

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII, NO. 46.

THE RECORD, NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY JUNE 8, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE HONOR ROLL FOR NORTHVILLE

THIS VILLAGE HAS BEEN EARLY
IN CONTRIBUTING MANY MEN
FOR U. S. SERVICE.

Northville certainly has reason to be proud of the number of her young men who have offered their services to their country—a number already above the proportionate percentage from all parts of the Union.

To date the Record has secured the following list of Northville boys connected with the various branches of the service, and gives them, as nearly as available information permits, in the order of their enlistment:

Earl Alexander, 31st Mich.
Fred Raymond, Marines.
John Couch, Marines.
Frank Brown, Navy.
Dr. T. B. Henry, Surgeon.
Raymond DesAutels, Aviation Dept.
Elbridge Miles, Aviation Dept.
Francis Murphy, Officers' Reserve.
James Roche, Engineering Dept.
Theodore Ruthrauff, 31st Mich.

Harry White, Hospital Corps.
Jamie Dubuar, Forestry Dept.
Will Hills, Motor Dept.
Elmer Jackson, Motor Dept.
Jack Barber, Motor Dept.
Charlie Hayner, Motor Dept.
Barney Roche, Engineering Dept.

In addition to these, others who were formerly residents here for years, but now have homes elsewhere, are Ray Haddock and Sam Penfield, both of whom are with the officers' reserve.

The Record will be pleased to correct, or to add names to the above list if necessary. It is not possible for us to obtain the exact facts in every instance without the full cooperation of our readers, who too often forget that important factor in regard to their local newspaper.

NORTHVILLE'S REGISTRATION.

Northville township made the excellent showing of a practically complete registration Tuesday, only one person being supposed to have failed to "show up," and there is still uncertainty as to there even being one failure. The whole number of names registered is 170.

TRY A LIMER IN THE RECORD.

LIBERTY BOND SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES

NORTHVILLE'S ALLOTMENT AL-
READY OVER-SUBSCRIBED, AND
RETURNS NOT YET ALL IN.

The Northville Liberty bond committee headed by L. A. Babbitt and E. H. Lapham has been doing its best this week and a personal appeal has been and is being made, as far as possible, to every one in town, to give all an opportunity to get in on a good investment (3 1/4%) and at the same time show their patriotism.

The committee is publishing below the names of all subscribers to date. It is expected that by next week Friday the campaign will be ended. Northville's allotment of \$50,000 has already been over-subscribed to the amount of over \$3,000 with more coming.

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DEATH OF JOHN NEGUS.

John Negus, a resident of this village for the past 30 years, died Thursday morning, June 7, at the home of his daughter, after an illness of several months. Mr. Negus was 75 years of age and had been a widower for seven years. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Cora Lawrence, three stepdaughters, Mrs. Hattie Moe, Mrs. Mary Fredmore and Mrs. Emma Charter, all of this place, two brothers, Capt. Edward Negus of Chelsea and Henry of Farmington, and three sisters, Mrs. Leach of North Farmington, Mrs. Bates of Kansas and Mrs. Cook of Montana. Funeral services will be held from the Cress Lawrence home Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

CYCLONE COMES CLOSE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

TWO LIVES LOST AS STORM DESTROYS HOUSE NEAR SALEM.

The terrible wind storm which raged across the state Wednesday afternoon, taking its toll of property and life, missed our village by only a few miles, coming as close as the Ward farm-northeast of town, now owned by F. P. Simmons.

Scores of Northville people have visited the scene of devastation and tragedy near Salem, where many buildings were wrecked, some being carried away bodily, every vestige disappearing, orchards ruined and worst of all, two human lives sacrificed to the storm. The victims were Mrs. Mark Ranzler, who was fatally hurt, and her baby, one and one-half months old, killed outright, in one of the houses destroyed. Mrs. Ranzler was well known here in her girlhood as Thelma Lincoln, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Lincoln, who lived here for years.

The storm as it touched Northville was accompanied by little wind, but much lightning, thunder and rain. The very peculiar appearance of the clouds almost directly overhead was noticed by a number of people here, causing them to expect to hear of a bad storm not far away.

NOTICE.

James W. Weitzman wishes to announce to his customers the arrival of his new delivery auto, and that he is now prepared to take care of all orders with promptness and dispatch.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

LOST—Dark soft hat near D. U. R. depot late Saturday night. Size 7 3/8, with initials inside of sweat band. Reward if returned to owner B. J. Thompson, Northville 46w1p.

WANTED—Carpenter work. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Frank Bolton, Northville. Phone 351-W. 44-46c.

WANTED—Skim milk. Booth Boultry Farm, E. D. No. 2 Northville. Phone 248 J-2. 42-44p.

FOR SALE—1 Boar, 18 months old, and 1 sow, 2 months old. Phone 332-R-3. 46w1p.

FOR SALE—House and lot. All conveniences. Phone 34. 46w1p.

FOR SALE—Young pigs and work horse. Cheap. Phone 151-R-2. Franz Power. 46w2c.

FOR SALE—Seven crates seed corn. \$1.75 per crate. Phone 188-R-2. James N. Erwin. 46w1p.

FOR RENT—Furnished house for the summer in Northville. Address Hugh Clawson, Orchard Lake. 46w2p.

FOR SALE—Bay horse, 1,400 lbs. Sound. Phone 190 J-4. 45w2p.

FOR SALE—20 tons of hay, by quantity or by load. Phone 312 R-6. Seymour Seeley. 45w1p.

FOR SALE—Well equipped garage, located on Main street, Northville; doing good business. Inquire of Guy Roys at garage or A. H. West, Birmingham. 44-46c.

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

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

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-3. 29w1p.

FOR RENT—Six room flat, besides bathroom and hall. Water, gas and electricity. Irving W. Barnhart, at A. M. Randolph's. 461c.

FOR RENT—House on Wing street. For information call Phone 255-W. 461p.

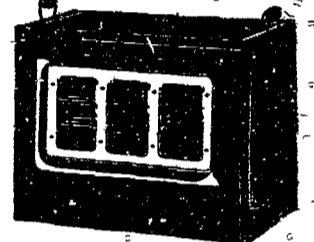
Linoleum Remnants

This is probably the last opportunity our customers will have to purchase Genuine Linoleum Remnants, for some time, owing to the scarcity of raw materials and especially at these prices.

- 1 Piece 6-ft. long, x 6-ft. wide, medium (grade grade Linoleum), 4 sq. yds. \$1.95
- 1 Piece 12-ft. long, x 2-ft., 6-in. wide, (heavy grade Linoleum) (damaged on end) 3 1-3 sq. yds., \$2.00
- 1 Piece 7-ft. long, x 6-ft. wide, (heavy inlaid Linoleum) 4 2-3 sq. yds., \$5.00
- 1 Piece 12-ft. long, x 7-ft., 6-in. wide, (heavy grade Linoleum) (slightly damaged), 10 sq. yds., \$6.00
- 1 Piece 12-ft. long, x 8-ft. wide, (heavy grade Linoleum) very slightly damaged on end, 10 2-3 sq. yds., \$6.90
- 1 Piece 12-ft. long, x 8-ft., 6-in. wide, (heavy grade Linoleum), very slightly damaged on end, 11 1-3 sq. yds., for \$7.35
- 1 Piece 12-ft., x 9-ft., 6-in. wide, (h'vy grade Linoleum) (slightly damaged), 12 2-3 sq. yds., \$7.60

NEW PERFECTION OVENS.

The New Perfection Oven is a scientific baking oven that will bake bread, biscuits, cake and pies and will roast meats better than any other oven. Use a New Perfection oven and a New Perfection Oil Burning Stove. You are then assured of the best.



Don't forget we have a nice line of Refrigerators, Lawn Mowers, Screen Doors, (Plain and Fancy), Croquet Sets, Hammocks, etc., etc.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



The man with money put some of his earnings in the Bank when he was young. He is enjoying it now.

Don't be working hard until your dying day without any money in the Bank. START IT NOW.

It is comfortable feeling to know that you have money in the bank, so that when your hair is white and your steps grow slower you can enjoy the fruits of your early saving.

The time to bank and save your money is when you are MAKING money. Your earning power will not last forever. Now is the time to cut out extravagances of all kinds and bank every dollar you can.

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

Northville State Savings Bank

Northville, Michigan.

Ryder's

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY ONLY

- 1-Lb. Can Soup, for 9c
- 1-Pkg. Jellicon for 8c
- Lima Beans, with Pork and Tomato Sauce, for 9c
- Corn Flakes, 9c
- Santa Claus Pop Corn, 5c
- Fancy Market Baskets, at 40c

CALL AND SEE US.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.



HAVE YOU BOUGHT A LIBERTY LOAN BOND

???

It is your duty as a patriotic, full fledged, red-blooded American Citizen to do your share in this matter right up to the limit of your capacity.

Pardon a Personality. But as this call of the nation comes to hand, I find myself absolutely without available cash. If need be I will take care of my creditors in some satisfactory way, perhaps through my banker, and have decided that every dollar that comes through my door on Saturday, June 9, shall be loaned to our Uncle Samuel at his terms (3 1/2%).

We regret we cannot offer big mercantile inducements, but to do so would be disastrous or dishonest, as we know of but few items that we can place on our shelves at what we now own them for. It is our policy, however, to mark up no goods until we are forced to pay the advance price on that commodity.

We can save you money and show you an up-to-the-minute Line of Dry Goods.

PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

9c Per Pound

H. & E. GRANULATED SUGAR, 9c

EVERY-DAY NEEDS.

- Search Light Matches, per box, 5c
- Jellicon, 5c
- Best Lard, 26c
- Lard Compound, 22c
- 3 Cans VahCamp's Beans, 25c
- Clean-Easy Soap, 5c
- Bob White Soap, 5c
- Climax Soap, 5c
- Magnetic Soap, 5c
- Jackson Soap, 5c

WHEELER & BLACKBURN

CASH STORE

SCOUT MOVEMENT IN NORTHVILLE

TROOP NO. 1 HAS COMPLETED ITS ENROLLMENT OF 24 MEMBERS AND FORMATION OF SECOND TROOP IS UNDER CONSIDERATION.

By this time nearly all our people are familiar in some degree with the Boy Scout movement in Northville, but perhaps many are not yet as thoroughly informed in regard to it as they should be. The Record is glad to place before its readers the following facts pertaining to this movement of national and international significance in the training of future citizenship, and Northville's share in the same. Northville Troop No. 1 has reached its limit of 24 members, so that if other boys are to be given the advantage, troop No. 2 must be started. Chester Brown of Detroit Troop 69 has severed that connection, to devote his time for scout work to the Northville organization.

Here is the Scout oath:

"On my honor I will do my best.

1. "To do my duty to God and my (Continued on page 8).

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery Their Care and Cultivation



Plant a Few Pots of Freesias for Early Flowers Next Year.

SOME TIMELY HINTS

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

Prune flowering shrubs as soon as they have finished flowering. The secret of pruning shrubbery, in a nutshell, is to study the habit and growth of each plant, and to strive to encourage it; not alter it to your views.

Make a note of the yellow spots on the lawn. If the grass is scanty the trouble is possibly sand or poor soil. The best cure is to dig out the place and put in some good loam.

Then resod the place. If the grass is there, but dead, the trouble is lack of moisture.

If the grass on the lawn is growing fast two mowings a week, allowing the clippings to lie where they fall, are easier than one mowing in ten days or two weeks, followed by a raking to remove the cut grass.

To insure a thick privet hedge, cut back three inches every time the plants make six inches of growth.

Evergreens from the nursery can be safely transplanted by the end of July. It is important to keep the roots moist with as much soil adhering as possible.

Pinch off the seed-pods from azaleas and rhododendrons to insure good flower buds for next year.

Give Japanese iris plenty of water to insure good blooms.

As fast as flowers fade on herbaceous plants, remove them. By not allowing seeds to form the flowering season will be considerably lengthened.

The larkspur, if treated in this manner, will produce spikes almost as good as those of the first crop, in late fall—when there are few flowers in the garden.

Geranium cuttings made early in July will make good winter-flowering plants. During the latter part of the month sow seeds in cold frames of English daisies, pansies, foxgloves, Canterbury bells, larkspur, etc., for next year's flowering.

Fill up the gaps left by the poppies by transplanting on the cleared ground such annuals as China asters or portulaca.

Plant a few pots of oxalis and freesias for early flowers next year. When watering, do it thoroughly.

SWEET SULTAN.

The peculiarly sweet, spicy smell of sweet sultan has always endeared this useful member of the centaurea family to gardeners, and, moreover, this is a very useful flower for cutting, as it lasts wonderfully well and is light and graceful.

The older forms of sweet sultans,

are, however, nowhere as regards size and splendor with the improved imperial grandiflora. This is immense in flower. The flowers are large and soft, of thistle shape, with beautiful filament petals of pinkish lilac, and there is a white variety, not pure white, but with a primrose taint, which is exquisite as a table decoration, but less effective in the border than the mauve one.

These giant-flowered sweet sultans are no more difficult to grow than the smaller, old-fashioned ones, but they share the family affection for a jiny soil, and if this element is lacking it should be supplied at the time of planting out, when a little well-slaked powdered lime may be put on as a surface dressing and forked in before the seedlings are introduced.

Centaureas are hardy, but as a rule they come up somewhat irregularly if sown in the open, and therefore it is best to sow very thinly in pots or boxes, and prick the seedlings out, disturbing them at the root as little as possible in the process.

NOTES

Amateur gardeners often make the mistake of planting vegetables too close together. Plants having large foliage such as tomatoes, peas and beans, should be given plenty of room, in order that the sunshine may reach all parts.

Plenty of potash and phosphoric acid should be used with all vegetables and particularly with tomatoes, peppers, egg plants and root-crops.

If the ground was well fertilized before planting the seeds there will be but little trouble through plants dwindling in the hot weather providing the soil is kept light.

Much of the trouble laid to drought comes through plant starvation.

Some plants are such rank growers that if they exhaust the fertility of the soil very quickly unless some reserve food is provided.

If you have not made due provision for this in the planting it may still be easily done by digging a large hole between the rows or hills and filling this with fertilizer, mixing it as much as possible with the soil.

Rains will wash a part of the fertility down among the roots and the plants will thus find a source of constant renewal.

This will keep them vigorous and in a healthy condition throughout the season and the fruit formed under these conditions will lack the bitterness which we often experience from neglecting the soil.

Spirited Suit for Out-of-Doors Girl



A steady breeze is blowing from a certain quarter in the world of fashions and all weather vane, in the guise of designers, point one way. Looking in that direction we discover there is no denying that it is trousers-ward. From several sources new departures in apparel for the out-of-doors woman, have appeared, and she who plays the role is about to dress the part whether for work or play.

Among these new things the "Rocky Mountain Suit" takes its place as the handsomest. It is made for outings and all sorts of sports where skirts might hamper the freedom of the up-to-date woman. It is cut along most graceful and feminine lines, but it has a little spice in its makeup a sort of soldierly dash and spirit. It breathes an atmosphere of rollicking fun in the mountains or woods, afoot or horseback, or at the wheel of the motor-car.

The Rocky Mountain suit will appeal to the woman who loves to hunt and fish and camp-out. It is thoroughly practical and is made in khaki or other equally durable material. The trousers and leggings are in one and the coat is shaped much like a riding coat. It has four very practical pockets, a loose, narrow belt and a collar

that is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It may be turned up to keep the sun off the neck, or buttoned up snugly for warmth, or turned down and out of the way altogether. The sleeves are finished with turned-back cuffs and the suit is trim and shapely. The blouse must be in keeping with the suit, and might be of linen, pongee or light wool, and of all hats, one like that shown in the picture, of soft felt is the best. It is not likely that sportswomen will be the only ones to wear the Rocky Mountain suit. Women whose business in life calls them to manage the farm, keep bees or poultry, may find it practical.

Dimity Frocks for Summer.

In a summer of dress economies that wearing qualities of dimity hold an appeal, and the best designers have experimented with this material as well as with gingham. It is, of course, more sheer and cool than the gingham and lends itself to a daintier type of frock, yet it, too, is best when very simply treated. The dotted designs are particularly good, and these are most likable little line checks and plaids, all of these being preferred to the sprigged designs, which, though quaint and often lovely, do not fit so well into the season's scheme.

About the Hats of Midsummer



If some cool-headed and unimpulsive fair lady has not yet been enticed into buying her midsummer dress hat, she may now look about and make her choice without any misgivings. Fashion approves large hats, medium hats, and moderately small hats. It smiles upon leghorns, fine milans, and hats—in black or white—made of crepe georgette or malines. Fabrics, and fabrics combined with straws, are particularly favored, and only beautiful workmanship has a chance of recognition.

Some of the wide brimmed hats are narrower at the front and back than at the sides, these are called "East and West" hats; there are numbers of flat-brimmed models, classed as "sailors," and broad, slightly drooping brims are noted among body hats more particularly.

The next hat to make its appearance will be the hat for outing wear, and along with it the lingerie hat is scheduled to arrive. This tells the story and thereafter headwear will hint of fall.

A graceful leghorn hat is shown in the picture, having the crown and upper brim ornamented with ruffles of narrow satin ribbon and small clusters of flowers connected by long stems, posed in the upper brim. This is a lovely hat for a young woman. A wide-brimmed sailor, of fine milan has an emplacement of georgette crepe on its top crown, extending part way over the wide crown. A wealth of little flat roses and pansies, covers the line between the crepe and straw. The crepe

is a light pink with pansies in purple. An airy hat in white batiste crown covered with shirred crepe georgette and a brim of malines, turning up at one side. An applique of embroidered batiste and a white fancy feather finishes this very unusual midsummer inspiration.

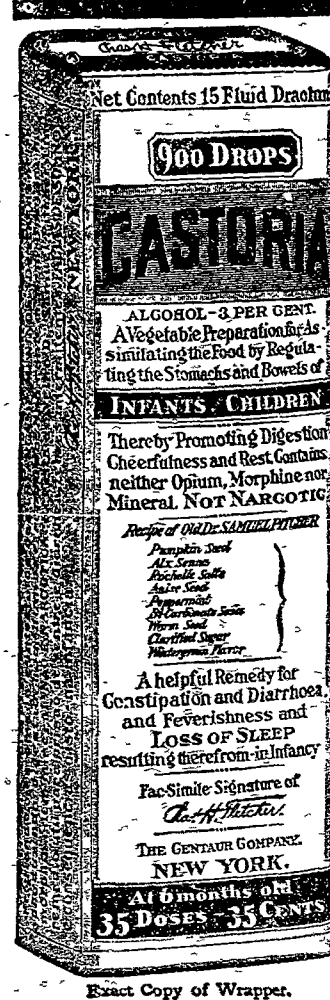
Julia Bottomley

Sleeveless Wraps.

The fad for sleeveless wraps is chiefly shown in the sports clothes, where sleeveless silk sweaters, sleeveless coats of bright-hued wool velours, sleeveless wool sweaters, sleeveless waists over bodices, etc., are numerous. Elbow-length sleeves multiply as the summer frocks come more and more to the front, but the very short sleeve of certain French models does not appear to have appealed greatly to American fancy.

Transparent Lace Coats Again

Over a beige satin underdress is a coat which hangs from the shoulders, falling straight and very loose and free from body. This coat is gold and black net. It is elaborately embroidered in gold and is held with a wide girdle. These loose and graceful effects of coat or tunic in transparent net lace or nylon over fitted satin slips are charming for the afternoon or theater.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature

of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Relieve Your Liver

When your liver is out of order, your head, stomach, bile and bowels suffer with it. That is why a bilious attack is often serious. Ward it off with a few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

which gently arouse a sluggish liver, and renew the activities so necessary to good health. They never produce any disagreeable after-effects. Their prompt use is beneficial to the system, and will

Prevent Bilious Attacks

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box. Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Heroes of the Home.

Nor should the hero medal be withheld from the man who totes the screens down from the attic and sheds gore and perspiration in making them fit.—Minneapolis Tribune.

In Great Demand.

Movie actors whose physical make-up resembles some of the great characters in American history are in great demand because nearly all the moving picture companies are making patriotic films. Recently three men came out of the Metro office on Broadway, and their appearances were so impressive that all the squabs and busy actors not only gave them the once over, but stopped and looked at them. One of the men bore a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. Another was almost the image of the Father of His Country—at least he looked as George Washington might have looked if he hadn't looked the way he did. A third member of the little group was a "ringer" for Roosevelt. These "doubles" pull down a salary as big as the stars, it is said. The reason why they come so high is there are only a few of 'em who can enact Washington, Lincoln and Wilson.—New York Herald.

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 night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is so true that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

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

You can get a lot for your money by patronizing a real estate dealer.

Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre. The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising.

The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets, convenient climate, excellent. There is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

M. V. MacINNIS
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

METZ
CARS \$685

Le Veque-Boston Motor Sales Co.
86 Jeff Ave. STATE DISTRIBUTORS Detroit
WRITE FOR CATALOG D.



Carter's Little Liver Pills

Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are

CONSTIPATED

This old remedy will set you right over night.

Brent Wood

PALLID PEOPLE

Usually Need Iron in the Blood. Try
CARTER'S IRON PILLS



Massing of Shrubbery Makes an Effective Hedge, Cutting Off Croquet Lawn or Tennis Court.

The Northville Record.

Published by
W. PERKINS, Owner.
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., JUNE 8, 1917.

WHY NOT TAX CATS?

With all this agitation in regard to raising money for war purposes, and the attendant "kicking" on the part of all sorts of producers and consumers about taxes, why hasn't somebody suggested the levying of a poll tax on the feline population of the country? We haven't available figures as to even the estimated number of cats in the United States, but anyhow, we know there are a lot of 'em. Of course, the number of unowned would at once immensely increase, but provision could be made for humane elimination of the nine lives of all such, and for utilizing the fur for the future benefit of the fund.

No domestic animal is the equal of the cat in "productiveness," and bird lovers assert that by no other known means are so many birds destroyed as by the predatory feline. Consequently, reduction of the number of cats by converting them into taxable property and fur would aid immeasurably in the conservation of bird life, which, in turn would lessen the number and destructiveness of insect-pests, and thus aid in the agricultural movement.

We hear a great deal about the injustice of taxing necessities instead of luxuries. In which category the animal under discussion would be placed would depend entirely on the viewpoint of the owner. However, the many people who love their cats would pay the tax rather than give them up, while the humane destruction of the residue would be a boon to the birds, to humanity and to the cats that nobody wants. In all seriousness we submit the idea for consideration.

OUR YOUNG MANHOOD VINDICATED.

The registration reports from all over the United States are most gratifying to the many who had held firmly to their faith in American patriotism, agreeably disappointing to the many others who had pessimistically feared that young American manhood would prove unequal to the just demands of the government, and disagreeably disappointing to the comparatively few who either secretly or openly had hoped for widespread resistance to the preliminary step in the conscription movement. As argued in this department of the Record last week, no young man should feel it a disgrace to have complied with this requirement. Many were fully justified in sticking to their present employment until summoned. To have refused registration would be disgraceful, because criminal, and we should be devoutly thankful that those of our young men who thus disgraced themselves were few and far between, and mostly of foreign birth or of recent foreign descent.

"Lo the poor Indian!" One of him in Oklahoma who is desirous of investing a part of his \$300,000 fortune in liberty bonds has to wait until a lot of official red tape is disentangled, because he is a ward of the government and cannot do business on his own initiative. A number of other original Americans out that way who have money and patriotism are said to be deterred, temporarily from the bond-buying for the same reason.

Our esteemed neighboring contemporary, the Farmington Enterprise, (one of the best country papers we know of, by the way) honored this department of the Record by being first to use our suggestion of using as a purely American slogan "Come across for Uncle Sam."

Everybody wants the war tax levied on the other fellow. In other words "let George do it."

We herewith offer a suggestion as to another method of raising those necessary "millions for defense."

double the fines in all instances of unlawful motor-speeding and divide fifty-fifty between the present use of such funds and the U. S. There's millions in it.

Novi News.

The Missionary society will meet next Thursday afternoon with Mrs. J. J. Potter.

The Novi school has been dismissed for the summer on account of a scarlet fever scare.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Williams and family of Carleton spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Leavenworth and family spent Sunday with the former's brother, Jay, at Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moorey and Mrs. Nettie Leavenworth and grandson Carl spent Sunday at Sylvan Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rohstophor and children of Detroit were week-end visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Munro.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Rice and family and Ralph Devereaux of Detroit were callers at the home of Frank Rice Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Geer and children and Mrs. C. D. Geer of Newburg were Sunday callers at the home of J. O. Munro.

Mrs. Richard McGuire and her son and his wife of Flint have been guests at the home of the former's brother, Harry Bogart, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Parker and daughter of Detroit were visitors at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. J. Leavenworth, Sunday.

Mrs. Claude Potter and son, who have been visiting at Mr. Potter's for the past week, have returned to their home at Elk River, Idaho.

Mrs. Hood and children of Carleton spent Sunday with Warner Leavenworth. Her daughter, Miss Jessie Hood, remained for a few days visit.

A surprise party was given for Mr. and Mrs. John Moorey Wednesday evening, May 30. About 30 relatives were present and a light lunch was served.

Mrs. Will Stokes and daughter of Coleman Fla., Mr. and Mrs. Avery of Wayne, and Mrs. Hall and friend of Detroit were guests of J. L. Munro and family Sunday.

Mrs. M. B. Davis of Waco, Texas, returned to Detroit Tuesday, after a week's visit in the home of her girlhood. She was a guest in the family of her brother, Samuel Bassett, and his sons, George and Charles Bassett. Mrs. Davis has been engaged in newspaper work in her adopted state for the past 25 years, having married a man of that profession 30 years ago. She talks very interestingly of her southern home and always winds up by inviting every one to "come to Texas."

The eighth annual picnic and reunion of the West Novi Debating club last Saturday, June 2, at the West Novi school house was in many respects one of the most successful of the number. The recent loss of two members brought deep sorrow, but also served to make still more valuable to the remaining members of the ever-narrowing circle the privilege of meeting in the dear old familiar place, and renewing once more the friendships of former days. The spirited debate brought back with pleasing distinctness the happy evenings of long ago, and the presence of so many who used to gather on those occasions was an inspiration to all participating. Former members in attendance from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. Byron B. Power, recently of Kansas, A. N. Kimmis of Detroit, Mrs. Alta Bogart McGuire of Flint and Mrs. Kate Ferrigo Chamberlain of Pontiac. The officers were re-elected unanimously.

CARD OF THANKS.
We wish to sincerely thank the many friends and neighbors for the beautiful flowers and kindness, those who met the train at Plymouth with autos, and especially Mr. Loren B. Flint for his singing and Rev. Brass of Wixom for his kind and comforting words in the illness and death of our beloved husband and father.

MRS. IDA M. McCOWAN.
MR. AND MRS. C. E. WALTER.
MR. AND MRS. C. M. CARRAN.
MR. AND MRS. C. P. JOHNSTON.
MR. AND MRS. H. B. McCOWAN.
MR. AND MRS. W. E. McCOWAN.
MR. AND MRS. J. C. McCOWAN, Jr.

CARD OF THANKS.
We wish to express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to the neighbors, friends and Miss Kingsley for the help, kindness and flowers at the time of sickness and death of our sister, Mrs. Gray.

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

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
Morning worship at 10 o'clock, with which will be combined a Children's Day service. Sermon by the pastor appropriate to the occasion.

Day school at 11:30. The offering will be given to Sabbath school missions.

All the members of both Sunday school and church are urged to be present at both these services.

Christian Endeavor at 6 o'clock.

Evening worship at 7, with sermon by the pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
The sermon topic for the morning service next Sunday will be "The True Standard of Worthiness."

The Sunday school will meet at 11:30.

Children's Day will be observed in the evening. A program by the children of the Sunday school will be given at 7 o'clock.

Owing to the long days of the summer months and in compliance with requests which have been made by some of the people, the mid-week prayer meeting will be held at 7:30 o'clock on Thursday evening.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. James Clark, next Tuesday afternoon, June 12, under the direction of the June committee. Refreshments will be served and a program given.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)
German services next Sunday afternoon.

We were glad to see so many representatives of the Northville parish present at the uplifting and inspiring confirmation exercises at Clarenceville, and we hope to see them all again and many others at the service Sunday afternoon.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

The Woman's Missionary society will meet at the home of Mrs. E. H. Lapham Wednesday afternoon, June 13, at 2:30. All the ladies of the church and congregation are welcome.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. L. L. Calkins was a Pontiac visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. J. Patton and daughter, Maude, were Pontiac visitors Monday.

Miss Vera Phillips of Detroit is spending a few days at Geo. Parker's.

Roy Davidson and family of Pontiac called on Wixom relatives Sunday.

Frank Madison of Detroit visited his parents, here Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Avis Hopkins who has been teaching school at Appleton, Wis., is home for a short visit.

Mrs. Scott Kitson, who has been visiting relatives at Ovid, returned home Saturday evening.

Mrs. Rob. Chamberlain of Pontiac visited Wixom relatives and friends from Wednesday last until Saturday.

George Harvey, lately of the school at Highland has been engaged as principal of the Wixom school for next year.

Several from Wixom were in attendance at the W. N. D. C. reunion at the West Novi school house, Saturday June 1st.

Mrs. H. E. Ellsworth of Flint, Miss Lillian Bailey of South Lyon and Miss Hazel Davis of New Hudson called on Wixom friends Saturday.

The Wixom Co-operative Co. is now nicely located in the store recently occupied by C. A. Hopkins, which the company purchased some time ago.

Jay Reed and wife of South Lyon visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Mary Banfield, Sunday. Mrs. Banfield accompanied them home for a week's visit.

The new pastor, Rev. F. A. Brass and wife arrived here with their household goods last week.

Order of service at the Wixom church will be as follows: Children's day program in the forenoon, hence there will be no preaching until evening, when the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class will be given by the pastor. We look for large crowds at both these services.
REV. F. A. BRASS, Pastor.

ALDERMAN-BRADLEY.

Mr. T. J. Alderman of this city and Miss Maybelle Bradley of Lake Butler, were married last Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. G. W. Alderman in Lake Butler.

Mr. Alderman is an employee of the Bradford County Abstract company of this city and is well known and very popular young citizen. His bride is a former resident of Northville, Mich., but for the past two years has been a member of the Lake Butler High school faculty. During her residence in Lake Butler she has endeared herself to a large circle of friends by her many graces of character.

Mr. and Mrs. Alderman will reside in Starke—Bradford County Telegraph, Starke, Florida.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bradley formerly of Gilt Edge, and was for a number of years the Record's correspondent for that neighborhood. She graduated from the Northville High school in 1908, later attending the U. of M.

Northville School Notes.

Robert Davis re-entered Kindergarten last week.

Calbert Willis, a Fifth grader, has the scarlet fever.

The sidewalks are being put in at the school house.

Bernard Jacobs, a Second grader, is ill with pneumonia.

Ralph Wood of the Sixth grade is absent on account of scarlet fever.

Donald Wafe is absent from the Second grade on account of measles.

Grace Franklin and Leo Wood of the Fourth grade have the scarlet fever.

Reva Schrader has finished the Fourth grade Studebaker tests in arithmetic.

The Seventh and Eighth graders had a "weenie roast" Monday night, with the Misses Whiteman and Weston acting as chaperones.

It is probably fortunate that chemical laboratory work is nearly over, as the seniors' supply of clothing suffers constant decrease.

Specimens showing the various stages in the growth and development of a frog from a tadpole are being studied in the General Science class.

Eighteen pupils were excused from the Fourth grade last Friday afternoon for receiving 100 in spelling, and not being absent nor tardy for a month.

Friday evening, June 8, the Senior class will be entertained by the Juniors, the occasion being the annual Junior Banquet, which will be served in the Gymnasium. Supt. Misenar will act as toast master. The only out-of-town speaker will be N. E. Pinney of Ann Arbor.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. A. C. Berlin was a Pontiac visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Smith of Pennsylvania are guests of friends here.

Mrs. John Van Gorden spent last week with relatives near Rochester.

J. R. Champ has moved his family here from Detroit to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woolley of Royal Oak visited their parents here over Sunday.

Mrs. D. E. Moyer is spending the week in Cleveland, O., where she was accompanied by Mrs. Margaret McKnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hawley of Detroit returned home Monday night, after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devereaux.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devereaux entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Austin of Pontiac, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hawley of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Stanbro of Plymouth, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Austin and two children of Bay City and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin at dinner Sunday.

Clifford McClellan died of typhoid fever at his home east of town Saturday night. His death seems unusually sad because he was only 19 years old. He leaves a bereaved father and four brothers. The funeral was held from the home Wednesday.

Captain Nichols, for many years a widely known resident of this place, died Wednesday at his home in Pontiac, as the result of a paralytic stroke which he suffered Sunday. He leaves two sons, Harry and George of Novi, and two daughters, Mrs. J. C. Tucker of Greenfield and Mrs. Eugene Hosmer of Oregon, also six grandchildren.

Special Sale

--ON--

Boys' and Children's

WASH SUITS

FREYDL, the Tailor

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

THE Rexall LINE

of Talcum Powders are made of the finest Powders to be had, deliciously perfumed and in great variety. Try a Package. New on Display in our window.

Baby Talc. (unscented),	15c
Trailing Arbutus, Reg. 25c. Special,	15c
Rexall Violet, Small, 15c; Large,	25c
Intense Rose,	25c
Violet Bulc. (Flesh and White),	25c
Bouquet Jeanice,	50c

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

Hot, fragrant, exhilarating, with all its native aroma perfectly preserved, is on your breakfast table when you use an

ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR.

The electric percolation method brings out those qualities that have made coffee famous in all the centuries—you avoid the bitter taste so often found in coffee boiled over the fire.

The Electric Coffee Percolator is always ready for use—just attach it to a lamp-socket. Costs but a few cents to operate.

Let us show it to you now.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

SPRING BROOK DAIRY

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

Telephone 393 J. G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.

HILLS BROS' MEAT MARKET

CHOICE MEATS OF ALL KINDS

Poultry and Oysters in Season.

Also Highest Market Prices Paid

For All Kinds of Live Stock.

A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

109 Main Street. Phone 453. NORTHVILLE

Farmington Flashes.

Neighborhood circles of the Red Cross are being advertised.

The New Idea Crochet club met with Mrs. Wm. Spaller Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Lancaster of Alpena were guests of Mrs. Dell Stearns, Monday.

About 250 young men from the Farmington district were registered Tuesday.

The Patriotic Mass meeting Saturday night was a decided success, \$10,000 being raised for the Liberty Loan.

A lecture was given in the M. E. church Tuesday evening. The subject was "Making our Country, God's Country."

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:

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. 12, 13, 14—with St. Louis
Aug. 17, 18, (19)—with Washington
Aug. 20, 21, 22—with New York
Aug. 22, 25—with Athletics.

Remember

That every added subscriber helps to make this paper better for everybody

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
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
3:00 to 7:30 p. m. Phone No. 1.

There is no good reason why you should be troubled with dyspepsia, sour stomach, irritability, drowsiness, and sick headaches when you can get

PENSLAR

DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

They have given very satisfactory results to others—why shouldn't they benefit you? If your digestion is impaired give Penslar Dyspepsia Tablets an opportunity to relieve you.

Price 25c and 50c.

T. E. Murdock

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

FLOWERS

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF FLOWERS, PLEASE REMEMBER DIXON AND PHONE 149 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 Pontiac.

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

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

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

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

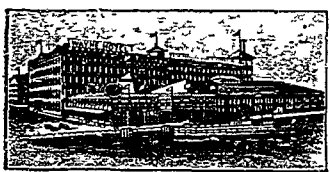
Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

CLEANING & PRESSING SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

WORK CALLED FOR & DELIVERED

CHARLES FREYDL

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.



THE NEW \$100,000 WAYNE MINERAL BATH HOUSE

DETROIT (Third and Jefferson Aves.) MICH.

Completely equipped for giving every approved form of hydropathic 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. A. Hayes, Prop. F. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

Northville Newslets.

"Come across" for Uncle Sam.

L. W. Simmons is still seriously sick.

Mrs. Laura Beebe, who has been ill, is better.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Angell have a son, born Monday, June 4, 1917.

The Baptist Ladies will have a bake sale at Steer's Hardware store Saturday, June 16.

Bruno Freydl and family moved to their farm at the southeast limits of town last week.

Fred Wheeler and family are to leave Northville next week to take up their residence in Rock Island, Ill.

Don't miss the Ladies' Minstrel show next Wednesday night in the Alseum theatre. It is going to be a "hummer."

Mrs. Mary Lipley died at her home on Northville last night, at the age of 76 years, after a long illness.

Mrs. Alice DesAutels is improving as rapidly as can be expected, but will not be able to leave the hospital for several weeks yet.

A party of the Northville Westminster Guild girls enjoyed a trip to Detroit Wednesday and a meeting at the home of Mrs. Henry Franklin in that city.

Work has commenced this week on the removal of the old White store to the back end of the lot, preparatory to erecting the new bank building on Grand River. Farmington Enterprise.

Daddy Charter, Northville's oldest citizen, who has been very poorly all winter, has been feeling somewhat better for a few days past, although still too feeble to get out of doors.

The number of useless and unclaimed dogs running around town this spring is so large that the council is contemplating the passage of an ordinance imposing a local tax on all canines.

One of Northville's popular merchants, Charles A. Ponsford, has demonstrated his practical patriotism by pledging himself to devote every dollar of the sales at his store this coming Saturday to the purchase of Liberty bonds.

Information has been received from Raymond DesAutels of the fifth U. S. Aero squadron in training at San Antonio, Texas, that he is to take examinations for promotion to a first Lieutenantcy. His Northville friends are hoping for his success.

The band benefit play last Friday night was an all-round success financially, artistically and all the rest. The actors were all stars in their various parts, the play amusing and admirably staged, the music attractive and the audience large and appreciative. Northville certainly has a lot of stage talent, and every "company" brings out new ability and wins new laurels for local artists.

F. N. Perrin & Sons have just issued through this office a neat folder containing a complete directory for motor travel from Northville to all the surrounding cities and towns. The directory is published in connection with the "itney" service the firm has installed, and the folder contains the time schedule and passenger price list for conveyance to Novi and Walled Lake from this village.

The Porter Body Company, one of the newer Ypsilanti manufacturing industries, has been lost to this city. A decision has been reached to move the factory to Ann Arbor. Mr. Porter states he has on hand contracts for his product sufficient to keep his factory running steadily a year with 100 men employed. The present factory in Ypsilanti will continue in operation for a few weeks until the Ann Arbor plant is ready for occupancy.—Ypsilanti Record.

Howard Cotcher as administrator of the estate of his mother, the late Mrs. Mary C. Sinclair, has brought a \$10,000 damage suit in circuit court against the Detroit United Railway. Mrs. Sinclair is alleged to have sustained injuries in Detroit last summer when she fell from a street car, resulting in her death several months later.—Pontiac Press Gazette. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair were well known Northville residents for some years previous to the former's death, owning a pretty home on High street.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.60. Red, \$2.65.
Eggs—34c. Butter—39c.
Hogs—Alive, \$15.00 Dressed—\$20.00
Oats—76c. Corn—\$1.80
Veal Calves—\$10.00 to \$12.00
Lamb—Alive, 14c. per pound.
Beef—10c per lb.
Beef Hides—17c lb.

Regular meeting of Northville Lodge No. 186, F. & A. M. Monday evening, June 11. Work Third degree.

Northville people "came across" to the amount of \$20,000 in the purchase of Liberty bonds on Monday. Not a bad record the first day of the local "drive."

A Detroit Free Press reporter was sent here yesterday to obtain pictures of the storm wreckage near Salem and impressed Ralph Ryder into service as photographer, Mr. Wisdom being out of town.

Word has been received here that any Northville members of the Detroit branch of the Red Cross who do not receive their membership certificate by the 25th of this month should notify Emery W. Clark treasurer American Red Cross, Detroit.

TURNER-BARNUM

The wedding of two well known Northville young people was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Barnum Wednesday afternoon when their daughter, Madeleine, was united in marriage to Harold E. Turner, only son of Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Turner. Following a song by Karl Bryan, the wedding march was played by Miss Louise Thayer, the bridal couple meeting before a bower of ferns, white lilacs and bridal wreath arranged in one corner of the living room. Rev. J. E. Webber performed the ceremony in the presence of a company of invited guests who then joined in congratulating the bride and groom. The former was gowned in white satin and net with silver trimmings and carried a bridal bouquet of white roses. During the luncheon which followed, Mr. and Mrs. Turner made a clever get-away, via a window, only to be found hiding in a nearby house. They were escorted as far as Detroit by two automobile loads of young people, the groom acting as impromptu host at a dinner party where rice and jollity abounded, even the orchestra, being tipped off, playing a wedding march, Bachelor Days, etc.

The young couple left the next day for Chicago to return here later before taking up their residence in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner have the best wishes of a host of friends for a happy and prosperous future.

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

The W. R. C. play having been postponed from June 3 to June 13, it has been thought advisable to hold the 11th regular meeting of A. M. Harmon W. R. C. No. 225 at Scott's hall on the afternoon instead of evening of that date, at 2:30. Besides the usual routine of work there will be initiation.

Our yearly Memorial will be observed as usual upon Flag Day, June 14. Services to be held at Oakwood cemetery. Members will meet at the home of Pres. Linnie Cook Thursday morning to arrange flowers for decorating the graves.

OBITUARY—MRS. GRAY.

Mrs. John Gray, formerly Edith Lyke, died at her home south of Salem Friday morning May 25, after a short illness. She was born March 20, 1839, in Novi, Mich., where she had spent the most of her life. She was married to John Gray March 22, 1908. To this union five children were born, all of whom are left to mourn the loss of a kind mother. Funeral services were held Sunday from the Baptist church at Salem with burial in Rural Hill cemetery at Northville.

NOVI BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By W. H. Hutton, Pastor.)

Sabbath morning service at 10:30. Subject next, Sabbath—"The Final Message."

Sabbath school at 11:30. W. D. Flint, superintendent.

B. Y. P. U. devotional service 7:30. Sermon by pastor at 8:15. Subject: "How to Measure a Man." A very cordial welcome to all these services.

The Cheerful Workers will meet at the home of Mrs. Erwin Saturday afternoon, June 9th.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Eugene Root Wednesday afternoon, June 13. It will be necessary for all members to be present. Also all others are cordially welcome.

Children's day exercises will be held Sunday, June 17.

Since the conscription law has passed and our youths have registered, we have taken up our age limit and would like to register and line up all who will register with us regardless of age, in our church forces.

"Come with us and we will do you good."

RECORD LINES PAY-TAX ONE.

KNIGHTS OF PITHIAS.

Second and Fourth Tuesdays meeting nights.

F. B. SHAFER, K. of R. & S.
S. W. McLEAN, C. C.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA

Regular Meetings:

June 8 and 22. Dance June 8.

A. J. SIMMONS, B. A. SCHULTZ,
Secy. C. R.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO.

186, F. & A. M.

Reg. June 11. Work.

UNION CHAPTER NO. 65

R. A. M.

Regular June 13.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.

O. E. S.

Regular June 15.

Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

The offering for next week Thursday's specialty is "The Heart of Nora Flynn," a picture play which will be well worth seeing.

In the near future "The Crisis," from Churchill's famous novel will be shown. Watch for date.

LETTER FROM A "SAILOR BOY."

The following letter comes to the Record from one of our Northville boys who was among the earliest here to enlist in his country's service. Dear Editor: Being laid up at the submarine base at New London, Conn. for typhoid vaccination, I thought I would write a few lines in the hope of bringing forth some of the red bloods around Northville.

We find our good, red-blooded young Americans in the service because it is their duty to their country, to the ones they leave at home, the ones who must stay at home, and to preserve the freedom that can only be enjoyed in a country like ours.

Walk down the ranks and you will find the healthiest and happiest bunch you could wish to see, living under the best conditions a person could ask for. And why should the healthy boys at home expect a few of the country's best to voluntarily give themselves that others may idle away their time in the most critical time our country has ever seen? It is sure-up to them to find their places among the rest of us if we expect to hold our country as it has always been. It hardly seems possible that they consider themselves better than the other boys.

It seems that with the help of the Record Northville could do a good bit in encouragement for the ones who are inclined to stay back.

I took the chance several months ago, and am that much further ahead, and enjoy everything very much. Everything is comfortable. The weather here is getting quite nice, but we live in fog most of the time. Hoping this may do some good.

Yours truly,
FRANK W. BROWN.

(It is some job to write aboard ship.)

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Liberty Loan of 1917

The U. S. Government Bonds under the Liberty Loan pay 3½% interest. Denominations \$50 and up. Obtainable in both coupon and registered form. Due in 30 years callable in 15 years. 2% payable on application, 13% June 28, 20% July 30, 30% Aug. 15, 30% Aug. 30.

We will be pleased to accept subscriptions from anyone desiring to purchase these bonds. Ask for Treasury Department Circular No. 78 for full particulars of loan.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

Northville, Michigan.

Interest credited June 1st on all Savings Accounts.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STLYE!

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.

LITERARY SOCIETY OF OLDEN TIME

INTERESTING DOCUMENT COMES TO THIS OFFICE FROM YPSILANTI.

SENT BY A DAUGHTER OF FORMER TEACHER IN NORTHVILLE.

The following letter and its accompanying list of names will be of interest to many Northville people of the older contingent.

Ypsilanti, May 28, 1917.

Editor Record: In looking over my father's papers I find a copy of the application made to the secretary of state for his authorization of the Literary society of the Northville Union school in one of the years that my parents taught in Northville, probably 1865. The name Amphicyon was taken from that of the debating society to which my father belonged in Lima, N. Y. Seminary, the preparatory department of Genesee college, a society to which he always looked back with pleasure and loyalty.

The names of the charter members of the Northville society will no doubt be familiar to you—Melvin Wilkinson you probably know as a prominent Detroit attorney, Zar D. Scott is a well known lumberman in Duluth, Minn., his sister, Lida, was for years a missionary in the Far East; Taylor Emery is probably still well known in Northville and Alice Beal was a sister of F. R. Beal—Mrs. Collins—and died many years ago. Pernie White, I think, is also dead. Thought

perhaps you would like to print the list—and then if Northville school has a historical society or a school scrap book, you could turn the original over to it. Sincerely yours,

MARNA F. OSBAND.

The original application enclosed by Miss Osband, states in proper form the name, objects and purposes of the society, and gives the names and residences of the members as follows:

C. Melvin Wilkinson, West Novi.
William H. Peck, Northville.
Zar C. Scott, Plymouth.
Z. Taylor Emery, Northville.
James A. Dubuar, Northville.
Dean Griswold, Northville.
Lida A. Scott, Plymouth.
Alice A. Beal, Northville.
Amanda B. Curtis, Northville.
Camilla A. Swift, Northville.
Fannie White, Novi.
Pernie White, Novi.

Miss Osband also enclosed an old account of the family while in Northville which gives an interesting view of the prices of '65, which we will publish later.

Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

Everything in a Strictly Sanitary Condition. All Milk we sell is the product of our own dairy.

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

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

Doc Says==

Buy a Liberty Bond
Then if you have any money left,
Buy a Kirschbaum Suit
—which is just as good.

We are With You Mr. Wilson

"To the merchant," says Mr. Wilson in his eloquent proclamation calling for a great civilization army to enlist in the services of the Nation, "let me suggest this motto:—"

"Small profits and quick service."

No one has ever given briefer or happier phrasing than this to the fundamental purpose of the ready-for-service principle in clothes, as we conceive and practice it here.

For every ounce of our energy—every ounce of energy of such clothes-making institutions as A. B. Kirschbaum Co. is devoted singly to

the enterprise of giving our fellow citizens

(1) All-Wool fabrics, 100 percent and no compromise.

(2) Tailoring and trimmings which belong with all-wool.

(3) Lasting qualities of service and satisfaction.

And further to give all this with the greatest possible economy of time, of patience and of money.

In such a service, Mr. President, there never will be need to conscript this store. We've been in that service as regulars ever since we began selling clothing.

WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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DARING IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, DE SPAIN TELLS NAN THAT SOME DAY HE AND SHE WILL BE MARRIED—SHE DOESN'T LIKE IT.

Henry De Spain, general manager of the stage coach line running from the Thief River mines to Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky Mountains, is trying to rid the region of a band of horse thieves, cattle rustlers and gunmen known as the Morgan gang. They live in Morgan Gap, a fertile valley 20 miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabasas where the coach horses are changed. De Spain has killed two of the gang and has been seriously wounded. Pretty Nan Morgan, niece of the gang leader, has saved his life and he is trying to make love to her, but receives no encouragement.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Take me away, Gale," cried Nan. "Leave him here—take me home! Take me home!"

She caught her cousin's arm. "Stay right where you are," shouted Morgan, pointing at De Spain, and following Nan as she pulled him along. "When I come back, I'll give you what you're looking for."

"Bring your friends," said De Spain tauntingly. "I'll accommodate four more of you. Stop!" With one hand still on his revolver, he pointed the way. "Go down that trail first, Morgan. Stay where you are, girl, till he gets down that hill. You won't get me over her shoulder for a while yet. Move!"

Morgan took the path sullenly, De Spain covering every step he took. Behind De Spain Nan stood waiting for her cousin to get beyond earshot. "What," she whispered hurriedly to De Spain, "will you do?"

Covering Morgan, who could whirl on him at any turn in the descent, De Spain could not look at her in answering. "Looks pretty rocky, doesn't it?"

"He will start the whole gap as soon as he gets to his horse."

He looked at the darkening sky. "They won't be very active on the job before morning."

Morgan was at a safe distance. De Spain turned to Nan. Her eyes were bent on him as if they would pierce him through. "If I save your life," still breathing fast, she hesitated for words—"you won't trick me—ever—will you?"

Steadily returning her appealing gaze, De Spain answered with deliberation: "Don't ever give me a chance to trick you, Nan."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, fear and distrust burning in her tone.

"My life," he said slowly, "isn't worth it."

"You know—" He could see her resolute underlip, pink with fresh young blood, quiver with intensity of feeling as she faltered. "You know what every man says of every girl—foolish, trusting, easy to deceive—everything like that."

"May God wither my tongue before ever it speaks to deceive you, Nan."

"There's not a moment to lose," she said swiftly. "Listen: a trail around this mountain leads out of the gap, straight across the face of El Capitán."

"I can make it."

"A good climber can do it—I have done it. I'd even go with you, if I could."

"Why?"

She shook her head angrily at what he dared show in his eyes. "Oh, keep still—listen!"

"I know you'd go, Nan," he declared unperturbed. "But, believe me, I never would let you."

"Can't go, because to do any good I must meet you with a horse outside."

He only looked silently at her, and she turned her eyes from his gaze. "See," she said, taking him eagerly to the back of the ledge and pointing. "Follow that trail, the one to the east—you can't get lost; you can reach El Capitán before dark—it's very close. Creep carefully across El Capitán on that narrow trail, and on the other side there is a wide one clear down to the road—oh, do be careful on El Capitán!"

"I'll be careful."

"I must watch my chance to get away from the corral with a horse. If I fall it will be because I am locked up at home, and you must hide and do the best you can. How much they will surmise of this, I don't know."

"Go now, this minute," he said, restraining his words. "If you don't come, I shall know why."

She turned without speaking, and, fearless as a chamois, ran down the rocks. De Spain, losing not a moment, hobbled rapidly up along the granite-walled passage that led the way to his chance for life.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Venture in the Dark.

Pushing his way hastily forward when he could make haste; crawling slowly on his hands and knees when held by opposing rock; flattening himself like a leech against the face of

the precipice when the narrowing ledge left him only inches under foot; clinging with torn hands to every favoring crevice, and pausing when the peril was extreme for fresh strength, De Spain dragged his injured foot across the sheer face of El Capitán in the last shadows of the day's failing light.

Spent by his effort, De Spain reached the rendezvous Nan had indicated, as nearly as the stars would tell him, by ten o'clock. It was only after a long and doubtful hour that he heard the muffled footfalls of a horse. He stood concealed among the smaller trees until he could distinguish the outlines of the animal, and his eye caught the figure of the rider.

De Spain stepped out of the trees and, moving toward Nan, caught her hand and helped her to the ground.

She enjoined silence, and led the horse into the little grove. Stopping well within it, she stooped and began rearranging the mufflers on the horse's hoofs.

"I'm afraid I'm too late," she said. "How long have you been here?" She faced De Spain with one hand on the pony's shoulder.

"Did you have any falls?"

"You see I'm here. You! How could you get here at all with a horse?"

"They are hiding on both trails outside watching for you—and the moon will be up—"

De Spain made light of her fears. "I'll get past them—I've got to, Nan. Don't give it a thought."

"I don't know what you'll think of me—" He heard the troubled note in her voice.

"What do you mean?"

She began to unbutton her jacket. Throwing back the revers, she felt inside around her waist, unfettered after a moment and drew forth a leather strap. She laid it in De Spain's hands. "This is yours," she said in a whisper.

He felt it questioningly, hurriedly, then with amazement. "Not a cartridge belt!" he exclaimed.

"It's your own."

"Where?"

"Where did you get it, Nan?" he whispered hurriedly.

"Where you left it."

"How?" She was silent. "When?"

"Tonight."

"Have you been to Calabasas—and back tonight?"

"Everybody but Sassoon is in the chase," she replied uneasily—as if not knowing what to say, or how to say it.

"They said you should never leave the gap alive—they are ready, with traps everywhere. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't bear—after what—"

you did for me tonight—to think of your being shot down like a dog, when you were only trying to get away."

"I wouldn't have had you take a ride like that for forty belts!"

"McAlpin showed it to me the last time I was at the stage barn, hanging where you left it." He strapped the cartridges around him.

"You should never have taken that ride for it. But since you have—"

He had drawn his revolver from his waistband. He broke it now and held it out. "Load it for me, Nan."

"What do you mean?"

"Put four more cartridges in it yourself. Except for your cartridge, the gun is empty. When you do that you will know none of them ever will be used against your own except to protect my life. And if you have any among them whose life ought to come ahead of mine—name him, or them, now. Do as I tell you—load the gun."

He took hold of her hands and, in spite of her refusal, made her do his will. He guided her hand to draw the cartridges, one after another, from his belt, and waited for her to slip them in the darkness into the empty cylinder, to close the breech, and hand the gun back.

"Now, Nan," he said, "you know me. You may have doubts—they will all die. You will hear many stories about me—but you will say: I put the cartridges in his revolver with my own hands, and I know he won't abuse the means of defense I gave him myself."

There can never be any real doubts or misunderstandings, between us again, Nan. He waited for her to speak, but she remained silent.

"You have given me my life, my defense," he continued, passing from a subject that he perceived was better left untouched. "Who is nearest and dearest to you at home?"

"My Uncle Duke."

"Then I never will raise a hand against your Uncle Duke. And this man, tonight—this cousin—Gale? Nan, what is that man?"

"I hate him."

"Thank God! So do I!"

"But he is a cousin."

"Then I suppose he must be one of mine."

"Unless he tries to kill you."

"He won't be very long in trying that. And now, what about yourself? What have you got to defend yourself against him, and against every other drunken man?"

She laid her own pistol without a word in De Spain's hand. He felt it opened, closed, and gave it back.

"That's a good defender—when it's in reach. When it's at home it's a poor one."

"It will never be at home again except when I am."

"Shall I tell you a secret?"

"What is it?" asked Nan unsuspectingly.

"We are engaged to be married."

She sprang from him like a deer. "It's a dead secret," he said gravely; "nobody knows it yet—not even you."

"You need never talk again like that if you want to be friends with me," she said indignantly. "I hate it."

"Hate it if you will; it's so. And it began when you handed me that little bit of lead and brass on the mountain tonight, to defend your life and mine."

"I'll hate you if you persecute me the way Gale does. The moon is almost up. You must go."

"You haven't told me," he persisted, "how you got away at all." They had walked out of the trees. He looked reluctantly to the east. "Tell me and I'll go."

"After I went up to my room I waited till the house was all quiet. Then I started for Calabasas. When I came back I got up to my room without being seen, and sat at the window a long time. I waited till all the men stopped riding past. Then I climbed through the window and down the kitchen roof, and let myself down to the ground. Some more men came past, and I hid on the porch and slipped over to the horse barns and found a hackamore, and went down to the corral and hunted around till I found this little pinto—she's the best to ride bareback."

"I could ride a razorback—why take all that trouble for me?"

"If you don't start while you have a chance, you undo everything I have tried to do to avoid a fight."

The wind, stirring softly, set the aspen leaves quivering. The stars, chilled in the thin, clear night air, hung diamondlike in the heavens and the eastern sky across the distant desert paled for the rising moon. The two, standing at the horse's head, listened a moment together in the darkness. De Spain, leaning forward, said something in a low, laughing voice. Nan made no answer. Then, bending, he took her hand and, before she could release it, caught it up to his lips.

For a long time after he had gone she stood, listening for a shot—wondering, breathless at moments, whether he could get past the waiting traps. De Spain, true to all she had ever heard of his Indianlike stealth, had left her side unabashed and unafraid—living, laughing, paying bold court to her even when she stubbornly refused to be courted—and had made himself in the twinkling of an eye a part of the silence beyond—the silence of the night, the wind, the stars, the waste of sand, and of all the mystery that brooded upon it. She would have welcomed, in her keen suspense, a sound of some kind, some reminder that he yet lived and could yet laugh; none came.

Day was breaking when the night

boss, standing in the doorway at the Calabasas barns, saw a horseman riding at a leisurely pace up the Thief River road. The barnman scrutinized the approaching stranger closely. There was something strange and something familiar in the outlines of the figure. But when the night rider had dismounted in front of the barn-door, turned his horse loose, and, limping stiffly, walked forward on foot, the man rubbed his eyes hard, before he could believe them. Then he uttered an incredulous greeting and led Henry De Spain into the barn office.

"There's friends of yours in your room upstairs right now," he declared, bulging with shock. De Spain, sitting down, told the barnman to disturb them; on'y asking who they were.

When he had asked half a dozen more leisurely questions and avoided answering twice as many, the barnman at De Spain's request helped him upstairs. Beside himself with excitement, the night boss turned, grinning, as he laid one hand on the door-knob and the other on De Spain's shoulder.

"You couldn't have come," he whispered loudly, "at a better time."

The entryway was dark, and from the silence within the room one might have thought its occupants, if there were such, wrapped in slumber. But at intervals a faint clicking sound could be heard. The night man threw open the door. By the light of two stage-lamps, one set on the dresser and the other on a window ledge, four men sat about a rickety table in a life-and-death struggle at cards. No voice broke the tense silence, not even when the door was thrown broadly open.

No one—neither Lefever, Scott, Frank Elpaso nor McAlpin—looked up when De Spain walked into the room and, with the night man tiptoeing behind, advanced composedly toward the group. Even their presence would have passed unnoticed, but that Bob Scott's ear mechanically recorded the limping step and transmitted to his trained intelligence merely notice of something unusual.

Scott, picking up his cards one at a time as Lefever dealt, raised his eyes. Starting—as the sight of the man given up for dead must have been, no muscle of Bob Scott's body moved. His expression of surprise slowly dissolved into a grin that mutely invited the others, as he had found out for himself, to find out for themselves.

Lefever finished his deal, threw down the pack, and picked up his hand. His suspicious eyes never rose above the level of the faces at the table; but when he had thumbed his cards and looked from one to the other of the remaining players to read the weather signals, he perceived on Scott's face an unwonted expression; and looked to where the scout's gaze was turned for an explanation of it. Lefever's own eyes, at the sight of the thinned, familiar face behind Elpaso's chair, starting, opened like full moons. The big fellow spread one hand out, his cards hidden within it, and with the other hand precariously drew down his pile of chips. "Gentlemen," he said lightly, "this game is interned." He rose and put a silent hand across the table over Elpaso's shoulder. "Henry," he exclaimed impassively, "one question, if you please—and only one: How in thunder did you do it?"

CHAPTER XV.

Strategy.

One week went to repairs. To a man of action such a week is longer than ten years of service. But chained to a bed in the Sleepy Cat hospital, De Spain had no escape from one week of thinking, and for that week he thought about Nan Morgan. And the impulse that moved him the first moment he could get out of bed and into a saddle was to spur his way hard and fast to her, to make her, against a score of burly cousins, his own; and never to release her from his sudden arms again.

With De Spain to think was to do; at least to do something, but not without further careful thinking, and without anticipating every chance of failure. And his manner was to cast up all difficulties and obstacles in a situation, brush them aside, and have his will if the heavens fell; and he now set himself, while doing his routine work every day, to do one particular thing—to see, talk to, plead with, struggle with the woman, or girl, rather—child, even, to his thoughts, so fragile she was—this girl who had given him back his life against her own marauding relatives.

His friends saw that something was absorbing him in an unusual, even an extraordinary way, yet none could arrive at a certain conclusion as to what it was. The one man in the country who could have surmised the situation between the two—the barn boss, McAlpin—if he entertained suspicions, was far too pawky to share them with anyone.

When two weeks had passed without De Spain's having seen Nan or having heard of her being seen, the conclusion urged itself on him that she was either ill or in trouble—perhaps in trouble for helping him; a moment

later he was laying plans to get into the gap to find out.

Nothing in the way of a venture could be more foolhardy—this he admitted to himself—nothing, he consoled himself by reflecting, but something stronger than danger could justify it. Of all the motley Morgan following within the mountain fastness he could count on but one man to help him in the slightest degree—this was the derelict, Bull Page. There was no choice but to use him, and he was easily enlisted for the Calabasas affair had made a heroic figure of De Spain in the barnrooms. De Spain, accordingly, lay in wait for the old man and intercepted him one day on the road to Sleepy Cat, walking the twenty miles patiently for his whisky.

"You must be the only man in the gap, Bull, that can't borrow or steal a horse to ride," remarked De Spain, stopping him near the river bridge.

Page pushed back the broken brim of his hat and looked up. "You wouldn't believe it," he said, imparting a cheerful confidence, "but ten years ago I had horses to lend to every man 'tween here and Thief River." He nodded toward Sleepy Cat with a wrecked smile, and by a dramatic chance the broken hat-brim fell with the words: "They've got 'em all."

"Your fault, Bull."

"Say!" Up went the broken brim, and the whiskered face lighted with a



Ten Years Ago I Had Horses to Lend Every Man 'Tween Here and Thief River.

shaking smile, "you turned some trick on that Calabasas crew—some fight," Bull chuckled.

"Bull, is old Duke Morgan a Reputable?"

Bull looked surprised at the turn of De Spain's question, but answered in good faith: "Drake votes most any ticket that's again the railroad."

"How about picking a couple of good-barnmen over in the gap, Bull?"

"What kind of a job y' got?"

"See McAlpin the next time you're over at Calabasas. How about that girl that lives with Duke?"

Bull's face lighted. "Nan! Say! she's a little hummer!"

"I hear she's gone down to Thief River, teaching school."

"Come by Duke's less'n three hours ago. Seen her in the kitchen makin' bread."

"They're looking for a schoolteacher down there, anyway. Much sickness in the gap lately, Bull?"

"Only sickness I knowed lately, I what you're responsible for y' self," retorted Bull with a grin. "Pity y' left any chips at all from that Calabasas job, eh?"

"See McAlpin, Bull, next time you're over Calabasas way. Here"—De Spain drew some currency from his pocket and handed a bill to Page. "Go get your hair cut. Don't take too much—wear your whiskers long and your tongue short."

"Right-o!"

"You understand."

"Take it from old Bull Page, he's a world's wonder of a sucker, but he knows his friends."

"But remember this—you don't know me. If anybody knows you for a friend of mine, you are no good to me. See?"

Bull was beyond expressing his comprehension in words alone. He winked, nodded, and screwed his face into a thousand wrinkles. De Spain, wheeling, rode away, the old man blinking first after him, and then at the money in his hand. He didn't profess to understand everything in the high country, but he could still distinguish the principal figures at the end of a bank-note. When he tramped to Calabasas the next day to interview McAlpin he received more advice, with a strong hint, about keeping his own counsel, and a little expense money to run him until an opening presented itself on the pay roll.

Peaceful Conscience Best.

The accumulating of a substantial fortune can make a prosperous man, but not necessarily a happy one, a peaceful conscience is the true content, and wealth is but her golden ornament.

Street traffic in San Francisco regulated by electric semaphore.

LONG'S RIVAL

By JOHN ELKINS.

Alden Long, working steadily day in and day out in the Aldine Insurance Company's office, and laying by a little each week, had always been thinking of the time when he could have his own business. But the little pile grew very slowly, and one day when he found himself in love with his cousin's child, Anne Waters, the pile seemed of such very puny proportions that a sort of desperation seized upon him at his powerlessness to at once strike out into larger fields. He couldn't ask a girl like Anne to share his small salary, and even if she would, that meant an end to the laying by of anything to start for himself.

As for Anne, she drifted along in the enjoyment of Alden Long's society, taking pleasure in the modest little treats he gave her, and not making it at all certain to him whether she would say yes or no to the momentous question if he should ask it.

One evening Long met at Anne's home an elderly gentleman, Amos Mead, by name. Concluding he was a friend of the aunt's he paid not much attention to the caller. But when he found Mr. Amos Mead there on several other occasions, and noticed the way in which the gentleman looked at Anne, and his almost loverlike attentions, his suspicions aroused, and jealousy gripped him.

The crowning blow came one day when he beheld Anne being whirled along in a very handsome car, with Mr. Amos Mead. It was then he found out from the man with him that Mead was a very rich man, in fact a millionaire. His heart went down in his boots. So he called up Anne and arranged to see her. He did not notice any change in her manner. He even thought she was kinder than usual, and he was on the point of bringing matters to a crisis and asking her to choose between him and Amos Mead when Marion Black came in, and the opportunity was gone.

The next day Anne bowed to him smilingly from an automobile where she sat beside Amos Mead speeding past him on the avenue. He seemed to have received his answer then and there. But he meant to have it from her own lips. As fate would have it, he ran upon the pair later in the day. Their car stopped before a furnishing and decorating establishment, one of the finest and most expensive in the city, and the two went in together.

"So it has got that far," thought Long. "They are even selecting the wall paper and furniture for the house." And his usefulness to his firm was as nothing for the rest of the day.

In desperation, he sought Anne that evening, without any preliminary telephoning. As he rushed into the room he overheard Mead saying:

"Why, yes, little girl; have the cream wall instead of the gray, if you'd rather."

Long confronted the two with a rather futile attempt at being calm.

"Pardon me," he said, "but, Miss Waters, may I see you alone for a few minutes?"

"Certainly," she answered. And with a smile at the other man which seemed to indicate a very good understanding between them, Mr. Mead discreetly withdrew.

"I suppose," he said, "it's idiotic madness for me to speak. You must have known all the time I was just crazy about you—and—"

He paused, his voice choking. Anne's face was inscrutable.

"I thought," she said, "you just meant to be a good friend. These days a girl meets so many men who only want to flirt, or be friends; it doesn't do to wear your heart on your sleeve. I have too much pride for that."

"Oh, but you must have seen—"

"No," she said, "I did not see. You were always speaking about your small salary, and being too poor to marry. I thought you meant it as a solemn warning to me not to think you meant anything by your attentions further than friendship."

"That's a very nice, tactful way of letting me down easily. I appreciate your consideration. I ought to have known better than to have even spoken when millions were in the balance against me. I suppose you will soon be opening up the big house on the avenue. I see the windows have been boarded up for some time."

"Yes, and it's going to be beautiful!" exclaimed Anne. "I've had my own way about it all. You know I staid interior decorating. Aunt Jennie's room is just a dream!"

Alden Long stood up, white and determined.

"You're not married to him yet?" he said. "It isn't too late. You must choose between us."

For answer she went to the door and beckoned. Amos Mead entered.

"Here's Alden," she smiled, "asking me to choose between you and him. Did you ever hear of anything so foolish? Just as though I would ever give you up!" And she slid her hand affectionately through the elderly man's arm.

Long, with a murmured good-by, turned to go, but Mead stopped him. "Wait!" he said. "I only want to make Anne happy. I want to give her everything she wants. If she wants you, she has only to speak. I am adopting her as my daughter, and there's lots of room in that big house for one more. Let Anne decide."

"I decided some time ago," said Anne. Then she held out both hands to Alden Long.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WEB OF STEEL

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

"AUTHOR OF 'THE CHALLENGE OF COURAGE,'
'THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION,' ETC.,
AND

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY JR.

CIVIL ENGINEER

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BERTRAM MEADE, FACES ANOTHER GREAT CRISIS AND APPARENTLY DESERTS HIS SUPERIOR AT THE CRITICAL PERIOD

Following the collapse of an international bridge which his father, a noted engineer, had planned, and the old man's sudden death from disgrace and shock, Bertram Meade takes the blame for the disaster which cost many lives and disappears from his home in New York. He goes to the southwest, gets a job under the name of Roberts on an irrigation dam project and makes good. Meanwhile, Helen Illingworth, Meade's sweetheart, and Rodney, an old friend, are quietly working to clear the young man's name and learn his whereabouts. They are particularly anxious to get hold of a letter written by the elder Meade to assume responsibility for the accident. This paper is secretly held by Shurtliff, who had been the old man's devoted private secretary for many years. This installment opens with the threat of disaster to the dam through flooding by cloudburst.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The lantern was standing on the roadway on top of the dam. A man was kneeling beyond it, his figure seen dimly in the faint light of the lantern. He was staring intently down the front of the dam at the water. The lantern was near the edge and it faintly illuminated the black, rain-lashed surface below. Vandeventer realized with a shock of horror how much more rapid the rise had been. A quick estimate convinced him that the level of the water was now within eight or nine feet of the dam—and it was still raining!

The face of the kneeling man was hidden by a sou'wester and he had on a heavy black rubber raincoat. Vandeventer reached over and touched him on the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

The kneeling man sprang up with an exclamation. "It was Meade. The relief in Vandeventer's mind was great at the recognition."

"I just came out to look at the water. I couldn't sleep with all that pounding on the iron roof of the quarters, so I dressed and came out."

Vandeventer opened the slide of his own lantern and threw the light on the reservoir.

"It's risen eight or ten feet since we saw it, and with this rain—"

"It's not coming down so hard as it was when I first came out here," said Meade. "I think you can see it slackening yourself."

"Yes," said the resident engineer, listening a moment. "I believe it is. If it stops now," he continued thoughtfully, "we ought to be safe."

"Yes, I think so," answered Meade. In the night alone, together in that crisis in their fortunes, the two men were interchanging thoughts and ideas on terms of perfect equality. It did not occur to Vandeventer to question why, and that they were doing so aroused no surprise in the mind of Meade.

"Of course," continued Meade, "even if it does stop raining we'll continue to get a lot of runoff from the watershed for some time."

"Yes," said the resident engineer, "that of course, but if the rain stops everywhere we can scarcely have a rise of more than five or six feet, and that would still be a little below the spillway."

"It's stopping here now," pointed out Meade, and, indeed, the force of the downpour was greatly diminished.

"The two stood watching the dam and the black lake beyond it in silence for a few moments until the rain practically ceased. The air was misty and heavy with moisture, but the rain was certainly over for the time at any rate."

"Thank goodness," said the resident engineer in great relief. "Now if it's stopped everywhere we'll be all right."

"Yes," said Meade, "and I'm inclined to think it has stopped everywhere. Whoever thought it would rain in January here? There hasn't a drop, to speak of, fallen in January for twenty years, or since there have been any records. Why in heaven's name it had to come now I don't see."

"Look here, Roberts," said Vandeventer suddenly, "you know you're a first-class engineer."

Meade shook his head.

"You can't fool me," said the older man. "I've watched you. You know more about the game than anybody here except myself. You don't choose to confide in me, although I like you, and I am in a position to help you."

"I appreciate what you say, Mr. Vandeventer," returned the other; "there is no one to whom I should rather tell the whole story than to you, but I can't—not yet."

"Well, keep your own counsel, but if you ever want a friend, count on me; meanwhile, as a man of experience and ability, what would you do?"

"Get out the men and build up a temporary dam on the top of the roadway here, to turn the flow over to the east bank, and make the spillway do more work."

"But the rain has stopped."

"And in all probability will stay stopped—still you never can tell. A few more hours of rain like that we've had and the whole thing would go. If

the water were as high as the top there'd only be two feet of head in the uncompleted spillway, and that wouldn't be enough to discharge it at the rate it's been coming in."

"Of course," said Vandeventer thoughtfully. "And if the dam goes," he added, "there are ten miles of back water up there and millions of cubic yards impounded, which would sweep down the valley. There wouldn't be a thing left of the camp, the town, the new railroad bridge, or anything else."

"Coming on top of the international, the loss of this big and expensive viaduct would about finish the Martlet company," said Meade thoughtfully.

Vandeventer looked at him sharply. An idea suddenly came to him. Meade had turned away his head as he realized his slip, so he did not observe the light in Vandeventer's eyes. However, the resident engineer was a good sort.

"You are right," he said quickly. "I hate to call out the men, but we've got a little chance, now, the rain has stopped, and we can work to advantage in spite of all this awful mud"—he lifted his foot up and disclosed it caked and clogged with masses. "I'll take charge in the center here, and Stafford on the left, and I'm going to give you charge of the east end of the dam, over by the spillway. If only those drills had been here six weeks ago."

"We might set the men to work on that rock now," said Meade.

"It would be useless. There's too much of it. No, if we're going to save the dam, we've got to build it up and try to keep ahead of the waters if they rise any more. The higher we can build it the greater will be the head on the spillway, and the more will be discharged. I'll turn the men out at once."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to palisade the top of the dam. There's plenty of timber already cut down, and we will cut a lot of young pines, and build a palisade wall of timber across the top three or four feet back from the edge. Well banked on the downstream side, it may hold."

"It might be worth while to line that palisade with galvanized iron sheets from the houses," said Meade.

"A good idea," said Vandeventer, "and we'll pile what underbrush and small stuff we have in front of the palisade and heap what rocks we can find on top of that, and we'll bank it up on the other side with earth. It's a poor dependence, but it will hold for a while anyway, and every moment of time may be precious."

"How about sandbags, sir?"

"We've got a few hundred cement bags, but not enough. I wish we had a few thousand; however, we will fill what we have, and if the water rises and begins to trickle over the top and through the palisade, we'll jam those down at the danger points. Can you suggest anything more?"

"Nothing."

"Good. We'll turn out the men. They've had six hours' sleep anyway."

CHAPTER XV.

The Battle.

It was now three o'clock in the morning. In about half an hour the men, naturally grumbling and protesting at being deprived of any of their sleep, were out and at work. Lanterns were lighted everywhere. The rain had fortunately not resumed, and the air was soon filled with noise and confusion. Men with axes were busy on the hillside cutting the young pines. Horses were hitched to the dump wagons, the steam shovel began tearing away the hillside. Some of the men were detailed to knock down some of the galvanized iron houses and the battering of the hammers on the metal added to the din.

Under Vandeventer's personal direction a row of stakes was driven into the top of the dam about three feet from the front of it. Big sheets of overlapping galvanized iron were nailed roughly to the fronts of the firmly bedded stakes and the small branches and brushwood were thrown down before it. Boulders and big stones were carried out on the dam in the wagons and thrown down on the brushwood; spare timbers, broken wagon beds, old wheels, joints of dismembered houses were driven into the

earth to serve as braces behind the palisade; a bank of earth was piled up behind it, on which every man who could be spared from other tasks, even the chiefs themselves, labored with breathless energy. The water was still rising, although the rain had stopped; the natural drainage would cause that, but the rise was slower.

At dawn Vandeventer personally carefully measured the depth of the water and gauged it again. It was a scant six and a half feet below the top of the dam. If the water rose above the top it was gravely questionable whether the palisade would hold it at all, yet there was no other way of increasing the depth of the spillway enough to discharge the flood volume.

Working as hard as they could, they had barely succeeded in raising the earth bank back of it a foot high. They kept at it unrelentingly, although it did not seem to be of much use.

Vandeventer, Stafford and Meade gathered together and scanned the sky, seeking to discern the signs of the time, the purpose of the heavens. It was clearer in the east. The clouds to the northwest were in violent action "apparently." Lightning flashed through them and over the great range itself; low, muttered peals of thunder came down from the peaks lost to sight in the blackness overhead. They observed all this carefully and Vandeventer turned away, shaking his head.

"I don't know," he began—the three of them were over on the east side the better to see up the valley—"it looks pretty bad, doesn't it?"

"It does," answered Meade, while Stafford nodded his head.

"And, by the way, Stafford, have you notified the town and the bridge people of the danger and bid them prepare for it?"

"I tried to telephone them a while ago, but the connection has been broken; the storm has played havoc with the line probably," answered the assistant engineer.

"Well, what did you do then?" asked Vandeventer a little impatiently.

"I sent a man down on horseback in a hurry to warn them that if it rains again the dam might go, and if it did it would go with a rush; that the water was now only six feet below the level, and that they had better get up on the hills. Of course, last night's rain must have made the road almost impassable, but he ought to get there by nine o'clock. I told him to tell the Martlet people to take whatever steps they could devise to hold their viaduct and their machinery," answered Stafford, as he turned and walked toward his own part of the dam.

"Good," exclaimed Vandeventer. "There's nothing left for us to do but keep on."

The resident engineer looked white and haggard. Although it was cold and raw in the wet air, he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"The men are doing splendidly, sir," said Meade.

"Yes," said Vandeventer, "many of them have their wives and children back in the town. Some of the Italians have bought land on the prairie and are going to settle here. They're fighting for everything they've got on earth. What do you think of the chances of this palisade of ours?"

Meade shook his head.

"If it all we can do, sir, but if the water rises more than seven or eight feet—"

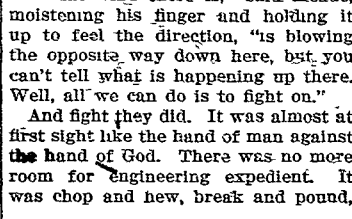
"Say it," said Vandeventer.

"The dam would go like a house of cards."

"Exactly. And look at that cloudbank over there in the northwest. It's spreading."

"What wind there is," said Meade, moistening his finger and holding it up to feel the direction, "is blowing the opposite way down here, but you can't tell what is happening up there. Well, all we can do is to fight on."

And fight they did. It was almost at first sight like the hand of man against the hand of God. There was no more room for engineering expedient. It was chop and new, break and pound,



A Man Was Kneeling Beyond It.

dig and drive, carry and pile. Throwing off his coat, Vandeventer seized a spade and began to work like any other laborer, and the rest of the higher men followed his example.

At six o'clock the blackness hanging in the northwest began to turn their way. It was coming down the mountain. It was headed for the valley. Vandeventer saw it, every teamster, every common laborer saw it. It was coming. Unless heaven itself interfered there would be more rain. They had worked desperately before, but now they applied themselves to their tasks with a kind of wild fury. A

sort of insanity took possession of them. They would not be beaten. They cried, at first shrilly and then hoarsely and raucously, encouraging words and phrases from one to another; in words vivid, profane, desperate. They stood there and they heaved and dug and piled and hammered and hurled and drove fiercely. It was a battle madness that came into them. They saw red like the berserker of old. Yes, it was not unlike a battle in other ways, for with the rush of the northwest storm came roaring, mighty thunder and vivid and terrifying lightning. It was as if great darts of light literally were hurled by some gigantic hand be-



—And Shook His Fist at the Sky.

hind the black screen of sweeping cloud down upon the granite mountains. They saw splinters of fire where the thunderbolts struck. The pealing of thunder was appalling.

Their frail palisade backing was not half completed. It must be raising somewhere, for the water was still slowly rising. It was five and a half feet now from the crest. It was hopeless if another rain fell, and the rain was coming. There was an added chill in the still air of the valley as the storm drove down upon them. A few of the fainter hearts flung down pick and shovel and ax and stood craven. Oaths, curses, blows even, from those of the braver sort shamed them into work again. These brave hearts and true might be swept away with the dam if it gave way, but they would not give up, and no man working with them should flee his task or shirk his duty. By the living God, whose sport and plaything they seemed to be, they swore it; and so weak and strong, bold and timid labored on—desperate, resolved, godlike in their courage and persistence.

The clouds were moving swiftly now. To the east it had been clear, but now it was also black, and then with a roar greater even than a thousand thunderclaps, the wind tore down the mountains, through the narrow canyons, into the valleys, shrieking in the pines, and fell upon them—and hurled them down and brushed them back. And after the wind, the rain. A drop or two struck Vandeventer's cheek; another, another, and then the flood. He lifted his head and stared and shook his fist at the sky and turned to the human termite he commanded.

"Carry on, carry on, boys," he cried, shrieking to be heard above the thunder peals, "we'll beat it yet."

A cheer rose about him and was caught up and ran along the top of the great dam. The half-maniacal yell was such a cry as men might give vent to in the heat of battle, the excitement of wild charge, and then they fell to it again. The more ignorant, unaware of the feebleness of the palisade, the more knowing indifferent to it, seeing only the job, alike realized only their duty to fight on, to answer the appeal to their manhood, to refuse to admit defeat even when life trembled in the balance.

Yes, to use the ancient simile again, the fountains of the great deep were broken open. What had befallen them before was nothing to this. The hard rain of the night seemed trifling compared to this avalanche of water. This was a cloudburst indeed. And to make it worse, to make their task harder, to render their efforts useless, the high wind roaring down the valley piled the water up and drove it in thunderous assaulting waves against the great mound of earth on which the men struggled and labored frantically.

Vandeventer, shovel in hand—he did not dare to throw it down, lest his action be misconstrued—went from gang to gang, from man to man, talking to them, appealing to them, pointing out weaknesses here and there, inspiring them, holding them up as a man might hold a stricken line against the onslaught of a victorious and overwhelming force. And against wind and rain in that thick darkness, blinded by the flashing lightning, stunned by the pealing thunder, with zeal superhuman they toiled on and on and on.

Back and forth went the chief, showing himself a leader of leaders, and wherever he stopped the fury and desperation of the effort to stem the tide increased. When he came plodding along the muddy roadway to the part committed to Meade he did not find the engineer.

"Where's Roberts?" he yelled above the noise of the storm.

"He and two men have gone, sir."

"Gone?" cried Vandeventer, cut to the heart at what he thought was a desertion. "Well," he shouted, realizing there was nothing he could do then and that he had neither breath nor

time to waste, "there's more need for the rest of us to take their places."

He drew a man or two from the other gangs to re-enforce this danger point and himself directed their work.

Now it takes time for water to rise five feet, even in a cloudburst, or a succession of them. The rain constantly seemed to increase as the wind drove it on. Vandeventer knew that the dam was doomed, that the sluice and the half-finished spillway combined could discharge only a small part of the flow, but he knew that he would have two hours at least to work before the water could pass the crest, undermine, and batter down the palisade, and begin to trickle over. Just as soon as it did roll over the top, unless they could stop it, the whole thing was gone. For those two hours the supermen labored unrelentingly in the downpour with a persistent and heroic courage that should have been recorded in song and story but which was not. It was remembered after a while by none save a few. To the many it was only "all in the day's work!"

The undersluice in the side of the dam, which would later serve as headgate for the canal had been intended to pass the smaller floods which might occur during the construction and had been open since the rain began. It carried off a great volume of water, but heroically little in comparison with the flood. Foot by foot in the torrential downpour the water rose. At half after eight it reached the level of the spillway and commenced to rush through in ever-increasing volume, but the flow into the reservoir was far greater than the spillway's capacity.

Still the sight of the rushing water encouraged the men. Every one of them felt that if the palisade held the discharge would be increased enough to stop the rise, but at present the effect was small. By nine o'clock it was within a foot of the top. They began to measure its rise by inches. Although the dam had been carefully kept level as it was built, the trample of horses and men, the present digging and palisading and revetting had caused little depressions. Now the water rose to the level. Here and there it began to trickle over!

The rain coming down from the mountain tops was as cold as ice, yet the men were in a fever of excitement. They had got their second wind. They were too enthused, too desperate, to feel their weariness. They had not worked before as they did then. It was the last possible nervous outburst with most of them. They could keep it up a little longer—till they dropped dead. As the mad thoroughbred falls in his stride on the track, pushed beyond his power of endurance, as even the common carthorse can be made to go until he drops, so these men, white, haggard, nervous, drawn-faced, sweat mingling with the rain on their sodden bodies, would go till they broke. They had not quite reached that point yet.

There were some five hundred heavy cement bags which had been filled with sand and piled up on the roadway at convenient points. As a Torlori hope, as a last try, Vandeventer called all the diggers and ditchers, and hewers and drivers, and bade them tackle the sandbags. The timber wall that rose to four or five feet was now packed to a height of three with an unequal wall of earth.

The waves were beginning to roll against the rampart, although their force as yet was broken by the brushwood. Vandeventer jumped up on the palisade near the center. There were some large logs there where he could stand, and whence he could get as clear a view of the whole top of the dam as was possible through the driving rain.

"There," shouted the engineer, pointing to a red trickle—it seemed to him like blood, taking its hideous hue from the red clay of the banks—where the water had found a low spot and was washing across the top and trickling through the new wall and down on the other side. Even as he pointed, the trickle became a stream and the stream bade fair to be a flood. Men ran and dropped sandbags over in front of the palisade, right where the leak had occurred. Other men heaped up the earth behind the wall, seeking to smother it and stop it. The water checked there, they were forced to do the same thing at another place. Desperately they dropped their sandbags, sturdily they piled their shovels in the mud; scrambling and yelling, they ran from leak to leak. They lifted the heavy bags of sand as if they had been loaves of bread and jammed them down. They swung pick and shovel like toys, although the rain made all the earth sticky mud and the work all the harder. The water was clear over the top of the dam now, and streaming through the revetment of brush and surging against the palisade. Where it did not let the water through, the line of stakes was beginning to bend backward.

The men who had expended their sandbags and could get no more, in one final effort ran to the palisade, dug their heels madly in the wet, slimy earth and put their shoulders against the bending stakes as if to hold them up by main strength. Thin streams were flowing here and there, now unheeded. Checked and held in one spot, the water broke through at another. The spillway could not control the rise.

"She's gone, she's gone!" gasped Vandeventer under his breath. He had fought a good fight. He could do no more. There were no more bags of sand. Save for the men straining at the wall here and there and everywhere, there was left nothing but to stand and wait, having done all. As one man saw another the whole hundred and fifty caught the contagion

and threw themselves against the palisade, wet and chilled from the rain; but yet madly, recklessly, Americans and foreigners alike. They would hold it by main strength for another minute, they swore, oblivious to the fact that just as soon as it went it would go with a rush.

The stockade would be swept away first, and they would go with it. What of that? The men back of it matched their brawny arms against rain and wind, the powers of man against the powers of God, but not mockingly. It is perhaps doubtful if they realized what they did. It was instinct, habit, blind desperation now. If the slimy wall failed under the terrific water pressure, they would be hurled beneath it, swept down the slope of the dam, buried in the debris as it was swept away, caught up if they by any chance survived so far, and hurled, broken and battered, down the valley in the terrible flood that would ensue. What did they know about that, or knowing, what did they care, as they strained at the wavering timber wall? And still they held as the rain poured down on them, soaking through their soggy clothes, the colder on their exhausted bodies for the keen wind that blew across them.

Well, they had done everything they could. Vandeventer jumped down and pressed himself against the nearest timber with the men and waited, silent. He had never sustained such a pressure in all his life. Like Atlas, he felt as if he were holding up a world. And the mocking thing about it all was his feeling, nay his realization, that he was not really holding anything, that if the palisade failed, his pressure, his resistance and that of all the other men amounted to nothing. Yet he held on, and they, too—determined.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Ancient Art of Fascination. And much of the last wild hurricane of work took place under the observation of a woman!

From the top of the big mesa there was a clear view of the new reservoir, from the dam on one side far back into the hills on the other. In spite of the tremendous downpour and the fierce gale Helen Illingworth stood exposed to both attacks, and, indeed, indifferent to them—albeit protected by slacker and boots and sou'wester—fascinated by the titanic struggle between nature and man of which she was a witness.

The general investigation by Rodney and Miss Illingworth had produced



Helen Illingworth Stood Exposed to Both Attacks.

no results. A careful study of Rodney's notes upon the subject had only served the more thoroughly to convince them that Meade was blameless. But the most assiduous effort with the heartiest will in the world and the promptings of devotion and affection could not make a case out of these suggestions and their inferences that would hold water. They could not establish their contention beyond peradventure in the face of Meade's direct admission and Shurtliff's corroboration. They could not establish it in the public mind by any evidence at all if Meade and Shurtliff remained silent.

If either one or the other of the two conspirators could be brought to tell the truth, Meade could be restored, at least sufficiently so for the purpose of argument; the argument that Helen Illingworth sooner or later must make to her father. It was that to which she gave the most thought, it was for that she planned and longed.

Two people cannot resolve, even by mutual consent to dismiss from their daily thought and conversation any subject whatsoever without introducing in place of it a certain constraint. It is as futile to attempt to dismiss anything absolutely from the human mind as it is the oft-suggested cure for rheumatism—doing certain things without thinking of the disease sought to be cured!

The next installment brings the climax of the story. The most important developments in the lives of Meade and his friends are described.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Stuff.

"A scientist can take one bone and reconstruct a dinosaur." "That's nothing. Our landlady can take one bone and reconstruct a dinosaur."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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SALE FOR THIS WEEK
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BREAD, (Large Loaf), 10c

ONIONS, per pound, 5c

LEMONS, per dozen, 14c

ORANGES, 12c

COCOANUTS, 8c
LARGE BEST PORK & BEANS, 16c
FRESH PINEAPPLES, 13c
2 POUNDS CRACKERS, 27c
LARGE CAN BEST PEAS, 19c
BEST CORN, 19c
10c CAN MUSTARD, 9c
JELLICON, 9c
ASSORTED JELLIES, 9c
10 POUNDS SUGAR for, 87c
CUCUMBERS, 5c and 10c
SLICED PINEAPPLE, 10c

MATCHES, 5c
35c COFFEE, for 28c
QUAKER OATS, 9c
MOTHER'S OATS, 9c
ASSORTED SOUPS, 10c
ALL SOAPS, 5 for 25c
FULL QUART OLIVES, 23c
BEST CEYLON TEA, 39c
BLACK TEA, 37c
SARDINES, 9c
GOOD APPLES, per quart, 8c
FRESH STRAWBERRIES, 23c Qt.
LETTUCE, per pound, 23c

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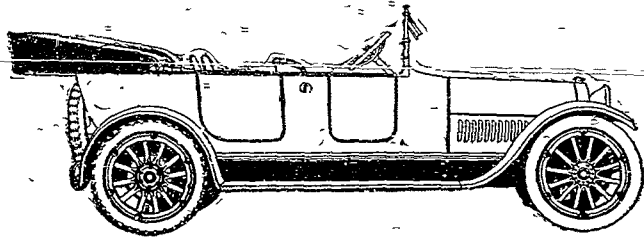
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They have made them powerful by perfecting designs—four years Studebaker Engineers have concentrated their skill improving, refining and perfecting Studebaker motor designs, until today Studebaker is the most powerful car on the market, in ratio to size or cost.

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

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T. H. TURNER, Local Representative.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Eural Clark of Detroit was in town Wednesday.

Miss Sadie Bentley of Walled Lake has been a Northville visitor this week.

Miss Jeanne Palmer of Detroit was a Sunday visitor at her mother's home here.

Mrs. Lutz of Chesaning is a guest at the home of Mrs. Leona Whipple this week.

E. H. Harmon of Milford was a visitor at the home of his brother, A. C. Harmon.

S. B. Palmer of Jackson was a week-end visitor at the home of James Clark.

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

Mrs. Frank Woodman of Detroit has been spending a week or so with Northville friends recently.

Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Curtis of Rochester were guests at the Methodist parsonage for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Oide of Detroit were in town Saturday evening on their way Walled Lake to stay over Sunday.

Mrs. Will Carruthers, who had been spending a few days with Mrs. F. B. Macomber, left for her home in Chicago Monday.

Mrs. C. E. Clarkson is again at her home here after a several weeks' absence, during which she was engaged in nursing, at Plymouth.

Mrs. Ed. White of Bentley, Mich., accompanied by her niece, Mrs. Blue, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren VanDyne last week Thursday.

Anel Quigley of Chesaning was in town Monday and spent a part of his time here in calling on his boyhood friend and schoolmate, J. W. Perkins of the Record.

Rev. and Mrs. F. I. Walker, with their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Walker of Detroit, motored to Perry last week Tuesday, returning Wednesday evening.

Northville people who attended the reunion of the West Novi Debating club at the West Novi school house Saturday were D. Gage, N. A. Clapp, Mrs. F. L. Carpenter, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore and Mrs. A. C. Harmon.

Rev. F. I. Walker was called to

Rochester for a funeral service Monday.

Miss Margarethe Weller was the guest of South Lyon friends last week-end.

Miss Marjory Thornton came on from Hastings for the wedding of her former chum, Miss Madeline Barnum, Wednesday.

Mrs. Robert Chamberlain of Pontiac was the guest of Northville friends Saturday night and Sunday. Mr. Chamberlain and their daughter, Margaret also spending Sunday here.

Miss Marion Power has left for Palsade, Neb., with her grandfather, H. W. Holcomb, and Miss Elizabeth Holcomb. Miss Holcomb is returning to her home in California after an extended visit among relatives here.

TAILOR—ELLIOTT.

Married, Monday evening, June 4, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. A. W. Miller and family, 382-Kirby Ave., Detroit, by Rev. Dr. Fredrick M. White of the Grand River Ave. Baptist church, Miss Helen E. Elliott, formerly of this place to Mr. John Tyler Taylor of Kansas City, Mo. Many Northville friends congratulate.

LADY MINSTRELS NEXT.

What perhaps will be the last home talent entertainment of the local amusement "season" is to be put on as a W. R. C. benefit next Wednesday evening, June 13, in the Alceum theatre. This "show" will be different from anything that has ever been seen here, and promises a continued series of laughs for the audience. The entertainment is under the direction of Mrs. Georgia Tingham, which fact is sufficient guarantee that it will be worth seeing. It is to be in two parts, a minstrel show and a comedy, with several extra features interspersed.

SCOUT MOVEMENT IN NORTHVILLE.

(Continued from page 1)

country, and to obey the Scout law.

2 "To help other people at all times."

3 "To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

The Scout motto is: "Be Prepared."

The Scout Law is:

- 1 "A Scout is trustworthy"
- 2 A Scout is loyal
- 3 A Scout is helpful
- 4 A Scout is friendly
- 5 A Scout is courteous
- 6 A Scout is kind
- 7 A Scout is obedient
- 8 A Scout is cheerful
- 9 A Scout is thrifty
- 10 A Scout is brave
- 11 A Scout is clean
- 12 A Scout is reverent

A scout tries to do at least one good turn daily. "Are these things worth encouragement?"

How well the boys are carrying out the above many persons and societies in town can testify.

Begging has become so epidemic that the committee hesitates to add a single new want to the list. They will not come to you to tease a half willing dollar from you, but leave it to you.

Next Saturday, June 9th, there will be in each of the banks a blank for those to sign who can contribute to the Scout support. The money contributed will be deposited subject to control of the local committee.

Chas. A. Ponsford, Ernest Miller and O. M. Misenar.

Mr. Pomeroy states that \$200, with what the boys pay will keep the present troop going for one year; equip it and also another troop. This means that about 50 boys will come under this wonderful influence for good citizenship. It will cost the town \$2 a year for each boy. The \$200 now required will be spent on tents, drums, bugles, troop flags, expenses of boys unable to meet share and about \$25 to Mr. Pomeroy, who has paid that amount from his own pocket to get the boys started.

Next Saturday night the committee will take the blanks from the banks and ask no more money. The Scouts will keep up until this money is gone. After that, it will be left to the people of Northville to decide whether the further continuation of the Scout work here is worth while or not.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors who kindly assisted us in the illness and burial of our daughter. Also for the many beautiful floral offerings.

MR. EDWARD LA FEVER AND FAMILY.

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.

NOTICE.

Commencing Tuesday, June 12, I will be ready to receive taxes at the Northville State Bank.
HARRY TAFT, Village Treasurer.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank all those who sent flowers and aided us in any way in the care of our husband and father. Also those who so kindly furnished automobiles.

MRS. MAE LANNING, LUCILLE LANNING, HELEN LANNING.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Monday, June 4, 1917.

Present: Charles S. Filkins, President; Trustees, Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, VanValkenburg.

Quorum present.

Minutes of meetings of May 7, 11 and 24, 1917, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

George Thomas, highway,	4.62
M. R. Seeler, highway,	33.90
Henry Cooper, highway,	1.60
W. E. Ambler, highway,	41.40
John Cooper, highway,	1.80
S. Litsenberger, highway,	24.12
Park & McKay, w. w.,	1.40
Cramer & Armstrong, tag pole,	10.00
Detroit Edison Co., w. w.,	2.82
Chas. Shipley, cemetery,	31.25
Chas. Moyer, cemetery,	31.25
F. Delph freight on oil,	25.32
Chas. Shipley, highway,	3.00
Charles Moyer, highway,	3.00
M. A. Porter, w. w.,	60.00
Joe Weston, w. w.,	99.30
Archie Bradner, park,	5.00
Otis Tewksbury, w. w.,	18.00
W. J. Landung,	58.58
W. E. Ambler,	1.90
C. A. Sessions,	129.00
C. A. Ponsford,	4.00
C. H. Coldren,	4.00
Fire Department,	10.25
P. S. Palmer, w. w.,	8.05
L. S. Skarritt, w. w.,	25.00
E. E. Perrin, w. w.,	3.95
Detroit Edison Co.,	304.00
Neal Ptg. Co., printing,	25.50
Don VanSickie,	1.52
Angus McCollum,	47.00
Park & McKay,	50.66
Standard Oil Co.,	110.86
John Cooper,	2.00
Ernie Lyke,	4.00

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

Yeas—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, VanValkenburg. Nays—None Carried.

Village Assessor Sessions presented tax roll for year 1917.

Moved by Stanley and supported by Tewksbury that tax roll be approved.

Yeas—Tewksbury, Stanley, VanValkenburg, Montgomery. Nays—None Carried.

Moved by VanValkenburg and supported by Stanley that President and Clerk be authorized to borrow \$500 for general expenses.

Yeas—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, VanValkenburg. Nays—None Carried.

Petition received from Wm. Scott relative to water on Hutton avenue.

Moved by VanValkenburg that petition be laid on table one month.

Yeas—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, VanValkenburg. Nays—None Carried.

Petition from Civic Improvement committee of Northville Woman's club.

Moved by VanValkenburg and supported by Stanley that petition be laid on table one month.

Yeas—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, VanValkenburg. Nays—None Carried.

Moved by VanValkenburg and supported by Tewksbury, that Clerk be authorized to order 1 2-in and 2 5-8-in meters from Thomson Meter company.

Yeas—Tewksbury, Montgomery, Stanley, VanValkenburg. Nays—None Carried.

On motion council adjourned.

THOMAS B. MURDOCK, Clerk.

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 twenty-eighth 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 WILLIAM J. LANNING, 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 twenty-eighth day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard time, 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.

(A true copy.)

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT, Register.

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 June in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM J. LANNING, JR., deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mae Lanning praying that administration of said estate be granted to William J. Lanning, Sr., or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the eleventh day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard Time, at said court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

(A true copy.)

HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

ERWIN R. PALMER, Deputy Register.

NINA DAY GRIFFIN

CONTRALTO.

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DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

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

Charles W. Tarnowski and Ida Tarnowski, Plaintiffs.

vs. No. 53,539
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, Deputy Clerk.

ALLEN L. LAMPERE, Attorney for plaintiff.

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. VanHartsveldt and Behna E. VanHartsveldt, his wife, of the city of Detroit, Wayne county Michigan, to the Redford Lumber Company, a corporation of Redford, Michigan, dated the first day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne county, Michigan, on the 22nd day of October, 1915, in Liber 752 of mortgages, on page 524, and which said mortgage was duly assigned on the 16th day of April, A. D. 1917, by the said mortgagee to Joseph Dallavo, of Wayne county, 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 212, and the same having remained unpaid for a period of more than thirty days after it became due and payable the said assignee and holder of said mortgage hereby exercises his option given by said mortgage and declares the principal sum of said mortgage, together with all interest unpaid at this date, to be due and payable immediately.

There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest the sum of five hundred - sixty-two and 57-100 (\$562 57) 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.

C. C. Yerkes, Attorney, Northville.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of LYMAN L. BROOKS, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Northville State Savings Bank in the Village of Northville, in said county, on Monday, the 16th day of July, A. D. 1917, and on Saturday, the 15th day of September, A. D. 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 16th day of May, A. D. 1917, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated, May 16, 1917.

LOUIE A. BAZBITT, WILLIAM J. LANNING, Commissioners.

44-47.

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THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon.

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