

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 43.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Sport Skirts

Warm days are right at hand and you will want one of our Sport Skirts. This line is all new and come in White or Fancy Colors, \$1.65, \$1.98 and \$2.25.

Silk Hosiery, Black, White, Suede and Pearl.

Ladies' and Children's Gauze Underwear. Our stock is large, having been purchased last fall. We can show you a Complete Line.

Silk Gloves, Black or White, Wrist Length, 75c per pair.

New House Dresses and Large Aprons.

The flag that floats in your front yard will mean more to you when you have planted a garden in your back yard. However, we have Sticker Flags for Windows and Windshields and Silk Flags (Black and Gilt mounted) for your Autos.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

The June Magazine.
The June Fashion
Sheet and
The Summer Style
Books are here.

PONSFORD'S
NORTHVILLE, MICH.

James W. Weitzman, the Cash Grocer
Seed Potatoes, \$3.65 bushel
BUY NOW OR NEVER.

Potatoes 95 cents per peck

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.

Cash Beats Credit

In trading at a Cash and no delivery Store, the people realize that they are not paying for the extra expense of delivery, bad debts, forgetting to charge, extra help, etc.

10 Lbs. H. & E. SUGAR, for	95c
Crisco,	40c
Lard,	26c
Lard Compound,	22c
Luxury Macaroni,	9c
Columbia Flag Salmon,	25c
Export Salmon,	20c
H. & E. Sugar, 10c lb.; or 10-lbs for 95c	

Oranges, Bananas, Pines, Vegetables, Etc.,

WHEELER & BLACKBURN
Northville, Michigan.

THE CADDY STREET GROVE QUESTION.

The Northville council has taken under consideration the much advocated plan of utilizing the maple grove on Cady street near the school buildings as a public park and school playground, but President Filkins and his helpers are averse to taking decisive action on the matter unless satisfied that the idea meets the approval of the general public. It would be necessary to remove a number of the trees to make the place available for either school playgrounds or the holding of chautauques or other public assemblages, but the grove is practically useless in its present state. A school playground is certainly needed, and no other available place is obtainable. The Record has been heartily in favor of the plan from the first, as have many other citizens, but the village authorities would like to hear if any one objects, and if so the reasons therefor.

FINE FLAG FOR BOY SCOUTS.

At Tuesday night's meeting of the Northville Boy Scouts in the school gym a handsome wool bunting flag, 4 by 6 feet in size, with nicely finished staff surmounted by a gilded eagle, was presented to the troop by the local Woman's Relief Corps, Mrs. T. G. Richardson, Patriotic Instructor of the Corps, making the presentation. Nearly 30 members of the W. R. C. several members of the G. A. R., the Campfire girls, a number of the parents of the scouts, the village president and many other citizens were present as a compliment to the scouts. The boys are improving steadily in their drill work, and are putting in extra practice for Memorial Day, when they are to assist in the program. The W. R. C. ladies gave, as best they could without the guidance of the usual piano accompaniment, their officers' flag drill, designed by them for demonstrating their love for the Stars and Stripes. The members of the Corps were greatly disappointed that Scoutmaster Pomeroy was not present.

DES AUTELS—HENNING.

Announcement has been received here of the marriage, in St. Andrews Presbyterian church, Minneapolis, Minn., on May 9, 1917, of Mr. H. Eugene Des Autels, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Des Autels of this place, to Miss Elsie L. Henning of Seattle, Washington. The young people will make their home at Brule, Wisconsin, where Mr. Des Autels has a fine position in charge of the private fish hatchery on the estate of one of Wisconsin's millionaire residents. The marriage is the happy culmination of a three years' engagement. The young man's many Northville friends unite in sincerest congratulations and all sorts of good wishes.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR.

A rumor that the Michigan State Fair is not to be held this year is emphatically denied by Secretary Manager Dickinson, who asserts that every effort is being put forth to make the 68th annual best fair Michigan has ever put on. Inasmuch as the demand for agricultural competition is especially needful this year, and activity along all lines of such production expected to be greater than ever, the fair of 1917, Aug. 31 to Sept. 9, should surpass all previous exhibitions in our state.

DR. WALLIN DIED MAY 13.

Dr. Malcom T. Wallin, for many years an esteemed resident of Northville, died Sunday, May 13, at his home in Detroit after a brief illness with pneumonia. He is survived by his wife Mrs. Mary Blackwood Wallin and their three daughters. The funeral services were held from the home at 349 Pennsylvania Ave. Tuesday afternoon.

Later: As we go to press we learn that Mrs. Wallin died yesterday morning. No particulars are available at this time.

Most Necessary.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of harness.

Features at the New Alceium Theatre.

Next week Saturday night, May 26, a roaring two-reel Charlie Chaplin comedy "A Night in the Show" will be given in addition to the regular program at the Alceium. A matinee for the children will be put on at 3 o'clock p. m., admission ten cents.

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

SEASON'S FINAL BAND BENEFIT.

The last entertainment for the season to be given under the auspices of the Northville city band is dated for Friday evening, June 1, in the Alceium theatre. The play to be presented is "A Rustic Romeo," a rollicking comedy requiring ten principal characters and two choruses, employing some of the best talent of our town. A first class orchestra will entertain before and during the performance, and there will be special musical numbers between acts.

The band has incurred much expense during its winter practice and as the street concerts are to start in June second, it is hoped that all indebtedness may be cleaned up by means of this entertainment and the concert season started free of incumbrance. If patrons do not receive full value for their money, the band will cheerfully refund the price of admission, which is to be 15 cents and 25 cents, with no extra charge for reserved seats. The play will be under the direction of Mrs. Mabel E. Hills. Let everybody "boost" by attending, as it will be well worth while for all concerned.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

For Rent—For Sale—Lost Found Wanted—Notice—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, Northville high school, Detroit 42w2p.

FOR SALE—Cheap. Davenport and Round Oak range. Inquire of Corbett at Lyke's shop. 43w1p.

FOR SALE—Cadillac bicycle, almost new. Albert Trauner, Box 67, R. E. D. No. 1. 43w1p.

FOR SALE—Cement Blocks at all kinds. Inquire Glen King, R. F. D. No. 2. 43w4p.

FOR SALE—Olds Eight, splendid condition. Run less than 6,000 miles, fully guaranteed. For one week only \$747. It is a 1916 model and will go quick. May be sold before this ad appears however. F. S. Neal Agency, Northville. 442p.

FOR SALE—Deering grain binder, nearly new. New Pekin lumber wagon, two seated spring wagon. Call 223-J. Ed Sessions. 43w1p.

FOR SALE—Tomato and early cabbage plants, also young plants of asters, cosmos and snapdragons. Mrs. C. J. Kysor, Yerkes street. 43w1p.

FOR SALE—Yearling Holstein bull. Phone 228-W. Milford Baker. 43w1c.

FOR SALE—Fertilizer. How can you show your loyalty any more than by increasing your crop yield? Phone 151-R-3. J. W. Cole. 432p.

NOTICE—Any person having old tags, papers, iron, etc., call 44-J. Samuel Kleiman. 43w4p.

NOTICE—If you want fertilizer, call James N. Erwin, Phone 138 R-2. 41w3p.

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

NOTICE—Dressmaking. Mrs. Langdon, west half of Scott house on Cady street. 42w2p.

WANTED—Skim milk. Booth Poultry Farm, R. F. D. No. 2, Northville. Phone 243 J-2. 42w1p.

WANTED—To buy for cash a medium sized house with two or more lots in the village (not Bealton). F. W. Pixley, 495 W. Canfield avenue, Detroit. 42w2p.

FOR SALE—Barn 14x30 ft. C. F. Castelle, Northville. 42w2p.

FOR SALE—Meadow Gold butter at 42 cts. Thomas B. Couch, Exchange hotel. 42w2p.

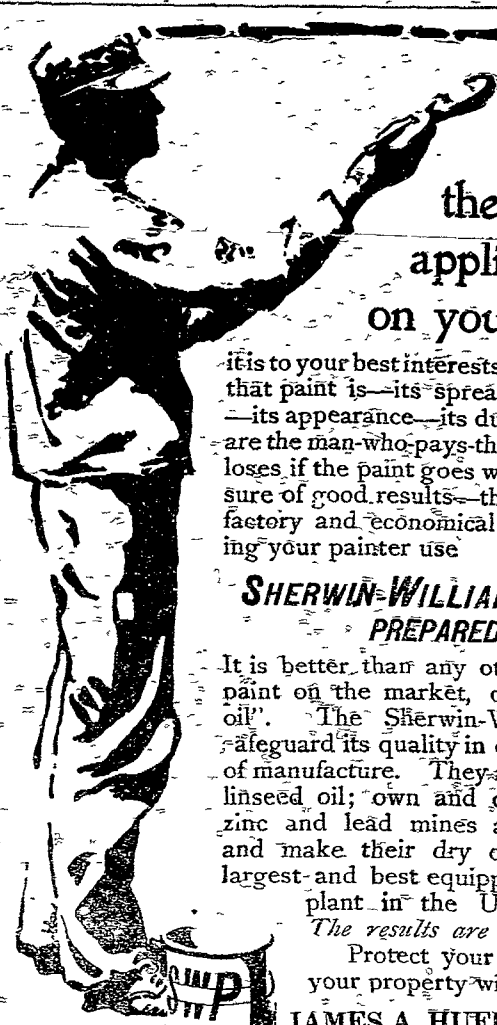
FOR SALE—Automobile at a bargain. Cadillac 1910, good running condition and good tires. Demi-tonneau; can be easily converted to small truck. \$147 takes it. Apply F. S. Neal Agency, Northville. 43w2p.

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-2. 29w1p.

FOR RENT—Rooms over store. Inquire Nevison's Bakery. Phone 144-W. 43w2p.

FOR RENT—Farm land—Cash or on shares. Address J. Henry Smith, 519 Helen avenue, Detroit. 42w2c.

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. Walter C. Piper, Detroit. 41w2c.



When the painter applies paint on your house

it is to your best interests to know what that paint is—its spreading capacity—its appearance—its durability. You are the man who pays the bill and who loses if the paint goes wrong. Make sure of good results—the most satisfactory and economical job—by having your painter use

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT PREPARED

It is better than any other prepared paint on the market, or "lead and oil". The Sherwin-Williams Co. safeguard its quality in every process of manufacture. They make all their linseed oil; own and operate large zinc and lead mines and smelters, and make their dry colors in the largest and best equipped dry color plant in the United States. The results are in the goods.

Protect your interests and your property with S.W.P.

JAMES A. HUFF, HARDWARE
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

The Need of the Hour

Michigan Must Help Feed the Country.

FARMERS—Make every acre of your farm produce, and produce more than ever before.

CITY PEOPLE—Make your garden feed your family and others if possible.

VACANT LOT OWNERS—Make every vacant space produce food product of some kind.

U. S. Agricultural Department is mobilizing the agricultural interests of the country—Government report estimates large shortage in wheat crop.

"Means must be devised promptly to insure the largest possible production of food supplies. It must be recognized that the man or boy who puts all his energies into the increased supply of food is as truly a soldier of the republic as he who, in uniform, fights on the ranks."

Will You "Do Your Bit"?

GOOD SERVICE.

SOUND BANKING.

Northville State Savings Bank
Northville, Michigan.

Special

FOR SATURDAY, May 19, Only

10-Pound

Sack Sugar

for

95 cents

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

Clever.

"That fellow who was talking so nicely about love in a cottage must be a poet."

"No," he's a real estate dealer. He's trying to persuade me to get married and buy a semidetached cottage on the installment plan."

His Usefulness.

She—There is one good thing about the average duffer.

He—What is that?

She—He destroys so many of these nasty cigarettes.

Cupid's Only Rival.

She—Cupid is the only matrimonial agent recognized by society.

He—Don't you believe it. Cupidity has the little fellow beat a block.

At the Musicals.

"She plays entirely by ear."

"Her father ought to have something done for her hearing."

Ever Notice It?

Tomdix—If there is anything in a man travel is bound to bring it out.

Hojax—Yes; especially ocean travel.

Prelude to Long Silence.

Dolly—I wish Mrs. Swift wouldn't talk so much during a game of bridge whist.

Dick—You can't blame her for making the most of her opportunities. The chances are that none of the players will be on speaking terms after the game is over.

Headaches

come mostly from disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Regulate these organs and keep free from headaches by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

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 dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Kellogg & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

ASTHMA REMEDY

Safe Position.

"I heard the boys say, Sam, that you were bragging to them about going to the front."

"Yes, sir. I've just got a job as a hotel-bellboy."

YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You say to the drug store man, "Give me a small bottle of freezone." This will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

A few drops of this new ether compound applied directly upon a tender, aching corn relieves the soreness instantly, and soon the entire corn or callus, root and all, dries up and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that freezone dries in a moment, and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without irritating the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to order a small bottle from his wholesale drug house for you—adv.

Some Objection.

"I would like to run over in my automobile some fine evening if you're willing."

"Hold on a minute; not if you want to run over me."

OLD SORES, ULCERS AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilder St., Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 25 cents at any druggist, says Peterson, and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

"Peterson's Ointment is the best for bleeding and itching piles I have ever found."—Major Charles E. Whitney, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

"Peterson's Ointment has given great satisfaction for Salt Rheum."—Mrs. J. L. Wulfe, Cuylerville, N. Y.

All druggists sell it, recommend it. Adv.

Mother's Pensions.

Thirty states now have laws governing the payment of pensions to widows with children.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Pure Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. Write for Free Brochure. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

The DAIRY

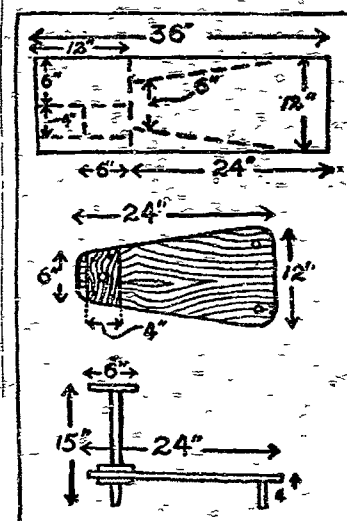


GOOD HOMEMADE MILK STOOL

Device Intended to Hold Pail and Provide Seat for Milker Made Out of Fork Handle.

A homemade milk stool, serving to hold the pail and provide a seat for the milker is made out of an old fork handle and an inch board 12 inches wide and 3 feet long.

To make the stool cut a board 2 feet long and 1 foot wide. With a draw shave taper it to 6 inches wide at one end. Two cleats, each 4 inches by 6 inches, are fastened crosswise of the grain at the narrow end to prevent splitting of the board. With an expansive bit or bridge auger drill three holes in which to insert the legs. The two front legs are cut from an old fork handle, and hold the pail plate.



Homemade Milk Stool.

form 4 inches above the floor. The back leg is driven through leaving the pail platform level with the floor, and projecting above to support the seat at a height convenient for the milker. A cross piece 6 inches by 12 inches serves as a seat, and is secured on top of the back leg with a wood screw. This stool removes the weight of the pail from the milker's knees, yet supports it in the same position. If the cow should want to kick, the milker can shift all the weight to the back leg, and swing the pail from beneath the animal.

Materials required: First, fork handle cut as follows: One piece, 15 inches; 2 pieces, each 4 inches. Second, inch board 3 feet by 1 foot cut as follows: One piece, 12 by 24 inches; 2 pieces, each 4 by 6 inches; 1 piece, 6 by 12 inches—Hoard's Dairyman.

BIG MONEY FROM PUREBREDS

Interesting Comparison Made by Illinois Agricultural College on Dairy Profits.

A comparison of the yearly incomes of 124 farms where purebred bulls were kept at the head of the dairy herd, with 466 dairy farms where a grade bull was used, has been made by the Illinois Agricultural college.

The average farm income for the first list of farms was \$1,102 after deducting taxes, interest on investment, etc. Where a grade bull was used the farm income was \$734. On 23 farms where scrub bulls were used the farm income was only \$243, or only half enough to pay interest on the investment, to say nothing about any pay for the owner's time.

HANDY COVERED MILK PAILS

More Important in Dirty Stable Than in Clean One—Wire Gauze Is Sometimes Used.

Covered milk pails are more necessary in a dirty than in a clean stable. Such pails are designed to reduce the size of the opening and thereby expose less milk to the air and the dust. In some cases, layers of cotton and wire gauze are placed over the small-topped pail.

Careful trials have demonstrated that 60 per cent less dirt and from 25 to 90 per cent fewer bacteria get into the milk when covered milking pails are used.

DAIRYING INDUSTRY IN WEST

Small Farmer Is More Dependent Upon Sale of Products Than Many Are Ready to Admit.

No greater calamity could befall the farmers of the West than the destruction of all places where cream or butter could be sold. The small farmer is more dependent upon the sale of dairy products than many are willing to admit. The cream-receiving stations and the possibility of easy shipment to the creamery have for years been the mainstay for many western farmers and as such they will continue to be.

WAGNER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN BASEBALL



BEST PLAYER GAME HAS EVER KNOWN.

A few years ago it was thought wonderful when Cy Young started on his twenty-fourth year in baseball, but old Cy didn't finish. It also was thought Matty was going to last forever, but his pitching years were limited to 13. Now Honus Wagner of the Pittsburgh Pirates steps out on completion of 25 years in the game.

To repeat Wagner's record would be like calling attention to the fact that Christmas comes on December 25. Everybody knows it. Instead of trying to fix these figures in your head, just remember that he is the best hitter and the best infielder that the game has ever known and that will be sufficient. He led the league in hitting so often that it became a habit.

DEFINITION OF "GINK"

Hub Perdue of Gallatin, Ky., a veteran of the "majors," now pitching with the Louisville club of the American association, believes he has the regular definition of a "gink." "A gink," Hub said, in his Southern drawl, "is a fellow with mud on his boots the year 'round who lives so far back in the woods that the owls sleep with his chickens, and he uses a 'possum for a watchdog."

YANKEES HAVE STRONG TEAM

Ray Schaik, Crack Backstop of White Sox, Is Doing Most of Worrying Over Donovanites.

Ray Schaik, crack backstop of the White Sox and premier catcher of the American league, believes the Yankees are going to be the team that will have to be beaten for the reg in Mr. B. John-



Ray Schaik.

son's circuit. Ray admits Boston is a tough proposition, but he is willing to do most of his worrying over Donovan's dynamiters.

"But," said the White Sox star, "it's a long way to October tonight and you can't ever tell what will happen."

Naturally, Schaik figures the Sox are the real class of the league. He believes the team, through its good conditioning work this spring, is fit for a good start.

SENDING PLAYERS TO FARMS

Fielder Jones Disapproves of Plan of Optioning Out Ball Tossers—Would Sell Them Outright.

Manager Fielder Jones is quoted as saying he does not entirely approve of the Ricey plan of optioning out players. "If I can't use a player I prefer to sell him outright," Jones is quoted as saying. Jones says his objections to sending players to "farms" is that often they might secure better berths if there are no strings attached, since there are many clubs that won't take a player under option.

BASEBALL NOTES

Larry Doyle is hitting the ball regularly.

Joe Tinker is now a regular citizen of Columbus.

Bagby has cultivated a "fadeway" ball with which he does excellent execution.

Little Oscar Duguey may make Philly fans forget that Bert Niehoff was a hold-out.

Joe Jenkins is going right along about winning himself a "place with the White Sox."

Yerkes seems to be always in front of the ball regardless of which side of him it is hit.

Fielder Jones is negotiating with the veteran George Davis to aid in coaching the Browns.

The Cleveland Indians and the Cincinnati Reds are being picked for dark horses in their league.

Frank Chance has a good infield in spite of the fact that Harry Wolter was grabbed by the Cubs.

Promise that the Reds will soon be playing in midseason form doesn't cheer the Cincinnati fans any.

Cuban Cyeto used to be an infielder with the St. Louis Reds. As an infielder he is a fine outfielder.

Sam Rice, the young outfielder Griffith has put in the regular team, is starting off like a real veteran.

Frank Gilhooley is fulfilling the promise he gave last year of developing into a really great outfielder.

A baseball magnate doesn't understand why he should number his players. They'll be around on pay day.

Outfielder Neale of the Reds has picked up a slippery nickname. He is known to his chummates as "Greasy."

Hoblitzell and Larry Gardner have both got their batting eye. The rest of the Red Sox haven't been so lucky.

Those Teuton airplanes that are going to blow eastern cities won't hurt the Mackmen. They'll be in the cellar.

Understand now what Jawn McGraw meant when he talked of retiring. He's just going to retire his flock of limousines.

So far fans haven't heard of anybody starting an Atlantic league this year. Must be afraid of Bill Hohenzollern's U-boats.

Clyde Milan's ambition when his baseball days are ended is to settle down on a farm of about 150 or 200 acres in Tennessee.

Barry is one of the prettiest hitters the Milwaukee club has had in several seasons. He smacks the old apple on a line and there is a lot of power behind every punch he delivers.

BASEBALL GAME TAME

Too Much Candy in National Pastime, Says Gleason.

Famous Star of Bygone Days Reminded by Honus Wagner of Time Players Cut His Shoes With Their Sharp Spikes.

"There's too much candy in the game now."

With a disgusting shrug of his shoulders, the indomitable Kid Gleason thus gave vent to his feelings concerning a sport that no longer carries the aggressive trend of the nineties.

Gleason, who was one of the scrappiest players that ever pushed a runner off a base, has reached the fiftieth milestone in his life, but move about with a Kibane step, and his eye is just as true as Tris Speaker's.

The famous star of bygone days went to a hotel in Philadelphia one night last summer to see his old friend Jimmie Callahan. Wagner and Cal joined the conference. After discussing current events for a few hours, Honus turned and said to Gleason:

"Say, Kid, you remember the day Clarke and the boys cut your shoes off in Philadelphia?"

Gleason's eye took on a retrospective gaze as his mind flitted back a dozen or fifteen years, but he made no reply to Wag's remark. None was necessary, however, as his face indicated that he had recalled the incident vividly. Gleason left a few minutes after, and Honus remarked:

"We started a series here, and Fred and some of the rest of the speeders had the kid almost barefooted, but every one of us who reached second during the remainder of the series carried a Gleason-brand trade mark."

"After the kid's second shoe started to unravel from the spike wounds he got real sore. Clarke was on first, and a grounder was hit to short. A force play was started, but Gleason deliberately took his foot off the bag and sunk the ball in between two of Clarke's ribs. They had to call time while the ball was yanked from Fred's hide. The Pittsburgh team was glad when that series was finished."

"Gleason could get more men stealing than any other second baseman I have ever seen. If he had the ball as soon as the runner the latter was never safe, as is usually the case now. The kid had a slick way of rolling the runner off the bag, and his trick fooled most of the umpires."

"Guess Kid is right," concluded Honus. "The players are eating candy now instead of plug tobacco."

SLOW-BALLERS ARE THROUGH

Mystery to Layman How Slow-Ball Pitchers Get By—Jack Warhop Lasted Seven Years.

What has become of the slow-ball pitchers? Nap Rucker, who pitched the slowest ball that ever crept up on a big league batsman, has retired from the service of the Brooklyn club, while Jean Dubuc, another rather famous



Jack Warhop.

slow-baller, is also through with the Detroit Tigers after some six years of splendid service.

To the layman it is often a mystery how these slow-ball pitchers could get by. Reporters, some of whom had played ball at college and elsewhere, would sit behind Jack Warhop's service, and their hands would itch for a bat so they could stick one of Hop's benders into the Harlem river. But Warhop, though never a star, lasted in the big league seven years. And Jack never had any luck, or he would have been rated much higher as a pitcher than was the case.

MAINTAINS OLD MEN'S HOME

Average Age of Players on Bill Clymer's Champions Is 28—Purdue Accused of Fudging.

After one studies the age statistics of the Louisville team the joke about Minneapolis being an old men's home falls flat. The average age of Bill Clymer's champions is twenty-eight. The youngest player is Eilers, aged twenty, and the oldest is Hub Perdue, who admits to thirty-four, while some say he has fudged a couple of years. Beebe and Daniels also are thirty-four, but were born later in the year than Hub.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI



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

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address: Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.



Fair to His Opponent.

One day in parliament a young member, one of John Redmond's political opponents, rose to make his maiden speech.

Although obviously suffering an agony of nervousness, he managed to say some bitter things about the Irish members.

Whereupon one of the Nationalists started to puncture his remarks with jeers, thereby intensifying the youthful member's nervousness to an almost pitiable degree. Redmond turned on his follower in fury.

"Give the lad a chance!" he snapped. The jeers ceased.

HEAL BABY RASHES

That Itch, Burn and Torture With Cuticura—Trial Free.

A hot Cuticura Soap bath is soothing to irritated skins, when followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. Use Cuticura for every-day toilet preparations to prevent such troubles. After this treatment baby sleeps, mother rests and heart feels follows.

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

Twisted Sox.

"I suppose you have heard," said the fat plumber, "that stockings should be selected to match the eyes of the wearer?"

"No, I'm not up on styles," the thin carpenter confessed.

"Yep. That's the way it goes, awright."

"Fashions do beat all."

"Yep."

"Imagine going into a store and asking for some blue stockings to match your wife's eyes."

"Yes, or trying to pick out a shade to match some guy with pink eyes."

"Or buying half a pair of stockings for a one-eyed man."

"Or wafered silk for a man with a cataract."

"Or black-and-blue ones for a gink who has been in a fight."

"I can think of a situation that beats any we have suggested."

"What is it?"

"Think of going into a store and asking for a pair of twisted sox for a cross-eyed person."

"You win!"

His Nasal Class.

"That man is a wonder for smelling out family troubles and talking about them."

"Then his nose must be something of a storm scenter."

Perpetual.

"What is the poetry of opinion?"

"The kind that is always going from one editor to another."

WHAT! NO SLEEP LAST NIGHT?

If coffee was the cause change to

POSTUM and sleep!

"There's a Reason"

"There's a Reason"

"There's a Reason"

"There's a Reason"

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

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

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

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

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

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

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



W. L. Douglas
President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
185 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

DEVELOPING ANY SIZE ROLL OF BLACKS ECZEMA!

Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ECZEMA, SINGING, WORMS, etc. or other skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. J. Richards Medicine Co., Newark, N. J.

No Time to Save.
"The time to save is when you're young."
"That's all right, but a fellow doesn't earn anything till he gets well along and the cost is more to live."

From Last Year.
Kathryn: Did she wear a picture hat?
Kittie: Yes, an old master.

Extremes Meeting.
"This spring has been raw, hasn't it?"
"That's right, and it's been well roasted."

Automobile Insurance A Necessity!

The Danger by Fire, Theft and Damage Claims Against The Owner of an Automobile Makes it Necessary To Carry Automobile Insurance To Cover These Hazards

THE farmer and business man should select the company with a large and growing business prepared to take care of these claims when they occur. The Citizens' Mutual Automobile Insurance Company has a membership of 21,000 members. The company started at the right time and had the first pick of the careful automobile owners. With about \$65,000 of assets, a large and active agency force, with a large and growing membership, it is the only Mutual Company prepared to take care of damage claims up to \$5,000. The company is now on the third season, and has met all claims promptly, having paid over 280 claims. No insurance written in Detroit or Grand Rapids.

Write W. E. ROBB, Sec'y.

CITIZENS' MUTUAL AUTO INS. CO., Howell, Mich.

OFFICERS:
EDWIN FARMER, President
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WM. E. ROBB, Sec'y and Treas.

CITIZENS' MUTUAL AUTO INS. CO.
FIRE - THEFT - LIABILITY
COSTS \$1.00 FOR POLICY AND 25¢ PER H.P.
HOWELL, MICH.

Costs only \$1 for policy plus 25 cents per h. p.

SAXON
Strength Economy Service

The Purchase of a Saxon Insures Riding Satisfaction

Saxon cars are today generally recognized as the best cars in their price classes.

Their greater value has been definitely and decisively established by their performance records in the hands of thousands of owners in all parts of the country.

The Saxon Motor Car Corporation has earned one of the biggest successes in the automobile industry. It owes its success to the policy of building good cars and building them in quantities. Its cars have won the respect of the motor buying public.

Such absolute satisfaction as is represented in the following testimonial is the big reason back of Saxon success:

"I want to say that Saxon 'Six' is an automobile that will do all the Saxon Motor Car Corporation claims it will do—and more. We have driven our car many thousand miles and can honestly say it is the easiest riding car we ever rode in."

JOHN A. DIXON, Seneca, S. D.

Saxon Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

There is still some good territory open for Saxon dealers. For information you should apply to

The Loveland Company
Detroit, Mich.

DESTROYING RODENT PESTS ON THE FARM



BREAK IN DITCH CAUSED BY GROUND SQUIRRELS.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

More than 50 species and races of ground squirrels inhabit the United States and Canada, and some of them are so numerous in agricultural regions as to be a constant menace to crops. They comprise a group of long-bodied animals, of grayish or greenish-brown color, sometimes mottled or striped, and with a medium or long tail, usually less bushy than that of the larger of the tree squirrels. These ground squirrels are often, but wrongly, called "gophers," and are locally named "digger," "squirrel," and "pickers." They inhabit mainly open plains, mountain valleys and borders of wet meadows, but are found also in open places in the forests and sometimes high up the slopes of mountains. They dig numerous deep burrows and are very destructive to nearly all crops, eating both the growing plants and the ripe or ripening grain. In irrigated districts the animals burrow in embankments and levees and are almost as troublesome as pocket gophers.

Among the largest and most destructive of these animals is the California, or "digger," ground squirrel. It is gray in color and has a long, rather bushy tail. It occurs in the Southwest and West from western Texas to California and Oregon. In parts of California the race known as the Beechey ground squirrel is especially abundant and preaches not only crops and irrigation ditches, but also human life. In that it is a known carrier of bubonic plague. About a dozen cases of this disease among human beings have been traced directly to this squirrel and a large number of the animals collected by the United States public health service have been found infected. The health service, in co-operation with state authorities, has succeeded in establishing south and east of San Francisco, in the counties that were the center of infection, a wide zone now comparatively free from squirrels. The United States department of agriculture, through the biological survey, has exterminated most of the squirrels in the national forests that lie near the plague-infected counties. It is probable that all immediate danger of an outbreak of human plague by infection from ground squirrels has passed.

Another large and destructive species is the Columbian ground squirrel. It occurs within the United States in parts of Montana, Idaho, eastern Washington and eastern Oregon. While it inhabits chiefly the river valleys it has been taken in Montana on mountains near timber line. Where grain is grown in the narrow valleys and in the important wheat districts of eastern Washington this species is extremely injurious. Early attempts to destroy it by poison proved unsuccessful, because the animal is able to resist much larger doses of strychnine than are needed to kill other ground squirrels.

A destructive and widely distributed species is the Richardson ground squirrel. In its larger form it is found in much of Montana, the Dakotas and northward far into Canada. A somewhat smaller race (elegans) is found in Wyoming, northern Colorado and eastern Idaho. This ground squirrel is very destructive to crops, especially to grain, and within its range warfare against it is absolutely necessary to successful farming.

The striped ground squirrel, the Franklin ground squirrel, and some other species, which are less gregarious and seldom occur in great numbers in any locality, are less destructive than any of the three groups named. Other species are nearly as injurious as those described. The animals have been dealt with in three groups, because slightly different formulas for poisoning each of them have been worked out by field investigators of the biological survey. The formula for the Richardson ground squirrel is adapted for all the species except the Columbian and the California forms.

Poison for Columbian Ground Squirrels.—Mix one ounce of powdered strychnine (alkaloid), one ounce of powdered bicarbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of saccharine and one-half pound of dry powdered laundry starch, and stir with enough cold water to make a smooth, creamy paste. Apply to 12 quarts of good, clean oats in a metal tub or other vessel and stir thoroughly to distribute the poison evenly. When the poisoned grain is dry, scatter it along squirrel trails or on hard soil on the surface near the squirrel burrows.

Poison for Richardson Ground Squirrels.—Mix one tablespoonful of laundry starch in one-half teaspoonful of cold water, and stir it into one-half pint of boiling water to make it a thin, clear mucilage. Mix one ounce of powdered strychnine with one ounce of powdered bicarbonate of soda and stir the mixture into the hot starch, making a smooth, creamy paste free from lumps. Stir in one-quarter pint of heavy corn sirup and one tablespoonful of glycerin, and, finally, one scant teaspoonful of saccharine. Apply to 20 quarts of oats and mix thoroughly to coat every kernel. Each quart of the poisoned grain should make 40 to 60 baits. Distribute in same manner as rated for poisoning Columbian ground squirrels.

These poisons may be used at any time of the year when the squirrels are active. The biological survey has had excellent results with them, even in midsummer. Trapping is too slow a process to use effectively against large colonies of ground squirrels.

A pinch of salt may be added twice a week.

In one corner of the pen nail a small box at a convenient height for the calf, in which place a pint of dry, whole oats. Calves are very inquisitive at this age, and soon learn to eat this kind of feeds. The oats ration should not be increased until the calf is two or three months old, but in the meantime small dabs of bright mixed hay, corn fodder, etc., may be placed in a rack easily reached. Above all, feed regularly.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hathorn

In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms
900 DROPS

CASTORIA
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
Vegetable Preparation for Stimulating the Food by Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.

Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of DR. J. C. HATHORN
Pumpkin Seed
Aloe Senn
Sulphate of Soda
Sulphate of Magnesia
Sulphate of Potash
Sulphate of Iron
Sulphate of Zinc
Sulphate of Copper

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and Loss of Sleep resulting therefrom in Infancy.

Fac Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Hathorn

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

SPHON'S DISTEMPER
Puts a... Stop to all Distemper CURES THE SICK

And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle, \$5 and \$10 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turp goods houses.

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

As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
correct CONSTIPATION

Beck's Food

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

METZ Le Veque-Baston Motor Sales Co.
86 Jeff Ave. STATE DISTRIBUTORS Detroit
CARS \$685 WRITE FOR CATALOG D.

Discovered.
She (referring to host)—You know, there's something rather nice about Mr. Tomkins-Smith.
He—Yes—I think it must be his wife.—Punch.

Fortunate individual.
Hix—Who is the lucky man at a wedding?
Dix—The one who loved and lost.

Many a man has lost lots of money through the hole in the top of his pocket.

FRECKLES
Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

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

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

Naturally.
"What caused that awkward break in the conversation?"
"Someone dropped the subject."

THE 3 D'S IN DODD'S

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

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

Life is worth living better than most men live it.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The Antiseptic Powder. Shake it in Your Shoes. Use it in Your Foot-Bath.

Use it in the Morning
And walk all day in comfort. At night, sprinkle it in the foot-bath, and soak and rub the feet. It freshens the feet, takes the friction from the shoes and by protecting your feet, and stockings from this friction, saves ten times its cost each year on your stockings. For over 25 years Allen's Foot-Ease has been the STANDARD REMEDY for hot, swollen, smarting, tender, tired, perspiring, itching feet, corns, bunions, blisters and calluses.

In every community men are drilling for National Preparedness. For all these men the frequent use of Allen's Foot-Ease increases their efficiency and insures their physical comfort. If you walk or stand this is what you need.

Used by British and French troops in Europe and by the troops on the Mexican Border. Sold by Drug and Dept. stores everywhere. See Sample FREE by mail. Address: ALLEN S. OLIVER, LE ROY, N. Y.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Placed anywhere, Daisley Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Rust, clean, ornamental, safe, and cheap. Lasts 100 days. No need to wash or scrub. Up over 100 flies will not kill one. Daisley Fly Killer. Ask for it.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 20-1917.

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., 40 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 18, 1917.

THAT "FOURTH MEAL"

We people of the United States, particularly those of us who belong to the great rank and file of our population knowing neither poverty or riches, have by no means felt, as yet, the pinch of "war times." We realize the high prices, but we seem to be able to keep right along having plenty to eat and wear. We concur heartily in the idea of economizing, of eliminating waste, of conservation of food resources—but do we actually have any part in these things as yet? As individuals, the housewives of the nation's ordinary people who are really extravagant and wasteful, are we fully believe, in a small minority, while a large majority have always considered a reasonable economy as a necessary adjunct of respectable thrift. And yet, after all, the time is surely coming, and coming soon, when we are going to realize the necessity of doing without a lot of things we have always considered indispensable. Amidst all this talk of food conservation, for instance, has anybody ever thought of what it would mean to the aggregate supply of eatables if the whole country should "cut out" that "fourth meal"? Think of the thousands of tons of food it takes to make up the midnight suppers eaten by the society folks of this big country, in hotels, restaurants, cabarets and private houses, a meal added to three regular ones of the day. Then, pass on to the more ordinary walks of life, and think what it would amount to if all the food served—another "fourth meal"—at card parties, and all sorts of social gatherings from one end of our country to the other could be saved to help out on the supply for regular consumption. An expert statistician could no doubt supply us with figures on this one point of needless expenditure that would open our eyes to some purpose.

A writer in one of the Detroit dailies objects to the use of "Do your bit" as a war-time slogan in this country because it is English slang and he asserts that America is perfectly capable of furnishing a slogan of her own. Well, what's the matter with that comprehensive U S phrase "Come Across?" With the addition of "for Uncle Sam" it would cover all kinds of duties.

Says the Pontiac Press Gazette: "There are several ways of spelling disaster. One is to buy porterhouse steak with a soupbone income." And even a soupbone income these days is some income, at that.

To be rich is not always to be well bred, but to be well bred at this present time should make one feel sort of plutocratic.

It might almost seem as if even the weather department is open to the suspicion of collusion with the enemy.

Potatoes are down. You could buy them at some places this week for \$1.98 per bushel (in carload lots).

As if Europe were not already sufficiently shaken up, earthquake shocks are now prevalent in Italy.

Are you extravagant enough to have potatoes or beans or onions for dessert at dinner now-a-days?

When the Tigers Play in Detroit.

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

May 10, 11, 12, (13)—with Boston.
May 14, 15, 16, 17—with Washington.
May 18, 19, (20), 21—with New York.
May 23, 24, 25, 26, (27)—with Athletics.
June 21, 22, 23, (24)—with St. Louis.
July 3, (4), (5), 6—with Chicago.
July 7, (8), 9, 10—with Washington.
July 11, 12, 13, 14—with Boston.
July 15, 16, 17, 18—with Athletics.
July 19, 20, 21, (22)—with New York.
Aug. (23), 13, 14—with St. Louis.
Aug. 17, 18, (19)—with Washington.
Aug. 20, 21, 22—with New York.
Aug. 23, 24—with Athletics.
Aug. (25), 27, 28—with Boston.
Sept. 11, 12—with Cleveland.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mr. and Mrs. Bachelor are the proud parents of a baby girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Holmes have a baby girl, Beniah Evelyn.

Alex Keith and family are moving into the Methodist parsonage this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McKnight were Northville visitors the first of this week.

Charles Wedow has purchased the R. Crawford property and will move here soon.

Born to Rev. and Mrs. O. J. Lyon of Clinton, a son. Mr. Lyon was formerly a M. E. pastor of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Austin, of Pontiac and Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Stanbro of Salem spent Sunday with friends here.

Mother's day was observed Sunday morning in the Baptist church. Special music by two young girls was one of the features.

Mrs. Emmet Green, and old resident of this place, died at her home May 8, after an illness of several weeks. She leaves four children, Calvin and Mary at home, Mrs. Maud Shattuck of Pontiac and Mrs. Mira Jackson of Birmingham. Mr. Green died several years ago.

Novi News.

Mrs. Woodruff is very poorly.

Fred Garfield is a victim of measles.

Mrs. Wm. Hyde is visiting Novi friends.

Mrs. Conkright of Woodville is visiting friends here.

Miss Cora Banks spent the first of the week in Detroit.

Mrs. M. A. Rourke spent the first of the week in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Munro and children were Newburg callers Sunday.

Miss Mary Flint of Ypsilanti is the guest of her brothers, Will and Loren.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pratt are now living in the house they bought of Geo McLaren.

Art Atkinson and family are occupying the dwelling rooms over the cheese factory.

Judd Richardson has moved from the farm to the house formerly occupied by his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nichols have moved to the place they purchased some time ago of Mr. Conkright.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren of South Lyon were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hill Saturday and Sunday.

The semi-annual business meeting of the B Y B U is to be held at the home of Miss Cora Banks this Friday evening.

Mrs. Mary E. Flint of Chino, Calif., who has been ill for six months had a collapse a few weeks ago and is still very poorly.

Mrs. Herman Greger left Tuesday for Philadelphia, N. Y., to visit her daughter, Mrs. Harwood. If she likes that country she expects to move there in the fall.

Wixom Whisperings.

Asa Hautebergue is at Flint this week.

Ernest Oldenburg was home from Flint over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Mowers and Mrs. John Shannon were in Milford Wednesday.

Harry Benton and wife of Saginaw visited relatives here last week and this.

C. Sutherland, Mrs. H. P. Gillick and Mrs. W. M. Chambers were at South Lyon Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Haim of Clarenceville were callers at the J. G. Madison home last Friday.

Geo. Hennessey has moved his family to Toledo, O. where he has purchased a new home.

Rev. O. B. Anstead was at Brown City this week and engaged a house preparatory to moving there very soon.

Mrs. Rena Shirliff and son, Sylvanus, of Bear Lake, visited the former's niece, Mrs. Mary Stevens, last Thursday.

Milford High school and Wixom boys engaged in a game of ball Tuesday. The score was 14 to 13 in favor of Wixom.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.**METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.**

(By the Pastor.)
The sermon topic for the morning service next Sunday will be "Seeking the Kingdom." In the evening the pastor will speak on "Eyes that See."

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Parents of Northville, the Sunday school will help you give your child this training. Come with him and he will be glad to come.

The L. A. S., under the direction of the May division, will give a picture play at the Alseum theatre next Wednesday evening, May 23.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

The Epworth League service Sunday evening at six o'clock will be under the direction of Mr. Carl Van Valkenburg. The topic will be, "Is It Easier to be Good When Poor?" The discussion will be in the form of a debate, with Edward Bogart, Mrs. Walker and Roy Clark on the affirmative and Prof. Wheaton, Jessie Clark and Carl Van Valkenburg on the negative. All young people welcome.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Rev. J. M. Baker of Salem will occupy the pulpit in the morning. All should endeavor to hear him. At the same hour our pastor will speak in the Salem Baptist church. In the evening there will be the usual service. The topic will be given from the pulpit.

The Memorial sermon to the veterans of the civil war, also including those of the Spanish war, will be given Sunday evening, the 27th. This sermon closes the pastor's work in Northville.

This is one of the sad experiences of the ministry, even though it may appear to be for the best. It is especially so in leaving Northville, because of the many friendships formed. We sincerely appreciate the courtesies extended in both business and professional circles. Last but not least, we desire to thank the Record for its fairness, and its faithful cooperation in the interest of all good and helpful enterprises. We cordially invite the Record to call on us at Wixom at least once a week.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

It is expected that there will be preaching service Sunday as usual.

Christian Endeavor meeting at the accustomed place and time.

Sunday school at 11:30 o'clock.

David Gage was elected superintendent of the Sunday school last Sunday in place of E. S. Beard, who was unable to accept the office.

Prayer meeting at 7 o'clock Thursday evening.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)

German services next Sunday afternoon. We missed some in the service last Sunday. Let us see them all in the next service. All the voters especially should be present. There may be a special meeting held next Sunday after services.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

Farmington Flashes.

Gypsy camp south of town.

Farmington has a Red Cross society.

Mrs. Elva Tolman is nursing in Detroit.

Mrs. A. Wixom of Detroit is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. Barrett of Detroit was a Farmington visitor Sunday.

Mother's Day was well represented by flowers last Sunday.

The school children are preparing Memorial Day exercises.

Mrs. Whitford spent the week in Detroit as the guest of Mrs. Edith West.

The New Idea club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Herman Maas Wednesday.

The Priscilla club was entertained by Mrs. Charlotte Prindle of Detroit at the home of Mrs. Stephen Newman Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manzel and son, who were bitten by a supposed mad dog last week, are taking the Pasteur treatment at Ann Arbor. The dog was immediately killed.

Easy Beliefs.
It is easy for a man to believe he is heaped, and that the man who has a different political view is an architect.—Aitchison Globe.

DETROIT GETTING TO BE REGULAR MT. CLEMENS

Detroit—the beautiful—the city where life is worth living—has, by reason of location and other natural advantages, long been famous as a summer resort and is visited every season by thousands of tourists and vacationists from all parts of the country.

Detroit is now destined to become one of the most famous health resorts on the American continent. About two years ago, mineral waters of extraordinary therapeutic value were found on the property immediately adjoining the Wayne Hotel at the foot of Third Ave. A magnificent Bath House has been completed—a structure unlike any other in this section of the country, but embodying many of the very best and most practical ideas to be found in similar establishments elsewhere. Luxury, comfort and efficient service are evident throughout the entire establishment. There are complete departments for men and women; each with the very latest and most approved appliances known to the science of hydrotherapeutics; such as—douche, control tables, Turkish bath cabinets, electric light cabinets, shower and needle baths, sitz baths, vapor baths, etc.

The water is fully as efficient as that found anywhere in the United States and those afflicted with rheumatism and similar complaints are flocking to the Wayne where the surroundings are exceptionally enjoyable, the treatment unsurpassed and the expense much more reasonable.

James R. Hayes, for many years the successful manager of the Wayne Hotel is also proprietor of the big bath house and mineral springs and whose first and able assistant is the ever genial hotel clerk "Billy Clark."

ORPHEUM THEATRE, DETROIT

As headliners on its vaudeville bill starting next Monday afternoon, the Orpheum theatre, Detroit, will have the musical, military "satire," "Miss America," with Frank Ellis and Jean Waters. There are four musical numbers in this two scene act. In second place will be the comedy-dramatic playlet, "The Old Minstrel Man," by Harry Brooks and his company. Eddie Kane and Herman Jay will sing and dance. For eccentric dancing the bill will be provided with Boston, supreme eccentric stepper, Charles Nevins and Ada Gordon will include songs and dances in their act. The vaudeville, playing at 8, 6:30 and 9 p. m., will be accompanied by a screen program on which the star is Bessie Barriscale in "The Searl," playing at 2-5, 8, and 10:30 p. m.

MAJESTIC THEATRE, DETROIT.

"The Highway of Hope," starring House Peters and Kathryn Williams, will open in the Majestic theatre, Detroit, next Sunday afternoon.

The new play offers Mr. Peters the role of cow boy who marries a mining saloon bar maid and endeavors to turn over a new leaf by starting out as a prospector. He soon quarrels with his wife, abandoning her and his claim, which afterwards turns out to be a rich one. Kathryn Williams' work as Loney Lou the bar maid, will be found to cover a wide range of character playing. Roscoe Arbuckle will be seen next week in his second new comedy, "A Reckless Romeo." There will be the usual list of added film attractions with songs by Henry Santrey and selections from the Symphony orchestra.

Sapleigh's Estimate.

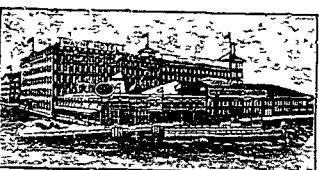
Sapleigh—"I hope, Miss Ethel, I am not taking up too much of your valuable time." Miss Ethel—"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Sapleigh, that the time I spend with you is of no value whatever."

Early Use of Tobacco.

The indications are that the American Indians were the first to use tobacco; they were using it when Columbus discovered America.

Satisfactory to Creditor.

A newspaper writer talks about "paying debts with money." The creditor will never object to that method.—Buffalo Express.



THE NEW \$100,000 WAYNE MINERAL BATH HOUSE

DETROIT (Third and Jefferson Aves.) MICH.

Completely equipped for giving every approved form of hydrotherapeutic treatment for Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Nervous Troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. The Sulpho-Saline water is not excelled in therapeutic value by any spring in America or Europe.

WAYNE HOTEL AND GARDENS
In connection. Delightfully located on river front, adjacent to D. & C. Nav. Co.'s Wharf. Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00 per day and up.

J. R. Hayes, Prop. F. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

Special**BEGINNING MONDAY, MAY 21**

With Every Dollar's worth of Groceries, we will give you

One Pound Sugar for 5c

ALL GOODS SOLD FOR CASH.

M. BROCK & CO.

Phone 117.

NORTHVILLE.

SALE**Men's and Boy's Clothing**

—AT—

25 Per Cent
BELOW MARKET PRICES
For SATURDAY
ONLY

FREYDL, the Tailor

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

We Have

A QUANTITY OF BACON, WHICH WE WILL SELL

BACON 33 Cts Lb. by the Strip

AS LONG AS PRESENT STOCK LASTS.

PALACE MEAT MARKET

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

POWER!!

If you need a Power, let "Morse" show you a "JUMBO." The best engine on the market for ???

POWER, ECONOMY and PRICE.

Phone us, or come to see us. We can show why its the Best. Either Gasoline, Kerosene or both. Also Pump Jacks and Feed Grinders.

GET OUR PRICES BEFORE YOU BUY.

J. C. MORSE & SON,

Phone 188 R-3.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

THE Workingman Subdivision

At WAYNE

The Baker subdivision at Wayne is located inside the half-mile circle, 2500 feet from the Harroun Plant, close to the Wayne Steering Wheel Co., and near the site bought by the Tractor Co.

These lots are from one-third to one-half closer to the Harroun Plant than any other lots for sale and at one-half the price.

I will sell the first fifty lots at \$200 to \$300 each. The lots are 30 x 160 feet. Restrictions, \$1,000. This makes a home within the reach of all.

At this price, re-sales at a profit will be easy. You buy at country prices and make city profits. It is well worth your time to investigate. It means \$, \$, \$, \$'s to you. Write for plat and particulars.

R. H. BAKER

Phone 70.

Northville, Michigan.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office east
1000 west of Park House on Main street.
Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

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

Go to the office with new vigor
throw off that feeling of wear-
iness and fatigue with

PENSILAR

DYNAMIC
Tonic.

For overworked 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 REMEM-
BER DIXON AND PHONG 140 J.
OR CALL IN PERSON.

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

FORD AGENCY

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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

DETROIT

UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time.

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

Cars leave Northville for Farming-
ton and Detroit at 6:20 a. m. and
every hour thereafter until 8:20 p. m.
8:35 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 p. m., 10:17 p. m. and
12:09 a. m.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

CLEANING & PRESSING

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

WORK CALLED FOR & DELIVERED

CHARLES FREYDL

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

VAUDEVILLE

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

TEMPLE
THEATRE.

Two Performances

Daily

8:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

Northville Newslets.

New-moon next Sunday

"Peace day" today—Friday, May
13, but alas! "there is no peace."

Rev. William S. Jerome is again
seriously ill in the Homeopathic
hospital at Ann Arbor.

Several items were placed in the
Record box at the post office too late
for use in last week's issue.

Among those listed as having joined
the Michigan home guard in Detroit
is S. J. Lawrence, formerly of North-
ville.

A benefit entertainment for the May
division of the Methodist Ladies' aid
society is to be put on at the Alcega
next Wednesday night.

A neighborhood flag pole 150 feet
high was raised last Sunday on a high
hill near Fenton, and "Old Glory" was
unfurled thereon with appropriate
ceremonies.

An especially beautiful fireworks
display is scheduled for the evening of
Memorial day at Lake Orion. Among
the set pieces is to be a 12x20
American flag.

The supply of street oil on hand—
25 barrels—has been distributed on
the principal streets this week. It
was impossible to do it sooner on ac-
count of the low temperature, which
prevented the oil from melting suffi-
ciently to run.

The supply of street oil on hand—
25 barrels—has been distributed on
the principal streets this week. It
was impossible to do it sooner on ac-
count of the low temperature, which
prevented the oil from melting suffi-
ciently to run.

Milford's physicians having all
positively refused to accept the
position of health officer for that
village, the council was obliged to
appoint a non-professional to fill the
place. The last doctor appointed, the
Times states, "refused to be the goat
any longer."

The peculiar atmospheric conditions
that have prevailed a part of the time
this week, enabling people to look the
sun directly in the eye, so to speak,
were the result of bad forest fires in
the copper country, and the persistent
northerly winds that have brought the
smoke all these hundreds of miles to
our part of Michigan.

Members of the Ladies' Literary
club were royally entertained at their
meeting of Wednesday, May 9th, by
Mrs. Ella Turner, in her beautiful
home at Northville. Mrs. Turner is
an honorary member of the club,
having been a charter member at the
time of organizing, 20 years ago—
Farmington Enterprise.

Albert Holmes has purchased a 200
acre farm one third of a mile south of
Ypsilanti, and Perry Holmes has been
given his diploma and dismissed from
the University to take up work on the
farm, receiving his B. of A. degree and
a business administration certificate.
He also has the honor of membership
in the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. The
parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Holmes,
are to move from Detroit to Ypsilanti
the middle of next month.

The anticipated ban on Fourth-of-
July explosives in some cities will
not materialize, for the reason that
this year's supply is already manu-
factured, wholesaled and in many
instances retailed, so that it might as
well be used. Next year, however, if
present conditions prevail it may be
that the fireworks and things will be
very scarce.

Crossed lines on the phone brings
one all sorts of news. While waiting
for central recently we heard what
we thought was a flock of wild geese
yodeling as they flew over, but one
voice said: "I have the curtains
washed in the dining room." Then
another chimed in, "I'm all done
cleaning house but laying the rug in
the bedroom." Then a man's voice,
"Got in your oats yet?" and the re-
ply, "Sure, I am plowing for corn."
Town corners cor. Orion Review.

A suggestion along the line of food
conservation in Northville as well as
other places would be the formulation
of a plan for the humane elimination
of the numerous dogs and cats that
apparently belong to nobody. The
cruelty of the poison method or that
of clubbing or only partly killing by
shootin, leaving the animal to suffer
for days should be severely dealt with,
as the law provides, but there is surely
some way to dispose of unwanted and
useless animals without these ways of
doing it, or without allowing them to
starve.

The Northville Market corrected

up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.85. Red, \$2.90.

Eggs 32c. Butter, 55c.

Hogs—Alive, \$14.50. Dressed, \$18.50

Oats—76c. Corn—\$1.50.

Veal Calves—\$12.00.

Lambs—Alive, \$9.50.

Beef—16c per lb.

Beef Hides—17c lb.

Some nice weather this week for a
change.

F. S. Harmon has been among those
reported ill this week.

It is to be hoped that "40 days of
north wind" is about due to stop doing
business.

Miss Marvel Lewis is again one of
the operators on the Northville tele-
phone exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taft have been
moving to the Sessions house on Main
street this week.

Will Lanning's condition still, re-
mains serious, much to the regret of
his many friends.

Nightwatchman "Todd" Lockwood
has been seen on the streets this week
wearing a 1918 (?) straw hat.

Thuriow Masters has been obliged
to resign his clerkship at the Weitz-
man store because of illness.

Will Lewis and family have moved
back from Detroit and are occupying
their home in Northside.

At the regular meeting of the F. of
A. May 15, the work will be done by
the new Military degree team.

M. N. Johnson has purchased a new
"Baby Olds" six automobile, the first
of this model to appear in this section.

Even the labels on the loaves of
bread have been reduced in size.
Where is this hight business going to,
anyway?

B. J. Thompson has recently com-
pleted the putting up of 200 rods of
wire fence on Harry B. Clark's farm
on the Base Line.

Mrs. O. N. Barnhart recently re-
ceived serious injuries by a fall down
the cellar stairs at her home a few
miles from town.

Northville friends of Rev. J. E.
Webber have received news that he is
on the way to a satisfactory recovery
from his severe illness.

The Colonial club was enjoyably en-
tertained at Mrs. Jas. Ford's May 9.
The next meeting will be held at Mrs.
L. B. Charter's Wednesday, May 23.

The date for the "minstrel show"
which is to be given as a benefit for
the Woman's Relief Corps, has been
fixed for June 8 next. It promises
to be a "hummer."

Miss Hazel Nevison has taken and
passed the physical and business ex-
aminations for government employ-
ment as a stenographer and expects
to be called on at any time.

Donald Yerkes has received his U.
of M. credits and been released from
his work at Ann Arbor to come home
and assist on the farm, as have so
many other college men this present
season.

The Civic Improvement committee
of the Northville Woman's club is ask-
ing Northville people to observe Wed-
nesday, May 23 as "clean-up day," and
thus help make our pretty town still
prettier.

Friday evening, May 25 is the date
set for the senior class dance, the last
ball of the season. The party will
take place in the High school gym, and
the music is to be furnished by Fin-
zel's orchestra of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Green are now
Farmington residents, having moved
the last of their goods to their home
there Wednesday. They had still
been staying here a part of the time
since selling their Northville property.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Trinkhaus of
Plymouth have a fine little son, who
became a member of their family Sun-
day, May 13. Mrs. Trinkhaus was
formerly Miss Ina Wood, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wood of this place.

Water works Supt. Porter has closed
a contract with the good roads com-
missioner for supplying water for the
road-engine boilers at \$100 per month,
which insures the village that amount
of extra income for the next four or
five months.

Mrs. Emma Burrows is to sell at
auction tomorrow—Saturday, May 19—
at the residence at corner of Dunlap
and High streets, a quantity of house-
hold goods, including furniture, dishes,
rugs, linoleum and a Garland range,
also lawn mowers. Geo. Rattenbury is
to be the auctioneer.

The Northville Driving Club will
celebrate July 4th in the usual thoro
manner—ball games, horse races, etc.
With a splendid ball ground and a
perfect race track, Northville is as-
sured of a first class entertainment.
Better stay at home and spend less
money for more results than you can
get elsewhere, and also help the Ass'n
by your patronage.

Call and see our line of Refriger-
ators, lawn mowers, garden hose,
screen doors, window screenings, etc.
Jas. A. Huff, Hardware.

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Regular May 25.
Work by New Degree Team.
A. J. SIMMONS, B. A. SCHULTZ,
Secy. C. R.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 1
186 F. & A. M.
Regular June 11.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55
R. A. M.
Regular meeting Wed-
nesday, June 13.

NORTHVILLE
COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.
Regular June 5th.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77
O. E. S.
Regular meeting Friday,
May 13.

L. W. Simmons, one of Northville's
oldest residents, is very seriously ill.

"The Record" once more makes an
urgent request for the return of a
bound volume of the files of this
paper of the year 1869, which were
loaned some time ago to some person
who has neglected or forgotten the
necessity of returning the same.

The directors of Northville Driving
Club have agreed to place at the dis-
posal of the public a part of their
ground west of the base ball diamond
for the purpose of raising garden pro-
ducts. This property will be plowed
and ready for planting at the earliest
possible time. No restrictions will
be made except that the people plant-
ing there must keep their respective
allotments free from weeds and take
all necessary care of their gardens.

We were recently very much sur-
prised to hear it asserted that the re-
sponsibility of caring for the flag on a
public building, vs. raising and
lowering it daily as prescribed by the
governing rules, had been referred to
as a "menial task." If ever an
American boy or man, could have a
job of which he has a right to be in-
tensely proud, he may be thus proud
of the privilege of flunging to the
breeze each morning his country's
flag, and of tenderly and reverently
placing at sunset where it is secure
from dew and storms the most beau-
tiful banner on earth, the chosen em-
blem of the dearest and most pre-
cious lands. Any contrary opinion cer-
tainly verges dangerously close on dis-
loyalty.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Miss Elsie Darling.
Dassiel N. Merismer.

THE STATE AND TUBERCULOSIS.

Michigan is to play a part in the
program that has been put on foot
by the National association for the
study of tuberculosis to prevent the
coming United States army from being
decimated by this disease. The
national committee has asked for
Michigan's cooperation in the move-
ment, and is working along three
lines.

(1) The presentation to the United
States medical service of a memo-
randum of suggestions, to cover the
examination of recruits and the elimi-
nation of the unfit, periodic inspection
and examination of enlisted men, etc.

(2) Making a survey of tubercu-
losis equipment throughout the
country that may be available for the
care of tuberculosis developing in
the service.

(3) Making a census of experts in
the diagnosis of tuberculosis who
can be called upon for special ex-
aminations, both of recruits and of
enlisted men.

The state tuberculosis survey has
developed a number of able diagnos-
ticians and it is expected the govern-
ment will use the service of many of
them when this medical program is
carried out.

An Important State.

The state of Bahia, one of the
largest and most important of the
Union of Brazil, occupies an area four-
fifths the size of France, and has a
population estimated at 2,500,000, of
which the capital, the city of Bahia,
contains 310,000. Its coast line of 635
miles is longer than that of any other
state in Brazil, and the great Sao
Francisco river is navigable for 620
miles within the state.

Paying Election Bets.

"When a man pays an election bet,"
said Uncle Eben, "he doubles his dis-
appointment. He feels that he wasn't
able to save either his money or his
country."

Cautious Dependence.

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

LAPHAM
STATE SAVINGS BANK

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

at the close of business May 1, 1917.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$177,829.20
Bonds, Mortgages and	
Securities	247,953.24
Overdrafts	26.13
Banking House	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,700.00
Due from Banks in Reserve	
Cities	67,497.95
Cash and Cash Items	32,094.54
Total	\$540,581.11

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	7,900.00
Undivided Profits	6,793.92
Reserved for Taxes and	
Interest	555.37
Deposits	
Commercial	\$234,430.45
Savings	266,751.37
Total	\$501,181.82

Total, \$540,581.11

OFFICERS.

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.

WANTED

Boy to work in Grocery. Must be honest and
industrious. Experience not necessary. Ref-
erences required. Exceptional opportunity
for right boy. Apply at once to Mr. Weitzman
at Weitzman's Cash Grocery Store.

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

\$10.00 \$20.00 \$25.00

JOHN D. MABLEY

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

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING

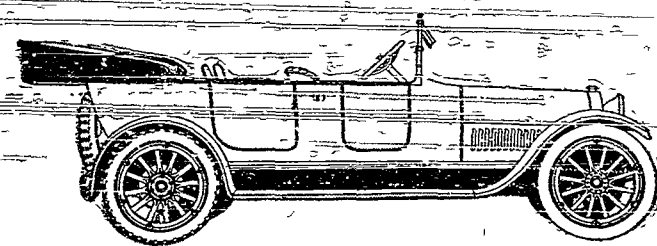
CATTERMOLE HALL

Good Music. Good Floor.

Spectators FREE.

Studebaker

Established 1852



LUXURY

These elements of luxury in a motor car
are found in the Series 18 FOUR and SIX:
Long resilient springs of Studebaker
secret process steel.

Deep cushions upholstered with genuine
long curled hair—plenty of it—made care-
fully by hand over a coiled spring founda-
tion, which is the best that money can buy.

Beautiful soft genuine leather, form-fit-
ting cushion backs ample room even for the
largest person.

Room between the front seat and the
dash, room between the tonneau seat and
the front seats—plenty of room for the
large comfortable auxiliary seats, plenty
of room for seven passengers.

Individual arm chair auxiliary seats.

Smooth vibrationless power, perfect bal-
ance of chassis. There is no car on the
market that can give you the luxurious
features of Studebaker under \$2,000.

Come in and let us give you a demonstration.
40-H. P., 7-Passenger FOUR \$2850.
50-H. P., 7-Passenger SIX \$3250.

SCHRADER MOTOR SALES CO.

T. H. TURNER, Local Representative.
Distributors, YPSILANTI, MICH.

WEB OF STEEL

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

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

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

BERTRAM MEADE CUTS OFF HIS OLD LIFE ENTIRELY AND GOES FORTH INTO STRANGE COUNTRY TO MAKE A NEW CAREER

Bertram Meade, Sr., plans a great international bridge for the Martlet Construction company. His son, Bertram Meade, Jr., resident engineer at the bridge site, and Helen Illingworth, daughter of Colonel Illingworth, president of the Martlet concern, are engaged to marry as soon as the work is finished. The young engineer had questioned his father's judgment on certain calculations and was laughed at for his fears. The bridge collapses and 150 workmen are killed. Meade, senior, drops dead after giving orders that his failure should be made public. The orders are not carried out. Young Meade takes the blame and releases Helen from her engagement.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Shurtliff," said the young engineer, after the mound had been heaped up and covered with sods and strewn with flowers and the workmen had gone, "I have left everything I possess in your charge. You have a power of attorney to receive and pay out all moneys; to deposit, invest, and carry on my father's estate. The office is to be closed and the house is to be sold. Mr. Will, in which I leave everything to Miss Illingworth, is in your hands. You are empowered to draw from the revenue



"I Want to Stay Here a Little While by Myself."

of the estate your present salary so long as you live. If anything happens to me you will have the will probated and be governed accordingly.

"Mr. Meade," said the old man, and he somehow found himself transferring the affection which he had thought had been buried beneath the sod on that long mound before him, to the younger man. He had loved and served a Meade all his life and he began to see that he could not stop now, nor could he lavish what he had to give merely on a remembrance, "Mr. Meade," he said, "where are you going and what do you intend to do?"

"I don't know where I shall go, or what I shall undertake eventually," said the man. "I'm going to leave everything behind now and try to get a little rest at first."

"And you will keep me advised of your whereabouts?"

"Perhaps—I don't know. One last injunction: you are not to tell anyone the truth."

"God forbid," said Shurtliff, "we have led to preserve the honor and fame of him we loved who lies here."

"Don't render our perjuries of non-effect."

"I will not, sir. I haven't found that paper. I guess it was destroyed."

"I presume so. And now, good-by."

"Aren't you coming with me?"

"I want to stay here a little while by myself."

Shurtliff turned and walked away. When he reached the road, down which he must go, he stopped and faced about again. Meade was standing where he had been. The old man took off his hat in reverent farewell.

Meade was not left alone. Beyond the hillside where his father had been buried rose a clump of trees. Bushes grew at their feet. A woman—should man be buried without woman's tears?—had stood concealed there waiting. Helen Illingworth had wept over the dearness, the mournfulness of it all. She had hoped that Meade might stay after the other went and now that she was alone she came to him. She laid her hand upon his arm. He turned and looked at her.

"I know that you would be here," he said.

"Did you see me?"

"I felt your presence."

"Listen," said the woman, "You are wrecking your life for your father's sake. A man has a right perhaps to do with his own life what he will, but when he loves a woman and when he has told her so and she has given him her heart, did it ever occur to you that when he wrecks his life he wrecks hers, and has he a right to wreck her life for anyone else?"

"Oh, my God," said Meade, "this is more than I can bear."

"I don't want to force you to do anything you don't want to do and you are not in any mood to discuss these things," she said in quick compassion. "Some day you will come back to me."

He stretched out his hands toward her over the grave.

"I don't know," he cried, "I dare not hope."

"With love like ours," she answered, "all things are possible."

"I can't bind you. You must be free," he said slowly, turning his head.

"You are breaking my heart, but I shall live and fight on for love and you."

"God bless you!"

"You are going away?" she asked at last.

"I must break with everything. I must give you your chance of freedom."

"Very well," said the woman. "Now hear me. You can't go so far on this earth as hide yourself away so cunningly that I can find you and maybe follow you. And I will. Now, I must go. I left my car down the road yonder. Will you go with me?"

The man shook his head and knelt down before her suddenly and caught her skirt in his grasp. His arms swept around her knees. She yielded one hand to the pressure of his lips and laid the other upon his head.

"Go now," he whispered, "for God's sake. If I look at you I must follow."

CHAPTER X.

The New Rodman.

There are no more beautiful valleys anywhere than those cut by the waters of primeval floods through the foothills of the great snow-covered Rocky mountains. The erosions and washings of untold centuries have hung out in front of the granite ramparts of succession of lower elevations like the bastions of a fortress. At first scarcely to be distinguished from the main range in height and ruggedness these ravines and escarpments gradually decrease in altitude and size until they turn into a series of more or less disconnected, softly rounded hills, like outlying earthworks, finally merging themselves by gradual slopes into the distant plains overlooked by the great peaks of the mountains.

The monotony of these pine-clad, wind-swept slopes is broken, even in the low hills by out-thrustings of stone, sometimes the hard igneous rock, the granite of the mountains, more frequently the softer red sandstone of a period later, yet ineffably old. These cliffs, buttes, hills and mesas have been weathered into strange and fantastic shapes which diversify the landscape and add charm to the country.

The narrow canons in which the snow-bed streams take their rise gradually widen as the water follows its tortuous course down the mountains through the subsiding ranges and out among the foothills to the sandy, arid, windy plains beyond. At the entrance of one of the loveliest of these broad and verdant valleys, a short distance above its confluence with a narrower, more rugged ravine through the hills, lay the thriving little town of Coronado.

Some twenty miles back from the town at a place where the valley was narrowed to a quarter of a mile, and separating it from the paralleling ravine, rose a huge sandstone rock called Spanish Mesa. Its top, some hundreds of feet higher than the tree-clad base of the hills, was mainly level. From its high elevation the country could be seen for many miles, mountains on one hand, plains on the other. It stood like an island in a sea of verdure. Little spurs and ridges ran from it. Toward the range it descended and contracted into a narrow saddle, vulgarly known as a "hog-back," where the granite of the mountains was hidden under a deep covering of grass-grown earth, which formed the only division between the valley and the gorge or ravine, before the land, widening, rose into the next hill.

The people came from miles away to see that interesting and curious mesa, much more striking in its appearance than Pikes' knob, the last foothill below it. Transcontinental travelers even broke journey to visit it. The town prospered accordingly, especially as it was admirably situated as a place of departure for hunters, ex-

plorers, prospectors and adventurers, who sought what they craved in the wild hills. There were one or two good hotels for tourists, unusually extensive general stores of the better class, where hunting and prospecting parties could be outfitted, and the high-living, extravagant cattle ranchers could get what they demanded. Besides all these there were the modest homes of the lovers of the rough but exhilarating and health-giving life of the Rocky mountains. Of course there were numerous saloons and gambling halls and the town was the haunt of cowboys, hunters, miners, Indians—the old frontier with a few touches of civilization added!

What was left of the river, which had made the valley, and during the infrequent periods of rain too brief to be known as the rainy season, it really lived up to the name of River. It flowed at all under the name of Picket Wire. When the railroad came the Picket Wire had been first studied in the hope of finding a practicable way over the mountains, but the ravine on the other side of the mesa had been found to offer a shorter and more practicable route. And, by the way, this ravine, taking its name from the little brook far down in its narrows, was known as the "Kicking Horse."

So the railroad ran up the ravine and the Picket Wire was left still virgin to the assaults of man. But the day came when it was despoiled of its hitherto long standing, unrivaled innocence. Shouts of men, cracking of whips, tramping of horses, grunting of wheels, wordless but vocal protests of beasts of burden mingled with the ringing of axes, the detonations of dynamite. The whistle of engines and the roar of steam filled the valley. Under the direction of engineers, a huge mound of earth arose across its narrowest part, nearest a shoulder, or spur, of the mesa reaching westward. No more should the silver Picket Wire flow untraced on its way to the sea. It was to be dammed.

All that the huge, hot inferno of baked plain, where sage brush and buffalo grass alone grew, needed to make it burgeon with wheat and corn was water. The little Picket Wire, which had meandered and sparkled and chattered on at its own sweet will was now to be held until it filled a great lake-like reservoir in the hills back of the heavy earth dam. Then through skillfully located irrigation ditches the water was to be given to the millions of hungry little wheatfields and cornfields, which would clamor for a drink. The fierce sun was no longer to work its untoward will in burning up the prairie.

With the promise of water on the plain beyond, Coronado sprang into newer and more vigorous life. In the language of the West it "boomed." The railroad had been a barren branch running up into the mountains and ending nowhere. Its first builders had been daunted by difficulties and lack of money, but as soon as the great dam was projected, which would open several hundred thousand acres for cultivation and serve as an inspiration in its practical results to other similar attempts, people came swarming into the country buying up the land, the price for acreage steadily mounting. The railroad accordingly found it worth while to take up the long-abandoned construction work of abandoning the range and crossing it. Men suddenly observed that it was the short-



A Young Man Roughly Dressed.

est distance between two cardinal points, and one of the great transcontinental railways bought it and began improving it to replace its original rather unsatisfactory line.

The long wooden trestle which crossed the broad, sandy depression in front of the town, the bed of the ancient river, through which the Picket Wire and further down its affluent, the Kicking Horse, flowed humbly and modestly, was being replaced by a great viaduct of steel. Far up the

gorge past the other side of the Spanish Mesa another higher trestle had already been replaced by a splendid steel arch. A sliding had been built near the ravine, a path made to the foot of the mesa, and arrangements were being made to run a local train up from the town when all was completed to give the people an opportunity to ride up the gorge and see the great pile of rock, on which enterprise was already planning the desecration of a summer hotel, the blasphemy of an amusement park!

Up the valley of the Picket Wire one morning in early fall came a young man, roughly dressed like the average cow-puncher from the ranches further north. He rode well, yet with a certain attention to detail and a measure that betrayed him to the real rough-rider of the range, just as the clothes he wore, although they were the ordinary, cattleman's outfit, were worn in a little different way that again betrayed him. One look into the face of the man, about his mustache and beard, the revealing outlines of mouth and chin, sufficed to show that here was no ordinary cow-puncher. He rode boldly enough among the rocks of the trail and along the rough road, which had been made by the wheels of the wagons and hoofs of the horses. There was about him some of the quiet confidence begot of achievement, some of the power which knowledge brings and which success emphasizes; yet there were uncertainty and hesitation, too, as if all had not been plain sailing on his course.

To be the resident engineer charged with the construction of a great earth dam like that across the Picket Wire, requires knowledge of a great many things beside the technicalities of the profession, chief among them being a knowledge of men. As the newcomer threw his leg over the saddle-horn, stepped lightly to the ground, dropping the reins of his pony to the soil at the same time, Vandeventer, the engineer in question, looked at him with approval. Some subtle recognition of the man's quality came into his mind. Here was one who seemed distinctly worth while, one who stood out above the ordinary applicant for jobs who came in contact with Vandeventer, as the big mesa rose above the foothill. However, the chief kept these things to himself as he stood looking and waiting for the other man to begin.

"Are you the resident engineer?" asked the newcomer quietly, yet there was a certain nervous note in his voice, the alert and observant engineer found himself wondering at such a strain as might come when a man is about to enter upon a course of action, to take a strange or perilous step, such a little shiver in his speech as a naked man might feel in his body before he plunged into the icy waters of the wintry sea.

"I am."

"I'd like a job."

"We have no use for cow-punchers on this dam."

"I'm not exactly a cow-puncher, sir."

"What are you?"

"Look here," said the man, smiling a little. "I've been out in this country long enough to learn that all that is necessary to know about a man is 'Will he make good?' Let us say that I am nothing and let it go at that."

"Out of nothing, nothing comes," laughed the engineer, genuinely amused.

"Some men would have been angry, but Vandeventer rather enjoyed this."

"I didn't say I was good for nothing," answered the other man, smiling in turn, though he was evidently serious enough in his application.

"Well, what can you do? Are you an engineer?"

"We'll pass over the last question, too, if you please. I think I could carry a rod if I had a chance and there was a vacancy."

"Umph," said Vandeventer, "you think you could?"

"Yes, sir. Give me a trial."

"All right, take that rod over there and go out on the edge of the dam where that stake shows, and I'll take a sight on it."

Now there are two ways—a hundred perhaps—of holding a rod; one right way and all the others wrong. A newcomer invariably grasps it tightly in his fist and jams it down, conceiving that the only way to get it plumb and hold it steady. The experienced man strives to balance it erect on its own base and holds it with the tips of his fingers on either side in an upright position, swaying it very slightly backward and forward. He does it unconsciously, too.

Vandeventer had been standing by a level already set up when the newcomer arrived and the rod was lying on the ground beside it. The latter picked it up without a word, walked rapidly to the stake, loosened the target, and balanced the rod upon the stake. As soon as Vandeventer observed that his new seeker after work held the rod in the right way, he did not trouble to take the sight. He threw his head backward and raised his hand, beckoningly.

"It so happens," he began, "that I can give you a job. The rodman next

in line of promotion has been given the level. One of the men went East last night. You can have the job, which is yours."

"I don't care anything about the details," said the man quickly and gladly. "It's the work I want."

"Well, you'll get what the rest do," said Vandeventer. "Now, as you justly remarked, I have found that it is not polite out here to inquire too closely into a man's antecedents and I have learned to respect local customs, but we must have some name by which to identify you, make-out four pay check, and—"

"Do you pay in checks?"

"No, but you have to sign a check."

"Well, call me Smith."

Vandeventer threw back his head and laughed. The other man turned a little red. The chief engineer observed the glint in his new friend's eye.

"I'm not exactly laughing at you," he explained, "but at the singular lack of inventiveness of the American. We have at least thirty Smiths out of two hundred men on our pay-roll, and it is a bit confusing. Would you mind selecting some other name?"

"If it's all the same to you," announced the newcomer amiably, the chief's laughter was infectious. "I'm agreeable to Jones, or Brown, or—"

"We have numbers of all of those, too."

"Really," said the man hesitatingly. "I haven't given the subject any thought."

"What about some of your family names?"

"That gives me an idea," said the newcomer, who decided to use his mother's name, "you can call me Roberts."

"And I suppose John for the prefix?"

"John will do as well as any, I am sure."

"We have about fifty Johns. Every Smith appears to have been born John."

"How did you arrange it?" asked the other with daring freedom, for a rodman does not enter conversation on terms of equality with the chief engineer.

"I got a little pocket dictionary down at the town with a list of names and I went through that list with the Smiths, dealing them out one by one. Well, that will do for your name," he said, making a memorandum in the little book and then he pulled out of his flannel shirt pocket a card which he handed to the newcomer. He turned to a man who had come up to the level. "Smith," he said, "by the way this is Mr. Claude Smith, Mr. Roberts—here's your new rodman. You know your job, Roberts? Get to work!"

And that is how Bertram Meade, a few months after the failure of the great bridge, once again entered the ranks of engineers, beginning, as was necessary and inevitable, very low down in the scale.

CHAPTER XI.

The Valley of Decision.

Much water had run under the bridges of the world and incidentally over the wreck of the International, since that bitter farewell between Bertram Meade and Helen Illingworth over the grave of the old engineer. Life had seemed to hold absolutely nothing for Meade as he knelt by that low mound and watched the woman walk slowly away with many a backward glance, with many a pause, obviously reluctant. He realized that the lifting of a hand would have called her back. How hard it was for him to remain quiet; and, finally, before she disappeared and before she took her last look at him, to turn his back resolutely as if to mark the termination of the situation.

Father, fame, reputation, love, taken away at one and the same moment! A weaker man might have sent life to follow. In the troubled days after the fall of the bridge, his father's death, the inequities, his testimony and evidence freely given, and that parting, something like despair had filled the young engineer's heart. Life held nothing. He debated with himself whether it would not be better to end it than to live it. He envied his father his broken heart. Singularly enough, the thing that made life at least value was the thing that kept him from throwing it away—the woman.

Striving to analyze the complex emotions that centered about his losses he was forced to admit, although it seemed a sign of weakness, that love of woman was greater than love of fame, that in the balance one girl outweighed bridge and father. That the romance was ended was what made life insupportable. Yet the faint, vague possibility that it might be resumed if he could find some way to show his worthiness was what made him cling to it.

Of course he could have showed without much difficulty and beyond peradventure at the request over Abbott and the investigation into the cause of the failure of the bridge—unfortunate but too obvious—that the frightful and fatal error in the design was not his and that he had protested against the accepted plan, if only he had found the letter addressed to his father. But that he would never do

and the letter had not been discovered anyway. He did not even regret the bold falsehood he had uttered or the practical subornation of perjury of which he had been guilty in drawing out and accepting and emphasizing Shurtliff's testimony.

There had been no inquest over his father's death. The autopsy had showed clearly heart failure. He had not been compelled to go on the witness stand and under oath as to that. Although, if that had been demanded, he must needs have gone through with it. Indeed so prompt and public had been his avowals of responsibility that he had not been seriously questioned thereon. He had left nothing uncertain. There was nothing concealed.

He had inherited a competence from his father. It was indeed much more than he or anyone had expected. He had realized enough ready money from the sale of certain securities for his present needs. The remainder he placed in Shurtliff's care and a few days after the funeral, having settled everything possible, he took a train for the West.

The whole world was before him, and he was measurably familiar with many portions of it. He could have buried himself in out-of-the-way cor-



He Debated With Himself Whether It Would Not Be Better to End It Than to Live.

ners of far countries, in strange continents. These possibilities did not attract him. He wanted to get away from out of touch with the life he had led. He wished to go to some place where he could be by himself alone, where he could have time to recover his peace, to think things out, to plan his future, to try to devise a means for rehabilitation, if it were possible. He would do that just as well, perhaps better, in America than in any place else. And there was another reason that held him in his mind. He would hold the same soil, breathe the same air, with the woman. He did not desire to put seas between them.

He swore to himself that the freedom he had offered her, that he had indeed forced upon her unwilling and rejecting it, should be an empty thing so far as he was concerned. He would leave her absolutely untrammelled. He would not write to her or communicate with her in any way. He would not even seek her to hear about her and of course as she would not know whether he had gone or where he was she could not communicate with him. The silence that had fallen between them should not be broken, even forever unless and until—Ah, yes, he could not see any way to complete that "unless and until" at first, but perhaps after a while he might.

He knew exactly where he would go. Dick Winters, another classmate and devoted friend at Cambridge, had gone out West shortly after graduation. He had a big cattle ranch miles from a railroad in a young southwestern state. Winters, like the other member of the youthful triumvirate, Rodney, was a bachelor. He could be absolutely depended upon. He had often begged Meade to visit him. The engineer would do it now. He knew Winters would respect his moods, that he would let him severely alone, that he could get on a horse and ride into the hills and do what he pleased, think out his thoughts undisturbed.

To Winters, therefore, he had gone. He had an idea that his future would be outside of engineering. Indeed he had put all thought of his chosen profession out of his mind and heart, at least so he fancied. Yet, spending an idle forenoon in Chicago waiting for the departure of the western train, he found himself irresistibly drawn to the great steel-framed structures, the skyscrapers rising gaunt and rigid above the other buildings of the city.

A man of Meade's ability will soon find a place for himself in any environment, and so it is with the young engineer. His new start in life is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sweet, Young Thing. In a local theater, one evening recently, a powerful spotlight revealed a house fly crawling over the powdery surface of a pretty girl's back. "Oh lookie," whispered a little girl in tones that could be heard all about her "lookie at the fly." "Flush dear," the child's mother cautioned. There was a moment's silence, then the little girl again whispered hoarsely: "I spec the fly thinks he is on a marshmallow." Exchange.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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DEAF SANDUSKY AND LOGAN FIND DEADLY FANGS IN THE TRAP SET FOR DE SPAIN, WHO DISAPPEARS MYSTERIOUSLY FROM CALABASAS

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 Morgan Gap, a fertile valley about 20 miles from Sleepy Cat, and near Calabasas, a point where the horses are changed on the stage-line from the Thief River mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the mountain division, appoints Henry De Spain general manager of the stage line, with John LeFevre and Bob Scott, an Indian, as his assistants, and gives orders to break up the gang. The chief bad men are Sassoon, Deaf Sandusky, Harvey Logan and Gale Morgan. De Spain foolishly becomes smitten with pretty Nan Morgan, Gale's cousin, but she ignores his advances. The gang traps De Spain alone in a saloon, and when this installment opens a gun fight is imminent.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Still regarding De Spain with the most businesslike expression, the grizzled outlaw took a guarded step forward, his companions following suit. De Spain, always with a jealous regard for the relative distance between him and his self-appointed executioners, moved backward. In crossing the room, Sandusky, without objection from his companions, moved across their front, and when the four lined up at the bar, their positions had changed. De Spain stood at the extreme left, Sandusky next, Logan beside him, and Gale Morgan, at the other end of the line, pretended to pound the bar for service. De Spain, following mountain etiquette in the circumstances, spread his open hands, palms down, on the bar. Sandusky's great palms slid in the same fashion over the checked slab in unspoken recognition of the brief armistice. Logan's hands came up in turn, and Morgan still pounded for someone to serve.

De Spain in the new disposition weighed his chances as being both better and worse. They had put Sandusky's first shot at no more than an arm's length from his prey, with Logan next, to cover the possibility of the big fellow's falling to paralyze De Spain the first instant. On the other hand, De Spain, trained in the tactics of Whispering Smith and Medicine Bend gunmen, welcomed a short-arm struggle with the worst of his assailants closest at hand. Their maneuvering caused no disquiet to their slender, compactly built victim. "You'll wait a long time, if you wait for service here, Morgan," he said, commenting with composure on Morgan's impatience. Logan looked again at his two companions and laughed.

Every hope De Spain had of possible help from the back room died with that laugh. Then the door behind the bar slowly opened, and the scar-featured face of Sassoon peered cautiously from the gloom. The horse-thief, stooping, walked in with a leer directed triumphantly at the railroad man.

If it were possible to deepen it, the sinister spot on De Spain's face darkened. Something in his blood raged at the sight of the malevolent face. He glanced at Logan. "This," he smiled faintly, nodding toward Sassoon as he himself took a short step farther to the left, "is your drink, Harvey, is it?"

"No," retorted Logan loudly, "this is your drink."

"I'll take Sassoon," assented De Spain, good-natured again and shifting

to pay for putting that mark on me. Somebody is bound to pay for your manners. Why talk about either? Sassoon, set out for your friends—or I will. Spread, gentlemen, spread."

He had reached the position on which he believed his life depended, and stood so close to the end of the bar that with a single step, as he uttered the last words, he turned it. Sandusky pushed close next him. De Spain continued to speak without hesitation or break, but the words seemed to have no place in his mind. "He was thinking only and saw only within his field of vision a cut-glass button that fastened the bottom of Sandusky's greased waistcoat."

"You've waited one day too long to collect for your strawberry, De Spain," cried Logan shrilly. "You've turned one trick too many on the sinks, young fellow. If the man that put your mark on you ain't in this room, you'll never get him."

"Which means, I take it, you're going to try to get me," smiled De Spain.

"No," bellowed Morgan, "it means we have got you."

"You are fooling yourself, Harvey," De Spain addressed the warning to Logan. "And you, too, Sandusky," he added.

"We'll take care of that," grinned Logan. Sandusky kept silence.

"You are jumping into another man's fight," protested De Spain steadily.

"Sassoon's fight is our fight," interrupted Morgan.

"I advise you," said De Spain once more, looking with the words at Sandusky and his cronies, "to keep out of it."

"Sandusky," yelled Logan to his partner, "he advises me and you to keep out of this fight," he shrilly laughed.

"Sure," assented Sandusky, but with no variation in tone and his eyes on De Spain.

"Logan, with an oath, leaned over the bar toward Sassoon, and pointed contemptuously toward the end of the bar. "Shike!" he cried, "step through the rail and take that man's gun."

De Spain, looking from one to the other of the four faces confronting him, laughed for the first time. "But he was looking without seeing what he seemed to look at. In reality, he saw only a cut-glass button. He was face to face with taking a man's life or surrendering his own, and he knew the life must be taken in such a way as instantly to disable its possessor. These men had chosen their time and place. There was nothing for it but to meet them. Sassoon was stepping toward him, though very doubtfully. De Spain laughed again, dryly this time. "Go slow, Sassoon," he said. "That gun is loaded."

"If you want terms, hand over your gun to Sassoon," cried Logan.

"Not till it's empty," returned De Spain. "Do you want to try taking it?" he demanded of Logan, his cheeks burning a little darker.

Logan never answered the question. It was not meant to be answered. For De Spain asked it only to cover the spring he made at that instant into Sandusky's middle. Catlike though it was, the feat did not take the big fellow unprepared. He had heard once, when or where he could not tell, but he had never forgotten the hint, that De Spain, a boxer, was as quick with his feet as with his hands. The outlaw whirled. Both men shot from the hip; the reports cracked together. One bullet, grazing the fancy button, smashed through the gaudy waistcoat; the other, as De Spain's free hand struck at the muzzle of the big man's gun, tore into De Spain's foot. Sandusky, convulsed by the frightful shock, staggered against De Spain's arm, the latter dancing tight against him. Logan, alive to the trick but caught behind his partner, fired over Sandusky's right shoulder at De Spain's head, flattened sidewise against the gasping outlaw's breast. Hugging his shield, De Spain threw his second shot over Sandusky's left shoulder into Logan's face. Logan, sinking to the floor, never moved again. Supporting with extraordinary strength the unwieldy bulk of the dying butcher, De Spain managed to steady him as a buffer against Morgan's fire until he could send a slug over Sandusky's head at the instant the latter collapsed. Morgan fell against the bar.

Sandusky's weight dragged De Spain down. For an instant the four men sprawled in a heap. Sassoon, who had not yet got an effective shot across at

his agile enemy, dropping his revolver, dodged under the rail to close. De Spain, struggling to free himself from the dying man, saw, through a mist, the greenish eyes and the thirsty knife. He fired from the floor. The bullet shock without stopping his enemy, and De Spain, partly caught under Sandusky's body, thought, as Sassoon came on, the game was up. With an effort born of desperation, he dragged himself from under the twitching giant, freed his revolver, rolled away, and with his right swimming, swung the gun at Sassoon's stomach. He meant to kill him. The bullet whirled the white-faced man to one side and he dropped, but pulled himself, full of fight, to his knees and, knife in hand, panted forward. De Spain, rolling hastily from him, staggered to his feet, and, running in as Sassoon tried to strike, beat him senseless with the butt of his gun.

His own eyes were streaming blood. His head was reeling and he was breathless, but he remembered those of the gang waiting outside. He still could see dimly the window at the end of the bar. Dashing his fingers through the red stream on his forehead, he ran for the window, smashed through the sash into the patio and found Sassoon's horse trembling at the fustade. Catching the lines and the pommel, he stuck his foot up again and again for the stirrup. It was useless; he could not make it. Then, summoning all of his fast-ebbing strength, he threw himself like a sack across the horse's back, lashed the brute through the open gateway, climbed into the saddle, and spurred blindly away.

CHAPTER X.

After the Storm.

For a week the search continued day and night, but each day, even each succeeding hour, reduced the expectation of ever seeing De Spain alive. Spies working at Calabasas, others sent in by Jeffries to Muscle mountain among the Morgans, and men from Medicine Bend haunting Sleepy Cat could get no word of De Spain. Deaf Sandusky and Logan had been found dead at the Inn by LeFevre on the night after the fight. Fairly accurate reports accounted for Gale Morgan, nursing a wound at home, and for Sassoon, badly wounded and under cover somewhere in the gap. Beyond this, information halted.

Toward the end of the week a Mexican shepherd brought word in to LeFevre that he had seen in Duke Morgan's stable Sassoon's horse—the one on which De Spain had escaped. He averred he had seen the blood-stained Santa Fe saddle that had been taken off the horse when the horse was found at daybreak of the day following the fight, waiting at Sassoon's corral to be cared for. There could be, it was fairly well ascertained, no mistake about the horse—the man knew the animal; but his information threw no light on the fate of its missing rider.

Though Scott had known first of De Spain's helpless condition in his desperate flight, as regarded self-defense, the Indian was the last to abandon hope of seeing him alive again. One night, in the midst of a gloomy council at Jeffries' office, he was pressed for an explanation of his confidence. It was always difficult for Scott to explain his reasons for thinking anything. Men with the surest instinct are usually poorest at reasoning a conviction out. But Bob, cross-examined and harried, managed to give some explanation of the faith that was in him. "In the first place," he said, "I've ridden a good deal with that man—pretty much all over the country north of Medicine Bend. He is as full of tricks as a nut's full of meat. Indian, and doctor himself. Then, again, I know something about the way he fights; up here they don't. If those four fellows had ever seen him in action, they never would have expected to get out of a room alive, after a showdown with Henry De Spain. As near as I can make out from all the talk that's floating around, what foiled them was seeing him shoot at a mark here one day in Sleepy Cat."

Jeffries didn't interrupt, but he slapped his knee sharply.

"You might just as well try to stand on a box of dynamite, and shoot into it, and expect to live to tell it," con-

tinued Scott mildly, "as to shoot into that fellow in a room with closed doors and expect to get away with it. The only way the bunch can ever kill that man, without getting killed themselves, is to get him from behind; and at that, John, the man that fires the gun," murmured the scout, "ought to be behind a tree."

"You say he is hit. I grant it," he concluded. "But I knew him once, when he was hit, to lie out in the bush for a week. He got cut off once from Whispering Smith and Kennedy after a scrimmage outside Williams Cache two years ago."

"You don't believe, then, he's dead, Bob?" demanded Jeffries impatiently.

"Not till I see him dead," persisted Scott unmoved.

De Spain, when he climbed into Sassoon's saddle, was losing sight and consciousness. He knew he could no longer defend himself, and was so faint that only the determination of putting distance between him and any pursuers held him to the horse after he spurred away. With the instinct of the hunted, he fumbled with his right hand for his means of defense, and was relieved to find his revolver, after his panicky dash for safety, safe in its place. He put his hand to his belt for fresh cartridges. The belt was gone. The discovery sent a shock through his failing faculties. He could not recollect why he had no belt. Believ-



Hugging His Shield, De Spain Threw His Second Shot Over Sandusky's Shoulder.

ing his senses tricked him, he felt again and again for it before he would believe it was not buckled somewhere about him. But it was gone, and he stuck back in his waistband his useless revolver. One hope remained—flight, and he spurred his horse cruelly.

Blood running continually into his eyes from the wound in his head made him think his eyes were gone, and direction was a thing quite beyond his power of compass. He made little effort to guide, and his infuriated horse flew along as if winged.

A warm, sticky feeling in his right boot warned him, when he tried to make some mental inventory of his condition, of at least one other wound. He could not see twenty feet ahead or behind. Even when he hurriedly wiped the blood from his eyes his vision seemed to have failed, and he could only cling to his horse to put the miles as fast as possible between himself and more of the Morgans.

A perceptible weakness presently forced him to realize he must look to his wounded foot. Before he slackened speed he tried to look behind to reconnoiter. With relief he perceived his sight to be a trifle better, and in scanning the horizon he could discover no pursuers. Choosing a secluded spot, he dismounted, cut open his boot, and found that a bullet, passing downward, had torn an artery under the arch of the foot. Making a rude tourniquet, he succeeded in checking pretty well the spurting flow that was sapping his strength. After he had adjusted the bandage he stood up and looked at it.

Then he drew his revolver again and broke it. He found five empty shells in the chambers and threw them away. The last cartridge had not been fired. He could not even figure out how he had happened to have six cartridges in the cylinder, for he rarely loaded more than five. Indeed, it was his fixed habit—to avoid accidents—never to carry a cartridge under the hammer of his gun—yet now there had been one. Without trying to explain the circumstance, he took fresh stock of his chances and began to wonder whether he might yet escape and live.

He climbed again into the saddle, and, riding to a ridge, looked carefully over the desert. It was with an effort that he could steady himself, and the extent of his weakness, surprised him. What further perplexed him as he crossed a long divide, got another good

view and saw no pursuit threatening in any direction, was to identify the country he was in. The only landmark anywhere in sight that he could recognize was Music mountain. This now lay to the northwest, and he knew he must be a long way from any country he was familiar with. But there was no gainsaying, even in his confused condition, Music mountain. After looking at it a long time he headed with some hesitation cautiously toward it, with intent to intercept the first trail to the northeast. This would take him toward Sleepy Cat.

As his eyes continued to sweep the horizon he noted that the sun was down and it was growing dark. He was aware at intervals that he was steadying himself like a drunken man. His efforts to guide the horse only bewildered the beast, and the two traveled on madcap curves and doubled back on their track until De Spain decided that his sole chance of reaching any known trail was to let go and give the horse his head. A period of unconsciousness, a blank in De Spain's mind, soon followed. How long he rode in this way, or how far, he never knew. He was roused to consciousness by the unaccustomed sound of running water underneath his horse's feet.

It was pitch dark everywhere. The horse after the hard experience of the evening was drinking a welcome draft. De Spain had no conception of where he could be, but the stream told him he had somehow reached the range, though Music mountain itself had been swallowed up in the night. A sudden and uncontrollable thirst seized the wounded man. He could hear the water falling over the stones and climbed slowly and painfully out of the saddle to the ground. With the lines in his left hand he crawled toward the water and, lying flat on the ground beside the horse, put his head down to drink. The horse, meantime, satisfied, lifted his head with a gulp, raised his mouth, and pulled backward. The lines slipped from De Spain's hand. Alarmed, the weakened man scrambled after them. The horse, startled, shied, and before his rider could get to his feet scampered off in a trot. While De Spain fished in consternation, the escaped horse, falling into an easy stride, galloped away into the night.

Stunned by this new misfortune and listening gloomily to the retreating hoof-beats, De Spain pondered the situation in which the disaster left him. It was the worst possible blow that could have befallen him. He had, and he knew it, lost his only means of escape, and he had lost his only chance of finding his way out of the wilderness.

When he had shaken a second, unquenchable craving, he quaked the running water, first with one hand and then the other, over his face. He tried feebly to wash away some of the blood that had crusted over the wound in the front of his head and was stinging and burning in it. There was now nothing to do but to secrete himself until night and then to try to find his way out of the wilderness.

Meanwhile, the little stream beside him offered first aid. He tried it with his foot and found it slight and shallow, albeit with a rocky bed that made wading in his condition difficult. But he felt so much better he was able to attempt this, and, keeping near to one side of the current, he began to follow it slowly upstream. The ascent was at times precipitous, which pleased him, though it depleted his new strength. It was easy in this way to hide his trail, and the higher and faster the stream took him into the mountains the safer he would be from any Calabasas pursuers. When he had regained a little strength and oriented himself, he could quickly get down the hills.

Annuated by these thoughts, he held his way upstream, hoping at every step to reach the gorge from which the flow issued. It would have known this by the sound of the falling water, but, weakening soon, he found he must abandon hope of getting up to it. However, by testing and scrambling up the rocks, he kept on longer than he would have believed possible. Encouraged at length, as he struggled upward, a ledge and a clump of bushes, he crawled weakly on hands and knees into it, too spent to struggle farther, stretched himself on the flattened boulders and sank into a heavy sleep.

He woke in broad daylight. Consciousness returned slowly and he raised himself with pain from his rough couch. His wounds were still, and he lay for a long time on his back looking up at the sky. At length he dragged himself to an open space near where he had slept and looked about. He appeared to be near the foot of a mountain quite strange to him, and in rather an exposed place. He clambered a hundred feet above where he had slept before he found a hiding place. It was at the foot of a tiny waterfall where the brook, striking a ledge of granite, had patiently hollowed out a shallow pool. Beside this a great mass of frost-bitten rock had fallen, and one of the boulders lay tilted in such a way as to roof in a sort of cave, the entrance to which was not higher than a man's knee. De Spain crawled into this refuge.

And then a very strange thing happens to De Spain—an event that changes the whole course of his life. It is described fully in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As a Man Thinks.

A young man thinks he is a devil and an old man likes to think that there was a day when he was a devil.—Atchison Globe.

AN INDEPENDENT GIRL

By C. B. LEWIS

At nine o'clock in the morning Miss Effie Rayl was trimming and tying up a vine at the gate. Along the dusty road, which led to the village and the railroad half a mile away came a girl with a suitcase.

"That's Mrs. Roberts' second girl, and she has quit her place," mused Miss Effie, as she caught sight of the traveler.

Miss Effie was cutting and trimming with praiseworthy energy and wondering whether Mrs. Roberts had got angry and discharged Julia or whether Julia had got angry and discharged her mistress, when the suitcase halted at the gate and a smiling voice said:

"It's all on your account, Miss Rayl!"

"But it can't be. I hardly know Mrs. Roberts, and this is the first time I have ever spoken to you."

"Yes, but she is always criticizing you, and I was always standing up for you. That has been the trouble. Every time she has said a word against you I have answered her back and that has kept her mad at me."

"How dare she?"

"Yes, miss; how dare she? I asked her that same question several times."

"And has she had anything more to say?"

"Well, miss, as I am going away, I might as well tell you that she says you never had a beau, can't get one and will probably die an old maid. I must hurry along now or I will miss my train."

"Why should Mrs. Roberts criticize Miss Rayl at all? Why have the bad taste to do it to a servant if she felt that she must speak? Miss Effie didn't stop to figure out an answer. Mrs. Roberts hadn't talked. She hadn't criticized. She had discharged the girl for insolence and inefficiency. Julia had got even."

"Are you going for a ride?" asked the mother of Miss Effie came in.

"A short one," was answered.

"You look awfully sober about it."

"And I'll make someone else look sober before I get back."

"And she would say no more, but got ready and rode away."

"When you arrive at the residence of the woman you are going to lay down your law, you are going to make what stage folk call an 'entrance'." You

will see the difference between the stage and the ball, and it is in the forenoon the lady herself may come to the door. You will see the difference between the stage and the ball, and it is in the forenoon the lady herself may come to the door. You will see the difference between the stage and the ball, and it is in the forenoon the lady herself may come to the door.

"Madam, I would like a few words with you."

Miss Effie was ready to follow this program, but no madam appeared. She was alone. The cook was heard singing "Happy Days" at the rear, and the house, but no Mrs. Roberts.

After waiting a day or six minutes she returned away. "Oh, come," she thought, Mrs. Roberts had seen her arrival and her guilty conscience had driven her to hide under a bed. She might escape that way this morning, but there were other days coming.

Miss Effie started down the three or four steps, but missed her footing somehow and pitched head-first into a rose-bush. She screamed, of course. That scream brought somebody from the house just as she was picking herself up. That somebody was a young man fair to look upon—Mrs. Roberts' cousin, Archie Shelbourne.

"Ah—beg pardon—so sorry!" he exclaimed, as he came forward. "You wanted to see Mrs. Roberts?" he queried.

"Yes," she gulped.

"So sorry; but she has gone to see about a servant and may not be back until late this afternoon. You came on an errand?"

"But never mind." And Effie walked away without further words.

But the penalty came within two minutes. She climbed into the runabout, but it would not start. She tried again and again.

"Beg pardon, but let me assist you."

It was Mr. Shelbourne at the gate. Miss Effie would not answer him. She would not even look his way. After a last desperate but vain attempt to get away in the machine, she stepped from it and headed for home on foot.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" gasped Mr. Shelbourne, as he looked after her.

The girl reached home to find her hat on the floor and her gloves at the cut, and, ignoring the questions of her mother, she locked herself in her room and wept. Four hours later, when she came downstairs, the mother said:

"About an hour after you went upstairs a young man brought your runabout back and put it in the garage and went off without a word. What is the mystery?"

"It got out of order, I guess," was the reply.

Then Mrs. Roberts and her cousin came motoring up, and while she came in he stayed in the machine.

Julia, the discharged servant, had lied like a trooper. It came out after ten minutes' talk, and then things went happily.

"She said that I said you couldn't catch a beau, did she?" queried Mrs. Roberts.

"Yes, something of the sort."

"Why, you have caught one already! Come out and be formally introduced to him!"

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



The Scar-Featured Face of Sassoon Peered Cautiously From the Door.

still another step to the left. "What do you fellows want now?"

"We want to punch a hole through that strawberry," said Logan, "that beauty-mark. Where did you get it, De Spain?"

"I might as well ask where you get your gull, Harvey," returned De Spain, watching Logan hunch Sandusky toward the left that both might crowd him closer. "I was born with my beauty-mark—just as you were born with your d—d bad manners," he added composedly, for in hugging up to him his enemies were playing his game. "You can't help it, neither can I," he went on. "Somebody is bound

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VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Zella Skinner visited friends in Pontiac for the week-end.

Miss Mildred Downs of Pontiac visited Northville friends Monday.

Mrs. S. S. Bibbins of Detroit has been a guest at the F. G. Terrill home recently.

Miss Zetta Cope of Detroit was a guest of her aunt, Mrs. E. J. Cobb, over Sunday.

Miss Hula-Lattimer of Detroit spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Dell Herrick.

Howard Corbett and family spent Sunday with the former's parents at Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Eddy have returned from an extended stay at St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. James Weitzman and baby of Detroit were guests of Mr. Weitzman here Sunday.

Miss Florence Leshner of Ypsilanti spent last week-end at the Geo. Johnston residence.

Mrs. Bertha Allen of Marion, O., has been a recent guest of her former U of M friend, Mrs. C. C. Yerkes.

Miss Hazel Barrett entertained Miss Ruth Bradley of Walled Lake as her guest Saturday and Sunday.

Fred Wheeler left town Wednesday to visit his son, Blake and family, at Rock Island, Ill., for a few weeks.

M. E. Murdoch of Pontiac was entertained the first of last week at the home of his aunt, Mrs. A. K. Dolph.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cleaver and Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Clark attended the funeral of Dr. Wallin in Detroit Tuesday.

Robert Lambright returned last week from Toledo, O. where he has been employed by the Overland Motor Car Co.

Mrs. Mary Predmore is at her home here for an indefinite stay after spending the winter with her daughter in Detroit.

Charles Wood of Lansing and Miss Beulah Parr of Wyandotte were entertained over Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Clark were in Salem last week Thursday to attend the meeting of the Dime society at the John Asplin home.

Mrs. John Walker was called to Monroe Tuesday, because of her mother, Mrs. Galbraith having suffered a broken arm.

Miss Blanche Clark and Bert Clark, accompanied by Miss Della McArthur of Detroit were guests for the week-end at the parental home here.

Francis Murphy left Monday night for Fort Sheridan, Ill., where he was called to the officers' training camp with the other accepted men from Detroit.

Ray Haddock, a former Northville boy, left his home in Detroit Saturday for Fort Sheridan to take up training with the other accepted applicants of the officers' reserve force.

Mrs. Fred Lyke went to Harper hospital, Detroit, Monday for a minor surgical operation which was performed Tuesday. She expects to be able to return home in a week or so.

Raymond Thompson, who has been employed at the Macomber laundry for several years past, has resigned his place there to return to farm work. Archie Kidd, former employee, succeeds him at the laundry.

Mrs. T. B. Henry was in Detroit a few days ago to see her brother and a foster brother off for Columbus, O., where they went with 58 other enlisted men to take their places in the U. S. cavalry ranks. Mrs. Henry also has a brother-in-law, Edward Kelly, who is in the service as Lieutenant Commander of the U. S. S. Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Yerkes started Tuesday on a trip to Dallas, Texas, where D. P. has the honor of going as one of three commissioners representing the Detroit Presbytery at the General Assembly of that denomination. The sessions of the Assembly are to occupy ten days, so that Mr. and Mrs. Yerkes will be absent from home about two weeks.

Removing Fence Posts Easily. Fence posts of considerable size may be removed readily by hitching a chain around the post near the ground and passing it over a piece of 2 by 4 stock set at a slant against the post. A horse hitched to the chain can withdraw large posts by means of the leverage on the chain and the piece of wood.--Will Chapel, Manchester, Ia., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Northville School Notes.

Allen Buckley has been ill this week.

Mr. Gage visited the school last Friday.

James Sessions visited High school last week.

Katherine Kidd, a Second grader, has left school.

Major Taylor of the Seventh grade has the measles.

Vera Hicks entered the Kindergarten last week.

The First graders are making a butterfly border.

The Eighth grade has six gold fish in their class room.

Louise Ringle is absent from the Second grade on account of illness.

Senior dance May 25. Don't forget it. Be sure and come, everybody.

Dorothy Haven and Virginia Breckow are new pupils in the First grade.

Teddy Watts, of the First grade has returned to school after a three weeks' illness.

The Eighth grade Arithmetic class is now working on spheres and frustrums of cones.

There were thirty boys and girls from the country who wrote on the county examinations.

The entertainment given by the Girl's Glee Club last Friday evening was a splendid success.

The Girl's Glee Club wishes to thank all persons who so kindly helped them last Friday evening.

Zoology students have been studying the house-fly and the reasons why we should "swat" it on sight.

Question, "What is the relation of middle C to the rest of the scale?" Answer, "It is the keystone."

Wednesday Miss Weiler visited the Eighth grade at Plymouth looking for new suggestions. Wendell Miller substituted.

Special reports on our most common industries will begin this week in the General Science class. Our class Sceptician is "worth its weight in gold" for this work.

The Seventh grade Physiology pupils are studying heating and ventilation. Last Thursday Miss Weiler took the class to the basement where our own system was explained to them.

Friday the Ways and Means Committee received their first check for the sale of paper. It amounted to \$13.40. There is over a ton more ready for shipment, and a ton and a half to bale.

Last Thursday in chapel the High school students elected a flag warden, Cleon Dey, also an assistant, Jim Green, to see to raising and lowering the flag. They will be coached in flag etiquette.

If any one doubts that a school ma'am can cook, he should have come to the supper given "by the teachers" for the teachers' last Thursday night at the High school. It was a most enjoyable occasion.

Northville High was defeated by Holly, at Holly last Saturday by a score of 7 to 6. It was a good game and although we lost every one played the best game he knew how. Next week we play Dearborn at Dearborn and then the rest of the games are at home. Come out then and help the boys win by your enthusiasm.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.) Tuesday evening, May 15 the members of A. M. Harmon W. R. C. and a delegation from G. A. R. attended the drill exercises at the school house. The officers of the W. R. C. gave their flag drill, after which our patriotic instructor, Jennie Richardson, in behalf of the W. R. C., presented the Scouts with a beautiful flag. This was received by color bearer Master Lester Cook, who has the honor of being the first to carry the dear old flag in the Scout ranks.

The tenth regular meeting of A. M. Harmon W. R. C. will be held in Scott's hall Wednesday evening, May 23, at 7:30.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By the Press Correspondent.) The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet Monday afternoon, May 20, at three o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Wm. Erwin on East Dunlap street. Miss Euphemia Marquis will lead. Everybody welcome.

Thoughtless woman's tongue. In a collector's shoes. These things that never become. Kept bright by constant use.

THE HARROUN MOTORS CORPORATION, WAYNE'S NEW INDUSTRY.

It took five years for John Guy Monihan and Ray Harroun to work out their plans, but when they got ready, and you put your shoulder to the wheel with them, how everything did whirl!

Only a few others have known it, but it's a fact that, in its basic idea, the Harroun Motors Corporation is now in its sixth, not its first year.

Away back in 1911, soon after Mr. Monihan had piloted those hardy pioneers of trans-continental touring from ocean to ocean, and while Mr. Harroun was developing his since famous coal oil carburetor, the two friends were talking motor cars and motor car shortcomings.

"John, I'm going to design a car some day that will be RIGHT," declared the little Bedouin of the speed-way.

"Let me know when you're ready and I'll organize the company to build it," replied Monihan.

They shook hands on the compact and, though their paths soon separated, neither man forgot.

Last summer, Monihan received a telegram over Harroun's signature.

"Car is ready, I need you," said your Harroun Motor stock through Bruno Freydl, the local agent.

Advt.

CARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

What is perhaps one of the most charming of all the J. M. Barrie products, "The Professor's Love Story," will be the offering of the Bonstelle company next week.

In it we find the delightful Barrie characters, his ineffable charm at story telling, love story entwined with love-story and the many deft touches that has made him our master dramatist.

"The Professor's Love Story" is a play of genuine charm, bubbling natural comedy and romance that is of true, heart-breathed quality. It is a play, the revival of which should interest not only the older but young theater-goers, for it is J. M. Barrie at his best.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees will be given.

Italian War Economy.

In Rome and other Italian cities ladies are adopting the habit of going hatless as a war economy. The example has been set by many aristocratic ladies, who take walks and automobile drives, and even make social calls, bareheaded.

Should Have Been Hardened.

"Have you the firmness that enables you to go on and do your duty in the face of ingratitude and ungenerous criticism?" "I ought to have. I once cooked for a camping party."--Washington Star.

Possum as Meat.

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

Rich Roumania.

Roumania is one of the richest parts of Europe. After the United States and Russia it is the largest grain-growing country in the world. It is one of the world's chief oil fields. Its middle class is probably the richest to be found anywhere.

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G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, in the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, in Chancery.

Charles W. Tarnovska and Ida Tarnovska, Plaintiffs.

vs. No. 58,539 A. B. Hastings, Jane Doe Hastings, Lewis Raquet and Jane Doe Raquet, Defendants.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne in Chancery on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1917.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Louis Raquet, is a resident of the state of Michigan, but that he is at present outside of the state and cannot be found within said state but is now in the state of Florida. Therefore, on motion of Allen L. Lamphere, attorney for said plaintiffs, it is ordered, that said defendant enter his appearance in said cause on or before three months from the date thereof, and that within twenty days the said plaintiffs cause this order to be published in the Northville Record, a newspaper published in Wayne county, said publication to be continued once each week for six weeks in succession.

GEORGE P. CODD, Circuit Judge.

A true copy. JOHN D. LESNAU, 42-48, Deputy Clerk.

ALLEN L. LAMPHERE, Attorney for plaintiff.

NINA DAY GRIFFIN

CONTRALTO.

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DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, county of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate court room in the city of Detroit, on the second day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present, HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN C. GOW, deceased.

An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased having been delivered into this court for probate.

It is ordered, that the sixth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon Eastern Standard Time, at said court room, be appointed for proving said instrument.

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

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) ALBERT W. FLINT, 42-44, Register.

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

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of principal and interest on a certain mortgage made by George P. Palmer and Adelaide Palmer, his wife, Rudolph H. VanHarteveldt and Behna VanHarteveldt, 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 552 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 J. 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 date, to be due and payable immediately.

There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest the sum of five hundred sixty-two and 57/100 (\$562.57) 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 6th day of August, 1917, at twelve o'clock noon, Eastern standard time, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid, and the costs and expenses of sale, including the attorney's fee allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage; also any sum or sums that shall be paid at or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or insurance to protect his interest in said premises described in said mortgage, which said premises are described as follows:

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

Dated, April 25, A. D. 1917.

JOSEPH DALLAVO,

Assignee of Mortgage.

Frank A. Lewis, Attorney for assignee. 40-52.

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

STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, in Chancery. No. 58573.

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.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

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