

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVII, NO. 50.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

They Will Open the Chautauqua



THE MRS. WILBUR STARR CONCERT PARTY.

THIS company has been selected to set the pace for the entire list of musical and entertainment attractions that will appear here in the five big days of the Chautauqua. They will appear in afternoon and evening concerts on the first day.

The Mrs. Wilbur Starr Concert Party is composed of some of the leading

NORTHVILLE, COMMENCING FRIDAY, JULY 27, AND LASTING FIVE DAYS.

NORTHVILLE LUMS' SECOND SUCCESS

GRADS OF FORMER DAYS 200 STRONG IN AN EAT AND TALK FEAST.

AND A WOMAN SHALL LEAD THEM DURING ANOTHER YEAR.

The Alumni of the Northville High met for their second big banquet last week Friday afternoon and evening and it was, as events of this kind usually are in Northville, a huge success.

Upwards of 200 grads were present, coming from all parts of the country including New York City, Chicago, Dayton, Detroit, Pontiac, Maple Rapids and Lansing.

The afternoon meeting was held in the handsome auditorium of the new High school where new officers for 1917-18 were elected as follows: President, Mrs. E. H. Lapham; Vice-President, George Simmons; Treasurer, Carl Schoutz; secretary, Mrs. Mae Noble.

The banquet, served by the Methodist ladies, a sumptuous and appetizing affair, was held in the spacious gym and was presided over by R. C. Yerkes as toastmaster, in the absence of C. C. Yerkes, who was detained at home on account of illness.

Mr. Yerkes as retiring president of the association gave the welcoming address and then introduced a few

brand new stories, and himself as toastmaster.

Miss Marie Stark of the Highland Park schools, gave a very interesting talk and told a few things on "what is kids used to do," under the printed subject of "impressions."

Mrs. B. W. Hewitt of Maple Rapids came through with a "Reflection" toast response and very wittily got in some telling digs at the former-day pupils. According to Mrs. Hewitt (Nellie Gardner) it wasn't, those days, even above the now Ex-Prosecuting Attorney, George B. Yerkes, of Detroit, or of Kern R. Babbitt now a well known New York millionaire and general counsel for half a dozen copper corporations and a few railroads, to chee up nice paper wads.

(Continued on page 8)

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR NORTHVILLE

The Deep Springs Water Co. has sold its property here to Newton W. Annis of Detroit, who is to enlarge the business to the extent of establishing a bottling plant here with a line of trucks running to and from Detroit daily. Mr. Annis has bought the land formerly occupied by the Ely Dowel Works, opposite the A. H. Kohler grocery, and expects to later erect thereon a building for the bottling and labeling of the popular product, but a temporary structure is to be immediately put up near the springs, for that purpose. M. A. Porter has been engaged to manage the local end of the business.

PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR DULY INSTALLED

LARGE ATTENDANCE MONDAY EVENING - AT INSTALLATION SERVICES AND RECEPTION.

A large gathering of parishoners and of friends from the other churches attended the impressive installation services, and the reception which followed for Rev. Edward V. Belles and family at the Presbyterian church Monday evening.

The non-resident clergymen present and assisting were Rev. J. D. McDonald, Moderator of the Detroit Presbytery, who presided, Rev. W. T. Jaquess, D. D. of Detroit, delivering the sermon, Rev. B. F. Farber of the same city the charge to the pastor, Rev. J. E. Webber of Royal Oak the charge to the people, and Rev. W. S. Jerome of Ann Arbor, making the closing prayer.

All the speakers were heard with closest attention, and all were well worth listening to, each doing his part with exceptional ability.

The reception was an extremely pleasant social affair, a delightful and unusual feature of which was the presence of the three well beloved former pastors of the church, Messrs. Jaquess, Jerome and Webber, who divided honors with Mr. Belles as to cordial greetings.

The parlors were very handsomely arranged and decorated with rugs and flowers, and ice cream and wafers were deftly served by the young ladies of the church under direction of the Aid society.

Plymouth people were present at the service, to greet their former pastor, Mr. Farber and wife.

ORPHEUM THEATRE, DETROIT.

Six splendid vaudeville acts, a feature picture, "The Flame of the Yukon" with Dorothy Dalton and the amateur diving contests will all be found on next week's vaudeville bill in the Orpheum theatre, Detroit, starting Monday afternoon. In the diving contests there will be new contestants each day. The big tank on the Orpheum stage has seen many varieties of swimmers and none better than those who have appeared in these exhibitions of skill and daring. The principal vaudeville attraction scheduled is a musical comedy, "Mr. Chaser" in which George Leonard is the principal comedian. It is one of those sprightly musical affairs in which songs, dances and comedy are closely mingled. Other acts will include Tokart, the vagabond artist, the Tasmanian Trio, who are versatile entertainers and Jack and Anna Bowen in a clever singing and dancing specialty. Performances will be continuous each day from 1 to 11 p. m.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY NARROWLY AVERTED

W. J. LANNING'S AUTOMOBILE SMASHED TO PIECES ON P. M. CROSSING SUNDAY.

AND OCCUPANTS BARELY ESCAPING WITH THEIR LIVES.

One of the narrowest escapes from instant death ever recorded in our local history was that of four Northville residents last Sunday afternoon at the Pere Marquette crossing on the Novi road just north of town. W. J. Lanning and wife and their son, Robert and wife had started to drive to Novi, in the former's car. At the crossing, Mr. Lanning was obliged to turn out for another car coming from the north. As is well known, the planking between the tracks at that point is not wide enough for two cars to pass on it, consequently, the front wheel of Mr. Lanning's car slipped off the end of the planks, causing it to turn on to the track, and be held there by the rail. At the instant the automobile was stopped, the afternoon south-bound fast train appeared. The occupants of the auto jumped for their lives, just an instant before the engine struck the machine, reducing it almost to atoms. Not one of the four people could possibly have escaped death had they waited a second longer before jumping.

It would seem as if there were plenty of time for the train to have been stopped after coming in sight of the crossing, with the car upon it, which is visible for some distance from the curve to the north, but at any rate the crossing has long been known to be unsafe by reason of the insufficient width of the planking. A car coming from the north was caught in precisely the same manner not long ago, and ran along the track nearly to the bridge. Fortunately, no train came along at that time.

The Lannings, especially the women of the party, were nearly ill from the shock of their close call into eternity, but all must appreciate the more fully their lucky escape.

The pieces of the automobile when gathered up, made a truck load of junk scarcely recognizable as having once been an automobile.

NORTHVILLE BAND DONATES CONCERT

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT IN VILLAGE PARK SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH FINE PROGRAM.

Another metropolitan feature was introduced here Sunday afternoon when our local band gave a delightful concert, free of charge, in our pretty little park at the foot of Main street. A good audience was present, considering the handicap of damp grounds caused by the morning's rain and the absence of seating accommodations, and the privilege of enjoying an hour and a half of good music was much appreciated.

Manager Safford is to be congratulated on his enterprise in providing so worthy and restful a method for spending a part of the Sunday afternoons, and the band boys for their generosity, even the Detroit members giving their services free. Another concert is promised for next Sunday at the same place and hour, if weather conditions are favorable, and doubtless many more people will take advantage of the opportunity.

NOTICE.

Chairman Charles Blackburn of the Chautauqua ticket-committee announces that all persons who signed pledges last season for this season's Chautauqua tickets must call for the same at the Wheeler & Blackburn store, where all such pledges are on record. The ticket or tickets for which each person or society subscribed are enveloped and filed ready for transfer to the buyers on receipt of the price. No matter to whom you gave your pledge, you are to get the tickets at the place designated above.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Northville Chautauqua July 27-31, 1917.

In the Rush of Harvest

THERE'S nothing 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.

Report of the Condition of the	
NORTHVILLE STATE SAVINGS BANK	
at the close of business June 30, 1917.	
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,	1,333.32
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.	14,989.80
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,	9,989.33
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
Bank No. 145	Organized Dec. 4, 1892.

SPECIALS

NOT SENSATIONAL, BUT GOOD VALUE FOR THE MONEY.

CANE SUGAR FOR	8½c LB.
Large Pkg Purity Rolled Oats,	25c.
6 Boxes Matches,	30c.
Luxury Macaroni,	9c.
Coleman Flag Salmon,	23c.
Large Pkg Snow Boy Powder,	17c.
2 Cans Van Camps Beans,	25c.
A Good Washboard,	30c.
Krinkle Corn Flakes, Per Pkg.,	7c.
Dixie Rice, Per Pkg.,	7c.
Lily of The Valley Corn,	15c.
Sun Kist, Red Kidney Bean,	15c.
3 Bars Trilby Soap,	25c.

WHEELER & BLACKBURN
CASH STORE

Special

SATURDAY, JULY 7TH

1 Maple Flake = 15c BOTH For
1 National Corn Flake 10c 18c

BOUR'S COFFEES

28 Cent Pilot, for - 23c
35 Cent Avon Club, for - 29c

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

Is Your Work Hard?

Work which brings any unusual strain on the back and kidneys tends to cause kidney ailments, such as backache, lameness, headache, dizziness and distressing urinary troubles. Kidney complaints make any kind of work doubly hard and if neglected there is danger of gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. If your work is hard on the back, keep your kidneys in good condition with Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands rely on them.

A Michigan Case

Sam Willis, stationary engineer, 46 Pleasant St., Ionia, Mich., says: "I suffered four or five years from sharp pains across my kidneys and right side. Nothing did me any good until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They cleared up the kidney secretions, the pain left and I passed a gravel stone. When ever I have felt in need of a kidney medicine since, Doan's Kidney Pills have always proven beneficial."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEVELOPING
ANY
SIZE ROLL-IO
BLACKS

Old False Teeth Bought

Broken or in any condition. We pay up to \$5.00 a set according to value. Mail at once and get our offer. If unsatisfactory, will return teeth.

Domestic Supply Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 27-1917.

BREAD AS ECONOMICAL FOOD

Would Be Used More Extensively If Home Baked Variety Was Always Good, Say Government Experts.

If home-baked bread were uniformly well made, it would be used more extensively than at present in place of more expensive foods, say specialists in the United States department of agriculture, and this would be a distinct economy. From the standpoint of nutrition it makes very little difference whether breadstuffs are served in the form of bread or in the form of breakfast cereals, side dishes with meat, or desserts.

A man engaged in moderate muscular work can profitably consume about three-fourths of a pound a day of breadstuffs in any one of these forms. This quantity is the equivalent of one pound of baked bread. As a matter of fact, however, it is not probable that in the average family this quantity is consumed and the deficiency is made up by the use of more expensive substances. Of course bread alone is not sufficient for the maintenance of health, but from both an economical and a hygienic point of view should be used more extensively than it usually is, declare the experts.

Rubber Consumption Growing.

Consumption of rubber per capita is more than twice what it was 25 years ago. One company expects to manufacture uppers of shoes from rubber as well as soles. This company will operate its own merchant marine to bring crude rubber from Sumatra and carry manufactured articles to all parts of the world. The company now employs 28,621 men, and manufactures 218,930 pairs of rubber shoes a day. More than a million trees in Sumatra plantations are being tapped.

Unsophisticated.

Woman—"But these strawberries are quite green." Fruit Peddler—"Well, mum, they're just from the country."

In the case of divorce the key to matrimony becomes a shift key.

The Danger
Zone for Many Is
Coffee Drinking

Some people find it wise to quit coffee when their nerves begin to "act up."

The easy way nowadays is to switch to

Instant
Postum

Nothing in pleasure is missed by the change, and greater comfort follows as the nerves rebuild.

Postum is economical to both health and purse.

"There's a Reason"

TWO MOST REMARKABLE PHILLY PLAYERS



AGED PLAYERS STILL PLAY WINNING GAME

By JACK VELOCK, International News Sports Editor

When a ball player commences to bat over thirty in Old Father Time's league, it is the general belief that he has seen his best days.

The "rolling years" take the youthful snap and ginger out of the arms and legs of the average player past thirty years of age, and he turns into the path which leads him back to the minors or to retirement.

But there are exceptions to every rule and in the major leagues today there is a sprinkling of players well past the thirty-year mark who are still blocking, Old Dad Time's lusty wallop and getting away with it, while ambitious youngsters grow weary camping on their trails, waiting for the chance to step in and take their places.

Hinchman, Ames, Vaughn, Toney, Chief Meyers and Buck Herzog are among the past-thirty players in the National league, who are still in there winning their cakes on the diamond, while Terry Turner, Eddie Plank, Stange and Jimmy Austin are American league veterans who refuse to be downed by the scythe of the white-bearded old gent who turns the hands of the clock.

But two of the most remarkable players in many respects are Garry Cravath and Dode Paskert of the Phillies, both outfielders, and both apparently good for a few more seasons in the big show.

Cravath has been the biggest surprise of the two, because he has managed a comeback after he was labeled, wrapped and

shipped to the minors, and expected to stay there for good and all.

Though Garry's legs are not capable of doing the work they once did, his murderous bat is still on the job and his batting eye is just as keen as ever. Pat Moran would be glad to see a faster and snappier fielder holding down right garden, but Pat cannot see his way clear to sacrifice Cravath's hitting ability for a younger pair of legs and a much weaker budgeon.

In Dode Paskert the Phillies have another veteran. Dode is now playing his seventh season as a member of the Phils, and he bids fair to be seen in a Philly uniform for several more seasons if his playing this year can be taken as an indication of just how "fast" he is going back.

Paskert, unlike most ball players past thirty-five—he will be thirty-six in August—has not lost the youthful springiness and vigor of his legs. He is still as fast and sure on his underpinning as many of the younger players who come up, and although he is not the hitter that Cravath is, he can still sting the apple for a season's average around .275. He hit .279 last season, and so far this year he has been hitting between .250 and .270, with his hitting being done in streaks. Like all of the veterans, Paskert may be expected to brush up his batting with hot weather here to stay.

Where can you find two grand old "ets"—and both outfielders—who have anything on Cravath and Paskert? It can't be done.

O'LOUGHLIN MIFFS TY COBB

Georgia Peach Is Let Down Smoothly by Umpire for Making Protest on Called Strike.

Here is how Silk O'Loughlin gently let down the bars for the imperious Ty Cobb in Cleveland the other day.



Silk O'Loughlin.

It was Ty's first time up at bat. Silk called a strike, which Ty thought was too high. So he protested.

"Never missed a strike in my life, Tyrus," replied Silk, smoothly.

"Well, that one was too high, Silk."

"Trouble with you, Ty, is that you took too long a stride."

"What do you mean? Are you trying to tell me how to bat?"

"Well, aren't you trying to tell me how to umpire? You stick to batting and let me umpire and we'll get along all right."

WILL ASSESS PASS HOLDERS

Occupant of Dollar Seat Will Be Compelled to Pay Uncle Sam Tax of Ten Per Cent.

Pass holders will be stung as well as the paid customers at ball games under the new war tax, which provides that complimentary tickets shall be assessed at the same rate as if paid for, which means a payment of 10 per cent. For instance, if a pass holder goes into the dollar seats he will have to fork over a dime, not for the club, but for Uncle Sam.

BASEBALL
STORIES

Only thing that can break some teams' losing streak is rain.

Sitting on a baseball bench isn't as bad as sitting on a park bench.

There is many a pitching corps that should be spelled with an "e" on the end.

Jimmy Callahan, the Pirates' manager, is laying the groundwork for a good ball club.

Cicotte is the winning pitcher of the White Sox. So far Benz has been a disappointment.

What would President Navin of the Tigers pay for a pitcher like Ray Caldwell just now?

The way Fred Merkle is playing for the Cubs is one of the big reasons why the Dodgers are getting licked.

For not being a recognized football player, Johnny Evers plays the greatest kicking game in either league.

Infielder Tom Fitzsimmons, drafted from Butte, Mont., last fall, has been reinstated by the national commission.

George Sisler is demonstrating the fact that a college athletic education is no handicap to a professional ball player.

It is understood that Manager Mack of the Athletics will give Shortstop Rodgers of the University of West Virginia a trial.

Philadelphia fans, naturally, can't see why anybody should enthrone over the Cardinals and the Cubs, after what Morans team did to those two Western delegations.

Manager Callahan of the Pirates is trying to secure First Baseman "Butch" Schmidt, who still belongs to the Braves, but has been in retirement since 1915.

BASE HIT LOSES GAME

"Never will I forget a base hit Demmitt got for us against the St. Louis and lost us the ball game," said a White Sox player. "It was beginning to rain when we went to bat the last of the fifth. The score was tied. They tried hard to stall along, but we managed to get a home run, and then they stalled harder than ever."

"Faber came to bat, and, trying to strike out, knocked a dinky grounder, the Browns didn't try to field. Red stole second, third and home on three pitched balls, no attempt being made to nail him."

"It was up to Demmitt to fan, for two were out, but instead of doing this, he happened to knock a little roller that went for a single. Then, next instant, it poured, so hard the umpires called it off."

"The score reverted and remained a tie. We played it off and lost."

WOULD CHANGE GERMAN NAME

Nick Altrock Asks Court to Permit Him to Call Himself MacAltrock—Can't Take Chances.

Nicholas Altrock is a ball player who can trace his ancestors back to the land of the Kaiser. He is a regular German, but thus far has kept it a secret. Now that there is a mix-up between this country and Germany, however, Nicholas has taken it upon himself to be prepared and maintain



Nick Altrock.

an attitude of the strictest neutrality. He did not enlist for that would interfere with his ball playing. Instead, he wandered into court in Washington recently and asked that his name be changed to "MacAltrock." Nick believes the little dash of Scotch will deceive the dear old public and save him from many unpleasant moments on the ball field.

"Yes, that's straight about changing my name," said Nick. "I can't take any chances these days, and if the fans don't take kindly to that 'Mac' stuff, I am prepared to carry it further. As a last resort I shall go into court and have my front name changed to Michael. How would Michael MacAltrock sound?"

MONEY MAKERS HURT SPORTS

Trouble Arises Between Owner and Player When Discussion of Receipts Is Taken Up.

Grantland Rice says that the influence of money upon sport is bound to be bad. There is no way out. As long as gate receipts continue to grow there is a certainty of ill feeling at hand between those who pay and those who play. It has been suggested that in baseball a good many years ago there was far less trouble between magnate and player. This is true. But there was also a run of smaller gate receipts. When admissions run up to 8,000 and 10,000 a day and the pot increases, trouble is sure to keep piling up. The player wants to make all he can get. The owner wants to get all he can make, both sides having the true human touch. There is nothing at all out of the ordinary in all this, since the same conditions exist in every branch of existence. It only seems worse in a game, for everyone likes to think that sport is divorced from financial consideration, whereas in this country sport and the love of watching sport have been capitalized to the limit. The only way out would be to abolish all gate receipts. And this is no way out, for then there would be no daily baseball. So baseball will have to fight its way out, just as various other trades have to scramble along, with a few breathing spells between trouble. Big money has come to the game, and big money means big trouble when discussion of the proper split arises. It may seem to be a shame that a great game should be marred by loud and raucous debate over the division of the spoils, but there are a number of things in this world that seem to be a shame that can't be averted.

HOME TOWN
HELPS

TREES HAVE ECONOMIC VALUE

Every One That Is Planted Adds to Wealth of Community as Well as to Its Beauty.

The most striking living landscape feature is a tree, therefore, wherever a tree grows the land is more or less habitable. No matter what kind of a tree it is, if of large size, it proclaims that the land it adorns is not a desert. Trees have been objects of love and veneration since the dawn of history, and as their attractions and uses are many and varied, he who plants a tree plants wealth and adds to the capital of all.

Trees beautify homes, parks, streets and even as orchards their beauty is not the least of their several specific values. They cool the parched earth and heated atmosphere in summer and protect from biting cold and stormy winds in winter, says the Los Angeles Times. They purify the air we breathe and prevent winds from contaminating it by arresting storms of dust and other injurious matter. They add very materially to the value of all property even aside from the esthetic considerations; their pure economic value is not questioned. There are not, therefore, any reasons for not planting trees and so many reasons why we should; that it is best to place them wherever and whenever the opportunity presents. It is indeed easy to get rid of them if improperly placed. Therefore be ever planting a tree, for it grows all the time, even while the planter sleeps, and is adding to the wealth of all on earth and all to come.

PERFECT LAWN NEEDS WORK

One Who Expects to Get the Best Results Must Expect to Expend Much but Not Difficult Labor.

To have a perfect lawn requires much but not difficult labor. As a rule the land conditions to be met may be divided into two classes: First, where there is a sufficient amount of good loam, but where the grass has gradually been allowed to die out, and, second, where the lawnmower has a poor gravelly soil, seemingly without greenward, possibilities of any kind quite regardless of what may be done to it.

The treatment in the first case cited is sufficiently simple. It will not even be necessary to spade up the ground and re-seed, for just as good results are produced by a simpler method and in much shorter time. Take a sharp iron rake with good sharp teeth, and after digging out the weeds scratch deep into the soil, breaking it up as finely as possible. After doing this sow the best grass seed obtainable, using a grass seeder, of which there are several kinds on the market. The wheelbarrow seeder where the space to be seeded is a new lawn, for example, will prove a labor saver. Where the space to be re-seeded is small, a broadcast seed sower will do excellent work; it is carried by a strap about the shoulder, and will sow not only grass, but all kinds of grain.

Bringing Country to City.

Denmark has solved the problem of gardens for city dwellers in a particularly efficient manner, according to the American-Scandinavian Review. An article entitled "Bringing the Country to the City" tells how 40,000 garden plots have been added to the productive area of Denmark through the utilization of vacant lots and waste lands in or near cities. The land is bought or leased by a company, which does all the preliminary work of building roads and fences, laying water pipes, installing a sewerage system, and preparing the soil for cultivation. It is divided up into small gardens, which are rented at a price of \$2 to \$4 for the summer. Many families raise enough vegetables for their own use and sell a considerable amount besides. Others prefer to build a little arbor and plant a flower garden, which becomes their refuge from the grime of the city.

Decoration of Schools Urged.

Importance of proper environment in education was emphasized by Rev. Dr. John Van Schaick, Jr., in a brief address before the League for the Decoration of Public Schools at its annual meeting at Washington. Dr. Van Schaick declared that proper artistic environment makes not only an esthetic but a moral appeal.

He intimated that the time would come when more public funds could be used for the decoration of school buildings. He commended the work that is being done by the league, and pointed out that it was private initiative which first awakened public sentiment to the need of kindergartens, hospitals and other institutions now supported by public funds, but first started through individual effort.

Back-yard Fences in Boston.

George Gibbs, special investigator for the Boston city planning board, wants wooden back-yard fences abolished in that city. He believes such fences are a nuisance in crowded districts and an eyesore elsewhere, and should be replaced by metal fences of an ornamental type. For high-class residence districts Mr. Gibbs favors brick or concrete walls for dividing lines between back yards.

Taking No Risk.

"Life was rather fast in decadent Rome."

"True—in the sense that it was profligate and wicked."

"Yes."

"But two patriots could halt in the middle of the street and have a gab-fest without increasing the number of automobile fatalities."

The Brute.

Wiley—Howard, I listened to you for half an hour last night, while you were talking in your sleep.

Hubby—Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint.

Relief at Last.

"The nonchalance with which those Mexican peons face a firing squad!"

"Oh, that isn't so remarkable, under the circumstances."

"No?"

"I dare say if you had spent most of your life in search of a square meal, without finding it, it wouldn't be so hard to face a firing squad."

Proof.

"He has plenty of horse sense."

"Why so?"

"He never bets on one."

Like Father, Like Son.

"Science has reached the conclusion that baldness is hereditary."

"So I hear."

"There must be something in that theory. Observation has taught me that the habit of sitting in the front row at theaters is also hereditary."

She Understood.

Certain members of the house party were describing the accidents that had happened to them during their respective careers. Adventures by flood, fire and field had all been well received, and Mr. Brown, eager for fame, thought it was his turn.

"Do you know," he said, "I had a very painful experience once. I ran a confounded splinter-quifer halftan inch long right under my finger-nail, don't you know?"

"Really, Mr. Brown," said a maiden of the party, "how did you do it?"

"Well," he said, "it happened like this."

As he spoke he unconsciously raised his hand and scratched his forehead.

"Oh, I see," she interrupted, sweetly; "how very careless of you!"

Twenty-Five Years' Experience With Kidney Remedies

Between twenty-five and thirty years ago I commenced selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and during all that time I have never heard a single complaint from any customer; they are more inclined to praise it, and judging from their favorable remarks and the repeated sales I enjoy I am confident that Swamp-Root is a valuable medicine for the troubles for which it is intended.

Very truly yours,
OTTO H. G. LIPPERT,
Pharmacist.

1601 Freeman, Cor. Liberty St.,
Sept. 19, 1916. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

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

Psychology and the War

Prof. G. Stanley Hall of the Clark university, United States, places the subject of applied psychology on a high plane in relation to the war. He states:

"Whatever system has been employed, it is evident that applied psychology has produced results in this war which it was never possible to attain before. Men have endured more, they have shown more heroism and daring and have submitted to more punishment than in any previous war. No such slaughter would have been possible in former wars without provoking a panic. This has unquestionably been due to the system of psychological selection, not only for the various grades of service but for special activities within each grade. Our country may as well think of going to war without first-class military equipment as without a knowledge of applied psychology. The council of national defense seems to have recognized this; and the National Research council within that body will, I understand, contain representative psychologists."

Ruins.

"Have you ever visited the ruins of Pompeii?"

"Yes," replied the globe trotter, "but after seeing a few churches shot up in this war, Pompeii doesn't impress me as ranking high as a ruined city."

In the Discard.

"You see a lot of mandolins and guitars in the pawnshop window."

"I s'pose it's different in Europe. They say over there the pawnshop windows are full of old scepters."

"Give all the kids Post Toasties—They like 'em"

Bobby

MANY PROMINENT MEN COME OUT FOR TANLAC

MAYORS, JUDGES, HIGH OFFICIALS, BANKERS, LAWYERS, DOCTORS AND EDITORS INDORSE IT.

FEEL IT THEIR DUTY TO TALK

They Come Forward and Unhesitatingly Tell Suffering Humanity What Celebrated Medicine Has Done for Them.

It is seldom, indeed, that men of prominence, especially men holding high public office, willingly express their indebtedness publicly to a proprietary medicine. Many prominent men, however, including supreme court judges, mayors of our leading cities, prominent state and county officials, bankers, lawyers, doctors, editors, leading educators, government officials and even ministers of the Gospel, have deemed it their duty to come forward and tell the people what Tanlac has done for them.

These well-known men of affairs have recognized in this medicine a new discovery and a scientific triumph in the medical world. It is a well-known fact that these splendid endorsements have been given Tanlac time and time again and they will continue to be given just as often as new tests of its powers are made; and it also explains why numbers of the big drug firms of the country are ordering it exclusively in carload lots.

Doctor Prescribes It.
Dr. J. T. Edwards, of Fayetteville, Ga., one of the best-known members of the medical profession in the state of Georgia, makes a statement that will undoubtedly produce a profound impression throughout the South.

"In my thirty years of actual practice as a licensed physician in the state of Georgia," says Dr. Edwards, "I have never seen anything to equal Tanlac as a medicine to produce results. I have no hesitancy in recommending this medicine and I am prescribing it for my patients almost every day."

Professor C. T. Clotfelter, prominent educator and principal of the High School at Ben Hill, Ga., says: "I was in such bad physical condition that I feared I would have to give up my duties. I suffered from rheumatism, sluggish liver, nausea and terrible bilious headaches. I have taken 3 bottles of Tanlac and I feel better than I have felt in years."

Noted Texan Talks.
Hon. Archie R. Anderson, ex-sheriff of Harris County, Texas, is unquestionably not only one of the best-known, but one of the most popular men that ever held office in Texas. He served the people in this important office for 15 consecutive years.

"I had the worst form of indigestion, suffered all the time from gas on my stomach and was continually belching up undigested food," said Mr. Anderson. "I suffered with neuralgic pains of the worst sort and nothing seemed to help me except in a temporary way."

"I began to feel better after taking my first bottle of Tanlac and have just now started on my third. I'm a different man already."

H. W. Hill, president of one of the leading banking institutions of South Pittsburg, Tenn., and one of the most successful bankers and business men in Tennessee, said:

"I suffered from rheumatism and other ailments for many years and

NOTED EX-MAYOR RECOMMENDS IT

FORMER MAYOR FRANK V. EVANS, OF BIRMINGHAM, ALA., MAKES STRONG STATEMENT.

ONE of the latest additions to the large and rapidly-growing list of prominent men who have publicly indorsed Tanlac for the good it has done them, is the name of Hon. Frank V. Evans, former Mayor of Birmingham. Mr. Evans is one of the best known men in public life in Alabama today, being at one time editor of one of the South's greatest newspapers, the Birmingham Age-Herald. He was also examiner of public accounts of Alabama. In telling of the benefits he has derived from Tanlac, Mr. Evans said:

"For years I suffered with gastritis and indigestion in the worst form. I was habitually constipated and had pains in my shoulders and headache continually. My appetite left me almost entirely and everything I would eat hurt me. Finally I got to having awful attacks of acute indigestion, palpitation of the heart and smothering spells. For a long time I would have one or more of these spells every night and I would wake out of my restless sleep gasping for breath."

"I bought a bottle of Tanlac and to my surprise and gratification I began to feel relief after the first few doses. I kept taking the medicine and now my recovery is simply the talk of Birmingham."

Tanlac has done me more good than anything I ever tried. I now wake up in the morning feeling fine.

"I'm telling all my friends about Tanlac and am recommending it to them, regardless of their age and trouble."

Dr. G. W. De LaPerriere, of Winder, Ga., is not only one of the best known physicians and druggists in the state of Georgia, but is also a man of extensive property and wide influence, ranking as one of the leading citizens of that entire section. He has been in the drug business in Winder for 25 years.

Recently Dr. De LaPerriere wrote: "Our people are much enthused over the beneficial effects of Tanlac and I desire to say that it is the most wonderful seller I ever had in this store."

Other prominent men who have indorsed Tanlac are:

Professor Elmer Morris, of Dover, Tenn.; Professor W. A. Wood, of the Central Grade Schools, Winder, Ga.; C. C. Cooper, president of the Georgia Home Cotton Oil Co., Lawrenceville, Ga.; Hon. S. S. Sheppard, member of the Atlanta city council; Colonel John B. Gaines, of Bowling Green, Ky., editor, political writer and well-known leader in his state; Hon. George Samuel Riley, Chief of Police in Macon, Ga.; Hon. C. G. Lavender, register of Williamson County, Tennessee; Dr. W. H. Brown, 4822 Charlotte Ave., Nashville, Tenn., founder and president of the Tennessee Protestant Home for Girls; John F. Carroll, cotton mill superintendent of Chattahoochee and Atlanta and N. M. Yancy, manager of contract department, Atlanta Telephone and Telegraph Co.

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

War Spirit Contagious.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was more than once placed in a perplexing position by the loss of members of his cast during his tour throughout Canada and the United States. No less than ten members enlisted, including two ladies for service in war hospitals. One humorous incident occurred after the engagement of a "deputy" in the United States. She was not very much interested in the war prior to her appointment, but the talk behind the scenes among the company bore so frequently on the loss of relatives at the front that she felt one night impelled to volunteer as a nurse, was eventually accepted, and her place had to be filled.

FRECKLES

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

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

Too Much of It.
"Hain't we a breezy time of it last night?" "Too much of it, for when I got home, my wife stormed."

When you take a habit out for an airing the habit rides.

Sore Eyes
Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, No Eye Comfort. A Druggist or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Bulk of the Eye FREE ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery
Their Care and Cultivation



Taking the Hired Man's Place.

GARDEN WORK IN MIDSUMMER.

By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN.

Celery plants may be set out early in July in the North, and in the milder climates planting is carried on up to the first of August. It is not as difficult to raise celery as people believe, although the crop requires more attention than the average garden plants. Celery plants can be bought, but one always takes a chance in buying them. Of course the best way is to raise your own plants from seeds. The planting of the seed should be done very early in the spring, and after the plants have attained a good growth the real cultivation begins.

Ground that has borne a crop of peas makes a good celery soil, provided the crop was thoroughly fertilized and cultivated. The furrows should be three feet apart for the self-blanching celery and about five feet for those kinds that are to be blanched by banking with earth. If boards are to be used, the rows need not be more than four feet apart. The furrows should be made at least a foot deep and about three inches of well-rotted manure placed in the bottom. Scrapings from the barnyard with a little soil mixed in make a good fertilizer for celery. The fertilizer should be worked in well and smoothed, and the plants set in a perfectly straight line about six inches apart in the row.

The plants should be about six inches high when put into the ground and should not be placed too deeply—just enough to cover the roots—and the ground must be thoroughly firmed around them. Before setting out the plants, however, the dirt which has been thrown out on the side of the trench should be raked down, leveled off and made firm with the back of the spade, so that it will not wash into the trenches.

When the plants mature they may be planted by drawing the soil about the plants up to the top leaves or boards from one foot to eighteen inches high may be placed on each side of the rows and held in place by the stakes. The best-flavored celery, we think, is produced by blanching with earth. The earth should be drawn around the plants gradually.

The ground that has borne early crops in the garden should be cleared off and loosed with a spading fork and prepared for another crop. Carrots make an ideal second crop. They should be sown by the first week in July in any sort of decent soil; in fact they do not need rich soil. Sow the seed in rows about 15 inches apart, and thin, leaving the plants standing about two inches apart in the row. A later sowing of about two weeks may be added if desired. Rutabagas may be sown up to the first of August. Any good soil that has borne a first crop is suitable for turnips. Some persons

sow the seed broadcast, but a better plan is to sow them in rows about two feet apart and thin to about six inches apart in the row.

Cabbage should be in the ground the very first week in July. The plants may be set quickly by use of a dibble, but a sod-cutter is better, as this enables one to stand upright. Stick the sod-cutter in the ground, push the handle slightly from you, insert the plant, withdraw the tool, press down the earth with the foot, and the thing is done. A boy to carry a basket with the plants and, if he is a careful one, place them in the ground, saves time and backache.

Do not use paris green to kill the worms on the cabbages. It is a dangerous business and we have known persons to be badly poisoned by eating cabbages treated this way.

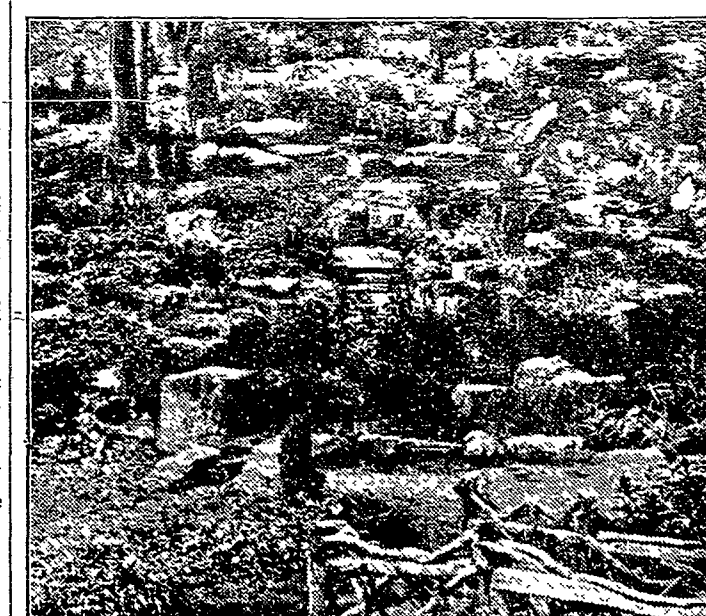
Cabbage should have a bit of bone dust, wood ashes or well composted manure, in order to induce good-sized growth. Nitrate of soda is also a great help. If the plants show too rank growth pull them over to one side in order to break off a few of the roots, which will retard the growth and tend to produce more solid heads.

Along about this time ants make a great deal of trouble by throwing up hills in the garden or on the lawn. No use to dig them up or destroy the nests, as they can quickly turn up in some other spot. At the nearest drug store buy a can of bisulphide of carbon. It is ill-smelling stuff and if you place a match within a foot of it there will be an explosion. By all means allow no fire to come near it. With a stick make two or three openings in the ant hill, near the center, and pour about a tablespoonful into the hole, then close the hole tightly with earth, and the fumes will quickly permeate the hill and kill every living thing.

Here comes our old friend, the potato bug, again. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture, to which has been added arsenate of lead at the rate of about two pounds to the barrel of the mixture, will usually kill the bugs and also prevent blight. But after all there is no better thing than Paris green for destroying potato bugs.

The yellow-striped beetle is one of the greatest enemies of the cucumber vines, but it is easily discouraged by spraying with arsenate of lead, and this also protects the vines from other leaf-eaters.

The best time to move the currant bushes is in the late fall. Dig up the bushes with as much dirt around the roots as possible and set out in the new location. The soil should be dug up to a depth of two feet, more or less, and well fertilized with rotted stable manure. Disturb the roots as little as possible and firm down the ground all around them. Keep the weeds away next spring and the bushes will probably get along all right.



Rock Garden of an Eastern Estate

The Same Trespass.

A farmer, going over his land, caught an Irishman with his dog trespassing in a field, and threatened him with prosecution.

Returning, however, through the same field an hour later he was surprised to meet the Irishman in another part of it, and exclaimed angrily:

"What! Trespassing again?"

"No, no," answered Pat, "it's still the same trespass. Fair play, sorr!"

There are a lot of funny things in this world—including patent smoke consumers.

THE STORY OF PETROLEUM.

The history of oil reads like a fairy tale. It has made more millionaires in ten years than mining made in fifty, and offers an opportunity to the small investor never before equaled in the history of the world. Why not join The Capitol Petroleum Company at the start? Stock only two cents per share. Address: The Securities Finance and Investment Co., Fiscal Agents, 220 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo. Adv.

Naturally Handicapped.

Kidd—Does Goode enjoy golfing to its fullest extent?

Kidder—Very unlikely; you see he's intensely religious.

I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.—R. L. Stevenson.

Save the Babies

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to constipation, sickness, death. There can be no danger in the use of Castoria if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher as it contains no opiates or narcotics of any kind.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

When Tired and Nervous

If the end of the day finds you weary or irritable, with aching head and frayed nerves, you need something to tone and strengthen the system.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are a remedy which quickly helps in restoring normal conditions. They act on the stomach, liver and bowels, and so renew the strength, and steady the nerves. A few doses of these world-famed family pills will

Bring Welcome Relief

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

Fulton Was a Great Man

The class in history was studying the life of Robert Fulton. In connection with it they, of course, brought in the topic of the steamboat which you know, made Fulton famous.

"What are many of the great uses of the steamboat?" asked the teacher. "What things might not have happened if the steamboat had not been invented?" she hinted.

"Well," answered little Johnny, who had been called on, "well, um-um, Columbus might not have discovered America."

DANDRUFF AND ITCHING

Disappear With Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The first thing in restoring dry, falling hair is to get rid of dandruff and itching. Rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp, next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Prevent skin and scalp troubles by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparation. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Irrelevant Similarity.
"Gossip is a writer who is well posted on 'street' corners."

"That's nothing; so are mail boxes."

Smart Man.

After the supper party the host handed round a box of cigars with an expansive smile of the help yourself-and-don't-mind-me variety.

"Lovely cigars, ye know," he declared, offering the box to the first guest. "They were a present from my wife."

Gently, but none the less firmly, every man present swore that smoking would expand his heart to colossal proportions, or else that he had sworn off the weed for the duration, says London Ideas.

When they had all gone the host extracted a card from under the first layer of cigars. "From Uncle James." "That little speech saved me that box," he mused. "Jolly smart wheezer!"

Her Parting Shot.

"You have returned all my letters and presents, Hortense," says Egbert, "but you seem to be retaining my photograph. May I yet dare to hope that—"

"Oh, your photograph? I sent that to Life, thinking the editor would want to run it as one of those pictures for which they pay \$250 to anybody that can supply a proper title."—Life.

Crazy About It, in Fact.

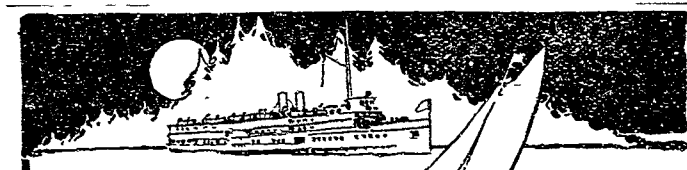
Time—What do the inmates think of the new asylum?
Keeper—They just rave over it.

Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. There is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is beautiful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

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



This Is the Year for an Inland Water Trip

A pleasant way, a healthful 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—Quaint 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, Limited, 76 R. & O. Bldg., Montreal.

SELDOM SEE

a big knee-like this, but your horse may have a bump or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean it off without laying up the horse. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 3 M. M. ABSORBINE. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle at druggists or direct. Made in U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 310, Springfield, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Heat chills, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can be used on tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or sent by express prepaid for \$1.00. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 310, Springfield, Mass.

ECZEMA!

Money back without question if EUCALIN CURE fails in the treatment of ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal powers. 50c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sturman, Tex.

Every Woman Wants

Partine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal powers. 50c at druggists, or direct from The Partine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

The Northville Record.

Published by
NEAL PRINTING CO.
P. 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., JULY 6, 1917.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

In view of the pessimistic utterances of Maxim, Vaughan, Fairbanks et al. in regard to the duration of the war in particular and everything else in general, the following extract from a recent editorial in the Pontiac Press Gazette sounds a refreshingly sensible note of optimism:

"The declaration of war came on April 6. It is now June 29. In less than three months this nation has so adapted itself to war conditions that it has equipped and put an army at the front, has provided means to muster and train millions of other men, has prepared to supply munitions of every sort, and then has turned about and throttled the great menace of greed at home and established a fair avenue of competitive trade and industry at reasonable profits which will keep the laboring man, who must provide all these necessities for the army, from being robbed as he works.

"No more welcome pieces of news for the general consuming public have been published since the outbreak of the war than the two stories announcing that wheat and coal are hereafter to be handled on a decent margin of profit, with middlemen's excessive dividends removed."

THEY "LET GEORGE DO IT."

When the present U. S. lawmakers find themselves up against any necessary job that they know will cause a rumpus among opposite factions of their constituency, they have discovered a way to clear their own skirts and at the same time make sure that the job will be done as they really want it. They simply put a clause in the bill that shunts the responsibility on to the president, after all the discussions have shown that it has to be a certain way, knowing that he has only just a few responsibilities anyway, and that he never shirks one even when his attitude is sure to be misconstrued and censured. Cases in point are the T. R.-to-France incident and now the food bill hold-up as per the prohibition feature.

Recent developments have proved that America has no monopoly of the "war hog" species. "Goulash millionaires" is the new name applied to a lot of speculators in Holland and Scandinavia who have been selling food to Germany imported from the U. S. to those countries. Uncle Sam, however, is "on to the game" and hereafter the neutral countries won't get any supplies to spare for anybody else. Nice easy little job to take part in, this war business, what?

Everybody was worrying in print the other day for fear our soldier boys from all parts of the U. S. wouldn't like to be designated as "Yanks" when they got to the scene of action. After all there wasn't any call to worry, as the immediate necessity with which they became "Sammies" testifies. Mighty good name, too.

The food-conservation campaign has now black-listed the "barberous" egg shampoo, which in consequence becomes an unpatriotic luxury. And for economy's sake why shouldn't it? Thousands of cleanly folks all over the country have managed to get along without ever having any eggs in their hair.

At last there seems to be some hope that the ult. con. isn't always going to get the bad end of the deal, with the producer a close second. It looks now as if we might at least keep warm next winter, and that we may also be able to eat bread occasionally.

The fiat has gone forth in some states—and is likely to be federally promulgated: "Stop feeding tramps." But then—how about the possible "angels unawares?"

Wixom Whisperings.

Mrs. Mary Stevens was a Novi visitor Saturday and Sunday.

Roy Rabbett has sold his farm to a Detroit man, for \$13,500.

Achse Schermerhorn left Tuesday for Chicago, to visit her aunt.

Vernon Spencer is home for a two-weeks' stay from Des Moines, Ia.

Mrs. F. McDonald and son, Ovid, left Monday night for a visit in Toledo.

Harold and Ward Mowrey returned home Friday from a visit with their grandparents at Sears.

Mrs. Geo. Hennessey and children of Toledo, were guests of her parents from Monday until Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wines of Detroit are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Mary Tack, this week.

John Mahoney and family of Detroit are the guests of Mrs. Mahoney's parents, R. M. Hopkins and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed and son of Fremont, Ind., and N. W. Ball and family of Milford spent last week Monday at the Patton home.

The topic at the Wixom Baptist church for next Sunday will be, Morning, "A Misunderstanding." The evening topic will be, "A Great Discovery."

Ora T. Hopkins perpetrated a great surprise on Wixom people, when he came home Sunday evening, bringing a bride. He was married at Cleveland, O., last week to Miss Zella Worden of that city.

Wixom's Fourth of July celebration was a signal success in every way. The attendance was large and a splendid address was given by Rev. F. I. Walker of Northville.

Dorothy Madison, who has been making a two weeks' visit at Dearborn, returned home Tuesday, accompanied by Marjorie and Madison Taylor, who will remain with their grandparents for a few weeks.

Walled Lake Warbles.

J. A. Deveraux was a Flint visitor Monday.

Mrs. Lepler and daughter, Leta, are visiting in Ohio.

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Clark of Detroit called on friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Cahoon has sold her farm and has moved to this village.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Deveraux were week-end guests of Fenton relatives.

Rev. and Mrs. D. Abbott of Parshallville were recent guests of Mrs. T. Clutz.

The Misses Naomi and Grace Halverson are attending summer school at Ypsilanti.

G. H. Turk gave a very interesting talk on Red Cross work Sunday evening in the Baptist church.

Dr. and Mrs. Aaron Chapman and Mr. and Mrs. W. Young and son, Lloyd of Detroit, spent Sunday with friends here.

A Red Cross society has been organized here with Mrs. James Gilchrist as president and Mrs. Will Chafy as secretary, and Mrs. J. A. Deveraux as treasurer.

HEALTH A VALUABLE ASSET.

Mr. Citizen, have you taken into consideration, in making plans for your material welfare during the coming summer and fall, that the health of yourself and your family may determine whether or not this is to be a successful year for you? If you are a merchant, have you stopped to reflect that a case of typhoid fever in your family will affect your assets in exactly the same way as the loss of a valuable shipment of merchandise? If you are a farmer, has it occurred to you that such an illness may offset the value of a bountiful crop on many acres of your land? If you are a wage earner, have you considered that illness of yourself or a member of your family will materially affect the plans you have made for the investment of your savings?

You have thought, of course, of how unfortunate it would be for such illness to "happen" in your family. But have you given to the question of PREVENTING such illness the thought and study that so important a matter deserves? And many of our most serious and costly diseases are entirely preventable.

The State Board of Health, Lansing, will furnish you with pamphlets relative to the restriction and prevention of the different communicable diseases, free of cost.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

MICH. STATE FAIR
"SETTING THE PACE"

Michigan's State Fair has been setting the pace for agricultural exhibitions of its kind in the middle west for several years and its fame has spread through the principal agricultural and cattle raising sections of the country.

This year, however, the State Fair is to be an object lesson for the directors of the largest fair in the largest state in the Union. Texas with its broad fertile valleys and wide-grazing plains is coming to Detroit this fall to learn how Michigan makes its fair such a success.

Directors of the Texas State Fair at Dallas have selected R. E. Knight, president, and W. H. Stratton, the secretary, as delegates to the Michigan exposition. Mr. Knight is a lawyer of enormous agricultural and other holdings, who is a firm believer in the unlimited possibilities of his state in agriculture. He is a student of farming and an orator of pronounced ability, and during his stay in Detroit he may be induced to tell of the progress of the Lone Star State along agricultural lines. While in Detroit the Texans will be the guests of G. W. Dickinson, secretary-manager of the Michigan State Fair, who will see that they are afforded every opportunity to study the Michigan Fair and its operation from every angle.

BLUE RIBBON MEET IN DETROIT.

What promises to be the greatest facing in the history of the trotting third annual Blue Ribbon meeting of the Detroit Driving club at the state fair grounds, July 23 to 28. This will be the second meeting in the chain of tracks known as the Grand Circuit, and in addition to the campaigning stables from Cleveland there will be an unusual number of recruits from among the winners of the Short Ship circuit, where such good racing prevails this year.

Not only is there a large original entry in the classics which feature the Detroit meeting, but so few horses have been withdrawn that the outlook is for exceptional field. This combined with the high class of trotters and pacers engaged should insure a carnival of speed and the likelihood of many new track records.

In the arrangement of the program for the five afternoons the Pontchartrain stakes for 2-14 trotters comes on Monday, July 23; the Board of Commerce \$5,000 stake for 2:06 pacers on Tuesday; the world famous M. & M. stake of \$10,000 for 2:08 trotters on Wednesday; the free for all pace on Thursday and the free for all trot on Friday. Each of these is flanked with from two to three late closing events.

In addition to a racing card of rare merit there will be daily musical programs furnished by one of the best bands obtainable.

Government and Transportation Economy

War Measures Adopted by National Defense Committee.

As a war measure, the Advisory committee appointed by the President to direct transportation affairs in the United States has suggested the curtailing of Passenger service wherever possible, to see that all freight cars are loaded to capacity and unloaded without delay; and has asked everyone to assist to this end.

This is done for the purpose of immediately increasing the movement of food stuffs, fuel and other necessities of life and to clear the lines for the prompt handling of government supplies and troops which must shortly be transported on a large scale.

This order has been carried out on the Pere Marquette railway: By consolidating Passenger Trains where practicable.

By the elimination of certain trains where the patronage was very small.

In no case has the service been cut down primarily in the interest of economy, but rather to meet the above ends and aims.

The service has been cut down in relatively the same proportion on the main lines as on the branch lines.

A comparison of the Summer Schedule for 1916 as against the Summer Schedule of 1917 shows that the service is as 170 trains to 134 trains. Compared with the cutting down of service in the more thickly settled sections of the country, this is relatively small—almost negligible.

For instance, the Boston and Maine with relatively the same mileage as the Pere Marquette, proposes to eliminate nearly 400 trains from its summer schedule. Other roads in these more densely populated sections are cutting down their service on a proportionate scale.

The management asks the traveling public to share with it the responsibilities which the war has imposed upon transportation companies.

—Advertisement.
Pere Marquette Railway Company.

CYCLONE

Have Your Buildings Insured against Wind Storms, in the

State Mutual Cyclone Ins. Co.
OF LAPEER, MICH.

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

For Rates, Write or Phone

GEORGE H. BAKER

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE
Phone, 375-J. Northville, Mich.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!

Why, the "sale" stores themselves blantly 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.

SPRING BROOK DAIRY

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

Telephone 599 J. G. K. SCHOFF, Propr.

DO YOUR IRONING

in coolness, in comfort, and in half the time, with an

ELECTRIC FLAT IRON.

An Electric Iron will make your ironing an easy and pleasant task. You are welcome to try one, and to return it, if you want to.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

Lake Front Lots

In Luneta Court Subdivision

BASS LAKE.

HERE IS A CLASS OF LAKE LOTS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

Luneta Court is located on Bass Lake with a private right-of-way and fishing privileges on Commerce Lake. Bass Lake is located 1-4 mile west and 3-4 mile south of Commerce Village, also directly west of Orchard Lake.

A few reasons why Luneta Court lots are desirable:

FIRST—Luneta Court has a fine bathing beach.

SECOND—This property lies exceptionally high and dry; drainage being natural.

THIRD—The lots are carefully, though reasonably restricted, and to the man who seeks a moderately priced building site in the most desirable lake section of Oakland County; I feel sure that a personal inspection of the property will convince him of the desirability of the property, lake and shore. Every lot is from 40 to 60 feet wide with a depth of from 95 to 170 feet.

IMPROVEMENTS: Shade trees and graded streets.

ROADS—Cement and State Award road from Detroit or Pontiac to within 1 1/2 miles of this property

PRICES—\$150 and up. Terms, Reasonable.

Write or Phone for Plat and Particulars.

R. H. BAKER

Phone 70.

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

JOB PRINTING

We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do it at a price that is just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dockers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

NINA DAY GRIFFIN

CONTRALTO.

Vocal Instructions and Coaching.
Phone 392-B-2.

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. VanHartesveldt and Beana E. VanHartesveldt, his wife, of the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, to the Redford Lumber Company, a corporation of Redford, Michigan, dated the first day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne county, Michigan, on the 22nd day of October, 1915, in Liber 752 of mortgages, on page 524, and which said mortgage was duly assigned on the 16th day of April, A. D. 1917 by the said mortgagee to Joseph Dallavo, of Wayne county, Michigan, which said assignment of mortgage was recorded on April 17, 1917, in the records of Wayne county, Michigan, in Liber 65 of assignments of mortgages, on page 211, and the same having remained unpaid for a period of more than thirty days after it became due and payable the said assignee and holder of said mortgage hereby exercises his option given by said mortgage and declares the principal sum of said mortgage, together with all interest unpaid at this date, to be due and payable immediately.

There is now claimed to be due and payable on said mortgage for principal and interest the sum of five hundred sixty-two and 57/100 (\$562.57) dollars, and no proceeding having been taken in law or equity to recover the same or any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and the statutes in such case made and provided, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the southerly entrance on Congress street to the Wayne County Building, in the city of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, that being the building where the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne is held, on Monday, the 8th day of August, 1917, at twelve o'clock noon, Eastern standard time, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due as aforesaid, and the costs and expenses of sale, including the attorney's fee allowed by law and provided for in said mortgage; also any sum or sums that shall be paid at or before said sale by the undersigned for taxes or insurance to protect his interest in said premises described in said mortgage, which said premises are described as follows:

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

Dated, April 25, A. D. 1917.

JOSEPH DALLAVO,

Assignee of Mortgage.

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

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

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

Peter Stank, Plaintiff.

vs.

Anna Stank, defendant.

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

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

It appearing to the said court from affidavit on file, that defendant, Anna Stank, is not a resident of this state but is a resident of the state of New York. On motion of M. E. Tripp, attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered that said defendant enter her appearance in the above entitled cause within three months from the date of this order or the bill of complaint herein, will be taken as confessed against her. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once each week for six successive weeks in the Northville Record, a newspaper published and circulated in this county.

GEORGE P. CODD, Circuit Judge.

(A true copy). JOHN D. LESNAU, Deputy Clerk.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the fifteenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JAMES GIBSON, deceased.

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

It is ordered, that the seventeenth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said court room, be appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said court at said time and place, to show cause why a license should not be granted to said administrator to sell real estate as proffer for in said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing, in the Northville Record, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy). HENRY S. HULBERT, Judge of Probate.

CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate Clerk.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

Little's Pink Pills for Pale People. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC
Physician and Surgeon. Office next
door to Post Office on Main street.
Office hours 1:00 to 3:00 and 6:00 to 8:00
p. m. Telephone.

DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon. Office in Lapham State
Bank Building, corner Main and Center
streets. Office hours: 8:00 to
9:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 2:30 p. m. and
5:00 to 7:30 p. m. Phone No. 1.

PENSLAR KIDNEY PILLS

This effective remedy has proven
itself of great 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

Phone 247-J

DIAMOND DAIRY

NORTHVILLE'S MODEL DAIRY.
Everything in a Strictly Sanitary
Condition. All Milk we sell is the
product of our own dairy.

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

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

FLOWERS

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

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

FORD AGENCY

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

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time

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

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.

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

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 hereby
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. BABBITT,
HARRY TAIT,
Commissioners.

Northville Newslets.

Tax time again.

Cheer up! Coal is said to be \$90
per ton in some parts of South
America.

In spite of the fact that the Fourth
was a legal holiday, the moon was full
on that date.

The Chautauqua street-banners
were put up Saturday by a representa-
tive from headquarters.

Pretty year books for the Northville
Woman's club have been recently
issued from the Record's job de-
partment.

Mrs. Lydia Northrop, who has been
under a physician's care for some
time past, is better, although still
very feeble.

Wayne is soon to have a special
election on the bonding of the village
in the sum of \$35,000 for water-
works and sewer extensions.

Ralph Ryder is the latest Northville
boy to offer his services to Uncle Sam,
having enrolled in Detroit Tuesday.
He has not yet taken the examination.

Only 29 days after the death of
William Lanning, Jr., Mrs. Lanning
received a check for \$1,000 from the
headquarters of the Modern Woodmen
of America.

The annual report of the state oil
inspector, R. E. Barron of Howell,
received at this office, shows that the
net balance turned over to the state
treasurer for the year 1916, was
\$34,715.88.

Some more unprecedented American
history was made Wednesday when
the Glorious Fourth was celebrated in
Paris in regulation style, also when
Old Glory floated over world-famous
Westminster Abbey in London.

The Milford-Detroit Picnic which
was to have been held on Belle Isle
on Saturday, June 23 was postponed
to this coming Saturday, July 7, be-
cause of the heavy rain which made
the former date impossible for the
gathering.

Harper hospital base unit No. 17,
in which Dr. Tom Henry of this
place holds the rank of Captain, has
left Detroit for its eastern concen-
tration camp, with the exception of
the surgeons, who are now awaiting
orders to join the enlisted men and
the nurses for the start to France.

Farmington men have organized
the Farmington War Relief Associa-
tion especially for the purpose of
taking care of the comfort of the
soldiers who have gone or will go
from that village. The work will be
conducted in connection with the
Red Cross.

The weather statistics for June, 1917
show that there were only six sun-
shiny days in that late lamented month
and also that normal temperatures
were all shot to pieces as it were.
We are glad to know it was no worse.
We thought there weren't as many
bright days as that and as for temper-
ature—nuffed.

Plymouth's Chautauqua guarantors
found themselves several hundred
dollars to the bad last week at the
close of their first venture in that
line, but nevertheless fifty of the
representative citizens pluckily
signed up for next season, on the
ground that such a feature was too
good to be given up.

The publication some weeks since
of the original application for a
charter for the "Amphictyon Associa-
tion," the Northville school debating
club of the '60s, sent the Record by
Miss Osband of Ypsilanti, brings out
the information that Mrs. Eleanor
Starkweather Thompson, who was
secretary of the association has now
in her possession the records of the
society during her occupancy of that
office.

A communication to the Record
from Capt. R. E. Cowell of the U. S.
Marine Corps speaks in very high
terms of a former Northville boy,
Russell Wakefield, who, says the
letter, "has gone with the regiment
U. S. Marines which forms a part of
the first Ambulance overseas contin-
gent; and has already proven his
mettle and will doubtless continue to
uphold the motto of the Marines
"Always Faithful." Young Wake-
field enlisted in Detroit April 6, and
is with Company 67.

In the list of names given the
Record last week by the secretary
of the local Chautauqua organiza-
tion the name of "Mrs. J. Black" was
for some unknown reason, substituted
for that of Mrs. J. B. Cook as member
of the ticket committee. The
Record although not responsible for
the error, is glad to correct it in
justice to Mrs. Cook, who has been
one of the most enthusiastic Chau-
tauqua "boosters" and efficient ticket
sellers in town ever since the first
one was planned for Northville.

Library board meeting Saturday
afternoon at the usual hour.

Mrs. Susie Wooley now occupies a
part of the Bradner building on Main
Street.

The South Lyon ball team went to
Northville Friday and were beaten
again. The score must have been
bad for none of them want to tell
what it was.—S. Lyon Herald.

We learn from the Redford Record
that Richard Smitherman of that place
died Sunday from a paralytic stroke.
Mr. Smitherman was 90 years of age
and was the father of Mrs. J. W.
Kator of this place.

The Detroit Edison Co. has pur-
chased Monroe's municipal lighting
system for a consideration of \$22,000,
and has been granted a 30-year fran-
chise. The deal includes also a
warranty deed of the land on which
the lighting plant stands and a 10
year contract for the public lighting.

The national holiday passed off
very quietly in Northville, the only
sporting event being the ball game
between Milford and Northville, which
resulted in a score of 7 to 4 in favor
of the home side. Family picnics,
auto rides, etc., were the principal di-
versions of those who stayed in town.
Even the fire crackers and other ex-
plosive demonstrations were of un-
usually mild character as were the
few family fireworks displays in the
evening. The picture show drew a
good crowd as a finale to the day.

Postmaster Tinkham requests all
patrons of the local postoffice to buy,
as far as possible, stamps of the right
denomination for all mail matter sent.
This is in order to save in govern-
ment printing at this critical period
when economy in all labor and ma-
terial is an absolute necessity. A
little thought will show that a ten-
cent stamp used in place of five twos
or ten ones, etc., means an enormous
saving along several lines, if all the
patrons of all the post offices in the
U. S. would heed the request.

NOTABLE LECTURERS FOR CHAUTAUQUA

With so many of the staples of
life increasing in price, it is a relief
to find one important item at the
same old price. The season tickets
for the Community Chautauqua
which will appear here for the five
days, July 27 to 31, inclusive, are
not higher than they have been here-
before, although the quality of ser-
vice and program have been very
much improved. One particularly
strong feature will be the lectures
which have been designated the back-
bone of the Chautauqua.

On the first day comes Robert
Parker Miles, who as a writer for a
great chain of newspapers, made two
tours of the world, and met Pope
Leo the XIII, the King of England
and the Emperor of Germany. He
makes kings, statesmen, emperors and
genuines stand before you as he gives
his lecture, "Tallow Dips."

On the second day appears Andre
Tridon, graduate of four universities;
a prominent magazine writer, and a
notable platform lecturer. Tridon
has thoroughly investigated conditions
in Mexico where he has lived and
studied, and his "Inside View of
Mexico" is absolutely authentic.

On the third afternoon, J. Franklin
Caveny will give a crayon lecture and
an exhibition of clay modeling. He
draws his wonderful pictures and pro-
duces his beautiful artistic effects,
he also preaches a philosophy of life
full of kindness and good cheer.

Albert Edward Wiggam, "Apostle
of Efficiency" will lecture on the third
night. Mr. Wiggam is recognized as
one of the leading authorities on
heredity on the American platform
and this subject has a very close re-
lation to efficiency. He will give
you a peep at some big facts that
will add much to your storehouse of
useful knowledge.

On the fifth afternoon, Wallace
Bruce Amsbury, most charming of
literary raconteurs, will lecture on
the "Poet Seer of Lockerbie Street,"
Indiana's most honored poet, Ameri-
can childhood's most loved patron,
James Whitcomb Riley.

MAJESTIC THEATRE, DETROIT.

Ann Pennington, the winsome little
dancer of the "Follies," makes her
debut on the Majestic screen next
week in "The Little Boy Scout," a
charming photoplay which provides
this diminutive star with more than
the usual opportunities to display her
special talents. As a dancer Miss
Pennington has won widespread
recognition and her previous produc-
tions on the screen proved her ability
to act. In "The Little Boy Scout,"
it is declared, show that she is both
gifted and talented and her adven-
tures as a "boy" scout have a new
charm and piquancy. The scenes are
laid along the Mexican border and in
New England and pictorially the pro-
duction will be fully up to expecta-
tions. The cast is also exceptional
with Owen Moore, playing the role of
lover to Miss Pennington.

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:
July 13 and 27.
A. J. SIMMONS, B. A. SCHULTZ,
Secy. C. R.

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

UNION CHAPTER NO. 53
R. A. M.
Regular July 11.

NORTHVILLE
COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.

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

Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

The offering for Saturday evening
is a five-part Pathé play, "The Test,"
featuring Jane Grey in "a thrilling
story of trouble, mistaken devotion
to an unworthy husband and final
happiness in a life of usefulness."

Next Thursday night an elaborate
Lasky pictorialization, "Sweet Kitty
Bellairs," with Mae Murray in the
title role will be the offering—a
mid-eighteenth-century story of En-
glish court life, from the play by
David Belasco and Egerton Castle.

STOP FEEDING TRAMPS.

This is the advice given to house-
wives and others by a member of the
War Preparedness Board. He be-
lieves that if it were observed to
the fullest degree by those who
habitually give handouts, that there
would be two big gains in state
efficiency for war. Able-bodied
floaters would be forced to work for a
living and thus would help to solve
the labor problem, and the food supply
will be conserved.

"At this time, when everybody is
trying, or should be trying to help the
country's cause in the war," he said,
"it is untair that anyone should exist
in selfish idleness."

"Make the idling loafer, if he is fed
at all, give rigorous return in labor
for the food passed out to him. In
practically every case where a man
professes to be unable to find work,
refer him to the chief of police, the
sheriff or other public official. There
are plenty of jobs for every idle man."

There are plenty strong, husky men,
wandering through the country
begging. Some of them claim they
cannot get employment. If they are
sincere in desiring it, they can be ac-
commodated; if they are not sincere
an embargo on all such charity will re-
sult in driving them out of the state
or into some useful employment.

The establishment of some sort of
public labor at every country and city
jail would also help to discourage
the nomad who will not work.

SOME PRICES OF '65.

The old account of the store of W.
Pitt Hungerford with Prof. Wm. M.
Osband and family mentioned in a
recent letter to the Record by Miss
Marna Osband of Ypsilanti discloses
some interesting facts in regard to
"war prices" of '65 and of '17.

Some of the prices of the various
family purchases of 52 years ago fol-
low: In September, 1865, eggs
bought at 15 cents per dozen; in
November and December following,
they were 30 cents. Butter appears
but once on the list, the family no
doubt having another source of sup-
ply, and the price then was 35 cents.
Crackers were 15 cents a pound;
chickens, one shilling. These are
the only articles in the account that
were lower than now. It should be
very consoling to those who talk de-
sparingly of the present "high cost"
to read these other prices: Sugar,
22 to 24 cents; matches, 10c box;
thread 10c a spool; crash, 25c yard;
factory, "3 shillings" a yard; soap,
10c a cake; prin', 25c yd.; one pair
socks, 75c; sal soda, 40c; tea, \$1.50
per pound; molasses and kerosene,
each, one dollar per gallon. This
list would be a good one for price
pessimists to cut out and keep for
reference when more than usually
full of "kicks."

W. R. C. NOTES.

The 13th regular meeting of Allen
M. Harmon W. R. C. will be held in
Scott's hall Wednesday evening, July
11, at 7:30. In addition to the regu-
lar work, the report of our delegate
to Department convention will be
heard, and the new pass word given.
This being the last meeting before
the summer vacation, arrangements
for time and place of holding our an-
nual picnic will be decided, and it is
hoped all members will be present.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

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

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$177,476.89
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	29,303.61
Total	\$514,114.61

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund	7,000.00
Undivided Profits	3,750.00
Reserved for Taxes and Interest	555.27
Deposits—Commercial	\$212,532.22
Savings	265,322.77
Total	\$514,114.61

OFFICERS.

F. S. Harmon, President.
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.

SMART NEW LOW SHOES

IT'S
OXFORD
TIME!



All
Stylish
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.

THE Rexall STORE

You can buy any one of our Household Reme-
dies 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.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

\$100.00 REWARD.

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

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

BY ORDER VILLAGE COUNCIL.

WEB OF STEEL

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

Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Testimony of the Dead.

Just as Helen Illingworth and Winters reached the lower level at the foot of the mesa, they were joined by Rodney.

"What has happened?" cried the engineer.

Winters answered as the three hurried along without stopping:

"Meade blew up the hogback."

"Was that he?"

"Yes."

"I thought there was something familiar about him, but I did not dare."

"I recognized him instantly," said Helen Illingworth.

"That atones for the International," continued Rodney.

"What does?" asked his friend.

"The dam is safe; the water has stopped rising. I believe it's beginning to fall a little. I saw someone jump up on the palisade and wave his hand, and then I saw them all gather around, evidently cheering."

"I should think the water would be lowered," said Winters; "it's pouring out of a hole in the hogback as big as a church."

"It was a fine thing in Meade. Let's hurry and tell him so," answered Rodney.

"I'm afraid it's too late," said Winters.

"Oh, don't say that," cried the girl.

"Why, what's happened?"

"The second blast was slow in going off," said Winters; "he went back to look at it, and got knocked over. It looked pretty bad from the top of the mesa."

Rodney would not have been human if he had not felt a leap in his breast at the possibility, but he was too loyal a friend and too genuinely fond of Meade for more than a passing emotion, for which he was more than a little ashamed.

"Let us press on," he urged.

In a few moments they stopped by the three men. Meade was still unconscious. The big Irishman sat on the grass with the engineer's head on his knee. The deaf-fingered little Italian was trying to wash the blood away from the unconscious man's forehead with a sodden, ragged piece of cloth. Meade was unconscious, he was breathing heavily. There was a catch in his respiration. His breath came at irregular intervals and was labored as if painful.

A huge rock had struck him in the breast. The two men had torn open his shirt and undershirt. The engineer's chest was bruised and bloody. Evidently bones had been broken, and probably serious internal injuries had resulted. Every breath was an apparent agony, and that the exquisite pain did not arouse him to consciousness was evidence of the terrible nature of the injury. A smaller, sharper rock had cut him across the forehead and cheek, just missing his right eye, and they found out afterward that he had been struck by several other pieces dislodged by the explosion, and that his body was covered with bruises.

But there was nothing, not even in the cut on the forehead, to cause any great alarm had it not been for the

crushed chest. Winters and Rodney were both men of action, accustomed to quick thinking and prompt decision in emergencies; while Helen Illingworth could only stand with clenched hands staring in mental anguish that paralleled the physical suffering of the man she loved, the engineer, and the rancher immediately made preparations to get the wounded man to the car.

Murphy wore in his belt a short wooden ax. With it they cut down two young saplings, trimmed them and thrusting them through the sleeves of their raincoats they made a fairly practicable litter. Using the utmost care, they laid the unconscious man upon it and Winters and Murphy, the two biggest men, took the handles at either

end. Helen Illingworth, praying as she had never prayed before, sought to support the unconscious man's head. The Italian gathered up the tools and went ahead to open up the path. Rodney followed after.

Their progress was slow of necessity. They had to handle Meade with great care. Winters and Rodney, after the brief inspection they had made, could not see a chance on earth for him. Neither could Helen Illingworth. They went along without conversation, naturally, except for an outburst of admiration from Winters.

"I tell you," he said, "it was a magnificent thing for him to do. He risked his life a hundred times in that mad rush with the dynamite in his hands and the detonators in his pocket. Yet if he had only stayed back he would have been safe."

"It was his anxiety for the dam and the people that brought him down," said Helen Illingworth. "He can't die," she murmured. "God surely will not let him die. I love him so. And yet if he does and I have lost him, innocent or guilty, he has redeemed his fame."

"He saved others," quoted Rodney under his breath, "himself he could not save."

It was a work of great difficulty to get the wounded engineer into the car, but they finally managed it. By the woman's direction they laid him on her bed in her own private stateroom.

"One of us must go for a doctor at once," said Rodney, "and that will be my job."

"It's twenty miles to the town," said the conductor, who had helped to receive them. "If one of you could telegraph we could tap a wire."

None of them could.

"It's all down-grade and there's a good roadbed and I was some sprinter in my college days," said Rodney.

"And there was never greater need of haste than now," said Winters. "I wish I had a horse here."

"Don't give up, Miss Illingworth," continued Rodney, as he started toward the door. "He's alive yet."

Just then, opportunely enough, rounding the last curve before the arch bridge, they saw the end of the other car rapidly approaching them. Had they not been so excited they could have heard the furious puffing of the engine as it drove the car at great speed up the heavy grade.

"Wait," said the conductor, "we can send the engine down for the doctor. That'll be the colonel's car."

In a few minutes the car stopped on the siding. Out of it came Colonel Illingworth, Doctor Severance, Curtiss, and some of the officials of the Bridge company in town. They were all greatly excited. The colonel did not stop to put on his hat. He ran to the other car and climbed aboard.

"The dam's going," he shouted. "The bridge and the town will be flooded. We got word an hour ago, by a messenger galloping down. The telephone wires are down. I ran the car up here as the quickest way to get over to the reservoir and the dam. Some of you who know the way come with me."

By this time the observation room of the car was filled with men.

"You need not worry about the dam," said Rodney.

"What do you mean?"

"A man blew up the hog-back, made a spill-way, the water rushed out through it into the ravine, you can see it below there, relieving the pressure on the dam at once. Since it has held up till now it will hold for good."

"Thank God!" cried the colonel, sinking down into a chair and wiping the sweat off his brow. "The bridge will be safe then. By George," he gasped, "the Marlett company could hardly have stood another loss like that. Who's the man who blew it up?"

"His name is Meade," said Rodney quietly.

"Not—?"

"Yes."

There was a long pause. Every man there knew of the failure of the International and in what estimation the old colonel held the name of Meade because of that.

"Well, it was a fine thing," said the colonel; "it makes up for his blundering work on the bridge."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Shurtliff, who had stood wide-eyed and white and suffering in silence ever since the engineer had been brought to the car, "it was not his blunder."

"Why, you said so yourself," cried the colonel.

"I lied," admitted the secretary. Quick as a flash Rodney had his notebook out. Here was the proof at last.

"Why?"

"To save the reputation of the man I loved."

"And how do I know you are not lying for this man now?" asked the colonel harshly.

"These will prove it," said Shurtliff, extending some papers he drew out of his pocket, where he had placed them that morning half intending to tell Helen Illingworth the truth at last.

"What are these?" the colonel asked, staring at Shurtliff, who stood erect before them, sustained more by his will than anything else, for his knees were

shaking and his body quivering; yet he was glad after all, more happy than he had thought he could be, in making the revelation, in vindicating the innocent, in giving that satisfaction to Helen Illingworth, tardy, even too late, though it might be.

"Letters, sir. You will find there a blueprint of the design of the compression members," answered Shurtliff monotonously as if he had forced his mind to a certain action and it was working automatically. "With it is a letter from Bertram Meade to his father suggesting that the lacings were too light and calling attention to the empiric formula of Schmidt-Chemnitz in proof of his argument. On the back of that letter Mr. Bertram Meade, Sr., made an indorsement—you know his handwriting and can identify it—'Hold until bridge is finished and then give back to the boy. We'll show him that even Schmidt-Chemnitz doesn't know everything.'"

Colonel Illingworth turned the paper over. There was the indorsement.

"Well, by heaven!" he began.

"There's another paper in an envelope addressed to the editor of the New York Gazette. Will you read it aloud, sir?"

Almost as if he had been hypnotized Colonel Illingworth took from the envelope the brief note. He read it:

"I alone am responsible for the error in the design of the International bridge, which has resulted in this terrible disaster. I know that my son, in an effort to shield me, will assume the responsibility. As a matter of fact, he had previously pointed out what he believed to be a structural weakness, but I refused to heed his representations and overbore his objections. The fault is entirely chargeable to me. There is no possible explanation for my blunder. The least I can do is to assume all the responsibility. The blame is mine."

BERTRAM MEADE.

He laid it down with the other papers.

"The demonstration is complete and absolute," he began spontaneously, amid a breathless silence. "The proofs are adequate. They would establish young Meade's innocence in any court in the land. Where is he? I have done him an injustice. I am ready to make amends," continued the colonel.

"And while you are talking," said Helen Illingworth, who had been standing in the doorway too absorbed by the dramatic recital to interrupt it, "he's dying."

"Dying! Where?"

"He was battered to pieces by the last dynamite explosion. We brought him here."

"Were you there?"

"We saw it from the top of the mesa. Oh, don't talk any longer."

"Severance," said Illingworth, with prompt decision, "you haven't forgotten all your old medical skill. This is your job. One of you jump on the engine and bring a physician up and—"

"I'm going," said Rodney. "Who's the best doctor in town?"

"Doctor Fraser. He's a young man, but very skillful," answered one of the local bridge men.

"Bring our own Doctor Bailey up here from our hospital with him, and tell that engine driver to get down to the town and back just as quickly as he can go. Cheer up, Helen," said the colonel. "I know that a man is not going to rehabilitate himself by such an action and have the evidence of his innocence brought out at such a moment just to die."

"Will you give me those papers, colonel?" said Rodney. "You'll want this written up and—"

"Take them," said the colonel.

"Will you come along with me, Mr. Shurtliff? After I see the doctors I'll want your affidavit."

"Yes, sir, anything," said Shurtliff.

"It was fine of you," said Winters, "to try to shield your employer and the man you loved, but thank God, you spoke out before it was too late. I'm sorry I pulled that gun on you; you're a man, all right, even if you don't look it," he added to himself as Shurtliff bowed and followed Rodney.

Winters stood at the door of the passageway leading to the stateroom while Helen Illingworth and Severance, who had been educated as a physician, and the old colonel, who knew a great deal about wounds and accidents from his war experience, entered the stateroom. A new spirit had come into the relations between father and daughter and both were glad. There was no question now about the future. There should be no opposition from Colonel Illingworth. Within an hour the papers would have the story of how one man had saved a great dam, the viaduct, the town, and its people, and they would have at the same time the story of who was responsible for the fall of the International bridge. They would have the story of the attempted self-sacrifice of the son to save the father. They would have the story of the old man's splendid and magnanimous avowal of responsibility before he died. The United States, the world, would ring with the dramatic tale.

It was as much to that that story in his own way as to summon medical aid that Rodney had gone for the doctor. And so the father held the daughter clasped to his side while both bent over the still unconscious man, whom

Doctor Severance quickly and carefully and with wonderful skill, considering his long withdrawal from practice, examined.

"What is it?" asked the colonel as the vice president looked up presently. "My daughter is engaged to be married to him—and he was rewarded by the thrill and quiver that shot through his daughter's being which he felt as he pressed her to his side—we can't let him die now."

"He's in God's hands," answered Severance gravely. "He's been terribly pounded everywhere. His breastbone is shattered; some of his ribs are broken. I don't know."

"That awful cut on his forehead?"

"That's nothing."

"And the other bruises?"

"They count but little, but the blow on the chest—he shook his gray head sadly, ominously."

"Do you think anything has penetrated his lungs?" asked Helen Illingworth, as she pointed to her lover's lips, to a little bloody froth that came therefrom.

The old man nodded.

"Perhaps," he said.

"Oh, he can't die, he can't, he can't!" wailed the woman, sinking down on her knees by the bed.

"Not if any power on earth can keep him from it, my dear child," said the colonel tenderly, bending over her.

"Send me the porter of the car," said Severance, "and take Miss Illingworth away. I want to get him undressed and—"

"You will call me back the minute I can come?"

"Certainly, my dear girl," said the vice president, who had known the young woman from childhood.

CHAPTER XXII.

At Last to the Stars.

All the men except Curtiss and Winters had discreetly withdrawn from the car and had gone over to the mesa to look at the lake and the outlet. Indeed the water was roaring down beneath the steel arch bridge, filling for the first time in generations the channel of the Kicking Horse. Fortunately it could flow that way without danger to the town or the viaduct below.

The colonel led his daughter to a chair and then turned to Winters.

"You were there?" he began. "Tell me about it."

"Graphically the big cattle rancher told the story of Meade's mad rush over the rocks with his two companions."

"Certainly, My Dear Girl," said the Vice President.

ions, of the desperate assault on the hog-back, of the success that had met their efforts to open the improvised spillway, and then the final disaster. The recital lost nothing in his graphic relation.

"It was fine, it was magnificent," said the colonel, patting his daughter's shoulder. "Where are the two who went with him?"

"They're outside there," said Winters.

The old colonel went to the door of the car and called the two men into the car.

"In the bank down in Coronado there's a thousand dollars of mine for each of you," he said promptly.

"We didn't do it for money, sir," said the big Irishman, "although 'twill be welcome enough, but how is Mr. Roberts?"

"You mean that man who blew up the hog-back?"

"Si, signore, a great man he was," said the little Italian.

"I wish I could say he was all right, but there's a doctor with him and we have sent for the best physician in town. He's horribly hurt."

"But please God, he may pull through, sir. The Holy Virgin an' the Saints preserve him," said the Irishman, making the sign of the cross.

And in his own language little Funaro breathed a similar prayer and with his grimy, toll-stained hand he made the same gesture.

"Murphy," shouted a voice from the pines on the side of the hill between the car and the mesa.

"That'll be Mr. Vandeventer, the resident engineer," said Murphy.

Colonel Illingworth turned to the door again.

"Where's Roberts?" cried Vandeventer, stumbling down the hill. He was haggard and worn and weary to the point of exhaustion, but as soon as he had been assured of the safety of the dam—and before he left the water was visibly receding—he had started out to seek the engineer whom he had, in his mind in the excitement of the moment, accused of desertion.

"He's here in my car, sir," said Colonel Illingworth.

"And who are you, may I ask?" said Vandeventer, crossing the track and swinging himself upon the platform of the car.

"I am Colonel Illingworth, president of the Marlett Bridge company."

"But Roberts?"

"His name is not Roberts. It's Meade."

"What?—The International man?"

"Yes."

"I knew he was an engineer. Well, he's made up for his failure there."

"He did not fail there any more than he failed here," said the colonel.

"Where is he?"

"It's a long story."

"It can wait," said Vandeventer brusquely. "I want to thank him for saving the dam and the lives of the men on it, and the town, and the railroad, and the bridge."

"I don't know whether you can thank him or not," said the colonel.

"You don't mean—"

"He was terribly hurt by the last explosion and they brought him here."

"Can I see him?"

For answer Colonel Illingworth pointed to the door.

"This is my daughter. Your name is Vandeventer, is it not? Helen, this is the engineer who is building the dam. He has come to ask after his man."

"I've done everything I can for him," said Severance, coming out of the stateroom, followed by the porter, as Vandeventer shook hands with the girl. "He's still unconscious, but seems to breathe a little easier."

Into the little room the woman and the four men crowded. Vandeventer, accompanied by Murphy and Funaro, followed the colonel. Neither of the workmen would be left out. There lay the engineer, his face as white as the linen of the pillow, or the bandage which had been deftly tied around his head. One hand, still grimy and mud-stained, lay on the sheet. Helen Illingworth knelt down and kissed it and laid her head on the bed.

"He is to be my husband if he lives," she said simply.

"A man and an engineer he is," whispered Vandeventer.

"I misjudged you, Meade," said the colonel softly, speaking as if the unconscious man could hear. "I condemned you. I wish to heaven you could hear me make amends now."

"Begob," whispered Murphy, "you'd ought to see him run wid the dynamite."

The voice of the Italian murmured words which they knew were prayers and though they came from "humble lips they brought relief to all. They entered deeply into Helen Illingworth's heart and mingled with her own petitions, frantic, fervent, imperative, although she offered them to Almighty God as from a woman broken. Presently they all filed out of the room, leaving Helen Illingworth alone with what was left of life in the crushed body of the man she had never loved so much before.

In the observation room Vandeventer told them of the fight for the dam and how they had reached their maximum power of resistance and more, and that the relief came in the very sick of time. Meanwhile the engine driver had burned up the track going and coming and in less than an hour he was back with two surgeons and a trained nurse. Was it their skill and care and watchfulness that finally brought Meade back to consciousness, or was it the passionate, consuming intensity of will and purpose of the woman who loved him, who could scarcely be driven from his side? Well, whatever the reason, after many days he passed from death into life and came back again.

He was conscious of Helen's presence and lay quietly enveloped in her love before he could talk coherently or question. Indeed, with Rodney and Winters, and old Shurtliff, who swore to himself that he would never forgive himself if Meade did not recover, and the colonel, and Vandeventer, and all the men of the force, who used to stroll over after hours and just sit on the side of the track and stare at the car where the man who had saved them was fighting for his life as desperately as they had fought to save the dam, Meade was surrounded by such an atmosphere of admiration and devotion as might have stayed the hand of death itself. There came a day when the physician said he could talk a little.

"I saw you," Helen whispered. "I was standing on the high hill watching, looking down upon you just before—"

"But I shall look up to you all the rest of my life," said the man, as the woman knelt, as was her wont, by the side of the bed. She kissed his hand, thin, wasted, but white and clean now.

"No, I to you," she murmured, as she pressed her lips to his fingers.

"Look up a little higher, then," whispered Meade with some of the old humor.

"You mean?"

The voiceless movement of his lips told her the story. She raised herself and kissed them lightly.

"I haven't dared to ask that before," said the man, closing his eyes. "I wasn't strong enough to stand that."

"But you're going to get strong; you must. I'd like to kiss you forever," said the woman with plying tenderness and great joy.

"It's heavenly now, but I shall have to go away again when I am able and—"

"We are never going to be parted again."

"I cannot let you marry a discredited man, a failure."

"Don't you know," said the woman, rising, "that the whole United States rings with your exploit, that the splendid saving of the dam has caught the fancy of the people as it deserves and you are a hero everywhere and to everybody?"

"But the International bridge and its failure?"

Unknown to the two the colonel had stood in the doorway.

"We know the truth now, my boy," said the old man, coming into the room. "It was your father's fault, not yours."

It was characteristic of Meade's temper and temperament that his white lips closed in a straight line at this.

"Where's Shurtliff?" he asked, after a silent communing with himself.

The old man had come in and out of the room like a ghost during his slow

recovery. Colonel Illingworth turned away and summoned the secretary. Rodney and Winters came too.

"Shurtliff," said Meade faintly but firmly, "tell them again who is responsible for the failure of the International."

"Forgive me, Mr. Meade," said Shurtliff, "but it was your brave old father's fault."

"You see," said the colonel.

"We knew it all the time," said Rodney.

"But Mr. Shurtliff bravely gave us the final proof," said Winters.

"Those papers," said Meade. Shurtliff nodded.

"And your father's own letter that he wrote the papers before his heart broke," said Rodney; "I'll read it to you presently."

"Why did you do it, Shurtliff?"

"To right a great wrong, sir. I saw that we were mistaken to try to spare the dead at the expense of the living, to wreck your life and the future, and the happiness of Miss Illingworth. God bless her for her kindness to a lonely old man. And so when you were brought here dead I told them the truth and gave them the papers."

"Gentlemen," said Meade, making a last try, "it is useless to deny it now, but for the sake of my father's fame you won't let anyone know?"

"Old man," said Rodney, "it was on the wires an hour afterward and the whole United States knows it now. Your father made the mistake; his letter admitted it bravely. The world honors him, it honors you."

"Rodney," said Meade, "I wish you hadn't done it."

"It was for Miss Illingworth's happiness and yours that I did it," said Rodney. "And how much that cost me. He added, the confession being wrong from him, 'no one can ever know.'"

He turned and left the room. Winters followed him, full of sympathy and comprehension.

"Let me go out alone, old man," said Rodney. "I'll be back presently. This is the last fight I've got to make."

Winters watched him from the steps of the car as he disappeared in the pine trees en route to the mesa to fight it out under the open sky alone. The others left the room also, last of all Shurtliff.

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman
Author of Whispering Smith

NAN MORGAN AND DE SPAIN DISCOVER THEMSELVES TO BE IN DESPERATE STRAITS WITH REGARD TO THE GAP GANG—THE GIRL FINDS HERSELF IN GRAVE DANGER.

Henry de Spain, general manager of the stagecoach line running from Thief River to Sleepy Cat, a railroad division point in the Rocky mountains, is fighting a band of cattle thieves and gunmen living in Morgan gap, a fertile valley twenty miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabasas, where the coach horses are changed. De Spain has killed two of the gang and has been seriously wounded. Pretty Nan Morgan, niece of the gang leader, and De Spain are secretly in love. When her uncle finds this out he takes steps to marry her to Gale Morgan, a cousin, who is a bad man in every way.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"No," retorted De Spain good-naturedly, "it's not fair. And some day, Duke, you'll be the first to say so. You won't shake hands with me now, I know, so I'll go. But the day will come when you will."

He covered his revolver with his left hand, and replaced it under his coat. The fat man who had been leaning patiently against a barber's chair ten feet from the disputants, stepped forward again lightly as a cat. "Henry," he exclaimed, in a low but urgent tone, his hand extended, "just a minute. There's a long-distance telephone call on the wire for you." He pointed to the office door. "Take the first booth,



He Covered His Revolver With His Left Hand.

Henry. Hello, Duke," he added, greeting Morgan with an extended hand, as De Spain walked back. "How are you making it, old man?"

Duke Morgan grunted.

"Sorry to interrupt your talk," continued Lefever. "But the barns at Calabasas are burning—telephone wires from there cut, too—they had to pick up the Thief River trunk line to get a message through. Makes it bad, doesn't it?" Lefever pulled a wry face. "Duke, there's somebody yet around Calabasas that needs hanging, isn't there? Yes."

CHAPTER XX.

Gale Persists.

When, within an hour De Spain joined Nan, tense with suspense and anxiety, at the hospital, she tried hard to read his news in his face.

"Have you seen him?" she asked eagerly. De Spain nodded. "What does he say?"

"Nothing very reasonable."

Her face fell. "I knew he wouldn't. Tell me all about it, Henry—everything."

She listened keenly to each word. De Spain gave her a pretty accurate recapitulation of the interview, and Nan's apprehension grew with her hearing of it.

"I knew it," she repeated with conviction. "I know him better than you know him. What shall we do?"

De Spain took both her hands. He held them against his breast and stood looking into her eyes. When he regarded her in such a way her doubts and fears seemed mean and trivial. He spoke only one word, but there was a world of confidence in his tone: "Stick."

She arched her brows as she returned his gaze, and with a little troubled laugh drew closer. "Stick, Nan," he repeated. "It will come out all right."

She paused a moment. "How can you know?"

"I know because it's got to. I talked it all over with my best friend in Medicine Bend, the other day."

"Who, Henry?"

"Whispering Smith. He laughed at your uncle's opposing us. He said if your uncle only knew it, it's the best thing that could happen for him. And he said if all the marriages opposed by old folks had been stopped, there

wouldn't be young folks enough left to milk the cows."

"Henry, what is this report about the Calabasas barns burning?"

"The old Number One barn is gone and some of the old stages. We didn't lose any horses, and the other barns are all right. Some of our Calabasas or gap friends, probably. No matter, we'll get them all rounded up after a while. Nan. Then, some fine day, we're going to get married."

De Spain rode that night to Calabasas to look into the story of the fire. McAlpin, swathed in bandages, made no bones about accusing the common enemy. No witnesses could be found to throw any more light on the inquiry than the barn boss himself. And De Spain made only a pretense of a formal investigation. If he had had any doubts about the origin of the fire they would have been resolved by an anonymous scrawl, sent through the mail, promising more if he didn't get out of the country.

But instead of getting out of the country, De Spain continued as a matter of energetic policy to get into it. He rode the deserts stripped, so to say, for action and walked the streets of Sleepy Cat welcoming every chance to meet men from Music Mountain or the slinks. It was on Nan that the real hardships of the situation fell, and Nan who had to bear them alone and almost unaided.

Duke came home a day or two later without a word for Nan concerning his encounter with De Spain. He was shorter in the grain than ever, crustier to everyone than she had ever known him, and toward Nan herself fiercely resentful. Sassoon was in his company a great deal, and Nan knew of old that Sassoon was a bad symptom. Gale, too, came often, and the three were much together. In some way, Nan felt that she herself was in part the subject of their talks, but no information concerning them could she ever get.

One morning she sat on the porch sewing when Gale rode up. He asked for her uncle. Bonita told him Duke had gone to Calabasas. Gale announced he was bound for Calabasas himself, and dismounted near Nan, professing to cinch his saddle. He fussed with the straps for a minute, trying to engage Nan in the interval, without success, in conversation. "Look here, Nan," he said at length, stolidly amiable, "don't you think you're pretty hard on me, lately?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "If Uncle Duke didn't make me, I'd never look at you, or speak to you—or live in the same mountains with you."

"I don't think when a fellow cares for you as much as I do, and gets out of patience once in a while, just because he loves a girl the way a red-blooded man can't help loving her, she ought to hold it against him forever. Think she ought to, Nan?" he demanded after a pause. She was sewing and kept silence.

"I think," she responded, showing her aversion in every syllable, "before a man begins to talk red-blood rot, he ought to find out whether the girl cares for him, or just loathes the sight of him."

He regarded her fixedly. Paying no attention to him, but bending in the sunshine over her sewing, her hand flying with the needle, her masses of brown hair sweeping back around her pink ears and curling in stray ringlets that the wind danced with while she worked, she inflamed her brawny cousin's ardor afresh. "You used to care for me, Nan. You can't deny that." Her silence was irritating. "Can you?" he demanded. "Come, put up your work and talk it out. I didn't use to have to coax you for a word and a smile. What's come over you?"

"Nothing has come over me, Gale. I did use to like you—when I first came back from school. You seemed so big and fine then, and were so nice to me. I did like you."

"Why didn't you keep on liking me?" Nan made no answer. Her cousin persisted. "You used to talk about thinking the world of me," she said at last; "then I saw you one Frontier day, riding around Sleepy Cat with a carriage full of women."

Gale burst into a huge laugh. Nan's face flushed. She bent over her work. "Oh, that's what's the matter with you. Is it?" he demanded jocularly. "You never loved that before."

"That isn't the only thing," she continued after a pause.

"Why, that was just some Frontier day fun, Nan. A man's got to be a little bit of a sport once in a while, hasn't he?"

"Not if he likes me." She spoke with an ominous distinctness, but under her breath. He caught her words and laughed again. "Pshaw, I didn't think you'd get jealous over a little thing like that, Nan. When there's a celebration on in town, everybody's friendly with everybody else. If you lay a little thing like that up against me, where would the rest of the men get off? Your strawberry-faced Medicine Bend friend is celebrating in town most of the time."

Her face turned white. "What a falsehood!" she exclaimed hotly. Looking at her, settled, he laughed wholeheartedly again. She rose, furious. "It's a falsehood," she repeated, "and I know it."

"I suppose," retorted Gale, regarding her jocosely, "you asked him about it."

"He had never seen her so angry. She stamped her foot. "How dare you say such a thing! One of those women was at the hospital—she is there yet, and she's going to die there. She told Uncle Duke's nurse the men they knew, and whom they didn't know, at that place. And Henry de Spain, when he heard this miserable creature had been taken to the hospital, and Doctor Torpy said she could never get well, told the sister to take care of her and send the bills to him, because he knew her father and mother in Medicine Bend and went to school with her there when she was a decent girl. Go and hear what she has to say about Henry de Spain, you contemptible falsifier."

Gale laughed scornfully. "That's right. I like to see a girl stick to her friends. De Spain ought to take care of her. Good story."

"And she has other good stories, too, you ought to hear," continued Nan undismayed. "Most of them about you and your fine friends in town. She told the nurse it's you who ought to be paying her bills till she dies."

Gale made a disclaiming face and a deprecating gesture. "No, no, Nan, let De Spain take care of his own. Be a sport yourself, girls, right now." He stepped nearer her. Nan retreated. "Kiss and make up," he exclaimed with a laugh. But she knew he was angry, and knew what to guard against. Still laughing, he sprang toward her and tried to catch her arm.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, jumping away with her hand in her blouse. "You little vixen," he exclaimed with an oath, "what have you got there?" But he halted at her gesture, and Nan, panting, stood her ground.

"Keep away!" she cried.

"Where did you get that knife?" thundered Gale.

"From one who showed me how to use it on a coward!"

He affected amusement, and tried to pass the incident off as a joke. But his dissimulation was more dangerous; she knew, than his brutality, and he left her the prey to more than one alarm and the renewed resolve never to be taken off her guard. That night he came back. He told her uncle, glancing admiringly at Nan as he recounted the story, how she had stood her ground against him in the morning.

Nor did Nan like the way her uncle acted while he listened—and afterward. He talked a good deal about Gale and the way she was treating her cousin. When Nan declared she never would have anything to do with him, her uncle told her with disconcerting bluntness to get all that out of her head, for she was going to marry him. When she protested she never would, Duke told her, with many harsh outbursts, that she should never marry De Spain even if he had to kill him or get killed to stop it, and that if she had any sense she would get ready to marry her cousin peaceably, adding, that if she didn't have sense, he would see himself it was provided for her.

His threats left Nan aghast. For two days she thought them all over. Then



"Keep Away!" She Cried.

she dressed to go to town. On her way to the barn her uncle intercepted her. "Where you going?"

"To Sleepy Cat," returned Nan, regarding him collectedly.

"No, you're not," he announced bluntly.

Nan looked at him in silence. "I don't want you running to town any more to meet De Spain," added Duke, without any attempt to soften his injunction.

"But I've got to go to town once in

a while, whether I meet Henry de Spain or not, Uncle Duke."

"What do you have to go for?"

"Why, for mail, supplies—everything."

"Pardloe can attend to all that."

Nan shook her head. "Whether he can or not, I'm not going to be cut off from going to Sleepy Cat, Uncle Duke—nor from seeing Henry de Spain."

"Meaning to say you won't coo, eh?"

"When I'm going to marry a man it isn't right to forbid me seeing him."

"You're not going to marry him; you're going to marry Gale, and the quicker you make up your mind to it the better."

"You might better tell me I am going to marry Bull Page—I will never marry Gale Morgan in the living world, and I've told you so more than once."

He regarded his niece a moment wrathfully and, without replying, walked back to the house. Nan, upset but resolute, went on to the barn and asked Pardloe to saddle her pony. Pardloe shuffled around in an obliging way, but at the end of some evasion admitted he had orders not to do so. Nan flamed at the information. She disliked Pardloe anyway, not for any reason she could assign beyond the fact that he had once been a chum of Gale's. But she was too high-spirited to dispute with him, and returned to the house pink with indignation. Going straight to her uncle, she protested against such tyranny. Duke was insensible alike to her pleas and her threats.

But next morning Nan was up at three o'clock. She made her way into the barn before a soul was stirring, and at daybreak was well on her way to Sleepy Cat. She telephoned to De Spain's office from the hospital and went to breakfast. De Spain joined her before she had finished, and when they left the dining room she explained why she had disappointed him the day before. He heard the story with misgivings.

"I'll tell you how it looks to me, Nan," he said when she had done. "You are like a person that's being hound tighter every day by invisible cords. You don't see them because you are fearless. You are too fearless, Nan," he added, with apprehension reflected in the expression of his face. "I'll tell you what I wish you'd do, and I say it knowing you won't do it, he concluded."

She made light of his fears, twisting his right hand till it was helpless in her two hands and laughing at him. "How do you know I won't do it?"

"Because I've asked you before. This is it: Marry me, now, here, today, and don't take any more chances out there."

"But, Henry," protested Nan, "I can't marry you now and just run away from poor Uncle Duke. If you will just be patient, I'll bring him around to our side."

"Never, Nan."

"Don't be so sure. I know him better than you do, and when he comes for anybody, he comes all at once. Why, it's funny Henry. Now that I'm picking up courage, you're losing it!"

He shook his head. "I don't like the way things are going."

"Dearie," she urged, "should I be any safer at home if I were your wife, than I am as your sweetheart. I don't want to start a horrible family war by running away, and that is just what I certainly should do."

De Spain was unconvinced. But apprehension is short-lived in young hearts. The sun shone, the sky spread a speckless blue over desert and mountain, the day went to their castles and dreams. In a retired corner of the cool dining room at the Mountain house, they lingered together over a long-drawn-out dinner. The better-informed guests by sides indicated their presence to others. They described them as the hardy couple who had first met in a stiff Frontier day rifle match, which the girl had won. Her defeated rival—the man now most regarded and feared in the mountain country—was the man with the reticent mouth, mild eyes, curious birthmark, and with the two little, perplexed wrinkles visible most of the time just between his dark eyebrows, the man listening intently to every syllable that fell from the lips of the trimly bloused, active girl opposite him, leaning forward in her eagerness to tell him things. Her jacket hung over the back of her chair, and she herself was referred to by the more fanciful as queen of the outlaw camp at Music Mountain.

The two were seen together that day about town by many, for the story of their courtship was still veiled in mystery, and afforded ground for the widest speculation, while that of their difficulties, and such particulars as De Spain's fruitless efforts to conciliate Duke Morgan and Duke's open threats against De Spain's life were widely known. All these details made the movement and the fate of the young couple the object of keenly curious comment.

In the late afternoon the two rode almost the whole length of Main street together on their way to the river bridge. Everyone knew the horseflesh they bestrode—none cleaner-limbed, harder or faster in the high country. Those that watched them amble slowly past, laughing and talking, intent only on each other, erect, poised and motionless, as if molded to their saddles, often spoke of having seen Nan and her lover that day. It was a long time before they were seen riding down Main street together again.

CHAPTER XXI.

De Spain Worries.

They parted that evening under the shadow of Music Mountain, agreed to meet in Calabasas just as soon as Nan

could get away. She hoped, she told him, to bring good news. De Spain arranged his business to wait at Calabasas for her, and was there, after two days, going little but waiting and listening to McAlpin's stories about the fire and surmises, as to strange men that lurked in and about the place. But De Spain, knowing Jeffries was making an independent investigation into the affair, gave no heed to McAlpin's suspicions.

To get away from the barn boss, De Spain took refuge in riding. The season was drawing on toward winter, and rain clouds drifting at intervals down from the mountains made the saddle a less dependable escape from the monotony of Calabasas. Several days passed with no sight of Nan and no word from her. De Spain, as the hours and days went by, scanned the horizon with increasing solicitude. When he woke on the sixth morning, he was resolved to send a scout into the gap to learn what he could of the situation. The long silence, De Spain knew, portended nothing good. He sent to the stable for Bull Page.

The shambling barnman, summoned gruffly by McAlpin, hesitated as he ap-



He Looked at De Spain Tentatively.

peared at the office door and seemed to regard the situation with suspicion. He looked at De Spain tentatively, as if ready either for the discharge with which he was daily threatened or for a renewal of his earlier, friendly relations with the man who had been queer enough to make a place for him. De Spain set Bull down before him in the stuffy little office.

"Bull," he began with apparent frankness, "I want to know how you like your job."

Wiping his mouth guardedly with his hand to play for time and as an introduction to a carefully worded reply, Bull parried. "Mr. de Spain, I want to ask you just one question."

"Go ahead, Bull."

Bull plunged promptly into the suspicion uppermost in his mind. "Has that flat-eyed, flat-headed, sun-sapped sneak of a Scotchman been complaining of my work? That, Mr. de Spain," emphasized Bull, leaning forward, "is what I want to know first—is it a fair question?"

"Bull," returned De Spain with corresponding and ceremonial emphasis, "it is a fair question between man and man. I admit it; it is a fair question. And I answer, no, Bull. McAlpin has had nothing on the face of the desert to do with my sending for you. And I add this because I know you want to hear it: he says he couldn't complain of your work, because you never do any."

"That man," persisted Bull, reinforced by the hearty tone and not clearly catching the drift of the very last words, "drinks more liquor than I do."

"He must be some tank, Bull."

"And I don't hide it, Mr. de Spain."

"You'd have to crawl under Music Mountain to do that. What I want to know is, do you like your job?"

On this point it was impossible to get an expression from Bull. He felt convinced that De Spain was pressing for an answer only as a preliminary to his discharge. "No matter," interposed the latter, cutting Bull's ramblings short, "drop it, Bull. I want you to do something for me, and I'll pay for it."

Bull, with a palsied smile and a deep, quavering note of gratitude, put up his shaky hand. "Say what, That's all. I've been paid."

"You know you're a sot, Bull."

Bull nodded. "I know it."

"A disgrace to the Maker whose image you were made in."

Bull started, but seemed, on reflection, to consider this a point on which he need not commit himself.

"Still, I believe there's a man in you yet. Something, at any rate, you couldn't completely kill with whisky, Bull—what?"

De Spain, learning that Nan needs him desperately, decides to take some big chances to save her. There's a big development of the story in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Interested.

"Is your boy Josh interested in his studies?" "Yep," replied Farmer Cornetzel. "Every once in a while he picks up a book an' looks it over an' says he wishes he knew what it's all about."

The KITCHEN CABINET

In the development of flavor lies the secret of good cooking, and in the enjoyment of it the art of wholesome eating.—Henry Pinck.

USE MORE NUTS.

We have our nuts freshest and cheapest in the fall, but the peanut is like the poor "always with us," and we may fall back on the plebeian ground nut for many good dishes. Any nuts that are purchased should be carefully washed and dried before using, even when they have been handled under sanitary conditions as far as known; this is essential.

Those who are fortunate enough to have a hickory grove or even one or two trees to supply them with this delicious nut, no other need be desired. The black walnut too is another good-flavored nut and grows in various parts of the country.

Where one lives near a brook where watercress grows, a most refreshing and satisfying salad may be made, using watercress sprinkled with nuts of any kind, a little shredded onion and a French dressing.

Any plain ice cream is made more appetizing by a spoonful of fresh chopped nuts; a few nuts added to almost any cake filling improve it. They may be made into a loaf, being a good substitute for meat or served with fruit and gelatin, make a very pretty dessert.

Pecan Breakfast Muffins.—Take a cupful and a half of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder, add an egg, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a cupful of milk. Beat well for five minutes; add two cupfuls of rolled pecan meats and bake in a hot oven in gem pans. Other nuts may be substituted, but these are especially good.

Gingerbread is made quite elegant by sprinkling a half-cupful of chopped nuts over the top just as it goes into the oven.

Nuts and Cottage Cheese Salad.—Mix a half-cupful of chopped nuts of any kind, peanuts are good; add a little onion juice and cream to unseasoned Dutch cheese; season well with salt and paprika and mold in balls. Serve three rolled in chopped nuts in a nest of lettuce, passing a boiled dressing to serve with it.

Nut Wafers.—Beat two eggs and add a cupful of brown sugar and a half cupful of nutmeats chopped fine and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Drop by teaspoonfuls on buttered tins and bake in a slow oven until brown.

Nuts browned in a little butter and seasoned with a dash of cayenne and paprika with some salt, are a most dainty relish to serve at any meal.

Tomato and Nut Salad.—Scoop out the centers of as many tomatoes as needed, fill with nuts and cherries, and cover with a mayonnaise dressing. Place a ball of cheese on each and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Laugh!
"Tis yours as well as mine
To know the bliss of bliss beyond compare,
Then laugh!
Toss up your head,
And put the silver twinkles in your eye,
And laugh and laugh!
'Tis time well spent,
And all will catch your glee in passing by."

DAINTY SUMMER DESSERTS.

Remove the center from a round of sponge cake, leaving the bottom and sides whole. Into this

pour a strawberry gelatin jelly or any other desired flavor, and when it is cold and firm cover with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Cut in wedge-shaped pieces when serving.

Almond Pudding.—Boil three-fourths of a cupful of sugar with one-fourth cupful of water to a thick syrup and set aside to cool. Rub two ounces of almond paste to a smooth batter with one-half cupful of cream, adding the cream gradually. Then add the beaten yolks of four eggs and the cooled syrup. Cook in a double boiler to a creamy consistency, stirring while over the fire. Beat and cool, flavoring with a few drops of vanilla. Crumble six lady fingers and stir in, then fold into a cupful of cream that has been beaten stiff. Pour into a mold, and chill thoroughly before serving.

Caramel Junket.—Put six tablespoonfuls of sugar into a saucepan and stir over the fire until it melts and becomes a rich brown, remove from the fire, add a few tablespoonfuls of milk, and let stand until dissolved. To a quart of lukewarm milk add this caramel mixture and a junket tablet dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Pour into cups or glasses and let stand in a warm place until the junket is set, then place on ice until serving time.

Cornmeal mush makes a most wholesome dessert and one which the children may eat with impunity. Butter a dish of hot mush and serve it with maple sirup.

Apple Pie With Cream Cheese.—Line a pie plate with pastry and fill with tart apple sauce which has been sifted. Bake without a top crust and when cold, cover with a cupful of whipped cream to which has been added half a cream cheese pressed through a ricer.

Apple Pie With Cream Cheese.

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Apple Pie With Cream Cheese.

VISITORS HERE
AND ELSEWHERE

George Dunlap of Detroit spent the week-end with Northville friends.

Gale Seaman of Los Angeles, Calif., is visiting his sister, Mrs. D F McCoy.

Miss Agnes Hutchins of Pontiac is visiting her mother, Mrs. Richard Hutchins.

Mrs. Childs of Atlanta, Ga., is a guest at the home of her father, Dr. Schuyler.

Miss Garnet Burt of Manistee, a former teacher here, is visiting Northville friends.

A touring car "motored" by steam attracted a lot of attention on our streets Saturday.

Miss Hattie Barent of Detroit is spending the week at the Kreeger farm west of town.

Miss Ella Wilcox has returned to Detroit after spending a few days with relatives here.

Jack Franklin and Rua Williams of Detroit visited at the Wallace Williams' Wednesday.

Mrs. Wm Shew of Monroe, Mich., has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Rosina Ball this week.

Mrs. Mary Dunlap of Detroit was the guest of Mrs. Jennie White from Saturday until Tuesday.

The Misses Shirley and Frances Harmon of Detroit are spending a few days with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ross of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Williams home Wednesday.

Miss Curtiss of Detroit is a guest at the home of her brother, S W Curtiss and family at Lakeview.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCoy and daughter of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D F McCoy Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Moon of Detroit are guests for a few weeks at the home of Mrs. Leona Whipple and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Hedge and Waldo Elliott left Saturday for Jersey City, N Y for a few weeks' visit with relatives.

Miss Kate Hubbard, teacher in the schools at Lead, S D, visited her sister, Mrs. John Christensen, last week-end.

Charles Northrop and Mrs. Perkins of Detroit were Sunday guests of Perry Austin and family and Mrs. Lydia Northrop.

Mrs. H T Jackson of this place and Mrs. E C Kilborn of Coldwater visited G H Cook and other Detroit relatives last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Turner have left Northville for Detroit, where they are now occupying their new home on Whitney Ave.

Mrs. E C Kilborn and daughter have returned to their home at Coldwater after a two weeks' visit at the home of the former's parents, T A Garfield and family.

Mrs. Agnes Killeit who went to Buffalo a couple of weeks ago to visit friends has gone on an automobile tour of the eastern states with her brother and family and a party of Detroit friends.

Dr. and Mrs. P H Alexander and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taft, with Charles McLaren and wife of Novi started Tuesday morning in the McLaren auto for a trip to Houghton Lake for their summer outing.

E K Starkweather leaves Northville this coming Saturday for Denver, Colo., to visit his son, Royal, and will also go to New Mexico for a course of the famous antiphlogistine baths. He will be absent for several months.

Mrs. F J Alderman of Starke, Fla., formerly Maybelle Bradley, is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P E Bradley, at Walnut Lodge for an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. Alderman arrived in Ann Arbor last week to attend commencement at the U. of M. where Mrs. Alderman's sister, Eva, was graduated.

Rev. W. S. Jerome who has been a visitor at the Cochran home for a few days recently, has gone to his daughter's home at Benton Harbor for a month of recuperation before returning to his work in the State University at Ann Arbor. Mr. Jerome was an honored guest at the installation service and reception at the Presbyterian church Monday evening, and received a host of cordial greetings and congratulations on his present encouraging progress toward restored health.

Mr. and Mrs. M J Murphy and Mrs. Mary McDonald of Cleveland have been spending the past week

with the Filkins families, making the trip through by automobile.

Ralph Ryder has returned from a short visit with Arthur Durfee at the M. A. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H E Markey and son, Harold, of Clio, and Mrs. W A Markey of Reed City were Fourth of July guests of the latter's daughter, Mrs. L J Sharpe of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Woodman of Lansing, who were here to attend the H S alumni reunion, were accompanied home by Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Northrop for a few days' visit.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.
(By the Pastor.)

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the church on Monday evening. The installation service was impressive, the addresses and other parts inspiring and helpful. A unique feature was the presence of three former pastors of the church who took part in the service. The reception following was delightful in its informal friendliness. The pastor and his family wish to thank all those who participated for this mark of friendship and hospitality.

The Sunday morning services will be as usual. Public worship at 10 o'clock and Sunday school at 11:30.

The evening Union service will be in the Methodist church again with Rev. F I Walker as the preacher. All Presbyterians are most earnestly urged to attend.

The regular monthly meeting and annual picnic of the Woman's Missionary society will be held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Seotter on Wednesday afternoon, July 11, at 2:30 o'clock. Bring your lunch, dishes, and silver. Coffee will be served by the society. Machines will be provided for those who wish to attend. Please notify Mrs. C C Yerkes.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

The Father-Lights class of the Baptist church will hold a bake sale Saturday, July 14.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
The sacrament of the Holy Communion will be observed at the morning service next Sunday. The sermon topic will be, "If Ye Love Me."

Sunday school at 11:30. Lesson topic, "Abaz, the Faithless King."

In order to make arrangements for the music, it is necessary to change the program of the Sunday evening Union services from the order first adopted, and the services next Sunday evening will again be held in the Methodist church. We were much pleased with the splendid interest and attendance last Sunday evening. Let us make that but the beginning of the good things that are to come.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. Bertha Cook next Tuesday afternoon. All ladies of the church and congregation are invited.

The mid-week prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30, will be a means of refreshing and uplift to the religious life of every one who will attend.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)
German services next Sunday afternoon. The recent accident will not in any way interfere with divine services. The pastor will, if the Lord is willing, be on the spot, and he hopes that all of the members will fill their places as well, the pastor on the pulpit and the members in the pews.

The pastor and his family also wish here by to express their grateful feeling toward the Record for taking notice of the recent accident in which they were forced to participate, and we thank the Lord for His providence in preserving them from more bodily harm.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

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
Naphtha 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.

NORTHVILLE LUMS'
SECOND SUCCESS.

(Continued from page 1.)

till they were soft and juicy and then gently "but" forcibly, and also scientifically, snap them ker chug on the ceiling.

K. R. Babbitt of New York, had "A Retrospect and a Prospect" for his talk and gave a very interesting address. He also expressed himself as much, and agreeably surprised at the large gathering and also at the beautiful new school building in comparison with that of younger days. Mr. Babbitt was the long distance comer and from a former Northville school boy he has now grown to be one of New York's most successful attorneys and wealthy business men.

The musical numbers, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, exquisitely played by Guy Filkins, and the vocal solo by Miss Jane Finkins were greatly enjoyed, adding just the right artistic touch to the program.

The following is the registration list of out-of-town guests present:

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Woodman, Lansing; Mr. and Mrs. K R Babbitt, New York; Mrs. Mattie Gilmore Bradley, Plymouth; Mrs. Mabel Wigerens, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. T J Knapp, Highland Park; Mrs. Nebel Stark Gay, Detroit; Miss Hazel Furman, Wixom; Mr. and Mrs. C D Clarkson, Trenton, N J; Moses H. Cohen, Detroit; Mrs. Ethel Lott, Jackson; Mrs. Mildred Blessing, Detroit; Wm. L. Simmons, Pontiac; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Larkins, Brighton; Mrs. Chas. Paul Dayton, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. B W Hewitt, Maple Rapids; Mr. and Mrs. F W Woodman, Detroit; Mrs. Maude Moore, Highland Park; Mr. and Mrs. B F Emery, Detroit; Miss Eva Bradley, Farmington; Mrs. Maybelle Bradley Alderman, Starke, Florida; Mr. and Mrs. Davitt, Highland Park; Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Johnson, Pontiac; Miss Leola McGlell, and Pontiac; Mr. and Mrs. H M Ballard, Muskegon; Miss Hazel Slough, Mayville; Miss Bertha Van Zile, Detroit; Chas H Northrop, Detroit; Mrs. W Y Murdock, Ypsilanti; Elbridge Laphara, Elkhart, Ind; Lewis Root, Minneapolis.

Many other out-of-town guests attended but did not register. Many letters were read from graduates.

W. C. T. U. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent.)

The W. C. T. U. held its July meeting Monday afternoon, at the pleasant home of Mrs. Clay Calkins, with a record attendance. The program, "Patriotism in Action" was well rendered—interesting, instructive and inspiring. The topics, "Americanization of foreigners," and "The Flag," were well presented by N A Clapp and Rev. F I Walker. Education is the chief factor in Americanization of foreigners. The flag is for, and secures to us three things: civil, political and religious liberty. No other flag stands for so much.

Other interesting features were a solo by Mrs. Bertha Cook, clippings, cartoons, etc and a pleasant social hour, concluding with a collation of cake and ice cream. Place and program of next meeting will be announced later.

Mothers, you need the W. C. T. U. and it needs you. Join hands with the greatest organization for good that the world has ever known.

Northville Chautauqua
July 27-31, 1917.

The Northville Market corrected up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.40; Red, \$2.45
Eggs—34c. Butter, 38c
Hogs—Alive, \$15.00
Oats—76c. Corn—1.80
Veal Calves—\$12.50
Chickens—21c.
Beef—10c. lb.
Beef Hides—16c lb.

Wanted, To Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

LOST—Open face Waltham silver watch near Easterly's last Sunday. Two dollars reward if returned to B J Thompson, Northville. 50 wlp.

WANTED—Cherry pickers at Griffin's. Phone 392 R-2. 56wlc.

WANTED—Second-hand ice box. Must be in good condition. Phone 338-J. 50wlc.

WANTED—Currant pickers; begin about July 10. S. G. Power. Phone 303 J-2. 50-51p.

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

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

FOR SALE—House and lot in Beal-town. Inquire at 40 Wing street. 50-51p.

FOR SALE—Hay tedder, new. C. C. Morgan. Phone 371 R-2. 50wlp.

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

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

FOR RENT—House on Wing street. For information call Phone 387 R-1. 46ft.

Weitzman's

CASH GROCERY, NORTHVILLE

Potato Sale	Coffee Sale
New Potatoes per peck, 69c	40c Best Brand Special 29c
Flour, Peerless or Gold Lace \$1.59	50c Green Tea 37c
2 lb. Bag Stott's Fancy Flour 13c	60c Black Tea 42c
25 lbs Henkel's Pastry Flour \$1.75	13c Macaroni 11c
5 LBS. VELVET PASTRY FLOUR, For 39c	Clover Leaf Honey, lb 15c
25c Can Corn 19c	Ginger Snaps 15c
25c Can Peas 19c	25c Cookies, lb 19c
25 CENT CAN SALMON, For 19c	Tecko Pancake Flour 11c
35 CENT CAN SALMON, For 28c	Oranges, Small & Sweet, doz, 13c
20 CENT PORK AND BEANS Per Can, 19c	15c SARDINES, (SPECIAL), 2 Boxes for 13c

WE DELIVER—Special Attention Given to Suburban Delivery. Telephone 113.

More Than One. Mr. Hensby—"I was certainly the biggest fool in the world when I asked you to marry me." Mrs. Hensby—"Not the biggest, dear. I accepted you."

Make Your Gift Useful. The weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race.—Ruskin.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

The Chautauqua's
Offering in Music

FIRST DAY

Mrs. Wilbur Starr Concert Party: Headed by Mrs. Starr, a favorite among the Chautauquas for several years. She is a pianist, cellist and reader. With her are Miss Adele Lawson, flute soloist and vocalist; Miss Jessie De Vere, violinist, and Miss Florence Black, vocalist and pianist. You see there is enough music here for a whole Chautauqua. They will appear in a full concert on the opening afternoon and in a recital to the night lecture.

SECOND DAY

Hann's Jubilee Singers: The darky songs of the old plantation are as rich with melody as any music ever sung and have been said by some to be the only real, peculiarly native music America has produced. The original jubilee company, the old Fiskes, will be remembered as one of the most notable musical attractions of their day. They sang to thousands in this country; then went abroad and appeared in some of the largest musical halls in England and on the continent, always before packed houses. Their tour of the Chautauqua circuit was a grand triumph, and they have been known as the original Fiske Jubilee company. Two of the members of the Hann company are daughters of women who sang in the original Fiske Jubilee company. They will appear in both the afternoon and evening programs on the second day, and, although the feature of their work is their old time darky melodies, they will present also selections from grand opera. Among their songs of the southland are "Swanee River," "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home" and such old darky camp meeting favorites as "Swanee, Get Ready," and a score of others. You'll want to hear Hann's Jubilee.

THIRD DAY

The Emerson Winters Company: Two of them in this company, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Winters. "I wish they could live in our town," said a woman in Tennessee after hearing them on the Chautauqua. "They would drive all the blues away. They would fill every one with joy and keep them happy all the time." They sing; they tell stories. Mrs. Winters is an imitator of song birds, and their program is made up of buoyant, blithesome song and good cheer that reads every one home, just wishing there could be more people in the world like the Winters. "They are not cold, as their name suggests," said a newspaper in Texas. "They are full of sunshine and happiness." This is not a very good description of their work, but their program is so original and so much their own and so different from the ordinary you must see and hear it to know what it's like. They will appear in both programs on the third day.

FOURTH DAY

Pallaria and His Band: Pallaria is one of the most dynamic personalities in the band world. He is an Italian of extraordinary genius, who completed his ten years' course in the Milan Conservatory before he became of age. He is a born leader, directed bands in Italy with wonderful success, came to this country and appeared with his band in the New York Hippodrome. Later he made a concert tour, appearing in the largest cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He was next engaged as bandmaster on the battleship Kansas in the United States navy and was the leading bandmaster in the navy. He has appeared on the largest Chautauqua circuit in America and will be here for two full concerts, afternoon and evening of the fourth day.

FIFTH DAY

The Handel Choir: Only a company of exceptional strength could follow the big success of Pallaria's Band. This one will. The Handel Choir is headed by Mma. Mabelle Wagner-Shank, formerly of Henry W. Savage's operatic forces in New York. Mma. Shank was perhaps the first musical organizer and director to bring to the Chautauqua circuit a company featuring sacred music and singing some of the great oratorios and sacred anthems as they are sung by the leading church choirs of this country and Canada. Her company is made up entirely of church soloists. They will appear in their vestments. Their program is divided in three parts—one, the sacred music; the other, semi-classical and popular selections in evening dress, and the third part, a beautiful sketch, "The Days of '84," in which they wear the costumes of the sixties—hoopskirts, flowered vests, etc.

Get Season Tickets

What you need is a season ticket for each member of the family. They bring the cost way down, and they apply directly on the guarantee made by the Chautauqua committee.

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