

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 49.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THIS WILL BE THE
LAST WEEK
—FOR—

NEMO CORSETS

IN REGULAR
\$3.50 MODELS

AT OLD PRICES

ON AND AFTER
MONDAY, JULY 2

Nearly all Nemo Self-Reducing Corsets in the
regular \$3.50 grades will be

ADVANCED TO \$4.00

Get them while you can at the old price.

Self-Reducing Corsets Nos. 506, 508, 522 and
523, now \$5.00, will be advanced to \$6.00.

STORE CLOSED ALL DAY JULY 4

PONSFORD

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

THE Rexall STORE

You can buy any one of our Household Remedies or Toilet Articles with Full Confidence that you will get Good Value for your money. Our list is growing all the time. It includes.

Milk of Magnesia, (8 oz.)	25c
White Pine Cough Syrup, (3 oz.)	25c
Mentholated Cough Syrup, (3 oz.)	25c
Cold Cream, (2 oz.)	25c
Vanishing Cream, (2 oz.)	25c
Tooth Paste, (2 oz.)	25c
Talc Powders, (4 odors)	25c

And Many Other Articles.
See Our Window.

STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!

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

MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

give maximum Style plus extra Value at

\$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.

FOR SATURDAY

3 lbs. H. & E. Sugar,	25c.
6 lbs. H. & E. Sugar,	50c.
12 lbs. H. & E. Sugar,	\$1.00
25 lbs. H. & E. Sugar,	\$2.19.
6 Boxes Matches,	30c.
Best Tomatoes, Per Can,	18c.

SATURDAY ONLY.

Lily of the Valley Corn, Per Can,	15c.
Best Red Salmon, Per Can,	25c.
Good Bulk Coffee,	23c.
2 Cans Van Camps Beans,	25c.
Sniders' Catsup, Large Bottle,	23c.
Large Pkg Snow Boy Washing Powder,	17c.

WHEELER & BLACKBURN

CASH STORE

HUNGRY THIEVES RANSACK CUPBOARDS

MANY NORTHVILLE HOMES VISITED SATURDAY NIGHT BY FOOD RAIDERS.

The local food situation was extensively "gone over" Saturday evening by parties at present unknown and a successful "drive" made on the Sunday supply bases of various homes, in consequence of which the next day's menu of many households had to undergo much modification. The object of the thieves seems to have been mainly the appropriation of eatables, but in one of two instances at least other articles were needed; as a pair of shoes and a pair of rubber boots were taken from Stuart Montgomery's in addition to table supplies. At Fred Ojdenburg's a bushel of potatoes was the booty secured. Other homes reported to the Record as raided are those of W. H. Ambler, Roy Clark, Fred Lyke, Bay Richardson, W. H. Safford and J. B. Cook. At the latter place however, a lot of Mrs. Cook's good cookery was left undiscovered but a basket of soiled clothing was taken from the woodshed and dumped on the ground some distance away, a cake of soap which was in the basket being the only thing missed, indicating possibly that the robbers intended to wash the dishes after their banquet (or their hands beforehand.) The aggregate value of the stolen good things would bring the offense into the grand larceny class at present prices, could the depredators be discovered. The moral is, when you go down-town Saturday night, leave somebody on guard, set a burglar trap, shut the dog in the house or establish a system of cooperative reconnoitering. Joking aside, however, it is no laughing matter to lose your Sunday dinner these days.

BAND CONCERT SUNDAY AFTERNOON

WILL BE GIVEN IN VILLAGE PARK
FOOT OF MAIN STREET FROM
3:00 TO 4:30.

The Northville band will give the public a treat in the form of a concert in the park next Sunday afternoon, (weather permitting) The following program will be presented, with Prof. V. A. McArthur, as director.

March,	Religioso
Overture,	Past and Present
March,	Conservator
Spanish Serenade,	La Patoma
March,	Gypsy Land
Baritone Solo,	The Palms
March,	National Emblem
Cornet Solo,	The Rosary
Star Spangled Banner	

W. C. T. U. NOTES:
(By Press Correspondent.)
Everybody will be made welcome at the patriotic meeting at the home of Mrs. Clay Calkins next Monday afternoon, July 2. The topic for the day is "Patriotism in Action," and the entire program will be along patriotic lines. A general invitation is extended.

Every mother in Northville ought to be a member of the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and every father ought to be an honorary member. Come and join us.

CHAUTAUQUA OFFICERS ELECTED.

The local Chautauqua organization held a meeting Tuesday night and elected officers for the season as follows:

President—David Gage.
Vice-Presidents—R. H. Willis and N. A. Clapp.
Secretary—T. R. Carrington.
Treasurer—C. E. Ryder.
The committees are: Advertising, T. E. Murdock, J. W. Perkins, C. A. Ponsford.
Grounds—C. S. Filkins, F. B. Shafer, Otis Tewksbury, Chas. Van Valkenburg, C. L. Dubuar, R. H. Hotton.
Tickets—Chas. Blackburn, Mrs. J. Black, E. M. Bogart, Mrs. James Savage, Wallace Ross, Mrs. E. J. Cobb, Ralph Ryder.
Permanent Organization—W. E. Scott, T. G. Richardson, D. P. Yerkes, F. P. Simmons.
Everybody hustle for the Chautauqua.

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, Village Treasurer.

Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

For next week Thursday evening the Alseium management presents Hazel Dawn and Cleo Riegley in "The Feud Girl."

For this coming Saturday night another Pathe feature will be shown, "Her New York."

The Fourth of July attraction will be a Metro film, with Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "The Wall Between."

AGED NORTHVILLE RESIDENT HURT.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. C. C. Keyes, who was knocked down and run over by an automobile while crossing Main street Saturday night. Mrs. Keyes was taken to her home in the Irving flats where her injuries were attended to by a physician. She was found to be badly bruised and cut, but not dangerously hurt so far as evident at that time. On Sunday her son came from Detroit and took her to his home there. Mrs. Keyes is a soldier's widow and is past 70 years of age, and although worthy of much admiration for the industry and independence which lead her to undertake caring for all her own affairs, is unfitted because of her deafness and frailty to attempt crossing the street unaided, and especially during congested Saturday night traffic.

BIGGER POLICE FORCE NEEDED.

As the season advances, Northville's motor traffic, particularly on Saturday nights is becoming a problem impossible of solution by one person. Marshal Lyke has handled it so far in fine shape considering the difficulties, but last Saturday night demonstrated that this work and his duties as village marshal combined are too large a contract, since he cannot possibly be in two or three places at the same time. On that occasion he responded to no less than four disturbance calls, and attended to several speeders besides endeavoring to keep the folks out from under the passing motor cars on the main corner. A traffic officer is also nearly as much needed at the next Main street crossing east as on the one first mentioned, when crowds are on the streets.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

FOUND—Heavy plain gold ring with initials inside. Prove property and pay for ad. 49w1p.

WANTED—To buy baled straw, also will buy all your eggs, and chickens. Thomas B. Gough, Northville. 432c.

WANTED—To rent a wheeled chair for the summer. Call 204-W or see Miss G. E. Tremper. 49w1p.

FOR SALE—Bed, complete and an upholstered lounge. Inquire Mrs. W. A. Ely. 49w1c.

FOR SALE—10 Holstein cows, some fresh, with calves by side. Also a few seed potatoes. Harry B. Clark, Telephone 185-J. 49w1c.

FOR SALE—1 Hocking Valley hay loader. Phone 172-R-1. Northville. 48w1p.

FOR SALE—Duroc Jersey hogs. Pure bred, eligible to registration. L. J. Underhill, Salem, R. I. 49w1p.

FOR SALE—Sow and 9 pigs. Phone 315-R-4, S. J. Cooper. 49w2c.

FOR SALE—Parks-Mittendorf 290 egg strain. Ten weeks old Barred Rock Cockerels. Fine looking husky birds, \$1.25 each, or 3 for \$3.50. Will make first-class breeder. H. B. Wilber, Northville, Mich. Phone 56-J. 49w1c.

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

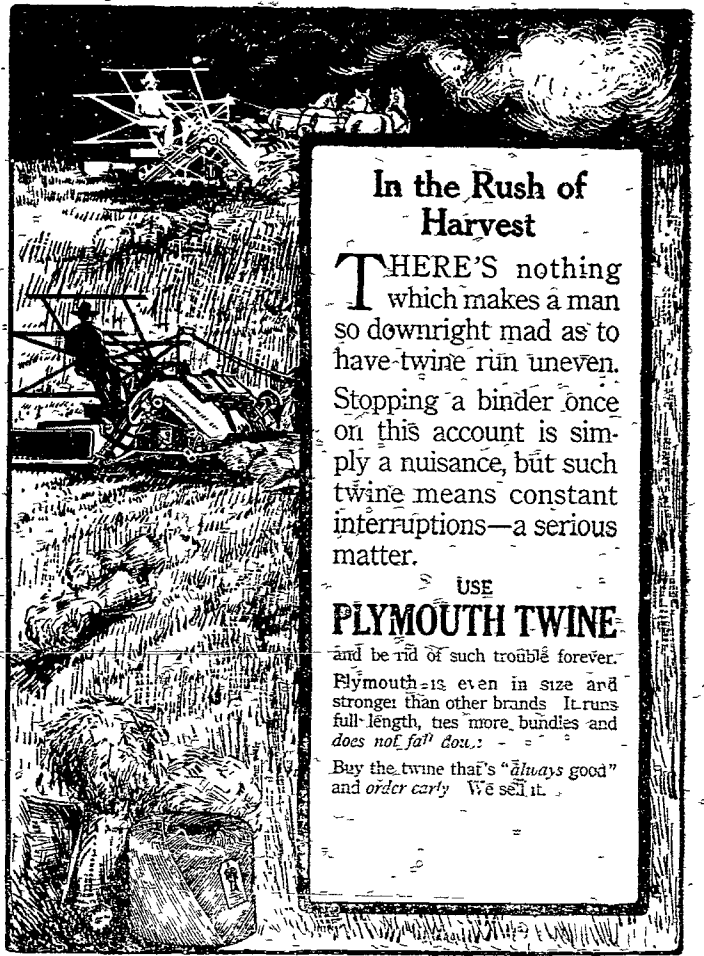
FOR SALE—Deering grain binder, nearly new. New Pekin lumber wagon, two seated spring wagon. Call 223-J. Ed Sessions. 43wtf.

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—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.



In the Rush of Harvest

THERE'S nothing which makes a man so downright mad as to have twine run uneven. Stopping a binder once on this account is simply a nuisance, but such twine means constant interruptions—a serious matter.

USE
PLYMOUTH TWINE

and be rid of such trouble forever. Plymouth is even in size and stronger than other brands. It runs full length, ties more bundles and does not fall down. Buy the twine that's "always good" and order early. We sell it.

We have just received a delayed shipment of Lawn Mowers, 14-16-18-in. cut; your choice at \$3.50, until gone
JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



The man with money had it in the Bank and became a Partner. It Paid him.

The boss knows every man in his employ. He is WATCHING every man. He is looking for some one who will help him to run a growing business after he feels like slowing up a little.

The young man with the BANK ACCOUNT, who is earnest and on the job, will have a chance to buy a "partnership in the business" sooner than he thinks if he will only keep on working hard and BANKING his earnings.

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

Northville State Savings Bank

WATCH
OUR WINDOW
SATURDAY
FOR BARGAINS.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

DEMAND FOR TANLAC BREAKS ALL RECORDS

OVER SEVEN MILLION BOTTLES
SOLD AND DISTRIBUTED
IN LESS THAN TWO
YEARS' TIME.

SUCCESS PHENOMENAL

Fame of the Medicine Spreads Over
Whole Nation—Now Sold From
Coast to Coast.

NEVER before, perhaps, in all history has the demand for a proprietary medicine ever approached the wonderful record that is now being made by Tanlac, the celebrated medicine which has been accomplishing such remarkable results in all parts of the country.

From Coast to Coast and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, Tanlac is known and honored. Millions have taken it and have pronounced it the greatest medicine ever given to the people, and the only explanation of Tanlac's triumph in the medical world is Tanlac's true worth. Back of Tanlac's triumph in the drug stores is Tanlac's triumph in the homes. It is the people's medicine and the people themselves have made Tanlac what it is.

No matter where you go, Tanlac is a household word and it is unquestionably the most widely talked-of medicine in the world today. One person invariably tells another about a medicine that helps him and in this way scores or even hundreds may hear of Tanlac as a direct result of one bottle in a single home.

The first bottle of Tanlac to reach the public was sold just a little over two years ago in the thriving little city of Lexington, Ky., where 20,000 bottles of the medicine were sold in only a few months. Since that time there have been sold throughout the United States something over seven and a quarter million bottles, and a romance which has no parallel in the modern business world has begun.

The instant and phenomenal success which Tanlac won in Lexington has been duplicated in practically every large town, small town, village and hamlet in North America, while Hawaii, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico and other American possessions have clamored for Tanlac.

Just a few months ago, it was announced in the Atlanta papers that twenty-two carloads, 265,476 bottles of Tanlac had been sold through the Atlanta office alone. Since that time, 1,406,448 bottles have been sold, and the grand total now stands at over a million and a half, or to be exact, 1,695,204 bottles.

These are actual figures, and the fact that one hundred and fifty-eight carloads of Tanlac have been sold and shipped into the South and West since the first day of October, 1915, is a matter of record and can easily be verified.

One retail firm alone, the Jacobs Pharmacy Co., of Atlanta, have sold the astonishing total of 64,000 bottles within the past twelve months. What is true of Atlanta, is also true of practically every large city of the South and West, where the sales have been correspondingly large.

The greatest drug firms of the country have voluntarily come forward and

DETROIT FIRM BUYS A SOLID CARLOAD

MICHIGAN DRUG CO. AWARDED
THE WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTING
AGENCY FOR DETROIT.

THE wholesale distributing agency for Tanlac in the Detroit territory has been awarded to Michigan Drug Co., said E. C. Harris, representing the Southern and Western distributor of Tanlac, a few days ago. "This firm," continued Mr. Harris, "gave their order for an entire carload of Tanlac several weeks ago and have just received same. This car, comprises 1,060 dozen, 12,720 bottles, and is without doubt, the largest order ever given by a Detroit dealer for a new preparation, but having heard through absolutely reliable sources of the remarkable and rapidly growing demand for Tanlac in other cities, this firm did not hesitate to place an order for the above amount."

"In only a few weeks' time Tanlac will be placed on sale in practically every large city, town, village and hamlet in the state of Michigan."

"A number of agencies already have been established in a very limited time, but it is my desire that the distribution be made more complete and far-reaching."

"With this end in view, I take this means of notifying druggists and dealers who are interested to write or telegraph G. F. Willis, Fourth National Bank Bldg., Atlanta, Ga."

stated in plain, cold figures, the record, breaking sales everywhere, as is evidenced by the startling sales records shown in the following figures:

Texas and Oklahoma dealers have sold in only five months time the astonishing total of approximately five hundred thousand bottles or an average of 100,000 bottles per month, smashing all world's records.

Memphis jobber and retailer have sold since April 3, 1915, 251,316 bottles.

Atlanta jobber and retailer have sold since October 16, 1915, 186,480 bottles.

Birmingham jobber and retailer have sold since August 13, 1915, 153,976 bottles.

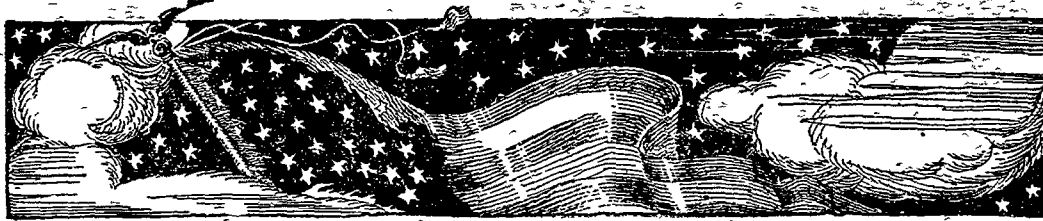
Nashville jobber and retailer have sold since August 11, 1915, 183,756 bottles.

Macon jobber and retailer have sold since November 17, 1915, 107,736 bottles.

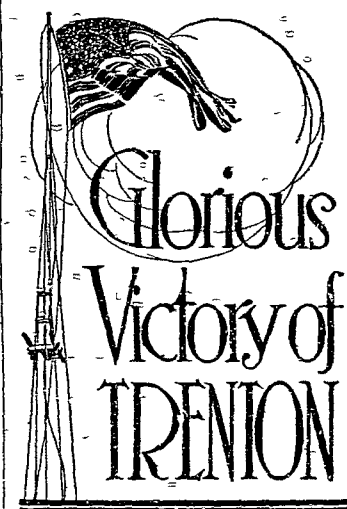
Jacksonville jobber and retailer have sold since January 22, 1916, 66,696 bottles.

Montgomery jobber and retailer have sold since January 19, 1916, 80,784 bottles.

"These enormous sales," said G. F. Willis, Distributor of Tanlac, "mean but one thing, and that is—merit. Tanlac is well advertised, it is true, but such a large and rapidly growing demand could not be brought about by advertising alone. It's what the neighbors say that counts. One bottle is sold in a neighborhood through advertising, but ten more are sold in that community after the first bottle produces results.—Adv.



The dawn of the Fourth—the old annual story—
The nervous mans dread and the small boy's glory,
The east is yet gray when all the land rumbles,
And the small cannon pops and the big cannon grumbles,
And the torrid sun creeps through a blue haze of powder,
And the torpedoes snap and the cannons boom louder—
On the Fourth of July—
The old-fashioned Fourth of July.



The winter night is cold and drear,
Along the river's sullen flow,
The cruel frost is camping here—
The air has living blades of snow,
Look! pushing from the icy strand,
With ensigns freezing in the air,
There sails a small, but mighty band,
Across the dangerous Delaware.

A rush—a shout—a clarion call,
Salute the early morning's gray;
Now, roused invaders, yield, or fall;
The worthy land has won the day!
Soon shall the glorious news be hurled
Wherever men have wrongs to bear;
For freedom's torch illumines the world,
And God has crossed the Delaware!

THE winter of 1776, the year of the glorious Declaration of Independence, found the fortunes of the budding nation at their lowest ebb. Beaten, buffeted and broken, the little army of George Washington had been pushed beyond the Delaware. He had scarce 4,000 men to command, while Cornwallis and Howe, the British commanders, had six times that many scattered over New Jersey and New York.

Many Americans were becoming disgusted with the war. Even Washington's troops were disheartened and he faced the calamity of having all but 1,500 of them quit the service the first of the year, when their enlistment expired. To make matters worse, General Gates and some other high officers in the army were trying to influence congress against Washington. They used every argument they could to discredit their leader.

But while almost the entire country was losing heart, Washington was planning a brilliant stroke to revive the patriotism of the people and the enthusiasm of his troops. He determined to strike a blow at the British forces in New Jersey, a dangerous thing to do, one must admit, when it is remembered that he was outnumbered six to one.

He was too wise a man to risk battle with the main British force. He decided to attack one of the detachments

occupying the various cities of New Jersey. After careful deliberation he selected Trenton as the point to be stormed. It was nearest his own position across the river and the majority of the troops there were Hessians, German soldiers England had hired to fight in America. Cornwallis and Howe had gone to New York with their staffs, where social life and gaiety was at a higher pitch than in the little New Jersey towns.

Washington's plan was to cross the river Christmas night with a body of picked troops, a time when he thought the German commander, Colonel Rahl, and his officers and men would be carousing. He assembled the attacking force quietly on his side of the river.

Some of the troops Washington had ordered to join him failed to arrive at the crossing point in time. But despite that disappointment Washington pushed on. He determined to make the attack with the column he had accompanied. Washington's troops were so poorly clad on the march that day that a courier from General Gates in Philadelphia was able to trail Washington's force by bloody footprints in the snow. When men kept their courage to that point nothing can stop them.

Delay at the ferry made an attack before daylight impossible. Washington had hoped to surprise the British and Hessians. The river was filled with floating ice and it looked for a time as if most of the little army might be drowned in crossing. But fortune smiled on them and none was lost.

Once on the New Jersey side, at a point about nine miles from Trenton, the British cannon was captured and trained down the streets on their former owners. The sound of firing brought realization of the danger to Colonel Rahl and he rushed from the Hunt house to form his men. He was a brave man, but he had stayed too long at his merrymaking. More than a thousand Hessians had surrendered already. Colonel Rahl rallied some men and made a show of resistance. Almost the first fire wounded him mortally.

When the Hessians saw their commander fall, some of them started to retreat toward Princeton. But Washington sent a detachment to head them off and they soon surrendered. Long before noon the Americans were in possession of the entire city and the British and Hessian prisoners were being transported across the river for safe-keeping. Washington sent couriers to congress with the joyful news. It spread quickly over the country and enthused the cause of liberty so well that Washington was able to hold his army together and face the British in the spring with determination and courage.



Washington Watching the Last of His Troops Land Before the Battle.

A terrific storm of snow and sleet drove into the faces of the soldiers. It soon ruined what little powder Washington's men had, so the order was passed to rely on the bayonet. Washington

divided his men into two columns, one under General Sullivan and one under General Greene. They were to march by different roads and attack the British outposts simultaneously.

"Advance and Charge!"

General Sullivan became somewhat dubious about the outcome while on the march and sent a messenger to Washington to ask what should be done. "Advance and charge," was Washington's succinct reply. Washington said in his report the next day that he might have retreated at this time had he thought he could have crossed the river without being discovered by the British.

It was nearly eight o'clock before the American advance met the first British outposts. The latter were attacked quickly and driven back on the town without trouble. A rattle of musketry from the outposts announced the beginning of the battle. Wayne Whipple says in his "Life of Washington" that the Americans were so mad that morning that they would have attacked the British with broomsticks.

Washington's surprise about Colonel Rahl and his officers was correct: They had spent the night at the home of Abraham Hunt, drinking and making merry. Hunt had furnished them an elaborate Christmas supper. While the supper was in progress, late that night, a negro servant entered the room and gave Colonel Rahl a note. The latter thrust it in his pocket without looking at it. It was fortunate for America that he was too drunk to act properly, for that note was from a Tory warning him of Washington's approach.

Hessian Colonel Killed.

While the officers drank and sang Washington's men had fought their way into the outskirts of the town. The British cannon was captured and trained down the streets on their former owners. The sound of firing brought realization of the danger to Colonel Rahl and he rushed from the Hunt house to form his men. He was a brave man, but he had stayed too long at his merrymaking. More than a thousand Hessians had surrendered already. Colonel Rahl rallied some men and made a show of resistance. Almost the first fire wounded him mortally.

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EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

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

Your Fruit Won't
Spoil If You Use
**GOOD
LUCK**
RED RUBBERS
They Fit All
Standard Jars
Specially recommended for cold pack canning.
Send 2c stamp for new book on preserving or 10c in
stamp for one dozen rings if you cannot get them at
your dealer's. Address Department 54,
BOSTON WOVEN ROPE & RUBBER CO.,
Cambridge, Mass.

**KODAKS
AND SUPPLIES
BLACKS**
156 Woodward
Developing any size Roll Film,
postpaid, 10 cents. DETROIT.

**MEN
AND
WOMEN**
Kidney trouble preys upon
the mind, discourages
and lessens ambition,
beauty, vigor and cheer-
fulness. Often disappears
when the kidneys are out
of order or diseased. For good results
use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great
kidney medicine. At druggists. Sample
size bottle by Parcel Post also pamphlet.
Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton,
N. Y., and enclose ten cents. When writing
mention this paper.

**PARKER'S
HAIR BALM**
A potent preparation of menth-
ol helps to eradicate dandruff
and keeps the hair soft and
shiny. For sale by all druggists,
grocers and food stores.

FARM HANDS BIG PAY Write WILL
HEALY, Detroit, Mich.

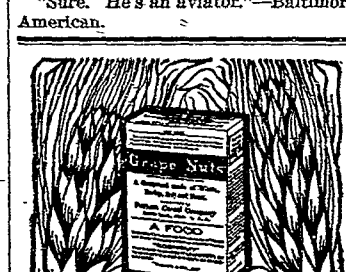
The Wrong Place.
The traveling man who had struck
the slowest town in the country on
Memorial day, and had not made a
sale of anything, was writing back
home. (He had to pass the time away
somehow), and there were no other
traveling men near the place.)
This is the conclusion of his eulogy
to the town:
"This is the rottenest town I have
ever struck, and I have met some
mighty rotten ones. Today is Memorial
day. They are making a big noise in
this town. They all go out to decorate
the graves of the dead in the west half
of the burgh, but in reality the ones
they should have decorated were the
homes of the living dead ones on the
east side. Those people out there in
the cemetery are the living products
this place has ever produced. Some
town!"—Indianapolis News.

Wonderful.
The old soldier was again giving the
youngster accounts of the wonders he
had experienced, especially in the way
of climate. Said he:

"I remember when we were at Fy-
zardum we used to toast our bread in
the sun and—"

Youngster (interrupting)—Yes, I
know, and you were supplied with
corkscrews to draw your breath.

Has to Have.
"Has your friend high ambitions?"
"Sure. He's an aviator."—Baltimore
American.



**For Building
Up Quickly**

probably the very
best food you can
select is
Grape-Nuts.

It contains the
mineral salts and
energy values—all
the nutriment of
whole wheat and
barley—digests
easily and quickly,
and the flavor is
delicious.

"There's a Reason"
for
Grape-Nuts

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

for the prompt relief of Asthma and
Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it.
25 cents and one dollar. Write for
FREE SAMPLE.

Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Quick-Acting The speediest remedy for sick headache, biliousness and indig- estion is a dose or two of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD
DISEASE
Killed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all
flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap.
Daisy Fly Killer
Sole by dealers, or sent
by express, prepaid, 10c.
HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Old False Teeth Bought

Broken or in any condition. We pay up to
\$5.00 a set, according to value. Mail it
once and get our offer. If unsatisfactory,
will return teeth.
Domestic Supply Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman,
U.S. Patent Attorney, Washington,
D.C. Advice and books free.
Rates reasonable. Highest references. Satisfaction.
W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 28-1917.

GREAT FOR ECZEMA AND OLD SORES

I Guarantee My Ointment, Says
Peterson.

"If you are responsible for the health
of your family," says Peterson "I want
you to get a large box of Peterson's
Ointment today."

"Remember, I stand back of every box.
Every druggist guarantees to refund the
purchase price if Peterson's Ointment
doesn't do all I claim."

"I guarantee it for eczema, old sores,
running sores, salt rheum, ulcers, sore
nipples, broken breasts, itching skin, skin
diseases, blind, bleeding and itching piles
as well as for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises
and sunburn."
"I had 30 running sores on my leg for
11 years, was in three different hospitals.
Amputation was advised. Skin grafting
was tried. I was cured by using Peterson's
Ointment."—Mrs. F. E. Root, 287
Michigan St., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

A Common Fear.
"Why don't you discharge your cook
if she is so impudent?"
"I am afraid she would leave."

Many people when granted favors
shy at gratitude as if it would bite
them.

**When Your Eyes Need Care
Try Murine Eye Remedy**
No stinging. Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents
Druggist or mail. Write for Free Eye Book.
MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

DAIRY FACTS

KEEP MILK COOL AND CLEAN

Warm Weather Is Trying on Dairymen, but More Especially on Women—Keep Vessels Clean.

The season is rapidly approaching when greater care must be taken of milk. Warm weather is trying on the dairymen, but more especially on the farmer's wife, who must care for the milk from a few cows. Preparations should therefore be made to keep the milk cool and clean.

The facilities for keeping milk on the average farm are very inadequate. Not enough cool space is available for the average farm woman, hence she has difficulties in saving the milk and ripening the cream evenly.

In the first place, the milk vessels are important. They should be of the right kind, with no seams in the pails, pails, etc., to harbor germs. There should be plenty of vessels and they should be kept scrupulously clean, aired, steamed and sunned occasionally.

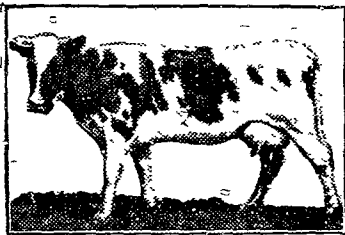
A refrigerator is almost a necessity on the farm these days. There are many perishable foods as well as milk to be kept. The cost of a refrigerator is not great when the utility and economy of keeping foods are considered.

DAIRY COWS RELISH SILAGE

Result Given of an Experiment Conducted by Pennsylvania Station—Decrease in Yield.

In an experiment conducted by the Pennsylvania station, according to a report received by the department of agriculture, two lots of five cows each were fed for three periods of four weeks. Lot 1 received silage alone for roughage during period 1 and 3 and mixed hay and silage during period 2, and lot 2 received hay and silage during periods 1 and 3 and silage during period 2.

The milk yield decreased with both systems of roughage, but the decrease was less with silage and hay. When silage and hay for roughage followed silage alone there was a slight increase in milk yield over the initial production. Except in one instance there was a decrease each period. When



High Producing Type.

the cows received hay they consumed practically the same amount of silage as when no hay was included in the ration. Both lots consumed an excess of protein and net energy above that necessary for maintenance and milk production when based on Eckles' standard. There were no apparent undesirable physical effects from the feeding of silage alone for roughage with the grains used. There was very little difference in the cost of the two rations or in the feed cost of milk and milk fat. No perceptible difference was observed in the health of the two lots.

MILK FEVER IS BOTHERSOME

Danger Among Cows Appears Greatest in Late Summer—Keep Animal in Barn and Feed Hay.

Milk fever is a rather serious trouble with good cows, as it is said that none but well-bred, heavy-producing cows have it. It seems to be more prevalent among grass-fed cows.

The danger of milk fever among cows seems to be greatest in late summer or early fall, notably June, July, August and September. The recommendation is to put the cow in the barn and feed dry hay about a week before she comes fresh. Three or four days before calving the cow is given a dose of salts with a little ginger. Another dose is also given five or six hours after the calf is born. A bucket of warm water should be given the cow two or three times a day. She should not be allowed to have cold water for some time.

FEED ROUGHAGE TO DRY COWS

Profitable, However, to Feed Sufficient Grain to Have Them in Good Physical Condition.

Dry cows can be maintained on hay and silage or roots. It is profitable however, to feed cows a sufficient amount of grain during the dry period to have them in good physical condition at calving time.

Cows should be dry for six to eight weeks prior to calving. It does not pay to have them dry for a longer period.

AVERT EROSION OF AGRICULTURAL LAND



BRUSH DAMS BUILT FOR CHECKING EROSION.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Field surveys disclosed that fields with graded terraces where the grades varied were in better condition than were any having uniform graded terraces.

The profiles of the grade lines of these terraces showed a tendency of the grade to increase toward the outlets, a short distance at the upper end of the terrace being level. This practice possesses much merit. The grade is increased at intervals along the terrace to accommodate the continuously augmented discharge from the increasing size of the drainage area. A lesser grade may be used at the lower end of a variable-graded terrace than is required for a uniform-graded terrace of the same length. This is due to the fact that a smaller rate of rainfall can be used, since with the lesser grade of the variable-graded terrace, the time required for the water to flow the length of the terrace is greater than for the uniform-graded terrace.

Studies and calculations show that the lengths of a variable-graded terrace that can be used, for a grade of 0.5 per cent at the lower end, are 1,370, 1,280, and 1,100 feet on slopes of 5, 10 and 15 per cent, respectively, as compared with lengths of 1,210, 970, and 820 feet for terraces with a uniform grade of 0.5 per cent.

In laying off a terrace with variable grade, the grade should be increased at intervals of 200 or 300 feet and at all sharp bends where the terrace crosses a gully or depression in a field. For example, if it is desired to lay off a terrace on a 10 per cent slope, 1,200 feet long and with a vertical spacing of 4 feet, and the grade of the terrace is to be changed every 300 feet, then the grades would be as follows:

Station.	Grade in feet per 100 feet
From—	To—
200	200
400	400
600	600
800	800
1,000	1,000
1,200	1,200

It is seen from the above that the grade for the first 300 feet of terrace is almost negligible. This portion could well be laid off level. If a terrace with a uniform grade were used, a grade of 0.77 per cent would be required. Both practice and theory show that the variable-graded terrace is superior to the uniform-graded type.

Outlets.

Wherever possible terraces should end at natural drainage channels. The absence of a suitable drainage outlet within the limits of a field often necessitates ending the terraces at fence lines, depressions or draws. The volume of water which is discharged from the ends of a system of graded terraces often erodes unsightly and objectionable ditches along the ends of the terraces to the foot of the slope. Erosion in such channels can be reduced greatly by lining them with stones or seeding them to grass. The channels and banks of graded terraces should not be cultivated for 20 to 30 feet from the outlet channel but should be permanently sodded. Breaks commonly occur and erosion is most active near the ends of graded terraces, owing to the usually large volume of water passing. Some sort of protective covering of stones, boards or other hard material should be employed to prevent this washing. Where a terrace discharges into a deep ditch a box trough is used sometimes to give the water a free overflow into the ditch. This prevents erosion in the terrace channel.

Sometimes hillside ditches are constructed as outlets for terraces. Such ditches should have a fall two or three times that of the terraces and should be located so as to cross them and discharge into the nearest available drainage channel. Often wooded strips of land are left in fields to afford a place for the discharge of the water with a minimum amount of erosion.

Many of the failures of graded terraces may be attributed to irregularities in grade. Breaks occur often with abrupt reductions in the grade. This causes a piling up of the water and a consequent overtopping of the terrace by reason of the inability of a full

channel to carry the same amount of water on a light grade as on a heavy one. With a variable-graded terrace there is less likelihood of overtopping because the grade is increased at short intervals along the terrace.

Again, breaks in graded terraces are very frequent where gullies and depressions are crossed and at abrupt bends. Such breaks are due to sudden changes in the direction of flow or to a change in grade, and often to both. The usual practice of crossing depressions at a low elevation to avoid abrupt bends, results in an increase of grade to the middle of the depression and a decrease beyond the middle. In order to avoid a break due to this diminution in grade it becomes necessary to maintain the top of the terrace at a uniform grade. This necessitates the building of a high and broad embankment across the depression similar to the one described for level terraces. Wherever it can be done without increasing the grade to such an extent as to cause serious erosion, it is advisable to make the grade greater for that portion of the terrace leading away from the middle of the depression than for the portion leading to the middle.

Use of Graded Terrace.

The graded terrace is adapted particularly for use on impervious and worn-out soils, and on shallow open soils with an impermeable subsoil foundation—in general, soils that are incapable of absorbing much water. Since the object of terracing is to prevent erosion, and as this is accomplished best by securing the least movement of the surface water, it can be seen readily that, within limits, the efficiency of a graded terrace varies inversely with the amount of fall given to it. The greater the fall, the greater the velocity and, hence, the greater the erosive power of the moving water.

The embankment of a graded terrace, being subjected to the erosive action of the water on its upper side, is often washed considerably, particularly at bends.

The deposit of soil in the terrace channel reduces both the grade and the cross-sectional area of the channel and renders the terrace extremely susceptible to overtopping during the next rain. Also the finer, lighter, and more fertile particles of soil remain suspended in the moving water and are carried off the field. In such cases, by the use of excessive grades, the very cream of the soil is lost. Where erosion of a terrace takes place no attempt should be made to cultivate the terrace. It should be seeded to grass.

The result that should be attained by a system of terraces and proper farming methods has been expressed in this way:

The primary object is conservation of both solid and fluid parts of the soil through a balanced distribution of the water supply. The ideal distribution is attained when all the rainfall or melting snow is absorbed by the ground or its cover, leaving none to run off over the surface of the field or pasture; in which case the water so absorbed is retained in the soil and subsoil until utilized largely or wholly in the making of useful crops, while any excess either remains in the deeper subsoil and rocks as ground water or through seepage feeds the permanent streams.

These conditions are fulfilled most nearly by the horizontal bench terrace and the broad-base level-ridge terrace, since the movement of the water is reduced to a minimum by both. The graded terrace lacks much in meeting the requirements.

In general it is recommended that the broad-base level-ridge terrace be used wherever conditions of soil and topography will permit—that is, where the soil absorbs a portion of the rainfall and the slopes are not too steep. The broad-base level-ridge terrace supplemented by efficient tile drains suitably located would afford the most ideal method for preventing soil erosion on any type of soil. Often the yields obtained and the saving resulting from the absence of soil erosion would justify, in a financial way, the installation of tile.

How Animals Feed.

The squirrel carries its food in its mouth by means of its paws, while the elephant uses its trunk. The grackle, anteater and toad employ their tongues, but spiders masticate their food with horny jaws.

The caterpillar is provided with saw-edged jaws, and uses them so well that every day he consumes at least three times his own weight in food. Toads, turtles and tortoises do not possess teeth.

Frogs have only an upper row of teeth, and lobsters and crabs have a set of teeth in their stomachs. The tiger and lion do not grind their food; as a matter of fact, their teeth only work with an up-and-down movement, much like chopping knives.—Minneapolis Tribune.

CUTICURA HEALS SORE HANDS

That Itch, Burn, Crack, Chaf and Bleed—Tried Free.

In a wonderfully short time in most cases these fragrant, super-creamy emollients succeed. Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub Cuticura Ointment into the hands for some time. Remove surplus ointment with soft tissue paper.

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

His Translation.

A New Zealand cousin in Europe with the forces vouches for the truth of the following story:

Dick Seldon was of Lancashire origin and when he died the Lancastrian society of New Zealand sent a wreath with the following inscription: "I have gone who am I?" The journalist who reported the funeral evidently did not come from Lancashire, and consequently was somewhat puzzled by the wording and, after thinking hard, concluded that someone had blundered. His report read:

"The Lancastrian society sent a beautiful wreath bearing the inscription: 'I have gone. Who am I?'"

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—It's like magic!

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

For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Studying Snow Depths.

The United States weather bureau at a number of points is making extensive studies of snow depths and densities in the higher mountain districts both to be able to anticipate flood conditions and also to give cities which get their water supplies from these sources advance knowledge of the volume they may expect from their watersheds.

His Kind.

"The old rooster over yonder wants a drink."

"All right; take him a cocktail."

Women Playing as Big a Part in Great World War as Are the Men

By JOHN BARRETT, Director of the Pan-American Union



The European war today is as much a woman's war as a man's war. The women are playing just as great a part in the struggle for humanity as are the men. There is no doubt the ambitions of male rulers were more responsible than the women for the precipitation of the conflict. There is no doubt if that ideal democracy in which women's influence is duly recognized had prevailed all over Europe before the war, as it will when the war is over, the world would never have seen this titanic combat of rulers and peoples. There is, on the other hand, no question

whatever that today the women in every country at war are fighting the battles back of the line just as bravely, loyally and faithfully as are the men in the long lines of front trenches and across the deadly reaches of "No Man's Land."

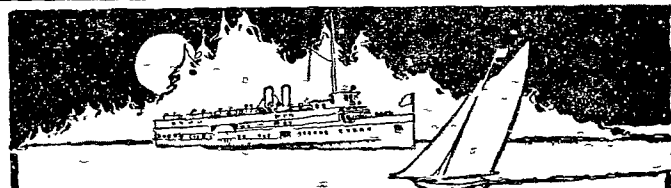
Now that the United States has taken up the gantlet of war thrown down by the central powers, victory or defeat for the United States will depend as much upon the women as upon the men. This is no exaggeration. It is an undeniable truth. The more and the sooner the country appreciates this fact, the surer and the sooner will the conflict end successfully for our land and flag. Knowing, therefore, the capability and adaptability of our women; and ever holding in memory the wonderful self-sacrifice of our grandmothers, our mothers and our sisters, in former wars, let us draw conclusions from the recent experiments and achievements of British and French women and make practical recommendations for the women, young, middle aged and old, of America.

The first quality required of a woman, as of a man, for competent national service is loyalty.

The second is efficiency in every action or duty, in behavior and character—an efficiency which makes one in every waking moment do everything she has to do the best she knows how.

The third quality expected is the ability to pick and perform unselfishly the work to which one is best suited, and which one can actually do best, without regard to personal preference, pride, social ambition, or bodily comfort, but with due regard, of course, to one's physical strength and health.

The fourth quality is that of practicing economy and avoiding extravagance in all things.



This Is the Year for an Inland Water Trip.

A pleasant way, a beautiful way, to spend a week or two or more. A water trip that takes you through a land of charm and interest. You'll enjoy the ever-changing scenery of the 1,000 islands—the thrill of shooting the River Rapids at Montreal-Quant-Old Quebec, with its old-world charm and the River Saguenay—deep as the height of its tallest promontories, Capes Trinity and Eternity, higher than Gibraltar.

The fares from Niagara are—Montreal and return, \$19.00 Quebec and return, \$26.35; Saguenay and return, \$35.00.

You can take the whole trip or any part of it. **NIAGARA TO THE SEA**

Send 2 cents for illustrated booklet, map and Guide.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd., 76 R. & O. Bldg., Montreal.

The Most Unkindest Cut.

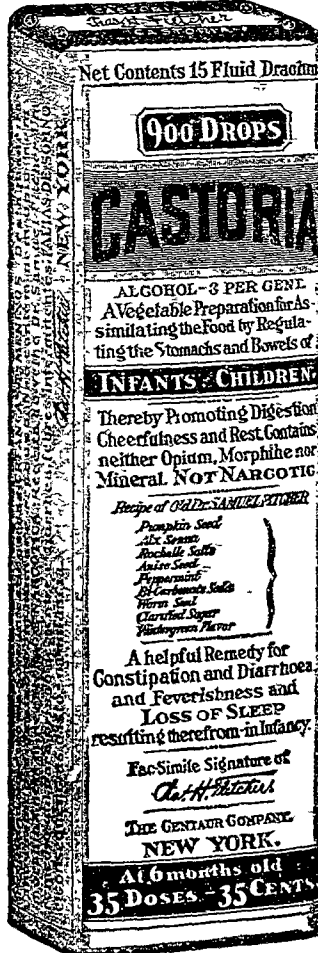
A physician claims to have discovered an explosive so powerful that a five-grain tablet of it would wreck New York's tallest building. All right, doctor! Just pass into that dark room up the corridor of time, third door at your left, and join the chap who discovered that mild green substitute for gasoline that could be manufactured for a cent a gallon.—Providence (R. I.) Evening Bulletin.

Wouldn't Have Him.

"Very handsome typewriter you've hired," commented his aristocratic sister. "Um." "I suppose she'll be marrying you for your money next?" "No danger, sis. She knows too much about the business."

Circumstantial Evidence.

"Is his word good?" "I don't know as to that. I've never taken his word for anything, but I've got four of his notes that weren't any good."



Children Cry For

Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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 23, 1917.

STOP THE AUTO SPEEDERS.

The universal number of automobile accidents daily along the Wayne county concrete highways; calls louder each hour for the enforcement of the safety laws of the state. A 40-mile clip is no longer a remarkable feature of the driving and the great danger at that pace to not only that driver and car but to those it meets or passes, is simply awful. Not a day passes without loss of property and but few days without loss of life. Seemingly the County Road commissioners or the sheriff's officials should arrange a constant patrol for all cement roads leading out of Detroit and see to it that speed laws are enforced. An auto on a narrow cement road at a 40-mile gait is fully as dangerous as a loaded gun pointed at one's head, and usually more so, as in the auto case there is more than one life at stake. Stop the speeding, Mr. Sheriff and Mr. Road Commissioner.

Another conservation suggestion is that everybody get up an hour or two earlier, now that the morning end of the day is so much longer, and go to bed ditto, to save lighting expenses. It is easy to see that an enormous amount would be thus saved if everybody in the U. S. were to so utilize Nature's lighting system, but it is needless to remark that the gas and electricity and oil producing folks aren't advocating this form of saving.

Revenge may be sweet, as proverbially declared, but all right-minded persons are hoping that the atrocities committed by Germany in the form of dropping bombs and killing or maiming a lot of women, children and other noncombatants will not be emulated by "our side" anywhere or at any time.

Hudson Maxim says the war will cost America 2,000,000 lives and that its conclusion will be followed by another great war. Maxim always was an optimist. —Pontiac Press Gazette. And Dr. Vaughan, who says the war is (perhaps) going to last 30 years is another of the same sort—as to the last word, anyway.

The truism that "a man's worst foes are those of his own household" is particularly applicable to the suffrage situation just now. That cause has been set back farther by the recent picketing and hounding at the national capital than by any scheme its worst enemies could have devised.

It is considerably consoling to know that figures show the proportion of bullets fired in the present war to be somewhere about 72,000 to each man killed, so the chances aren't so bad as might be of a soldier coming through safe and sound.

That familiar saying "talk is cheap" has been getting some pretty severe jolts for the past few months. Quite a number of people are demonstrating that it isn't by serving jail terms.

None of us are quarrelling with the fact that it is so seldom we see a real Anglo Saxon name among those of men arrested for non-registration. Just notice.

But then, on the other hand, American mission-to-Russia-Chairman Root believes the war will end in 1918. We will all root for Root as an official prophet.

When the Tigers Play in Detroit.

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

July 3, (4), 5, 6—with Chicago.
July 7, (8), 9, 10—with Washington.
July 11, 12, 13, 14—with Boston.
July 15, 16, 17, 18—with Athletics.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

NOW FOR ANOTHER SANE FOURTH

In the midst of all the war-time slogans, let us not forget the "sane Fourth" slogan this year. The country is at war and the suggestion has been made in some places that we return to the old fashioned Fourth of July celebration again this year in order to permit the people to give vent to their patriotic feelings. There can be no objection to fireworks displays under proper control and supervision as a means of celebrating Independence Day, but to return to the "old fashioned Fourth of July" as it was celebrated a few years ago would be like a return to barbarism.

Any celebration that contemplates the return of the deadly tetanus bearing cap pistols or the indiscriminate sale and use of the destructive cannon crackers will not be a patriotic celebration but just the opposite. To shoot off a finger or put out an eye certainly cannot be considered an act of patriotism either in time of peace or in time of war. Let us hope that.

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF the Northville State Savings Bank at Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, at the close of business June 20, 1917, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts, viz:	
Commercial, Dept.,	\$144,157.70
Savings Dept.,	22,417.50
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:	
Commercial, Dept.,	7,500.00
Savings Dept.,	173,174.70
Overdrafts,	1,333.62
Banking House,	7,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	3,500.00
Items in Transit,	8,257.26
U. S. Bonds,	
Commercial, Dept.,	25,500.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities,	14,980.80
Savings Dept.,	25,304.77
U. S. and Nat'l Bank Currency,	
Commercial, Dept.,	11,460.00
Gold Coin, Commercial,	2,000.00
Gold Coin, Savings,	11,000.00
Silver Coin, Commercial,	550.00
Nickels and Cents,	270.81
Checks and other Cash Items,	175.37
Total,	\$458,087.53

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	12,500.00
Undivided Profits, net,	9,983.33
Commercial Deposits subject to Check,	\$2,522.91
Commercial Certificates of Deposit,	95,314.12
Savings Deposits, (book accounts),	232,767.17
Total,	\$458,087.53

STATE OF MICHIGAN
County of Wayne,
ss I L. A. Babbitt, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1917.
HARRY E. TAFT, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Nov. 4th, 1917.

Correct—Attest:
R. C. YERKES,
T. G. RICHARDSON,
C. H. COLDREN,
Directors.

Bank No. 145 Organized Dec. 4, 1892

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF the Lapham State Savings Bank at Northville, Michigan, at the close of business June 20, 1917, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts, viz:	
Commercial Department,	\$130,934.15
Savings Department,	46,542.54
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:	
Commercial Department,	47,497.20
Savings Department,	202,261.04
Overdrafts,	73.02
Banking House,	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	2,700.00
U. S. Bonds,	
Savings Department,	5,000.00
Commercial Department,	5,000.00
Due from banks in reserve cities,	10,876.02
Savings Department,	21,577.56
U. S. and National Bank Currency,	
Commercial Department,	6,581.00
Savings Department,	747.00
Gold Coin, Savings,	12,552.50
Gold Certificates, Commercial,	7,430.00
Silver Coin, Commercial,	1,326.15
Silver Coin, Savings,	.50
Nickels and Cents, Commercial,	385.08
Checks and other Cash Items,	360.78
Total,	\$514,114.64

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	7,000.00
Undivided Profits, net,	3,704.23
Commercial deposits Subject to Check,	76,735.33
Commercial Certificates of Deposit,	135,796.89
Savings Deposits (book accounts),	265,322.77
Reserved for taxes, interest, etc.,	555.37
Total,	\$514,114.64

STATE OF MICHIGAN
County of Wayne,
ss I E. H. Lapham, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of June, 1917.
ERNEST MILLER, Notary Public.
Commission expires Feb. 9, 1920.

Correct—Attest:
F. S. HARMON,
F. S. NEAL,
M. N. JOHNSON,
Directors.

Bank No. 367.
Commenced business April 15, 1907.

the newspapers, which are largely responsible for the sane Fourth idea, will not have to record the loss of any eyes or fingers to say nothing of the loss of lives as the result of the 1917 Fourth of July celebration.

Wixom Whisperings.

Maude Gillick is visiting her sister at Flint.

J. L. Calkins will soon move his family to Pontiac.

Mrs. Proctor and three children are visiting in Toledo.

R. B. Cummings and wife of Detroit were Wixom callers Sunday.

Richard Banfield and wife were Flushing visitors over Sunday.

Mrs. Fanny VanLeuven of Milford was a Wixom caller Tuesday.

Mrs. B. L. Clark and Mrs. R. Talmn are visiting their sister at Clarksville this week.

James Conroy and two boys left Tuesday evening for Durand, for a few weeks' stay.

The Misses Furman are home for the summer, also Helen Smith and Rena Hopkins.

Mrs. George Parker is at Drayton Plains caring for Miss Vera Phillips, who is quite ill.

H. Abrams and wife and Mrs. Inez Dickerson of Walled Lake called at W. R. Abrams, Sunday.

The Pomona Grange met at Wixom Tuesday. The Church Helpers supplied the dinner at the church parlors.

Oscar Kelsey and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Burton and two children of Redford and Verh Kelsey and wife of Detroit were Wixom callers Sunday.

Friends to the number of 50 surprised Elmer Clark and wife Tuesday night—it being the fifth anniversary of their marriage. An enjoyable time is reported.

Novi News.

A reception is to be given this Friday evening in the Baptist church parlors for the new pastor, Rev. W. H. Hutton, at eight o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all members of the church and congregation and to all other friends in the community. Refreshments will be served.

CHAUTAUQUA PLANS ASSUMING FORM

LOCAL COMMITTEE BEGINNING TO STIR THINGS UP IN GENERAL.

The committees are beginning to stir things up and present indications are that the Chautauqua will be a big success.

The Chautauqua movement lays more claim for attention this year than almost any previous year and what applies to the Chautauqua movement generally, applies locally.

Ten years or more ago Theodore Roosevelt said that the Chautauqua was the "Most American Thing in America." Some didn't know why. He meant that, this being a country given to study of all great issues on the part of the people, they had a better chance to look squarely at big issues in a Chautauqua than any other place.

This will be Patriotic Year in the Chautauqua. The spirit of patriotism will ring in the music on each of the five days.

Says S. Eugene Whitely, General manager of the Central Chautauqua System of Indianapolis:

"Our Chautauqua's duty is to bring the issue home to the people as nothing else can do. Think what it would have meant to England if 4,000 Chautauquas had been in full blast in the summer of 1914. It took England months to bestir themselves. They had no means, as we have, of going direct to the people and the facts had to sift through gradually and slowly."

"We are going to make Chautauqua a great rallying place of patriotism in every community. And to do this we want and we shall expect and we must have the unstinted co-operation of every local influence that is going to be effective in bringing the people to the Chautauqua."

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

Two Lots in Detroit

35x129

1/2 Block from Woodward Avenue.

\$875 Each

Worth \$1,000.

TERMS IF NECESSARY.

See MR. WEITZMAN.

FOR SALE

Baled Hay, per cwt.,	85c
Bonita Coffee, 3-lb. cans for	75c
Tomatoes, (No. 3 cans) for	20c
Savoy No. 2 Canned Corn, for	17c
Savoy Corn Flakes, per pkg.,	9c
No. 10 Canned Apples, per can,	50c
No. 2 Can-Plums, per can,	19c
Savoy Jap Tea, 1-2-lb. for	20c
Savoy Jelly Powder, per pkg.,	8c
Jap Soap, per cake,	6c
Naptha Soap, per cake,	6c
1-lb. Pkg. Comet Rice, for	8c
Calumet Baking Powder, 1-4-lb.,	8c
Meadow Gold Butter, per lb.,	42c

THOMAS B. COUCH EXCHANGE HOTEL, NORTHVILLE.

TRY A LINGER IN THE RECORD.

REPORT DISEASES TO HELP WIN WAR.

Any resident of Michigan who has knowledge of the presence of a case of communicable disease and who fails to report it to the local health authority, as the law requires, may

be a real enemy to the country. The State Board of Health is impressed with the necessity for keeping the communicable diseases under strict control, particularly now that we are at war. A single case of any communicable disease, without supervision, might be the cause of an outbreak that would reduce greatly the efficiency of the men who may soon go to the front. Civilian recruits are flocking to the training camps now being established in different parts of the state, and to bring any of the communicable diseases into one of these camps might cause exceedingly disastrous results. Unless physicians and citizens supply information relative to the presence of communicable diseases, the State Board of Health is unable to know where to direct its efforts for disease control.

Physicians or laymen who know of the presence of any of these diseases should report at once to the health officer of the city or township in which the case may be. Not to do so may be a factor in limiting our efforts and resources for winning the war. STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

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

Phone, 375-J. LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE 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 48). NORTHVILLE

Beginning Monday July 2, 1917 Our Annual July Clearance Sale

Twice each year (Mid-Summer and Mid-Winter) we gather together all odds and ends, discontinued lines, seasonable merchandise, broken sizes, etc., etc.—merchandise that we do not want to carry over—that we may always give our patrons new, fresh and crisp merchandise of only the highest quality.

Clearance Sale in this store means ECONOMY—ECONOMY that you will always remember, because of the radical reductions made in all Shops, reductions which we believe to be better than at any previous Clearance Sale—and prices that you will not find again for some time.

By constantly striving to satisfy every customer, we have built up an enviable reputation.

Today Our Reputation is Worth More Than Our STORE FULL of Merchandise

Our merchandise can be replaced, but our reputation is something money cannot buy. Our advertising is backed by our reputation, which guarantees its truthfulness.

The policy of this store is now as it has been since the beginning—to sell merchandise of reliable quality only, at the same fair price to all alike. Confident that customers who are satisfied with goods and service will remember the store and come again, until coming becomes a habit—thus does confidence beget confidence.

Included in this sale are Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Corsets, Undermuslins, Negligees, Blouses, Infants' and Children's Wear, Linens, Toweling, Beddings, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Leatherwear, Toilet Goods, Embroideries, Laces, etc., etc., etc.

D.J. Healy SHOPS

Detroit's Smartest Shopping Place

222-228 WOODWARD AVE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

PENSLAR

Northville Newslets.

Fred Lyke is improving his store by
the erection of a partition enclosing
the office part.

The J. A. Huff and J. H. Steers hard-
ware stores will be closed all day
Wednesday next, July 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cook are en-
joying the possession of a new Ford
car of the latest model.

Miss Louva Millard of Vineland, N.
J., is a house guest at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Cranson.

The Edison Co's new building on
Center street is now ready to com-

NORTHVILLE TEACHER
FOR 25 YEARS

RETIRING MEMBER OF SCHOOL
FACULTY HAS BEEN INSTRUCT-
OR HERE QUARTER CENTURY.

Mrs. Susie Emery Woolley, who re-
tires from the teaching profession
with the close of this school year be-
cause of broken health, has taught
continuously in the Northville schools
for 25 years, with the exception of
three months spent in a hospital be-
cause of a surgical operation. For
the past 14 years she has been absent

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

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

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

N CHAPTER NO. 55
B. A. M.

July 11.

NORTHVILLE
CHERY NO. 39 K. T.
July 8.

CHAPTER NO. 77
O. E. S.
July 20.

CALENDAR.

CHURCH NOTES.

St. Peter's.
Ship and praise next
at the usual hour.

ic will be, "The Un-
If you are weary,
service restful. If
ted, you will find the
ation. If your vision
faith weak, and your
you need the service
Nothing can take
was glad when they
let us go into the

chool will meet at
ries of lessons, with
begins next Sunday
a fine time for every
le work. If you are
y school, ask your-

league services have
1 for the summer

e first of the series
evening services, for
hs, will be held in
ch, with Rev. Helles
an church, as the
body accept the in-
and let us fill the

CHURCH NOTES.
Pastor.)
if the Lord's Supper
d at the Sunday
t 10 o'clock. The
t 9:30 to receive any
to unite with the

ice will be held in
e Sunday school at
ring will go for the
etican Red Cross.
become members of
invited to join at

t 7 o'clock a Union
d in the Methodist
tic sermon will be
ject, "Soldiers and

of the pastor will
vening, July 2, at
owing members of
cted to take part:
ald, Moderator of
ide; Rev. Wm. J.
reach the sermon;
o offer the prayer
B. F. Farber, to
Rev. J. Earl Web-
people.

ursday evening, at
'Hallowed be Thy

the July flower,
aret Yerkes, Mary
zel Bishop. Any-
id flowers to the
by the chairman.

g of the Ladies'
tponed until July
place of meeting

TERS.

DETROIT PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
Valued at \$7,800.

TWO FAMILY FLAT
Consisting of Seven Rooms and Bath,
each. Annual Income \$900.

Between Two Car Lines—Corner Lot,
near Ford's Factory. Can be Bought
for \$7,200. First Payment down \$1,200

Shows 50% Investment.

See MR. WEITZMAN.

LAPHAM
STATE SAVINGS BANK

NORTHVILLE, MICH.
at the close of business June 20, 1917.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts,	\$177,476.69
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities,	219,758.24
Overdrafts,	73.02
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures,	12,350.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities,	2,700.00
U. S. Bonds,	32,455.68
Cash and Cash-Items,	10,000.06
	29,203.01
Total,	\$514,114.64

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	7,000.00
Undivided Profits,	3,704.28
Reserved for Taxes and Interest,	555.37
Deposits:	
Commercial,	\$212,532.22
Savings,	265,322.77
	\$477,854.99
Total,	\$514,114.64

OFFICERS.

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

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.

JULY 4

SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION!

ALSEIUM THEATRE

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
AND BEVERLY BAYNE, IN

"THE WALL BETWEEN"

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.

Doc Says--

In these extraordinary times, the command-
ing figure in the retail world is that merchant
who associates himself in the public eye with the
house and the merchandise of unquestioned
standards. For while any clothier in his adver-
tising columns may promise definite quality at
a definite price, his community knows that is
only watery rhetoric unless supported by the
product of one of those few makers who can
fulfill the letter and the spirit of that pledge.

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

\$15, \$16.50, \$18, \$20.

garments of pure wool fabrics—easy metropol-
itan style—tailored in daylight shops—backed
by the unqualified Kirschbaum guarantee.

WM. GORTON

Northville, Michigan.

VOL. XLVII. NO. 49.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1917.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN
C. GOW, deceased:
We, the undersigned, having been
appointed by the Probate Court for the
county of Wayne, state of Michigan,
commissioners to receive, examine and
adjust all claims and demands of all
persons against said deceased, do here-
by give notice that we will meet at
the Northville State Savings Bank, in
the Village of Northville, in said
county, on Tuesday, the 21st day of
August, A. D. 1917, and on Saturday,
the 20th day of October, A. D. 1917, at
10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days,
for the purpose of examining and al-
lowing said claims, and that four
months from the 21st day of June, A.
D. 1917, were allowed by said court
for creditors to present their claims
to us for examination and allowance.
Dated June 21, 1917.

LOUIE A. BARBITT,

HARRY TAFT,

Commissioners.

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

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the
payment of principal and interest on a
certain mortgage made by George P.
Palmer and Adelaide Palmer, his wife,
Rudolph H. VanHarteveldt and Behna
E. VanHarteveldt, his wife, of the
city of Detroit, Wayne county, Mich-
igan, to the Redford Lumber Company,
a corporation of Redford, Michigan,
dated the first day of October, 1915,
and recorded in the office of the Reg-
ister of Deeds of Wayne county,
Michigan, on the 22nd day of October,
1915, in liber 752 of mortgages, on
page 524, and which said mortgage was
duly assigned on the 16th day of
April, A. D. 1917 by the said mort-
gagee to Joseph Dallavo, of Wyand-
otte, Michigan, which said assignment
of mortgage was recorded on April
17, 1917, in the records of Wayne
county, Michigan, in liber 65 of
assignment of mortgages, on page 211,
and the same having remained unpaid
for a period of more than thirty days
after it became due and payable the
said assignee and holder of said
mortgage hereby exercises his option
given by said mortgage and declares
the principal sum of said mortgage,
together with all interest unpaid at
this date, to be due and payable im-
mediately.

There is now claimed to be due and
payable on said mortgage for prin-
cipal and interest the sum of five
hundred sixty-two and 57/100
(\$562.57) dollars and no proceeding
having been taken in law or equity to
recover the same or any part thereof,
Notice is hereby given that by virtue
of the power of sale in said mortgage
contained and the statutes in such
case made and provided, the under-
signed will sell at public auction to
the highest bidder at the southerly
entrance on Congress street, to the
Wayne County Building, in the city of
Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, that
being the building where the Circuit
Court for the county of Wayne is held,
on Monday, the 6th day of August,
1917, at twelve o'clock noon, Eastern
standard time, the premises described
in said mortgage, or so much thereof
as may be necessary to realize the
amount due as aforesaid, and the costs
and expenses of sale, including the at-
torney's fee allowed by law and pro-
vided 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. Lam-
phere subdivision, Redford, Wayne
county, Michigan, situated in the town-
ship of Redford, Wayne county, Mich-
igan.

Dated, April 25, A. D. 1917.
JOSEPH DALLAVO,
Assignee of Mortgage.

Frank A. Lewis,
Attorney for assignee.

40-52.

Northville Newslets.

Miss Helen Hammond is the new
office girl at the Fred Lyke plum-
ing establishment.

F. S. Harmon is now able to be out
of "doors for a short time each day"
when weather permits.

Mrs. Mattie Cook has rented the
lower living rooms in the Bradner
building on Main street.

Midford has been experiencing an
epidemic of burglary and small thefts,
and threatens to organize a protective
association.

Thomas Gleason and family have
moved to "Meadowbrook" where the
former has been employed for some
time past.

Fred Oldenburg has purchased the
stock food and medicine business
route conducted for some years past
by D. M. Herrick.

Midford High School graduating
class of 15 members was photo-
graphed at the Wisdom studio last
week, coming here by motor for the
purpose.

Miss Elizabeth Holcomb of Los
Angeles, Calif., who recently visited at
the Summer Power home for some
weeks, was married June 13 to Mr.
Henry Sanborn of Globe, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bauman have
moved back to Northville from De-
troit this week, and for the present
will make their home at the resi-
dence of Mrs. Bauman's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. George Smitherman.

The Campfire girls are "campfir-
ing" at the Parmeater cottage at
Long Lake this week, under
chaperonage of Misses Weiler and
Weston, the official Guardian, Mrs.
DeAutels not yet being well enough
to assume her duties in that line.

Former parishoners of Rev. Geo.
E. Paddock now of Charleston, S.C.
a pastor of the Northville Presbyter-
ian church many years ago, have re-
ceived news that Mrs. Paddock has
so far recovered from a paralytic
stroke suffered several years ago as
to be able to use crutches.

Alfred Travis, living south of New
Hudson, reports having found a
black fedora hat on his farm one day
last week. This hat had evidently
blown there from the cyclone district.
It was in fine shape and had stamped
in the band the initials "N. C." It
awaits the owner at Mr. Travis'.

South Lyon Herald.

Premium lists have been issued for
the 1917 Michigan state fair, of which
copies may be obtained at this office,
or by addressing Secretary-Manager
G. W. Dickinson, Detroit. Particular
attention is directed to the fact that
Michigan premium-winners will be
paid 30% above list figures this year,
instead of 25% as last year.

Fifth grade pupils of the Northville
schools who were neither tardy nor

absent during the school year just
closed were Pearl Hammond and
Helen Vanatta. Second grade
children who attained a similar honor
were Isabell Bartrum and Mable
Campbell, with the slight exception
that the latter was absent one half
day, and one first grader, Earl Hollis
also has the same good record.

Dr. Thomas B. Henry has been
honored with promotion from the
rank of First Lieutenant to that of
Captain, in Harper Hospital Unit No.
17, with which organization he is very
soon to start for France.

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, Cir-
cuit 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,
attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered
that said defendant enter her ap-
pearance 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 or-
dered, 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,
Deputy Clerk.

STATE OF MICHIGAN; County of
Wayne, ss. At a session of the Pro-
bate 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, admin-
istrator 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 ap-
pointed 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 said real
estate as prayed for in said peti-
tion. And it is further ordered,
that a copy of this order be
published three successive weeks pre-
vious 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,
Deputy Clerk.

43-50.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for
Chichester's Diamond Brand
Pills in Red and Gold wrapper.
Take no other. Buy of your
Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for 25
years known Best. Safe. Always Reliable.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

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.

Northville Chautauqua

July 27-31, 1917.

Northville Chautauqua

July 27-31, 1917.

DETROIT PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

Valued at \$7,800.

TWO FAMILY FLAT

Consisting of Seven Rooms and Bath,
each. Annual Income \$900.

Between Two Car Lines—Corner Lot,
near Ford's Factory. Can be Bought
for \$7,200. First Payment down \$1,200

Shows 50% Investment.

See MR. WEITZMAN.

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 23, 1917.

STOP THE AUTO SPEEDERS.

The universal number of automobile accidents daily along the Wayne county concrete highways, calls louder each hour for the enforcement of the safety laws of the state. A 40-mile clip is no longer a remarkable feature of the driving and the great danger at that pace to not only that driver and car but to those it meets or passes, is simply awful. Not a day passes without loss of property and but few days without loss of life. Seemingly the County Road commissioners or the sheriff's officials should arrange a constant patrol for all cement roads leading out of Detroit and see to it that speed laws are enforced. An auto on a narrow cement road at a 40-mile gait is fully as dangerous as a loaded gun pointed at ones head, and usually more so, as in the auto case there is more than one life at stake. Stop the speeding, Mr. Sheriff and Mr. Road Commissioner.

Another conservation suggestion is that everybody get up an hour or two earlier, now that the morning end of the day is so much longer, and go to bed ditto, to save lighting expenses. It is easy to see that an enormous amount would be thus saved if everybody in the U S were to so utilize Nature's lighting system, but it is needless to remark that the gas and electricity and oil producing folks aren't advocating this form of saving.

Revenge may be sweet, as proverbially declared, but all right-minded persons are hoping that the atrocities committed by Germany in the form of dropping bombs and killing or maiming a lot of women, children and other noncombatants will not be emulated by "our side" anywhere or at any time.

Hudson Maxim says the war will cost America 2,000,000 lives and that its conclusion will be followed by another great war. Maxim always was an optimistic cuss.—Pontiac Press Gazette. And Dr. Vaughan, who says the war is (perhaps) going to last 30 years, is another of the same sort—as to the last word, anyway.

The truism that "a man's worst foes are those of his own household" is particularly applicable to the suffrage situation just now. That cause has been set back farther by the recent picketing and bannering at the national capital than by any scheme its worst enemies could have devised.

It is considerably consoling to know that figures show the proportion of bullets fired in the present war to be somewhere about 72,000 to each man killed, so the chances aren't so bad as might be of a soldier coming through safe and sound.

That familiar saying "talk is cheap" has been getting some pretty severe jolts for the past few months. Quite a number of people are demonstrating that it isn't by serving jail terms.

None of us are quarrelling with the fact that it is so seldom we see a real Anglo Saxon name among those of men arrested for non-registration. Just notice.

But then, on the other hand, American-mission-to-Russia-Chairman Root believes the war will end in 1918. We will all root for Root as an official prophet.

When the Tigers Play in Detroit.

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

July 3, (4), (5), 6—with Chicago.
July 7, (8), 9, 10—with Washington.
July 11, 12, 13, 14—with Boston.
July (15), 16, 17, 18—with Athletics.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

NOW FOR ANOTHER SANE FOURTH

In the midst of all the war-time slogans, let us not forget the "sane Fourth" slogan this year. The country is at war and the suggestion has been made in some places that we return to the old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration again this year in order to permit the people to give vent to their patriotic feelings. There can be no objection to fireworks displays under proper control and supervision as a means of celebrating Independence Day, but to return to the "old fashioned Fourth of July" as it was celebrated a few years ago would be like a return to barbarism.

Any celebration that contemplates the return of the deadly tetanus bearing cap pistols, or the indiscriminate sale and use of the destructive cannon crackers will not be a patriotic celebration but just the opposite. To shoot off a finger or put out an eye certainly cannot be considered an act of patriotism either in time of peace or in time of war. Let us hope that

NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Northville State Savings Bank at Northville, Wayne County, Michigan, at the close of business June 20, 1917, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts, viz:	
Commercial Dept.,	\$144,157.70
Savings Dept.,	22,417.50
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:	
Commercial Dept.,	7,500.00
Savings Dept.,	173,174.79
Overdrafts,	7,393.52
Banking House,	7,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	3,500.00
Items in Transit,	8,257.26
U. S. Bonds,	
Commercial Dept.,	25,500.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities,	
Commercial Dept.,	14,980.80
Savings Dept.,	25,304.77
U. S. and Nat'l Bank Currency,	
Commercial Dept.,	11,460.00
Gold Coin, Commercial,	2,000.00
Gold Coin, Savings,	11,000.00
Silver Coin, Commercial,	55.00
Nickels and Cents,	270.81
Checks and other Cash Items,	175.37
Total,	\$458,087.53
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	12,500.00
Undivided Profits, net,	9,983.33
Commercial Deposits subject to Check,	82,522.91
Commercial Certificates of Deposit,	95,314.12
Savings Deposits (book accounts),	232,767.17
Total,	\$458,087.53

STATE OF MICHIGAN
County of Wayne,
ss.
I, L. A. Babbitt, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

L. A. BABBITT, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1917.
HARRY B. TAFT, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Nov. 4th, 1917.

Correct—Attest:
R. C. VERKES,
T. G. RICHARDSON,
C. H. COLDREN,
Directors.

Bank No. 145 Organized Dec. 4, 1892

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the Lapham State Savings Bank, at Northville, Michigan, at the close of business June 20, 1917, as called for by the Commissioner of the Banking Department.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts, viz:	
Commercial Department,	\$130,934.15
Savings Department,	46,542.54
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities, viz:	
Commercial Department,	47,497.20
Savings Department,	202,261.04
Overdrafts,	73.02
Banking House,	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	2,700.00
U. S. Bonds,	
Savings Department,	5,000.00
Commercial Department,	5,000.00
Due from banks in reserve cities,	
Commercial Department,	10,876.02
Savings Department,	21,577.66
U. S. and National Bank Currency,	
Commercial Department,	6,531.00
Savings Department,	737.00
Gold Coin, Savings,	12,552.50
Gold Certificates, Commercial,	7,450.00
Silver Coin, Commercial,	1,226.15
Silver Coin, Savings,	.50
Nickels and Cents, Commercial,	385.03
Checks and other Cash Items,	130.78
Total,	\$514,114.64

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	7,000.00
Undivided Profits, net,	3,704.28
Commercial deposits subject to Check,	76,735.33
Commercial Certificates of Deposit,	135,796.89
Savings Deposits (book accounts),	265,322.77
Reserved for taxes, interest, etc.,	555.37
Total,	\$514,114.64

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
County of Wayne,
ss.

I, E. H. Lapham, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and correctly represents the true state of the several matters therein contained, as shown by the books of the bank.

E. H. LAPHAM, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of June, 1917.
ERNEST MILLER, Notary Public.
Commission expires Feb'y, 9, 1920.

Correct—Attest:
F. S. HARMON,
F. S. NEAL,
M. N. JOHNSON,
Directors.

Bank No. 367.
Commenced business April 15, 1907.

the newspapers, which are largely responsible for the sane Fourth idea, will not have to record the loss of any eyes or fingers to say nothing of the loss of lives as the result of the 1917 Fourth of July celebration.

Wixom Whisperings.

Maude Gillick is visiting her sister at Flint.

J. L. Calkins will soon move his family to Pontiac.

Mrs. Proctor and three children are visiting in Toledo.

R. B. Cummings and wife of Detroit were Wixom callers Sunday.

Richard Banfield and wife were Flushing visitors over Sunday.

Mrs. Fanny VanLeuven of Milford was a Wixom caller Tuesday.

Mrs. B. L. Clark and Mrs. R. Timlin are visiting their sister at Clarksville, this week.

James Conroy and two boys left Tuesday evening for Durand for a few weeks' stay.

The Misses Furman are home for the summer, also Helen Smith and Rena Hopkins.

Mrs. George Parker is at Drayton Plains caring for Miss Vera Phillips, who is quite ill.

H. Abrams and wife and Mrs. Inez Dickerson of Walled Lake called at W. R. Abrams, Sunday.

The Pomona Grange met at Wixom Tuesday. The Church helpers supplied the dinner at the church parlors.

Oscar Kelsey and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Burton and two children of Redford and Vern Kelsey and wife of Detroit were Wixom callers Sunday.

Friends to the number of 50 surprised Elmer Clark and wife Tuesday night—it being the fifth anniversary of their marriage. An enjoyable time is reported.

Novi News.

A reception is to be given this Friday evening in the Baptist church parlors for the new pastor, Rev. W. H. Hutton, at eight o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all members of the church and congregation and to all other friends in the community. Refreshments will be served.

CHAUTAUQUA PLANS ASSUMING FORM**LOCAL COMMITTEE BEGINNING TO STIR THINGS UP IN GENERAL.**

The committees are beginning to stir things up and present indications are that the Chautauqua will be a big success.

The Chautauqua movement lays more claim for attention this year than almost any previous year and what applies to the Chautauqua movement generally, applies locally.

Ten years or more ago Theodore Roosevelt said that the Chautauqua was the "Most American Movement in America."

He meant given to stir the part of better chance issues in a other place.

This will Chautauquaism will ring of the five days.

Says S. E. manager of System of Ind.

"Our Chautauq the issue, home ing else can de have meant to taquas had b summer of 1 months to be had no means direct to the p to sift through.

"We are goh a great rallyr is every combi we want and must have the of every local to be effective to the Chautauq

RECORD LINE

Two Lot 3

1/2 Block from \$871

Wort

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FOR SALE

Baled Hay, per cwt.	85c
Bonita Coffee, 3-lb. cans for	75c
Tomatoes, (No. 3 cans), for	20c
Savoy No. 2 Canned Corn, for	17c
Savoy Corn Flakes, per pkg.	9c
No. 10 Canned Apples, per can.	50c
No. 2 Can Plums, per can.	10c
Savoy Jap Tea, 1-2-lb. for	20c
Savoy Jelly Powder, per pkg.	8c
Jap Soap, per cake.	6c
Naptha Soap, per cake.	6c
1-lb. Pkg. Comet Rice, for	8c
Calumet Baking Powder, 1-4-lb.	8c
Meadow Gold Butter, per lb.	42c

THOMAS B. COUGH

EXCHANGE

be a real enemy to the country. The State Board of Health is impressed with the necessity for keeping the communicable diseases under strict control, particularly now that we are at war.

A single case of any communicable disease, without supervision, might be the cause of an outbreak that would reduce greatly the efficiency of the men who may soon go to the front.

Civilian recruits are flocking to the training camps now being established in different parts of the state, and to bring any of the communicable diseases into one of these camps might cause exceedingly disastrous results.

Unless physicians

Beginn July July Cl

Twice each year (Mid-Summer discontinued lines, seasonable merchandise not want to carry over—that we merchandise of only the highest quality

Clearance Sale in this store remember, because of the radical to be better than at any previous C for some time.

By constantly striving to satisfaction.

Today Our Reputation is

Our merchandise can be replaced Our advertising is backed by our reputation

The policy of this store is now a of reliable quality only, at the same are satisfied with goods and service becomes a habit—thus does confidence

Included in this sale are Suits, C

Blouses, Infants' and Children's Wear, Linens, Toweling, Beddings, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Leatherwear, Toilet Goods, Embroideries, Lacés, etc., etc., etc.

D.J. Healy SHOPS

Detroit's Smartest Shopping Place

222-228 WOODWARD AVE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

UNA DAY GRIFFIN
CONTRALTO.
Sole Instructions and Coaching
Phone 392-R-2.

CORD LINERS PAY-TRY ON

Phone 247-J
AMOND DAIRY
NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.
Everything in a Strictly Sanitary
ditch. All Milk we sell is the
best of our own dairy.
We have fresh cows at all times
the year gives you a high stand-
ing of milk at all times. It is
at a few cents a week to know
you are getting.
WE ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE.
G. C. BENTON, Proprietor.

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

NORTHVILLE GREENHOUSE
DIXON, Prop. Phone.

RD AGENCY
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.
Touring Cars \$360
Runabouts, \$345
Chassis, \$325

**DETROIT
UNITED LINES**
NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time.

Go to Farmington and Detroit
via Orchard Lake and
and Pontiac.
Leave Northville for Farming-
ton at 6:20 a. m., and
from there until 8:20 p. m.
and 10:35 p. m.; for Orchard
Lake only 11:35 p. m.;
from Pontiac only 12:35
p. m. to Detroit at 6:43 a. m. daily
Sunday.

Leave Detroit for Northville at
6:20 a. m. and hourly to 7:35 p. m.,
and hourly to 11:05 p. m.;
at 5:00 p. m. daily, except
Sundays.

Go 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 Lirer Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

Northville Newslets.

Fred Lyke is improving his store by
the erection of a partition enclosing
the office part.

The J. A. Huff and J. H. Steers hard-
ware stores will be closed all day
Wednesday-next, July 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cook are en-
joying the possession of a new Ford
car of the latest model.

Miss Louva Millard of Vineland, N. J., is a house guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Cranson.

The Edison Co's new building on Center street is near enough to completion to show that it is to be one of the prettiest structures ever put up in Northville.

J. W. Weitzman has moved his family here from Detroit this week to the W. A. Ely residence on High street.

A few pre-echoes of the Fourth have been heard this week in the way of fire crackers, but not so soon or so frequently as usual, for some reason.

Supt. Porter has been taking up the water intake from the main springs northwest of town and has found that the removal of a lot of stones which had retarded the flow of water will permit the reservoir to fill much more rapidly.

Northville High school grads are not to be "bluffed" by bad weather. The classes of '16 and '15 held their reunion picnic at Walled Lake Saturday after the cessation of the hours of down-pour, although the cloudy skies constantly threatened more rain.

A much needed village ordinance is one that would prohibit the passing of standing street cars by motorists. Such passing is not permitted in the cities, and should not be here. It daily and nightly endangers the lives of passengers leaving or boarding the D. U. R. cars.

The annual picnic of the Northville Woman's club at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bloom Tuesday afternoon was a success in every respect. The program included several unique features, and was greatly enjoyed by everybody, as was also the pleasant social time.

It is evidently time in Northville for more severe measures in dealing with car drivers who violate the speed limit permissible in the village. Heretofore, offenders have been let go with only a warning, but it is obvious that a few good stiff fines would prove more effective in enforcing the law.

The following news dispatch refers to the pastor of the local Lutheran church: Rev. Lorenz and family of Clarenceville met with an accident Sunday morning at the Seven-Mile road. Another machine crashed into the Lorenz car with such force as to cause it to tip over and throw the occupants out. Rev. Lorenz was cut and bruised about his head and body and Mrs. Lorenz was cut badly about the head. The children escaped with a few minor bruises.

Northville's 1917 High school graduation program, ended with the exercises last week Thursday evening in the High school auditorium, when the program included music, the class valedictory by Wendell Miller, a fine address by President H. M. Crooks of Alma College and presentation of diplomas by C. L. Dubuar of the school board. The class day exercises the preceding Tuesday evening were among the best ever given here.

Employees of the Michigan State Telephone Co. have taken practically all of the \$250,000 Liberty bonds subscribed to for them by the company. The part taken by the girls of the operating department is especially gratifying. Subscriptions of employees in the Central group of Bell companies, to which the local organization belongs, will reach a total of \$700,000, according to late estimates. The majority of subscriptions taken by employees were for bonds of the \$50 denomination, indicating the demand was largely from small investors.

A very pleasant reunion occurred Sunday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. D. B. Henry, when in honor of their 20th wedding anniversary and of the near departure of Dr. T. B. Henry for France, they entertained the following guests at a six o'clock dinner: Drs. T. J. and J. H. Henry, cousins of the host, his brother, Dr. F. N. Henry, wife and daughter, and Mrs. Linné Peer, all of Detroit and Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Henry and children of this place. This was the first time in some years that the five doctors—three brothers of one family and two of another—had all been together.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

NORTHVILLE TEACHER FOR 25 YEARS

RETIRING MEMBER OF SCHOOL
FACULTY HAS BEEN INSTRUCT-
OR HERE QUARTER CENTURY.

Mrs. Susie Emery Woolley, who re-
tires from the teaching profession
with the close of this school year be-
cause of broken health, has taught
continuously in the Northville schools
for 25 years, with the exception of
three months spent in a hospital be-
cause of a surgical operation. For
the past 14 years she has been absent
from her post but two days when the
schools were in session.

Such an unusual record speaks vol-
umes for Mrs. Woolley's ability and
faithfulness to her chosen task in life,
and suggests the far-reaching in-
fluence that must have been hers upon
the many young lives she has been
permitted to assist in moulding during
some of their most impressionable and
decisive years. That this influence
has been always on the side of the
right, no one who knows Mrs. Woolley
could for a moment doubt. Her
interest in her work and her pupils
has pervaded her life, and her plans
for both have been ever with her,
even when actual school duties were
laid aside in vacation times.

Mrs. Woolley's teaching work was
with the first grade for four years,
then with the third grade for 9 1/2
successive years, then in the fourth,
fifth and third for the remainder of
the time.

NORTHVILLE'S STATE SOLDIERY.
The roster of Co. 50, Michigan State
Troops, mustered into the service last
Friday night by Capt. Town of Detroit
is as follows:

OFFICERS:
Ralph Hottel, Captain.
Thos. R. Carrington, 1st Lieutenant.
Ralph Ryder, 2nd Lieutenant.
Geo. R. Simmons, 1st Sergt.
Don L. Ball, Quartermaster Sergt.
Edward M. Bogart, Sergt.
H. Ray Bogart, Sergt.
Harry E. Taft, Corporal.
L. N. Eaton, Corporal.
Harry Armstrong, Corporal.
P. R. Alexander, Corporal.
Roy Ambler, Corporal.
Spencer Heaney, Corporal.
Peter Perkins, Musician.
Scott Montgomery, Musician.

PRIVATES:
Horace Boyden, Clifford Buckley,
Howard Cole, Ross Dixon, Carroll
Dubuar, Will E. Kingston, Tracy Ely,
Paul Foss, Will Foss, Chas. Freydl,
Truman Gaffield, Jud Green, Charles
E. Hutton, Alfred Hyde, Walter Jen-
son, Edward Johnson, Lisle Johnson,
Asa S. Kahry, Wray Klump, Floyd
Lanning, Archie Long, Harry Morris,
John Moyer, Alger Moyer, Arthur
Power, Louis Ransom, Charles Ran-
som, Herbert Rorabacher, Carl Ror-
bacher, Donald Ryder, Walter Ryder,
James Sessions, Lee Shipley, D. J.
Stark, Russell Stewart, C. R. Van-
Valkenburgh, Franklin VanValken-
burgh, Carl VanValkenburgh, Harold
Voigt, Wilber Walker, Vine Yerkes,
Harold Stuart.

LOCAL.

Don't forget to lay aside the money
for your Chautauqua tickets. You
will soon use them.

Donald Safford and Wendell Miller
are attending summer school at the
State Normal college at Ypsilanti.

NEW SUMMER COTTAGE PROP-
ERTY.

Northville's enterprising real estate
man, Ray H. Baker, has just opened
a new sub-division in Oakland coun-
ty's famous lake region, where nearly
all the water frontage is already sur-
rounded by summer cottages.

Of the few remaining desirable
properties Mr. Baker has secured a
frontage on Bass Lake, his land also
fronting Commerce Lake. The lots
are 50 feet wide, with a depth of from
100 to 185 feet. On Bass Lake an
exceptionally fine bathing beach is one
of the attractions. The terms and
prices for this desirable property are
easy and reasonable. —Adv.

PRESBYTERIAN INSTALLATION
SERVICE.

The installation of the new pastor
of the Presbyterian church, Rev. Ed-
ward V. Belles, is to take place next
Monday evening, July 2, in the church
auditorium, followed by an informal
reception in the church parlors for
Mr. and Mrs. Belles. Rev. W. T.
Jaquess, Rev. J. E. Webber and other
clergymen are to take part in the in-
stallation service. A cordial in-
vitation is extended to all members
and friends of the church.

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

Italian War Economy.
In Rome and other Italian cities la-
dies are adopting the habit of going
hatless as a war economy. The ex-
ample has been set by many aristo-
cratic ladies, who take walks and auto-
mobile drives, and even make social
calls, bareheaded.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

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

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

NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 1.
196, E. & 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.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

Service of worship and praise next
Sunday morning at the usual hour.

The sermon topic will be, "The Un-
known Christ," if you are weary,
you will find the service restful. If
you are discouraged, you will find the
service an inspiration. If your vision
has dimmed, your faith weak, and your
zeal has waned, you need the service
of the sanctuary. Nothing can take
its place. "I was glad when they
said unto me, Let us go into the
house of Jehovah."

The Sunday school will meet at
11:30. A new series of lessons, with
studies in Isaiah, begins next Sunday
and this would be a fine time for every
body to take up the work. If you are
not in the Sunday school, ask your-
self, why?

The Epworth League services have
been discontinued for the summer
months.

At 7 o'clock, the first of the series
of union Sunday evening services, for
the summer months, will be held in
the Methodist church, with Rev. Belles
of the Presbyterian church, as the
preacher. Everybody accept the in-
vitation here given and let us fill the
house.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper
will be celebrated at the Sunday
morning service at 10 o'clock. The
session will meet at 9:30 to receive any
who may wish to unite with the
church.

A patriotic service will be held in
connection with the Sunday school at
11:30, and the offering will go for the
work of the American Red Cross.
Any who have not become members of
the Red Cross are invited to join at
this time.

In the evening at 7 o'clock a Union
service will be held in the Methodist
church. A patriotic sermon will be
delivered on the subject, "Soldiers and
Civilians."

The installation of the pastor will
occur on Monday evening, July 2, at
7 o'clock. The following members of
Presbytery are expected to take part:
Rev. J. D. McDonald, Moderator of
Presbytery, to preside; Rev. Wm. T.
Jaquess, D. D., to preach the sermon;
Rev. W. G. Evans, to offer the prayer
of installation; Rev. B. F. Farber, to
charge the pastor; Rev. J. Earl Web-
ber, to charge the people.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening, at
7:30. Subject: "Hallowed be Thy
Name."

The members of the July flower
committee are: Margaret Yerkes, Mary
Litsenberger and Hazel Bishop. Any-
one desiring to send flowers to the
church, kindly notify the chairman.

The next meeting of the Ladies'
Aid society is postponed until July
18. Notice of the place of meeting
will be given later.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.
Mr. Wm. Hazen.

DETROIT PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

Valued at \$7,800.
TWO FAMILY FLAT

Consisting of Seven Rooms and Bath,
each. Annual Income \$900.

Between Two Car Lines—Corner Lot,
near Ford's Factory. Can be Bought
for \$7,200. First Payment down \$1,200

Shows 30% Investment.
See MR. WEITZMAN.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

NORTHVILLE, MICH.
at the close of business June 20, 1917.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts,	\$177,476.69
Bonds, Mortgages and Securities,	249,758.24
Overdrafts,	73.02
Banking House,	12,450.00
Furniture and Fixtures,	2,700.00
Due from Banks in Reserve Cities,	32,453.68
U. S. Bonds,	10,000.00
Cash and Cash Items,	29,203.01
Total,	\$514,114.64

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock,	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund,	7,000.00
Undivided Profits,	3,704.28
Reserved for Taxes and Interest,	555.37
deposits:	
Commercial,	\$212,532.22
Savings,	265,322.77
Total,	\$514,114.64

OFFICERS.

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

Interest on Savings Deposits for the Full Time.

JULY 4

SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION!

ALSEIUM THEATRE

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
AND BEVERLY BAYNE, IN

"THE WALL BETWEEN"

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.

Doc Says--

In these extraordinary times, the command-
ing figure in the retail world is that merchant
who associates himself in the public eye with the
house and the merchandise of unquestioned
standards. For while any clothier in his adver-
tising columns may promise definite quality at
a definite price, his community knows that is
only watery rhetoric unless supported by the
product of one of those few makers who can
fulfill the letter and the spirit of that pledge.

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

\$15, \$16.50, \$18, \$20.

garments of pure wool fabrics—easy metropol-
itan style—tailored in daylight shops—backed
by the unqualified Kirschbaum guarantee.

WM. GORTON

Northville, Michigan.

WEB OF STEEL

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY FATHER AND SON

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"I don't see him. He's not there," she said at last, handing the glass back to its owner.

"If he were there, you'd see him all right," said Winters enthusiastically, "because he'd be in the thick of the fight."

"I doubt if you can recognize anyone, even through the glass, at such a distance," said Rodney, after he had focused it and taken a look himself.

"Yet if he were there, he certainly would be in the thick of it. He's that kind. You look, Dick."

"I can't see him," said Winters in turn. "But what a fight they are making to save that dam."

"Will it hold?" asked the woman.

"Impossible," said Rodney.

"I give it one hour," said Winters, handing over the glass.

"Not more than that," assented the other, after another look. "See for yourself, Miss Illingworth."

From where they stood, high up on the roof of the world, they were spectators of a great battle, witnesses of a terrible contest, in which herculean effort, desperate courage, human will, all exerted to the limit, finally degenerated into blind, mechanical habit of continuous and frenzied endeavor. The spirit of reckless continuance had got into them and moved them to the impossible. As men in a battle charge go on even with wounds enough to kill them in ordinary circumstances, as soldiers at Winchester, though shot in the heart, actually struggled after Sheridan until they fell, or even as a common horse may so be imbued with blind intensity of determination that he gallops on until he drops dead, so these men gave their all in unmatchable persistence.

"They'd better get off that dam," said Rodney. "When it once falls it'll go with a rush and then it'll be too late."

"Look at them. They're not going to get off," said Winters. "They're going down with it. Fools, God bless 'em!" he shouted, throwing up his arms in exultation over manhood and courage and determination.

"Perhaps you had better go back, Miss Illingworth," said Rodney, thinking of the horror she might witness at any moment.

"I wouldn't be elsewhere for the world," said the brave girl, white but with firm lips, she was made of the same stuff as the fighting men, it seemed. "Even if he were there, fighting that great battle, I should wait to see the end."

"We're not the only people in this wilderness. Look yonder!" cried Winters.

He pointed down through the ceaseless rain toward the lower edge of the mesa. There, far below him, were three sodden figures. The water in the lake had flooded the slope of the hill, and on that side it was lapping the base of the cliff. The trail had, of course, been covered, and there was no way of progress except by taking advantage of the broken rock at the foot of the cliff, which here and there still stood above the water. It was a place where men could only pass by carefully choosing their way and calculating the distance of the next point toward which to leap. These three were moving like madmen, splashing through the water, hurling themselves from rock to rock, falling against the wall, clutching a tree or shrub, slipping into the lake, saving themselves from drowning apparently only by the caprice of complacent fortune, which they were trying to the utmost limit.

One man carried a miner's pick, a spade and a surveyor's range pole, the other another spade and two long stakes which looked like the separate legs of a tripod. The bareheaded man, who had thrown his rubber coat down in the reddish-yellow water, carried a good-sized oilskin bag. He was the most hurried of the three. He ran some distance in front of the others. They noticed how carefully he sought to protect the bag. When he slipped or seemed about to fall, he always thrust it frantically away from the rock with outstretched arm.

What the three men would be at of course no one knew. It was obvious that they were in a desperate hurry and that the thing in the bag must be carefully carried. Naturally the watchers connected the men with the dam builders. They were dressed as the men engaged in such labor would be dressed. The pick, the spades and the pole and stakes bore out that conclusion.

"What's in the bag?" asked the woman.

"He carries it as though it might be gold or diamonds," said Winters. Rodney shook his head. Suddenly he divined the reason for the extreme care with which the bag was carried. The men were immediately below the three watchers now. He could make out pretty well what was the size and shape of the objects that bulged the waterproof bag.

"I have it," he shouted. "Dynamite!"

"What for?"

Rodney shook his head again. The man in front was in plain view. He was a tall figure, his face was heavily

bearded. From the angle at which they saw him it was impossible to recognize him, nor was he in his frantic progress assuming the usual attitude and bearing of a man under ordinary conditions, which sometimes betray him to those who know him well. Nor could Helen Illingworth with her trembling hands focus the glass, which she took from Rodney before the struggling adventurers had passed; and yet there was something in the figure below that made her heart beat faster.

She pressed her hand to the wet garments over her heart and stared. Suddenly Rodney raised his voice and shouted at the very top of it. Winters joined in, and even Helen Illingworth found herself screaming. The three men below were not more than five or six hundred feet away, but evidently they could not possibly hear in that tumult of nature. No voices would carry through any such rain and wind. They were too intent on their paths and on what they had to do to look upward. They rounded the shoulder of the mesa and disappeared in the pines at its feet.

The three on the top looked at each other.

"The dam still holds," said Rodney, quite unsuspecting what was in the woman's heart.

Even as he spoke, Helen Illingworth turned away. She ran heavily in her sodden garments along the broken mesa top past the house to the upper edge. There below her were the three men just emerging from the fringe of trees. Rounding the end of the mesa, they had at last struck firmer ground. Helen Illingworth could see them through the pines on the old trail. The going was bad enough, but it was nothing compared to what they had passed over and presently they burst out of the woods and ran along the greasy, well-rounded hogback that divided the valley from the ravine.

The woman had no idea what was toward, what was their purpose. She could only stare and stare at the rapidly moving far-off figure indomitably in the lead, and the others following after. There Winters joined her.

"Rodney sent me to look after you; he feels that he must stay back and watch the dam for his paper."

"Look," said Helen, pointing far down. The men halted at the very narrowest part of the hogback. They were clustered together. The bag lay on the ground behind them. One man bent over it, evidently opening it. Another man swung the shovel viciously, the third grabbed the pick. Winters had been too far removed from engineering even yet to figure out what was toward. They could only watch and wonder.

CHAPTER XX.

The Victory.

Meade knew that they were fighting a losing battle. Every one of the higher grade men knew it also. The spillway was entirely inadequate, but it suddenly flashed into his mind, with that consciousness of the hopelessness of the struggle, that perhaps there was another way to discharge the flood. The same idea might have come to any other of the more intelligent of the men from Vandeventer down if they had not been so frantically, so frightfully engrossed in their present pany but gallant efforts to save the dam, they certainly would have remembered. That the possibility came to Meade rather than to any of the others was perhaps due to the fact that he had noted the situation later and had studied the conditions more recently. Those solitary rambles of his, those careful inspections of the terrain of the valley, had been made long after the original surveys and the results of his observations were still fresh in his mind.

The water was rising so rapidly since the cloudburst and he saw the inevitableness of the failure so clearly that he did not dare to waste time to look up Vandeventer, tell him his plan, and get his permission. Every second was of the utmost value. When the thought came, he acted instantly. He was in the position of the commander of a small force to whom is suddenly presented the bare possibility of wresting victory from defeat by some splendidly daring and unforeseen undertaking. And he was the man to seize such a possibility and make the most of it.

He had endeavored himself to some of the men and the respect in which he was held by Vandeventer was shared by the others. When he called two of the most capable of the workmen, a big, burly Irishman and a stout little Italian, to follow him, they did it without a moment's hesitation.

"The rest of you keep on here," he shouted as he left the gang. "Murphy and Funaro, come with me. Keep it up; I think I know a way to help." He yelled back through the rain as he scrambled off the dam up the rocks to the spillway. It was not his fault that they could not hear and could not understand.

The water was rushing through the spillway about knee deep, and the three men plunging forward through

it had difficulty in keeping their footing on the broken, rocky bottom. When they reached the other side, Meade shouted above the storm:

"Murphy, bring your pick and shovel; take that iron range-pole, too. Here, Funaro, you take your shovel and these."

As he spoke he ran into the office shack and wrecked a transit tripod, ruthlessly separating the legs from one another by main force and pitching two of them into the little Italian's outstretched arms.

Without a question, both men complied with his directions. In a huge crevice, almost a small cave, in the spur of the mesa which overhung the east end of the dam the explosives were stored. The dynamite was kept in oilskin bags, the detonating caps in waterproof boxes. There were sixteen sticks or cartridges in each bag. Each stick was an inch and a half in diameter and eight inches long. One bagful should be ample. Indeed, if that did not do the work, the attempt would fail.

The men waited while Meade selected a bag of dynamite, a box of detonators, and a package of fuses. It was a cardinal rule that dynamite cartridges and detonating caps should never be carried by the same person, because the combination so greatly increased the risk of premature explosion. The fulminate of mercury in the detonators was very volatile, highly explosive and immensely destructive, considering its size. One such cap could blow off a man's hand, or even his head, and in its explosion might detonate the dynamite. Hence the separation when being carried.

Meade decided to take that risk. He knew how perilous was the undertaking, how liable he was in his hurry to fall against the rocks, slippery and half submerged in that pouring rain. He knew what the consequences of such a fall would be. He would center all risks in himself. He thrust the box of detonators in his pocket, the package of fuses inside his flannel shirt, and carried the dynamite bag in his hand. He would need his free hand to protect himself, so all the tools were carried by the other men.

The little Italian shook his head as he noted these preparations. He happened to be one of the explosive force, those whose duty it was to do the blasting. In his practical way he knew a great deal about the properties and possibilities of usefulness of the dynamite. Meade's purpose was obvious, even to Murphy, who was only a laborer, though where he proposed to work neither man had any idea at all.

"Dynamite no work in this weather," said Funaro impressively.

"Probably not," answered Meade, hurrying his preparations, "but it's our only chance."

"Give me the caps," urged the Italian gallantly.

"No, I'll take both."

"It ees danger."

"Yes, but come on."

Meade, wasting no more words, sprang at what was left of the trail, and the two men gallantly followed him. The hogback at which he was aiming was perhaps a little more than two miles from the dam. On the ordinary trail and prepared for the run, he could have managed it in fifteen

minutes; as it was, they made it in thirty. The extreme possibility of the life of the dam seemed to Meade not much greater. He went in the lead, and by his direction the others kept some distance behind him.

"If I fall and explode this dynamite, there's no need of all three of us being blown up," he had said, and it was no reflection on his courage that they complied with his direction.

Indeed a stern command was necessary to keep the two men back. They had caught something of the gallant spirit of the engineer, and the big Irishman and the little Italian were as eager as he. Helped by a few hasty

words as they ran, they had both of them learned what he would be at. They both realized that they were the forlorn hope, that if they could not save the dam nobody and nothing could. And there was a trace of the age-long rivalry between the Celt and the Roman. The scion of the legionary and the son of the barbarian who had fought together in the dawn of history vied with each other then. Again and again Meade had to order them back. He was keenly sensible of his danger. He knew that if he fell, if the dynamite struck the ground violently, it might explode. He knew that the unstable fulminate of mercury in the detonators might go off at any time, perhaps that was the greater danger, but he never checked his pace or hesitated in a leap or sought an easy way for a second. His soul was rising and his heart was beating as they had never risen or beaten in his life. And the hearts of his men beat with his own.

He knew, of course, if the dam went out the railroad, the bridge, the town, the citizens, the women and children, and everything and everybody would go. If he could save them, his act might be set off against the loss of the International. But whether that were true or not, whatever the consequences to him, he was bound to save them. The weight of every man, the weight of every woman, the weight of every child in the valley, the weight of all the business enterprises of the town, the weight of the great viaduct of steel, the weight of the huge dam itself, was on his shoulders as he ran. He carried the burden lightly, as Atlas might have borne the world with laughter. For, despite his determination and haste, he had in his heart the great joy that comes when men attempt grandly and dare greatly for their fellow-men. If he could only by and by see his hopes justified by success, his happiness would be complete.

And there were thoughts personal as well as general. If he died, whether successful or not, men would feel about his endeavor. She would hear. It came to him afterward, when he learned how she had looked down upon him as he ran, that he had somehow felt her presence, not a presence compelling him to look up, but a presence driving him on. He lost his hat, he tore off his long coat and threw it aside as he plunged on with his precious bag in his hand. He did not dare to look at his watch, he did not stop for anything, but it seemed that he must have spent hours in that mad scramble over the water-covered rocks. He heaved a deep breath of relief when he rounded the mesa and struck the trail. Bad as was the going, it was nothing to what they had passed over.

Presently he broke out into the open slope and there before him was the rounded curve of the hogback to gain which he had risked so much. Were they in time? Yes, the water in the lake was not flowing, it was only rising. Evidently the dam still held. He ran along it till he reached the narrowest part of it, twenty feet wide between water-covered valley and sharply descending ravine. The shortest separation between Pickett Wire and the Kicking Horse! The water in the lake was within three feet of the crest. The rain was coming down steadily. He could realize by the water level where he stood that it must be lapping the top of the dam now, or a little above it. He had five minutes—ten at most. He was still in time. The thoughts came to him as he ran. And as he saw the place again he made his instant plan.

He laid the dynamite down just as Murphy and Funaro reached him and stood panting, their heavy breathing, the sweat mingling with the rain in their wet faces, evidencing their exhaustion. From Murphy, who had been the faster, Meade took the two tripod legs, stout oak staves about an inch and a half thick, with sharp metal points. He jammed them down into the ground about five feet from the edge of the Kicking Horse ravine and about fifteen feet apart.

"Holes, there," he shouted, "deep enough for five cartridges."

Funaro nodded. He knew exactly what to do. Murphy had often seen the explosive gang at work. He was quick-witted and he had only to follow the Italian's actions. The work was simple. Seizing their spades, the two men cut into the sod, using the pick to dislodge small boulders and break up the earth. The soil was light and porous, and it had been well soaked by the rain. After they had made an excavation about two feet deep, they laid aside their shovels, and with the iron range pole as a starter and the bigger tripod stakes to follow, they made two deep holes in the ground, forcing the pole and then the stake into the earth, which the continuing rain tended to soften more and more. They made these holes about four feet deep below the excavation, driving in and twisting and churning the stakes by main strength.

They could by no means have accomplished this save for the softening assistance of the rain and the furious energy they applied. They had been

working since four in the morning at the dam, they had made that difficult run at headlong speed; yet they labored like men possessed. They even wasted breath to call challengingly and provokingly and to set forth their progress each to the other. In almost less time than it takes to tell it, they had completed the holes and so informed the engineer triumphantly.

Meade, as usual, had reserved to himself the more dangerous, if less arduous task. Covering himself with big Murphy's discarded slicker, which fell over him like a shelter tent as he knelt down, he opened the box of detonators, selected one, and attached the fuse in position carefully. Then he unfolded the paper about one of the cartridges and placed the detonator, wrapping the paper around it thereafter. He prepared two cartridges this way with the greatest care.

The men rapidly but carefully cut slits in the covering of the cartridges, and lowered four cartridges down each hole, forcing them gently into place with the butt ends of the tripod stakes and compressing them so that they filled the holes completely. Then Meade placed his two prepared sticks with the detonators on top of the other four. He cut the fuse to the proper length in each case, and, keeping it

carefully covered with the raincoat, he held it while the others filled in the holes and the excavations and carefully tamped down the earth. All that remained was the lighting of the fuse. And then? Would the dynamite go off? With fuses it was uncertain in its action at best, and although these fuses were supposed to be so prepared as to be independent of weather conditions, more often than not rain spoiled a blast. If this blast failed it was good-by dam—good-by everything.

Meade drew out from the pocket of his flannel shirt a box of matches. He had to light the farther cartridge fuse, then run fifteen feet and light the nearer one, and then make his escape. He had made the nearer fuse a little shorter so as to secure a simultaneous explosion if possible.

Tony Funaro now interposed gallantly.

"Giva me da light," he demanded, extending his hand.

"Gwan wid ye," shouted the big Irishman eagerly, "lemme do it, sor."

"Stand back, both of you," cried Meade, succeeding after some trouble in striking a match.

He had cut off a shorter length of fuse for a torch, the better to carry the fire from one blast to another. As it sputtered into flame, he touched the first fuse, then the second, and turned and ran for his life after Murphy and Funaro. They had just got a safe distance away when with a muffled roar the two blasts went off nearly together. When they ran back they saw that two-thirds of the hillock on that side of the ravine had gone. A wall of earth through which water was already trickling rose between the great gap they had blown out and the lake; the upper level of which was much higher than the bottom of the great crater they had opened.

"Hurrah," yelled Meade, the others joining in his triumphant shout. "Now, another hole right there," he pointed to the foot of the bank. "Drive it in slanting and it will do the job."

"Will the dam be after holdin' yit, sor?" asked Mike Murphy, seizing his pick.

"I hope so, but, for God's sake, hurry."

With two men working, the last hole was completed before Meade was ready. Funaro, indeed, came to his assistance in preparing the cartridge. Presently all was completed. Rejecting the pleas of both men, Meade struck the match, and this time, since there was but one blast to be fired, he touched it directly to the fuse and waited a second to see that it had caught and ran as before.

At a safe distance they drew back and waited. Nothing happened. A few seconds dragged on. They saw no sign of life in the fuse, no light. In spite of the care they had taken, it had got wet. It would not work. The precious moments were flying. They stared agonizingly at the fuse through the rain.

"I'll have to take a look at it," said Meade desperately.

Funaro and Murphy caught him by the arms. They all knew the tremendous risk in a nearer approach. The fuse might be alight still. At any second the flame might flash to the detonator and then—Yet Meade had to go. That charge had to be exploded if he detonated it by hand, he thought desperately, and he had not come so far and worked so hard to fail now.

He stepped quickly toward it, and as he did so he threw his eyes up toward the gray, rain-filled heaven in one last appeal.

Did he hear the blind roar, did he see the upbursting masses of sodden earth, was he conscious of the fact that the whole side of the hillock had been blown away; that the last explosion had completed the shattering work of the first—that they had succeeded? Did he mark the whirling water, driven backward at first by the violence of the explosion, returning and rolling in vast mass through the great opening, did he see it plunging down the slope, through the trees and bushes, and pour thunderously into the bed of the ravine? Did he see the tremendous rush of the water from the great lake that man had created tear earth from earth, and ever widen and deepen the opening as it crashed in a foaming, terrible, red-cataract through the outlet, striking down great trees, roaring, boiling wildly to the bottom of the gorge far below?

No, he saw nothing. Broken, beaten down by a huge boulder that had been thrown upward by the explosion and had struck him on the breast, and lying battered under a rain of smaller stones and earth, he was as one dead.

"By heavens!" cried Winters in great excitement on the crest of the hill, "he's done it! He's saved the dam; that's a man!"

"Don't you know him?" screamed Helen Illingworth in his ear.

"No."

"Meade!"

Winters caught her by the arm.

"He's dead," she cried high and shrill, "but he saved the dam and the bridge and the town. He's made atonement!"

"Yes, yes; don't faint," cried Winters.

"Faint! I'm going to him."

"How?"

"The nearest way," screamed the woman, letting herself down over the cliff wall to the broken rocks, by which only the hardy could reach the lower level.

What of the dam below in the valley?

"Hold it, men, hold it; for God's sake, hold it," shouted Vandeventer, rising from his crouching position against the falls to resume it instantly. He had spoken. "Keep it up. If it goes down, let's go down with it. Hang on—hang on! We'll hold it. We aren't beat yet!"

Broken words, oaths, protestations, curses, cheers, expletives in strange languages from the polyglot mob of men burst forth. Even cowards had been turned into heroes because they had fought by the side of men. Here and there a man not weaker physically, perhaps, but less resolute, less spiritually consecrated, less divinely obsessed, dropped out of the rank that pitted itself in furious, futile, but sublime fury against the wavering wall. Some of them fell backward and lay still. Some had fainted and some of them were half dead. A few here and there sank down on the trampled, muddy embankment and buried their heads in their hands, sobbing hysterically. But most still blind, mad, sublime, held on. And the falls did not fail. It did not bend back any further.

The throbbing of the tremendous pressure of the waves, the quiver that experience could feel the prelude to failure, began to die away, to stop. What did it mean? The thunder grew still, the rain diminished, it ceased, the clouds broke. Some great hand, as of God, swiftly tore the black vault of the heavens apart. Faint light began to glow over the sodden land. Through the rift they saw dimly one great peak of mighty range. What had happened?

"Here," said Vandeventer.

How white he looked, how haggard, streaks of gray in his black hair that had not been there before, but his eyes were blazing. He was still the indomitable chief of the Spartan band. The nearest men gave him a hand. He clambered up to his former vantage point on top of the highest log of the stockade and stared down. The rise of the water had stopped! He could not believe it, yet it was true. The rain had ceased again, but by every natural law the drainage from the hills would continue for some time in full volume. Yes, by all rights the dam was doomed. The water still trickled through the pallisades in many small streams. That had been a gallant effort they had made, even if a vain one. For ten minutes he stood silent, exhausted. Then he saw. The water was not rising. No, it was falling; only a trifle, but enough. Presently it had stopped filtering through the revetment. He looked back. Not a drop ran on the other side of the pallisade. Vandeventer knew that the water must be discharging somewhere. The lake must have broken through somewhere. He only needed that hint to recall the hogback, and then Meade. He saw it all now.

"We've won, the dam's saved," he cried greatly to the men who stood back of the pallisade staring at him. "Roberts has blown up the hogback. The water's falling. See for yourselves."

Every man sprang up the pallisade. Someone laughed and then someone raised a cheer, and those mud-covered, sodden, worn-out men, who had been about to die, saluted in heroic acclaim him who had led them to victory and by implication him who had made that triumph possible.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



He Was as One Dead.



His Soul Was Rising and His Heart Was Beating—

minutes; as it was, they made it in thirty. The extreme possibility of the life of the dam seemed to Meade not much greater. He went in the lead, and by his direction the others kept some distance behind him.

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Indeed a stern command was necessary to keep the two men back. They had caught something of the gallant spirit of the engineer, and the big Irishman and the little Italian were as eager as he. Helped by a few hasty

Nan of Music Mountain

By
FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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DE SPAIN LEARNS HOW MUCH NAN REALLY LOVES HIM AND DISCOVERS THAT HIS PLANS FOR PACIFYING OLD DUKE MORGAN WON'T WORK OUT AT ALL.

Henry de Spain, general manager of the stagecoach line running from Thier River to Sleepy Cat, a 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 Calabassas, where the coach horses are changed. De Spain has killed two of the gang and has been seriously wounded. Pretty Nan Morgan, niece of the gang leader, and De Spain are in love secretly—but her uncle finds it out and raves and rants.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"She whined. 'I won't put it down. This hulking bully! I know him better than you do.' She pointed a quivering finger at her cousin. 'He insulted me as vilely as he could only a few months ago on Music Mountain. And if this very same Henry de Spain hadn't happened to be there to protect me, you would have found me dead next morning by my own hand. Do you understand?' she cried, panting and furious. 'That's what he is!'

Her uncle tried to break in. "Stop!" she exclaimed pointing at Gale. "He never told you that, did he?"

"No, nor you neither," snapped Duke hoarsely. "I didn't tell you," retorted Nan, "because I've been trying to live with you here in peace among these thieves and cutthroats, and not keep you stirred up all the time. And Henry de Spain faced this big coward and protected me from him with an empty revolver! What business of yours is it whom I meet or where I go?" she demanded, raising her words with flaming eyes on her belligerent cousin. "I will never marry you to save you from the hangman. Now leave this house." She stamped her foot. "Leave this house, and never come into it again!"

Gale, beside himself with rage, stood his ground. He poured all that he safely could of abuse on Nan's own head. She had appeared her wrath and made no attempt to retort, only looking at him with white face and burning eyes as she breathed defiance. Duke interferred. "Get out!" he said to Gale harshly. "I'll talk to her. Go home!"

Not ceasing to mutter oaths, Gale picked up his hat and stamped out of the house, slamming the doors. Duke, exhausted by the quarrel, sat down, eying his niece. "Now what does this mean?" he demanded hoarsely.

She tried to tell him honestly and frankly all that her acquaintance with De Spain did mean—dwelling no more than was necessary on its beginning, but concealing nothing of its development and consequences, nothing of her love for De Spain, nor of his for her. But no part of what she could say on any point she urged softened her uncle's face. His square, hard jaw from beginning to end looked like stone.

"So he's your lover?" he said harshly when she had done.

"He wants to be your friend," returned Nan, determined not to give up.

Duke looked at her uncompromisingly. "That man can't ever be any friend of mine—understand that. He can't ever marry you. If he ever tries to, so help me God, I'll kill him if I hang for it. I know his game. I know what he wants. He doesn't care a pinch of snuff for you. He thinks he can hit me a blow by getting you away from me."

"Nothing could be further from the truth," exclaimed Nan hopelessly.

Duke struck the table a smashing blow with his fist. "I'll show Mr. de Spain and his friends where they get off."

"Uncle Duke, if you won't listen to reason, you must listen to sense. Think of what a position you put me in. I love you for all your care of me. I love him for his affection for me and consideration of me—because he knows how to treat a woman. I know he wouldn't harm a hair on your head, for my sake, yet you talk now of bloodshed between you two. I know what your words mean—that one of you, or both of you, are to be killed, for a senseless feud. He will not stand up and let any man shoot him down without resistance. If you lay your blood on his head, you know it would put a stain between him and me that never could be washed out as long as we lived. If you kill him I could never stay here with you. His blood would cry out every day and night against you."

Duke's violent finger shot out at her. "And you're the gal I took from your mammy and promised I'd bring up a decent woman. You've got none of her blood in you—not a drop. You're the brat of that mining brother of mine, that was always riding horseback and showing off in town while I was weeding the tobacco beds."

Nan clasped her hands. "Don't blame me because I'm your brother's child. Blame me because I'm a woman, because I have a heart, because I want to live and see you live, and to see suspicion, distrust, feuds, alarms, and worse. I'm not ungrateful, as you plainly say I am. I want you to get out of what you are in

here—I want to be out of it. I'd rather be dead now than to live and die in it. And what is this anger all for? Nothing. He offers your friendship. She could speak no further. Her uncle, with a curse, left her alone. When she arose in the early morning he had already gone away.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Try-Out.

Sleepy Cat is not so large a place that one would ordinarily have much trouble in finding a man in it if he searched well. But Duke Morgan drove into town next morning and had to stay for three days waiting for a chance to meet De Spain. Duke was not a man to talk much when he had anything of moment to put through, and he had left home determined, before he came back, to finish for good with his enemy.

De Spain himself had been putting off for weeks every business that would bear putting off, and had been forced at length to run down to Medicine Bend to buy horses. Nan, after her uncle left home—justly apprehensive of his intentions—made frantic efforts to get word to De Spain of what was impending. She could not telegraph—a publicity that she dreaded would have followed at once. De Spain had expected to be back in two days. Such a letter as she could have sent would not reach him at Medicine Bend.

As it was, a distressing amount of talk did attend Duke's efforts to get track of De Spain. Sleepy Cat had but one interpretation for his inquiries—and a fight, if one occurred between these men, it was conceded, would be historic in the annals of the town. Its anticipation was food for all of the rumors of three days of suspense. For the town they were three days of thrilling expectation; for Nan, isolated, without a confidant, not knowing what to do or which way to turn, they were the three bitterest days of anxiety she had ever known.

Desperate with suspense at the close of the second day—wild for a scrap of news, yet dreading one—she saddled her pony and rode alone into Sleepy Cat after nightfall to meet the train on which De Spain had told her he would return from the east. She rode straight to the hospital, instead of going to the livery barn, and leaving her horse, got supper and walked by way of unfrequented streets downtown to the station to wait for the train.

When the big train drew slowly, almost noiselessly, in, Nan took her place where no incoming passenger could escape her gaze and waited for De Spain. But when all the arrivals had been accounted for, he had not come.

She turned, heavy-hearted, to walk back uptown, trying to think of whom she might seek some information concerning De Spain's whereabouts, when her eye fell on a man standing not ten feet away at the door of the baggage room. He was alone and seemed to be watching the changing of the engines, but Nan thought she knew him by sight. The rather long, straight, black hair under the broad-brimmed hat marked the man known and hated in the gap as "the Indian." Here, she said to herself, was a chance. De Spain, she recalled, spoke of no one oftener than this man. He seemed wholly disengaged.

Repressing her nervous timidity, Nan walked over to him. "Aren't you Mr. Scott?" she asked abruptly. Scott, turning to her, touched his hat as if quite unaware until that moment of her existence. "Did Mr. de Spain get off this train?" she asked, as Scott acknowledged his identity.

"I guess he didn't come tonight," Nan noticed the impassive manner of his speaking and the low, even tones. "I was kind of looking for him myself."

"Is there another train tonight he could come on?"

"I don't think he will be back now before tomorrow night."

Nan, much disappointed, looked up the line and down. "I rode in this afternoon from Music Mountain especially to see him."

Scott, without commenting, smiled with understanding and encouragement, and Nan was so filled with anxiety that she welcomed a chance to talk to somebody. "I've often heard him speak of you," she ventured, searching the dark eyes, and watching the open, kindly smile characteristic of the man. Scott put his right hand out at his side. "I've ridden with that boy since he was so high."

"I know he thinks everything of you."

"I think a lot of him."

"You don't know me?" she said tentatively.

His answer concealed all that was necessary. "Not to speak to, no."

"I am Nan Morgan."

"I know your name pretty well," he explained; nothing seemed to disturb his smile.

"And I came in—because I was worried over something and wanted to see Mr. de Spain."

"He is buying horses north of Medicine Bend. The rainstorm yesterday likely kept him back some. I don't think you need worry much over anything though."

"I don't mean I am worrying about Mr. de Spain at Medicine Bend," disclaimed Nan with a trace of embarrassment.

"I know what you mean," smiled Rob Scott. She regarded him questioningly. He returned her gaze reassuringly—as if he was confident of his ground. "Did your pony come along all right after you left the foothills this afternoon?"

Nan opened her eyes. "How did you know I came through the foothills?"

"I was over that way today." Something in the continuous smile enlightened her more than the word. "I noticed your pony went lame. You stopped to look at his foot."

"You were behind me," exclaimed Nan.

"I didn't see you," he countered prudently.

She seemed to fathom something from the expression of his face. "You couldn't have known I was coming in," she said quickly.

"No," he paused. Her eyes seemed to invite a further confidence. "But



De Spain Laughed at Her Fears.

after you started it would be a pity if any harm came to you on the road."

"You knew Uncle Duke was in town?" Scott nodded. "Do you know why I came?"

"I made a guess at it. I don't think you need worry over anything."

"Did you follow me down from the hospital tonight?"

"I was coming from my house after supper. I only kept close enough to you to be handy."

"Oh, I understand. And you are very kind. I don't know what to do now."

"Go back to the hospital for the night. I will send Henry de Spain up there just as soon as he comes to town."

"Suppose Uncle Duke sees him first. I am deathly afraid of their meeting."

"I'll see that he doesn't see him first."

Even De Spain himself, when he came back the next night, seemed hardly able to reassure her. When she had told all her story, De Spain laughed at her fears. "I'll bring that man around, Nan, don't worry. Don't believe we shall ever fight. I may not be able to bring him around tomorrow, or next week, but I'll do it. It takes two to quarrel, you know."

"But you don't know how unreasonable Uncle Duke is when he is angry," said Nan mournfully. "He won't listen to anybody. He always would listen to me until now. Now, he says, I have gone back on him, and he doesn't care what happens. Think, Henry, where it would put me if either of you should kill the other. Henry, I've been thinking it all over for three days now. I see what must come. It will break both our hearts. I know, but they will be broken anyway. There is no way out. Henry—none."

"Nan, what do you mean?"

"You must give me up."

They were sitting in the hospital garden, he at her side on the bench that he called their bench. It was here he had made his unrebuked avowal—here he had afterward told her, that he began to live. "Give you up," he echoed with gentleness. "How could I do that? You're like the morning for me, Nan. Without you there's no day; you're the kiss of the mountain wind and the light of the stars to me. Without the thought of you I'd sicken and faint in the saddle, I'd lose my way in the hills; without you there would be no tomorrow. No matter where I am, no matter how I feel, if I think of you strength wells into my heart like a spring. I never could give you up."

He told her all would be well, because it must be well, that she must trust him; that he would bring her safe through every danger and every storm, if she would only stick to him. And Nan, sobbing her fears one by one out on his breast, put her arms around his neck and whispered that for life or death, she would stick.

It was not hard for De Spain next morning to find Duke Morgan. The difficulty was to meet him without the mob of hangers-on whose appetite had been whetted with the prospect of a death, and perhaps more than one, in the meeting of men whose supremacy with the gun had never been successfully disputed. It required all the diplomacy of Lefevre to "pull off" a conference between the two, which should not from the start be hopeless, because of a crowd of Duke's partisans whose presence would egg him on, in spite of everything, to a combat.

But toward eleven o'clock in the morning, De Spain having been concealed like a circus performer, during every minute earlier, Duke Morgan was found, alone, in a barber's hands in the Mountain house. At the moment Duke left the revolving chair and walked to the cigar stand to buy his check, De Spain, entered the shop through the rear door opening from the hotel office.

Passing with an easy step the row of barbers lined up in waiting beside their chairs, De Spain walked straight down the open aisle, behind Morgan's back. While Duke bent over the case to select a cigar, De Spain, passing, placed himself at the mountain-man's side and between him and the street sunshine. It was taking an advantage, De Spain was well aware, but under the circumstances he thought himself entitled to a good light on Duke's eye.

De Spain wore an ordinary sack street suit, with no sign of a weapon about him; but none of those who considered themselves favored spectators of a long-awaited encounter felt any doubt as to his ability to put his hand on one at incomparably short notice. There was, however, no trace of hostility or suspicion in De Spain's greeting.

"Hello, Duke Morgan," he said frankly. Morgan looked around. His face hardened when he saw De Spain, and he involuntarily took a short step backward. De Spain, with his left hand lying carelessly on the cigar case, faced him. "I heard you wanted to see me," continued De Spain. "I want to see you. How's your back since you went home?"

Morgan eyed him with a mixture of suspicion and animosity. He took what was to him the most significant part of De Spain's greeting first and threw his response into words as short as words could be chopped: "What do you want to see me about?"

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope," returned De Spain. "Let's sit down a minute."

"Say what you got to say."

"Well, don't take my head off, Duke. I was sorry to hear you were hurt. And I've been trying to figure out how to make it easier for you to get to and from town while you are getting strong. Jeffries and I both feel there's been a lot of unnecessary hard feeling between the Morgans and the company, and we want to ask you to accept this to show some of it's ended." De Spain put his left hand into his side pocket and held out an unsealed envelope to Morgan. Duke, taking the envelope, eyed it distrustfully. "What's this?" he demanded, opening it and drawing out a card.

"Something for easier riding. An annual pass for you and one over the stage line between Calabassas and Sleepy Cat—with Mr. Jeffries' compliments."

Like a flash, Morgan tore the card pass in two and threw it angrily to the floor. "Tell Mr. Jeffries," he exclaimed violently, "to—"

The man that chanced at that moment to be lying in the nearest chair slid quietly but imperiously out from under the razor and started with the barbers for the rear door, wiping the lather from one unshaven side of his face with a neck towel as he took his hasty way. At the back of the shop a fat man, sitting in a chair on the high, shoe-shining platform, while a negro boy polished him, rose at Morgan's impetuous and tried to step over the bootblack's head to the floor below. The boy, trying to get out of the

way, jumped back, and the fat man fell, or pretended to fall, over him—for it might be seen that the man, despite his size, had lighted like a cat on his feet and was instantly half-way up to the front of the shop, exclaiming, profanely but collectively at the lad's awkwardness, before De Spain had had time to reply to the insult.

The noise and confusion of the incident were considerable. Morgan was too old a fighter to look behind him at a critical moment. No man could say he had meant to draw when he stamped the card underfoot, but De Spain read it in his eye and knew that Lefevre's sudden diversion at the rear had made him hesitate; the crisis passed like a flash. "Sorry you feel that way, Duke," returned De Spain, undisturbed. "It is a courtesy we were glad to extend. And I want to speak to you about Nan, too."

Morgan's face was livid. "What about her?"

"She has given me permission to ask your consent to our marriage," said De Spain, "some time in the reasonable future."

It was difficult for Duke to speak at all, he was so infuriated. "You can get my consent in just one way," he managed to say, "that's by getting me."

"Then I'm afraid I'll never get it, for I'll never get you, Duke."

A torrent of oaths fell from Morgan's cracked lips. He tried to tell De Spain in his fury that he knew all about his underhand work, he called him more than one hard name, made no secret of his deadly enmity, and challenged him to end their differences then and there.

De Spain did not move. His left hand again lay on the cigar case. "Duke," he said, when his antagonist had exhausted his vituperation, "I wouldn't fight you, anyway. You're crazy angry at me for no reason on earth. If you'll give me just one good reason for feeling the way you do toward me, and the way you've always acted toward me since I came up to this country, I'll fight you."

"Pull your gun," cried Morgan with an imprecation.

"I won't do it. You call me a coward. Ask these boys here in the shop whether they agree with you on that. You might as well call me an isosceles triangle. You're just crazy sore at me when I want to be friends with you. Instead of pulling my gun, Duke, I'll lay it out on the case, here, to show you that all I ask of you is to talk reason."

De Spain, reaching with his left hand under the lapel of his coat, took a Colt's revolver from its breast harness and laid it, the muzzle toward himself, on the plate-glass top of the cigar stand. It reduced him to the necessity of a spring into Morgan for the smallest chance for his life if Morgan should draw; but De Spain was a desperate gambler in such matters even at twenty-eight, and he laid his wagers on what he could read in another's eye.

"There's more reasons than one why I shouldn't fight you," he said evenly. "Duke, you're old enough to be my father—do you realize that? What's the good of our shooting each other up?" he asked, ignoring Morgan's furious interruptions. "Who's to look after Nan when you go—as you must, before very many years? Have you ever asked yourself that? Do you want to leave her to that pack of wolves in the gap? You know, just as well as I do, the gap is no place for a high-bred, fine-grained girl like Nan Morgan. But the gap is your home, and you've done right to keep her under your roof and under your eye. Do you think I'd like to pull a trigger on a man that's been a father to Nan? Damnation, Duke, could you expect me to do it, willingly? Nan is a queen. The best in the world isn't good enough for her—I'm not good enough, I know that. She's dear to you, she is dear to me. If you really want to see me try to use a gun, send me a man that will insult or abuse her. If you want to use your own gun, use it on me—if I ever insult or abuse her—is that fair?"

"Damn your fine words," exclaimed Morgan slowly and implacably. "They don't pull any wool over my eyes. I know you, De Spain—I know your breed."

"What's that?"

Morgan checked himself at that tone. "You can't sneak into my affairs any deeper," he cried. "Keep away from my blood! I know how to take care of my own. I'll do it. So help me God, if you ever take anyone of my kin away from me—it'll be over my dead body!" He ended with a bitter oath and a final taunt: "Is that fair?"

De Spain finds he will have to use different tactics if he can hope ever to make Nan his wife. What he sets out to do to achieve this big personal problem is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Brazil abounds with medicinal herbs which, though they are not cultivated, are sold by the natives as brokers.

THE LITTLE LADY

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

General Goodwin sighed, as he turned his back upon the little Devonshire village. The jagged rocks and the sea seemed more wonderful than ever, but his backward glance was not at either sea or rocks. Instead, his glance was riveted on a tiny vine-clad cottage with roses climbing in at the casement windows and a sweet little white-haired lady dwelling within.

At least the general supposed her to be sweet. He felt sure that one whose eyes met the passers-by with so friendly an expression "could not be otherwise."

The general had found no way of meeting the little lady during his stay in Lee, and it was with heartfelt regret that he made his way back to London. But even General Goodwin, in his sixtieth year, was not free to travel for the path in his own pleasure. He was inspecting troops for the new armies while his only son was fighting in France.

But the train went Londonward, and with it went the general.

It was at the London-railway station that he bought the daily papers, but it was not until he had reached his own library that he saw her picture in the "Sketch." His eyes lit up with frank amazement, so curious was the coincidence.

The picture of the little lady in the cottage by the sea was called "Somebody's Mother," and a message beneath it asked the readers of the "Sketch" for information. General Goodwin winced as he thought of the pain, perhaps in store for her. Perhaps it was her only son who had fallen on the battlefield, and this method was taken to secure her knowledge of the fact.

He lost no time in telephoning to the office of the daily paper. When he hung up the receiver there was a glad smile in his eyes. The soldier boy in whose pocket the precious picture had been found was lying in a London hospital suffering from loss of memory brought on by the bursting of shells. His memory was a blank. There had been others affected in the identical manner and they had recovered.

It was with this hope in his breast that General Goodwin made the journey back to Devonshire, to the village beside the sea.

The general's heart was not exactly steady as he approached the familiar cottage and went in at the white-washed gate.

"Somebody's Mother" opened the door herself and the general thought he detected the very faintest rose hue in her cheeks as she saw who her visitor was.

"He is safe," the general said swiftly, anxious to save her one moment's worry. He knew that her mind would jump at once to grasp his meaning.

Her smile was wonderful to behold, and it left the general slightly awkward as to speech.

"It was through this photograph," he said, "that I have been able to locate you." He knew then that she blushed softly. "If I had not looked enviously in upon you among your roses and birds I would not have known that 'Somebody's Mother' was you."

The little lady looked back at him with a charmingly frank look of happiness in her eyes.

"My boy is everything to me," she said. "I want him down here when he can be moved. Perhaps his memory will come back in the scenes of his boyhood."

"The sight of his mother would do it," the general said with firm conviction that a mother can do anything by the mere touch of a gentle hand or the glance of love-lit eyes. "I will go up to London tonight and bring him down to you—if you like," he suggested, knowing well that when the boy was beside her she would have more happiness than she expected and that he, the general, had helped to give it to her.

"Would it not trouble you far too much?" she asked, gazing questioningly with those wonderful blue eyes right at the general.

"Just you know," he said, "that it will give me as much pleasure to bring your brave son down here to you as it would give you to bring mine back to me. Put yourself in my place," he added gently.

With that the little lady or the cottage smiled and put out the slim white fingers that tended the roses and birds so tenderly. General Goodwin grasped them and raised them to his lips for, after all, they both realized what the future was holding out to them.

It was as the general had hoped. "Somebody's Mother" brought memory back to her son. His first rational words were, "Mother—mother, mine!"

Down by the sea and the rocks "Somebody's Mother" and the general paced slowly along the cliff. It was a scant week since the boy's return, but, after all, they both knew.

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Sad Sacrifices.

"Even the dear little children are hit by the sacrifices and privations of this terrible war."

"Yes; the way tin cans have gone up, boys can't get 'em any longer to tie on dogs' tails."

Glorious.

"It was a glorious death to die."

"In what way?"

"With all the world at war think of the luck of him actually passing away in his bed."

Farmington Flashes

Mr. and Mrs. August Schroeder were Plymouth visitors Sunday.

Miss Elerepe Schroeder attended a picnic at Walled Lake last week.

Arlington Newman and brother, Leon, are visiting their grandmother, at Redford.

Edward Brown is driving a new Dodge car and made a trip to Walled Lake Tuesday.

Mrs. Starr, Graham and little son, Ivan, were calling on her mother, Mrs. Elva Tolman, Monday.

Many from here have been sight-seeing at Salem since the cyclone wrought such havoc there.

Mrs. Rue Langbecker is in the Ann Arbor hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

A very interesting time was had at the last meeting of the Ladies' Union, which was held at the pleasant home of Mrs. Mary Crosby.

Red Cross benefit in the town hall Saturday evening. Eight small chorus-girls dressed in the patriotic colors will do some fancy steps. It promises to be something fine and the cause speaks for itself. The Ladies Literary club is promoting the play.

Rev. W. A. Moore of Detroit will speak in the Universalist church again Sunday at 3 o'clock. Subject will be on the Drama, "The Servant in the House." This will be the last time the Doctor will speak here for some weeks as he leaves soon for his summer vacation.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

Buy at Weitzman's Cash Grocery

10-lbs H & E Sugar 79c

Potatoes, peck, 97c

Pet or Libby Milk

2 Cans for 25c

Snyder's Soup 12c
(LARGE CANS)

25c Salmon, - 19c

20c Can Pork

and Beans, - 17c

40c Star Special

Coffee, = 29c

Strawberries = 16c

(HOME GROWN)

TECKO PANCAKE FLOUR, 12c

Flour Sale

Peerless Flour \$1.59
Gold Lace

(With \$1.00 Orders)

STOTT'S FANCY, (2-Lb. BAGS), EACH 13c

5 LBS. VELVET PASTRY 39c
HENKEL'S FLOUR

25 lbs. Henkel's

Pastry Flour \$1.79

10 lbs. Graham

Flour = 89c

BUY YOUR FLOUR TO-DAY.

(These Prices are Lower than Actual

Wholesale Cost—Take Advantage of it.)

20c Peas, = 15c

20c Oranges = 14c

15c Sardines,

Special, 2 for 25c

50c Green Tea, lb., 37c

60c Black Tea, lb., 42c

6 Jars of Jelly - 49c

Macaroni or Spaghetti 11c

Clover Leaf Honey, lb., 15c

Cocoa, - 9c

30c Oleo, 2-lbs. for 50c

25c Fruit Cakes 19c

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Special attention given to Suburban Delivery.

HOUSEHOLD DRUDGERY

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

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- 1 Delivery Car—Self-Starter, Electric Lights \$225
- 1 Imperial—5 Passenger Touring, ----- \$250
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- 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
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- 1 6-Cylinder, 7-Passenger Studebaker, ----- \$600
- 1 6-Cylinder, 7-Passenger Studebaker, ----- \$800
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- 1 4-Cylinder Studebaker Roadster, ----- \$650
- 1 6-Cylinder Studebaker Roadster, ----- \$700

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T. H. TURNER, Local Representative.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Ida Joslin of Detroit spent Friday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Charter were Jackson visitors Sunday.

Mrs. A. B. VanAken of Detroit has been a visitor here this week.

A. C. Harmon spent Sunday with his son and family in Detroit.

Mrs. Charles Booth of New York City visited friends here last week.

Mrs. A. M. VanTassel has returned from a several weeks' stay at Battle Creek.

Miss Jennie Palmer of Detroit was a visitor at the home of her mother here Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Ambler was called to Chatham, Ont. last Friday to attend the funeral of a relative.

Prof. J. D. LaRue and family are at the home of Mrs. LaRue's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seeley for a vacation visit.

Mrs. J. E. Webber of Royal Oak was in town Tuesday to attend the annual picnic of the Northville Woman's club.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Franklin and son, and Mr. Hamilton of Detroit called on Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Shafer Sunday.

Mrs. M. J. Montgomery returned last week from Milford, where she had been visiting her daughter for a couple of weeks.

S. C. Gage and family of Saginaw and C. L. Gage of Flint motored here Monday to spend a few days at the home of F. L. Thompson and family.

David Gage and N. A. Clapp were at Walled Lake last Friday evening to act as judges in a W. C. T. U. silver medal contest in which a class of thirteen participated.

Miss Ruth Crawford visited Northville relatives Wednesday on the way to her home in Milford from Chicago where she has been attending school for several months past.

Dr. Paul Alexander and Mrs. Alexander and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taft are going to Houghton lake next week for a few weeks' vacation, and Dr. Alexander's dental office will be closed until his return.

E. K. Starkweather, Thomas Shaw and A. M. VanTassel represented the local G. A. R. at the state convention at Battle Creek last week. Mr. Starkweather was honored by appointment as Chief of Staff for the ensuing year.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Gilbert attended the funeral of a relative, John Smith, at South Lyon Sunday. Mr. Smith was a well known resident of Novi for some years, and his second wife was Miss Mary Cheesebrough of that place.

Miss Jessie Crawford returned to her home at Milford Monday after

visiting relatives here for a few days

W. H. White visited his son, Milo, and family in Flint Sunday.

Rev. Victor F. Brown, D. D., pastor of the Congregational church at Wayne, was a Northville caller Monday.

Mrs. Augusta Root and daughter, Harvie of Detroit returned home Monday after spending a few days with Northville friends.

Mrs. Bennett Dean and two children of Detroit were guests for the week-end at the home of Mrs. Dean's

parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clarkson.

The Misses Dorothy Reade of Escanaba and Evadne Wright of Detroit were house guests of Miss Margaret Yerkes last week.

Mrs. E. L. Parmalee motored to Flint Monday with her brother and family, where they were visitors at their parental home until Wednesday.

Mrs. Susie Woolley was in Detroit Saturday to attend graduation exercises of Northwestern High school, where one of the high honor students was her nephew, George Franklyn Emery, who began his education in

the kindergarten in Northville.

Mrs. Kittie Webber of Detroit is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Maude Bennett.

W. A. Wood spent Sunday with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Glen Chaffy, at Keego Harbor.

Miss Jessie Roe of the local telephone exchange is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

F. J. Slater and family of Brooklyn, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. Slater's sister, Miss Zoe Little, this week.

TRY A LINE IN THE RECORD.

Get under the Big Brown Top

It is vacation time. It's a time to get away from the monotony of everyday things and take a mental and physical brace. As baseball is the national sport, so Chautauqua is the national mental stimulant. Americans have a habit of doing their own thinking. Thus 3,000 or more Chautauquas have sprung up in America as forums for the discussion of the great social and political issues that are in men's minds.

Twenty million people will get under the "big brown top" this summer. They regard the Chautauqua as a community builder, as a medium for the exchange of ideas and as an opportunity of broadening their outlook.

But the BIG thing about the whole business is the glorious, good time every one has.

Think of five days of music! Here is the list:

First Day—Mrs. Wilbur Starr Concert Party, four talented ladies in a program of ensemble numbers with the violin, cello, auto and piano; also readings in Japanese costumes and child impersonations.

Second Day—Hazz's Jubilee Singers in songs of the old plantation and old time darky camp meeting melodies.

Third Day—Emerson Winters Company. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Winters in a program all their own—bird imitations, piano monologues and stories.

Fourth Day—Pallara and his band, a band that can follow the big success of last summer's Chautauqua.

Fifth Day—The Emerald Choir, with Miss Mabelle Wagner Shank, formerly with Henry W. Savage's operatic forces in New York. Two feature stand out, their sacred numbers, sung in their vestments, and their "Days of '64" sketch, in which they appear in the quaint costumes of the early sixties.

THE LECTURE NUMBERS

There are four great lectures:

First Day—Robert Parker Miles, on "Tallow Dips," newspaper man and world traveler.

Second Day—Andre Tridon, on "An Inside View of Mexico." He has spent two years in Mexico and went down to live the life of the Mexican and to get the facts about Mexico from the "greater" as well as the man higher up. He is a French scholar and the author of books in five languages. He has just returned from a two months' trip to Mexico, where he went as Mexican correspondent for the Independent Magazine.

Third Day—A. E. Wiggam, on "Hereditary and Human Progress." He discusses a hundred problems that every man and woman has pondered over.

Fifth Day—Wallace Bruce Ambury, on "The Poet Sees of Lockport Street," an afternoon with the favorite poet, James Whitcomb Riley.

In addition, J. Franklin Caversy, clay modeler and chalk talker, pronounced by some "greater than Tom Nast."

THE JUNIOR CHAUTAUQUA

Then, too, there is the Junior Chautauqua for boys and girls, a whole story in itself.

PATRIOTISM THE KEYNOTE

A patriotic hue will run throughout the entire program. The music will ring with patriotism, and a spirit of Americanism will characterize each address to be given.

The Community Chautauquas have always represented the highest ideals and the most vigorous principles of true Americanism, and every town should plan this year to make its assembly a great rallying place of national loyalty and patriotism.

Season Tickets, \$1.50

These are selling right now at the local committee. Only \$1.50 for the entire five days. You'll want one for each member of the family.

