

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 48.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Underwear.

Men's, Women's and Children's Summer Underwear. We are well prepared to take care of a warm weather rush on all lines. Better values and lower prices now than when we will have to buy again.

If you are contemplating a Nemo Corset, buy it in June, as the prices will be advanced on July 1st.

Ladies' Silk Hose. We can sell you a Good Stocking at 50c; a better one at 65c, and a still better one at \$1.19.

PONSFORD

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. Now 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 Dulc. (Flesh and White),	25c
Bouquet Jeanice,	50c

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

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.

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY

6 lbs H. & E. Sugar, (with orders), for	50c
Jiffy Jell, per package,	9c
Schrimps (Dry or Wet), for	10c
Large Size Snow Boy Powder,	17c
Seal Brand Tea	1-2 Lb Pks, for 21c

THE ABOVE FOR SATURDAY ONLY

Babbitt's Best Soap,	5c
Bob White Soap, for	5c
Jackson Soap, for	5c
Climax Soap, for	5c
Galvanic Soap, for	5c
Magnetic Soap, for	5c
Sunny Monday Soap for	5c
Clean Easy Soap, for	5c

WHEELER & BLACKBURN

CASH STORE

HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ANNUAL BANQUET

WILL BE HELD IN SCHOOL GYMNASIUM NEXT FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 29, WITH AFTERNOON BUSINESS MEET IN AUDITORIUM.

The Annual Banquet of the Northville High School Alumni Association will be held next Friday, June 29, in the new school building, the business meeting to take place in the afternoon at 2:30 in the auditorium and the banquet in the gymnasium at 5 o'clock.

It is a matter of congratulation that so ideal a place is now available for this gathering, and it is confidently expected that the meeting will be the most enjoyable yet held.

Every effort has been made to notify all members, but owing to changes of address or other causes some may possibly have been overlooked. The officers hope that all graduates will attend, also all who have completed the Junior year.

Reservations for the banquet must be handed in not later than Wednesday, the 27th. This is absolutely necessary, that preparations may be made accordingly.

C. C. Yerkes is to fill the position of toastmaster, and among others to respond will be K. R. Babbitt of New York.

NORTHVILLE ORGANIZES MILITARY COMPANY

FIFTY YOUNG MEN WILL BE MUSTERED INTO STATE SERVICE THIS FRIDAY EVENING.

Last Thursday night a meeting was held for organization of Northville's first 1917 military company, and officers were elected as follows: Capt. Ralph Hotton, First Lieutenant, T. R. Carrington, Second Lieutenant, Ralph Ryder. This Friday evening the unit will be mustered into the state service by Captain Town of Detroit. About fifty of our patriotic young citizens will make up the company at present, but others expect to join later.

The rapidity and ease with which this unit has been formed speaks well for the patriotism of our Northville boys, many of whom, being under military age or otherwise ineligible to the Federal service, yet desire to show their loyalty to our country and to gain knowledge and practice that may be needed later on. A roster of the company will be published in the near future.

CYCLONE INSURANCE POPULAR.

From all indications so far, this summer bids fair to be another "cyclone year." Destructive wind storms have raged over the country far and near, and millions of dollars worth of homes have been wiped off the face of the earth. In connection with the tornado that came so close to this village recently, the only thing that saved some of the families from absolute financial ruin was the fact that they carried a few hundred dollars' insurance against that particular form of disaster. Since that storm, hundreds of cyclone insurance policies have been taken out in this section alone, and more are being written every day. Northville people are fortunate in having a chance right at home to thus protect their property, and are keeping the local "cyclone insurance man," George H. Baker, busy.

YOUNG SOLDIERS GRADUATE.

Farmington High school grants diplomas to a class of 7 students this year, and a most interesting feature of the graduation is the fact that the four boys of the class are newly enlisted members of the National Guard, and will have the high honor of wearing the U. S. uniform as graduation suits. Farmington certainly must feel proud of its school product in the way of young men in the class of the epochal year of 1917.

K. OF P. ATTENTION.

On Sunday, June 24, we have our Memorial service at the Presbyterian church and we have a duty we owe to our departed Brothers also a duty we owe our splendid order and ourselves. Every member should be present. Meet at the Lodge room at 9:15 and march to the church.

S. W. McLEAN, C. C.

HEENEY-McCLOUD.

Mried, in Detroit, Wednesday, June 20, Spencer Heeny of this village to Miss Florence McCloud of Plymouth.

SUCCESSFUL HORTICULTURAL MEETING.

An interesting report comes to the Record of the June meeting of the Oakland Co. Horticultural Society at the Cleaver fruit farm last Saturday, extracts from which we give as fully as space permits. The attendance was large some members coming long distances, and the day was ideal.

The talk on the fruit outlook made plain the fact that the prospect is not encouraging. Except for a small strip along Lake Michigan, the peach crop is a failure. A partial yield of cherries and plums may be looked for.

L. B. Flint of Novi gave an instructive talk on pruning, which was followed by a spirited and interesting discussion; Mr. Cleaver illustrated his orchard methods by his 24 acre orchard and Mr. VerDuine of Novi showed what it is possible to accomplish with the "Misty Spray," one man being enabled to do as much as can two employing ordinary methods. It was a matter of regret that many near-by fruit growers were too busy to be present.

Features at the New Alceium Theatre.

For Saturday night patrons will be treated to a Pathe program. "The Jockey of Death," a vivid picture of circus life. The first show will begin at 7:30, sharp.

Next Thursday evening's attraction will be "Marie Rosa."

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

MR. FARMER—You had better insure your fruit and grain against hailstorms. For particulars, inquire of Frank Hills. Phone 101 R-1. 47w2p

FOUND—Small sum of money on the street Wednesday. Owner may have same by proving property and paying 25c for this ad. G. H. Baker. 48w1c

WANTED—Reliable girl for general housework. Permanent place for right person. References required. Apply to Mr. Weitzman at Weitzman's Store. 48w1c

WANTED—Small washings; no ironing. Mrs. C. C. Keyes. Barnhart Flat, upper west floor. 48w1c

WANTED—To buy good general purpose horse weighing about 1200 lbs. J. G. Alexander. 48w1p

WANTED—Part of furnished house or two rooms, downstairs preferred, for mother and 3 children. Privilege of light housekeeping, also board there or nearby. Box 557 or phone 245-R. 48w1p

FOR SALE—Few bushels good seed potatoes. Phone 193-J, Frank E. Clark, Novi. 48w1c

FOR SALE—Strawberries at L. B. Charter's, Wing street. 48w1p

FOR SALE—Full blooded Jersey cow and calf. Phone 392-R-2, Mrs. A. G. Griffin. 48w1c

FOR SALE—Fresh cow and young cattle. Inquire H. F. Watt, Novi, Mich. 48w1c

FOR SALE—New brown willow baby buggy. Phone 157-J, Mrs. Warren Van Dyke. 48w1c

FOR SALE—No 9 cook stove, also gasoline stove. Both nearly new. Cheap if taken at once. Mrs. C. C. Keyes, Barnhart Flat. 48w1p

FOR SALE—Cheap, 5 burner Quick meal gasoline stove, nearly new. Inquire Alexander's barber shop. 48w1p

FOR SALE—170 gallon steel tank. Spring wagon, capacity 3000 lbs. Spring weeder. Phone 247-W. Ots Tewksbury. 48w1p

WANTED—Skim milk. Booth Poultry Farm, R. F. D. No. 2, Northville. Phone 248 J 2. 42tf-p1

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

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

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

FOR RENT—Two nice rooms. 2nd floor, front. Phone 122 Exchange Hotel. 48w2p

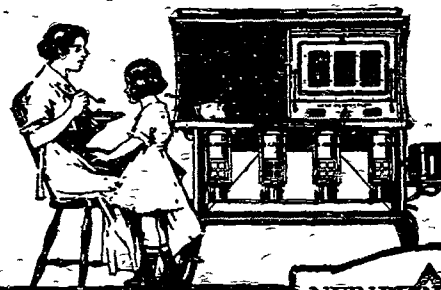
FOR RENT—Suite of 4 rooms. Inquire Alexander's barber shop. 481p

FOR RENT—Summer cottage and garage in grove at Walled Lake. Furnished. John L. Shackleton, Plymouth, Mich. Phone 11 F-2. 47-tf

FOR RENT—House on Wing street. For information call Phone 255-W. 46tf

REFRIGERATORS

We have just four Refrigerators left of selling size, 30-in. wide, 19-in. deep, 46-in. high, the best style, \$19 each while they last. We also have other styles for more and less money. See our line.



NEW PERFECTION

Makes Cooking a Pleasure

THERE'S no need to burn up your strength when you're doing your own cooking. It takes energy to cook food, but it ought to be heat energy, not human energy. Get a New Perfection—the Long Blue Chimney Stove. It makes you mistress of your own kitchen—not the slave of a stove. No soot, no odors, no constant fussing. Visible flame that stays put—the different oil cook-stove. In more than 2,500,000 homes. Come in and see the reversible reservoir, a new and exclusive feature that makes the New Perfection better than ever before.

Purchase Your Oil Stove
Now while we still have a stock.

Lawn Mowers

We have just received a delayed shipment of Lawn Mowers, 14-16-18-in. cut; your choice at \$3.50, until gone. Screen Doors, Window Screening, Lawn Hose, 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 -- SATURDAY -- 23rd

5 lbs. SUGAR	41c.
1 lb 2 oz. Can Faultless Tomatoes,	20c.
1 lb Can Del Monte Beans, Extra-Quality,	7c.
2 5-cent Bars Remmers Floating Soap	5c.
10c. Can Immense Value Baking Powder,	7c.
5c Can Immense Value Baking Powder	3c.
Large Bottle Williams Salad Dressing,	19c.

CALL AND SEE US.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

L. T. COOPER TO PROVE HIS FAMOUS THEORIES

Renowned Lecturer and Scientist Will Prove Famous Health Theories—Man Who Electrified Larger Cities to Give People of This Section Benefits of Study and Medicine—Many Thousands are Benefitted.

AS WAS announced in last week's papers, Mr. L. T. Cooper, the Millionaire Philanthropist who electrified the larger cities of the country with his demonstration of practical philanthropy, health theories and celebrated medicine, Taniac, has been invited to visit Detroit and other Michigan cities.

Thousands of the most prominent people in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Dallas, Memphis, Atlanta, Birmingham, Louisville, Nashville and even the largest cities of the North and East, where his celebrated medicine has been accomplishing such remarkable results, are even more enthusiastic over Taniac than Mr. Cooper himself.

It is Mr. Cooper's theory that nine-tenths of the diseases and ill-health of the average person is due to a catarrhal inflammation of the mucous membrane which produces faulty digestion and improper assimilation of the food.

In a recent interview, Mr. Cooper was asked, if Taniac would relieve Kidney trouble, Liver complaint and a dozen other ailments and in this connection, said:

"As I have repeatedly said, my medicine acts directly on the mucous membrane, stomach and blood, expelling from them the impurities and toxic poisons, and rendering to them a strong, healthy condition.

"I am convinced that the stomach regulates the condition of the blood, and is the fountainhead of health or disease, as the case may be. My medicine is intended primarily for the regulation of the stomach and catarrhal inflammation, but it is no uncommon thing for persons who have it to come to me and explain that it has relieved them of rheumatism and many other ailments not generally recognized as having their origin in stomach trouble.

"Most of the so-called stomach, liver and kidney troubles," continued Mr. Cooper, "are due almost entirely to a catarrhal inflammation of these organs and it is believed that Taniac is the first actually direct specific therefor.

"Catarrh of the stomach, liver and kidneys is the most frequent cause of dyspepsia and kidney disorders and a catarrhal condition of the nose and throat often leads to deafness. Frequently the lungs become diseased by the extension of the catarrhal inflammation by way of the bronchial tubes to the lung substance. The mental and physical state of the chronic catarrh sufferers is indeed very unfortunate.

"Taniac has overcome this condition in its most obstinate stages, and the preparation, therefore, must be, as I have always contended, the one great

Temple of Solomon. The Temple of Solomon was begun in the fourth year of his reign (B. C. 1012), and completed seven years later. The whole area was inclosed by the outer walls and formed a square of about 600 feet. The front of the porch was supported by two great brazen pillars. One of these was called Jachin and the other Boaz.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT PIMPLES

Because Cuticura Quickly Removes Them—Trial Free.

On rising and retreating gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off the ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap. Keep your skin clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address: Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

It must be tough to be tied for life to a man who insists on wearing off his grousches at home.

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and wheat near \$2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops.

Mixed farming as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition are the only food required for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent.

There is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government is urging farmers to put extra acreage into wheat. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

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

METZ
CARS \$685

Le Veque-Baston Motor Sales Co.
86 Jeff Ave. STATE DISTRIBUTORS Detroit
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

JONES HAS STAR QUARTET OF SOUTHPAWS



BEST LEFT-HANDED PLAYERS IN LEAGUE.

"The best quartet of left-handed pitchers in the league" is the boast of St. Louis fans when discussing the chances of the St. Louis Americans in the 1917 pennant race. Earl Hamilton, who in 1915 was one of the best young pitchers in the league, is expected to repeat. Hamilton, whose shoulder failed him last season, was given a new contract this year with a salary cut, and instead of balking went to Cuba, where he trained faithfully. While working against the St. Louis Nationals in the spring series he shot over a few fast ones which not only baffled his opponents but made Fielder Jones sit up and smile. The quartet of southpaws includes Weillman, Koob, Plank and Hamilton.

Weillman was forced to quit pitching because of an ailing kidney, and though he stuck until the middle of May in hopes that he might overcome his illness, he was finally forced to turn in his uniform and go to his home for an operation.

PULLS UNIQUE STUNT

The unique feat of being the only one to handle a ball, yet being able to retire the side and end the game, was performed by Pitcher Jim Bagby of the Indians, against Clark Griffith's Senators.

GIANTS EASY FOR DEMAREE

Cub Pitcher Has Now Won Fourteen Consecutive Games From Muggsy McGraw's Hirelings.

There is another pitcher in the National league besides Jack Coombs of Brooklyn who finds the New York Giants easy victims. That other twirler is none other than Al Demaree of the Cubs, who the other day defeated the Giants 6 to 1, and in so doing conquered them for the fourteenth time consecutively. That is a better



Al Demaree.

record than the one of which Coombs boasts. The Brooklyn slaban has beaten McGraw's men 11 games in a row.

Manager McGraw let Demaree go two years ago because he believed he was not strong enough to be a steady and effective pitcher. He included him in a trade which brought Hans Lobert, who now is a utility player to the Giants. Immediately after he was traded to the Phillies Demaree set out to prove that he was a better pitcher than credited and one of the clubs he delighted to defeat was the Giants, and while he was a member of the Philadelphia club he took 13 games from them.

Demaree started this season successfully against McGraw's club by beating them with seven hits and winning his fourteenth game. It is Mitchell's hope that he keeps up the good work and if he does he will be a bigger New York Giant killer than Pletcher or Lavender ever dared to be.

TIGERS' NEW FIRST BASEMAN

Hugh Jennings Picks Up Bill Fuerborn, St. Louis Boy, Attending Northwestern University.

Hugh Jennings has picked up a new first baseman in the person of Bill Fuerborn, a St. Louis boy, who is attending Northwestern university. Fuerborn is a big fellow, a hard hitter and a speed merchant.

BASEBALL STORIES

Manager Stallings has more outfielders than any team in either league.

Willie Doak, the Cardinals' spitalball pitcher, is in grand shape again.

Massey, the Braves' utility second baseman, is a former University of Texas player.

War shouldn't have any terrors for umpires. Besides being umpires, most of 'em are married men.

Pitcher Garry Fortune has been returned to the New London club by the Philadelphia Nationals.

Charlie Doolin has retired from baseball, and is making a success of selling automobiles in Philadelphia.

Tony Marhefka, who was with New London last year, has quit baseball and joined Uncle Sam's army.

The order of the war can committee cutting off the supply of canned goods, does not include ball players.

Hughie Jennings and Jimmy Callahan are having some trouble in getting their teams started this year.

Gus Hetling, recently released by Wichita of the Western league, is playing third base for Rockford of the Three-I.

Lee Magee says there is no chance of his ever being drafted. He says he is blind, and his batting average will prove it.

Lawry, the Athletics' young second baseman, who has taken on needed weight, is now physically fit to stand the pace.

Dick Buckley, whom old-timers will remember as a great catcher many years ago, is one of the ticket takers at Forbes field.

Besides doing most of the catching for Pittsburgh, Bill Fischer, one-time Brooklynite, is doing quite a little of the stuck work.

The birds who are trying to fill Honus Wagner's shoes are having about as much success as a submarine in the Wabash river.

Jack Warhop is pitching fine ball for Jack Dunn's Orioles. The little underhand finger pitched two shutout games within the last ten days.

Benny Kauff, who was a coal miner before he turned his talents to the national pastime, is perhaps one of the hardest of ball players.

Pitcher George Mogridge of the New Yorks has more kinds of delivery than any living pitcher. He can throw overhand, side arm and underhand.

John McGraw candidly admits that the Brooklynans are the Giants' most dangerous rivals. McGraw says that Robbie's pitching must be overcome.

Charley Rigler, National league umpire, was ready for a try at the trenches in France, but a twisted finger, bugged up in a ball game years ago, caused his rejection.

Chick Gandil, formerly of Cleveland, is getting quite popular with the Chicago fans. Everybody agrees that President Comiskey of the White Sox made a wise move when he acquired Chick.

CHANCE IS PECULIAR

Differs From Other Managers in Handling Players.

Artie Hoffman Relates Instances of Idiosyncrasy of Former Leader of Chicago Cubs—How He Called Pitcher Ritchie.

The conversation in a Chicago faning bee turned to Frank Chance. "There was a great fellow," said Artie Hoffman, former utility star of the Cubs. "I used to travel around with him, keeping tab on our players—three or four times a week.

"One night Chance was loafing in the lobby and insisted on my remaining with him to keep him company. We were all supposed to be in our rooms by eleven o'clock, but we sat and sat. Finally it got to be half past one.

"Why don't you go to bed, Frank?" I said. "If I had as much money as you, I wouldn't worry whether the fellows got in on time or not."

"Chance glanced at the clock. 'Go to bed yourself,' he snapped. 'You're breaking rules.' And he sitting up to keep him company! Can you beat it?"

"And could Chance call a fellow?" continued Hoffman. "Well, rather. I remember we had a three-game series with the Giants one week, and Ritchie went in to pitch for us. He won it.

"Right after the battle Chance told him he'd have to work the third, too. Meaning he'd get only one day of rest in between. Ritchie was willing.

"The night after he won Ritchie stayed out late, and what he didn't get in the clubhouse was a caution. Chance landed into him proper. He told him there wasn't a chance for him



Frank Chance.

to pitch. Then, five minutes later, he told Ritchie he had decided to send him in.

"Ritchie pitched his head off, and won, three to one. As soon as the game reached the clubhouse Chance dug into his locker, before he'd even changed his togs, and drew out a fat roll of bills. He stripped two fifties and handed them to Ritchie.

"You're a funny guy," said Chance, "but you can certainly pitch."

TO SUCCEED BILL HAMILTON

Pitcher Jim McGinley Named to Manage Worcester Team—Roster of Eastern League Managers.

Pitcher Jim McGinley has been named to succeed Billy Hamilton as playing manager of the Worcester team of the Eastern league, while Jack O'Hara will succeed Jack Flynn at Springfield, thus completing the roster of Eastern managers. Bill Abstein will be at Hartford, Gene McCann at New London, Paul Kritchell at Bridgeport, Danny Murphy at New Haven, Jack Flynn at Lawrence and Mike Garrity at Portland.

BAN JOHNSON FAVORS DRILL

President of American League Not Pleased That Red Sox Have Not Fallen Into Line.

President Ban Johnson is heart and soul for the military drilling which seven of his clubs took up this spring, and is not pleased over the fact that the Red Sox didn't drill. He thinks the military training has helped the pennant chances of the White Sox, giving them a dignity, sense of responsibility and ambition which they did not have before, and which, with their baseball skill, has made a better ball team of them.

MACK PRAISES FRANK BAKER.

Athletic Manager Predicts His Former Star Will Have a Most Successful Season.

Connie Mack expressed the opinion recently that Frank Baker would have a most successful year. "His falling off last year did not surprise me," said Mack, "as it was a certainty that after his absence of a year from the game. Now that he is back again with a year's work behind him he should have a great season."

Willing to Try It. "The man who has a great deal of money is seldom satisfied," remarked the commonplace philosopher. "That may be true," replied the citizen, "but quite often he is merely dissatisfied with his servants, or his motor cars or his game of golf, and I believe I could stand that sort of discontent for awhile."

HEARD AT THE POST OFFICE.



Stamp Clerk—Is this first-class mail matter?

Stamp Buyer—Not on your life; it's a present for my mother-in-law.

A Sporting Proposition. How often in a legal fight, Amid the verbal din, We pause to ask, not who is right, But who is going to win?

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books from High est references. Best results. 'TUFF' Makes Tender Feet Tough Postpaid 10c (no stamps) THE LITTLE CO., Beas. Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

EARN HANDS BIG PAY

Manufacturers Surprised to Find What Can Be Made in Their Plants in Case of Emergency.

Here is a paragraph, snipped out of an article by George Creel in Everybody's Magazine, which shows the uses to which various peaceful manufactures can be subjected:

"A manufacturing jeweler was surprised to learn that his plant, with a few changes, could turn out periscopes; a sash-chain maker found that his machines were adapted to the production of cartridge clips for rifles and machine guns; a phonograph concern was discovered to be well fitted for the manufacture of certain delicate shell parts; makers of underwear may be relied on for bandages; a manufacturer of music-rolls for gauges; a cream-separator plant for shell-primers; a sewing machine company for gauges; a recording and computing machine plant for fuses; an infants' food concern for shell plugs; drug manufacturers and dye works for high explosives; finished shells may be expected from candle makers, flour-millers, tobacco manufacturers, and siphon-makers; silversmiths can make cartridge-cases, bullet jackets, and caps; while shrapnel can be made in gas engine works, car factories, electric elevator works, locomotive works, stove foundries and machine shops."

Started Right in to Fight. "They quarreled immediately after the wedding ceremony."

"That so? While the guests were there?"

"Yes, right in the presence of everybody. It seemed a disgraceful thing to do until I caught the idea."

"What was the idea?"

"If seemed he wanted to convince all of us that he was not marrying her to escape war."

Just the Thing. "Where can I learn to be an expert on tea?" "I suppose a samovarist would be the idea for you."



PARENTS

who love to gratify children's desire for the same articles of food and drink that grown-ups use, find

INSTANT POSTUM

just the thing.

"There's a Reason"

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., JUNE 22, 1917.

BIRD-KILLERS WATCHED.

It would seem impossible that any intelligent person could fail to realize the economic value of birds, after all the agitation on that subject by the public press for years past or that anyone could avoid knowing that the killing of birds is illegal and punishable by fine, but it is reported that even in our village there are mature men who have boasted that they were going to open war on the birds when their cherries and other small fruits shall begin to ripen. Fortunately, there are plenty of people who know that the destruction of even one protected bird means a loss of many dollars to some farmer or gardener, and that the insect pests that make eternal vigilance the price of any success in raising fruit decrease everywhere that bird life increases. These people are zealous in watching for violations of the law against bird murder, and are ready to report such to the state authorities. Also, our Boy Scouts are supposed to be on the alert for such violations, and it is hoped they will not fail to report any they may know of. The five dollar fine that the killing of even one robin or other protected bird entails would buy a hundred times the quantity of berries or cherries the bird could possibly destroy in a whole season. Frighten them away if you will but beware of breaking the laws of your state and nation by taking the lives of these little benefactors of mankind.

It is said that Charlie Chaplin is going to war. This will be sad news to his thousands of admirers—but there are also others. These will console themselves with the fact that in (in case anything should happen to Charlie) course of time the Chaplin films already secured will wear out.

As we all confidently expected, Michigan lined right up in the front rank, both in the registration business and in the Liberty Loan subscription as well as in the number of volunteers. In civil war times she also had an enviable record. Rah for good old Mich.

Speaking of "note-writing," Uncle Sam's internal—and also infernal—foes evidently believe in it as witness that bogus one lately sent to Japan in the hope of starting things between the U. S. and the little brown men of Eastern Asia.

It's a sure thing now-a-days that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." But who would want to sleep in an ornament of that kind, anyway.

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. J. L. Calkins was in Pontiac Wednesday.

Bernard Kitson and family were in Milford Tuesday.

Mrs. Rena Shirriff of Bear Lake is the guest of her niece here this week.

Alec Kay and wife, and Mrs. C. S. Madison, visited the latter's sister, Mrs. J. Shannon, Sunday.

Raymond Abrams and family and J. H. Abrams and wife were Whitmore lake visitors Sunday.

Mrs. H. A. Smith and son, Vaughn, and the Misses Belford and Gibson were at Ypsilanti Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Congdon of near South Lyon visited their son, Fred and family, Saturday.

Mrs. Glenn Congdon, Mrs. T. Sutton and Mrs. Tiffin are all quite ill—the latter's recovery is very doubtful.

N. Schemerhorn and family left Wednesday for a visit at Evert. They were accompanied by Harold and Ward Mowrey, who will visit their grand-parents at Sears.

Mrs. J. G. Madison and daughter, Dorothy, and grandson, Gilman Perry, went to Dearborn Saturday. Mrs. Madison and grandson returned Sunday evening, and Dorothy remained for a two weeks' visit with her sister and family.

Novi News.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tash, Sunday, a son.

Mrs. Clyde Putnam and daughter, Margie, and Mrs. Frank Chapman were in Detroit Monday.

Jay Hazen had the misfortune to lose two of his horses Monday morning. The second one fell dead while being used to draw away the body of the other, which had died after a few hours' sickness.

A letter to the Record from G. H. Taylor formerly of Novi, now of Wachula, Fla. furnishes some interesting facts concerning the agricultural methods there some of which he confides. He states that they are well and contented, with their southern home, that they are now enjoying the melon crop, wagon loads of which fruit are going to waste, though selling at 3 or 4 cents for such as would bring \$5 or 10 cents here. The first sold, however, brought \$1 each. Beans and cucumbers were a good crop and brought good prices, some producers making \$1,000 an acre on the latter. When these crops are nearly ready for picking, corn is planted on the same ground. The corn is now 3 to 10 feet high. The rainy season is now on and work is slack until August and September, when beans and cucumbers will again be planted, also egg plant, peppers and Irish potatoes.

NOVI BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By W. H. Hutton, Pastor.)
Are you coming to hear Wm. F. Stevens, Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Canadian Army, who is speaking every night this week at 8 o'clock and Sunday morning also Sunday evening at 8:15. Everybody come and bring everybody. Great inspiration and spiritual uplift in his Gospel sermons.

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

B. Y. P. U. devotional service at 7:30. Mr. Stevens will give special solo.

Mid-week prayer services Thursday evenings.

Business and Covenant meeting June 28 in connection with mid-week prayer service.

A very warm welcome to all these services.

Farmington Flashes

Mrs. Rue Langbecker is in Harper hospital.

Miss Amlaine Wixom was in Detroit Tuesday.

Katherine Goers was on the sick list last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shears spent Saturday with M. Sulkowski.

Mrs. William Baer moved to her home south of town, Tuesday.

Graduation exercises took place Tuesday evening in the town hall.

The New Idea Crochet club met with Mrs. Elton Randall Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Geraldine Everett of Southfield visited relatives in town Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Bert Clark of Northville is in town caring for her aunt, Miss Nancy Burton, who is ill.

Mrs. Power of Pleasant Lake is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Florence Bachelor, this week.

Miss Ida Steele, accompanied by her niece, Miss Dorothy Wixom, and friend, Miss Phyllis Conroy, attended the Field Day exercises, today (Friday).

Horace Durham, Edward Brown, David Prindle and Geo. P. Conroy motored to Pontiac Tuesday evening and attended a meeting of the D. U. R. Union.

Miss Ida Steele, accompanied by her niece, Miss Dorothy Wixom, and friend, Miss Phyllis Conroy, attended the Field Day exercises, today (Friday).

Horace Durham, Edward Brown, David Prindle and Geo. P. Conroy motored to Pontiac Tuesday evening and attended a meeting of the D. U. R. Union.

DIMMING AUTO LIGHTS.

There are a lot of apparent idiots driving automobiles at night who persist in yelling to every person they meet "dim your lights." Of course it makes a pile of difference whether or not a light is dimmed when the other fellow gets up near enough to tell you about it. As a matter of fact more accidents occur from shutting off or dimming headlights. Many cars are now equipped with Warner Lenz which give off no glare and which do not have to be dimmed at all, as they comply with the state law and also with all police regulations. Once in a while an ignorant driver will yell at a Warner Lenz light, apparently not knowing the difference between a glare light and one that has no glare.

Failure.
Failure is sometimes the result of swapping what we have for what we want.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS
UNDER CULTIVATION

BEING MADE TO PRODUCE UNDER DIRECTION OF MANAGER G. W. DICKINSON.

Acting in conformity with the movement in Michigan for enlarged crops and the tilling of more acres, G. W. Dickinson, general manager of the Michigan State Fair, is turning every available acre in the fair grounds into a huge farm from which will be harvested feed and vegetables for use during the fair. Aside from actively participating in the bigger farms movement, the State Fair this year is offering special premiums to Michigan farmers who grow the best five acres of potatoes, corn and beans.

The Fair has two teams of horses engaged in preparing the soil and 82 of the 188 acres in the grounds has been planted. Even the space within the half-mile race track will not be neglected. This will contain a vegetable garden that will be in full growth when the fair opens on August 31, and should prove an attractive sight to those sitting in the grand stand opposite.

Besides the vegetable tract, twelve acres have been planted in wheat and five acres in rye. A quantity of feed for the stock on the grounds during the fair is also being grown eliminating the necessity of going into the open market and buying such products.

"It is my belief, and the policy of the State Fair directors, that every citizen in this country should do something toward helping out in this emergency," said Mr. Dickinson. "Many of us are too old to take up arms, but there are many other things we can do to help the cause and we are now concentrating our efforts to that end. If we raise 80 acres or more of food stuff on the State Fair grounds we are simply helping out by not going into the open market to obtain our supplies."

"Our agricultural efforts on the Fair grounds are going to serve another purpose toward promoting food production, for we are going to exhibit some of our produce as an example of what can be grown on an acre of State Fair ground. This may eventually become a permanent feature of the fair and our experience in conducting this experimental farm will be invaluable."

EDUCATION AND PATRIOTISM.

The following appeal to young people signed by President Harry B. Hutchins, of the University of Michigan, is being given wide spread circulation.

After the war is over, the world will face the stupendous task of reconstruction and reorganization. Principles which have therefore governed will not be sufficient to meet new demands. Trained constructive ability will be needed as never before. It has always been true that trained intelligence is necessary for the solution of large problems. This will be emphatically so in the future. Our commonwealth maintains the University of Michigan, the Michigan Agricultural College and the College of Mines in order to give general, technical and professional education to young men and young women who must, in their future careers, assume the burdens and responsibilities of citizenship. It is not only a rare opportunity but a patriotic duty as well for them to take advantage of what the state offers in the way of preparation for the activities of life and for public responsibilities.

In this world crisis some must shoulder the rifle, others must produce food, while others must be able to take charge of constructive enterprises. We, therefore, urge upon the young people of the state, who graduate from the high schools this year, that all who do not enter directly and actively into military service continue their education either at the University, the Agricultural College, the College of Mines, or some other higher institution of learning where they may secure training which will enable them to meet the emergencies of a nearby tomorrow.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)
At our June meeting, held Monday June 18, at the home of the Misses L. and I. Pratt, a good degree of interest was manifested, questions of importance discussed and interesting papers read. The present outlook was canvassed and plans for future and more effective work along prohibition lines formulated, to the end that national prohibition shall be brought to pass and "King Alcohol" no longer find protection under the stars and stripes.

The next meeting will be held July 2, place not yet determined. A patriotic program is being prepared. Everybody invited. Come and help us to have a good time, and thereby contribute to the cause of prohibition, liberty and independence. Lend a hand, to help drive the demon rum from the land. Come.

Special Bargains

--IN--

Men's and Boys'

CLOTHING.

MEN'S \$18 SUITS FOR \$15
BOYS' \$5.00 SUITS, \$3.75
BOYS' \$4.50 SUITS, \$3.50

FREYDL, the Tailor

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

CYCLONE

Have Your Buildings Insured against Wind Storms, in the

State Mutual Cyclone Ins. Co.

OF LAPEER, MICH.

AUTHORIZED MAY 19, 1897, TO TRANSACT BUSINESS THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

For Rates, Write or Phone.

GEORGE H. BAKER

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE

Phone, 375-J. Northville, Mich.

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 43. NORTHVILLE

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Announcement of Our Annual
July Clearance Sale

- AT -

Detroit's Smartest Shopping Place

D.J. Healy SHOPS

222-228 WOODWARD AVE.

Owing to bad weather, business has been a trifle backward and our stocks are heavy—heavier than ever before. We will therefore offer some radical reductions during this sale in Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Blouses, Infants' and Children's Wearing Apparel, Negligees, Undermuslins, Knit Underwear, Corsets, Linens, Beddings, Towelings, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Embroideries, Veilings, Laces, Needlework, Leather Goods, Toilet Articles, Pictures, and "Gifts Artistic."

If you are interested in any of the above mentioned items you will find our Personal Service Department ready to serve you in any way. Write, mentioning items you are interested in, and our corp of expert shoppers will do your bidding.

See Our Advertisement Next Week

NINA DAY GRIFFIN

CONTRALTO.

Vocal Instructions and Coaching
Phone 392-R-2.

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 D. KILLETT, 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, at said court room be appointed for proving said instrument. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne. (A true copy).

HENRY S. HULBERT,

Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. FLINT,

45-47, Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne. In Chancery. No. 56092.

Peter Stank, Plaintiff.

vs.

Anna Stank, defendant.

At a session of said court held at the court house in the city of Detroit, on the 13th day of June, 1917.

Present, HON. GEO. P. CODD, Circuit Judge.

It appearing to the said court from affidavit on file, that defendant, Anna Stank, is not a resident of this state but is a resident of the state of New York.

On motion of M. E. Tripp, Esq., for plaintiff, it is ordered,

that said defendant, enter her appearance in the above entitled cause within three months from the date of this order or the bill of complaint herein, will be taken as confessed against her.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once each week for six successive weeks in the Northville Record, a newspaper published and circulated in this county.

GEORGE P. CODD,

Circuit Judge.

(A true copy).

JOHN D. LESNAU,

47-1, Deputy Clerk.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Leading Analysts Brand.

Chichester's Diamond Brand.

Pills in a Gold Metallic Case, sealed with Blue Ribbon.

Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

A reliable time-tested remedy for
the treatment of Kidney disorders

PENSLAR KIDNEY PILLS

This effective remedy has proven
itself of real value time and time
again, and wherever it has been
tried, successful results have
usually followed.

We believe that these pills de-
serve in your case and the sooner
you start treating your kidney
trouble the less likely you are to
suffer further complications. Let
us show you the formula of these
Penslar Kidney Pills which we sell
in two sizes at 25c and 50c.

T. E. Murdock
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

FLOWERS

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

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
J. M. DIXON, Prop. Phone

FORD AGENCY
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.
Ford Touring Cars \$360
Ford Runabouts, \$345
Ford Chassis, \$525

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time.

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

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

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

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

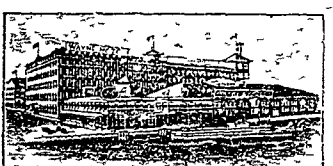
Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

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

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 Ave.) MICH.

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

WAYNE HOTEL AND GARDENS
In connection. Delightfully located on river
front, adjacent to D. & C. War Co's Wharfe.
Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00
per day and up.
J. R. Hayes, Prop. F. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

Northville Newslets.

Chautauqua time will soon be here.

"Glorious Fourth" a week from next
Wednesday.

L. W. Simmons is able to be out on
the street again, after an illness of
many weeks.

The Colonial Crochet club will meet
with Mrs. Warren Van Dyne Wednes-
day, June 27.

Yesterday—Thursday, June 21—
was the longest day of the year.
Did you notice it?

Plymouth High school graduates a
class of 23 this season, South Lyon 11,
and Milford 19.

Clark Curtiss is one of the students
graduated this week from the North-
western High school, Detroit.

Miss Hazel Parmelee has been en-
gaged as teacher of the school at
Livonia Center for next season.

The High School girls' Glee club
enjoyed an auto-truck ride to Walled
Lake Saturday and a picnic at the
pretty resort.

"The wild oats-crop is in danger of
being badly injured if not entirely
ruined by the Boy Scout movement."
(Contributed).

The seventh graders "picnicked"
at Walled Lake Thursday and the
eighth grade pupils go this Friday to
the same place.

W. A. Ely and family have been
moving into the Elwood Knapp house
this week. Mr. Weitzman and family
will occupy the Ely residence.

The students of the ninth grade had
a delightful day Wednesday, the pro-
gram including an auto ride to the
Farmer cottage at Long Lake and a
picnic there.

A regular epidemic of picnics has
prevailed in school circles this week,
and the weather department has put
no obstacles in the way up to the date
of this issue of the Record.

South Lyon's council "came across"
with \$500 for the purchase of a
Liberty Loan bond in the name of the
village, and claims to be the only
town to take such action. Good
work, anyway.

Annual picnic and reunion of the
Detroit-Northville association tomor-
row—Saturday—afternoon, June 23, at
Belle Isle, Detroit. "Cross the
bridge, turn to left along the shore
to 'Welcome' sign."

This is Red Cross week. Three
days of it are left. If you haven't
joined the great army of workers for
humanity, don't fail to add your mite,
large or small, to the grand total that
will mean so much to the soldiers and
their dependents.

Any persons who are so uninformed,
or so defiant of law as to contemplate
the killing of birds that annoy them
by eating fruit should read the edi-
torial in this issue of the Record, also
they should obtain and read a copy of
the Michigan laws on that subject.

Mrs. W. A. Walter requests the
Record to state that she has received
word from Red Cross headquarters in
Detroit that if there are any members
here who have not received their cer-
tificates of membership they should at
once communicate with Emory W.
Clark, treasurer, Detroit Chapter
American Red Cross, Detroit, Mich.

Village President High has a plan
whereby the town will own its build-
ing and at no cost to the taxpayers.
The Masonic hall can be had for \$500
and the entire sum will be paid by
"fool auto drivers." At the last meet-
ing of the council Judge Burt turned
in \$220 in fines collected by enforce-
ment of our laws.—Redford Record.

A representative of the State
Library at Lansing recently visited the
local Ladies' Library and com-
plimented the association very highly on
the quantity, quality and condition of
the books, the attractiveness of the
rooms and the successful business
methods pursued by the trustees in
the conducting and maintenance of
such an institution without official
assistance from state or township.

During the excavations for improve-
ment of the municipal spring on the
Fishery road, some interesting finds
were made recently. The entire
skeleton of a deer was uncovered, also
a white oak log 13 inches in diameter,
the wood as perfectly preserved as if
it had lain there but a season. As it
was found three feet below the surface
the tree must have fallen there a great
many years ago, since soils of that
kind are of very slow formation; also
it is some generations since deer were
wont to roam over our surrounding
hills and drink from the living springs
that now furnish water for our village.

WANTED—Reliable girl for general
housework. Permanent place and good
salary for right person. References
required. Apply to Mr. Weitzman, at
Weitzman's grocery.

A. M. Van Tassel has been at Battle
Creek this week, attending the state
G. A. R. convention.

The High school teachers were
hostesses at an al fresco six o'clock
breakfast for the senior class Wednes-
day morning, preceded by a motor trip
to the woods a few miles southwest of
town.

The Baptist Ladies' Aid will meet
at the home of Mrs. Albert Vradenburg
Wednesday, June 27. At the close of
the meeting the ladies whose birth-
days occur in May and June will serve
ice cream and cake.

Miss Gladys Chapman returns to her
home northwest of town this week,
after graduation from the Ann Arbor
High school. Miss Chapman is also
a graduate of the Household Arts de-
partment of the state Normal College,
and holds a B. p. d. degree.

A runaway yesterday afternoon
gave Cecil Carey an opportunity to es-
tablish a record for horse-catching.
He is now considered qualified to run
down and corner up any steed that
gets away from proper control.

Howard West of Birmingham, con-
nected with the local Northville Motor
Sales Co., had his new Dodge touring
car stolen from in front of the Dodge
Bros. factory in Detroit last week
Friday. So far no trace of it can be
found though fortunately the car was
insured.

The N. W. C. will hold a basket
picnic at the home of Mrs. C. H.
Bloom next Tuesday afternoon, June
26. Should it rain, the place of meet-
ing will be the Ladies' Library.
Members are reminded to be sure and
bring the necessary dishes for their
own use.

The G. of S. club enjoyed a picnic
supper in the village park Monday
evening with Miss Mary Ellen Munro
and Mrs. H. A. Boyden as hostesses.
This was the last meeting of the year
as part of the members are school
teachers who left this week for their
various homes.

The Grand Council of the Campfire
girls held in the school gym last Fri-
day evening was a very pleasant
affair. A number of guests were
present, including the Boy Scouts.
Refreshments in the form of lemon-
ade and wafers were served. Miss
Weller was in charge, Mrs. Des Antels
not being able to be present.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.
(By the Pastor.)

The Knights of Pythias will wor-
ship with us next Sunday morning at
10 o'clock. The subject of the ser-
mon will be, "Service and Reward."
Let us all come and give them wel-
come.

The Sunday school will meet at
11:30. Not a bad place for all the
members of the church congregation
to tarry for an hour. The call of
the out-of-doors is doubtless strong
in the hearts of the young these sum-
mer days; but an hour spent in the
study of God's word will not be lost
but will add to the delight of a de-
lightful day.

The Christian Endeavor society
will meet at 6 p. m. This will be
the last meeting of the summer, and
it is hoped that all Endeavorers will
be present. The meeting will be
led by the President, W. E. Ross.

Evening worship at 7 o'clock.
Sermon subject: "The Whatsoever
Brand of Faith."

Prayer service on Thursday even-
ing at 7 o'clock.

The Lois Circle will hold a picnic
at the home of Mrs. D. P. Yerkes on
Tuesday afternoon, June 26, at 3:00
o'clock.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

Regular preaching service, morn-
ing and evening.

Sunday school will convene at 11:30.

Ladies' aid meeting at Mrs. Albert
Vradenburg's Wednesday, June 27.
All are cordially invited.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The pastor will preach both morn-
ing and evening. Sermon topic for
the morning service will be "The
sower and the seed." In the evening
the theme will be "Why he failed."

The Sunday school will meet at
11:30.

The Epworth League service at 6
o'clock will be led by Mr. Edward
Bogart. All young people invited.

Mid-week service Thursday evening
at 7:30.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

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

FORESTERS OF AMERICA
Regular Meetings:
June 22 Election of officers.
A. J. SIMMONS, B. A. SCHULTZ,
Secy. C. R.

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186, F. & A. M.
Regular July 9

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55, R. A. M.
Regular July 11.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39, K. T.
Regular July 3.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.
Regular July 20.

DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT WEDNES- DAY.

A most regrettable accident happen-
ed in Plymouth Wednesday when an
automobile driven by Mrs. Nora Van
Sickle of this place struck a little boy
of that village, inflicting injuries
which caused the child's death a few
hours later. A group of children
were playing in the street and a little
fellow ran in front of the machine so
suddenly that it was impossible to
stop it in time. A number of people
who saw the accident are united in
testifying that it was unavoidable,
and completely exonerate Mrs.
VanSickle from blame. She was
driving even more slowly than usual
because of being near the railroad
tracks, and as is well known here she
is not a fast driver at any time.

FARMERS, ATTENTION.

All farmers living in the vicinity of
Northville are urged to be present
Saturday evening, June 23, at 7:30 in
Catermole hall for the purpose of or-
ganizing into a community. At this
meeting a committee will be elected to
work with the County Agricultural
Agent in helping the agricultural in-
terests of this county, particularly
this section. Come and find out the
purpose of the meeting. Come and
see how your community can be aided
in its further development. Every-
one interested in farming is welcome.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTES.

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

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By the Press Correspondent.)
A well-filled house greeted the
ladies at the W. R. C. benefit last
week—About \$58 above expenses
was realized.

Flag Day, June 14, was observed
with special services at Oakwood
cemetery and decorating graves of
deceased members.

The 34th annual convention Depart-
ment of Michigan W. R. C. is in ses-
sion at Battle Creek this week.
Corps No. 225 of Northville, will be
represented by Mrs. Winifred Ses-
sions and Mrs. Ella VanTassel.

The 12th regular meeting of Allen
M. Harmon W. R. C. No. 225, will
be held in Scott's hall Wednesday
evening, June 27. Call to order at
7:30.

STATEMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The cavalry, engineers, coast artill-
ery, signal corps and quartermaster
corps of the regular army have already
been brought to war strength.

45,000 recruits are needed at once
to complete ten new regiments of in-
fantry and field artillery.

25,000 additional recruits are de-
sired at the earliest practicable date
to fill vacancies in order that the war
strength of 300,000 men may be main-
tained.

Facilities are in readiness for plac-
ing these 70,000 men under proper
training.

Any delay in obtaining this number
will necessarily cause the loss of in-
valuable time.

It is the earnest desire of the War
Department that 70,000 single men
between the ages of 13 and 40, who
have no dependents and who are not
engaged in professions, business, or
trades vitally necessary to the prose-
cution of the war be enlisted in the
regular army before the 30th of June,
1917. NEWTON D. BLAKE,
Secretary of War.

NOTICE.

You can pay your taxes at the
Northville State Savings bank up to
August 1st without the extra percent
being added. H. E. TAFT,
48w2c. Village Treasurer.

Dismal.

"History is interesting," remarked a
little beginner the other day, "but I
think it is very sad, father. Do you
know everybody I've studied about yet
has died."

Your banking business
given careful attention.

Our desire is to be of
service to you.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK
Northville, Michigan.

SMART NEW LOW SHOES

IT'S
OXFORD
TIME!



All
Styleful
and
Beautiful.

Time to get out of boots and into a pair of those
smart new

"JOHN KELLEY" PUMPS

For street you'll be highly delighted with a pair
of White Lenox Cloth Pumps; for Sunday or
evening wear we offer black or colored kid
Pumps—Patent Leather if that's your prefer-
ence.

STARK BROTHERS

Northville, Mich.

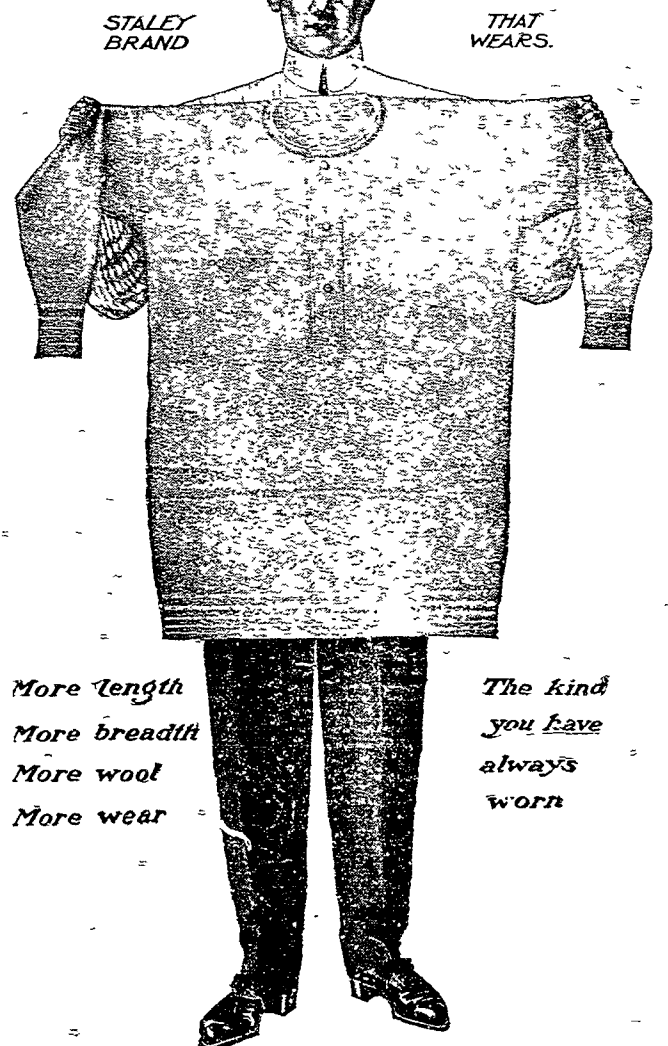
THE SHOEMEN.

GARRICK THEATRE, DETROIT.

For the seventh week of her Detroit
season Miss Bonstelle will offer a spe-
cial revival of the great American
drama, "The Great Divide," by Wm.
Vaughn Moody. This play holds the
record of Miss Bonstelle's many weeks
at the Garrick and it is doubtful if
Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin
were ever provided with a more in-
teresting vehicle.

In Solitude.
All weighty things are done in soli-
tude—that is, without society. The
means of improvement consist not in
projects, nor in any violent designs,
for these cool, and cool very soon, but
in patient practicing for whole long
days, by which I make the thing clear
to my highest reason—Jean Paul
Richter.

Stephenson Underwear



More length
More breadth
More wool
More wear

The kind
you have
always
worn

For Sale by

WM. GORTON

Northville, Michigan.

WEB OF STEEL

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

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

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"He wouldn't be a common workman, would he?" asked the girl, more disappointed than she could express. "Certainly not. He'd be keeping track of material, or running a transit, or acting as a gang foreman. Most of the workmen are foreigners, although the bridge erectors are Americans."

"You're sure that he's not here?"

"Absolutely."

"There's the dam," said Winters. "Well try that in the morning."

"What good is it going to do us, Dick?" asked Rodney a little irritably. "Even if we do find him, we can't make him speak."

"I don't know," answered the woman slowly. "But if I could just see him, once again, Mr. Rodney"—she spoke



"He Wouldn't Be a Common Workman, Would He?" Asked the Girl.

without hesitation or reserve, and both men felt deeply for her—"If I could just speak to him, if he would only—" "I believe you can persuade him," said Winters.

"Yes, perhaps, but I want Shurtliff to speak first, then we can approach our friend himself with more confidence," said Rodney.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Brute Force or Finesse.

"What do you want me to say, Mr. Rodney?" asked Shurtliff, coming through the door, having caught Rodney's use of his name.

"Oh, Shurtliff—" began Rodney, somewhat embarrassed at having been overheard.

"What do you want me to speak about?" continued the old man suspiciously, not giving the younger man time to finish. "And what friend can you then approach, sir?"

"I'll tell you what I want," said Rodney. He quickly came to a decision. Standing up and facing the old man, he staked everything on one bold throw. Grasp the situation, Helen Illingworth held her breath. Winters moved to take his own part in the game at the proper time.

"What is it, sir?" asked the secretary.

"Shut the door and come in," was the answer.

Rodney spoke sharply, and it was a sort of indication, characteristic of the difference in station between an independent young man and a subservient old man.

"Here I am, sir," answered Shurtliff, closing the door and standing before it. He shot a quick glance at the young woman. He observed her tense position. He saw the emotions that filled her soul in her face and bearing. All his old suspicions rose like a flood. For a moment he no longer cared for her. He almost hated her. He looked from her to the dark-faced, determined Rodney, to big, powerful, quiet Winters. Was this a trap? Were they going to try to force him to speak? He was a brave man, old Shurtliff, but his heart beat a little faster as he faced them. He was quite master of himself, though, cool, watchful, determined; in their eyes rather admirable than otherwise.

"The time has come for you to tell us the truth," began Rodney emphatically. "You know that the whole blame and responsibility for the failure of the International bridge is loaded on the wrong man. You know that you permitted, and even made possible, the sacrifice of the reputation of the son for the sake of the fame of the father. You know that this girl here is breaking her heart, that Meade's life is ruined, and you're to blame. Now the time has come for you to speak. We know as well as you that young Meade is innocent. Here's our evidence."

He drew a handful of papers from his inside breast pocket and shook them in the face of the old man, who had slunk back against the side of the car and stood staring, white-faced,

thin-lipped, close-mouthed, inexorably resolved still.

"Read them," continued Rodney. "I'll admit to you that the whole thing would not be worth the paper it's written on in a court of law, or even in a newspaper report, but it's convincing to us, and you can make it convincing to everybody. You've got to speak."

"Do you think, sir, that there's any power in your stretched-out arm, or in your rude voice or in your threatening gesture to make me speak?"

"By the Lord," exclaimed Winters, suddenly whipping out a Colt's .45 from the holster at his belt—he was dressed just as he had been when he rode away from the ranch—"out West we've got ways for persuading men to speak, and this is one of them."

Winters was a bigger man than Rodney. His life had been wild and rough, and his manner when he wanted was accordingly. He would fain add physical compulsion under threat of death to Rodney's mental insistence.

"And do you think, sir, that I'm afraid of any lethal weapon you can produce or even use, any more than I am of Mr. Rodney's words?" The old man's eyes flashed, and his knees shook, but he had all the spirit of a soldier as he looked into Winters' stern face, full of threat and menace. His thin voice took on a certain quality of courage. It even rang a little. His courage was mainly moral, but there was some accompanying physical hardihood, that was undoubted. "You can't beat me, you can even kill me, if you wish, but you can't make me say a word I don't want to say of my own free will," he cried out at last, his voice strangely rising.

"Gentlemen," said Helen Illingworth, rising and swiftly interposing between the secretary and the two angry men. She realized that the affair had gone far enough and that she must intervene. They had certainly failed lamentably; almost ludicrously. "You are wrong to threaten Mr. Shurtliff. He is old enough to be the father of either of you. Drop your arm, Mr. Rodney. Put up that pistol, Mr. Winters. Mr. Shurtliff," said the girl quickly, "as I am in a certain sense your hostess, and as you are in a certain sense my guest here, I apologize to you for the improper and impulsive conduct of these young men. They love Bertram Meade dearly, as I do. Let that be their excuse. Meanwhile, they will apologize to you here and now, I am sure."

There was a moment of silence. Rodney and Winters stared at each other, and both looked at the girl, confronting them so confidently in her superb and beautiful way. Winters smiled a little shamefacedly as he shoved his gun back into its holster. His had indeed been the greater offense.

"Mr. Winters, Mr. Rodney," said the girl insistently.

"Oh, I apologize. I suppose it was wrong to threaten him," said Rodney disgustedly.

"Hang it," said Winters, now utterly forgetful of conventions, "it wasn't the thing to do to draw a gun on a little old man, and I'm sorry I did it."

"And now that we've apologized, you'll tell us the truth, won't you?" asked Rodney swiftly, with no appreciable change of manner.

"Yes, we beg it now, humbly," chimed in Winters, with anything but an humble air or voice.

"I won't have Mr. Shurtliff even appealed to now," said Miss Illingworth. "You have threatened him and you have apologized. Whether he forgives you or not is for him to decide, but he shall not be worried, or questioned, or insulted any more."

"Thank you, Miss Illingworth. I came for that book on the desk; your father wants it," said Shurtliff grimly, bowing slightly to her.

He stepped a little tremblingly—the scene had been unerving—past the young men, picked up the book, bowed again formally and unmistakably to Miss Illingworth alone, and went out of the car. The honors of the encounter were certainly his.

"Well, Miss Illingworth," said Winters, "I don't know whether you made a mistake or not. I think I could have scared it out of him with this little persuader of mine—" He tapped the butt of the pistol.

"You couldn't have done it if you had killed him," said the woman, who had read the old secretary correctly. "He isn't what I call a daring man, but he has courage that would take him to the stake rather than make him give way, the courage of endurance rather than of action. When he speaks, if he ever does, it will be of his own free will."

"Or because you may persuade him," said Rodney. "By jove, when I think it over, it was the finest thing you ever did."

"Bertram Meade's a lucky fellow," said Winters. "You're the kind of a girl that ought to marry out West, where we try to breed men that will match up."

Helen Illingworth laughed a little, although she felt no inclination to merriment.

"That's a fine compliment," she said. "Well, this has rather shaken me, and

I'm going to ask you gentlemen to excuse me."

"We'll see if he is working on the dam tomorrow."

"You will stay all night, Mr. Winters?"

"Your father invited me to take a bunk in his car, and, to be perfectly frank with you, I'd sleep out in the open rain rather than miss a chance of being in on the end of a game like this."

The girl bowed and left them.

"Dick," said Rodney slowly at last, as the two sat smoking together in the silence of complete understanding and good comradeship, which requires no expression in talk, "you're not the only man who thinks that girl would be a good wife to a man."

"Ah," said Winters, "sits the wind in that quarter, Rod?"

"Yes," answered the other, "but I'm fighting this thing through for Meade."

"Well, by George," said the big ranchman, "you're as good a man as Meade any day, fine fellow as he is. I wish I had some chance to get in this game and make myself worthy of the two of you, let alone the lady."

"It was a rare confidence that Rodney had vouchsafed to his friend, and like every other Anglo-Saxon, having said his say, he did not wish to discuss it further."

"Do you know," he began, changing the subject abruptly, "I think things have turned out pretty well in spite of our foolishness a while ago. I believe if there's a spark of human gratitude in Shurtliff's heart, the girl's interposition when you and I were threatening him, and her refusal to allow him to be questioned later, will fan it into flame. And I have an idea that when he thinks it over he'll be about ready to tell."

"Are you sure he has anything to tell?"

"Certain."

"Well, I guess you're right. It sort of consoles me for having drawn my gun. Without using it, too. And if he tells in the morning and we find Meade, everything will be lovely."

"For everybody but me," said Rodney.

"I'll tell you what, old man, when this thing's over, you're coming out to spend the rest of the winter with me on the ranch. It's the greatest place on earth for a man to back up. There's no woman within fifty miles."

Rodney laughed a little grimly. "I'll go you," he said.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Battle From Above.

The rain had stopped by morning, to the great relief of Colonel Illingworth, Severance and Curtiss, and the satisfaction of Helen. There was little sun to dry the big, red sandstone mesa, its sides seamed into fantastic shapes, which rose grandly between the valley of the Pickett Wire and the ravine of the Kicking Horse, and which the young woman intended to cross in her walk toward the dam with Rodney and Winters. The siding near the steel-arch bridge was close to the rock wall of the ravine, which here had been so scoured out of the rocky side of the mesa by torrents of other days that it could fairly be called a gorge. Consequently the bank of clouds above the horizon to the northwest was hid behind the big butte from the occupants of the two private cars. Although the day did not promise to be fair, they

progress of work on the bridge. Shurtliff, who went about his business gravely reserved, frigidly cold and self-contained, had work to do at his desk. The woman and the two young men were for the dam.

After an early breakfast, therefore, the second car was uncoupled, and the engine backed it down around the mesa toward the viaduct twenty miles below.

Rodney and Winters prepared to go with Miss Illingworth across the wooded island, with its cresting of stone, so to speak, that lay between the ravine and the valley.

The conductor of the train, a local employee of the railroad, told them that the shortest way was directly over the mesa. The sandstone of which this huge mound was mainly composed had been broken and disintegrated on all sides by centuries of erosion and weathering, and there were practicable ascents and descents at both ends. The nearest ascent was at the side of the big tableland directly opposite which the car was placed.

The trails through the pines which covered the hill up to the very foot of the big butte were unrequented and in bad repair, but practicable if the traveler was prepared for a wetting. The shortest and on the whole the easiest way to the dam would be to make their way to the foot of the mesa, climb it through the big ravine and cross it to the lower end, less than two miles away, where there was an easy descent to the dam.

"And if you get caught in the rain," said the conductor, "which ain't likely, for it's already rained more in the last twenty-four hours than in the last twenty-four years, it seems to me, there's a hut, half stone and half timber, up on the mesa that campers sometimes make use of when they want to see the sun rise, which is a mighty fine sight from there. It was in pretty fair shape when I visited it last year, and you can find shelter there. It's at the highest point on the mesa. You can see a long way up the gulch there, and a longer way down and up the Pickett Wire valley. Above the dam it used to show a level, fertile stretch between the hills, but it's all a lake now."

Shurtliff, of course, declined Miss Illingworth's invitation to accompany the party on pleg of urgent duties and important papers to prepare. He had spoken no words to Rodney or Winters, and those gentlemen made no effort to engage him in conversation. They were, in truth, a little ashamed of their actions of the night before. They were exceedingly anxious as to whether their theories as to the possible effect of Miss Illingworth's action would be justified, so they carefully avoided the secretary, letting the heaven work if it would. To their disappointment, it gave no sign of life or action.

Of the four most interested in Meade, Winters was the only one who had slept soundly that night. Rodney was too much in love with the woman ever to sleep soundly again, he thought—certainly not until her future had been settled and her relations to Meade finally determined. Shurtliff's feelings were painful in the extreme. Torn between the old habit of affection for the dead, his new habit of affection for the woman, his oft-recurring compunction of conscience, his immediate resentment of the treatment of the two men, his acknowledgment of the splendid action of the woman, his suspicions, his uncertainty, as to how the younger Meade would take it if he told the truth, he slept not at all.

Into Helen Illingworth's mind also had come, although, to her credit be it said, not until she had retired and had thought over her action in the light of the hints given, that perhaps her generous interposition in behalf of Shurtliff might move his gratitude and that he might at last vouchsafe her the help which she felt more certain than ever he alone could give. She was glad when the thought came to her that she could look herself squarely in the face and declare to her conscience that it had not been back of her action, which had been purely spontaneous.

The possibility, although a faint one, that Meade might be working on the dam and that she might see him on the morrow would have sufficed to give her a wakeful night. Rodney was a more careful observer than Winters, but even the cattleman noticed that she looked worn and strained as he helped her out of the car for their tramp across the mesa to the dam.

"You know," he said, with rough-and-ready sympathy, "we haven't the least assurance that Meade is there. It's only a chance, and probably a long one."

"I shall never rest until it is decided absolutely one way or the other," said the woman.

"Well, I'm not much of a walker," said the cattleman. "I generally prefer to get over the ground astride of a broncho, but I guess I can keep up with the party for two miles, if that's the distance."

It was dark and damp and wet under the pines. Although the two men cleared the way for her, holding branches back and shaking the water off the drooping boughs, it was well

Helen was protected from the wet. She had tramped hills and mountains many a time; camp and forest were familiar to her. She wore a short-skirted dress, stout boots and leggings, and a yellow western slicker.

The exertion of the upward climb, stumbling over broken branches and uprooted logs, and floundering through boggy places on the trail, brought a touch of color to her face, and though damp, the air sweet and fragrant, clean, and pure, refreshed and pleased her greatly; the men, too. It was a hard pull, and she was out of breath when she reached the broken coulee, or ravine, which led to the top of the big red sandstone plateau.

"I'm terribly out of practice," she said to the two men, "but I don't believe I'm in any worse state than you are, Mr. Winters."

"I told you I wasn't any good on foot," said Winters, who was blowing like a grampus.

Rodney laughed at the two of them. "Look at me," he said. "I'm as fresh as when I began."

"Well, you're used to walking," returned Winters. "It's this plugging along this broken trail that has knocked us out. The rich, they ride on bronchos, you know."

"When we get on top of the mesa we'll find it easier going," said Rodney encouragingly.

"Set us start," said the girl, suddenly serious, as she thought what might be at the end of the journey.

"Before we go any farther," said Winters, starting up the ravine at the sky which showed about it, "just take a look at that."

He pointed to the black clouds rapidly rising, apparently against the wind, which swayed rather violently the tops of the tallest pines, although they were protected and in comparative quiet where they stood in the ravine.

"It looks as if there were more rain there," said Rodney.

"It's incredible," answered Winters, "after what we've had."

"But it certainly is coming down again, and if I'm any judge, it will be another cloudburst."

"Perhaps we'd better go back," suggested Winters to Miss Illingworth.

"Go back!" exclaimed the girl. "When I'm as near as this?"

"But it's only a possibility, you know."

"Possibility or not, it would take a deluge in my path to stop me. Come."

It was an entirely practicable climb, but rather a hard one on the wet, crumbling rocks. It did not take the three young people long to surmount the difficulties, however, and after a few minutes they stood on top of the mesa.

Near at hand was the hut of which the conductor had spoken. It stood upon a little rise above the general level, and from it one could see far in every direction. Between the hills and over the lower crest of Baldwin's knob they could even see dimly the far-off plains, a little sickly yellow light still lingering there before the advance of the storm.

The hut was made of stone and logs. They had not any more than reached it before the storm began. Claps of thunder, flashes of lightning under which the army on the dam were fighting, were heard and seen with tenfold clearness by the little group on the huge upland.

It was a sight to awe the very soul of humanity. Miles and miles down the mountain side and among the hills the shivering battalions of clouds rolled and tumbled and tossed and clashed like aerial armies. The lightning, while it was not in sheets, was practically continuous, flash succeeding flash in uncountable and blinding succession. Again they noticed the strange concurring, bursting effect as bolt after bolt apparently struck some granite ledge and was then thrown back in splinters of fire. The heavy, awful roll of the thunder was continuous and terrific.

They stood staring through door and windows in silence, Meade and their quest forgot in the appalling tempest by all except the woman. It was she who recalled them.

"Let us hasten on," she said, and she had almost to scream to make herself heard in the wild tumult. "It's magnificent, wonderful, but—"

As a matter of fact, all the manifestations of nature at its grandest would not have sufficed to turn her head away from her lover's face if she could have seen him.

"You can't go now," said Winters decisively, "the rain's bad enough as it is, and that cloud will burst in a minute. Old Noah's flood won't be a circumstance to it."

"I'm protected from the rain," she answered.

Winters shook his head. "The weight of it would almost beat you down, Miss Illingworth."

"I haven't had any experience with it, but I think Winters is right," said Rodney.

"I'll go on alone, then," said the girl passionately, stepping out of the house; "if you gentlemen don't care to come."

The next moment, with a culminating scream like the shriek of all the lost souls of creation heard above the furious detonating roar of the thunder, the wind added its quota to the demonstration of natural force, and now the rain fairly dropped upon them in apparently solid sheets. Of course clouds do not burst. Such a thing is scientifically and meteorologically impossible, but anyone who has ever experienced the suddenness and fury and weight of a western deluge in a normally dry land will understand the term. The wind swept over the plateau, where it had free course like a hurricane; the rain came down in masses apparently. Until their eyes became accustomed to it, the falling water blotted out the landscape.

The woman was hurled against the side of the house by the sudden and violent assault of the hurricane. The two men half dragged, half carried her around to the lee side of the cabin. The roof of the hut had given way here and there, and within it was soon flooded. Where they stood, however, by chance happened to be the solid part of the overhang of the roof, and they were in some degree protected, that is, from the direct violence of the downpour. They were, of course, drenched in a few minutes in spite of their raincoats. With one man on either side of her to give her as much protection as possible, the woman leaned against the stone wall and stared through the rain down the valley, seeking to see the dam, perhaps a mile and a half away. Of course the maximum of the downpour could not last any more than the maximum of the gale, but the deluge was succeeded by a heavy, driving rain still swept on by a strong wind.

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

The next moment, with a culminating scream like the shriek of all the lost souls of creation heard above the furious detonating roar of the thunder, the wind added its quota to the demonstration of natural force, and now the rain fairly dropped upon them in apparently solid sheets. Of course clouds do not burst. Such a thing is scientifically and meteorologically impossible, but anyone who has ever experienced the suddenness and fury and weight of a western deluge in a normally dry land will understand the term. The wind swept over the plateau, where it had free course like a hurricane; the rain came down in masses apparently. Until their eyes became accustomed to it, the falling water blotted out the landscape.

The woman was hurled against the side of the house by the sudden and violent assault of the hurricane. The two men half dragged, half carried her around to the lee side of the cabin. The roof of the hut had given way here and there, and within it was soon flooded. Where they stood, however, by chance happened to be the solid part of the overhang of the roof, and they were in some degree protected, that is, from the direct violence of the downpour. They were, of course, drenched in a few minutes in spite of their raincoats. With one man on either side of her to give her as much protection as possible, the woman leaned against the stone wall and stared through the rain down the valley, seeking to see the dam, perhaps a mile and a half away. Of course the maximum of the downpour could not last any more than the maximum of the gale, but the deluge was succeeded by a heavy, driving rain still swept on by a strong wind.

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that it would overflow the dam, which would be swept away; the valley would be inundated by a flood, like a tidal wave, the incomplete viaduct would be ruined, the town would be overwhelmed, the loss of life and property would be appalling.

"The spillway ought to take it," shouted Winters, knowing what was

Below the mesa the lake was whipped into foam by the beat of the rain and rolled into waves by the assault of the wind. All three of them knew what this deluge portended. The downpour would raise the level of the lake so that

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman
Author of Whispering Smith

NAN AND DE SPAIN TAKE WILD CHANCES OF BEING CAUGHT IN THEIR CLANDESTINE LOVE-MAKING AND THE GIRL FINALLY GETS INTO TROUBLE THROUGH SASSOON'S SPYING

Henry de Spain, general manager of the stagecoach line running from Thief River to Sleepy Cat, railroad division town in the Rocky mountains, is fighting a band of cattle thieves and gunmen living 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. He and pretty Nan Morgan, niece of the gang leader, are secretly in love, but fear trouble if they attempt to marry.

CHAPTER XVII.

Danger.

When she tiptoed into her uncle's room at midnight, Nan's heart beat as the wings of a bird beat from the broken door of a cage into a forbidden sky of happiness. She had left the room a girl, she returned a woman. Sleep she did not expect or even ask for; the night was all too short to think of those tense, fearful moments that had pledged her to her lover. When the anxiety of her situation overwhelmed her, as they would again and again, she felt herself in the arms of this strange, resolute man whom all her own hatred and whom she knew she already loved beyond all power to put away. In her heart, she had tried this more than once—she knew she could not, would not, ever do it, or even try to do it, again.

She rejected in his love. She trusted. When he spoke she believed this man whom no one around her would believe; and she, who never had believed what other men avowed, and who detested their avowals, believed De Spain, and secretly, guiltily, glowed in every word of his devotion and breathed faint in its every caress.

Night could hardly come fast enough after the next long day. A hundred times during that day she reminded herself, while the slow, majestic sun shone shimmering on the hot desert, that she had promised to steal out into the grounds the minute darkness fell—he would be waiting. A hundred times in the long afternoon Nan looked into the cloudless western sky and with puny, eager hands would have pushed the lagging orb on its course that she might sooner give herself into the arms where she felt her place so sure, her honor safe, her helplessness so protected, herself so loved.

How her cheeks burned after supper when she asked her uncle for leave to post a letter downtown! How breathless with apprehension she halted as De Spain stepped from the shadow of the trees and drew her importunately beneath them for the kiss that had burned on her troubled lips all day! How, girl-like, knowing his caresses were all her own—knowing she could at an instant call forth enough to smother her—she tyrannized his importuning, and like a lovely miser, hoarded her responsiveness under calm eye and laconic whispers until, when she did give back his eagerness, she made his senses reel.

How dreamily she listened to every word he let fall in his outpouring of devotion; how gravely she put up her hand to restrain his busy intrusion, and asked if he knew that no man in the world, least of all her fierce and burly cousin, had ever touched her lips until he himself forced a kiss on them the night before. "And now!" She hid her face against his shoulder. "Oh, Henry, how I love you! I'm so ashamed I couldn't tell you if it weren't night; I'll never look you in the face again in the daytime."

And when he told her how little he himself had had to do with, and how little he knew about girls, even from boyhood, how she feigned not to believe, and believed him still! They were two children raised in the magic of an hour to the supreme height of life and dizzy together on its summit.

"I don't see how you can care for me, Henry. Oh, I mean it," she protested, holding her head resolutely up. "You know who we are, away off there in the mountains. Everyone hates us. I suppose they're plenty of reason to: we hate everybody else. And why shouldn't we? We're at war with everyone. You know, better than I do, what goes on in the gap. I don't want to know; I try not to know; Uncle Duke tries to keep things from me—that day on Music—I couldn't believe you meant it at all. And yet—I'm afraid I liked to try to think you did. When you looked at me I felt as if you could see right through me."

Confidences never came to an end. And diplomacy came into its own almost at once in De Spain's efforts to improve his relations with the implacable Duke. The day came when Nan's uncle could be taken home. De Spain sent to him a soft-spoken emissary, Bob Scott, offering to provide a light stage, with his complicity, for the trip. The intractable mountaineer, with his refusal to accept the olive branch, blew Bob out of the room.

Nan was crushed by the result, but De Spain was not to be dismayed.

Lefever came to him the day after Nan had got her uncle home. "Henry," he began without any preliminaries, "there is one thing about your predicament ride up Music Mountain that I never got clear in my mind. After the fight, your cartridge belt was hanging up in the barn at Calabasas for two weeks. You walked in to us that morning with your belt buckled on. You told us you put it on before you came upstairs. What? Oh, yes, I know, Henry. But that belt wasn't hanging downstairs with your coat earlier in the evening. No, Henry, it wasn't—not when I looked. Don't tell me such things, because—I don't know. Where was the belt when you found it?"

"Some distance from the coat, John. I admit that. I'll tell you: some one had moved the belt. It was not where I left it. I was hurried the morning I rode in, and I can't tell you just where I found it."

Lefever never batted an eyelash. "I know you can't, Henry. Because you won't. That Scotch hybrid McAlpin knows a few things, too, that he won't tell. All I want to say is, you can trust that man too far. He's got all my recent salary. Every time Jeffries raises my pay that hairy-pawed horse-doctor reduces it just so much a month. And he does it with one pack of fifty-two small cards that you could stick into your vest pocket."

"McAlpin has a wife and children to support," suggested De Spain.

"Don't think for a moment he does it," returned Lefever vehemently. "I support his wife and children myself."

"You shouldn't play cards, John."

"It was by playing cards that I located Sassoon, just the same. A little game with your friend Bill Page, by the way. And say, that man blew into Calabasas one day here lately with a twenty-dollar bill; it's a fact. Now, where do you suppose he got twenty dollars in one bill? I know I



"Where Was the Belt When You Found It?"

had it two hours after he got there, and then in fifteen minutes that blamed bullwhacker you pay thirty-two a week to took it away from me. But I got Sassoon spotted. And where do you suppose Spill-lips is this minute?"

"Morgan's gap."

"Quite so—and been there all the time. Now, Bob has the old warrant for him—the question is, how to get him out."

De Spain reflected a moment before replying: "John, I'd let him alone just for the present," he said at length.

Lefever's eyes bulged. "Let Sassoon alone?"

"He'll keep—for a while, anyway."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to stir things up too strong over that way just at the minute, John."

"Why not?"

De Spain shuffled a little. "Well, Jeffries thinks we might let things rest till Duke Morgan and the others get over some of their soreness."

Lefever, astonished at the indifference of De Spain to the opportunity

of nabbing Sassoon, while he could be found, expostulated strongly. When De Spain persisted, Lefever, huffed, confided to Bob Scott that when the general manager got ready he could catch Sassoon himself.

De Spain wanted for Nan's sake, as well as his own, to see what could be done to pacify her uncle and his relatives so that a wedge might be driven in between them and their notorious henchman, and Sassoon brought to book with their consent; on this point, however, he was not quite bold-faced enough to take his friends into his confidence.

De Spain, as fiery a lover as he was a fighter, stayed none of his courting because circumstances, put, Music Mountain between him and his mistress. And Nan, after she had once surrendered, was nothing behind in the changes she unhesitatingly took to arrange her meetings with De Spain. He found in her, once her girlish timidity was overcome and a woman's confidence had replaced it, a disregard of consequences, so far as their own plans were concerned; that sometimes took away his breath.

The very day after she had got her uncle home, with the aid of Satisfree Morgan and an antiquated spring wagon, Nan rode, later in the afternoon, over to Calabasas. The two that would not be restrained had made their appointment at the lower lava beds halfway between the gap and Calabasas. The sun was sinking behind the mountain when De Spain galloped out of the rocks as Nan turned from the trail and rode toward the black and weather-beaten meeting place.

They could hardly slip from their saddles fast enough to reach each other's arms—Nan, trim as a model in fresh khaki, flying with a handkerchief—hardly larger than a postage stamp to wipe the decks of dust from her pink cheeks, while De Spain, between dabs, covered them with importunate greetings. Looking engrossed into each other's eyes, and both, in their eagerness, talking at once, they led their horses into hiding and sat down to try to tell all that had happened since their parting. Wars and rumors of wars, feuds and raidings, fights and pursuits, were no more to them than to babes in the woods. All that mattered to them—sitting or pacing together and absorbed in the path of the long-cold volcanic stream buried in the shifting sands of the desert—was that they should clasp each other's clinging hands, listen each to the other's answering voice, look unrestrained into each other's eyes.

They met in both the lava beds—the upper lay between the gap and town—more than once. And one day came a scare. They were sitting on a little ledge well up in the rocks where De Spain could overlook the trail east and west, and were talking about a bungalow some day to be in Sleepy Cat, when they saw men riding from the west toward Calabasas. There were three in the party, one lagging well behind. The two men leading, Nan and De Spain made out to be Gale Morgan and Page. They saw the man coming on behind stop his horse and lean forward, his head bent over the trail. He was examining the sand and halted quite a minute to study something. Both knew what he was studying—the hoofprints of Nan's pony heading toward the lava. Nan shrank back and with De Spain moved a little to where they could watch the intruder without being seen. Nan whispered first: "It's Sassoon." De Spain nodded. "What shall we do?"

"Nothing yet," returned her lover, watching the horseman, whose eyes were still fixed on the pony's trail, but who was now less than a half-mile away and riding straight toward them.

De Spain, his eyes on the danger and his hand laid behind Nan's waist, led the way guardedly down to where their horses stood. Nan, needing no instructions for the emergency, took the lines of the horses, and De Spain, standing beside his own horse, reached his right hand over in front of the pommel and, regarding Sassoon all the while, drew his rifle slowly from its scabbard. The blood fled from Nan's cheeks. She said nothing. Without looking at her, De Spain drew her own rifle from her horse's side, passed it into her hand, and, moving over in front of the horses, laid his left hand reassuringly on her waist again. At that moment, little knowing what eyes were on him in the black fragments ahead, Sassoon looked up. Then he rode more slowly forward. The color returned to Nan's cheeks. "Do you want me to use this?" she murmured, indicating the rifle.

"Certainly not. But if the others turn back, I may need it. Stay right here with the horses. He will lose the trail in a minute now. When he reaches the rock I'll go down and keep him from getting off his horse—he won't fight from the saddle."

But with an instinct better than knowledge, Sassoon, like a wolf scenting danger, stopped again. He scanned the broken and forbidding hump in front, now less than a quarter of a mile from him, questioning. His eyes seemed to rove inquisitively over the lava pile as if asking why a Morgan Gap pony had visited it. In another moment he wheeled his horse and spurred rapidly after his companions.

The two drew a deep breath. De Spain laughed. "What we don't know never hurts us." He drew Nan to him. Holding the rifle muzzle at arm's length as the butt rested on the ground, she looked up from the shoulder to which she was drawn. "What should you have done if he had come?"

"Taken you to the gap and then

taken him to Sleepy Cat, where he belongs."

"But, Henry, suppose—"

"There wouldn't have been any 'suppose'."

"Suppose the others had come."

"With one rifle, here, a man could stand off a regiment. Nan, do you know, you fit into my arm as if you were made for it?"

His courage was contagious. When he had tired her with fresh importunities he unplanned her felt hat and held it out of reach while he kissed and toyed with and disarranged her hair. In revenge, she snatched from his pocket his little black memorandum book and some letters and read, or pretended to read them, and seizing her opportunity she broke from him and ran with the utmost fleetness up into the rocks.

In two minutes they had forgotten the episode almost as completely as if it never had been. But when they left for home they agreed they would not meet there again. They knew that Sassoon, like a jackal, would surely come back, and more than once, until he found out just what that trail or any subsequent trail leading into the beds meant. The lovers laughed the jackal's spying to scorn and rode away, bantering, racing and chasing each other in the saddle, as solely concerned in their happiness as if there were nothing else of moment in the whole wide world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Facing the Music.

They had not underestimated the danger from Sassoon's suspicious malevolence. He returned next morning to read what further he could among the rocks. It was little, but it spelled a meeting of two people—Nan and another—and he was stimulated to keep his eyes and ears open for further discoveries. Moreover, continuing "ease" in seeing each other, undetected by hostile eyes, gradually rendered the lovers less cautious in their arrangements.

De Spain, naturally reckless, had won in Nan a girl hardly more concerned. Self-reliant, both of them, and instinctively vigilant, they spent so much time together that Scott and Lefever, who, before a fortnight had passed after Duke's return home, surmised that De Spain must be carrying on some sort of a clandestine affair hitting toward the gap, only questioned how long it would be before something happened, and only hoped it would not be, in their own word, unpleasant. It was not theirs in any case to admonish De Spain, nor to dog the movements of so capable a friend, even when his safety was concerned, so long as he preferred to keep his own counsel—there are limits within which no man welcomes uninvited assistance. And De Spain, in his long and frequent rides, his protracted absences, indifference to the details of business and careless humor, had evidently passed within these limits.

What was stage traffic to him compared to the sunshine on Nan's hair; what attraction had schedules to offer against a moment of her eyes; what pleasing connection could there be between bad-order wheels and her low laugh?

The two felt they must meet to discuss their constant perplexities and the problems of their difficult situation; but when they reached their trysting places, there was more of gaiety than gravity, more of nonchalance than concern, more of looking into each other's hearts than looking into the troublesome future. And there was hardly an inviting spot within miles of Music Mountain that one or the other of the two had not waited near.

There were, of course, disappointments, but there were only a few failures in their arrangements. The difficulties of these fell chiefly on Nan. How she overcame them was a source of surprise to De Spain, who marveled at her innocent resource in escaping the demands at home and making her way, despite an array of obstacles, to his distant impatience.

Midway between Music mountain and Sleepy Cat a low-lying wall of lava rock, in part sand-covered and in part exposed, parallels and sometimes crosses the principal trail. This undulating ridge was a favorite with De Spain and Nan, because they could ride in and out of hiding places without more than just leaving the trail itself. To the west of this ridge, and commanding it, rose rather more than a mile away the cone called Black Cap.

"Suppose," said Nan one afternoon, looking from De Spain's side toward the mountains, "someone should be spying on us from Black Cap?" She pointed to the solitary rock.

"If anyone has been, Nan, with a good glass he must have seen exchanges of confidence that would make him gnash his teeth. I know if I ever saw anything like it I'd go hang. But the country around there is too rough for a horse. Nobody even hides around Black Cap, except some tramp hold-up man that's crowded in his get-away. Bob Scott says there are dozens of mountain lions over there."

But Sassoon had the unpleasant patience of a mountain lion and his dogged persistence, and, hiding himself on Black Cap, he made certain one day of what he had long been convinced—that Nan was meeting De Spain.

The day after she had mentioned Black Cap to her lover, Nan rode over to Calabasas to get a horse mended. Galloping back, she encountered Sassoon just inside the gap. Nan so detested him that she never spoke when she could avoid it. On his part, he pretended not to see her as she passed. When she reached home she

found her Uncle Duke and Gale standing in front of the fireplace in the living room. The two appeared from their manner to have been in a heated discussion; one that had stopped suddenly on her appearance. Both looked at Nan. The expression on their faces forewarned her. She threw her quilt on the table, drew off her riding gloves, and began to unpin her hat; but she knew a storm was impending.

Gale had been made for a long time to know that he was an unwelcome visitor, and Nan's greeting of him was the merest contemptuous nod. "Well, uncle," she said, glancing at Duke, "I'm late again. Have you had supper?"

"Duke always spoke curtly; tonight his heavy voice was as sharp as an ax. 'Been late a good deal lately.' Nan laid her hat on the table, and, glancing composedly from one suspicious face to the other, put her hands up to arrange her hair. 'I'm going to try to do better. I'll go and get my supper if you've had yours.' She started toward the dining room."

"Hold on!" Nan paused at her uncle's ferocious command. She looked at him either really or feignedly surprised, her expression changing to one of indignation, and waited for him to



"You Coward!" She Cried.

speak. Since he did no more than glare angrily at her, Nan lifted her brows a little. "What do you want, uncle?"

"Where did you go this afternoon?"

"Over to Calabasas," she answered innocently.

"Who'd you meet there?" Duke's tone snapped with anger. He was working himself into a fury, but Nan saw it must be faced. "The same people I usually meet—why?"

"Did you meet Henry de Spain there this afternoon?"

Nan looked squarely at her cousin and returned his triumphant expression defiantly before she turned her eyes on her uncle. "No," she said collectedly. "Why?"

"See him anywhere else?"

"No, I did not. What do you mean?"

"What," demanded his niece with spirit, "do you want to know? What are you trying to find out?"

"Duke turned in his rage on Gale! 'There! You hear that—what have you got to say now?' he demanded with an abusive oath."

Gale jumped forward, his finger pointed at Nan. "Look here, do you deny you are meeting Henry de Spain all over the desert? You met him down the Sleepy Cat trail near Black Cap, didn't you?"

Nan stood with her back against the end of the table where her uncle's first words had stopped her, and she looked sideways toward her cousin. In her answer he heard as much contempt as a girl's voice could convey to a rejected lover. "So you've turned sneak!"

Gale roared a string of bad words. "You hire that coyote Sassoon to spy for you, do you?" demanded Nan coolly. "Aren't you proud of your many relation, uncle?" Duke was choking with rage. He tried to speak to her, but he could not form his words. "What is it you want to know, uncle? Whether it is true that I meet Henry de Spain? It is. I do meet him, and we're engaged to be married when you give us permission, Uncle Duke—and not till then."

"There you have it," cried Gale. "There's the story. I told you so. I've known it for a week, I tell you." Nan's face set. "Not only," continued her cousin jeeringly, "meeting that—"

Almost before the vile epithet that followed had reached her ears, Nan caught up the whip. Before he could escape, she cut Gale sharply across the face. "You coward," she cried, trembling so she could not control her voice. "If you ever dare use that word before me again, I'll horsewhip you. Go to Henry de Spain's face, you skunk, and say that if you dare."

"Put down that quilt, Nan," yelled her uncle.

"I won't put it down," she exclaimed defiantly. "And he will get a good lashing with it if he says one more word about Henry de Spain."

"Put down that quilt, I tell you," thundered her uncle.

Old Duke Morgan decides to take matters into his own hands with De Spain. He goes to Sleepy Cat hunting the stage manager—and finds him. It's all told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The KITCHEN CABINET

Diamonds are only found in the darkness of the earth, truths are only found in the depths of the thought.

Of what shall a man be proud if he is not proud of his friends?—Robert L. Stevenson

SUMMERY DISHES.

There is no more delicious dessert than a simple layer of cake filled with whipped cream

which has been sweetened with a half cupful of strawberries crushed with a cupful of sugar or less, depending upon the acidity of the berries.

Snow Balls.—Take a third of a cupful of butter, add a half cupful of sugar and half a cupful of flour sifted with a half cupful of cornstarch and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two-thirds of a cupful of milk and the beaten whites of four eggs. Mix carefully and pour into well-buttered cups and steam in the oven a half hour. Turn out, gently dust with powdered sugar and serve.

Strawberry Sauce.—Mix a tablespoonful of softened butter with one and a half cupfuls of powdered sugar and one small box of strawberries, washed.

Cherry Salad.—Take a quart of ox heart cherries, carefully stone and fill the cavities with nut meats. Serve in lettuce cups and garnish with mayonnaise dressing with nasturtium leaves and blossoms for garnish.

Cherry and Pineapple Pie.—Take a can or equal parts of fresh pineapple and cherries, sweeten, add the juice of a lemon and use as filling with the following crust:

Pastry With Olive Oil.—Take a cupful and a half of flour, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a cupful of olive oil. Mix as usual. Such a crust is much more easily digested than that made of lard.

Raisin Sauce for Ice Cream.—Boil a cupful of seeded raisins with two cupfuls of water until soft. Rub the raisins through a colander. Cook the raisin liquor with two cupfuls of sugar for three minutes, add the raisin pulp and a half-cupful of chopped walnut meats. Serve ice-cold on chocolate ice cream.

Fondant Dipped Strawberries.—These delicious confections sell for a dollar a pound and may be made very cheaply at home. Prepare the fondant by boiling sugar and water together with a little cream of tartar or a tablespoonful of corn sirup to keep the sirup from sugaring. Melt the fondant over hot water and dip the berries into it, draining them on waxed paper. These delicious candies must be eaten the same day or they will spoil.

Of all earthly music that which reaches farthest into heaven, is the beating of a truly loving heart.—H. W. Beecher.

HOW TO ELIMINATE KITCHEN WASTES.

The appalling figures of \$700,000,000 worth of waste in food stores in the face nearly every day. No few nor any group of women can remedy this evil. It must be the concerted effort of large numbers in each community.

Wastes are so many that it is possible to mention only the most glaring ones. Many of these no doubt each reader will refuse to admit are found in her kitchen, but perhaps some equally as bad have not been mentioned.

We waste carloads of food in preparing more than is needed and not intelligently making over dishes. Made-over dishes are never highly gratifying and it is much wiser to have no leftovers to dispose of or make more expensive by the addition of costly food to utilize the leftover.

The average woman all over the country is willing to conform to the request to have but three courses at dinner even when entertaining. Little dabs of food served in eight or ten courses either means a vast amount of waste or, fully as important, a human engine clogged by too much fuel to dispose of, causing disease and often sudden death.

Eat from meat, suet and drippings, fat from soups are wastefully thrown away and fresh lard, oils and fats are used for frying. When butter is 40 to 60 cents a pound it should not be mentioned as a frying fat even in the homes able to buy it. It matters not whether we are financially able to stand the waste, somebody is going hungry because of our extravagance.

The preparing of vegetables may mean a great waste; careless peeling of potatoes often done in haste at a late hour when time is more important than the potato, is another great leak which should be watched. In many homes potatoes are not peeled at all, and everybody seems to be perfectly happy eating the wholesome vegetable with all its vegetable acids and mineral salts left in it.

Lack of forethought is another source of wastefulness. Planning meals days in advance will eliminate a large expense. It only needs a good trial to prove the advantage.

Nellie Maxwell

Buy at Weitzman's Cash Grocery

30c Red Salmon	23c	Onions, lb.,	3½c
All Jellies, 3 for	26c	25c Salmon, Tall,	19c
Fresh Tomatoes	11c	Tea Siftings, lb.,	19c
Macaroni, pkg.,	4c	Pork & Beans,	13c
10 Lbs. H & E	87c	Cocoa, pr can,	9c
Pet Milk,	13c	Large Qt. Olives	23c
Large Can Soup	11c	10c Sardines, 3 for	25c
Salmon, 25c Special,	19c	25-CENT CAN MOLASSES,	19c
Dairy Butter, lb.,	43c	for	
MOTHER'S OATS,	9c	CEYLON TEA,	39c
BEST PEAS OR CORN,	17c	Per Pound,	
		10 CENT MUSTARD,	9c
		Per Jar,	
		40c Coffee,	29c
		LARGE CAN TOMATOES,	17c
		GINGER SNAPS, per pound,	16c

Fresh Strawberries	16c
Oranges, doz.,	15c
Best Pork & Beans	10c
Raisins, lb.,	15c
CHEF BRAND, (20c Value).	
Cucumbers, ea.,	4c
Spotless Cleanser	
6 for	25c
25c Fruit Cookies, lb,	18c
CANDY KISSES,	19c
Per Pound,	
TECKO-PANCAKE FLOUR,	11c
at	
PEANUT BUTTER,	9c
Per Jar,	
BEST OLEO, 2 Pounds for	55c

Gold Lace or Peerless Flour \$1.79 WE DELIVER PROMPTLY. Telephone 113
Special attention given to Suburban Delivery. Northville

HOUSEHOLD DRUDGERY

fades to a memory when you have electricity in your home. Washing and Ironing becomes the easy pleasant task of a single day.

Sweeping and Dusting are performed without fatigue and in a quarter of the time.

Have Electricity and have Comfort.

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 399 J. G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

Studebaker
Established 1852

BARGAINS IN USED CARS

Exceptional opportunity to secure thoroughly overhauled, used Automobiles.

Phone 919 Schrader Motor Sales Co., Ypsilanti, Michigan, for demonstration on any of the following cars:

1 Delivery Car—Self-Starter, Electric Lights	\$225
1 Imperial—5 Passenger Touring,	\$250
1 Chevrolet—5 Passenger,	\$410
1 Peerless Roadster,	\$425
1 Abbot—5 Passenger Touring,	\$250
1 Ford—5 Passenger,	\$200
1 Ford—5 Passenger, run less than 300 miles,	\$350
1 Jackson—3 Passenger Roadster,	\$375
1 Flanders—	\$175
1 6-Cylinder, 7-Passenger Studebaker,	\$600
1 6-Cylinder, 7-Passenger Studebaker,	\$800
1 6-Cylinder, 7-Passenger Studebaker,	\$900
1 4-Cylinder Studebaker Roadster,	\$650
1 6-Cylinder Studebaker Roadster,	\$700

All of these cars have been thoroughly overhauled in our work shop and are in good condition.

See our line before placing your order for a used Car.

SCHRADER MOTOR SALES CO.

Distributors, YPSILANTI, MICH.

Phone 919.

T. H. TURNER, Local Representative.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Will Stewart of Detroit spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. C. Stewart.

Mrs. Flora Carl was out from Detroit to attend the graduation exercises.

Myron Taylor was home from Flint several days last week on account of illness.

Will Tewksbury of Kingston, Ont., called on his brother, Otis, one day last week.

Miss Nellie Ward of Detroit is the guest of Miss Flora Miller for graduation week.

Mrs. A. J. Rickel and children have returned from a three weeks' stay at Cooley Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Garfield of Detroit were guests of the former's parents Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Davis of Plymouth was a visitor Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Addie McKahan.

J. D. Thompson has returned from Detroit where he has been employed for some time past.

Miss May Woodmanson, eighth grade teacher in the Fenton schools, is home for her summer vacation.

Mrs. E. C. Hulborn and daughter, Arline, of Coldwater, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Garfield.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Allison and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robinson of Detroit motored out to the Charles Welsh farm Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McRobert are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Harry Weaver and family at Traverse City for a few weeks.

Mrs. Oscar Smith and Mrs. Florence Bachelor of Farmington and Mrs. Jane Power of Pleasant Lake called on Mrs. E. J. Tremper Monday.

Miss Olive Dixon returned Sunday from Beaver Dam, Wis., where she has been teaching in the science department of the High school for the past year.

Mrs. Eliza Tremper reached her 80th birthday of Wednesday of this week. She was remembered by the W. R. C. ladies and other friends with flowers and post cards.

Mrs. Addie Simonds of this place was listed as one of the guests at the wedding of her niece, Miss Hazel Conner to Mr. M. J. Moon of Highland Park on Saturday, June 9 at the home of the bride's parents, in Plymouth.

Miss Olive Dixon is to start next Sunday for Eastview, New Hampshire, to spend the summer as one of the counsellors at the Dr. Sargent summer camp for girls, in the White Mountains. Miss Dixon will first go to Chicago to chaperone a party going to camp, and will then visit in Boston enroute to New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Starkweather at-

tended the big horse show in New York city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Wood attended the funeral of a brother-in-law, Mr. Quirk, near Plymouth Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fox of Detroit were entertained Sunday at the home of Otis Tewksbury and family.

Mrs. Hewitt of Maple Rapids made a brief visit at the home of her friend, Mrs. F. S. Harmon, the middle of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur and daughter of Walled Lake were here to attend the W. R. C. benefit show last week. Mrs. Arthur is a member of the local Corps.

Robert Lanning, Sr., and James Dickerson have been attending the state convention of the Foresters of America at Pontiac this week, as representatives of court Northville, F. of A.

Mrs. James Savage attended the wedding of Miss Sarah Hanes of Windsor to Mr. Lonsbury of the same place Wednesday. The bride is a sister-in-law of Claude Murray now of Detroit, formerly of Salem.

Walled Lake Warbles.
Charles Wedow was a Pontiac visitor Monday.

Charles Miller of Lansing spent the week-end here.

Miss Josephine Wilson of Ypsilanti is the guest of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Terhune are taking an auto trip to Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Parnalee have a baby girl born Monday night.

J. J. Smith fell Sunday and broke his hip. He is over 80 years old.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Compton were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Tuttle.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Russell of Highland Park visited friends here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Harmon of Milford visited at the home of Clark Jones over Sunday.

Miss Grace Halverson, who has been attending school at Ypsilanti, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Haab and Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Stanbro of Salem spent Sunday with relatives here.

About 30 young ladies will enjoy a basket picnic at the home of Mrs. J. A. Deveraux, Friday afternoon.

At the Silver and Gold Medal contest, given last Thursday evening, Rachel Woolley won the gold and C. J. Grace the silver medal.

The following L. T. L. girls will give an elocutionary contest Friday evening in the M. E. church: Evelyn Angell, Camella Hoyt, Harriet Seeley, Ardella McEldrey, Helen Arthur, Gertrude Coe, Edith Bentley, Dora Lare, Irene Coe, Grace Lounsbury, Ethel Hess, Evangeline Bentley and Kathryn VanGorden. "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me" will be given in pantomime, by 12 girls.

Northville School Notes.

The Fourth graders had their picnic Wednesday afternoon.

The First graders had their closing party Wednesday afternoon.

The Fifth graders had a picnic at Northrop's Wednesday afternoon.

Flora Miller will begin attending the Normal at Ypsilanti next week.

The First graders have been dramatizing the stories read during the year.

Everybody is either crazy over school closing or else they have the spring fever.

Wednesday morning the Kindergarten children gave their annual Mothers' party.

Howard Franklin re-entered the Kindergarten last week after several weeks' absence.

The Eighth grade with the Misses Weiler, Weston and Barley will spend Friday at Walled Lake.

The following people from the Seventh and Eighth grades have finished the Studebaker cards: Ailene Thompson, Amy Sessions, Joe Watts, Gordon Moffit, Ralph Taylor, Elizabeth Van Valkenburg and Edgar Freydl.

N. W. OF A. RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS The inevitable summons has come to one of our neighbors, and

WHEREAS It is the desire of Northville Camp No. 6533, N. W. of A. to pay tribute of respect to his memory; Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That in the death of William J. Lanning, Jr., this Camp has sustained the loss of a worthy, beloved and efficient member, and this community of a respected and useful citizen;

RESOLVED: That we tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to them, a copy spread upon the records of this Camp and a copy published in the Northville Record.

JOHN SCHULTZ,
ROBERT L. LANNING,
J. W. PERKINS,
Committee.

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 fifteenth 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 JAMES GIBSON, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified of George Gibson, administrator of said estate, praying that he be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased for the purpose of distribution.

It is ordered, that the seventeenth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Court room, be appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell real estate as prayed for in 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.
CHAS. C. CHADWICK,
Probate Clerk.

Phone 247-J.

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.

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

Our having fresh cows at all times of the year gives you a high 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.

TRY A LINE IN THE RECORD.

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

Charles W. Tarnowska and Ida Tarnowska, Plaintiffs.

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,
42-48
ALLEN L. LAMPHERE,
Attorney for plaintiff.

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., of 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,
46-48
Deputy Register

Frank A. Lewis, Attorney, 625 Mohat 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. VanHartesveldt and Beena E. VanHartesveldt, his wife, of the city of Detroit, Wayne county Michigan, to the Redford Lumber Company, a corporation of Redford, Michigan, dated the first day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne county, Michigan, on the 22nd day of October, 1915, in Liber 752 of mortgages, on page 624, and which said mortgage was duly assigned on the 16th day of April, A. D. 1917 by the said mortgagee to Joseph D. Dallavo, of Wyandotte, Michigan, which said assignment of mortgage was recorded on April 17, 1917, in the records of Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 465 of assignment of mortgages, on page 211, and the same having remained unpaid for a period of more than thirty days after it became due and payable the said assignee and holder of said mortgage hereby exercises his option given by said mortgage and declares the principal sum of said mortgage, together with all interest unpaid at this date, to be due and payable immediately.

There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest the sum of five hundred and 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 southern 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.