property here.

Mrs. J. Lapey has been sick for the past week.

Clyde Angell is driving a new Ford automobile.

Miss Inez Bentley is able to be out after her long illness.

Charles Miller of Lansing spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. T. Clutz entertained her cousin and family of Detroit, Sunday.

Wm. R. Hoyt has moved his family to Pontiac, where he has purchased a home.

O. B. Moore of Grand Rapids visited his daughter, Mrs. P. G. Kallain, recently.

Rev. H. Halverson exchanged pulpits with Rev. F. A. Brass of Northville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chaff of Detroit were over Sunday guests of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Riley and family of Pontiac spent Sunday with relatives here.

Thomas Tobin of Chicago was a recent guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. M. McKnight.

Phil Miller has moved his family from the H. Andrews house to one of his cottages for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Welfare and son, Harvey, of Birmingham spent Sunday with their son and wife here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice and son and Mrs. D. Donelson of Novi attended church here Sunday morning.

### Simply Solved.

He had been calling on the Widow Smithers for some time, and it could not be said that he had made an impression, although he had failed to realize the fact. She decided to speed him on his way at the first opportunity, and it came that night. He heaved a sigh and said, "I have only one friend on earth—my dog." "Well," she answered, calmly, "if that isn't enough, why don't you get another dog?"

### Queer Corps.

A western senator of hurling appearance was passing an undertaker's shop when a roughly dressed man came out and said: "Say, mister, will you give me a lift with a casket?" The senator shuddered and asked hesitatingly: "Is there—is there anything in it?" "Sure!" came the hearty reply; "there's a couple of drinks in it." Boston Transcript.

### About Deep Breathing.

Many people act on the principle that because deep breathing causes dizziness it does not agree with them. But if they will practice the breathing less vigorously they will find that gradually they can take all the deep breaths they want without the slightest discomfort. Take ten breaths in ten seconds and gradually decrease the number of inhalations.

### GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

"The Show of Wonders," the twentieth production by the New York Winter Garden, is coming to the Garrick theatre, Detroit, for a week's stay, beginning next Monday evening. In splendor of appointments, "The Show of Wonders" is said to eclipse them all. George Monroe heads the long list of comedians and will be seen in one of his quaint female characterizations, "Pansy." Abetting this droll comedian in the fun-making will be found Walter C. Kelley, Willie and Eugene Howard; Clayton and White, dancing team; Dan Quinlan and Eugene O'Rourke; Sidney Phillips and the celebrated ballet master, Alexis Kosloff. Dainty Marilyn Miller will portray the role of "Eve" in the "back to nature scenes," also the part of the slave girl in the brilliant Burmese ballet, Mammy. Other charming personalities are included. From the costumer's point of view, nothing has been left undone to secure colorful effects, and the material equipment runs from Eve-like attire to Parisian models.

"Submarine-F-7" is the name of the new Winter Garden melodramatic sensation, and it is a sizzler. A mysterious subsea craft waits for its prey. The torpedo is fired, and in the periscope one sees the mighty battle ship go down to her doom. The scene which ensues is said to rival description. Owing to the tremendous demand for seats an extra matinee will be given Friday, in addition to the regular ones Wednesday and Saturday.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.60 Red, \$2.65.  
Eggs—32c. Butter—42c.  
Hogs—Alive, \$14.50. Dressed, \$13.50  
Oats—74c. Corn—\$1.40.  
Veal Calves—\$12.00.  
Lamb—Alive, \$9.50.  
Beef 10c per lb.  
Beef Hides, 17c lb.

## BAILEY-FRENCH.

Announcements have been received here of the marriage on Thursday, April 19, of Miss Mae French to Mr. Chris Bailey, both of Birmingham. The wedding took place in the Methodist church in that village with only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties as guests. Mr. Bailey is a motorman in the employ of the D. U. R. and the young couple will reside in Birmingham for the present, with the bride's mother, Mrs. Emma French. Mrs. Bailey lived in Northville for several years and her friends here are extending best wishes for all prosperity and happiness in her new life.

### Northville School Notes.

Howard Colf spelled down the Sixth grade.

Commissioner Yost visited the H. S. Tuesday.

Sup. Van Deventer visited N. H. S. last Friday.

Don't forget the "J-Hop" this, Friday evening.

Teddy Watts and Viola Burch of the First grade, are ill.

Doris Coleman spelled the Fourth grade down last Friday.

The Fifth graders are learning Whittier's poem "Barbara Frietchie."

The Fifth graders are beginning their yearly review in arithmetic.

Charles Thornton of the Fourth grade has moved to Hastings, Mich.

A number of the Fifth and Sixth graders have started a young writers' club.

Miss Weston, music and drawing teacher, will teach at Hamtramck next year.

Roy Vanatta and Earl Hollis, First graders, have neither been absent nor tardy this year.

The N. H. S. cleared about \$35 from the carnival last week, and are very thankful to those who assisted.

Miss Rufe Pinney, teacher of languages, has signed a contract to teach at Wyandotte next year.

Wendell Miller, Marjorie Putnam and Flora Miller take the teachers' examinations at Detroit this week.

### Possum as Meat.

Is possum meat good? Ask anyone who has eaten it. Long before the white man came to this continent the Indian had discovered its excellence. The next to yield to its seductiveness was the negro, who in turn initiated the white epicure.

Everybody will go to "The Village Postoffice" Wednesday evening, May 2nd.

# Do Not Wait

OWING TO THE RAPID ADVANCE IN THE COST OF PIPE AND MATERIALS, IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO ADVANCE THE RATE OF SERVICE WORK. WE ARE PREPARED TO INSTALL A LIMITED NUMBER OF HOUSE SERVICES AT THE PRESENT PRICE AND WOULD APPRECIATE IT, IF THOSE INTENDING TO HAVE THE GAS PUT IN THIS SUMMER, WOULD FILE AN APPLICATION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

PLYMOUTH & NORTHVILLE GAS CO.

## HILLS BROS' MEAT MARKET

CHOICE MEATS OF ALL KINDS

Poultry and Oysters in Season.

Also Highest Market Prices Paid For All Kinds of Live Stock.

A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

100 Main Street.

Phone 43.

NORTHVILLE

## YOUR HOME==

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

"If its Electrical, See Us."

## THE ELECTRIC SHOP

Phone 208-J. NORTHVILLE.

## DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

The American people are quick to detect deterioration.

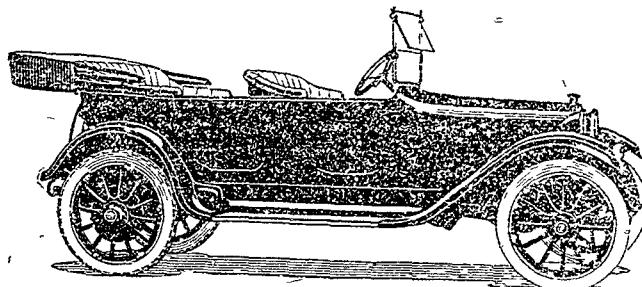
And what is more important—they expect the constant improvement of any product in which they repose complete confidence.

They would be slower to forgive a fault in any car Dodge Brothers might build, than in one they esteemed less highly.

It will pay you to visit us and examine this car.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low. The tire mileage is unusually high.

Touring Car or Roadster, \$885; Winter Touring Car or Roadster, \$1000; Sedan or Coupe, \$1265 (All prices f. o. b. Detroit.)



NORTHVILLE MOTOR SALES CO.

NORTHVILLE,

Phone 252.

MICHIGAN.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

**DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND**  
Surgeon. Office in Lapham State  
Bank Building, corner Main and Center  
streets. Office hours: 8:00 to  
9:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 2:30 p. m. and  
5:00 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  
TONIC.

FOR OVERWORKED MEN AND  
WOMEN, FOR FEEBLE FOLKS OF  
OLD AGE AND FOR DELICATE  
CHILDREN, THIS TONIC IS RECO-  
MMENDED HIGHLY.

READ THE EXACT FORMULA  
ON THE LABEL.  
LET IT HELP YOU—IT SURELY  
WILL IF PROPERLY TAKEN. 75c  
AND \$1.50.

**T. E. Murdock**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

## FLOWERS

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

**NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE**  
J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone.

## FORD AGENCY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.  
Ford Touring Cars \$360  
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WORK CALLED FOR & DELIVERED  
**CHARLES FREYDL**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE  
Eastern Standard Time.

Northville to Farmington and Detroit  
—Also to Orchard Lake and  
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 7:55 p. m.;  
8:35 p. m. and hourly to 11:05 p. m.;  
Limited at 5:00 p. m. daily, except  
Sunday.

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and  
Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for  
Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and  
hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To  
Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.  
Leave Wayne for Northville at 6:43  
a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.;  
also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and  
12:09 a. m.

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 stand-  
ard of milk at all times. It is  
worth a few cents a week to know  
what you are getting.

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

## Some Good Advice.

Strengthened by Northville Experience.

Kidney disease is too dangerous to  
neglect. At the first sign of backache,  
headache, dizziness or urinary disor-  
ders, you should give the weakened  
kidneys prompt attention. Eat little  
meats, take things easier and use a  
reliable kidney tonic. There's no  
other kidney medicine so well recom-  
mended as Doan's Kidney Pills. North-  
ville people rely on them. Here's  
one of the many statements from  
Northville people:

Mrs. W. S. Dickerson, 14 Cady street,  
Northville, says: "I know Doan's  
Kidney Pills to be a very efficient  
medicine for kidney disorders and one  
worth recommending to those who are  
in need of a reliable kidney remedy.  
A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills  
now and then, keeps my kidneys in  
good working order."  
Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't  
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get  
Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that  
Mrs. Dickerson uses. Foster-McBarn  
Co., Preps, Buffalo, N. Y. —Adv't. 53

## Northville Newslets.

Swat the food speculator.

Rev. F. A. Brass is the possessor of a  
new Ford car.

Enlargement of the Perrin Garage  
is in progress.

Mrs. C. C. Keyes has moved into the  
upper west rooms of the Irving flats.

The "All Stars" of home talent  
fame are to give a band benefit enter-  
tainment in the Aisium theatre in  
the near future.

Can you of the present generation  
remember when our banner of Stars  
and Stripes ever seemed quite so dear  
and beautiful as now?

The Rochester Era had the unusual  
honor of enuring, with last week's  
issue, on its 45th year under practi-  
cally the same management.

Mr. A. Beckman has broken ground  
preparatory to the erection of a fine  
new residence opposite the Cochran  
farm house on the Base Line east of  
town.

The Farmington Exchange Bank  
will, on June 1st, next, exchange that  
name for "Farmington State Savings  
Bank" by a unanimous vote of the  
stockholders.

Fred Oldenburg has sold his grocery  
business here to Detroit parties, who  
are to take possession May 1. Mr.  
Oldenburg and family will continue  
to live in Northville.

A member of one of our local patri-  
otic organizations was much gratified  
to see a young Northville boy gravely  
salute the flag as he passed under the  
big one at the Library Saturday.

The local G. A. R. men have secured  
as a Memorial day speaker Hon. H.  
R. Pattengill of Lansing. Mr. Pat-  
tengill's reputation as an orator is too  
well known to require comment.

Ex-Representative Harry McGracken  
of Farmington has been appointed by  
Gov. Sleeper as special farm agent for  
Oakland county to assist in carrying  
on the agricultural campaign for food  
preparedness.

Some time ago the services of the  
Northville band were offered to Uncle  
Sam, and the reply has now been re-  
ceived, expressing thanks for the offer  
and assurances that the musicians  
will be notified when needed.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thornton, who  
had been spending the winter at the  
Thornton homestead north of town,  
have moved to Hastings, Mich., this  
week. Mr. Thornton has a respon-  
sible position with the Grand Ledge  
Arctic Ice Cream Co., having charge of  
the various condensing plants of that  
concern.

An automobile salesman at Farm-  
ington has an advertisement in  
rhyme in the Enterprise. Very ap-  
propriate, since the engine (generally  
considered) is often spoken of as  
having a "rhythmic beat," and the  
ubiquitous motor car may be said to  
approach "the poetry of motion" on  
a good road.

The ladies of Northville have not  
yet adopted the wearing of overalls  
as a working costume as we have read  
that women are doing in so many  
places, but probably (!) the local  
belatedness in that respect is due to  
the fact that our merchants haven't  
yet displayed those garments for femi-  
nine wear. Northville ladies are  
usually right up to date when it comes  
to styles.

One of our enterprising business  
firms, Messrs. Hetley and Balden, have  
been making extensive improvements  
in their meat market which makes it  
compare favorably with like estab-  
lishments in the big cities. The  
salesroom has been re-decorated and  
furnished with a sanitary show case  
and counter, and a refrigerating plant  
has been installed in the building.

There will be something for you at  
"The Village Postoffice," next Wednes-  
day evening.

Mrs. Myron Taylor has been quite  
ill this week.

Mrs. Hazel Stewart is the new clerk  
in the White dry goods store.

Otto Loomis has the first and —so  
far—only wireless telegraph outfit in  
Northville. It was installed ex-  
pressly as a time receiver.

Rev. F. A. Brass, pastor of the Bap-  
tist church has tendered his resig-  
nation to the official board to take  
effect not later than June first.

The body of E. Dingman was taken  
from the vault in Oakwood Monday,  
and laid in its last resting place in  
the North Farmington cemetery.

Preparations are practically com-  
pleted for the "J. Hop" in the new  
gymnasium this Friday evening. The  
young people are anticipating a fine  
time, and there is every reason to be-  
lieve their hopes will be realized.

Orient Chapter No. 77, O. E. S. will  
hold its installation services in Ma-  
sonic hall, Friday evening, May 4.  
Each member is privileged to invite  
one guest outside the immediate fam-  
ily. A short program will be given.

Raymond DesAutels has successfully  
passed the final examination—the  
nerve test—admitting him to Uncle  
Sam's aviation signal service depart-  
ment, and is to start from Columbus,  
Ohio, tomorrow for Honolulu, Hawaii,  
the first Northville boy to leave the  
shores of America in the service of  
his country.

G. W. Dickinson, manager of the  
Michigan State Fair will make every  
effort possible to stimulate a greater  
crop production among its members  
and the farmers of the state genera-  
lly. Earnest co-operation to this  
end will be given the committee  
appointed by Gov. Sleeper to take  
charge of the state's campaign in this  
patriotic movement. The State Fair  
will award substantial cash prizes to  
farmers growing the largest crops on  
a given acreage.

P. O. Bryan of the Bryan Bros.  
grocery firm of Detroit has bought a  
portion of the Thompson farm lying  
west of Rogers street and contem-  
plates the erection thereon of a num-  
ber of desirable residences. The  
location is among the most beautiful  
of the many pretty building sites on  
the outskirts of our village and will  
furnish an ideal site for suburban  
home purposes. The famous Bloom-  
field Hills has nothing on Northville  
when it comes to vistas of beauty that  
can be seen from various points in and  
around the town.

A number of the W. R. C. ladies re-  
sponded to a special invitation to be  
present at the regular weekly drill of  
the Northville Boy Scouts Tuesday  
night, and were greatly pleased with  
what they saw and heard in proof of  
what this splendid organization means  
for its members. It is easy to see  
that if the scout lives up to his oath  
and training he must benefit immeas-  
urably both morally and physically.  
The instructor, Mr. Pomeroy, Scout-  
master of Troop 59 of Detroit ex-  
pressed great pleasure in the visit of  
the ladies, and his courteous treat-  
ment was much appreciated by the  
guests.

People are beginning to ask, "What's  
the matter with official Northville?"  
Why should ours be the only village  
in the country without the Stars and  
Stripes floating over its town hall?  
It is generally understood that the new  
flag was delayed in coming, but also  
that it has been here for some time  
now, and folks are getting impatient  
to see it displayed. Enthusiastic  
flag-raising for towns, churches,  
schools, factories, neighborhoods and  
public institutions of all sorts are  
daily going on all over the country,  
and there seems to be no adequate  
reason why Northville should not  
possess just as much aggregate  
patriotic fervor as any other town.  
Surely it does, but why not demon-  
strate officially as well as individually?

The beautiful twelve foot wool bun-  
ting flag presented the Ladies' Library  
several years ago by the Woman's  
Relief Corps was floating from its  
iron pole in front of the building for  
the first time Saturday. The ladies  
of the board would be glad to display  
it constantly, but as the Library is  
officially open only on Saturdays to do  
so would involve endless trouble for  
these busy women who are already  
doing so much in the regular work of  
the Library. The flag is an ex-  
pensive one and highly valued and the  
members of the board have always  
taken the utmost pains to preserve  
its freshness and beauty, hence are  
not willing to expose it to bad weather.  
They expect to fly it every Sat-  
urday hereafter when the weather per-  
mits, also on Memorial and other  
appropriate days.

"The Village Postoffice" will be in  
the Aisium theatre, Wednesday even-  
ing, May 2.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Miss Ruth Downing.  
Mr. Fred Galpin.  
Harry C. Miller.  
Frank Ward.

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

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

**NORTHVILLE LODGE NO.**  
186, F. & A. M.  
Regular May 14.

**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.  
Installation May 4.

Teddy Watts, who has been ill for  
the past week, is getting better.

M. Brock, who has been very sick,  
is now able to be out again, although  
not yet fully recovered.

The A. O. T. girls class of the Bap-  
tist Sunday school will give a paeo-  
post sale Saturday, April 28.

## OBITUARY—MRS. CATHERINE MOSHIMER.

Catherine Young Moshimer was born  
in Frankfurt, Germany, December 12,  
1849, coming to this country with her  
parents at the age of six years, set-  
tling in Columbia county, N. Y. In  
January, 1867 she was united in mar-  
riage to James Moshimer, who, with  
their three sons and five daughters,  
survive her. The family came to  
Northville 13 years ago. The com-  
munity as a whole extends profound  
sympathy to the family in their loss of  
a loving wife and mother. Mrs.  
Moshimer had been a member of the  
Dutch Reformed church all her life.  
She passed to her reward Tuesday  
April 24, after an illness of several  
weeks. Funeral services, conducted  
by Rev. F. A. Brass are to be held in  
the home this (Friday) afternoon.

## ORPHEUM THEATRE, DETROIT.

"Wanted, A Wife," a merry musical  
comedy with 15 persons in the cast  
will headline the vaudeville bill at  
the Orpheum theatre, to start next  
Monday afternoon. "A Shop Girl's  
Romance," comes to a climax with a  
travesty on Charles Dickens' Oliver  
Twist. Other acts will follow on the  
vaudeville bill, shows starting daily at  
3, 6:30 and 9 p. m. The chief picture  
attraction will be "Heart's Desire,"  
starring Marie Dorg, and showing at  
2, 5 and 8 p. m., following immedi-  
ately after the last episode of the Mrs.  
Vernon Castle serial, "Patria," which  
holds the screen at 1:30, 4:30, 7:30  
and 10:30 p. m.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE, DETROIT.

Marguerite Clark will come to the  
screen of the Majestic theatre next  
Sunday afternoon to remain for the  
week in her latest film, "The Valen-  
tine Girl." To the impersonation of  
a wistful, quaint little figure of a  
gambler's daughter, neglected by her  
father, she lends her winsome person-  
ality with particular success. She is  
more than faithful in her childlike  
impersonations, but she does not lack  
charm when the story later shows her  
as a "grown up young lady." The  
added feature of the week will be  
"Max in a Taxi" the newest of Max  
Linder comedies. Henry Santrey will  
sing and the symphony orchestra will  
have its usual week-day pre-matinee  
concerts. There will also be travel  
and educational features.

**Cautious Dependence.**  
"Do you depend on the wisdom of  
the plain people?" "I do," replied Sen-  
ator Sorghum; "if their wisdom is at-  
tained through courses of instruction  
which I supervise."

## BLACKS AND WHITES AT YPSI- LANTI.

William D. Hatch, proprietor of  
Hatch Herd of registered Holstein-  
Friesian cattle, of Ypsilanti, Michigan,  
whose auction advertisement occurs  
elsewhere in this issue, has been  
breeding a choice line of the Blacks  
and Whites for the past ten years.  
He says this is the best line of offer-  
ings he has ever put into any sale and  
he hopes they may be purchased and  
further developed in southern Michi-  
gan.

Mr. Hatch was a member of the  
American Commission representing  
the state of Michigan which studied  
cooperative agriculture in thirteen  
European countries a year before the  
war broke out. The studies took him  
thru Holland where this breed of cat-  
tle has been practically the exclusive  
breed for a thousand years. He has  
tried to follow the original type in  
breeding Hatch Herd and not follow  
the fancies of fadists. This sale  
promises to be largely attended.  
As Mr. Hatch well puts it: "This  
is the time to 'beef' scrub bulls and  
cow 'boarders' and substitute some-  
thing profitable. The war demands  
for food is certain to make dairy  
products in much greater demand."

## Satisfactory Service

In the interests of our customers has been our  
aim from the day we opened for business, April  
15, 1907, to the present time.

We believe that our growth offers the best  
proof that we have rendered such service and it  
is our desire to be of still greater service to our  
old customers and any new ones opening ac-  
counts with this bank.

Your banking needs will be given our careful  
attention.

**LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK**  
Northville, Michigan.

## OFFICERS.

F. S. Harmon, President.  
R. Christensen, Vice-President.  
F. S. Neal, Vice-President.  
E. H. Lapham, Cashier.  
Ernest Miller, Asst. Cashier.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

F. S. Harmon, R. Christensen,  
F. E. Bradley, Frank S. Neal,  
M. N. Johnson, F. C. Terrill,  
E. H. Lapham.

Interest on Savings Deposits For the Full Time.

## REXALL MUCU-TONE

If You Have Catarrh

Use Rexall Mucu-tone, a commonsense internal treatment.

It helps to expel the catarrhal poison, restore the mucous  
cells to good health, tone up the whole body, allay inflammation,  
remove congestion and stimulate the system to healthy activity.

How can you expect permanent relief from catarrh by the  
use of a local treatment only?

Use an internal treatment to get after the parasites that  
cause the disease, and cleanse them from the system.

To help allay inflammation and irritation of the nasal pas-  
sages while taking Rexall Mucu-tone, use Rexall Catarrh Jelly.

Come to our store and get a bottle of Mucu-tone and a tube  
of Rexall Catarrh Jelly. If, after giving it a fair trial, you are  
not satisfied, simply tell us and we will hand back your money  
without question.

Rexall Mucu-tone, 50c and \$1.00.  
Rexall Catarrh Jelly, 25 cents.

**STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



## Now On Display

Our complete spring stock of  
men's, women's and chil-  
dren's shoes with Neolin soles  
is now on display.

Neolin wears twice as long as  
leather. It is waterproof, light,  
and more flexible than leather.  
It is noise-proof, slip-proof and  
stub-proof.

Neolin is not rubber and not  
leather, but a new substance  
discovered in the Goodyear  
laboratory.

If you want Neolin comfort and  
wear you can get it from us  
without any increased cost.

**CARRINGTON & SON,**  
Northville, Mich.



# WEB OF STEEL

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY FATHER AND SON

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

## YOUNG MEADE MAKES A DISCOVERY WHICH TERRIFIES HIM AND HE TRIES TO SAVE MANY LIVES

The Martlet Construction company is putting up 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 construction company, and they will marry as soon as the bridge is complete. The young engineer questioned his father's judgment on the strength of certain important girders, but was laughed at. His doubts are verified, however, and he makes desperate efforts to stop construction, fearing great loss of life.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

But Meade was out of the house. It was summer and the sun had set, but the long twilight of the high latitude still lingered. Before him rose the gigantic structure of the bridge. For all its airiness it looked as substantial as the Rock of Gibraltar, and it looked even more substantial if possible, as the man, seizing a lantern and, forgetting his weakness, ran down beneath the overhanging steel to the pier-head, climbed up to the shoe, and crawled out on the lower chord as rapidly as he could.

Meade needed but one glance to see the deflection from the right line. In the important member. For all his years of inexperience he was a better trained engineer than rough-and-ready Abbott. What appeared to the latter as a slight deflection, Meade saw in its true relation. There was a variation in the center of the member of an inch and a half at least, although unnoticeable to an untrained eye. It had all come in the last week. They had extended the suspended span far out beyond the edge of the cantilever and, with the heavy traveler at the end, the downward pressure on the great lower chord members had greatly increased.

It was a terribly heavy bridge at best. It had to be to sustain so long a span, the longest in the world. And the load, continuous and increasing, had brought about this, to the layman trifling, to the engineer mighty, bend. If it bent that way under that much of a load, what would it do when the whole great span was completed and it had to carry its transitory loads of traffic beside?

When two different views meet it is natural that age, experience, reputation and authority shall carry the day. Although Bertram Meade, Jr., had never been persuaded in all particulars of the soundness of his father's design, and could not be persuaded, that vast experience, that great reputation, that undoubted ability with its long record of brilliant achievement had at last silenced him. He had accepted through loyalty that which he could not accept in argument. Once accepted, he acted accordingly, heartily seconding and carrying out the wishes of the older and, as the world would say, the able man.

The thing that smote the engineer hardest was that this weakness was exactly what he had foreseen and pointed out. It was the possibility of the inability of this great member to carry the stress that young Meade had deduced by using the formula of Schmidt-Chernitz. It was this point, and this point particularly, that he had dwelt upon with his father and which they had argued to a finish. So strongly had he been impressed with the possible structural weakness of this member that he had put himself on record in writing to his father. The old man had overborne him and now the little curve, one and a half to one and three-quarter inches in sixty feet, established the accuracy of his unheeded contention. Vainly now he wished he had not let the old habit of affection and the little touch of awe with which he regarded his father persuade him against his reason.

He stopped, feeling suddenly ill, as a very nervous high-strung man may feel under the sudden and unexpected physical shock. He was weak still from the tonsillitis. He leaned against the diagonal at the end of C-10-R, clinging to it tightly to keep from falling. Abbott, who had followed more slowly, stopped by him, somewhat surprised, somewhat amused, more indignant than both.

"Abbott," said Meade fiercely as the erecting engineer joined him on the pierhead, "if you put another pound of load on that cantilever I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"What do you mean?"

"That deflection is nearly two inches deep now and every ounce or pound of added weight you put upon it will make it greater. Its limit will be reached mighty soon. If it collapses—" he threw up his hands—"the whole thing will go."

"Yes, if it collapses, that's true," said Abbott, "but it won't."

"You're mad," said Meade, taking unfortunately the wrong course with the older man.

"Why, boy," said Abbott, "that bridge will stand as long as creation. Look at it. That buckle doesn't amount to anything. It is only in one truss any-

way. The corresponding member in the other truss is perfectly straight."

"Abbott, for God's sake, hear me," pleaded Meade in desperation. "Draw back the traveler and put no more men on the bridge. Stop work until we can get word to—"

"Don't talk to me, boy. I know my business. I tell you I can jack it back. That member's big enough and strong enough to hold up the world."

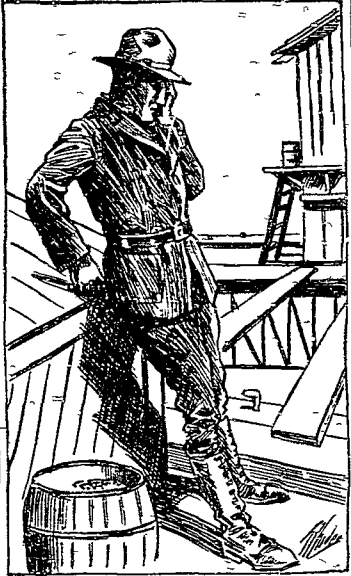
"What are you going to jack against?" Meade asked, and for the first time a little of Abbott's contempt appeared in the younger man's voice.

Abbott reflected that there was nothing firm enough to serve as a support for jacks and said rather grudgingly, for it seemed like a concession to the younger and junior engineer:

"Well, I can hook on to the opposite truss and pull it back with turn buckles."

"That will damage the other truss too much, Abbott," Meade retorted promptly. "It isn't possible."

"Then I'll think up some other scheme," returned Abbott indifferently, as if humoring the other. "We can't wait, we've got to hurry it along."



He Stopped, Feeling Suddenly Ill.

There's going to be no penalty against us on account of me. I won't stop work a minute," he explained patronizingly.

"There will be a bigger penalty if you don't do what I say, and paid in another way, in blood. And it will be your fault."

Now both men were angry and in their passion they confronted each other more resolute and fiercer than ever.

"Look here," said Abbott, his fiery temper suddenly breaking from his control, "who are you anyway? You're only a kid engineer. Your father approved of the plan of this bridge. I guess we can afford to bank on his reputation rather than yours."

"Well, he doesn't know of this."

"Nobody is on the bridge now, and nobody is going to be on there until tomorrow morning. Wire him if you like. He'll wire Illingworth down at Martlet and we'll get word what to do."

"You won't put any men at work on the bridge until—"

"Not until tomorrow morning," said Abbott decisively, "if I don't hear from somebody at Martlet tomorrow morning the work goes on."

"But if my father wires you—"

"I take orders from the Martlet company and no one else," was the short answer with which Abbott turned away in finality, so that the other realized the interview was over.

Meade wasted no more pleas on Abbott. As ill luck would have it something had happened to the telephone and telegraph wires between the city and the camp. Meade dressed himself, got a handcar, and was hurried to the nearest town on the railroad's main line. From there he sent a telegram and tried to get connection with New York by telephone, but failed. Moved by a natural impulse, in default of other means of communication, he jumped on the midnight train for New York. He would go himself in person and attend to the grave affair. Nothing whatever could be so important.

There had been some friction between Abbott and Meade before on occasions, not serious, but several times Meade had ventured to suggest some-

thing which to Abbott seemed useless and unnecessary, and the fact that subsequent events had more often than not proved Meade's suggestions to be worth while, had not put Abbott in altogether the best mood toward his young colleague. Abbott never forgot that Meade had really no official connection with the building of the bridge, and that he was only there as a special representative of his father, and although he could not help liking the younger man, Abbott would have been better pleased if he had been left alone.

Meade had not gone about it in the right way to move a man of Abbott's temperament. He realized that as he lay awake on the sleeper speeding to New York, Abbott was a man who could not be driven. He was a tremendous driver himself and naturally he could not take his own medicine. If Meade had received the announcement more quietly and if he had by some subtle suggestion put the idea of danger into Abbott's mind all would have been well, for when he was not blinded by prejudice, or his authority or his ability questioned, Abbott was a sensible man thoroughly to be depended upon. But the news had come to Meade with such suddenness, Abbott had only casually mentioned it at the close of a lengthy conversation regarding the progress of the work as if it were a matter of no special moment, that the sudden shock had thrown Meade off his balance.

Therefore, he could see nothing but danger and the necessity for action. How he should handle his superior, or rather the bridge's superior, was the last thing in his mind. Aside from his natural pride in his father and in the bridge and his fear that lives would be lost if it failed, unless he could get the men withdrawn, there was the complication of his engagement to Helen Illingworth.

Meade could not close his eyes, he could not sleep a moment on the train. His mind was in a turmoil. Prayers that he would get to his father and the bridge people in time to stop work and prevent loss of life, schemes for taking up the deflection, strengthening the member, and completing the bridge, and fears that he would lose the woman, stayed with him through the night.

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Death Message.

Meade, Sr., was an old man. Although unlike Moses his eye was dim and his natural force abated, the evidences of power were still apparent, especially to the observant. There rose the broad brow of the thinker. His power of intense concentration was expressed outwardly by a directness of gaze from the old eyes which, though faded, could flash on occasion. Other facial characteristics of that snow-crowned, leonine head, which bespoke that imaginative power without which a great engineer could not be in spite of all his scientific exactitudes, had not been cut out of his countenance by the pruning knife of time.

He was a great engineer and looked it, sitting alone in his office with the telegram crushed in his trembling hand, despite the fact that his gray face was the very picture of unwonted weakness, of impotency, and abiding horror. The message had struck him a terrific blow. He had reeled under it and had sunk down in the chair in a state of nervous collapse.

The telegram fairly burned the clammy palm of his hand. He would fain have dropped it yet he could not. Slowly he opened it once more. Ordinarily, powerful glasses stimulated his vision. He needed nothing to read it again. It is doubtful whether his eyes saw it or not and there was not need, for the message was burned into his brain.

He read again the mysterious words:

"One and three-quarter-inch camber in C-10-R."

There could be no mistake. The name that was signed to it was the name of his son, the young engineer, the child of his father's old age. The boy, as the old man thought of him, had ventured to dispute his father's figures, to question his father's design, but the elder man had overborne him with his vast experience, his great authority, his extensive learning, his high reputation. And now the boy was right. Strange to say some little thrill of pride came to the old engineer at that moment.

He tried to find out from the telegram when it had been sent. That day was a holiday—the birthday of one of the worthies of the republic—in some of the United States, New York and Pennsylvania among them, and only by chance had he come down to the office that morning. The wire was dated the night before. And he recalled that the state from which the bridge ran did not observe that day as a holiday. They would be working on the International as usual unless—

One and three-quarter inches of deflection! No bridge that was ever made could stand with a bend like that in the principal member of its compression chord, much less so vast a structure as that which was to span the

greatest of rivers and to bring nation into touch with nation. He ought to do something, but what was there to do? Presently, doubtless, his mind would clear. But on the instant all he could think of was the impending ruin.

The uplift building, in which he had his offices, was mainly deserted on account of the holiday. The banks were closed and the offices and most of the shops and stores. It was very still in the hall and, therefore, he heard distinctly the door of the single elevator in service open with an unusual crash, then the sound of rapid footsteps along the corridor as of someone running. They stopped before the outer door of the suite which bore his name. Instantly he suspected a messenger of disaster. The door was opened, the office was crossed, a hand was on the inner door. He sank back almost as one dead waiting the shock, the blow.

"Father," exclaimed the newcomer.

"You got my telegram?"

"The other silently exhibited the crumpled paper in his hand."

"What have you done?"

"It's a holiday, don't you know? I only got it a few moments ago. The bridge?"

"Still stands."

"But for how long?"

"I can't say. The Martlet's resident engineer is mad. I begged, threatened, implored. I tried to get him to stop work, to take the men off the bridge, to withdraw the traveler, but he won't do it. Said you designed it, you knew. I was only a cub."

"But the camber?"

"He said, 'I'll jack it into line again.' Like every other engineer who sees a big thing before him it looks to him as if it would last forever. I tried to get you on the telephone here and at the house last night and failed. I wired you. Then I jumped on the midnight express and—"

"What is to be done?" asked the old man.

Meade, Sr., was thankful that the younger man had not said, "I told you so," as well he might. But really his father's condition was so pitiful that the son had not the heart.

"Telegraph the Martlet Bridge company at once," he answered.

"What shall we say?" asked the old man, uncertainly.

The young man shot a quick look at him, that question evidenced the violence of the shock. His father was old, broken, helpless, dependent, at last.

"Give me the blank," he answered, "I'll wire in your name."

He repeated the telegram that he had sent to his father and added these words as he signed the old man's name to it:

"Put no more load on the bridge. Withdraw men and traveler."

"I can't understand why we don't hear," said the young engineer two hours later, walking up and down the room in his agitation. "Two telegrams and now we can't get a telephone connection, or at least any answer after our repeated calls."

"It's a holiday there as well as here," said the old man. "There is no one in the office at Martlet."

"I'll try the telephone again. Someone may come in at any time."

He sat down at the desk, and after five minutes of feverish and excited waiting he finally did get the office of the Martlet Bridge company. By a happy fortune it appeared that someone happened to come into the office just at that moment.

"This is Meade," began the young man, "the consulting engineer of the International bridge. Well, at ten-



All He Could Think of Was the Impending Ruin.

thirty this morning I sent a telegram to Colonel Illingworth and an hour later I sent another. What's that? Both telegrams are on the desk? Give me your name—Johnson—you're one of the clerks there? Well, telephone Colonel Illingworth at his home—what! He isn't at home? Is the vice president there—the superintendent—

anybody? How far away are they? Twenty miles! There's no telephone! Now, listen, Johnson, this is what you must do. Get a car, the strongest and fastest you can rent and the boldest chauffeur, and a couple of men on horses too, and send up to that place wherever they are, and tell Colonel Illingworth that he must telephone me and come to his office at once. There are telegrams there that mean life or death and the safety of the bridge. You understand? Good. He says he'll do it, father. We've done all we can," he added. He hung up the receiver, sprang to his feet, looked at his watch. "It's so important that I'll go down there myself. I can catch the two o'clock train, and that will get me there in two hours. You stay quietly here in the office and wait until I get in touch with those people. I mean, I want to know where I can reach you instantly."

"Till stay right here, my boy. Go, and God bless you."

As usual when in a great hurry there were unexpected delays and the clock on the tower above the big structural shop was striking five when a rickety station wagon, drawn by an exhausted horse, which had been driven unsparingly, drew up before the office door. Flinging the money at the driver, Meade sprang down from his seat and dashed up the steps. He threw open the door and confronted Johnson.

"Did you get him?" he cried.

"He isn't here yet. I sent an automobile and two men on horseback and—"

The next minute the faint note of an automobile horn sounded far down the valley.

"Hopho to God that is he," cried the young engineer, running to the window.

"That's the car I sent," said Johnson, peering over his shoulder. "And there are people in it. It's coming this way."

"Johnson," said Meade, "you have acted well in this crisis and I will see that the Bridge company remembers it."

"Would you mind telling me what the matter is, Mr. Meade?"

"Matter! The International—"

"Bert," exclaimed a joyous voice, as Helen Illingworth, smiling in delighted surprise, stepped through the open door and stood expectant with outstretched hands.

Young Johnson was as discreet as he was prompt and ready. He walked to the window out of which he stared, with his back ostentatiously turned toward them. After a quick glance at the other man, Meade swept the girl to his heart and held her there a moment. He did not kiss her before he released her. The woman's passionate look at him was caress enough and his own adoring glance fairly enveloped her with emotion. Johnson coughed and turned as the two separated. It was the woman who recovered her poise quicker.

"What were you saying about our bridge when I came into the room?" she began, and Meade fully understood the slight but unmistakable emphasis in the pronoun—our bridge, indeed—"I was lying down this afternoon, but when I awakened my maid told me about your urgent calls, for father," she ran on, realizing that some trouble portended and seeking to help her lover by giving him time. "I knew something must be wrong, so I came here. I didn't expect to see you. Oh, what is it?" she broke off, suddenly realizing from the mental strain in her lover's face, which the sudden sight of her had caused him to conceal for a moment, that something terribly serious had happened, and she turned a little pale herself as she asked the question, not dreaming what the answer would be.

"Helen," said the young man, stepping toward her and taking her hands again, "we're in awful trouble."

"If it is any trouble I can share, Bert," said the girl, flashing at him a look which set his pulses bounding—at least she was to be depended on—"you know you can count on me."

"I know I can," he exclaimed gratefully.

"Now tell me."

"The International bridge is about to fail."

The color came to her face again. Was that all? came into her mind. That was serious enough, of course, but it would not matter in the long run. Helen realized the awful gravity, the terrible seriousness, of the situation of course. The bridge meant much to her even if in quite a different way. It was there he had saved her from the awful fall. It was there that he had told her that he loved her. The bridge might fail, but it was as eternal as her affection in her memory. Their engagement, or their marriage, had been made dependent upon the successful completion of the bridge. What of that? The proviso meant nothing to her when she looked at the white-faced agonized man to whom she had given herself.

"It is terrible, of course," she said quietly. "But you can do nothing?"

"If I could, do you think I'd let the bridge, and you, go without—"

"I'm not going with the bridge," was her quick and decisive interruption.

They had both forgotten the presence of young Johnson, who was not only decidedly uncomfortable, but desperately anxious. He was about to speak when, into this already broken scene, came another interruption.

There was a rush of wheels on the driveway outside, the roar of a motor. Before Meade could answer the statement, into the room burst Colonel Illingworth. He was covered with dust, his face was white, his eyes filled with anxiety. The character of the summons had disquieted him beyond measure. Back of him came Severance, the

vice president, and Curtiss, the chief engineer.

"Meade, what of the bridge?" he burst out, with a quick nod to his daughter. Colonel Illingworth had not stopped to hunt for a wayside telephone. The automobile driven madly, recklessly through the hills and over the rough roads, had brought him directly to the office in the shortest possible time.

"There is a deflection one inch and three-quarters deep in one of the compression members, C-10-R," was the prompt and terrible answer.

Colonel Illingworth had not been president of the Martlet Bridge company for so long without learning something of practical construction. He was easily enough of an engineer to realize instantly what that statement meant.

"When did you discover it?" he snapped out.

"Last night."

"Is the bridge gone?"

"Not yet."

"Why didn't you let us know?"

"I telegraphed father and, not hear-

ing from him, I came down on the mid-



Into the Room Burst Colonel Illingworth.

night train. It is a holiday in New York as well as here. I just happened to meet father in the office. He sent a telegram to you and not hearing from you, duplicated it an hour later. I tried half a dozen times to get you on the telephone and finally, by a happy chance, got hold of young Johnson."

"Where are your father's telegrams?"

"Here."

Colonel Illingworth tore the first open with trembling fingers.

"Why didn't you tell Abbott?" asked the chief engineer.

"You know Abbott. He said the bridge would stand until the world

caved in. Said he could jack the member into line. He wouldn't do a thing except on direct orders from here."

"Your father wires, 'put no more weight on the bridge.' What shall we do?" interposed Colonel Illingworth.

"Telegraph Abbott at once."

"If the bridge goes it means ruin to the company," said the agitated vice president, who was the financial member of the firm and who could easily be pardoned for a natural exaggeration under the terrible circumstances.

"Yes, but if it goes with the men on, it means—Johnson, are you a telegraph operator?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take the key," said the colonel, who, having been a soldier, thought first of the men.

Johnson sat down at the table where the direct wire ran from the bridge company to the telegraph office. He reached his hand out and laid his fingers on the key. Before he could give the faintest pressure to the instrument, it suddenly clicked of its own motion. Everybody in the room stood silent.

"It is a message from Wilchings, the chief of construction foreman of," Johnson paused a moment, listening to the rapid click—"the International," he said in an awestruck whisper.

It had come!

"Read it, man! Read it, for God's sake!" cried the chief engineer.

"The bridge is in the river," faltered Johnson slowly, word by word, translating the fearful message on the wire. "Abbott and one hundred and fifty men with it."

What happens after the crash is told in the next installment. What happens to the Meades and Illingworths, and the vast trouble stirred up, makes thrilling chapters.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beware the Loaded Gun.

The man who returns from hunting and sets his loaded gun in the corner or hangs it on the wall is, in reality, setting a death-trap. Yet it is surprising how often this is done. The gun we "didn't know was loaded," is an old, old story, says Farmer's Guide. You cannot be too cautious. The loaded gun you may keep on the wall to shoot crows with when they get in the corn is liable to cause you more loss than a million crows can. It takes only a second to put a cartridge in a gun when the time is at hand. It takes no longer to take it out.

Blossom Remains.

Bacon—"Crimsonbeak says his wife keeps his nose to the grindstone." Egbert—"Well, it doesn't seem to wear the red off of it."



# Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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## DE SPAIN GOES TO MORGAN GAP AND TAKES A BAD MAN BUT HE HAS AN ENCOUNTER WITH NAN

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky Mountain mining country, is infested with stage coach robbers, cattle rustlers and gunmen. The worst of these belong to the Morgan gang, whose hangout 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 mares 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. Soon the trouble starts, when Sassoon of the gang cuts the throat of a coach driver, De Spain, Lefever and Scott, an Indian, start to Morgan Gap at night to arrest Sassoon.

### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Scott was the first to reach the trees. The little grove spreads across a slope half a mile wide between the base of one towering cliff, still bearing its Spanish name, El Capitan, and the gorge of the Purgatoire. To the east of this point the trails to Calabasas and to Sleepy Cat divide, and here Scott and Lefever received De Spain, who had ridden slowly and followed Scott's injunctions to keep the red star to the right of El Capitan all the way across the sinks.

Securing their horses, the three stretched out on the open ground to



Scott Was the First to Reach the Trees.

wait for daylight. De Spain meditated first on how he should capture Sassoon at daybreak, and then on Nan Morgan and her mountain home into which he was about to break to drag out a criminal. Sassoon and his malice soon drifted out of his mind, but Nan remained. Her form outlined in the mists that rose from the hidden creek seemed to hover somewhere near until Scott's hand laid on the dreamer's shoulder drove it suddenly away. Day was at hand.

De Spain got up and shook off the chilliness and drowsiness of the night. It had been agreed that he, being less known in the gap than either of his companions, could best attempt the difficult capture. Bob Scott, who knew the recess well, repeated his explicit directions as to how De Spain was to reach Sassoon's shack. He repeated his description of its interior, told him where the bed stood, and even where Sassoon ordinarily kept his knife and his revolver.

De Spain gave his horse his head. It was still too dark to distinguish the path—and advanced at a snail's pace until he passed the base of El Capitan, when of a sudden, as he rode out from among high projecting rocks full into the opening, faint rays of light from the eastern dawn revealed the narrow, strangely inclosed and perfectly hidden valley before him.

De Spain caught his breath. No description he had ever heard of the nook that screened the Morgans from the outside world had prepared him for what he saw. From side to side between the frowning cliffs which rose, at points, half a mile into the sky, it was several miles, and the gap was more than as much in depth, as it ran back to a mere wedge between unnamed Superstition peaks.

Every moment that he pushed ahead warned him that daylight would come suddenly and his time to act would be short. The trail he followed broadened into a road, and a turn brought him up startled and almost face to face with a long, rambling, ranch-house. The gable end of the two-story portion of the building was so close to him that he instantly reined up to seek hiding from its upper and lower windows.

From Scott's accurate description he knew the place. This was Duke Morgan's ranch-house, set as a fortress almost at the mouth of the gap. To pass it unobserved was to compass the most

ticklish part of his mission, and without changing his slow pace he rode on. No bullet challenged him and no sound came from the silent house. He cantered away, from the peril, thinking with a kind of awe of Nan, asleep so close, under that roof—confident, too, he had not been seen—though, in matter of fact, he had been.

Other cabins back toward the north wall could be seen dimly to his right, but all were well removed from his way. In due time, as Scott had advised, he saw confronting him, not far ahead, a small, ruinous-looking cabin shack. Dismounting before this, he threw his lines, shook himself a little, and walked up to the cabin door. It was open.

De Spain called gruffly to the cabin inmate. There was no answer. He hitched his trouser band near to the butt of his revolver with his right hand, and laid his left on the jamb of the door, his eyes meantime boring the darkness to the left, where Sassoon's bed should be. The utmost scrutiny failed to disclose any sign of it or any sound of breathing from that corner. He took a few steps toward where the man should be asleep, and perceived beyond a doubt that there was no bed in the corner at all. He turned toward the other corner, his hand covering the butt of his gun. "Hello, Shike!" he called out in a slightly strained tone of camaraderie, addressing Sassoon by a common nickname. Then he listened. A trumpeting snore answered. No sound was ever sweeter to De Spain's ear. The rude noise cleared the air and steadied the intruder as if Music Mountain itself had been lifted off his nerves.

He tried again: "Where are you, Shike?" he growled. "What's this stuff on the floor?" he continued, shuffling his way ostentatiously to the other side of the room. He felt his way toward the inner door. This was where he expected to find it, and it was closed. He laid a hand gingerly on the latch. "Where are you, Shike?" he demanded again, this time with an impatient expletive summoned for the occasion. A second fearful snore answered him. De Spain, relieved, almost laughed as he pushed the door open, though not sure whether a curse or a shot would greet him. He got neither. And a welcome surprise in the dim light came through a stuffy pane of glass at one end of the room. It revealed at the other end a man stretched asleep on a wall-bunk—a man that would, in all likelihood, have heard the stealthiest sound had any effort been made to conceal it, but to whose ears the rough voices of a mountain cabin are mere sleeping potions.

The sleeper woke to feel a hand laid lightly on his shoulder. The instinct of self-preservation acted like a flash. His eyes opened and his hands struck out like cat's paws to the right and left: no knife and no revolver met them. Instead, in the semidarkness a strange face bent over him. His fists shot out together, only to be caught in a vise that broke his arms in two at the elbows, and forced them back against his throat. A knee, like an anvil, pushed inexorably into his stomach and heart and lungs. Another lay across his right arm, and his struggling left arm he could not, though his eyes burst with the strain from their sockets, release from where, eaglelike claws gripped at his throat and shut off his breath. He lay still.

"Are you awake, Shike?" Sassoon heard from the gloom above him. But he could not place the voice. "You seem to move around a good deal in your sleep. If you're awake, keep still. I've come from Sleepy Cat to get you. Don't mind looking for your gun and knife. Two men are with me. You can have your choice. We've got a horse for you. You can ride away from us here inside the gap, and take what hits you in the back, or you can go to Sleepy Cat with us and stand your trial. I'll read your warrant when this sun gets a little higher. Get up and choose quick."

Sassoon could not see who had subdued him, nor did he take long to decide what to do. With less trouble than he expected, the captor got his man silently on horseback, and gave him very plain directions as to what to do. Sassoon, neither bound nor led, was told to ride his horse

down the gap closely ahead of De Spain and neither to speak nor turn his head no matter what happened right or left.

In the growing light the two men trotted smartly a mile down the trail without encountering a sign of life. When they approached the Morgan ranch-house De Spain rode close to his prisoner, told him what would happen if he made a noise, and even held him back in his pace as they trotted together past the gap stronghold. When they left the house behind and the turn in the road put them out of range of its windows, he closed up the distance between himself and Sassoon, riding close in to his side, and looked back for a fraction of a second. When he looked ahead again he saw confronting him, not a hundred yards away, a motionless horseman.

### CHAPTER V.

#### Heels for It.

With a sudden, low command to Sassoon to check his horse, De Spain pressed the muzzle of his gun to his prisoner's side. "You've got one chance yet, Shike, to ride out of here alive," he said composedly. "You know I am a fustler—cousin of John Rebstock's. My name is 'French'; I belong in Williams cache. I rode in last night from Thief River, and you are riding out with me to start me on to the Sleepy Cat trail. If you can remember that much—"

De Spain stopped half-way through his sentence. The figure revealed in the half-light puzzled him at first. Then it confused and startled him. He saw it was not a man at all, but a woman—and a woman than whom he would rather have seen six men. It was Nan Morgan.

With her head never more decisively set under her mannish hat, her waist never more attractively outlined in slenderness, she silently faced De Spain in the morning gray. His face reflected his chagrined perplexity. He could already see Nan's eyes. They were bent keenly first on him, then on his companion, and again on him. De Spain kept his face down as much as he dared, and his hat had been pulled well over from the beginning.

They were now almost abreast. The very instinctive knowledge that her eyes were bent on his made him steal a glance at her in spite of himself. The next instant he was shamefacedly touching his hat. Though nothing was lost on her, Nan professed not to see the greeting. When she spoke her tone was dry with suspicion.

"Wait a moment, Sassoon. Where are you going?" she demanded. Sassoon hitched with one hand at his trousers band. He inclined his head sulkily toward his companion. "Starting a man or the trail for Sleepy Cat?" "Stop," she exclaimed sharply, for De Spain, pushing his own horse ahead, had managed without being observed, to kick Sassoon's horse in the flank and the two were passing. Sassoon at



He Saw It Was Not a Man at All, but a Woman.

the resolute summons stopped. De Spain could do no less; both men, halting, faced their suspicious inquisitor. She scrutinized De Spain keenly. "What is this man doing in the gap?" "He came up from Thief River last night," answered Sassoon monotonously.

"What is he doing here with you?" persisted Nan. "He's a cousin of John Rebstock's from Williams Cache," continued Sassoon. The yarn would have sounded decently well in the circumstances for which it was intended, but in the searching gaze of the eyes now confronting and clearly recognizing him, it sounded so grotesque that De Spain would fully as lief have been sitting between his horse's legs as astride his back.

"That's not true, Sassoon," said his

relentless questioner. Her tone and the expression of her face boded no friendliness for either of the two she had intercepted.

De Spain had recovered his wits. "You're right," he interposed without an instant's hesitation. "It isn't true. But that's not his fault; he is under arrest, and is telling you what I told him to tell you. I came in here this morning to take Sassoon to Sleepy Cat. He is a prisoner, wanted for cutting up one of our stage-guards."

Nan, coldly skeptical, eyed De Spain. "And do you try to tell me," she pointed to Sassoon's unbound hands—"that he is riding out of here, a free man, to go to jail?"

"I do tell you exactly that. He is my prisoner."

"I don't believe either of you," declared Nan scornfully. "You are planning something underhand together."

De Spain laughed coolly. "We've planned that much together, but not, I assure you, with his consent."

"I don't believe your stories at all," she declared firmly.

De Spain flushed. The irritation and the serious danger bore in on him. "If you don't believe me it's not my fault," he retorted. "I've told you the truth. Ride on, Sassoon."

He spoke angrily, but this in no wise daunted Nan. She wheeled her horse directly in front of them. "Don't you stir, Sassoon," she commanded, "until I call Uncle Duke."

De Spain spurred straight at her; their horses collided, and his knee touched hers in the saddle. "I'm going to take this man out of here," he announced in a tone she never had heard before from a man. "I've no time to talk. Go call your uncle if you like. We must pass."

"You shan't pass a step!" With the quick words of defiance the two glared at each other. De Spain was taken aback. He had expected no more than a war of words—a few screams at the most. Nan's face turned white, but there was no symptom even of a whimper. He noticed her quick breathing, and felt, instinctively, the restrained gesture of her right hand as it started back to her side. The move steadied him. "One question," he said bluntly, "are you armed?"

She lifted even to answer, and met his searching gaze resolutely, but something in his tone and manner wrung a reply. "I can defend myself," she exclaimed angrily.

De Spain raised his right hand from his thigh to the pomel of his saddle. The slight gesture was eloquent of his surrender of the issue of force. "I can't go into a shooting-match with you about this cur. If you call your uncle there will be bloodshed—unless you drop me off my horse right here and now before he appears. All I ask you is this: Is this kind of a cut-throat worth that? If you shoot me, my whole posse from Sleepy Cat is right below us in the aspens. Some of your own people will be killed in a general fight. If you want to shoot me, shoot—you can have the match all to yourself. If you don't, let us go by. And if I've told you one word that isn't true, call me back to this spot any time you like, and I'll come at your call, and answer for it."

His words and his manner confounded her for a moment. She could not at once make an answer, for she could not decide what to say. Then, of a sudden, she was robbed of her chance to answer. From down the trail came a yell like a shot. The clatter of hoofs rang out, and men on horses dashed from the entrance of the gap toward them. De Spain could not make out distinctly, but he knew Lefever's yell, and pointed: "There they are," he exclaimed hurriedly. "There is the whole posse. They are coming!"

A shot, followed closely by a second, rang out from below. "Go," he cried to Nan. "There'll be shooting here that I can't stop!" He slapped Sassoon's pony viciously with his hand, spurred past her himself, and was away. White with consternation and anger, she steadied herself and looked after the fleeing pair. Then whirling in her saddle, she ran her pony back to the ranch-house to give the alarm.

Yelling like half a dozen men, Lefever and Scott, as De Spain and his prisoner dashed toward them, separated, let the pair pass, and spurred in behind to cover the flight and confront any pursuers. None at the moment threatened, but no words were exchanged until the whole party, riding fast, were well past El Capitan and out of the gap. For some unexpressed reason—so strong is the influence of tradition and reputation—no one of the three coveted a close encounter with the Morgans within its walls.

"It's the long heels for it now, boys," cried De Spain. His companions closed up again. "Save your horses," cautioned Scott, between strides. "It's a good way home."

"Make for Calabasas," shouted Lefever.

"No," yelled Scott. "They would stand us a siege at Calabasas. While the trail is open make for the railroad."

A great globe of dazzling gold burst into the east above the distant hills. But the glory of the sunrise called forth no admiration from the three men hurrying a fourth urgently along the Sleepy Cat trail. Between breaths De Spain explained his awkward meeting with Nan, and of the strat he was in when Lefever's strong lungs exhorted him to get away unscathed. But for a gunman a narrow squeak is as good as a wide one, and no one found fault with the situation. They had the advantage—the only question was whether they could hold it. And while they continued to cast anxious glances be-

hind, Scott's Indian eyes first perceived signs on the horizon that marked their pursuit.

"No matter," declared Lefever. "This is a little fast for a fat man, anyway." He was not averse, either, to the prospect of a long-range exchange with the fighting mountaineers. All drew rein a little. "Suppose I cover the rear till we see what this is," suggested Lefever, limbering up as the other two looked back. "Push ahead with Sassoon. These fellows won't follow far."

"Don't be sure about that," muttered Scott. "Duke and Gale have got the best horses in the mountains, and they'd rather fight than eat. There they come now!"

Dashing across a plain they themselves had just crossed, they could see three horsemen in hot chase. The pursued men rode carefully, and, scanning the ground everywhere ahead, felt as-



They Locked Sassoon Up.

sured of their escape. Though their pursuers rode in at times with a show of rushing, the chase was a stern one, and could be checked, whenever necessary. Halting at times to breathe their horses, De Spain with his two companions and their prisoner rode into Sleepy Cat, locked Sassoon up, and went to the Mountain house for breakfast.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### Maintaining a Reputation.

The abduction of Sassoon, which signified De Spain's entry into the stage-line management, created a sensation akin to the exploding of a bomb under the muge. The whole mountain country, which concentrates, sensibly, on but one topic at a time, talked for a week of nothing else.

Experienced men in the high country—men of that class who, wherever found, are old in the ways of the world, and not promptly moved by new or youthful adventure—dismissed the incident after hearing the details, with the comment or the conclusion that there would hardly be for De Spain more than one additional chapter to the story, and that this would be a short one. The most active Morgans—Gale, Duke and the easy-going Satterlee—were indeed wrought to the keenest pitch of revengeful anger. It was an overwhelming insolent invasion, and worst of all, a successful invasion, by one who had nothing but cool impudence, not even a budding reputation to justify his assault on the lifelong prestige of the gap clan.

De Spain himself, somewhat surprised at the storm he had kicked up, heeded the counsel of Scott, and while the acute stage of the resentment raged along the trail he ran down for a few days to Medicine Bend to buy horses. Both Gale and Duke Morgan proclaimed, in certain public places in Sleepy Cat, their intention of shooting De Spain on sight; and as a climax to all the excitement of the week following his capture, the slippery Sassoon broke jail and, after a brief interval, appeared at large in Calabasas.

This feat of the Morgan satellite made a loud laugh at De Spain's expense. It mitigated somewhat the humiliation of Sassoon's friends, but it in no wise diminished their expressed resolve to punish De Spain's invasion. Lefever, who as the mixer among the stage men, kept close to the drift of public sentiment, decided after De Spain's return to Sleepy Cat that the stage-line authorities had gained nothing by Sassoon's capture.

"We ought to have thought of it before, Henry," he said frankly one night in Jeffries' office. "but we didn't think."

"Meaning just what, John?" demanded De Spain without real interest.

"If De Spain is wise will he shoot on sight any member of the Morgan gang he meets, without waiting to ask questions or see what his opponent is going to do?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### To Remove Warts or Corns.

An excellent preparation is made as follows: Salicylic acid, 20 grains; alcohol, one-eighth ounce; flexible collodion, one ounce. Mix together and apply with camel's-hair brush over hard surface of wart or corn for three nights. Soak in hot water, when a layer of skin will come off. Then repeat as before until wart or corn is removed.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak.  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.  
Lowell

### MORE HONEY DISHES.

Here are a few more ways of using honey in various dishes:

**Honey Jumbles.**—Take two cups of honey, one cup of butter, four beaten eggs, one cup of buttermilk, a quart of flour, and a teaspoonful of soda. If it seems too thin, stir in more flour. Eggs, butter and honey should be thoroughly mixed before adding the flour.

**Coffee Cake.**—Cream a cupful of butter; add one and a half cups of sugar, two beaten eggs, a cupful of cold coffee, a half cupful of honey and a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, four cups of flour, with as many raisins and currants as desired. Let stand 20 minutes before baking.

**Cambridge Gingerbread.**—Melt half a cupful of butter in a half cupful of boiling water; add a cupful of honey, one beaten egg, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a half teaspoonful of cloves and a teaspoonful of ginger and three cups of flour. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

**Cracker-Jack.**—One cupful of honey, with a cupful of brown sugar is boiled together until it hardens when dropped into water. Remove from the heat and stir in a half-teaspoonful of soda. Add puffed rice or popcorn all that can be stirred into it.

**Horseradish and honey** mixed together make a most effective cough remedy. Use one part horseradish and two parts honey.

**Soft Honey Cake.**—Take a cupful of butter, two cups of honey, two eggs, one cupful of sour milk, a teaspoonful and a half of soda, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger and four cups of flour. Mix and beat well and bake in a sheet.

**Honey strained and mixed** with chopped fruit and whipped cream makes a delicious fruit dessert.

A few dishes which may be easily served are poached eggs in creamed asparagus, preceded by a fruit cocktail, brown bread sandwiches, radishes, orange and pineapple salad, cheese straws, coffee or hot chocolate.

Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot supply the absence of good nature—Goldsmith.

### GOOD DISHES.

The soy bean is being extensively grown and is a most profitable field crop to be used in various ways; as yet, it has not been largely used for human consumption, but it is worth trying, as it sells at a much cheaper price than the ordinary table beans.

**Black Bean Soup.**—Soy beans are of different varieties and colors, but all contain a valuable amount of protein and are rich in food values. Soak the beans overnight and parboil them. This may take a little longer than the time required for the navy bean; then put into a kettle with beef or hock bones and simmer gently for four hours, add salt, a whole onion, and pepper. Boil the beans until soft, then put through a sieve, add a little butter and flour creamed together for a binding, and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a hard-cooked egg, finely chopped, and one and a half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

**Baked Beans With Sour Cream.**—Soak three cups of beans overnight and in the morning parboil with a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda. Drain, place in earthen baking dish with salt, pepper and a little olive oil or butter. Turn over the top a cupful of thick sour cream, cover and cook slowly four or five hours. Uncover the last hour and add a half cupful of sugar or less if desired sweetened.

**Whole Wheat Ginger Bread.**—Take a half cupful each of sugar and molasses, a cupful of sour milk, a teaspoonful of shortening, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of ginger and two and a half cups of whole-wheat flour. Mix well and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream as a dessert.

**Kidney Bean Salad.**—Take a can of kidney beans, one-half cupful of celery diced, a cupful or less of nut meats, a shredded green pepper, serve on lettuce with French dressing.

To occupy the guests before the dishes are ready a fruit cocktail or a cup of hot bouillon may be served. Six people are plenty to be served from a chafing dish; if there are two in operation more guests may be supplied.

**Mustard Butter.**—This makes a fine relish to serve with corned beef and cabbage. Mix two tablespoonfuls of butter, softened with a dust of red pepper, a teaspoonful of mustard, the dry variety, and a teaspoonful of the French mustard and half a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar.

Nellie Maxwell



## New Curtains.

Housecleaning time means new Curtains. Once more we hit it right by buying our Serim and Voile Curtains last October. They have just arrived and are the best values we have ever offered at the prices. If we were to purchase them now, they would cost us more than we are selling them out for. \$1.00 to \$5.00 pr Pair. Remember we will be glad to show them to you.

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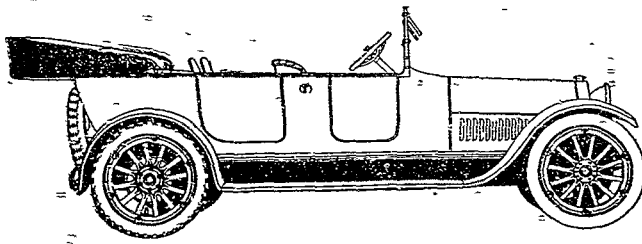
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## VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Pitt Johnson has not been so well this week.

D. B. Neal and Mrs. Ruthven are guests of Mrs. E. A. Roe and family.

Bert E. Richardson of Cleveland, O., called on Northville friends Wednesday evening.

Mark Seeley has been using crutches for a week or so as the result of a sprained ankle.

Mr. and Mrs. Parmenter visited their daughter, Mrs. Arthur at Walled Lake last week.

The King's Daughters will meet with Mrs. M. N. Johnson Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Geyer of Detroit spent the week-end at the home of their aunt, Mrs. Reynolds.

Mrs. Mary E. Rood of Clinton, Mich., was a guest at the Reynolds home from Monday to Thursday of this week.

Mrs. H. Russell Wilber of Detroit is spending a few days with her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Wilber.

Mrs. Adlebert McDermott of Durand spent Sunday and Monday of this week at the home of M. E. Johnson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Neal and Kirke Neal of Detroit and Mrs. E. J. Wallace of Port Austin visited their mother, Mrs. H. Neal, Sunday.

Jess Dixon, formerly an employee at the Fish Hatchery, has been in town as one of the men with the commission's exhibit car this week.

Mrs. Mary Reynolds and Miss Gertrude Reynolds returned last Saturday from a visit of several weeks in Jacksonville and Miami, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Darling and two daughters of Flint motored here Saturday to visit Mr. Darling's brother, Daniel Lafitty and family.

Mrs. B. A. Wheeler did not return home last week from Dayton, O., with Mr. Wheeler, but remained until this week with her daughter, Mrs. Paul.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hempstead returned to their home in Algonac Monday after spending several weeks with the latter's mother, Mrs. Henry Neal.

Miss Violet Cranson of Minneapolis and John Smith of Detroit were visitors in Northville for the week-end. Miss Cranson is a niece of Mrs. Helen Gray, S. E. and J. R. Cranson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Harmon of Greenville returned home last Saturday after spending the week with the former's brother, F. S. Harmon and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blashill and daughter, Margaret, and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Richardson and daughter, Florence, of Ann Arbor visited Fred Wheeler and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dingman of Owosso were visitors at the home of Mrs. Dingman's parents, Horace Green and wife, Sunday and Monday. Mrs. Green accompanied them to their home for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Frances Horton goes to Detroit tomorrow—Saturday—to attend the annual reunion and banquet of the Michigan Mt. Holyoke Alumni Ass'n, of which she is a member. The function is to be held at the College Club and Mrs. Horton will be accompanied by her niece, Mrs. Cass Chase, who will be her guest for the occasion.

Northville Boy Scouts Harold Parmenter, Allen Buckley, George Wilcox, Harold Merrithew, Charles Johnson, Clifford Stillwell, Howard Stark and Gordon Moffatt attended a Scout exhibition and drill given by troop 99 of Detroit, last Friday evening, April 20, at Hudson Avenue Baptist church in that city. That they had a delightful time and learned much goes without saying.

St. John's Episcopal Mission of Plymouth held its annual meeting last Sunday and the financial statement presented by the Warden, A. J. Elliston Torre, proved very satisfactory, showing the affairs of the mission to be in excellent shape. The Plymouth mission is considered by the archdiocese of the denomination to be one of the best in Michigan. The building of a church in Plymouth is under consideration as a probability for the near future.

Effect of Cutting Diamond. In the process of cutting about 60 per cent in weight of the rough stone is lost, and this, added to the cost of cutting and the rarity of these fine gems, partly accounts for the high cost of the finished diamond.

Green Mountain Wisdom. "Don't always feel flattered, young man, when she answers 'Yes,'" advises the Burlington (Vt.) Daily News. "She may just want someone to escort her evenings."



## When the Tigers Play in Detroit.

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

April 27, 28, 29, 30, 27—with St. Louis.  
May 5, (6), 7, 8—with Cleveland.  
May 10, 11, 12, (13)—with Boston.  
May 14, 15, 16, 17—with Washington.  
May 18, 19, (20), 21—with New York.

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

Dr. William T. Jaquess of Detroit will preach Sunday, morning and evening. At the conclusion of the morning service a vote of the congregation will be taken, to decide on Mr. Webster's successor in our pastorate.

Sunday school at the usual hour.

Christian Endeavor meeting at 6 o'clock. All members should be loyally present. Visitors always welcome.

Thursday evening meeting at 7 o'clock. The "faithful few" would be glad to see indications that their good example has had some effect.

The Martha Chapter will meet at the home of Miss Gertrude Reynolds Wednesday evening, May 2. Miss Hazel Bishop will be the assistant hostess. The meeting opens at 7.15.

Miss Jean Currie of Detroit, Presbyterian Secretary for the young people's work, will be the speaker at the Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday evening. This will be an opportunity that none of our young people should miss.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. R. C. Yerkes on Wednesday, May 2, at 2:30 o'clock.

### BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.) The Sunday morning topic will be given from the pulpit.

In the evening we will study religious symptoms. Let's come and get a diagnosis of our case. Some think because they feel a little serious during a thunder storm that they are pious. Don't be deceived. That will all pass off when the sun shines again. Others think because they are easily moved to tears under the magical influence of oratory that they are pious, but a "crocodile" or a woodchuck can shed tears though they are not pious, so these symptoms are not to be depended upon as evidence of piety. Come Sunday evening and find out by scriptural diagnosis if you are really downright pious. We'll use the X-ray system on you, if there is any religion in you at all we'll find it.

Christianity will do for you what nothing else can do. If you have been dishonest, it will make you honest; if you have been mean and profane, it will nauseate you until you throw up your dirt and villainy, and make a good, clean citizen of you. Better try it.

This is not the sermon; only the prelude.

### METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The sermon-topic for the service next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, will be, "How God Speaks to Us." At the evening service at 7 o'clock, the pastor will speak on "Visions and dreams." All not affiliated with other churches will find a cordial welcome to worship with us.

The Sunday school meets at 11:30. Topic for study next Sunday, "Jesus Welcomed as King."

Devotional service of the Epworth League at 6 o'clock. Leader, Mr. James Sessions. These meetings are specially helpful and interesting to all young people.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

### ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

No service in Northville next Sunday. Every body is invited to attend service at the Salem church at 2 o'clock, sun time. Another preparatory sermon for the 400th anniversary of the Reformation will be preached, on the doctrine of justification. A special collection will be taken up at this service for mission purposes.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

## FORMER PRICE means FORMER STLYE!

Why, the "sale" stores themselves humbly say that their "sales" are held for the purpose of clearance to make room for new styles! In other words, they expect you to buy their former-style clothes merely because they want to get rid of them! Why take chances on "bargains" when

## MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

give maximum Style plus extra Value at

\$10.00 \$20.00 \$25.00

## JOHN D. MABLEY

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

# Auction Sale

JOHN E. WEDOW, Auctioneer.

The entire equipment of the J. W. Hatton Shop will be sold at Public Auction, on—

SATURDAY, APRIL 28TH, 1917

at 1:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard time, on the premises (Grand River Avenue), Village of Farmington.

Consisting of—  
Gasoline Engines.  
Sawing and Planing Machines, Tools  
Complete Blacksmith Outfit,  
Plumbing and Piping Tools  
And Many Other Small Tools and Machines.  
Also Buggies, Harness, Spraying Outfits  
All Kinds of Wood Working Tools.  
A Quantity of Lumber and Wagon Stock.  
Some Household Goods, consisting of  
Stoves, Chairs, Tables, Couches, Lamps,  
Carpets, Rugs, Dishes, Beds, etc.

E. O. HATTON,

Harrison Johnson, Clerk. FARMINGTON, MICH.

## UPHOLSTERING

DON'T CONSIGN THAT OLD FURNITURE 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 UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED; ALSO CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

SHOP—ROGERS ST., NORTH.

F. R. WOODWORTH

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

Phone 258-W. NORTHVILLE.

"Yes, Very Dry." "Yes," said Cap Johnson of Itasca, Minn., "it's pretty, pretty dry out my way. It's got so, in fact, that about half of the time I see or four of my smallest children get practically covered in white powder in the road and can't be found until the rain washes them to come to dinner or an automobile comes rapping along and knocks 'em out of the dust."

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate 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. SEAFON, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Judd Furman praying that administration 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 forenoon, 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 Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, in Chancery. No. 5857.

Clarence S. Crawford, plaintiff,

vs.

John Crawford, defendant.

At a session of the said Court, held at the Court house in the city of Detroit, on the 10th 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 defendant, John Crawford, is not a resident of this state but is now a resident 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 entitled 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 Northville Record, a newspaper published and circulating in this state.

GEORGE S. HOSMER, Judge. A true copy. THOS. L. MCGOY, 38-44.

Frank A. Lewis, Attorney, 625 Moffatt Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of principal and interest on a certain mortgage made by George P. Palmer and Adelaide Palmer, his wife, Rudolph H. VanHartsveldt and Behna E. VanHartsveldt, his wife, of the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, to the Redford Lumber Company, a corporation of Redford, Michigan, dated the first day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne county, Michigan, on the 22nd day of October, 1915, in Liber 752, of mortgages, on page 524, and which said mortgage was duly assigned on the 15th day of April, A. D. 1917 by the said mortgagee to Joseph Dallavo, of Wyandotte, Michigan, which said assignment of mortgage was recorded on April 17, 1917, in the records of Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 65 of assignment of mortgages, on page 211, and the same having remained unpaid for a period of more than thirty days after it became due and payable, the said assignee and holder of said mortgage hereby exercises his option given by said mortgage and declares the principal sum of said mortgage, together with all interest unpaid at this date, to be due and payable immediately.

There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest the sum of five hundred sixty-two and 57/100 (\$562 57 1/100) dollars and no proceeding having been taken in law or equity to recover the same of any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and the statutes in such case made and provided, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the southerly entrance on Congress street, to the Wayne County Building, in the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, that being the building where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held, on Monday, the 5th day of August, 1917, at twelve o'clock noon, Eastern standard time, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid, and the costs and expenses of sale, including the attorney's fee allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage; also any sum or sums that shall be paid at or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or insurance to protect his interest in said premises described in said mortgage, which said premises are described as follows:

Lot thirty-one (31) Allan L. Lamphere subdivision, Redford, Wayne county, Michigan, situated in the township of Redford, Wayne county, Michigan.

Dated, April 25, A. D. 1917.

JOSEPH DALLAVO,

Assignee of Mortgage.

Frank A. Lewis, Attorney for assignee.

40-52.

## 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 allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

E. H. LAPHAM, ERNEST MILLER, Commissioners.

39-41.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.