

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII, NO. 41.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY MAY 4, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## Sweaters

We have not reduced the price of our Sweaters; neither have we advanced them. However, Sweaters are bound to be selling before fall at about double what they are now. If you need a Sweater it will be good business on your part to shop now. We have a big assortment of Ladies' and Children's Goods. Understand we will not advance the price on what we own, but have no option on what we will have to buy.

Just in—a Big assortment of Bungalow Aprons, and One-Piece Dresses, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. Lowell Brands.

Silk Skirts—Arrived this week. Some very handsome things. It will pay you to see them, \$6.50 to \$9.00. Wash Skirts also.

New Percales—the Best Grades, 18c yd.

Paste the Stars and Stripes on your window or Windshield, 5c and 10c each.

Nemo Corsets. American Lady Corsets.

## PONSFORD'S

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

## Here's to a Good Appetite in the Morning.

### REXALL DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

are for the relief of faulty digestive organs and stomach distress. They help to strengthen weak stomachs and make digestion easy and pleasant.

REXALL Dyspepsia Tablets contain two of the most beneficial ingredients known to the medical profession for correcting faulty digestion—Pepsin and Bismuth-Subnitrate.

As a gentle laxative, to be used in conjunction with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, we include in each package a supply of Rexall Gastric Tablets.

REXALL Dyspepsia Tablets are put up for your convenience in Three Sizes.

## STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## SPRING BROOK DAIRY

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

Telephone 899 J. G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.

## Notice!

Commencing Monday, May 7, we will change our way of doing business to Strictly Cash and no delivery. The trouble to get help, the extra money required to handle the business, and the fact that the people are asking for a Cash Store, it seems opportune that the people should have a chance to cut the corners as much as possible, and this method will enable them to do so.

If the boys are willing to go to the trenches for our country, the girls ought to be willing to help by taking a basket on their arm and doing the marketing.

If we work together and eliminate the unnecessary service expenses, we can help our country as well as ourselves. The saving will be well worth your while.

## WHEELER & BLACKBURN

Northville, Michigan.

## NORTHVILLE SEWERS WILL COME LATER

AT LAST FRIDAY NIGHT'S MEETING OPINION PREVAILED THAT PRESENT TIME IS INOPPORTUNE.

At the public meeting held in the village hall last Friday evening for discussion of the question of a sewer system for Northville, about forty or fifty of the business men of the town were in attendance. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that just at this time conditions would not warrant the establishment of a system, even though it must be done in the future. The state officials present—Sanitary Engineer Rich of Lansing and Consulting Engineer Hubbell of Detroit—who had been previously shown around town and its environs, expressed very favorable opinions in regard to Northville's natural drainage facilities and gravelly soil, and except on a few minor points, including the old structures on the school grounds, made no criticism as to sanitary conditions, which are so good that, as previously stated, a change is not immediately necessary.

## HAS PURCHASED WAYNE PROPERTY

One of Northville's enterprising real-estate-dealers, Ray H. Baker, has enlarged his field of operations by the recent purchase of seventeen acres of land at Wayne, which is now in process of being platted into lots, 30x150 feet in size. Mr. Baker's subdivision is about 2,700 feet from the new Harroun Motor plant which expects to start business by May 10, and 1,700 feet from the junction of the P. M. and M. C. railways, and will have 60 foot streets and 20 foot alleys. The land is high, dry and unobstructed by brush, etc., and very desirably situated. Mr. Baker is offering the lots at from \$200 to \$300 each, shade trees and sidewalks included, which is a much lower price than is being paid in the other subdivisions there, and on very easy terms of payment. Viewed only in the light of an investment they will be well worth looking after even by those who do not care to build on them, as land in that locality, as in many other places, is constantly and rapidly rising in value.

## ENFORCEMENT OF TRUANCY LAW.

For some time the truancy law has not been strictly enforced in our schools because of the scruples of many parents about sending children into such rooms as were used during the construction of the new building. Now there can be no such scruples and consequently the truancy law will be applied absolutely without favor. Students under 16 who have not completed the 8th grade must be in school regularly three months out of the school year. If sickness is given as an excuse, the truant officer may, if he has doubts concerning the case, require a physician's statement. Labor permits may be granted in certain cases. If parents want further information or wish to talk over special situations, they are welcome to call at the Superintendent's office at any time.

Arrest is our last move, and will be made only when parents attempt deliberately to evade their responsibility to keep their children in school.

O. M. MISENAR, Superintendent

## BUSINESS CHANGES HANDS.

James W. Weitzman of Detroit is the new proprietor of the grocery business which has been conducted for many years by Fred Oldenburg in the Ball building on Center street. Mr. Weitzman is to follow the modern plan of cash trade with delivery, and is using space elsewhere in this issue to announce his opening and his special prices for Saturday.

## MATHESON—HANNA.

Married, at the Methodist parsonage, Monday evening, April 30, Mr. Roy Matheson and Miss Julia Hanna, both of Northville. Best wishes of their friends go with them for a long and happy life.

## CARD OF THANKS.

Having decided to quit the blacksmith business, I wish to thank the public for the generous patronage accorded me during my business career in Northville.

HUGH CLAWSON.

## Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

On May 16, one week from next Wednesday evening, Alseium patrons will be given an unusual treat in the presentation of the sequel to the famous serial, "The Diamond from the Sky." The production is arranged to be shown as a serial in four episodes. The Alseium people, however, will give the entire play in one evening, which is an opportunity too good to miss. Remember the date—May 16.

## CARD OF THANKS.

We sincerely thank our friends and neighbors for kindness and beautiful floral offerings, those who furnished cars, the Ladies' aid, also our auntie, Mrs. Fred Salow, for sympathy during the sad departure of our mother. CARL SALOW, Sr. MR. AND MRS. WM. SALOW. MR. AND MRS. CARL SALOW. MR. AND MRS. LOUIE SALOW.

## NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

The board of Review for the Village of Northville, will meet in the village hall, Northville, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8th and 9th, 1917, at 10 o'clock in each of said days for the purpose of reviewing the assessment roll. Taxpayers desiring themselves aggrieved may be heard at that time.

CHARLES A. SESSIONS, CHARLES A. PONSFORD, CHARLES H. COLDFREN, Board of Review Dated, Northville, Mich., April 30, 1917.

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

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

FARM LABOR OFFERED—25 high school boys many with farm experience, are now ready for farm jobs. Apply to Edwin L. Miller, Northwestern high school, Detroit 42w2p.

NOTICE—Is your farm for sale? If so we have buyers. Address Palmer-Joslin-Meseraull Co., 300 Moffat Bldg., Detroit Mich. Phone Cad. 6786. 40w4c.

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

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

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

NOTICE—If you want fertilizer, call James N. Erwin, Phone 188 R-2. 41w3p.

LOST—Red cover stock account book, Clay Robinson's name on cover. Finder phone Frank Hiss at once.

FOR SALE—Deval separator No. 12. Inquire Miss Pratt. 41w2c.

FOR SALE—Local oil business, can be bought cheap within next ten days. O. Tewksbury. 41w1p.

FOR SALE—Cadillac bicycle, almost new. Albert Trayner, Box 67, R. F. D. No. 1. 41w1p.

FOR SALE—Automobile at a bargain. Cadillac 1910, good running condition and good tires. Demi-tonneau; can be easily converted to small truck. \$150 takes it. Apply F. S. Neal auto agency, 41w2p.

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

FOR SALE—Four New Milch cows, White Dent seed corn and beans. Phone 50-J. James Heney. 402c.

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 185-J-3. J. W. Cleaver. 40w2p.

FOR SALE—or Rent Two farms. George Gibson, Northville. Phone 130-J-3. 22t.

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

FOR RENT—Six-room Flat besides bath room and hall. Water, gas, and electricity. Irving W. Barnhart, at A. M. Randolph's. 41w1p.

FOR RENT—Stone blacksmith shop on Main St. Phone J. W. Kator, 335-J. 41w1p.

FOR RENT—House. Inquire Mrs. O. M. Lewis, Randolph St. 41w1c.

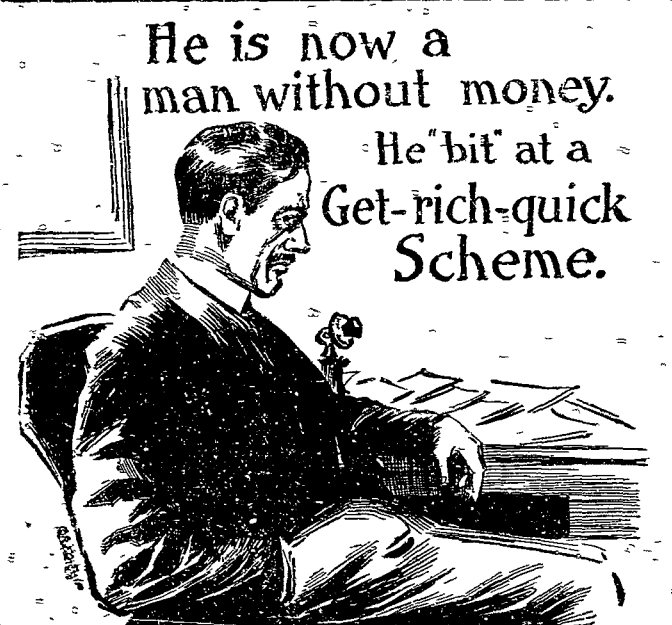
WANT TO SELL YOUR FARM?

When you want to sell your farm place it with a concern with a reputation of square dealing. Our business is conducted along high-grade lines, always on the square. We are the largest farm land dealers in Michigan. If your farm is for sale, write us. We have a large demand for small farms rightly priced. Write us what you have. James Slocum, Farm Dept., Mgr. Waiter C. Piper, Detroit. 41w2c.



**Mistress of Your Kitchen**  
YOU'RE not the servant of a cranky, sluggish stove when you use the New-Perfection—but mistress of your own kitchen. Cooks fast or slow as you like. Turns all the oil into heat, leaving nothing to smoke or smell. Flame, always visible, always steady. It's the Long Blue Chimney that does it. The New-Perfection is cooking every meal in more than 2,500,000 homes. Let our salesman demonstrate one to you. Ask to see the reversible glass reservoir, the greatest improvement in the history of the oil stove.  
**JAMES A. HUFF, HARDWARE.**  
Northville, Mich.

Lawn Mowers, Rakes, Hoes, Garden Hose and Window Screening.



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.**

**WE BELIEVE**  
The people of Northville should be loyal to the nation in its call for economy and cooperation in this, the world's greatest crisis. We would recommend that every family visit the stores and select their meats, vegetables, fruits and groceries and carry them home. This may seem like a hardship at first, but we are sure in a great majority of cases it will prove most beneficial. Buying at as low prices as possible, with quality considered, should be the incentive. We have decided to Sell for Cash only with no delivery which will reduce our expenses and enable us to make better prices. With thanks for past favors, we hope for a continuation of the same.  
**C. E. RYDER.**

"Nothing But the Truth." "Yes," said Stormington Barnes, "we did well in the West. At a one-night stand in Arizona we played to a \$10,000 house."

How She Felt. Mrs. Higgins—And so you have secured your divorce, I hear? Mrs. Higgins—Yes, I'm glad to say that I have.

BIRD, BEAST OR FISH?



"He's a beast." "He certainly is a bird." "Well, at least he is a queer fish."

Ah, Yes. The wisest man sometimes rebels. At strict convention—and gets caught. There's many a foolish fancy dwells Behind a classic dome of thought.

With the Fingers! Says Corns Lift Out Without Any Pain

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn can shortly be lifted right out with the fingers if you will apply on the corn a few drops of frezzone, says a Cincinnati authority.

Psychology of Strife. "Are we going to undertake a war of ruthlessness?" "I hope not," replied Senator Sorghum.

GAVE HIS CANE AWAY!

Mr. S. P. Benton, Kerrville, Texas, writes: "For several years prior to 1906 I suffered from kidney and rheumatic troubles. Was bent over and forced to use a cane."

Early Opportunity. "We came to this country and took the innocent red man's land away from him."

THE BEST BEAUTY DOCTOR

For cleansing, purifying and beautifying the complexion, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap with touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then afford the most effective preparations at the minimum of cost.

Soothing Strains. "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." "The original filibuster," commented Senator Sorghum.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

BILLY EVANS SOLVES BASEBALL PROBLEMS

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

A rather unusual yet simple play came up in a very important game last summer in one of the larger minor leagues. The fact that it happened in the last half of the ninth, with two men out and the score a tie, is what created most of the trouble.



The third man to face the visiting pitcher was the lead-off man, known to be a hard fellow to pitch to because of his diminutive size. After getting the count three and two, he fouled off a couple of good ones and finally worked the pitcher for a base on balls.

It became almost necessary for the umpire to forfeit the game because of the difficulty in getting the fans off the field. On the play itself, the only thing the umpire could do under the circumstances was to send back to first the runner who had apparently scored the winning run.

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BASEBALL IS GREAT

Baseball has more possibilities to it, probably, than any other sport. Most important and far reaching of all, as the prestige it enjoys as the national game. This means that every man and boy in the country, the moment his "sporting blood" is aroused naturally turns to baseball.

GREAT RECORD BY CRAWFORD

Detroit Outfielder Pushes Honus Wagner Closely for Number of Times Charged at Bat

John "Honus" Wagner, the veteran infielder of the Pittsburgh Nationals, who is going into his twenty-first major-league season, can boast that he is the only man in the game who has had more than ten thousand times at bat charged to him, and who has made



Sam Crawford.

more than three thousand base hits. The actual figures are 10,197 and 3,309 respectively. And he is going to add to these before he quits.

DIAMOND NOTES

Did you ever see an umpire in an outfield argument?

Scott Perry, Cub hurler, thinks he will win 20 games this year.

Left-handed pitchers ought to make good aviators for Uncle Sam.

Dick Egan of the Braves has announced that he is through with baseball.

Bunny Fabrique, an International leaguer, is making a big hit with the Dodgers.

The Milwaukee Brewers have appointed Zinn Beck captain for the coming season.

The Reds have picked up a clever catcher in Frank Allen, the former Federal leaguer.

The St. Louis Cardinals remind one of U-boats. They can stay submerged just as long, or longer.

George Sisler, the Browns' all-around champion, has started already to perform the whirlwind stuf.

Manager Jennings emphatically denies the report that Sam Crawford has retired or that he is to be traded.

Can't blame an umpire for insisting on the last word on the baseball field. Most of the poor fish are married.

Francisco Cabralo, the Italian pitcher with the Cincinnati Nationals a year ago, hopes to land again with the club.

George Smith, the ex-Columbia pitcher, has shown up splendidly and promises to become a valuable man to any club.

Manager Jack Barry of the Red Sox has practically decided to play "Chick" Shorten in center field instead of Clarence Walker.

Ambrose Putnam, a former hurler on the New York American staff, is now running an independent team at Cincinnati.

The Boston Red Sox have learned why Dutch Leonard is always boosting prunes. He has invested most of his earnings in that fruit.

Pittsburgh has three young players of promise in Burleigh Grimes and Roy Evans, pitchers, and "Chuck" Warner, third baseman.

John Kling, former star backstop of the Cubs, is now so busy tending to his poolroom in Kansas City that he seldom turns out to see a game.

Johnny Leber, the infielder released by the Cleveland club to Richmond of the Central league, has notified the management he will not report.

The Lincoln Western League club is giving a trial to Francis Griffin, a youngster who has made a great reputation in Lincoln independent circles.

A pitcher who goes to the well too often is sure to be cracked, according to the old proverb, but at that it's better for a pitcher to go to a well than to a gin mill.

CALLS UMPIRING PLAY

Byron Always Ready to Joke Fans on Bail Field.

One of National League's Arbiters Handles Game Smoothly, Keeps Players Husting and Very Seldom Makes Mistake.

William J. Byron, of Detroit, Mich., is a steam fitter, is said to be an efficient one and is in good standing with the union. He also is an umpire in the National league. Since he joined the major circuit he has become a student of the game of players and of arbiters.

In the first two he has made much progress, but as to the other it probably would be best to keep silent. Byron has developed into one of Tenor's best umpires. Although a bit officious on the field, he handles the game smoothly, keeps the players hustling and seldom makes a mistake.

Unlike most indicator handlers, Bill always is willing to chin with a fan, is pleased to listen to a joke hurled at him from the stand and does not pay any attention to insults. He makes his work a pleasure, because he believes it does not amount to much more than play. He thinks it is the same for the



Umpire Bill Byron.

players and that is why he refuses to let them become too serious in their arguments with him. And that is why he also thinks it ill-advised for the Baseball Players' fraternity to attempt to break into the Federation of Labor.

"The chief trouble with admitting the Ball Players' fraternity to the Federation of Labor," says Byron, "is that baseball playing isn't labor. There is nothing in common between dashing over the greensward for a couple of hours every afternoon and putting in eight hours wrestling pipes or running a lathe."

"The services of a Ball player to his club cannot be measured in terms of anything that union labor recognizes. When the leaders of the federation come to discuss the minimum wage question with the magnates, they would be up against a new sort of game. You couldn't fix an hourly wage, nor a daily wage, and the unions probably wouldn't want to put up a fight to give the athletes a bigger yearly remuneration than is earned by the highest paid of the skilled trades."

"Ball players as a rule are very well off. There are undoubtedly some individual cases in which they get the worst of it, but an ideal condition cannot be expected in any line of work, nor can it be brought about by force or by any other method that has been discovered."

HELP FOR CINCINNATI REDS

Manager Christy Mathewson Gives Credit for Pulling Wise Stunt in Signing Scout Sutton.

If the Cincinnati Reds don't kick holes in all previous Ohio river records within the next few years it won't be the fault of Larry Sutton, recently signed by Manager Christy Mathewson to scout for Garry Herrmann's holdings.

Baseball men agree that Mathewson made the wisest move since taking hold of the Reds when he signed up the foxy Sutton. Larry has a great record for ivory-hunting behind him. Connected for several years with the Brooklyn club, Sutton dug up some of the most famous players in the country.

Among the Dodgers who got their big league chances through recommendation of Sutton are Jake Daubert, Jeff Pfeffer, Casey Stengel, Zack Wheat and Otto Miller. They all have made good, and they don't form the total of his scouting maneuvers by several.

Minor leaguers know Sutton better, perhaps, than any person now in the scout business. And they know also that when Larry comes into view they've got to trot out the best they have. No one yet has been caught putting one over on the veteran grass combler. He has the eye for young ball players and he rarely picks a flivver. All his selections, of course, are not doing duty in the big leagues, but most of them are, and that's a better record than a great many of them can boast.

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.

METZ Le Veque-Bastion Motor Sales Co. 86 Jeff Ave. STATE DISTRIBUTORS Detroit CARS \$633 LIVE AGENTS WANTED

SAYS PILE REMEDY WORTH \$100.00 A BOX. I have had itching piles ever since my earliest recollection. I am 53 years old and have suffered terribly. I have tried many remedies and doctors but no cure.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. Has a Record of 50 Years of Success. Correcting impurities in the stomach, gently acting on the bowels. Stirs up the liver and makes the despondent dyspeptic enjoy life.

FRECKLES. Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots. There is no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles. The prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Kidney & Co. (BY DR. J. H. WATSON) The kidneys and the skin work in harmony. They're companions, the skin being the second partner. If we are anxious to keep well and preserve the vitality of the kidneys and, also, free the blood from noxious elements, we must pay special attention to a good action of the skin and to see that the kidneys are flushed so as to eliminate the poisons from the blood.

Old-Time Herbal Medicine Makes Blood Pure. Hillsdale, Mich.—"A few years ago my blood got very bad. I would get sores on my neck and if I would scratch myself the least bit it would fester up and would not heal. I saw Dr. Pierce's medicines advertised and thought I would give them a trial. I took Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets and they cured me in a short time. I have not had any trouble with my blood since, and am enjoying the best of health. I can recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines as being good."—G. C. ESHELBY, 12 Monroe St. Write Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free book on blood.

Carter's Little Liver Pills For Constipation. A vegetable remedy that always gives prompt relief in constipation. Banishes that tired feeling altogether and puts you right over-night, stimulates the liver gently, but quickly restoring it to full and healthy action, and the stomach and bowels to their natural functions. Making life worth living.



**EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI**



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

**ONLY IN YOUR TOWN**

CAN MAKE BIG MONEY  
selling Woolco Valanters  
Enables any car owner to  
make a profit of \$100 in 15  
minutes at almost no cost.  
YOU can make big profits.  
Write for particulars.  
WOOLCO CO., JACKSON, MICH.

**DEVELOPING ANY SIZE ROLL 10¢**

**BLACKS USE WOODRUM AIR**

**FROST-PROOF CABBAGE PLANTS**

Early Jersey and Charleston Waxfield, Succession  
and Blue Dutch, 500 for \$1.00 for \$1.25; 1,000 for \$2.25.  
C. B. here; postpaid 50¢ per 100. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
SWIFT POTATO PLANTS—Immediate shipment.  
Honey Hill and Excelsior, 500 to \$2.00; 1,000 to \$3.50.  
1000 up at \$1.50. C. B. here. Tomato plants 50¢ for \$1.00.  
1000 for \$1.50 and up to \$2.50. C. B. here.  
Postpaid 40¢ per 100. D. F. JAMESON, SUGARVILLE, N. C.

**COPPER MINING**

I must sell to protect my option. 100 shares of  
Copper Mines in a valuable Arizona copper  
property. Inside price. World's richest copper mine,  
United Verde Extension. Located in Arizona. Property  
plan and men stand closest scrutiny. Arizona  
Blue-Boy Commission permit. Big, quick profits.  
Reasonably certain. D. F. JAMESON, 524 Broadway, Boston, U.S.A.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**

A toilet preparation of merit  
which will restore color and  
beauty to gray or faded hair.  
50¢ and 75¢ per bottle.

**Farming**

out-over and timbered lands in Mid-  
land, Roscommon, Sarag, and  
Delia, Iron, Mackinac and Mackinac  
Counties for sale at very low prices to wind up an  
estate. Olympic Land Co., 1215 Ford Bldg., Detroit.

**PATENTS**

Watson K. Coleman,  
Patent Lawyer, Washington,  
D. C. Advice and book free.  
Bates reasonable. Highest references. Satisfaction.

**SLACKERS IN THE ALPHABET**

Six Letters Do Half the Work of the  
Entire Twenty-Six, Is Report of  
Investigators.

One of the most relentless hunts for  
slackers that has been conducted any-  
where is reported by the education di-  
vision of the Russell Sage foundation.  
Experts of this division have been  
studying the comparative industry of  
the letters of the alphabet, and have  
unearthed all sorts of shirking. "There  
should be a law against cruelty to the  
alphabet," complains Dr. Leonard P.  
Ayres, one of the investigators, "six  
letters do half the work."

"Study of some thousands of type-  
written letters revealed the identity of  
the lazy letters. A typewriter com-  
pany has been considering a rear-  
rangement of its keyboard and want-  
ing to place the really industrious let-  
ters where they would be easily acces-  
sible.

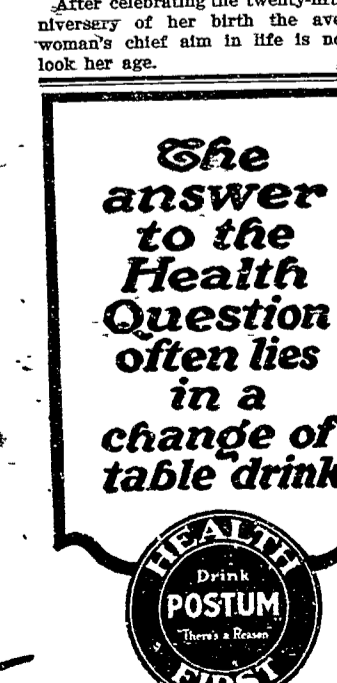
The six letters upon whose shoul-  
ders is slumped the labor of the other  
twenty are "a," "e," "h," "n," "o," and  
"t." These do half the work of the  
whole alphabet. "g" and "l" lead the  
six, doing a fourth of the alphabet's  
work and having presumably little  
time for rest or recreation. Letters  
like "q," "x" and "y" loaf practically  
all the time.

The present intention is to reward  
the industry of the ubiquitous six by  
giving them a place of high honor in  
the middle of the revised typewriter  
keyboard. "t," "h," and "n" are there  
already but "e" is rather remote, and  
"a" and "o" are out on the edge of  
things, barely within the scope of the  
typist's groping little finger.—Spokane  
Spokesman Review.

**Giving Tone.**  
"There are two phonograph records  
missing, Bridget."  
"Sure, the goat did eat 'em up to-  
day, Pat."  
"Well, he wasn't feeling first rate;  
perhaps they'll tone him up a bit."

After celebrating the twenty-fifth an-  
niversary of her birth the average  
woman's chief aim in life is not to  
look her age.

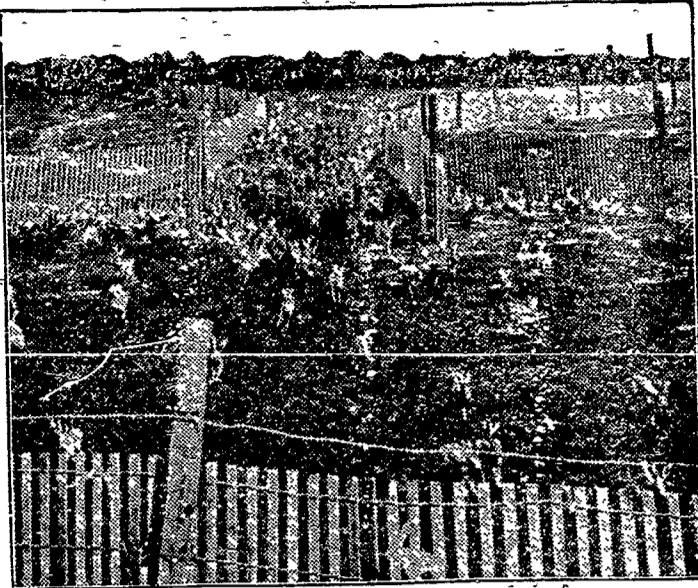
**The answer to the Health Question often lies in a change of table drink**



**HEALTHY DRINK POSTUM FIRST**

There's a Reason

**DESTROYING RODENT PESTS ON THE FARM**



**JACK RABBIT DRIVE IS A WESTERN EVENT.**

Prepared by the United States Depart-  
ment of Agriculture.  
The common woodchuck inhabits  
eastern North America from northern  
Georgia and middle Alabama north-  
ward, including the greater part of  
Canada. In the United States it ranges  
westward to Arkansas, eastern Kan-  
sas, and eastern Minnesota. Another  
species of woodchuck inhabits the  
higher country of the Black Hills,  
Rocky mountains, Sierra Nevada, Cas-  
cades, and other ranges in the West.  
This mountain form seldom comes in  
contact with agriculture, but the East-  
ern species frequently damages gar-  
den vegetables, clover, and other crops.  
Also, its burrows and mounds inter-  
fere with mowing and other farm op-  
erations. In some states the animal is  
regarded as so obnoxious that local  
bounties are paid for destroying it.

Woodchucks, while somewhat nor-  
gious, seldom occur in large colonies;  
and may, therefore, be kept in check  
by shooting or trapping. They may  
be poisoned by strychnine inserted in  
pieces of sweet apple, carrot, or sweet  
potato. The animals are often de-  
stroyed in their burrows by fumigation  
with carbon bisulphide or by the dis-  
charge of blasting powder.

To destroy woodchucks with carbon  
bisulphide, saturate a wad of cotton  
or waste with about one and one-half  
ounce of the liquid. Place the cotton  
well inside the woodchuck burrow and  
close the opening with a piece of sod,  
well stamped down. If there are two  
or more entrances to a burrow, all but  
one should be tightly closed before  
fumigation.

The smaller forms of rabbits, known  
generally as cottontails, are useful ani-  
mals and become objectionable only  
when too numerous in the vicinity of  
orchards or nurseries. The same is  
true of the larger snowshoe rabbits.  
The jack rabbits of the West are of less  
value for human food, and, by reason  
of their abundance in newly settled  
regions, often interfere greatly with  
crops and the growing of orchard and  
other trees.

Jack rabbits are not protected in any  
of the states, but are everywhere re-  
garded as a pest. They afford consid-  
erable sport in coursing with fleet grey-  
hounds, but at times they become so  
abundant and destructive that entire  
communities unite to kill them by the  
organized hunt or drive. A large area  
is surrounded and the animals are  
driven toward some central point,  
where a wire corral has been built,  
into which, with the help of wing bar-  
riers, thousands of rabbits are driven  
and then slaughtered. When these  
hunts take place in cold weather the  
rabbits are usually shipped to large

**EFFICIENCY OF THE MILKING MACHINES**

**Successful Operation Depends on Ability of Operator to Adjust it to Cow.**

That the efficiency of the present-  
day milking machine depends on the  
ability of the operator, is the opinion  
of J. B. Fitch, associate professor  
of dairy husbandry in the Kansas  
State Agricultural college.

"Several new milking machines have  
been placed on the market in the last  
few years and their manufacturers  
have carried on extensive advertising,"  
said Professor Fitch. "Many farmers  
have been led to believe that with a  
machine their troubles would be at an  
end. As a result many machines have  
been sold. Although they apparently  
gave good results at first, many are  
not used now.

"In most cases where the machine  
has been discarded, it has been the  
fault of the operator. It takes an  
able man to operate the machine and  
adjust it to the cow and get good re-  
sults. Satisfactory results cannot be  
obtained unless it is properly adjust-  
ed to the cow. An efficient hand  
milker will get more milk from a cow  
than a machine. The machine, how-  
ever, will do better milking than the  
average farm-hand. For the farmer  
who has trouble getting good milkers  
and has from 15 to 20 cows, the ma-  
chine will work to good advantage.

"It is necessary, when any machine  
is used, to finish by stripping the

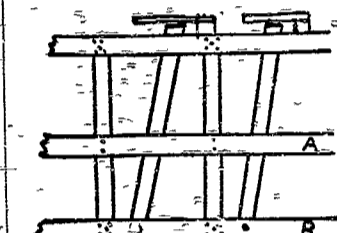
**DAIRY**



**PREVENT COWS LYING DOWN**

Iowa Man Has Practical and Inexpen-  
sive Device Attached to the Im-  
movable Stanchion.

In the summer or spring, or at other  
times after rains, the yards around  
the barn are muddy. The cows are  
driven into the barn preparatory to  
milking. They are fastened in the  
stanchions. The result is that the  
floors become dirty and dusty. The  
mud comes off the feet and adheres  
to the platform on which the cows  
stand. Again, it is not infrequent for  
a cow to lie down on the dirty plat-  
form, and another cow to urinate on  
that cow's tail. It is a rare thing that  
two or three cows out of ten will not  
lie down before you are ready to  
milk. To prevent them from lying  
down for an hour or more while you  
are milking, is the object of the device  
here illustrated, writes J. N. Muncey



Keeps Cows on Feet.

of Buchanan county, Iowa, in Wal-  
lace's Farmer. It is inexpensive, un-  
patented, easily made, and practical.  
It is a labor-saver. It frequently  
saves the milker from a swat across  
the mouth with a dirty tail.

"A" is a fence board, which may be  
nailed or bolted or temporarily at-  
tached to the immovable stanchion. It  
should be placed just high enough  
above "B" so that its upper edge just  
touches the lower edge of the cow's  
neck when she is standing. The same  
or a similar device may be used on  
the patented swing stanchions, I think,  
though I have never tried it.

If you use it in winter, be sure and  
put a sign of warning at the head of  
your bed, so that at no time will the  
poor cows be compelled to stand up  
all night long. It is an advantage to  
clean all the udders at once, and  
when they are clean and ready for  
milking, a man dislikes to have any  
one of the cows lie down and get her  
tail in the urine and her udder in the  
dirt or manure; and when she does  
get up she'll sweat both cows  
next to her, and you frequently have  
to clean all three.

**PROTECTION FOR MILK CANS**

**Heavy Blanket, Dipped in Water and Wrapped Around Receptacle, Keeps Out Much Dust.**

The only way to have cream reach  
the creamery as clean as when it left  
the farm is to protect the can. This  
is best done by the use of a heavy  
blanket, kept for that purpose, dipped  
in clean water and wrapped around  
the can so as to completely cover all  
but the bottom. Dust will sift through  
a dry blanket quite rapidly.

The cream can, even if protected  
from dust, should, if possible, be kept  
shaded during transportation to the  
creamery.

If the creamery managers and but-  
ter makers would insist that patrons  
protect their cans the grade of cream  
would be greatly improved, the cans  
would look better and the labor of  
washing before returning them to the  
patrons would be greatly reduced.

**STALE MILK CAUSES SCOURS**

**Pails and Utensils Used in Feeding Calves Must Be Kept Clean to Avoid Diseases.**

Old or stale milk often causes in-  
digestion or scours. A calf is better off  
to miss a feed than to have a feed of  
sour milk. Pails and utensils must be  
kept clean.

A good rule is to keep the calf pails  
as clean as the milk pails. The hand  
separator on the farm makes it possi-  
ble to get the milk to the calf fresh,  
warm, and sweet.

**GET FAMILIAR WITH HEIFERS**

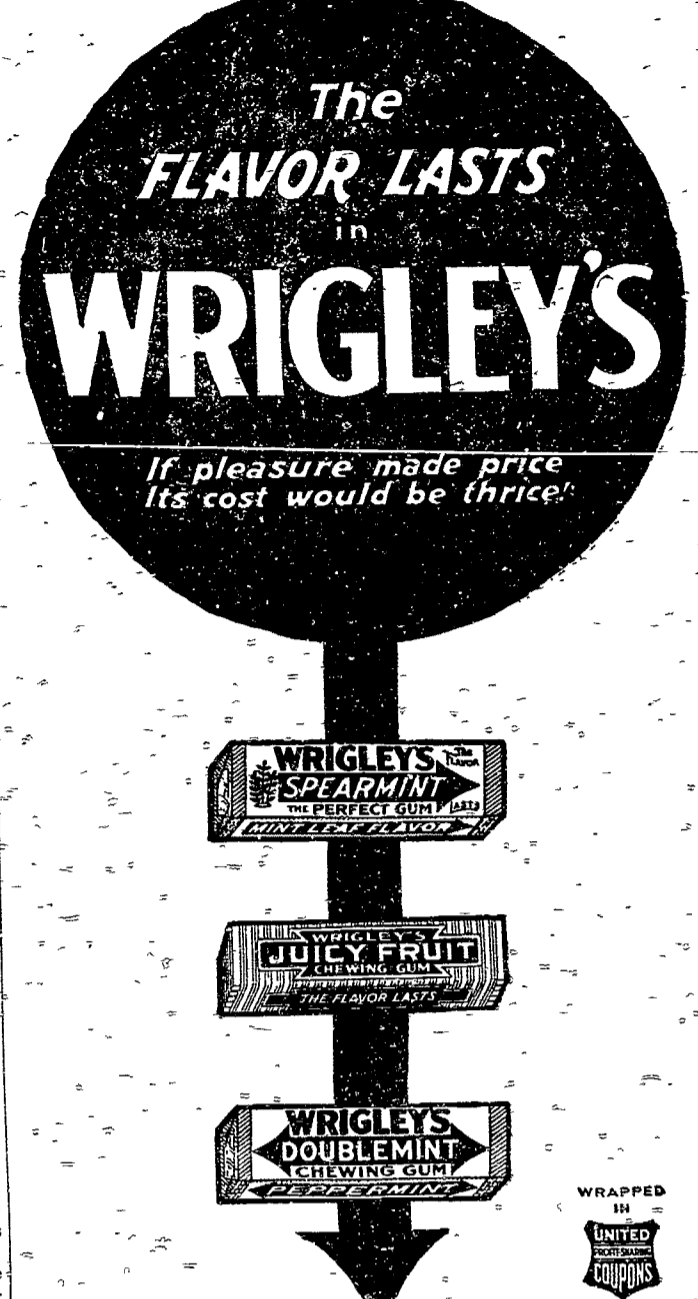
Handling of Young Animals in Ad-  
vance of Freshening Is Necessity in  
Minds of Dairymen.

The best plan is to get your heifers,  
handle them so they are familiar with  
your presence. They soon become do-  
cile and will follow their caretaker  
around to be rubbed and handled, and  
all the kicking, timid, shy tendencies  
leave them.

The handling of the heifer in ad-  
vance of the freshening period is a  
necessity, in the estimation of many  
of our best dairymen and cow owners.

The **FLAVOR LASTS** in **WRIGLEY'S**

If pleasure made price  
its cost would be thrice!



**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM BALL  
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

**WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT**  
CHEWING GUM  
THE FLAVOR LASTS

**WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT**  
CHEWING GUM  
PEPPERMINT

WRAPPED IN UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

**Chew it after every meal**

**WORMS**

"Wormy" that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach  
and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as distemper. Cost  
you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—are bad. Don't  
physic 'em to death. Spohn's Compound will remove the  
worms. Improve the appetite, and tone 'em up all round  
and don't "physic." Acts on glands and blood. Full  
directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

SPHON MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Just as in Life.  
Rooth Tarkington said, in New York,  
the other day.  
"The average man treats spiritual-  
ism as a joke. An illustrator found  
out recently that I was interested in  
the subject, so he mused upon me  
with a story about a widow who tried  
to get in touch with her deceased hus-  
band."  
"The medium, after a good deal of  
futile work, said to the widow:  
"The conditions this evening seem  
unfavorable. I can't seem to establish  
communication with Mr. Smith,  
ma'am."  
"Well, I'm not surprised," said the  
widow, with a glance at the clock.  
"It's only half-past eight now, and  
John never did show up till about 3  
a. m."

**Enthusiastic Praise For Well Known Medicine**

I have sold your Swamp-Root since it  
was first introduced to the trade; in fact,  
I was the first druggist to handle it in  
this vicinity, and during my career as a  
druggist handling Swamp-Root I can as-  
sure you that it has invariably given sat-  
isfaction to my customers who have always  
spoken very freely in its favor. Person-  
ally I believe Swamp-Root possesses con-  
siderable merit for the complaints for  
which it is intended.

Very truly yours,  
DR. J. W. DUNLOP,  
Clare, Michigan.

**Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You**

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

**ASTHMA**

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY  
for the prompt relief of Asthma  
and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist  
for it. 25 cents and one dol-  
lar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.  
Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

**DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY**

**ECZEMA**

Money back without question  
if HUNT'S CURE fails in the  
treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA,  
RINGWORM, TETTER or other  
itching skin diseases. Price  
50¢ at druggists, or direct from  
A. S. Richards Medicine Co., Saratoga, N.Y.

Male crows are said to be much  
more intelligent than females.

**NAZ-UP**

**BREATHE FREELY. Are your Nostrils CLOGGED?**

NAZ-UP gives relief. Powder inhaled thru nostrils.  
No Instrument, No Grease to bother with. Unequaled  
for CATARRH, HAY FEVER, HEAD COLDS,  
ASTHMA, etc. If your druggist will not supply you  
we will send a box postpaid on receipt of One Dollar.  
SAMPLE FREE. BE CONVINCED AT OUR EXPENSE.  
DRUGGISTS: WRITE FOR AGENCY TERMS.  
NAZ-UP CO., 430 LAW BUILDING - BALTIMORE, MD.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., MAY 4, 1917.

And now that we have all learned to be expert at fly-swatting whenever and wherever we see one of those unfortunate insects, along comes a Panamerican entomologist to tell us that it doesn't do any good because the swat doesn't kill the microbes the fly takes around with it.

A woman newspaper expert in economy, treating of the absolutely necessary clothing expenditures for farmers' wives, lists among other things two coats a year, one for summer and one for winter.

There is something that doesn't exactly "blee" in the fact that the allies require to treat whatever from Uncle Sam because of their perfect confidence in that "gentleman's" intercom.

One idea of that "poetic justice" we read about was illustrated the other day in Trenton, N. J. when a man dropped dead with his pockets filled with letters and newspaper clippings relating to plans for the assassination of President Wilson and ex-presidents Roosevelt and Taft.

Before we had been assured anywhere near the usual number of times that the peach crop is killed we are informed that it isn't. These two items of information will, as is customary each season, be fired at us intermittently and alternately until the peach crop is either gathered or forthcoming as the case may be.

What an opportunity will be open to the still unappropriated maidens of a decade or two hence when, in talking of the great war, they can truthfully remark "I was only a girl in short dresses then," no matter how many years they have already seen now.

Another crop "held up" by present conditions is this year's output of interstate peace oratorical contests, which, however badly needed, would be obviously inappropriate as well as very unwelcome just at this time.

To the extreme horror of the modern hygienist, there are still a lot of folks living who occasionally ask each other "Remember when the school youngsters used to say—it's my turn to chew that gum now?"

A Detroit man in a recently instituted suit, places the value of his wife's transferred affections at the modest price of \$20,000. Affections come high in many cases, but we must have 'em.

Beans were only \$10 per bushel at Easton Rapids the other day. We hardly ever eat beans, anyway.

ADVERTISED LETTERS. Mrs. Jennie Morrow, (5). Mrs. Ruth Murphy.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Ira Carnes is numbered among the sick.

Mrs. Belle Hosner spent Tuesday in Pontiac. Mrs. Olive Baker is in Ann Arbor for a few days.

Ralph Leplay of Detroit called on friends here Sunday.

J. A. Devereaux was a Milford business caller Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Johns spent the week-end in Pontiac.

Rev. and Mrs. Cole have a baby girl, born Saturday night.

H. T. McKnight, of Detroit spent Sunday here with his mother.

Miss Lute Hoyt is the guest of friends in Ypsilanti and Detroit this week.

Mrs. Nina Parmelee has been the guest of Detroit friends for the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ruggles of Milford visited at the P. G. Killam home Sunday.

Miss Lena Coe is the guest of her sister Mrs. Alex Keith for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will R. Hoyt and family of Pontiac were week-end guests of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert E. Stanbro and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Hart of Salem visited at the home their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin, Sunday.

At the culmination of a contest, J. A. Devereaux and his Sunday school class of young men very pleasantly entertained Miss Sadie Bocking and her Sunday school class of young ladies Thursday evening in the M. E. church parlors.

Farmington Flashes.

Several of our young men have enlisted in the U. S. army.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry West of Detroit visited friends in town Sunday.

Several Farmington people attended the Padetewski concert in Detroit center.

Wanna Shetts' former, of Sarnia, Ont., is a new pupil in the Sixth grade at school.

Local I. O. O. F. held a social meeting last week Tuesday. A fine time was enjoyed by all.

Church services will be held Sunday afternoon in the Universalist Church, Dr. W. A. Moore of Detroit presiding. Service at 3 o'clock.

Last Wednesday, the Ladies Literary club held an open meeting in the town hall, with Miss Caroline Harvey of Detroit as speaker.

Miss Lydia Stange youngest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Stange passed away April 18 at her home in Toledo after a short illness. She was a very estimable young lady, 26 years old and well liked by all who knew her.

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. Martha Furman was a weekend visitor in Detroit.

Mrs. J. H. Abrams was a Northville visitor Monday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Marvin Sloan.

Last week M. Bogart and son, Larue sold 39 cwt. of live hogs to E. L. Holmes for \$14.00 per cwt.

Rev. O. B. Anstead has resigned his pastorate here and will go to Brown City the last of this month.

Mrs. S. A. Leary and Mrs. Newton Beach and baby of New Hudson called Wixom friends last Thursday.

Thirty-five friends of Florence Pratt gave her a birthday surprise last Saturday evening. A very pleasant time is reported.

Mrs. Floyd Taylor and two children of Dearborn were the guests of her parents, J. G. Madison and wife from Friday until Monday.

Miss Helen Smith was home from Ypsilanti over Sunday, accompanied by the Misses Rose and Ella Brodie of Sault St. Marie and Hildah Smye of Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perry received the announcement of the marriage of

Miss Doris Butwell of Detroit to Mr. Russell H. Dragsdorf on April 24. Doris is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Butwell, former residents of Wixom.

Mrs. Edna Parker, a resident of Wixom for more than 30 years, died very suddenly Sunday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Stowe. Mrs. Parker was born in England 67 years ago, and when six years of age came to America with her parents. Her husband, Silas Parker, died several years ago. Three children survive her, Mrs. Flora Abbott of Lapeer, Edward Parker of Lansing and Mrs. May Stowe of Wixom.

AUCTION SALE.

On Thursday, May 10, at 1 o'clock p. m. Judd A. Richardson is to have an auction sale of dairy cows, vehicles, hay, etc., besides household articles. Sale takes place on the premises, 2 miles south of Wixom and 3 miles west of Novi on the Grand River road, with L. W. Lovewell as auctioneer.

W. R. C. NOTES.

The 9th regular meeting of Allen M. Harmon W. R. C. No. 225, will be held in Scott's Hall Wednesday evening May 9th, at the usual hour, 7:30. Let every member be present as business of importance will be discussed.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the King's Daughters' Aid Society of M. E. church and friends for flowers sent and kindness shown during my recent illness. FRED WHEELER.

BEEF THE "SCRUBS" AND "BOARDERS."

With this slogan-Eaten Herd will present to the public a choice array of pure bred Holstein-Friesian cattle in a sale on May 9 as will be seen by the advertisement elsewhere in this issue. William B. Hatch, proprietor, reports that the prospect for a large attendance are good and that E. G. Johnson of Columbus, Ohio, the pedigree expert, will act as sales manager. He says further that a former prominent breeder of Short-horns now in search of foundation stock Holstein-Friesians, looked at the offerings last week and said: "I would like to buy every female you are offering at private sale." But no one has been permitted to buy an animal at private sale since our last annual auction. Every buyer will have a chance at every animal offered this year in the sale ring next Wednesday. -Advertisement

To the Investor and Home Seekers

You know what the automobile factories have done for Detroit, Pontiac and Flint. Now is your Golden Opportunity to invest in a lot at Wayne, as the Harroun Motors Corporation with its \$10,000,000 of Capital have their factory almost completed. Most of the machinery being installed, they expect to start manufacturing the Harroun car by May 10th.

Buy Now

As houses and lots will be in a big demand as soon as this factory opens. Remember it is the early bird that catches the worm.

Are You That Bird?

I have purchased seventeen acres within 2,700 feet of the Harroun Motor Plant and inside the half-mile circle, close to the Junction of the P. M. and M. C. Railroads, which I will subdivide. Every lot lying high and dry and very desirable. Lots will be 30x130 feet, with 60 foot streets and 20 foot alleys.

I will offer these lots for a few days at \$200 to \$300 each, which includes side-walks and shade trees. Remember this is not one-fourth the price asked for lots in any of the other subdivisions, which are much farther from the Harroun Factory.

If you invest Now, you will be sure to double your money within the next ninety days. Come and see me for particulars and terms.

R. H. BAKER,

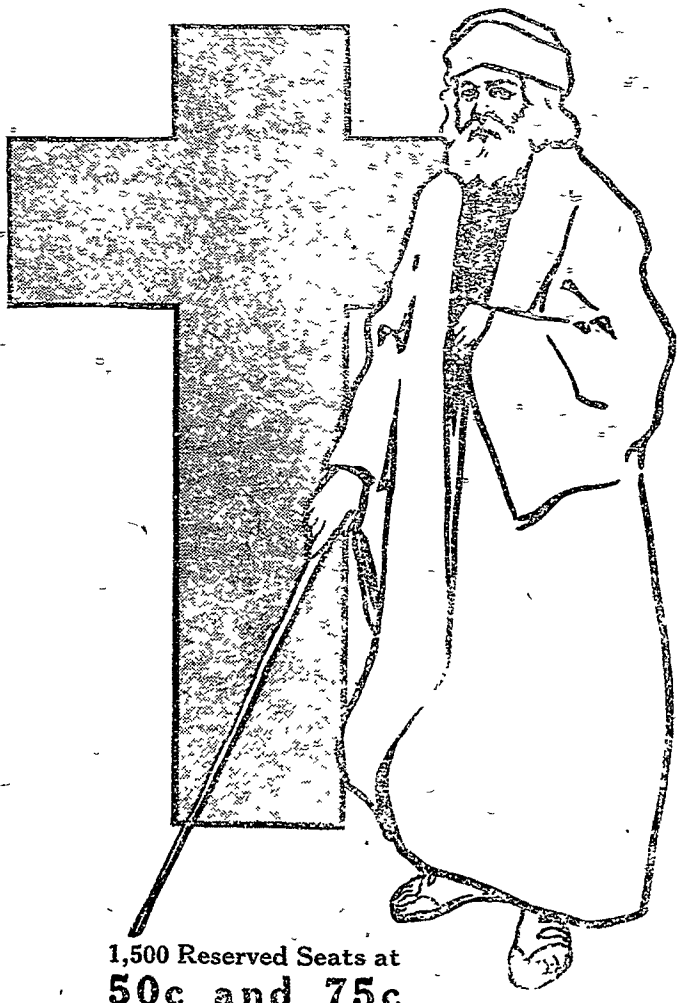
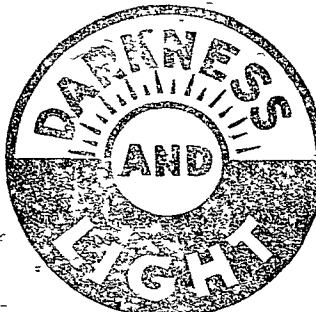
Northville, Michigan.

Phone 70.

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING. CATTERMOLE HALL. Good Music. Good Floor. Spectators FREE.

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. VanHartesveldt and Behna E. VanHartesveldt, 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 16th 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 per principal and interest the sum of five hundred sixty-two and 57/100 (\$562.57) dollars and no proceeding having been taken in law or equity to recover the same or 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 8th 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.

Magnificent Missionary Pageant. Don't Fail To See This Great Spectacle. Detroit Arena Woodward Ave. and Hendrie St. (Take Woodward Ave. Cars Going North) Every Evening (Excepting Sunday) April 28th to May 26th (Matinees Wednesday and Saturday) Darkness and Light is the most impressive and beautiful religious spectacle ever presented in America. It tells with drama and music the story of missionary effort in the dark places of the world. Thousands of Detroit's young men and women participate; Massive scenery; gorgeous costumes; stately processions; lovely music. Better and Grandier Than Grand Opera. The biggest and best show Detroit ever offered. Box office for reserved seats at J. L. Hudson main store and (evening only) at the Arena. 1,500 Reserved Seats at 50c and 75c A Limited Number at \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW TO GO.





**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**DR. T. B. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC**  
Physician and Surgeon. Office next door west of Park Home 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 over-worked men and women, for feeble folks of old age and for delicate children, this tonic is recommended 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 REMEMBER DIXON AND PHONE 140 J. OR CALL IN PERSON

**NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE**  
J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone 6

**FORD AGENCY**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

Ford Touring Cars—\$360  
Ford Runabouts—\$345  
Ford Chassis—\$325

**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 238-J. NORTHVILLE.

**DETROIT UNITED LINES.**

**NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE**  
Eastern Standard Time.

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

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

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

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:43 a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:43 a. m., 10:17 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

**TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.**

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 standard 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.

**Ever Have It?**

If You Have, the Statement of This Citizen Will Interest You.

Ever have a "low-down" pain in the back? In the "small," right over the hips? That's the home of backache. If it's caused by weak kidneys, Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Northville people testify to their worth. Read a case of it: Mrs. Roy Cole, Horton avenue, Northville, says: "My high estimation of Doan's Kidney Pills hasn't changed in the least since giving my first recommendation three years ago. Speaking from personal experience, I couldn't recommend a better medicine for pains in the back. A few doses soon bring relief." Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Cole has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. —Advt 54.

**Northville Newslets.**

Arbor and garden day to day.

Circus season begins this month.

The W G Lapham residence and the Ray Bogart home have just been repainted.

Mr. and Mrs. Faren and son, Clarence, have moved to Northville from Lansing.

Ray Richardson has purchased a new Olds Eight auto and has disposed of his Studebaker Six.

An eight foot flag, has been raised on a new 30 foot pole erected at the Langfield home on Mill street.

Mrs. Ray Bogart and Miss Margarethe Weller entertained the C. of S. club, at six o'clock dinner Saturday evening at the former's home.

D U R Roadmaster William H White, and wife have returned to their home here after a stay of several months in Farmington and Detroit.

Jesse W Clark and family have again taken up their residence in Detroit, for convenience in Mr Clark's business of superintending highway construction work. They left here Tuesday, and will live at 1735 Veck Ave.

The seventeenth birthday of L E McRobert was celebrated by an enjoyable dinner at the home of his daughter, Mrs D P Yerkes April 22. A party of 20 members of the family participated in the pleasures of the occasion.

Rev Frank Brass has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Wixom, and will begin his work there the first of next month. Wixom people are greatly to be congratulated, but the Northville folks of all denominations are not at all delighted, at the prospect.

A petition is in circulation asking for action by the township in regard to the repairing of the section of highway between the Fishery road and the Thayer cemetery corner. It is asserted that this stretch of road has been in bad shape for years and at present is nearly impassable in places.

J. G Alexander and family have moved from their place on Main street to the house owned by Wm

**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.

39-4L

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. SEATON, 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.

35-4L

Scott just east of the latter's residence on Cady street.

Dry Michigan one year from last Tuesday.

Regular monthly meet of Ladies' Library board tomorrow, May 5.

Cheer up! Coffee is \$9 a pound in Turkey. Makes Northville prices seem like the time before Hi Cost made his debut.

Rev. F. I. Walker is called to Holly today, Friday, to conduct the funeral service of Mrs. Eva Scott, an old time friend and former parishioner.

Mrs. F. I. Walker and son, Wilbur, visited relatives and friends in Rochester and Romeo last Saturday and attended the funeral of a cousin in Almont Sunday.

A musicale is to be given next Friday evening, May 11, by the High school Glee Club in the High school auditorium, which will, no doubt, be well worth attending.

What about May? coming in like a lion? Of course May isn't supposed to get like that, but she can't deny that she did, as witness Tuesday's foaming winds.

Hugh Clawson has retired from the blacksmithing business which he has been conducting here for some years past and moved with his family to Ping Lake where he will engage in gardening.

Elbridge Miles left Northville Wednesday for Columbus, O., to take the final test for enlistment in the aviation department of the U. S. signal service, having successfully passed all examinations up to that point.

Two Northville girls, the Misses Martha Horton and Hester Tower, have been engaged to teach in the Farmington schools for the next school year, the former having the seventh and eighth grades and the latter the primary grade.

Installation of the new officers of Orient Chapter O. L. S. took place this Friday evening, May 4, at the Masonic temple. Members are privileged to invite their families and other guests. The work will commence at 7:30 sharp, and a spot program will follow the installation ceremonies.

"Save the fragments" says the caption of a recent editorial in the Detroit Free Press. "Somebody eventually does." Two Northville ladies noticed twelve crates of one bushel capacity each, heaped with pieces of bread, cakes, etc., piled up on the sidewalk in front of a downtown lunch room in Detroit last Saturday.

A sight which attracted much attention was the big log drawn thru town Monday, to be used in constructing a derrick at the good roads gravel pit. The log was 64 feet long and was drawn by four horses, with one wagon supporting the timber at its front end and another at the rear. A photograph of the unusual looking outfit was taken by the Wisdoms.

The "J-Hop" last Friday evening in the school "gym" was a great success all round. A good attendance, excellent music and pretty decorations contributed to making the party one of the pleasantest social events of the year. Incidentally, also, it was in line with the carrying out of the present widely advocated idea of making our public school buildings social centers all over the land.

A committee has been formed and other preparatory steps taken towards the organization of a local branch of the Red Cross society. A letter has been sent to Washington, with the required signatures, asking permission for the formation of such a branch here, and if a favorable answer is received all Northville people who hold membership in other places can be re-enrolled in our own town.

There is a definite prospect that our Fourth of July celebrations this year may be deleted as far as the "big noise" is concerned. A movement is on foot which may possibly be supplemented by a federal order forbidding the use of all explosives and fireworks. The two principal reasons are conservation of labor and material for munitions making, and the danger that disloyal persons might make use of the opportunity to do serious damage to life and property.

"At the Village Post Office," the two-act comedy given Wednesday night by the Epworth League in the local theatre was a huge success. The usual characters found spending their time waiting for the mail were on hand and played their parts exceedingly well. The musical numbers were very "catchy" and won hearty applause. The members of the League thoroughly appreciate the assistance of each and every person who in any way took part in the production of the play. The receipts were \$100.00.

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

**FORESTERS OF AMERICA**  
Regular Meetings: May 11th and 25th.  
A. J. SIMMONS, B. A. SCHULTZ, Secy. C. R.

**NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 156, F. & A. M.**  
Second degree May 7.

**NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.**  
Regular June 30.

**ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77 O. E. S.**  
Installation of officers, this (Friday) evening.

**DEATH OF MRS. HICKS.**

The sudden death Monday morning from a paralytic stroke, of Mrs. Hicks senior, removed a thoroughly good member from our community—a devoted mother, a kind neighbor, a woman who was held in esteem by all who knew her. Mr. and Mrs. Hicks were the parents of 10 sons and daughters, all of whom grew to maturity and married before the first break in the family circle caused by the death of Mrs. Hicks six months ago. Mrs. Hicks was the last member of the family to be taken from our midst during that period, as she had been having been the second to die, she still left have the sympathy of all in their sad affliction.

Mrs. Hicks was born in Michigan and was reared in the home of her father, a farmer, in the town of Northville, Michigan.

**DEATH OF FRED TUBBS.**

Frederick Tubbs, a former well known resident of Northville, died at his home in Midland Wednesday, May 3. The body is to be brought here for burial this Friday afternoon, following the funeral services at Midland. Mr. Tubbs is survived by his wife and one daughter.

**J. C. T. NOTES.**

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Jane Sessions Monday afternoon, May 7, at 3 o'clock.

The subject is "Mothers' Day," leader, Mrs. Hattie Green. Each member is to bring a guest.

**CARD OF THANKS.**

We sincerely thank our friends and neighbors for their kindness during the sickness and death of our darling wife and mother, and the W. R. C. ladies, the King's Daughters, Foresters, and G. A. R. for the beautiful flowers.

JAMES MOSHIMER AND CHILDREN

**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 accounts with this bank.

Your banking needs will be given our careful attention.

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

**OFFICERS: BOARD OF DIRECTORS.**

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

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.

**STAYS HOT**

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

**SAVES TIME**

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

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

**THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY**

**\$100.00 REWARD.**

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

And further, that said Village will pay to any person or persons, furnishing evidence upon which any person or persons, shall be convicted of the offense of selling intoxicating liquors at retail within said Village without a license, the sum of two hundred (\$200) dollars.

BY ORDER VILLAGE COUNCIL.

**And Now This Store Enters a State of War**

Ours is essentially a pursuit of peace—dedicated to the welfare of those who wear civilian clothes. But at that we are always at war with high prices and inferior, cotton back goods.

- (1) To combat with all our merchandising power and vigor any lessening of quality or increasing of prices—no matter how many woolen mills or clothes-making plants may be commandeered into the federal service.
- (2) To hold the line, side by side, with such allies as A. B. Kirschbaum Co. against any attack upon the basic all-wool principle—100 percent and no compromise.
- (3) To see that our fellow citizens who stay at home to serve their country in worsted instead of khaki shall always find here a high level of efficiency, of preparedness, of helpfulness.

That is the program we shall keep before us as our inspiration until the day dawns which shall see the termination of the war and triumph of the right.

**WM. GORTON**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



# WEB OF STEEL

By  
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY and CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY  
Author and Clergyman Civil Engineer

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

## THE FAMOUS ENGINEER LEARNS THAT HE MADE THE BIG MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE AND MANY LIVES MUST PAY THE PENALTY.

The Martlet Construction Company is putting up a great international bridge planned by Bertram Meade, Sr., famous engineer. His son, Bertram Meade, Jr., a resident engineer at the bridge, loves Helen Illingworth, daughter of Colonel Illingworth, head of the construction company, and they will marry as soon as the bridge is completed. The young engineer questioned his father's judgment on the strength of certain important girders, but was laughed at. His doubts are verified when the bridge suddenly collapses, with heavy loss of life.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### The Failure.

In spite of himself and his confidence in the bridge, Abbott felt a little uneasy the next morning. At bottom he had more respect for Meade's technical knowledge than he had displayed or even admitted to himself. The younger engineer's terrified alarm, his utter forgetfulness of the amenities between them, his frantic but futile efforts to telephone, of which the operator told Abbott in the morning, his hurried departure to New York, were, to say the least, somewhat disquieting, much more so than he was fain to admit to himself.

Although it involved a hard and somewhat dangerous climb downward and took upwards of a half hour of his valuable time, the first thing the erecting engineer did in the morning was to go down to the pier head and make a thorough and careful examination of the buckled member. C-10-R was, of course, a part of the great lower chord of the huge diamond-shaped truss, which, with its parallel sixty feet away on the other side of the bridge and its two opposites across the river, supported the whole structure. If anything were wrong, seriously, irreparably wrong, with the member and it gave way, the whole truss would go. The other truss would inevitably follow suit, and the cantilever would immediately collapse. "Abbott realized that, of course, as he climbed carefully down to the pier head and stood on the shoe.

Abbott, as he stood by the member and surveyed it throughout its length, could easily see that it had buckled, although the deviation was slight, about two inches at its maximum in sixty feet. He brought with him a line and, with infinite care and pains, he drew it taut across the slight concavity like a bow string. He had estimated the camber, or the distance between the center of the bow and the string, at one and a half inches. As he took more careful measurements, he discovered that it was slightly over one and three-quarter inches. In seven hundred and twenty that was scarcely noticeable, and it did not seem very much to Abbott. As he stood there feeling himself an insignificant figure amid this great interwoven mass of steel, again the sense of its strength and stability came to him overpoweringly, so much so that he laughed aloud in a rather grim fashion at the unwonted nervousness which had been induced in his mind by Meade's words and actions.

But he was a conscientious man, so he pursued his investigations further. He climbed up on top of the member, which was easy enough by means of the criss-crossed lacing, and carefully inspected the lacings at the center of the concavity or sidewise spring from the right line.

He noticed, by getting down on his face and surveying the lacing bars closely, a number of fine hair-line cracks in the paint, surface traceries apparently running here and there from the rivet holes. The rivets themselves had rather a strained look. Some of the outer rivets seemed slightly loose, where before they must have been tight, for the members, like all other parts of the bridge, had been carefully inspected at the shop and any looseness of the rivets would certainly have been noticed there. But Abbott's obsession as to the strength of the bridge had grown stronger. Lining it out, crawling over it, feeling its rigidity, he decided that these evident strains were to be expected. Of course the lacings that held the webs together would have to take up a terrific stress. They had been designed for that purpose. Largely because he did not find anything very striking, and because he wanted to be sure what he believed, the chief of construction left the pier head and clambered up to the floor with more satisfaction in his heart than his somewhat surprising anticipation, which had so unwillingly grown under the stimulus of Meade's persistence, had led him to expect.

The whistle was just blowing for the commencement of work when he got back to the bridge floor. He could not but reflect, as the men came swarming along the tracks to begin their day's work, that the responsibility for their lives lay with him. Well Abbott was a big man in his way, he had assumed responsibilities before and was perfectly willing to do so again, both for

men and bridge. The workmen at least had no suspicions or premonitions of disaster.

Wilchings, the chief erecting foreman, knew about the camber. It had not bothered him. As he approached the two exchanged greetings.

"You're out early, Mr. Abbott," said Wilchings.

"Yes, I've been down to examine C-10-R."

Wilchings laughed.

"That little spring is nothing." He looked over the track and through the maze of bracing at the member. "If we had a pier somewhere we could hold up the earth with that strut. You didn't find out anything, did you?"

"Not a thing except some hair-line cracks in the paint around the rivets."

"You'll often find those where there's a heavy load to take up. This bridge will stand long after you and I and every man on it has quit work for good."

Now Wilchings was a man of experience and ability, and if Abbott had needed any confirmation of his opinion this careless expression would have served. He did send him across the river to examine the half-completed cantilever on the other bank, upon which work had been suspended, awaiting shipments of steel. Wilchings later reported that it was all right, which was what he expected, of course, and this also added to Abbott's confidence.

The day was an unusually hard one. A great quantity of structural steel that had been delayed and which had threatened to hold up the work, arrived that day and the chief of construction was busier than he had ever been. He was driving the men with furious energy. Even under the best conditions it would be well nigh impossible to complete the bridge on time. Abbott had pride in carrying out the contract and the financial question was a considerable one. Had it not been for that, perhaps, he would have paid more attention to Meade's appeal. So he hurried on the work at top speed.

Late in the afternoon, without saying anything to Wilchings, who had resumed his regular work, or to anybody in fact, Abbott went down to look at the member again. He climbed down a hundred feet or more to make another examination at the expense of



He Made Another Careful Examination.

much valuable time, for he had not passed so busy a day as that one since the bridge began. Everything was exactly as it had been. Those hair-line cracks had troubled him a little despite Wilchings' remark. He studied them a second time. They were just as they had been, so far as he could tell, no larger, no more numerous. The lacings rang exactly the same under his hammer.

He climbed back to the floor of the bridge and spent the next half hour inspecting the progress of the work. The suspended span had already been pushed out far beyond the end of the cantilever. The work on the other side of the river had been stopped. As soon as they got the suspended span halfway over they would transfer the workmen and finish the opposite cantilever. Abbott calculated that perhaps in another week they could get it out if he drove the men. He looked at his watch, grudgingly observing that it was almost five o'clock. The men were

nothing to Abbott. The bridge was the bridge, and he was the engineer. He was fearless, but the bridge and its safety were supreme in his mind.

The material was getting scarce. Nothing was going on with such a vigor and vigor that he would fain have them at work an hour or two longer. The men themselves did not feel the way. Some of the employees on the higher grades had got the obsession of the bridge, but most of them it was the thing they worked for, by which they got their only bread—nothing more.

Those who worked by the day were already laying aside their tools, and preparing for their departure. They always would get ready so that at the signal all that was left to do was to stop. The riveters, who were paid by the piece, kept at it always to the very last minute.

Abbott had been standing near the outer end of the cantilever and he turned and walked toward the bank. The pneumatic riveters were rattling on the rivet heads with a perfectly damnable iteration of insistent sound. A confused babel of voices, the clatter of hammers, ringing sounds of swinging steel, grating against steel, clanking of trucks, grinding of wheels, the deep breathing of locomotives, mingled in an unharmonious diapason of horrid sound.

Abbott was right above the pier head now. He looked down at it through the struts and floor beams and braces, fastening his gaze on the questioned member. There it stood satisfactorily, of course. Yet, something impelled him to walk out on the nearest floor beam to the extreme edge of the truss and look down at it once more, leaning far out to see it better. He could get a better view of it with nothing between it and him. It still stood bravely. It was all right, of course. He wished that he had never said a word about it to anyone. He did not see why he could not regard it with the indifference that it merited. As he stared down at it over the edge of the truss the whistle for quitting blew.

Every sound of work ceased after the briefest of intervals, except here and there a few riveters driving home a final rivet kept at it for a few seconds, but only for a few seconds. Then, for a moment a silence like death itself intervened. It seemed as if the ever blowing wind had been momentarily stilled. That shrill whistle and the consequent cessation of the work always affected everybody the same way. There was inevitably and invariably a pause. The contrast between the noise and its sudden stoppage was so great that the men instinctively waited a few seconds and drew a breath before they began to light their pipes, close their tool boxes, pick up their coats and dinner pails, and resume their conversation as they strolled along the roadway to the shore.

If seemed to Abbott that it had never been so silent on the bridge before. There was almost always a breeze, sometimes a gale, blowing down or up the gorge through which the river flowed, but that afternoon not a breath was stirring.

Abbott found himself waiting in strained and unwonted suspense for the next second or two, his eyes fixed on the member. The long warm rays of the afternoon sun illuminated it clearly. In that second immediately below him far down toward the pier head he saw a sudden flash as of breaking steel. Low, but clear enough in the intense silence, he heard a popping sound like the snap of a great finger. Then the bright gleam of freshly broken metal caught his excited glance. The lacing was giving way. Meade was right. The member would go with it. The first pop or two was succeeded by a little rattle as of revolver shots heard from a distance, as the lacings gave way in quick succession. Abbott was a man with a powerful voice and he raised it to its limit.

The idle workmen, just beginning to laugh and jest, heard a great cry: "Off the bridge, for God's sake!"

Two or three, among them Wilchings, who happened to be within a few feet of the landward end, without understanding why, but impelled by the agony, the appeal, the horror in the great shout of the master builder, leaped for the shore. On the bridge itself some stepped forward, some stood still staring, others peered downward. The great sixty-foot webs of steel wavered like ribbons in the wind. The bridge shook as if in an earthquake. There was a heavy, shuddering, swaying movement and then the 600-foot cantilever arm plunged downward, as a great ship falls into the trough of a mighty sea. Sharp-keyed sounds cracked out overhead as the truss parted at the apex, the outward half inclining to the water, the inward half sinking straight down.

Shouts, oaths, screams rose, heard faintly above the mighty bell-like rumble of great girders, struts and ties, snatching other members and flinging in the ears of the helpless men like doom. Then, with a fearful crash, with a mighty shiver, the landward half col-

lapsed on the river, like a house of cards upon which had been laid the weight of a mountain. The river section of the bridge was suspended in mid-air, and a tremendous splash of water was heard as it fell into the river below.

The men on the bridge were almost roughly by the water's edge. They were looking at the water, and the water was deep.

The girl caught the express and rode to the Hudson terminal in the city. She saw the stars displayed in red headlines as she sprang into the taxi and bade the chauffeur hurry her to the Upper building downtown. The bill she handed him in advance made him recklessly break the speed limit.

Bertram Meade, Sr., had not left the office during the whole long afternoon. He sat alone, quietly waiting for the end. As to the "drowning life" in rapid review, so pictures of the past took form and shape in his mind. He recalled many failures. No success is uninterrupted and unbroken. It is through constant blundering that we arrive. He had learned to achieve by failing, as everybody else learns. But failures and mistakes, which were pardonable in the beginning of his career, could not be condoned now; those should have taught him. He realized too late that his later achievement had begun in a kind of conviction of omniscience, a belief in his own infallibility, bad for a man. His pride had gone before, hard upon approached the fall. He had been so sure of himself that even when the possibility that he might be mistaken had been pointed out and even argued, he had laughed it to scorn. His son's arguments he had held lightly on account of his youth and comparative inexperience—to his sorrow he realized it, too late.

Again came that strange feeling of pride, the only thing which could in any way alleviate his misery or lighten his despair. It was his own son who had pointed out the possible defect. Youth more often than not disregards the counsel of age. In this case age had made light of the warnings of youth. It was a strange reversal, he thought, grimly recognizing a touch of sardonic and terrible humor in the situation.

"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." Well, he had been mad enough. If he had only listened to the boy. And now there was nothing he could do but wait. Yes, as the long hours passed and the sun declined, and the evening approached, there suddenly flashed upon him that there was still something he could do. He had experienced some strange physical sensations during that afternoon, unease in his breast, some sharp pains about his heart. He forgot them for the moment in the idea that had come to him. When the bridge fell he would avow the whole responsibility, take all the blame. Fortunately for his plans, his son had reduced to writing his views on the compression members, which had almost taken the form of protest, and this letter had been handed to his father. His first mind had been to tear it. But he had read it and had over objections contained therein. He thought he had carefully read with the original drawings. It was, of course, in the younger Meade's own handwriting.

He went to his private safe, opened the drawings and found the letter attached to the sheet of drawings. He put back the other drawings and closed the safe without locking it. Then he went back to the desk and considered the document. He had been blind, mad. He laid the paper down on his desk and put his hand to his heart.

Of course he would submit those papers to the public at once. Was there anything else he could do? Yes. He sat down at the desk and drew a sheet of paper before him and began to write. Slowly, tremblingly, he persevered, carefully weighing his words before he traced them on paper. He had not written very long before the door of the outer office opened and he heard the sound of soft footsteps entering the room. He recognized the newcomer. It was old Shurtliff, a man who had been his private secretary and confidential clerk for many years. He stopped writing and called to him.

Shurtliff was an old bachelor, gray, thin, tall, reticent. He had but one passion—Meade, Sr.; but one glory—the reputation of the great engineer. Yes, and as there is no great passion without jealousy, Shurtliff was filled with womanly jealousy of Bertram Meade because his father loved him and was proud of him. Shurtliff knew all about the private affairs of the two engineers, father and son. He knew all about the protest of the younger

Meade. The father had told him just what he intended to do with it. Shurtliff might have been a great man if he had not been forced to act for himself. But pursuing a great passion so long as he had, he had merged himself in the more aggressive personality of his employer and friend. He had received a good engineering education, but had got into trouble over a failure, a failure had mistaken his early career, too big to be rectified, to be forgiven or forgotten. The older Meade had taken him up, had been kind to him, had offered to try to put him on his feet again, but his big failure had increased his natural timidity, so he stayed on. He had become a part of the old man's life.

Young Meade had never been able to get very far into the personality of Shurtliff, but he liked him and respected him. He realized the man's devotion to his father, and he understood and admired him. Aside from that, the old man could not but like the young one. He was too like his father for Shurtliff to dislike him. The secretary wished him well, he wanted to see him a great engineer. Of course he could never be the engineer that his father was. That would not be in the power of man. But still, even if he never attained that height, he could get rise very high. Shurtliff would not admit that there was anything on earth to equal Meade, Sr.

The secretary was greatly surprised as he stepped beside his own desk to hear his name called from the inner office. He recognized his employer's

voice, of course, yet there was a strange note in it which somehow gave him a sense of uneasiness. He went into the room at once and stopped aghast.

"Good God, Mr. Meade!" he exclaimed.

Ordinarily he was the quietest and most unobtrusive of men. There was something soft and subtle about his movements. An exclamation of that kind had hardly escaped him in the thirty years of their association. He checked himself instantly, but Meade, Sr., understood. The day before Shurtliff had left him a hale, hearty, vigorous somewhat ruddy man. Now he found him old, white, trembling, stricken. Meade looked at Shurtliff with a lack-luster eye and with a face that was dead while it was yet alive.

"Mr. Meade," began the secretary a second time, "what is the matter?"

"The International bridge," answered the other, and the secretary noticed the strangeness of his voice more and more. "It's about to collapse. Perhaps it has failed already."

Meade passed his hand over his brow and then brought it down heavily on the desk.

"As we sit here, maybe, it is falling," he added soberly in a sort of dull, impersonal way.

Into the mind of the secretary came a foolish old line: "London bridge is falling down, falling down." He must be mad or Meade must be mad.

"I can't believe it, sir. Why?"

"There's a deflection in one of the lower chord members of one and three-quarters inches. It's bound to collapse. The boy was right, Shurtliff," explained Meade. "I was wrong. I am ruined."

"Don't say that, sir. You have never failed in anything. There must be some means."

"Shurtliff, you ought to know there is no power on earth could save that member. It's only a question of time when it will fall."

The secretary leaned back against the doorjamb, put his hand over his face, and shook like a leaf. The old man eyed him.

"Don't take it so hard," he said. "It's not your fault, you know."

"Mr. Meade," burst out the other man, "you don't know what it means to me. A failure myself, I have gloried in you. I—you have been everything to me, sir. I can't stand it."

"I know," said Meade kindly. He rose and walked over to the man, laid his hand on his shoulder, took his other hand in his own. "It hurts more, perhaps, to lose your confidence in me than it would to lose the confidence of the world."

How the gods conspire to make complete the wreath of reputations and how young Meade is cast into our darkness is told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The more need you have for me, the more I shall love you. I shall love you forever, but I shall not love you if you are not as good as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as brave as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as true as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as noble as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as great as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as good as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as brave as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as true as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as noble as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as great as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as good as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as brave as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as true as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as noble as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as great as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as good as I am. I shall not love you if you are not as brave as I am. 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# NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman  
Author of Whispering Smith

## DE SPAIN BARELY ESCAPES DEATH FROM AMBUSH AND HE LEARNS MORE ABOUT HIS ENEMIES — NAN SHOWS HER CONTEMPT FOR HIM

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky mountain mining country, is infested with stage robbers, cattle rustlers and gunmen. The worst of these belong to the Morgan gang, whose hang-out is in Morgan Gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat, and near Calabasas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage line from the Chief river mines to the railroad. Jenkins, 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. Trouble starts when Sassoon of the gang cuts the throat of Elbaso, a coach driver. De Spain goes to Morgan Gap with Lefever and Bob Scott, an Indian, at night and arrests Sassoon. The gang threatens to kill De Spain. Sassoon escapes jail. Lefever tells Henry he will have to keep up his reputation as a gun man bent on breaking the Morgans.

### CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Meaning, that in this country you can't begin on a play like pulling Sassoon out from under his friends' noses without keeping up the pace without a second and third act. You dragged Sassoon by his hair out of the gap; good. You surprised everybody; good. But you can't very well stop at that, Henry. Such a feat by itself doesn't insure a permanent reputation, Henry. It is, so to say, merely a 'demand' reputation—one that men reserve the right to recall at any moment. And the worst of it is, if they ever do recall it, you are worse off than when before they extended the brittle bauble to you."

"Jingo, John! For a stage blacksmith you are some speller." De Spain added an impatient, not to say contemptuous, exclamation concerning the substance of Lefever's talk. "I didn't ask them for a reputation. This man interfered with my guard—in fact, tried to cut my throat, didn't he?"

"Would have done it if Frank had been an honest man."

"That is all there is to it, isn't it?" Lefever tapped the second finger of one fat hand gently on the table.

"Practically, practically all, Henry, yes. You don't quite understand, but you have the right idea."

"What do you want me to do—back a horse and shoot two guns at once up and down Main street, cowboy style?"

Lefever kept his patience without difficulty. "No, no. You'll understand."

"Scott advised me to run down to Medicine Bend for a few days to let the Morgans cool off."

"Right. That was the first step. The 'few days' are a thing of the past. I suppose you know," continued Lefever, in as well-modulated a tone as he could assume to convey information that could not be regarded as wholly cheerful, "that they expect to get you for this Sassoon job."

De Spain flushed. But the red anger lasted only a moment. "Who are they?" he asked after a pause.

"Deaf Sandusky, Logan, of course, the Calabasas bunch, and the Morgans."

De Spain regarded his companion unamiably. "What do they expect I'll be doing while they are getting me?"

Lefever raised a hand deprecatingly. "Don't be overconfident, Henry; that's your danger. I know you can take care of yourself. All I want to do is to get the folks here acquainted with your ability, without taking unnecessary chances. You see, people are not now asking questions of one another; they are asking them of themselves. Who and what is this newcomer—an accident or a genuine arrival? A common quibbler or a real explosion? Don't get excited," he added in an effort to soothe De Spain's obvious irritation, "You have the idea, Henry. It's time to show yourself."

"I can't very well do business here without showing myself," retorted De Spain.

"But it is a thing to be managed," persisted Lefever. "Now, suppose—since the topic is up—we 'show' in Main street for a while."

"Suppose we do," echoed De Spain ungraciously.

"That will crack the debut ice. We will call at Harry Tenison's hotel, and then go to his new rooms—go right to the stage headquarters first—that's my theory of doing it. If anybody has any shooting in mind, Tenison's is a quiet and orderly place. And if a man declines to eat anybody up at Tenison's, we put him down, Henry, as not ravenously hungry."

hotel a few moments later the office was empty. Nevertheless, the news of the appearance of Sassoon's captor spread. The two sauntered into the billiard hall, which occupied a deep room adjoining the office and opened with large plate-glass windows on Main street. Every table was in use. A fringe of spectators in the chairs, ostensibly watching the pool games, turned their eyes toward De Spain—those that recognized him distinguishing him by nods and whispers to others.

Among several groups of men standing before the long bar, one party of four near the front end likewise engaged the interest of those keener loafers who were capable of foreseeing situations. These men, Satterlee Morgan, the cattleman; Bill Page, one of his cowboys; Sheriff Drueel, and John Drueel, his brother, had been drinking together. They did not see Lefever, and his companion as the two came in through the rear lobby door. But Lefever, on catching sight of them, welcomed his opportunity. Walking directly forward, he laid his hand on the cattlemans shoulder. As the cattlemans turned, Lefever, genially grasping his hand, introduced De Spain to each of the party in turn.

Morgan threw the brim of his weather-beaten hat back from his tanned face. He wore a mustache and a chin whisker of that variety designated in the mountains by the appropriate name "Spinach." But his smile, which drew his cheeks into wrinkles and about his long, round nose, was not unfriendly. He looked with open interest from his frank but not over-trustworthy eyes at De Spain. "I heard," he said in a good-natured, slightly nasal tone, "you made a sunrise call on us one day last week."

"And I want to say," returned De Spain, equally amiably, "that if I had had any idea you folks would take it so hard—I mean, as an affront intended to any of you—I never would have gone into the gap after Sassoon. I just assumed—making a mistake as I now realize—that my scrap would be with Sassoon, not with the Morgans."

Satt's face wrinkled into a humorous grin. "You sure kicked up some alkali."

De Spain nodded candidly. "More than I intended to. And I say—with out any intention of impertinence, to anybody else—Sassoon is a cur. I supposed when I brought him here after so much riding, that we had sheriff enough to keep him. He looked at Drueel with such composure that the latter for a moment was nonplussed. Then he discharged a volley of oaths, and demanded what De Spain meant. De Spain did not move. He refused to see the angry suer, and is where I made my second mistake," he continued, speaking to Lefever, "forcing his tone just enough to be heard. Drueel, with more hard words, began to abuse the railroad for not paying taxes enough to build a decent jail. De Spain took another tack. He eyed the sheriff calmly as the latter continued to draw away and left De Spain standing somewhat apart from the rest of the group. "Then it may be I am making another mistake, Drueel, in blaming you. It may not be your fault."

"The fault is, you're fresh," cried Drueel, warming up as De Spain appeared to cool. The line of tippers backed away from the bar. De Spain stepped toward the sheriff, raised his hand in a friendly way. "Drueel, you're hurting yourself by your talk. Make me your deputy again some time," he concluded, "and I'll see that Sassoon stays where he is put."

"I'll just do that," cried Drueel, with a very strong word, and he raised his hand in turn. "Next time you want him locked up, you can take care of him yourself."

The sharp crack of a rifle cut off the words; a bullet tore like a lightning-bolt across De Spain's neck, crashed through a mahogany plaster back of the bar, and embedded itself in the wall. The shot had been aimed from the street for his head. The noisy room instantly hushed. Spectators sat glued to their chairs. White-faced players wound themselves against the

tables. De Spain alone had acted; all that the bartenders could ever remember after the single rifle shot was seeing his hand go back as he whirled and shot instantly toward the heavy report. He had whipped out his gun and fired sideways through the window at the sound.

That was all. The bartenders breathed and looked again. Men were crowding like mad through the back doors. De Spain, at the cigar case, looking intently into the rainy street, lighted from the corner by a dingy lamp. The four men near him had not stirred; but started and alert, the right hand of each covered the butt of a revolver. De Spain moved first. While the pool players jammed the back doors to escape, he spoke to without looking at the bartender. "What's the matter with your cut-throats?" he demanded, sweating his revolver and pointing with an expletive to the big sheet of plate glass. "Is this the way you build up business for the house?"

"Those close enough to the window saw that the bare paws had been cut, just above the middle, by two bullet holes. Curious men examined both fractures when De Spain and Lefever had left the saloon. The first hole was the larger. It had been made by a high-powered rifle; the second was from a bullet of a Colt's revolver; it was remarked as a miracle of gun-play that the two were hardly an inch apart. In the street a few minutes later, De Spain and Lefever encountered Scott, who, with his back hunched up, his cheap black hat pulled well down over his ears, his hands in his trousers pockets and his thin coat collar modestly turned against the drizzling rain, was walking across the parkway toward the station.

"Sassoon is in town," exclaimed Lefever with certainty after he had told the story. He waited for the Indian's opinion. Scott, looking through the water dripping from the brim of his seasoned derby, gave it in one word. "Was," he answered with a quiet smile.

"Let's make sure," insisted Lefever. "Supposing he might be in town yet, Bob, where is he?"

Scott gazed up the street through the rain lighted by yellow lamps on the obscure corners, and looked down the street toward the black beaches of the river. "If he's here, you'll find him in one of two places. Tenison's—"

"But we've just come from Tenison's," objected Lefever.

"I mean, across the street upstairs; or at Jim Kitchers's barn. If he was hurried to get away," added Scott reflectively, "he would slip upstairs over there as the nearest place to hide; if he had time, he would make for the barn, where it would be easy to cache his rifle."

Lefever took the lapel of the scout's coat in his hand. "Then you, Bob, go out and see if you can get the whole story. I'll take the barn. Let Henry go over to Tenison's and wait at the head of the stairs till we can get back there."

De Spain found no difficulty in locating the flight of marble stairs that led to the gambling rooms. It was the only lighted entrance in the side street. No light shone at the head of the stairs, but a doorway on the left opened into a large room brilliantly lighted by chandeliers. Around three sides of this



room were placed the Reno layouts, roulette wheels, faro tables and minor gambling devices. On the casino itself small cardrooms opened.

The big room was well filled for a wet night. De Spain took a place in shadow near one side of the doorway facing the street door and at times looked within for the loosely jointed frame, crooked neck, tousled forehead, and malevolent face of the cattlemans.

He could find in the many figures scattered about the room none resembling the one he sought.

A man entering the place spoke to another coming out. De Spain overheard the exchange. "Duke got rid of his steaks yet?" asked the first.

"Not yet."

"Slow game."

"The old man sold quite a bunch this time. The way he's playing now he'll last twenty-four hours."

De Spain, following the newcomer, strolled into the room and, beginning at one side, proceeded in leisurely fashion from wheel to wheel and table to table inspecting the players. A few looked at him and more paid any attention to his presence. At Tenison's table the idlers crowded about one

player whom De Spain, without getting closer in among the onlookers than he wanted to, could not see.

Tenison, as De Spain approached, happened to look up wearily. "He spoke in an impassive tone across the intervening heads: "What happened to your red tie, Henry?"

De Spain put up his hand to his neck, and looked down at a loose end hanging from his soft cravat. It had been torn by the bullet meant for his head. He turned the end inside his collar. "A Calabasas man tried to uddle it a few minutes ago. He missed the knot."

Tenison did not hear the answer. He had reverted to his case. De Spain moved on and, after making the round of the scattered tables, walked again through the doorway, only to meet, as she stood hesitating and apparently about to enter the room, Nan Morgan.

CHAPTER VII. The Gambling Room.

They confronted each other blankly. To Nan's confusion was added her embarrassment at her personal appearance. Her hat was wet, and the limp shoulders of her black jacket and the front of her silk blouse showed the wilting effect of the rain. In one hand she clutched wet riding gloves. Her cheeks, either from the cold rain or mental stress, fairly burned, and her eyes, which had seemed when she encountered her, fired with some resolve, changed to an expression of dismay.

"This was hardly for more than an instant. Then her lips tightened, her eyes dropped, and she took a step to one side to avoid De Spain and enter the gambling room. He stepped in front of her. She looked up, furious. "What do you mean?" she exclaimed with indignation. "Let me pass."

The sound of her voice restored his self-possession. He made no move to get out of her way, indeed he rather pointedly continued to obstruct her. "You've made a mistake, I think," he said gravely.

"I have not," she replied with resentment. "Let me pass."

"I think you have. You don't know where you are going," he persisted, his eyes bent unconsciously on hers.

She showed increasing irritation at his attempt to excuplate her. "I know perfectly well where I am going," she retorted with heat.

"Then you know," he returned steadily, "that you've no business to enter such a place."

His opposition seemed only to anger her. "I know where I have business. I need no admissions from you as to what places I enter. You are impertinent, insulting. Let me pass!"

His stubborn opposition showed no signs of yielding before her resolve. "One question," he said, ignoring her angry words: "Have you ever been in these rooms before?"

He thought she quailed the least bit before his searching look. She even hesitated as to what to say. But if her eyes fell momentarily it was only to collect herself. "Yes," she answered, looking up unflinchingly.

Her resolute eyes supported her defiant word and openly challenged his interference, but she met her once more quietly. "I am sorry to hear it," he rejoined. "But that won't make any difference. You can't go in tonight."

"I will go in," she cried.

"No," she returned slowly, "you are not going in—not, at least, while I am here."

They stood immovable. He tried to reason her out of her determination. She resented every word he offered. "You are most insolent," she exclaimed.

"You are interfering—something that is no concern of yours. You have no right to act in this outrageous way. You don't stand aside I'll call for the police."

"De Spain spoke her name suddenly and threateningly. His words rang through the air with a vehemence that she had never felt before. "We met in the gap a week ago. I saw you telling you the exact truth. Did I do it?"

"I am not sure of your word or what you say," she said sharply; "did you see me?"

"I don't know or care," she replied, "yes, you do know."

"What you say or do," she told you the truth then, and I am telling it now. I want to see you again as long as I can prevent it. Can you blame me for that?"

She looked at him with amazement. She seemed almost to make another protest. Instead, she turned suddenly away, hesitated again, put both hands to her face and burst into tears. De Spain followed her. "Let me take you to where you are going?"

Nan turned on him, her eyes blazing through her tears, with a single, scornful, furious word: "No!" She conferred her step from him in such confusion that she ran into two men just reaching the top of the stairs. They separated with alacrity, and gave her passage. One of the men was Lefever, who, despite his size, was extremely nimble in getting out of her urgent way, and quick in lifting his hat. She fairly raced down the flight of steps, leaving Lefever looking after her in astonishment. He turned to De Spain: "Now, who the deuce was that?"

De Spain ignored his question by asking another: "Did you find him?" Lefever shook his head. "Not a trace; I covered Main street. I guess Bob was right—Nobody home here, Henry?"

"Nobody we want."

"Nothing going on?"

"Not a thing. If you will wait here for Bob, I'll run over to the office and answer those telegrams."

De Spain started for the stairs. "Henry," called Lefever, as his companion trotted hastily down, "if you catch up to her, kindly apologize for a fat man."

But De Spain was balked of an opportunity to follow Nan. In the street he ran into Scott. "Did you get the story?" demanded De Spain.

"Part of it."

"Was it Sassoon?"

Scott shook his head. "Deaf Sandusky. That man Sandusky—Bob smiled a sickly smile—'doesn't miss' very often. He was bothered a little by his friends being all around you."

The two regarded each other for a moment in silence. "Why," asked De Spain, boiling a little, "should that damned hulking brute try to blow my head off just now?"

"Only for the good of the order, Henry," grinned the scout.

"Nice job Jeff has picked out for me," muttered De Spain grimly, "standing up in these Sleepy Cat barrooms to be shot at—is he the fellow John calls the butcher?"

"That's what everybody calls him, I guess."

The two rejoined Lefever at the head of the stairs and the three discussed the matter.



"Answer me," he said sharply. "Did I Tell You the Truth?"

Lefever looked toward the gambling tables. "We'll go in and look at him," he turned to Scott to write his comment on the proposal. "Think twice, John," suggested the Indian. "If there's any trouble in a crowd like that, anybody that has no interest in De Spain or Sandusky is pretty sure to get hurt."

"I don't mean to start anything," explained Lefever. "I only want De Spain to look at him."

But sometimes things start themselves. Lefever roared Sandusky at a faro table. At his side sat his partner, Logan. Three other players, together with the onlookers, and the dealer—whose tumbled hair fell partly over the visor that protected his eyes from the glare of the overhead light—made up the group. The table stood next to that where Tenison, white-faced and impassive under the heat and light, held the chair.

Lefever took a position at one end of the table, where he faced Sandusky, and De Spain, just behind his shoulder, had a chance to look the two Calabasas men closely over. Sandusky again impressed him as a powerful man, who, beyond an ample stomach, carried his weight without showing it.

De Spain credited readily the extraordinary stories he had heard of Sandusky's dexterity with a revolver.

"He should so lately have missed a shot at so close range was partly explained now that De Spain perceived Sandusky's small, hard, brown eyes were somewhat unnaturally bright, and that his brows knit every little while in his effort to collect himself. Sandusky's brown shirt sprang open at the collar, and De Spain looked again the flashy waistcoat, fastened at the last button with a jet-black glass button.

At Sandusky's side sat his enemy in all important undertakings—a much smaller, sparer man, with aggressive shoulders and restless eyes. Logan was the lookout of the pair, and his raring glance lighted on De Spain before the latter had inspected him more than a moment. He lost no time in beginning on De Spain with an insolent question as to what he was looking at. De Spain, his eye bent steadily on him, answered with a tone neither of apology nor pronounced offense: "I am looking at you."

Lefever hitched at his trousers cheerily and, stepping away from De Spain, took a position just behind the dealer. "What are you looking at me for?" demanded Logan insolently.

De Spain raised his voice to match exactly the tone of the inquiry. "So I'll know you next time."

Do you believe that De Spain is foolhardy in hunting for trouble with the gangsters? And hadn't he better be minding his own business instead of trying to flirt with Nan Morgan?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sorrow is the most rest of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it.

## HUNTING FOR PEGGY

By OLIVER GRAY.

John Salisbury Oliver put down the evening paper folded to the closing stock quotations and took out his watch. He had a dinner engagement and it was time to dress. Ordinarily he would have been bored, for the fore-edge of his spirit had been wearing dull of late at all affairs of the sort. He had wearied of cajoling and flattery, artful mothers and fond daughters, for having made up his mind at twenty that he was going to be rich, and deciding never to marry until he was, he had spent almost half of his life in peaceful solitude. And having made good his decision of getting rich to the amount of seven figures one can easily understand his popularity now.

This particular evening, however, was different. He was playing a new game, and the game was this; he had decided to marry at last. It seemed that the office was running without him these days. And so in his loneliness it occurred to him to travel. And the thought of travel suggested a companion, and companionship suggested marriage, and marriage, of course, demanded a woman. That was the new game—to find the person he would choose for his wife.

It all sounds much more simple than it was, for John had an ideal. Not an airy-fairy, fade-as-you-touch ideal, but a real one. He wanted someone as nearly as possible like Peggy McGuire, the merry, teasing little companion of his boyhood.

He rang for Clemens to come and lay out his things, equalize the shower to 70 and arrange articles for shaving. The real ceremony of barbering and dressing he attended to himself.

Clemens came in. "Too just wondering, sir," he said, appearing with a box under his arm, "if there hasn't been a mistake sir. These things came from the tailor's an hour ago and there's nothing but those two overcoats you discarded a while ago."

"The dickens!"

"That's what I think, sir. I remember you laid out three of your best suits to be pressed. I put them in a box and told Della to give them to the tailor's boy. This is what came back, sir."

"Two overcoats, you say. Why, I know now! I promised Mrs. Wilson to send some warm things to the dispensary; and on your day off I gave them to the boy who would call. Evidently they have got mixed. My three new perfectly good spring suits are probably making some poor fellow miserable in the fresh-air camp, while my tailor is evidently in despair at having a customer who wears overcoats a year out of date. What shall I do, Clemens?"

"Can't you call the lady, sir?"

"Yes, I can do that. But I think I'll go instead. They're open all evening, aren't they?"

"I should say all the time, sir, for work like that."

"So should I, Clemens. It's funny, isn't it, that the suits I ordered for traveling should go traveling without me? I wonder where they are. I'd like to find them, it's such a nuisance to be fitted for others."

The lights of the dispensary were still showing brightly as the policeman drew up to the curb. Inside in the waiting room a woman was taking down names and addresses of people on cards. It was to her that John made his appeal.

"If you wait I'll get the nurse who fakes charge. She's likely to know about your box." And going into another room she returned with a person whose features were completely hidden by an antiseptic mask, white like her cap, apron and the rest of her immaculate uniform.

"Remember the clothes," she said instantly. "I was sure of a mistake, they appeared to be so new. They haven't been sent out yet. They are up in the supply room. But if you have the overcoats with you, I know where one is needed right away. I cannot tell you the number, but I can take you there if you have time to wait. I'm off duty in ten minutes. The man goes away early in the morning."

John hurried down and waited and then went out to ask the chauffeur something about the new car. Then the nurse came out dressed for the street and John held the door open for her to get in.

"It's West Fortieth street, near Tenth avenue," she said, settling back into the seat.

And John, repeating the address, got in also and shut the door. Then suddenly the street light caught the glint of a strand of hair, silver white, waving softly over the little nurse's ear, and John, stooping, looked for the first time fully into her face.

"Peggy," he cried. "I might know I'd find you on an errand of mercy. Thank heaven, I've found you! I cannot believe you're real!"

"I've taken a long time hunting, John," softly.

"Peggy, dear, I love you. We'll give all these people money to buy new clothes instead of old ones. Surely you can't refuse me now, Peggy."

"No, John, I can't. But don't think I'm sacrificing myself for the people. I've always loved you, John, dear." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

At the Theater.

Rubby (who has been out between the acts)—What a strong scene that was! It fairly took away my breath.

White—It was stronger than I thought if it could do that.



# Notice!

## Weitzman's Cash Grocery

(Successor to Fred Oldenburg)

To the People of Northville and Vicinity: I wish to announce that I have bought the Grocery and Seed Stock of Fred Oldenburg, located on Center street and will continue business there as a Cut Price, Money-Saving Grocery Store. Doing business on a Cash Basis, delivering all orders, and I wish to add that it will pay you to watch this space every week for Saturday Specials. Trusting this store will receive a share of your patronage and cooperation, I thank you in advance.

JAMES W. WEITZMAN,  
(Successor to Fred Oldenburg)

### Specials for Saturday.

- 35c Best Blend Coffee, 27c lb.
- Best Baldwin Apples, 37c peck.
- Large Can "Pet" Milk, 11c each
- Best 50c Japan Green Tea, 39c lb.
- Oranges, 11c doz.
- Queen Anne Soap, 6 Bars for 25c
- Large Can Best 20c Sardines, 15c; 2 for 25c
- Large Can Best 25c Red Salmon, 19c.
- 30c Lemons, 23c per doz.
- Large Can Ryse Olives, 9c.

#### FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

- Large Loaf of Bread, 13c
  - Lettuce, 23c lb.
  - Try our "Special" Roasted Coffee.
  - Weitzman's Special at 28c lb.
- This is positively considered a Coffee that surpasses any at any price. After trying it if not satisfactory, I will gladly refund your money.
- Fresh Eggs, 33c doz.

OTHERS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

# Weitzman's Cash Grocery

(Successor to Fred Oldenburg)

## HILLS BROS' MEAT MARKET

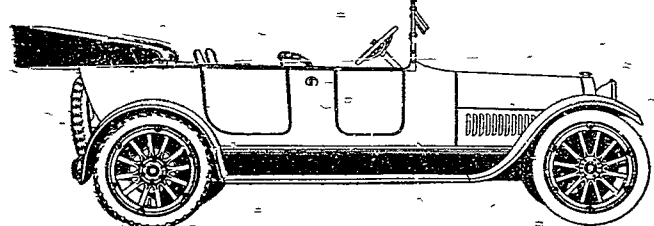
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- 40-H. P., 7-Passenger FOUR.....\$985.
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### VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Myra Thompson spent the week-end with relatives at Rockwood.

Mrs. Bertha Curtis of Detroit was a week-end guest of Miss Hazel Bovee.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Herrick and baby spent Sunday with Detroit relatives.

Earl Pinney of Ann Arbor was the guest of his sister, Miss Ruth Pinney for the J. hop.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miles of Pontiac were business callers in town Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Barnhart have been visitors at the Tinsam-Randolph home this week.

Harvey White of Pingree, Mich., visited Northville relatives for a few days the first of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Penfield of Detroit have recently been visiting among Northville friends.

Grig Tatt and Miss Mildred Kress of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tatt.

H. F. Brown and wife of Detroit have been guests at the L. A. Babbitt home a part of this week.

Miss Aletha Yerkes had as her guest for the J. hop and for the week-end, Miss Mildred Harger of Detroit.

Miss Janet McCrea entertained her sister, a teacher in the schools at Bowling Green, O. the latter part of last week.

R. R. Darwin of Pinckney, Mich., a former resident here some years ago, was a caller at the Record office Thursday.

Miss Ella Wilcox left Wednesday for Colorado, accompanying her aunt, Mrs. Mary Dunlap of Detroit, to the west for an indefinite stay.

In addition to the Northville boy scouts mentioned last week who attended the exhibition and grill held by Troop 69 in Detroit, we learn that Scout Joseph Watts was also of the party.

J. C. Dennis, who has been with the Warner Dairy Co. at Powers station for the past three years, has been transferred to Owendale, Mich., as manager of a new Warner cheese factory there.

Mrs. May Yorks started Saturday with her car on a trip to New York state, accompanied by her nephew, Dwight Smalley, from that state, and by little Arthur Sessions. They will spend the summer there.

Mrs. F. I. Walker attended the annual convention of the Detroit Conference Woman's Foreign Missionary society, which was held in the Central Methodist church house, Detroit, last week. She was re-elected Recording Secretary for the seventh year.

Dr. T. B. Henry has been notified that he is to leave for headquarters next week to assume his duties as a surgeon in the U. S. Red Cross service. The best wishes of many friends will go with the doctor to his appointed place in the service of his country.

Mrs. Nellie Freydl and Mrs. Flora Babbitt were guests Tuesday at a noon luncheon given by the Wm. -daisis association in the Masonic Temple, Detroit. The association is composed of the Past O. E. S. Matrons of that city, and all the Past Matrons of the local chapter were included in the invitation. Only the two ladies mentioned braved the especially unpleasant weather to attend.

### WEEKLY CALENDAR. METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The Detroit West District is to make its offering next Sunday toward the \$700,000 endowment fund which this district conference is to raise for the pensioning of its retired ministers. Princely givers of the church are interested and are giving large amounts. One man, a retired minister's son, is giving \$122,500, and others are giving in the thousands. All that is asked or necessary is that each one shall do what he can. Mr. A. E. Parker of Detroit, chairman of the endowment commission, will be with us and have charge of the morning service. We are confident that the Northville church will do its share. Let no member or friend of the church fail of the opportunity offered in the morning services next Sunday.

The Sunday school will meet at 11:30 o'clock.

The Epworth League service at 6 o'clock will be under the direction of Prof. F. W. Wheaton.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. F. S. Neal Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The program will be in charge of the May com-

mittee. Refreshments will be served.

The topic of the evening service at 7 o'clock will be, "Dreams and Visions."

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

The attendance at the meeting held Tuesday evening in the church auditorium for the purpose of deciding on the calling of a pastor, was excellent, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather conditions. The result of the meeting was the extending of a unanimous call to Rev. Edward V. Bellis of Immanuel church, Cleveland, O. The endorsements that have been received by our church officials in regard to Mr. Bellis are in the highest degree favorable; and if he accepts the call all indications point to the fact that we shall have made a very fortunate choice.

Pastor Briske of Alma, formerly president of Alma college, will occupy the pulpit Sunday.

The Light Bearers' society will meet with Miss Elizabeth Beard this coming Saturday afternoon, May 5. Those attending are requested to take the car which leaves Northville at 1:20.

Christian Endeavor meeting at the accustomed hour.

The Sunday school officers for the year were elected last Sunday, as follows: Superintendent, E. S. Beard; Assist., Mrs. C. C. Yerkes; Secretary, Sylvanus Curtiss; Assist., Dorothy Dubuar; Treasurer, Claude Ely.

The Woman's Missionary society will hold its regular meeting next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. William Erwin on Duinlap street. A full attendance is especially desired.

### BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)

Thanks for the good attendance last Sunday both morning and evening.

A short sermon, followed by the communion service, will be the program for Sunday morning.

We may have a new voice in the pulpit in the evening. If not, the pastor will change his voice a little.

### ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

German services next Sunday afternoon. Immediately after the service a meeting of the voters will be held. All voting members are requested to be present at this meeting.

For the sake of some of our young people and others who do not understand the German language at all, or not sufficiently well, to be benefited much by a German service, we shall, a week from next Sunday, resume our English services.

During the past two weeks the pastor has received from members of his parish, 32 subscriptions for membership in the Red Cross organization. Those who have subscribed may get their Red Cross pins from the pastor, their membership cards will be sent to them by mail. We are glad that so many have responded to the pastor's call for contributions, but there may be a few more who have a dollar or more to spare and a heart full of love for this Good Samaritan work. The pastor will be glad to receive any further contributions.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

### Northville School Notes.

Vance McKann of the Fifth grade has left school.

Harold Hanley entered the Second grade this week.

Hazel Hanley is a new pupil in the kindergarten.

The Third graders are doing excellent work in division.

Raymond Watts has returned to school in the Sixth grade.

The Kindergarten people made and hung May baskets Tuesday.

The Eighth grade penmanship class is doing board work now.

Wifa Catherine Brown of the Second grade has moved to Detroit.

The Eighth graders are hard at work on the study of the Civil war.

Harold Merrithew has left school to work so he can return in September.

The First graders are dramatizing the story of "The Hen and the Squirrel."

The Sixth graders are ordering seeds from the Children's Flower Mission in Cleveland, O.

Musical! Where? At the High school, Friday evening, May 11, 1917.

# To Retail Coal Consumers.

That you may know the exact mining and market situation on Anthracite, we would like to say that we have invested money in our retail yards to provide storage for approximately 50 cars of all sizes of Anthracite. We placed our order in March for our April shipments amounting to approximately 50 cars, and have received today less than 10 per cent, or 5 cars, due to transportation and mining conditions.

We have been in touch with the operators and their agents and can get no definite assurance from them as to filling our orders, in a specified time.

When we placed the above order with the mines it was at a definite price, but now we understand that they are going to charge us the current price at the time of shipment, and this will make it impossible for us to figure the cost of the coal at Northville until we get their invoice for each car. All we ask is a reasonable profit on the cost of the coal at Northville, that will net us eventually 6 per cent on our investment; but you can readily see how difficult it will be for us to name a definite price to the consumer until we know what the coal costs us at Northville.

This year the price will be a secondary consideration to supply, but we intend to use our very best efforts to maintain a supply regardless of price.

At the present time we are booking orders for delivery as soon as we can get the coal and at the prevailing prices at the time of delivery. We positively cannot state any prices until we have the coal in our possession.

Yours truly,

## McKahn Fuel & Ice Co.

Northville, Michigan.

**FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!**

Why the "sale" stores themselves blunty 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

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

## 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 our this year's offerings. No one has been permitted to pick even one at private sale. It will include 24 granddaughters of King of the Pontiac and Pontiac Korndyke, the two greatest dairy sires of all our 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

**WM. B. HATCH, YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN**

Given by the High school Glee Club. Everybody come. Admission 15 c and 20c.

At the close of chapel Monday morning, about 40 boys volunteered to pair off in groups of two, each group to bale one bale of papers this week.

Last Friday afternoon a ball team composed mostly of Seventh and Eighth graders was defeated by the Fenton High school by a score of 13 to 11. It was the first time they had been together this year and a lack of practice was very noticeable. With a regular program of steady practice planned we hope to be returned victors in the rest of our games.

The Eighth grade entertained the High school Monday morning with songs and games by the Kindergarten, several selections by the High school orchestra, recitations by John Litzberger and Robert Willis, a violin duet by Gordon Moffat and Ralph Taylor with piano accompaniment by Scott Banner by the Star Spangled Banner by the school and orchestra together.

M. E. Tripp, Attorney, Penobscot bldg. Detroit, Mich.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, in Chancery. No. 58575.

Claren 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, Circuit Judge.

A true copy.  
THOS. L. MCGOLDRICK, 38-44. Deputy Clerk.

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