

# THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII, NO. 1.

THE RECORD - NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## SELECTED SOLDIERS FOR NORTHVILLE TWP.

The Record publishes below the list of selected soldiers for Northville township, in the order in which they will be called for examination.

According to the best available estimates the quota for the township will be about 14 or 15 men. It is now known that the dozen or more of our boys who have already volunteered will be credited to this district.

Exemptions and physical deficiencies will of course make it necessary to call on a considerably larger number than is apportioned before the required quota is filled.

The total registration from this district is 2,451, and the quota call is for 207 men. Dr. Cooper, president of the district board, says that in as much as the call for examination is for 200 per cent, or double the number wanted, this district will have to furnish 414 men for examination and if the required 207 is not passed in that amount then more will be summoned. From this number will be deducted the number of men now already in the service, excepting those enlisted in the marine or naval service, for which no allowance will be made. Northville has 12 men now in the service but will benefit in the call by this only as the whole district is benefited. If the other towns in the district average with Northville there ought to be something over eighty men from this district already in the service.

The district includes the townships of Brownstown, Canton, Dearborn, Huron, Livonia, Nankin, Northville, Plymouth, Redford, Romulus, Sumpter, Taylor and Van Buren.

The district board will in a day or two send notices to all who are to appear for examination for the first call.

No. 1267—Hinchman, Harvey G.  
No. 1268—Cram, Chester A.  
No. 1269—Walker, Wilbur W.  
No. 1270—Hinchman, Claude James  
No. 1271—Schultz, Charles Alonzo.  
No. 1272—Hicks, Fred.  
No. 1273—Sharpe, Leonard J.  
No. 1274—Simmons, George R.  
No. 1275—Safford, Donald R.  
No. 1276—Kroeger, William  
No. 1277—Connaughton, James J.  
No. 1278—Ryder, Ralph W.  
No. 1279—Martin, Guy E.  
No. 1280—Montgomery—Earl H.  
No. 1281—McCardle, Thomas W.  
No. 1282—Thompson, Walter Scotten  
No. 1283—Lincoln, Zora B.  
No. 1284—Stage, L. D.  
No. 1211—Armstrong, Harry M.

No. 1276—Jordan, William A.  
No. 1277—Jordan, Clayton.  
No. 1278—Preston, Rollin C.  
No. 1279—Toussant, Charles W.  
No. 1280—Mundy, Charles S.  
No. 1281—Van Valkenburgh, Chas. A.  
No. 1282—Barley, Gordon C.  
No. 1283—Lewis, Glenn J.  
No. 1284—Bible, Joram Charles.  
No. 1285—Bolton, Frank M.  
No. 1286—Klimph, Wray.  
No. 1287—Groth, George A.  
No. 1288—Tate, Harry R.  
No. 1289—Stevens, Nathan.  
No. 1290—Foss, Paul.  
No. 1291—Stewart, Howard M.  
No. 1292—Clawson, Hugh.  
No. 1293—Treat, Samuel B.  
No. 1294—Lanning, James Ray.  
No. 1295—Tatzka, Albert.  
No. 1296—Dermody, Thomas F.  
No. 1297—Baker, Ray H.  
No. 1298—Tollis, David.  
No. 1299—Hall, Frank Allen.  
No. 1300—Stockman, Albert F.  
No. 1301—Mosher, George H.  
No. 1302—Larson, Elliott.  
No. 1303—Stimpson, Earl P.  
No. 1304—Haskell, Benjamin Loring.  
No. 1305—Butchins, Bert C.  
No. 1306—Benore, Ivey.  
No. 1307—Casterline, Orrin Charles.  
No. 1308—Gibson, Robert J.  
No. 1309—Moyer, Alger.  
No. 1310—Hurlley, George.  
No. 1311—Power, Arthur S.  
No. 1312—Wilkinson, Francis R.  
No. 1313—Rorabacher, Herbert J.  
No. 1314—Hotton, Ralph Fisher.  
No. 1315—Hall, Frank N.  
No. 1316—Schramm, Oscar A.  
No. 1317—Greene, Norton.  
No. 1318—Baker, Donald Howard.  
No. 1319—Filkens, Guy C.  
No. 1320—Whipple, Austin.  
No. 1321—Matheson, Roy Samuel.  
No. 1322—Bukmans, Donald H.  
No. 1323—Van Valkenburgh, Frank H.  
No. 1324—Rorabacher, Carl A.  
No. 1325—Van Sickle, Harry.  
No. 1326—Thomas, Wilfred.  
No. 1327—Munster, Peter.  
No. 1328—Lanning, Day W.  
No. 1329—Thompson, George.  
No. 1330—Parmelee, Clayton U.  
No. 1331—Ware, Walter A. P.  
No. 1332—Stevens, Asa.  
No. 1333—Toussant, Henry.  
No. 1334—Taylor, Orson.  
No. 1335—Kidd, Ardie Victor.  
No. 1336—Dickerson, James R.  
No. 1337—Dixon, Ross Morton.  
No. 1338—Btoegman, Frank.  
No. 1339—McCloy, Bryson A.  
No. 1340—Whipple, H. L.  
No. 1341—Hind, Thomas.  
No. 1342—Van Valkenburgh, Carl D.  
No. 1343—Spencer, James P.  
No. 1344—Robbins, Milo.  
No. 1345—Ferrin, Elmer E.  
No. 1346—Johnson, Lytle L.  
No. 1347—Sybrandt, John Levi.  
No. 1348—Van Sickle, Ralph.  
No. 1349—Ambler, Roy J.  
No. 1350—Casper, Leo H.  
No. 1351—Barberick, Robert Earl.  
No. 1352—Moe, Herbert.  
No. 1353—Broegman, Fred.  
No. 1354—Stuart, Harold S.  
No. 1355—Casterline, Clifford F.  
No. 1356—Foss, William.  
No. 1357—Hendryx, Clayton R.  
No. 1358—Sessions, Charles W.  
No. 1359—French, Glen R.  
No. 1360—Richmond, Harold B.  
No. 1361—McGee, Charles Albert.  
No. 1362—McKillop, David Herman.

No. 1361—Turner, Harold Emmet.  
No. 1362—Angell, Glen Stephen.  
No. 1363—Mosher, Dewey Wm.  
No. 1364—Litsenberger, Arthur W.  
No. 1365—Booth, Roy Franklin.  
No. 1366—Bradner, Butler.  
No. 1367—Ball, Don.  
No. 1368—Rasmussen, Peter Howard.  
No. 1369—Jumod, Arthur Loy.  
No. 1370—Morris, Owen R.  
No. 1371—Levin, Joseph.  
No. 1372—King, Glenn Waldo.  
No. 1373—Bogart, Herschel R.  
No. 1374—Cole, Floyd.  
No. 1375—Smith, Herman M.  
No. 1376—King, Clarence E.  
No. 1377—Ross, Wallace E.  
No. 1378—Van Valkenburgh, Harvey.  
No. 1379—Phelps, Clifford K.  
No. 1380—Bailey, William Herbert.  
No. 1381—Porter, Robert J.  
No. 1382—Bickington, William Jas.  
No. 1383—Conkling, Charles H.  
No. 1384—Stanley, Claud.  
No. 1385—Schultz, Clyde H.  
No. 1386—Alexander, Paul R.  
No. 1387—Long, Archie William.  
No. 1388—Hills, William Lerchen.  
No. 1389—Boyd, Horace A.  
No. 1390—Dubbard, Charles C.  
No. 1391—Thomas, George.  
No. 1392—Allen, Gordon, Jr.  
No. 1393—Levin, Pierre.  
No. 1394—Feldman, Abraham.  
No. 1395—Daley, Morris L.  
No. 1396—Casterline, Raymond Ithel.  
No. 1397—McDonald, Francis B.  
No. 1398—Olm, Frank W.  
No. 1399—Daffing, Charles Wilmont.  
No. 1400—Fleischman, Charles J.  
No. 1401—Ely, Claude Narcis.  
No. 1402—Ingram, Monie Whitnell.  
No. 1403—Wheatley, Bruce Roy.  
No. 1404—Sybrandt, Gerald Ray.  
No. 1405—Bogart, Edward M.  
No. 1406—Vansickle, Don M.  
No. 1407—Thompson, Edward.  
No. 1408—Herrick, Dell M.  
No. 1409—Bogart, Thomas R.  
No. 1410—Tizzard, James A.  
No. 1411—Weekes, Monty L.  
No. 1412—Thompson, Frank W.  
No. 1413—Stimpson, Grant Hurd.  
No. 1414—O'Neil, John.  
No. 1415—Wilber, John Roland.  
No. 1416—Hurlley, Howard.  
No. 1417—Rabbun, Irving.  
No. 1418—Eaton, Levi M.  
No. 1419—Stimpson, Carl R.  
No. 1420—Heener, Spencer James.  
No. 1421—Shaffer, Ralph.  
No. 1422—Hanna, John A.  
No. 1423—Garfield, Avery C.  
No. 1424—Shipley, Lee B.

## BOOSTER PARADE WAS BIG SUCCESS

### CHAUTAUQUA ENTHUSIASTS VISITED NEIGHBORING TOWNS ON MONDAY EVENING IN ADVERTISING DEMONSTRATION.

Even the weather department smiled on the Chautauqua committee's efforts in the advertising line Monday night, and the affair was a great success from start to finish, under the management of Village Clerk T. E. Murdock, chairman of the local advertising section, with the able assistance of all the other "boosters." Somewhere about 20 automobiles, passengered to full capacity, were in line for the start, headed by Frank Macomber and Village President Filkins and other chaffeurs for the band, the cars decorated with Chautauqua banners and American flags. Stops were made at the villages of Novi, Walled Lake and Wixom, the band playing several selections at each place. Some tons (more or less) of advertising matter were distributed along the course, and enough noise made to thoroughly arouse the attention of the inhabitants. A brief parade around town was made after the return and a short program of music, with auto-horn encores, was enjoyed by the crowd assembled.

It is believed that the demonstration will result in the selling of many tickets for the splendid course of entertainments that commences this Friday afternoon in the big tent in the maple grove on Sady street. This is the first time in Northville's brief Chautauqua history that the parade form of advertising has been tried, but it has always been considered a strong point by other towns holding these popular annual gatherings for the instruction and entertainment of the public.

### SHAW—MOON.

Mr. Thomas Shaw of this place and Mrs. Josephine Moon of Big Rapids were married in St. Andrew's Episcopal church in that city at ten o'clock Friday morning, July 20, by Rev. Chester Hill, in the presence of a few immediate relatives. Dinner was served the wedding party at the Western hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw are to reside in Big Rapids for the present. Mr. Shaw has many friends here who will extend them all sorts of good wishes. He was a bugler in Custer's cavalry in the 60's and is a brother of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, one of the most prominent and gifted women in America.

## RED CROSS WANTS EVERYBODY.

An opinion is said to prevail among some of our Northville women that they must be personally invited to take part in the Red Cross activities here. On the contrary, every woman and girl in town or in the surrounding neighborhood is expected to volunteer her services if she is interested in this worthy work. She can devote to it whatever afternoon in the week is most convenient for herself, and has only to put in an appearance at the High school gymnasium on her chosen day to be assigned her part. Some of the work, such as the knitting, can be taken home, but other certain things must be done at the sewing headquarters. Much complaint is made in many places that workers are far too few for the great needs to be supplied. Let us hope that in Northville at least no such condition may be found when things are fully adjusted.

## JUNIOR CHAUTAUQUA.

The Junior Chautauqua will be one of the most important features of the assembly this summer, and it will be handled by Miss Ina Rhodes, a graduate of the Columbia School of Expression of Chicago. She is especially trained to conduct the junior work. At 9:30 each morning she will conduct a story hour for the children, when she will tell favorite stories of many lands, colonial stories and Japanese fairy and folk tales. After the story hour she will train the children for a pageant, entitled "A Night at the Fairy Carnival," to be given the last night of the Chautauqua. There are seventy-five characters to be selected by Miss Rhodes for this pageant, and the only qualification is the child's season ticket, which sells for 75c. Miss Rhodes will furnish each character with a special costume. To all boys and girls who earn their own money to buy the season ticket will be given an honor badge of special distinction. Be sure your child has the advantage of this institution.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Northville Loan & Building association, for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held in Library Rooms in the Village of Northville, Michigan, Friday evening, August 3, 1917, at 8 o'clock sharp.

—I E VAN ATTA, Secy  
Northville, Mich., July 24, 1917.

## Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

NOTICE—Do you know that you can get your garments dry-cleaned the modern way, altering, repairing and pressing while you wait, right here in your own home town? Prompt service. O. M. Earkin, Main St. Northville. 1w2p.

LOST—Cultivator tooth between John Crommer's and Charlie Mundy's last Saturday. Finder please leave at Record office. 1w1p.

WANTED—Large number of women to do plain knitting for the Red Cross. The need is urgent. Help your country's soldiers by aiding in the noble work of furnishing comforts for them. For free yarn and instructions apply to Mrs. F. S. Harmon, Northville. p.

WANTED—Carpenter work to do. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms reasonable. Frank Bolton, Northville. ttp.

NOTICE—Any person having old rags, papers, iron, etc., call 44-J. Samuel Kleiman, Northville. 61w12p.

FOR SALE—New 3 h. p. Jumbo gasoline or kerosene engine. Must be taken at once. J. C. Morse and Son, Phone 188-R-z. 1w1p.

FOR SALE—Ford Car. Apply to Charles Mundy. 1w1p.

FOR SALE—Expect a car of fertilizer soon. Better reserve your now as a shortage of cars, also fertilizer will make it rather uncertain later. Order now and pay later. Phone 151-R-3. J. W. Cole. 1w3p.

FOR SALE—Horse, 3 year old, sound weight 1,475 lbs. Otis Tewksbury Northville. 1w2c.

FOR SALE—Registered Holstein heifer, 14 months old. Phone 190-J-11. 52w2c.

FOR SALE—Percheron coach yearling mare. Call on M. A. Bourne One mile west of Novi. 50tc.

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milk 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-tt.



## "Can't Afford to Paint."

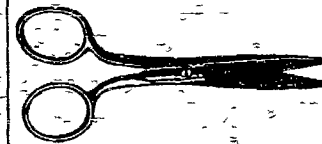
The man who says that, forgets that painting properly done is economy, and the fact is he can't afford NOT to paint.

How often you require to paint is largely dependent upon the paint you use.

THE  
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS  
PAINTS

## CUTLERY.

"CLAUSS" SHEARS, the guaranteed kind. Pocket Knives, all Styles. Safety Razors, etc.



## FISHING TACKLE.

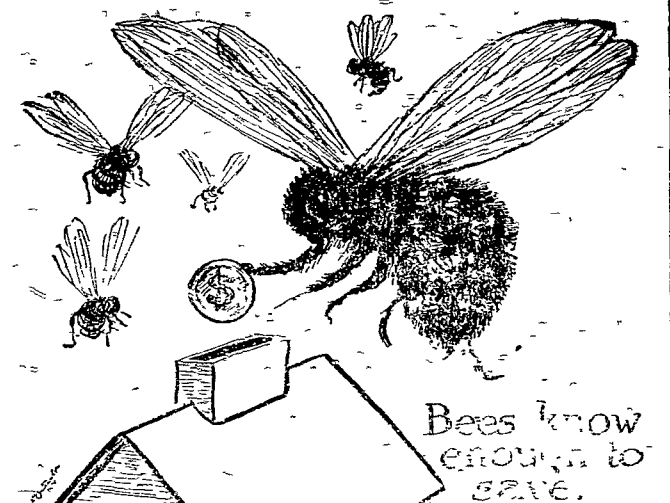
See our line. Steel Rods - \$1.50 to \$5.00. Anything in the Tackle line.

## HAMMOCKS.

\$2.00 to \$6.00. Guaranteed material.



JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.



## The man with money puts some in the Bank where it is safe

Bees have HONEY in the winter because, as they work every day during "blossom time," they carry the honey to their hive.

You can have MONEY in just the same way. While you are EARNING money regularly BANK some of it.

You are not going to let a little BEE get the best of you, are you?

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

Northville State Savings Bank

## KEEP COOL

these hot-weather days with a breezy

## Electric Fan

Blows coolness and comfort in your kitchen, in your dining-room, on the porch, wherever you have a lamp-socket. Helps baby to slumber peacefully. Costs about one cent a day to operate.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

## WHEELER & BLACKBURN CASH STORE

H. & E. Sugar, lb., 8 1-2c  
Potatoes, per peck, 47c  
Henkel's Bread Flour, \$1.69  
Gold Medal - \$1.87  
Peerless - \$1.48  
Columbus - \$1.69  
Red Wing - \$1.87

CHAUTAUQUA TICKETS \$1.50

(TEN ENTERTAINMENTS)

WHEELER & BLACKBURN  
CASH STORE.

## KEEP COOL

## Eat Fruits, Vegetables AND Cereals

## ON SATURDAY

we will sell

1 National Corn Flake 10c

1 Mapl Flake, 15c

Both For.

19c

A Reduction on All Other Cereals.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.



## SCARCE AS LIBERTY BONDS IN BERLIN



PITCHERS WHO HIT THE BALL HARD.

Pitchers who can hit are as scarce as liberty bonds in Berlin. When a team has a fliker in the game who is reliable in making a base hit or even making a sacrifice fly, it has an extremely valuable performer writes Jimmy Isaninger, the Philadelphia baseball expert.

Take two teams of about the same strength, with the rival pitchers of about equal ability. One of the pitchers, however, can hit while the other cannot is a joke at the bat. If the two teams are going at their normal gait, it is a safe wager that the aggregation with nine hitters in the line-up is going to win the game.

Alexander the Great of the Phils, Babe Ruth of the Red Sox, Walter Johnson of Washington, and Ray Caldwell of the Yankees, are not only mighty hurlers of the sphere, but they can hit the ball hard.

It is always a hard day's work for a pitching toiling in a game, when the opposing fliker is no rally gunner at bat. It means that he is no soft spot for him in the battle. He must go at high pressure all the time.

If the competing pitcher is one of those helpless individuals whose efforts in an offensive way are laughable, it makes it easier for the other sliker. If hard pressed, he can walk the catcher purposely and feel fairly certain that he can fan the pitcher.

## WASTE OF TIME AND MONEY

Bert Niehoff Proves That Training Trips Are Needless by Getting Right Into the Game.

The fact that Bert Niehoff, who did not take the training trip with the Phillies because of his holdout, but got into condition after the season opened.



Bert Niehoff.

Is playing about the best ball of any man on Moran's team may be used as an argument by those who claim training trips are a needless waste of time and money.

## VEACH MADE LONGEST DRIVE

Hit Ball Over Bull Sign in Washington Park and Wants to Know If He Is Entitled to \$50.

Bob Veach of the Tigers wants to know if hitting a ball over the bull sign entitles a batter to \$50 the same as actually hitting the sign. In one of the games Detroit played in Washington Veach sent the ball clear over the sign for one of the longest drives ever seen in Washington. It is some trick to hit the sign there, let alone clear it.

## SHAKE-UP LOOKED FOR

Developments Expected in Minor Leagues After the War.

Big Toads in Bush Leagues Not Satisfied With Conditions and Are Planning to Start Revolutionary Movement.

(By JACK VELOCK, International News Sports Editor.)

Look-out for a big shake-up in the minor leagues, shortly after the close of the war.

It is bound to come, and when it arrives there will be some surprising developments, if the dope sheet reads correctly at present.

For the past five or six years there has been a wave of unrest sweeping through the minors. The big toads in the "bush" league puddle are not satisfied with conditions by a long shot, and the more aggressive ones among them are planning to start a revolutionary movement that will change the complexion of the baseball map considerably.

First of all, there is a plan afoot for the establishment of a third major league. It is an old plan, almost as old as Methuselah, but it is still alive and kicking like a bay steer.

Less than a month ago feelers went out in American association and international league ranks to test the temperature of the club owners on the third major league proposition. The result of the test was not satisfactory, probably because of the uncertain outlook for baseball in these war-time times. But the baseball men who are fostering the plan have not given up hope, and within a year, maybe two years, there is going to be something doing among the minors.

The writer has had an ear close to the ground for several months. And the murmurings that have been skating hither and thither were not whisperings of a will-o-the-wisp by a long shot. Baseball men prominently connected with the game, even in the major leagues, admit that the baseball map is in need of alterations. They admit that a third major league is a probability in the near future and it is hinted that the plan will get support from several unexpected quarters when the right time comes.

The new move to revise the baseball map is not a move that has been made with an idea of stirring up further strife in the game. If it is accomplished it will be done regularly and smoothly, and there will be but little friction.

Quite naturally, the third major league idea embraces cities in the American association and the international league. Which cities will be chosen to form the new ninth circuit is still a matter of argument, but it is said by those who are closely connected with the plan that a circuit which will be more compact than either of the two big leagues is to be suggested.

Such a move will necessitate the redistricting of other minor leagues, and a raise in rating for at least eight cities now in Class B company. Other details of the plan have been told before, but in all the changes will be a sweeping affair when it comes, and there are any number of baseball men who admit—some unwillingly and others willingly—that it is coming.

It sounds like a bum note on the trombone, this revamping idea, but it isn't. Baseball needs a shaking up and if it can be accomplished along peaceful lines it will be the best thing that could possibly happen for the future of the game.

## MISS MERKLE'S FINE SPIRIT

Manager Robinson Admits Brooklyn Sadly Crippled by Sale of First Caseman to Cubs.

Wilbert Robinson says that his Brooklyn club has been sadly crippled by the sale of Fred Merkle to the Cubs. Not only was Merkle valuable as a possible substitute for Daubert, but he



Fred Merkle.

also would have fitted in nicely in center field after the accident to Hy Myers. Merkle had a fine spirit while he was with the Dodgers, and his temperament and general attitude was no small factor during the Brooklyn club's drive for the championship last fall.

## IMPORTANCE OF BY-PRODUCTS TO FARMER



AVERAGE FLOCK FOUND ON GENERAL FARM.

(By P. K. EDWARDS.)

If a premium were offered for the most rapid gains from the most simple methods I should be inclined to give it to a near-city farmer, who, through sheer foresightedness and well spent energy, built up a path to success for himself which many less sharp witted would do well to follow. Everyone in the neighborhood was kept guessing why he always seemed to have more than his share in the way of a bank account, for he kept no fancy breeds of cattle or poultry, nor did he seem to work overtime, but his success was unmistakable, and one day he smilingly confided to the writer that it could be summed up in one word, "by-products."

Instead of using all his skim milk for the biggery he made pot cheese out of it, did it up in fancy boxes and got a good price for all he could sell. This made a very profitable outlet for large quantities of the by-product. His Jersey herd, though not a fancy one, was carefully looked after, regularly and plentifully fed, and from this he made, instead of the usual salted butter, fancy fresh or "French" butter, as it is called, for which he got 60 cents a pound from the nearby summer colony. The by-product from this—buttermilk—he also sold retail, had it

recommended by physicians for their patients and by selling it in glass bottles got ten cents a quart for it. This, it may be noted, is more than some less foresighted farmers got for their fresh milk.

## Care for Poultry Flock.

In his poultry houses he was careful to mix land plaster with the droppings, which dries the manure, and, after being shoveled over, was put in barrels till needed, and he argued that he collected about \$30 annually from the droppings of each 300 birds. His poultry were always dry, picked that he might get the best price for the feathers, which he sold regularly, not understanding, as he told the writer, how many of his neighbors could neglect so valuable a money-maker.

There is also a large hotel near the young farmer's place, and he made a point of taking immense bunches of wild flowers, which were abundant on some uncultivated land he owned, to the hotel manager three times a week, who gradually came to count on him for his hall decorations.

All of these small items yielded good returns and became a substantial source of income, but are, strangely enough, usually overlooked by the "easy going," who count it "too much trouble" and "not worth while."

## FROST-PROOF CORN SAID TO BE POSSIBLE

Recent Experiments by Government Indicate Possibility of Breeding Such Variety.

(By C. P. HARTLEY, in Charge of Corn Investigations, United States Department of Agriculture.)

In this age of wonderful achievements, frost-proof corn is among the possibilities of attainment. When a corn is bred that will withstand spring and fall frosts and grow at low temperatures, like rye, the reign and territory of king corn will be extended and his powers increased.

Recent work of the office of corn investigations, bureau of plant industry, United States department of agriculture, indicates the possibility of producing varieties of frost-proof corn and varieties that will continue growth at low temperature. Some kinds of corn have been found to withstand freezing both in the spring and in the fall, and afterwards continue to grow. Still more encouraging is the fact that some individual plants of these hardy varieties are more enduring than other plants of the same variety.

At the first signs of spring, with patches of snow still on the ground, seed of these varieties has been planted and has shown ability to withstand frozen ground and spring frosts and ultimately to yield well. Planted in February, 1917, plants which were several inches high withstood a freeze on March 5 which froze the ground to a depth of two inches.

Of still more importance than the possibility of producing frost-proof corn is the possibility of producing varieties of corn that will continue to thrive and produce grain at lower temperatures than existing varieties. There is much territory with long frost-free periods, where, during nights or for several weeks during the growing season, temperatures remain too low for ordinary varieties of corn to grow.

## AVOID DIRTY DAIRY UTENSILS IN SUMMER

Point of Chief Importance in Warm Weather Is Thorough Drying After Cleaning.

Most of the bacteria which get into milk come from the dirty cow and from the utensils, such as cans, pails, strainers, coolers, and separators, which have not been properly cleaned. In winter the cows are likely to become dirty from confinement in the barn, but in summer they are easily kept clean so that they are then of little relative importance in contaminating milk. On the other hand, a far greater number of bacteria get into milk from dirty utensils in summer than from a dirty cow in winter.

A bacterial count recently made from some of the rinsing water left in an eight-gallon can, which had been washed twelve hours before, showed the can to contain more than three billion bacteria. Eight gallons of milk placed in this can would have received a contamination of nearly 100,000 bac-

teria for each cubic centimeter. This can had been thoroughly rinsed and left covered in a room where the temperature was about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. An experiment made during the winter when the temperature was below 50 degrees showed fewer than 3,000,000 bacteria in a can similarly treated, which would mean a contamination of fewer than 100 for each cubic centimeter of milk.

A can which was rinsed, subsequently heated with steam and then turned right side up with the cover off until dry, contained approximately 200,000 bacteria or a contamination of about seven for each cubic centimeter.

Experiments of this sort which have been carried on at the University of Missouri college of agriculture indicate that the point of chief importance in the care of dairy utensils, especially in warm weather, is thorough drying after cleaning. Cleaning will remove a large per cent of the bacteria and much of the food for their growth. Application of steam for thirty seconds kills very few, but it will supply heat to dry the utensils which prevents bacterial growth so that there will be practically no more present twelve hours later than five minutes after washing the utensils.

Much emphasis has been laid upon thorough cleaning of utensils, and rightly so, but the process of drying is equally as important in warm weather. Drying should not be done with a cloth, but by heating the utensils in hot water, steam or oven sufficiently to evaporate moisture.

General recommendations for the care of utensils are: (1) Rinse in lukewarm water as soon after use as possible; (2) wash in hot water containing washing powder which will remove grease; (3) rinse in clean hot water and place in live steam 15 seconds, drain and place right side up until steam evaporates. On the farm where steam is not available sunning will give effective results. (4) Invert in a clean protected place when dry.

## FARMERS KEEPING IN TOUCH

No Matter How Bright or Experienced He May Be, There Is Always Something to Learn.

It pays any farmer or dairyman or other man to read about his own business, for the reason that no matter how bright or experienced a man may be he does not know it all, and can learn a great deal from men engaged in his own line of business, whose experience and conclusions are thus given to the public.

The man who makes dairying his special business should by all means read dairy papers. The man who combines dairying with crop production should take an agricultural paper with a dairy department.

## SHELLED OR GROUND GRAINS

Experiments With Pigs Show Animals Do as Well on One as Other—Grind Corn for Cows.

While feeding experiments which have been conducted by several stations show that pigs do just as well on shelled as ground corn, tests in the feeding of dairy cows show that the grain commonly used as feed for milk cows, if ground, result in an increase in milk flow of close to 10 per cent, above that sustained if the grains are fed in the natural state.

**EAT SKINNER'S**  
THE BEST  
**MACARONI**

Don't take chances this year! Use **GOOD LUCK** RED RUBBERS

They Fit All Standard Jans  
Easily installed "cold put" casing the GOOD LUCK rubbers because they won't "blow out" during installation nor harden, shrink or crack after the job is sealed. Send 2¢ stamp for new book on covering of 10¢ in stamps for 1 set. Free 2¢ Post dealer cannot supply you. Address Dept. 54 BOSTON WOVEN ROSE & RUBBER CO. Cambridge, Mass.

**KODAKS**  
AND SUPPLIES  
**BLACKS**

Developing any size roll film, postpaid, 10 cents. DETROIT.

Very True.  
She—It's great fun to flirt with a man till you get him to propose and then say "No."  
He—It's fun for the man, too, but he runs a great risk.  
She—How?  
He—The girl might deceive him and say "yes."

## FOR PIMPLY-FACES

Cuticura Is Best—Samples Free by Mail to Anyone Anywhere.

An easy, speedy way to remove pimples and blackheads. Smear the affected surfaces with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, bathing some minutes. Repeat night and morning. No better toilet preparations exist.

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

## Poultry Flocks Smaller.

Reports recently gathered concerning 5,298 flocks of poultry on farms and in small towns in all parts of the country show that the average number of hens per flock this year is 107, as compared with 148 in 1914. This information, which was obtained by an incubator manufacturer in the middle West, indicates that shortage of supply has been an important factor in producing present high prices for poultry and eggs. It appears that a very considerable number of poultry raisers have sacrificed many of their hens for the sake of immediate profits—a policy the effects of which are now being felt by the entire country.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## Funny Big Boy Scouts.

Two Ohio members of the officers' reserve corps at Fort Benjamin Harrison were walking along East Tenth street, near the technical high school campus, two weeks ago. They passed a group of small boys, who gazed, so the men thought, in tremendous admiration and awe. Just as the near-officers maybe puffed out their chests in just pride, one of the young irrepressibles shouted:  
"Oh, Jimmy, look at the funny big Boy Scouts."—Indianapolis News.

## Improving the Chances.

Madge—The war is taking all the boys away.  
Marjorie—We should worry. Won't all the rich old fellows be left?—Town Topics.

**Whole Wheat**  
and  
**Malted Barley**

skillfully blended and processed make  
**Grape-Nuts**

a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

"There's a Reason"



### DENTIST'S IDEA OF HUMOR.

It was noon when we dropped into the dentist's office. The doctor greeted us cordially as we fell into his chair, and prepared to submit ourselves to torture.

There was the usual clatter of instruments on the white tray, as we opened our jaws, and the dentist peered into them. This time his object of attention was the cavity from which he had recently extracted a tooth.

"What are you going to do after I get through?" said the doctor, mildly.

Between his fist and his mirror we blurted out something about lunch.

"Go to lunch with me, will you?"

We nodded our assent, and then it happened. Something that felt as big as a crowbar is and was as sharp as a new safety razor blade is supposed to be, went up into the roof of my mouth.

When we landed down again on the chair and the pain had eased off a bit we started to laugh.

"You're good," we exclaimed. "Invite a man to lunch; and then fix him so he can't eat."—Detroit Free Press.

### Fallen.

"You never can tell what a man will do."

"Maybe not."

"Years ago Dubwaite resisted the bicycle craze."

"Yes?"

"He refused to neglect his business when the tango became all the rage."

"An unusual character."

"But I've heard lately that he's taking lessons on the ukulele."

### KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is a deceptive disease thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kessler's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At drug stores, 50c per bottle. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kessler & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.



### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A perfect preparation of menthol, eucalypti and cedar leaves. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c and 10c bottles.

### OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED

We pay \$5.00 per set for old false teeth. Doan's master list broken. Send by parcel post and receive check by return mail. No questions asked. Write to: Tooth Specialist, 207 S. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 30-1917.

### A-Saving Clause.

"I heard young Mr. Lovecote beat his wife the other day."

"Good gracious! and they've only been married a month, the wretch! What did he beat her for?"

"Because he played a better game of golf than she did."

### Teamster's Life Saved.

### WRITES LETTER THAT IS WORTH READING VERY CAREFULLY.

Peterson Bros. I was afflicted with a very severe sore on my leg for years. I am a teamster. I tried all medicines and salves, but without success. I tried doan's ointment, but they failed to cure me. I couldn't sleep for many nights from pain. Doctors said I could not live for more than two years. Finally Peterson's Ointment was recommended to me and by its use the sore was entirely healed. Thankfully yours, William Haase, West Park, Ohio, Mar. 22, 1916, care P. G. Reitz, Box 199.

Peterson says: "I am proud of the above letter and have hundreds of others that tell of wonderful cures of Eczema, Piles and Skin Diseases."

Peterson's Ointment is 25 cents at all druggists, and there isn't a broad minded druggist in America that won't praise it. Adv.

### In His Pocket.

To prevent private automobiles entering the road at Fort Benjamin Harrison leading past the quartermaster's office, and interfering with government hauling, a civilian employee has been placed at the junction of the quartermaster's road with the main road entering the post from the south. It is his job to permit only automobiles bearing Q. M. D. signs to pass him, says the Indianapolis News.

The other day an automobile, plainly a private machine and driven by a liveried chauffeur, turned down the forbidden road.

"Hey, where you goin'? Have you got a pass?" shouted the traffic man. The chauffeur nodded. "Yes."

"Where you got it?" the traffic "cop" continued.

"I've got it here in my pocket," the chauffeur replied.

"All right, then, go ahead," the traffic "cop" ordered, and the chauffeur winked as he shifted gears and started down the road.

### Nearly Outgrown.

The man who expects to throw a surprise into the world must get up something with more thrills than a one-reel revolution somewhere, for we've almost outgrown being surprised. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### No Gloves for Her.

"And are Mr. and Mrs. Carnisee working hand in glove together now?" "Oh, no; she handles him without gloves."

### Cool Food on a Hot Day!

Bobby says

TRY Post Toasties

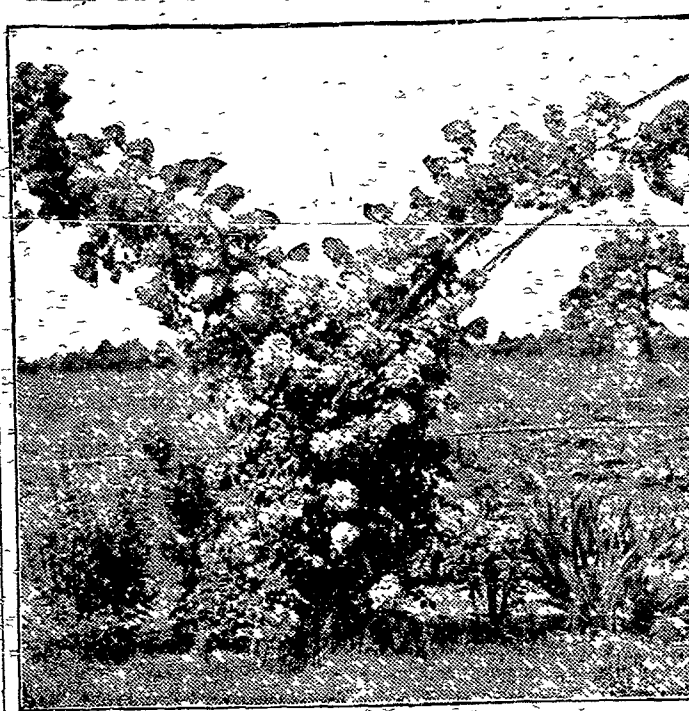
for lunch!

THE NEW CORN FLAKES

## The HOME BEAUTIFUL

### Flowers and Shrubbery

### Their Care and Cultivation



An Effective Way to Train Roses.

### WORK IN FLOWER GARDEN

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

Seeds of the canna, nasturtiums, cypress-vine, and other hard-wooded seeds are benefited by soaking in hot water for 12-hours before planting.

When spraying the orchard, do not neglect to spray the roses, shrubs and small fruits. It will do them a world of good.

Experiment with flower "novelties," but do not "bank" on them.

Don't trust seeds to cold, wet soil—wait until the earth is dried and warmed by the sun.

Be sure to start the late-blooming annuals in the house. For instance, the cosmos.

Try a few of the summer-blooming bulbs and tubers this year—tuberous-rooted begonias, caladiums, dahlias, cannas, tuberose, etc. They are satisfactory summer bloomers.

The following plants will flourish on the shady side of the house: Fefus, pansies, sweet alyssum, wandering Jew, mignonette, torenias, forget-me-nots, primroses, minulas, begonias, fuchsias, heliotropes, plumbagoes and godetias.

These thrive in the sun: Verbenas, nasturtiums, phlox, petunias, nigellas, geraniums, candytuft, cypress vine, thunbergias, hyacinth beans, morning-glories, and in fact almost all of our bedding annuals.

Have the sweet-pea bed two-feet wide, and as long as wanted. Manure it heavily, and spade it deeply. Run two furrows down the center six inches apart and ten inches deep, and fill with leaf mold or well-rotted manure. Mix this with the surrounding soil, and then plant the peas one inch apart and five inches deep. Cover with soil and firm it well.

If stocky cosmos is wanted, begin to pinch out the end of the stem when the seedling is five or six inches high, and so treat every shoot until the first of August.

The first year a rosebed gives small returns. Cover the bare soil by planting pansies, phlox or verbenas between the bushes. Should the rose branch out freely, the annuals may be removed.

Moon vines that have been raised and forced by the florist, must not be planted out before the very end of June—preferably early July. They need heat and plenty of water to do well.

Those who contemplate a pit or cold frame for violets next winter, should at once procure strong, healthy plants from the florist. Set them in a spot which is shaded the greater part of the day, in light, rich soil. Carefully pick off all runners and flower buds, should they appear. This will throw all the strength of the plant into the flowering crown. Keep the soil stirred, and see

that it gets a soaking twice a week, should the weather be very hot and dry.

If you want really fine roses later on, do not neglect to fight the insects. A bath of whaleoil soap may secure you a fine crop of blooms.

### GROW VINES AROUND THE HOME.

By LIMA R. ROSE.

Try growing honeysuckle vine about the outhouses or porches. Its habit of growth admirably fits in for screening purposes.

It does not grow rampantly enough to make constant pruning and clipping necessary to keep it within bounds, but it covers a screen of ordinary height with a thick mass of foliage that will be found entirely effective in hiding unsightliness or protecting the inmates of a home from the observation of passers-by.

When in bloom it challenges the admiration of those who pass ordinary plants by without attention, and when out of bloom it is even much more attractive than the ordinary average vine, because of the density of its foliage and its graceful habit of growth.

Before any plant can be grown with success the soil must be right. Heavy soils can be lightened by incorporating them with sand, loam, anything that will make them more porous. Wood and coal ashes will answer this purpose to some extent.

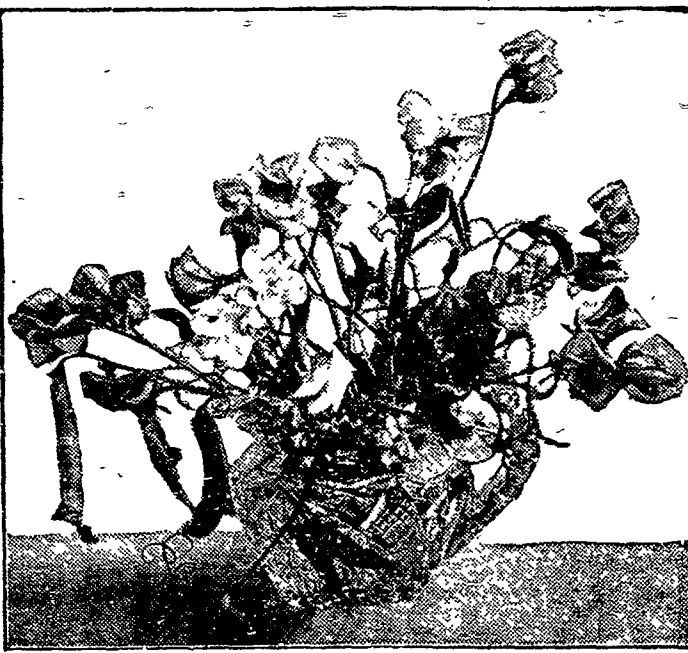
Old mortar is excellent. And whatever you find available, and work it into the original soil until its heavy condition is relieved. At the same time add plenty of fertilizer of some kind and work this in, too.

Use leather instead of cloth in tacking vines to the wall. Cloth will seldom last longer than a season. Then if the vine has not found, some permanent sort of support for itself there is danger of its falling down, and once down it will be found almost impossible to put back in a satisfactory manner.

As a basis for vine support, try wire netting. If possible fasten the netting to the cornice above and then to stakes in the ground below, drawing it as tight as possible. Where this is done there will be a space between the walls of the house and the vines through which the air can freely circulate. This will benefit the vine and will not injure the walls.

Honeysuckle is only adapted to the lower story of a house. Taller growing vines are necessary where one wants the vine to extend to the roof.

This matter of vines about the house is worthy of careful attention and once you have made up your mind what you want to grow—go ahead.



St. Petal.

## HAD NO HOPE OF RETURNING ALIVE

Mrs. Cason Left Home for Atlanta Propped Up on Pillows—Was Only a Shadow.

### ONLY WEIGHED 60 POUNDS

After Taking Tanlac Has Gained Thirty-five Pounds and Expects to Return to Home and Husband Well and Happy.

"About six weeks ago I left my home on our farm near Acworth, Ga., to come to my sister's home here in Atlanta, and I left with only a shadow of hope of ever returning alive."

"I left Acworth in a comfortable automobile, propped up on pillows, coming through the country. I had almost as much medicine as baggage—a big box full of all kinds that had been prescribed for me. I reached here very weak and with scarcely enough strength to walk to the door. This trouble from which I had suffered so long and which I was told was pellagra, had reduced me to almost a shadow, as I only weighed sixty pounds."

"My brother-in-law, Mr. Battle, said, 'Well, you have tried everything else with no relief, now I want you to lay aside your "drug shop" and take Tanlac.' Well, he got it for me and I started on my first bottle that day."

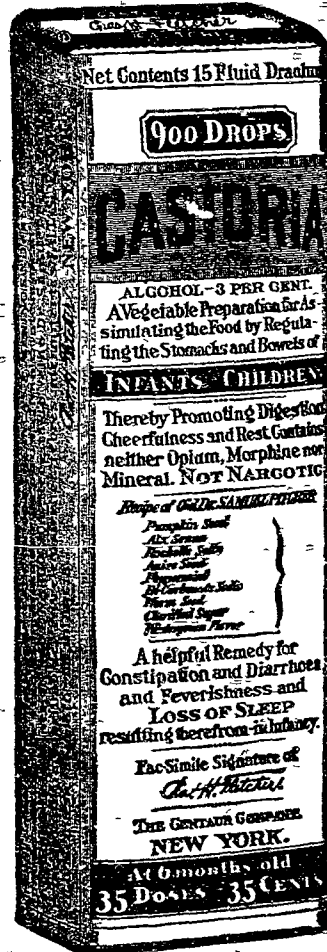
"When I had taken about half the first bottle I began to feel stronger and encouraged. I continued to take it and it is nothing short of marvelous how I improved day by day. My appetite returned, and my food seemed to nourish me and agree with me. My skin and complexion began clearing and I improved in every way possible until I am now a well woman, and when I say well I mean absolutely what I say. I want to tell the whole world that I thank God for Tanlac."

"I weigh ninety-five pounds now and feel as well as I ever felt in my life. I am going back to my husband and home on the little farm, five miles from Acworth, tomorrow, and won't it be a joyful meeting, returning absolutely well and happy—and won't I tell everybody about what Tanlac has done for me."

The above remarkable statement was made recently by Mrs. O. C. Cason of Acworth, Ga., while at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. B. Battle, English Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

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

Darwin tried to make a monkey out of man.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.



## It's Poor Economy to Endure a Bad Back

In these days of rising prices, we need every ounce of strength and the ability to do a full day's work every day. The man or woman with weak kidneys is half-crippled. Sore, aching kidneys, lame, stiff back, headache, dizzy spells, a dull, tired feeling and urinary disorders are daily sources of distress. You can't afford to neglect kidney weakness and make it easy for gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease to take you. Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have helped thousands. They should help you.

### Personal Reports of Real Cases

#### A MICHIGAN CASE.

Mrs. Caroline Kessler, W. Main St., Paw Paw, Mich., says: "I had rheumatic pains all through my back, shoulders, arms and limbs. These attacks were the result of disordered kidneys. My limbs and arms became swollen and I had such awful headaches and dizzy spells that the doctor had to give me morphine. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills put me on the road to recovery and in six weeks, I was up and around, able to do my housework. I feel that I owe my life and present good health to Doan's Kidney Pills."

#### A MICHIGAN CASE.

E. K. Chase, retired farmer, 111 S. Prospect St., Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I suffered terribly from kidney trouble about six years ago. My friends never expected me to get over it. My back was terribly painful and my limbs and feet were swollen. I was confined to the house for several months and couldn't get around. In fact, I was almost helpless. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I feel that they saved my life. I am glad to tell of the great benefit I have had from this medicine."

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold At All Stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Mfg. Chemists.

## Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Placed anywhere, Daisley Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap. Use all day long. No need to wash or change. Kills all house flies, stable flies, and all other annoying flies. Guaranteed. Daisley Fly Killer. Sold by druggists, or 5c each by express, prepaid. \$1.00 per dozen. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## Children Cry For



### What is CASTORIA

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

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### Companions in Suffering.

"I'm glad this car isn't heavy enough to hurt you," said Mr. Chuggies to the man he had run over.

"It's mighty uncomfortable under there, just the same."

"I know it. But think of me! I have spent hours under that car trying to fix it."

### The Capitol Petroleum Company

is now drilling well No. 1. Well No. 2 will be started in two weeks. Do you realize that this stock may soon be worth \$2 a share? Now selling at 2 cents a share while it lasts. Five payments, or 5% off for all cash. Make all remittances to The Securities Finance & Investment Co., 329 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colorado.—Adv.

Don't imagine that the man in the orchestra chair gets a better show for his money than the boy in the gallery.

### The Essential Spirit.

"Can you recite the Declaration of Independence?"

"No," replied the man in khaki. "All I can remember is, 'When in the course of human events it becomes necessary.' And I expect soon to land somewhere in France to ascertain what's necessary and then attend to it."—Washington Evening Star.

Men with weighty opinions are willing that anybody should weigh them.

Some men simply can't be civil while wearing a corporation uniform.

### When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

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

## Bright Eyes

indicate buoyant health. When the eyes are dull, liver and bowels need regulating. Quickly restore healthy conditions with a dose or two—in time—of

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

Earn \$75 to \$300 a Month. Three or four in each county. Work at home in spare time. Investigate today. Harry Fritzinger, Decatur, Ind.

### PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Reasonable Highest References. Best Results.



**The Northville Record.**

Published by  
**NEAL PRINTING CO**  
F. B. 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 27, 1917.

The action of Police Commissioner Couzens of Detroit in taboing the pool feature of the Blue Ribbon Races at the State fair grounds makes this probably the first horse-racing event of any importance that ever occurred in the U. S. without betting. The order caused untold consternation among the entire track fraternity, as it makes the affair seem to them as "flat, stale and unprofitable" as the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. The American race-following public is very far as yet from being educated up to the point of enjoying those events as just pure sport. The element of risk, the gambling instinct either hidden or obvious in almost every nature has long found its expression for millions of people in this particular form, as it has for other millions in countless other forms. The men who bet on the blue ribbon races where fortunes are tied up in the individual horses can afford to risk the loss of big amounts of money on the outcome as well as can the folks who invest a quarter or a dime in a quit drawing, guessing contest or similar scheme.

According to the Detroit press dispatches a number of county officials were up at the flats "for a vacation last week and over Sunday. Evidently just thinking about the Kloka case is over-working Wayne's employees.

**Black Hair Means Viger.**  
The most pugnacious of all animals known in nature is the black panther. The most difficult of all horses to control is a black stallion. The one snake which never can be safely handled is a snake-chamber is the black cobra. The only untameable animal in the world is a mouse.

**Wixom Whisperings.**

Mrs. J. G. Madison was at Northville Tuesday.

A. F. Spaulding and wife of Lapeer visited at E. D. Burch's Sunday.

R. B. Cummings and wife of Detroit called on Wixom friends Sunday.

James Taylor of Detroit has been a Wixom visitor a part of the week.

J. B. Chambers has had a furnace put in his house by a Jackson firm.

Arvale and Dorothy Leary of New Hudson spent last week Thursday in Wixom.

Mrs. Westfall of Flushing was the guest of Mrs. R. J. Banfield a part of last week.

Earnest Oldenburg left Tuesday for Texas to train for the army, having enlisted some time ago.

Miss Muriel Tucker of Flushing spent a part of the week with her friend, Mrs. R. J. Banfield.

Miss Sadie Hopkins of Pontiac was an over Sunday visitor at the home of her parents, A. Hopkins and wife.

Miss Florence Worden and little Albert Beckett of Cleveland visited the former's sister, Mrs. Ora Hopkins last week.

Marjorie and Madison Taylor of Dearborn, who have been visiting their grandparents—the last three weeks, returned home Tuesday.

Ed Martin and wife and Judd Furman took an auto trip to Alpena last Friday and returned home Wednesday. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kleber while there.

Topics for next Sunday at the Wixom Baptist church will be as follows: A. M., The pastor will spiritualize on the subject of "Peace Without Victory." Evening, "The Fate of a Speckled Bird."

**Walled Lake Warbles.**

Mrs. T. Clutz was a Pontiac visitor Tuesday.

M. Bachelor is driving a new Ford automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Riley of Pontiac spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nook and Jim

Hoyt spent Sunday in Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Simmons of Pontiac called on Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cornell Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin have returned from spending two weeks with Bay City friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus McCallum of Pontiac spent Monday at the home of N. B. Johns, here.

The True Blue Sunday school class will give an ice cream social Friday evening on E. A. Arthur's lawn.

Lee Welch and Mable Knapp were quietly married July 18, by Rev. F. A. Brass of Wixom. They left immediately after the ceremony for Flint, Lansing and Eaton Rapids by auto. On their return they will reside with the groom's parents. Both are well known and popular young people, and their many friends extend congratulations.

**Novi News.**

Mrs. Jay Hazen had the misfortune to become the victim of a broken arm Monday while assisting a visitor to control a fractious horse. This is the fourth time in her life that Mrs. Hazen has suffered with broken bones.

To Mrs. August Holcomb, wife of Dr. Holcomb of this village, has come the honor of seeing four of her immediate relatives receive the call to arms in the cause of democracy. Last Friday was an eventful day in her life. In the morning of that day her husband offered himself in Detroit to go to the front as a Red Cross physician and later in the day when the government's draft announcements began to reach the public, she learned that her three brothers were all drawn.

**When the Tigers Play in Detroit.**

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

Aug. (12), 13, 14—with St. Louis.  
Aug. 17, 18, (19)—with Washington.  
Aug. 20, 21, 22—with New York.  
Aug. 23, 25—with Athletics.  
Aug. (26), 27, 28—with Boston.  
Sept. 11, 12—with Cleveland.  
Sept. 14, 15—with Chicago.  
Sept. (16), —with Cleveland.

Northville Chautauqua

July 27-31, 1917.

**CLAIMS HIS BOND IS MUCH TOO HIGH**

KLOKA'S ATTORNEYS SAY THAT HE IS BEING MADE TOO BIG A GOAT.

THINK \$35,000 BOND EXCESSIVE AND THE FORMER CO. TREASURER LANGUISHES IN JAIL.

Tony Kloka, the former popular clerk in the county treasurer's office has at last been arrested and is now in jail in default of \$35,000 bond, about twice the amount he would have to pay if accused of murder, his attorneys claim. Kloka's attorneys also state that with Kloka in jail, it is hoped by county officials, to appease public criticism toward themselves to some extent. Kloka's shortage, it is said will amount to \$100,000 and some odd change, and it makes the county auditors' system look a good deal like "thirty cents."

The county system for a three man county auditor board may be a good thing in the way of additional political jobs, but it is pointed out that with a one-man board, and that man as competent a one as the city of Detroit has always managed to get hold of, the county would save \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year and ought to avoid the pulling off of such stunts as Kloka got away with.

A three-man county auditor board is about as much sense as a fifth wheel on an automobile. Its greatest value apparently is the political jobs and the chance for the shifting of responsibility.

In a spasm of alleged economy, about two years ago the county auditors ignored the laws of Michigan by refusing to longer publish a financial report of the county's affairs every two months. It may have saved a few dollars at the time but the taxpayers are usually the gainers where the expense account of officials are made public through the press. Whether this helped Kloka has not yet been brought out but his shortage evidently commenced about that time.

**Too Much of Good Thing.**  
"I tell you," said the real estate agent, "there isn't a finer residence development on earth than this. Just look at the wonderful scenery." "The scenery is all right" replied the man who was looking for a home. "The only trouble is there's too much of it between here and the city."

**CLAUDE H. WALTER**

**NOVI POST-OFFICE  
SPECIALS FOR TWO WEEKS**

H. & E. Granulated Sugar,	9c Lb.
Brown Sugar,	8½c Lb.
5-Boxes Search Light Matches, for	25c.
(For 2 Weeks Only—Matches will be 6c Bx)	
Best Brand Corn,	17c.
Sweet Girl Peas,	16c.
Sam Boy Tomatoes,	18c.
Sweet Girl Pumpkin,	15c.
Campbell's Soups,	14c.
Large Bucket of Mustard,	11c.
Big Package Seedless Raisins,	14c.
Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles,	10c Pkg.
Shredded Wheat,	13c.
Large Bottle Sweet Mixed Pickles,	18c.
Gold Lace Flour, per sack,	\$1.60
Try our Blue Heron Green Tea, ½-lb. pkg.,	20c.
Large Bottle of Blueing, for	10c.
Large Bottle of Ammonia, for	10c.

**CALL AT THE NEW POST-OFFICE**

**CLAUDE H. WALTER**

NOVI,

MICHIGAN.

**FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!**

Why, the "sale" stores themselves blunder 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.

**WANT A GOOD POSITION?**

PREPARE FOR ONE IN PROSPEROUS DETROIT BY ATTENDING AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL—THE

**DETROIT Business University**

SEND FOR FREE BULLETIN 61-63-65-67-69 WEST GRAND RIVER AVE.

# The Days We Live Out Doors



## FURNITURE, RUGS, CARPETS, WINDOW SHADES ETC

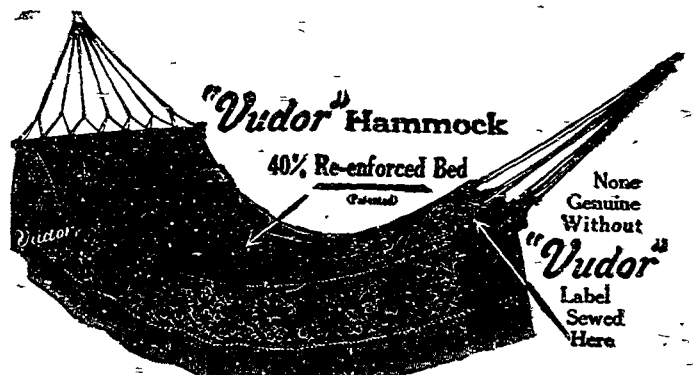


These are the days when the great out-of-doors appeals to everybody. No place is quite so attractive as the Porch, especially when it is fitted with Cool and Comfortable Furniture. We have a Complete Line of the Celebrated VUDOR Outfits, in

We Deliver  
Goods  
Anywhere  
Free.

HAMMOCKS and SHADES, as well as  
BEAUTIFUL and COMFY ROCKERS  
AND SETTEES.  
REED and OLD HICKORY,  
PORCH SWINGS, STANDS.

Come in  
and  
Look  
Us Over.



None Better. None Nicer. None Cheaper. See Window Display and then Come in and See the Biggest Line you ever thought  
Could be possibly carried in any store outside the big cities.

FURNITURE  
DEALERS.

**SCHRADER BROTHERS,**

NORTHVILLE  
and  
PLYMOUTH.

**Vudor**  
**PORCH SHADES**  
Not only make your porch  
Cool by Day,  
but cool adjoining rooms, and  
give you by night a perfect  
Sleeping Porch

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**DR. T. H. TURNER, HOMEOPATHIC**  
Physician and Surgeon. Office next  
west of Park House on Main street.  
Office hours 1:00 to 8:00 and 8:00 to 8:00  
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**DR. T. B. HENRY, PHYSICIAN AND**  
Surgeon. Office in Lapham State  
Bank Building, corner Main and Center  
streets. Office hours: 8:00 to  
8:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 2:30 p. m. and  
8:00 to 7:30 p. m. Phone No. 1.

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

PENSLAR  
KIDNEY PILLS

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

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

**T. E. Murdock**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

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

DETROIT  
UNITED LINESNORTHVILLE TIME TABLE  
Eastern Standard Time.

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

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and  
Detroit.

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

**Detroit News Liner Ads**  
received at the Northville  
Record Office.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of  
Wayne, ss. At a session of the Pro-  
bate Court for said county of Wayne,  
held at the Probate Court room in the  
city of Detroit, on the seventeenth day  
of July in the year one thousand nine  
hundred and seventeen.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of  
Probate.

In the matter of the estate of  
EDWARD (EDDIE) W. WOOD, de-  
ceased.

On reading and filing the petition of  
Mary E. Wood praying that adminis-  
tration of said estate be granted to  
her or some other suitable person.

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

And it is further ordered, that a  
copy of this order be published three  
successive weeks previous to said  
time of hearing, in the Northville  
Record, a newspaper printed and cir-  
culating in said county of Wayne.  
(A true copy.)  
EDGAR O. DURFEE,  
Judge of Probate,  
CHAS. C. CHADWICK,  
Clerk.

## Northville Newslets.

Mrs. Nora VanSickle is able to be  
out again.

Chautauqua begins this (Friday)  
afternoon.

With this present issue the Record  
enters the 48th year of its existence.

Speaking of the weather, we have  
certainly had some summer lately if  
not sooner.

Ladies devote your spare minutes  
to knitting Red Cross supplies. Don't  
wait. The need is pressing and the  
workers comparatively few.

The annual Blue Ribbon grand cir-  
cuit racing meet at the state fair  
grounds, Detroit has attracted a  
number of Northville enthusiasts.

Mrs. Ida McBride has moved here  
from Durand and occupies the  
cottage on First street opposite the  
home of her sister, Mrs. J. W.  
Perkins.

The ladies of the Baptist church  
are to have a bazaar this coming  
Saturday afternoon in the Steers  
store, as announced in last week's  
issue of the Record.

Ray Baker lost a part of one of his  
fingers yesterday in attempting to re-  
move an obstruction from the knives  
of a mowing machine while helping  
his father on the farm.

Mildred Bond of Farmington town-  
ship, 12 years old, secured highest  
honors in the eighth grade examina-  
tions for Oakland county with a  
standing of 96 per cent.

The work headquarters of the Red  
Cross have been transferred from the  
council room to the high school audi-  
torium, a much more comfortable  
place when the weather is hot.

Ypsilanti has several cases of  
typhoid but a decision has not yet  
been reached as to the cause. The  
water supply is under suspicion, and  
investigation is also to be made of  
the milk supply.

Had any whale steak yet? No?  
Well, we don't live near enough to the  
whale-producing part of the globe.  
The meat of these marine mammals is  
not classed as fish, as it is said to  
look and taste much more like beef.

The Woman's Relief Corps is having  
its annual vacation, when the second  
meeting in July and the first in Aug-  
ust are omitted. The annual picnic  
of the Corps is to be held during the  
interval and the regular meetings  
will be resumed August 22.

"I understand your automobile has  
gotten you into trouble."  
"It's always getting me into trouble  
one way or another." "When it  
runs, I get arrested for speeding and  
when it refuses to run I get arrested  
for profanity."—Washington Star

Farmers near Milford and people  
living in the village have been suffer-  
ing from the depredations of thieves  
for some little time past. Poultry  
and potatoes have been taken from the  
farmers, and automobile accessories  
from town people. Indications are  
that the robbers use automobiles in  
carrying on their unlawful business.

Library patrons are again reminded  
that the library will not be opened  
in the afternoon tomorrow, but will  
be at their service from 6 to 8 o'clock  
in the evening, instead of the usual  
hours. Persons holding seven-day  
books are particularly requested by  
the librarians to bear this in mind,  
that the least possible confusion in  
regard to the list may result.

Captain A. R. Town of Detroit,  
formerly of the Thirty-first regiment,  
Michigan infantry, has been chosen  
as the head of the dismounted Mich-  
igan troops of 250 men who are soon  
to be organized. Captain Town is  
well known to the boys of the North-  
ville Home Guards as he was the  
officer sent here to muster them into  
the state service.

Everybody who has lived in North-  
ville for any length of time will re-  
member the handsome black carriage  
horse so long driven by the late Geo.  
Clark. The horse was given the  
name "Christopher" because of being  
born the year of the Columbian ex-  
position. Christopher was still "hale  
and hearty" despite his 25 years, un-  
til a few days ago, when he suffered  
a broken leg and had to be mercifully  
killed.

A warning is being sent out to  
Nebraska people not to buy court  
plaster or any kind of medicine from  
strangers who peddle such things  
about the country. It is now sus-  
pected that the horrible crime of dis-  
tributing leprosy bacilli by means of  
court plaster has been committed. No  
adequate punishment could be im-  
agined for a deed like that. It seems  
impossible that any human being  
could conceive such an act.

DARING AIR EXPLOITS  
AT MICH. STATE FAIRAT DETROIT, BEGINNING AUGUST  
31, BOTH DAY AND NIGHT.

Ruth Law, the aviatrix, who won in-  
ternational fame through her flight  
from Chicago to New York, a distance  
of 980 miles last fall and who has just  
returned from the French front, will  
be one of the big attractions at the  
Michigan State Fair this year, ac-  
cording to the announcement of G. W.  
Dickinson, secretary-manager of the  
exposition. Louis Gertson, a West-  
erner, who is known from coast to  
coast for his daring exploits in the  
air, will also fly during the fair, fea-  
turing night flights in an illuminated  
plane.

In closing the contracts with these  
two flyers Mr. Dickinson feels con-  
fident that he has secured the foremost  
aviators in the country, insuring pat-  
rons of the State Fair, which opens on  
August 31, the best there is in thrill-  
ing performances in the air.

Miss Ruth Law, who is but 19 years  
old, has offered her services in the U.  
S. Aviation Corps and is in charge of  
the Woman's Aviation Division. She  
has been flying in the east during the  
winter and is familiar with military  
regulations governing aviators and  
their movements while in the air.

Gertson is known as the "Human  
Night Hawk" and prefers rather to  
work in the air at night than in day-  
light. His plane is beautifully illu-  
minated by electric light bulbs supplied  
by current generated on the aeroplane  
itself. When he goes through his  
daredevil loops and dives, he describes  
a trail of light, like a dropping star,  
against the black sky. The effect is  
most remarkable.

"We have procured the best there  
is in the flying game for the fair this  
year," said Mr. Dickinson, "and we  
will give the fair visitors a sight such  
as they have never seen before. We  
will have day and night flights every  
day of the fair, and I will promise you  
that those who see these two people  
in the air will feel that there is  
nothing more that can be done with  
aeroplane to make the sight thrilling."

Gertson has the reputation of hav-  
ing conceived more thrilling exhibi-  
tions with his machine than any other  
aviator in the business. He has never  
failed to make a big hit anywhere he  
has performed, and he certainly will  
please our people. Miss Law is also  
a wonderful woman. Considering  
her age, it is hard to believe that she  
could go through the wonderful feats  
she performs. This will undoubtedly  
be the greatest aviation year the Mich-  
igan State Fair has ever seen."

## CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the Band-Boys,  
Foresters, Business Men, King's  
Daughters, L. O. T. M., Baptist Society  
and the neighbors for the many  
beautiful floral tributes, also those  
who assisted with automobiles and  
Rev. Walker for his forceful and  
comforting message of peace in this  
hour of sorrow. Every kindness was  
fully appreciated.

MRS. C. B. STANLEY  
AND CHILDREN  
MR. AND MRS. M. F. STANLEY,  
CLAUDE STANLEY,  
MR. AND MRS. GEO. CONROY  
AND CHILDREN.

**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:  
August 3, 17 and 31.  
A. J. SIMMONS, H. RORABACHER,  
Secy. C. R.

**NORTHVILLE LODGE NO. 186,**  
F. & A. M.  
Reg. August 13.

**UNION CHAPTER NO. 55**  
R. A. M.  
Reg. August 8.

**NORTHVILLE**  
**COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.**  
Reg. August 7.

**ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77**  
O. E. S.  
Reg. August 17.

## SAFETY FIRST.

At an early age practically all  
people have become slightly infected  
with living tubercle bacilli. This  
fact need not cause alarm, because  
it probably gives a slight degree of  
protection against subsequent infec-  
tion. Safety, however, depends on  
the maintenance of a high degree of  
organic resistance to prevent these  
latent bacilli from producing active  
tuberculosis. This is not to be  
accomplished by becoming an athlete  
but by the daily observance of general  
hygienic principles throughout life.  
Keep the body well nourished; avoid  
great fatigue; work and sleep in well-  
ventilated rooms, in freely flowing air,  
and spend as much time as possible  
outdoors, but carefully reserve hours  
for adequate rest as well as for recrea-  
tion, practice deep breathing and  
proper carriage; avoid other diseases  
as far as possible; and be temperate  
in all things. The State Board of  
Health will furnish free literature on  
tuberculosis and other communicable  
diseases.

The Rochester Clarion will soon be  
"of age," having reached its 20th  
birthday with last week's issue, and all  
under the competent management of  
Charles S. Seed, the present editor and  
publisher.

## MAJESTIC THEATRE, DETROIT.

Vivian Martin, supported by Sessue  
Hayakawa, one of the most talented  
character and emotional actors of the  
screen, will appear in the Majestic  
Theatre, Detroit, next week, starting  
Sunday afternoon, in "Forbidden  
Paths." This play emphasizes, particu-  
larly the Japanese trait of self  
sacrifice. Accordingly one of the  
most heroic sacrifices that a man can  
make for another man, or for a  
woman is the dominant feature of the  
play. The plot concerns a rich  
American girl who is loved by a  
youth of her own station. The girl's  
Japanese guardian, her father's part-  
ner when he was alive, also is in love  
with her. Matters are in a hopeless  
tangle until the Jap comes to the res-  
cue in an unexpected manner.

One of our fans will add to your  
comfort during the Chautauqua.  
A Savings Account with this bank  
will add to your comfort at all times.

**GET YOUR FAN TO-DAY.**

**LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK**  
Northville, Michigan.

**SPRING BROOK DAIRY**  
Our Milk and Cream is of the Highest Quality and our Facilities  
for Handling our Dairy Product are Second to None.  
Telephone 399 J. **G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.**

**B K**  
**BACILLI KILL.**

Powerful Household Germicide, Deodorant,  
Disinfectant. Ten times more powerful as a  
Germ Killer than undiluted carbolic acid.

Not a Poison.  
Clean. Colorless. Harmless.  
Leaves no Odor of Itself.

Farmers will find this Excellent for Cleaning  
Milk Cans, etc.

Price, 50c and \$1.00

**STANLEY'S DRUG STORE.**  
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mrs. Josephine Robb  
Miss Ethel Linsell  
Mr. John K. Dykema

The Northville Market corrected  
up to date:

Wheat—White, \$2.35. Red, \$2.30  
Eggs—36c Butter—25c  
Hogs, Alive—\$15.00  
Oats—80c Corn—\$1.90  
Veal Calves, Alive—\$13.00  
Chickens—20c  
Beef—7 to 8c Beef Hides—16c

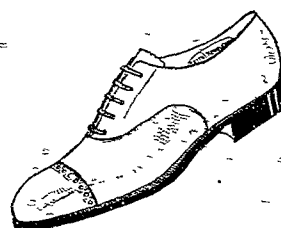
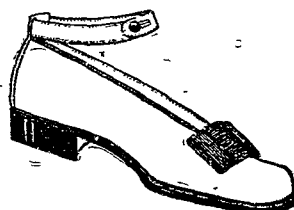
Northville Chautauqua  
July 27-31, 1917.

NINA DAY GRIFFIN  
CONTRALTO.

Vocal instructions and Coaching.  
Phone 392-R-2.

## FORD AGENCY

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

Summer Clearance Sale  
ON LOW SHOES

We offer Genuine, Bona Fide Reductions on all Low Shoes for Men, Women and Children at prices that  
guarantee quick selling. Considering the rising cost of leather, it will actually pay every purchaser to buy two or  
more pairs of Shoes at this time.

**\$5.00 Low Shoes go at \$3.98**

**\$4.50 Low Shoes go at \$3.69**

**\$4.00 Low Shoes go at \$3.19**

**\$3.50 Low Shoes go at 2.79**

**\$3.00 Low Shoes go at \$2.49**

**\$2.75 Low Shoes go at 2.39**

**\$2.25 Low Shoes go at 1.79**

**\$1.75 Low Shoes go at 1.49**

**DON'T FORGET—100 DAYS MORE**

Suitable to wearing Low Shoes—and at the present price of Leather, Low Shoes Spells ECONOMY.

**CARRINGTON & SON** NORTHVILLE  
MICHIGAN.



# Nan of Music Mountain

By  
FRANK H. SPEARMAN  
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Another bullet, deliberately aimed, chipped the rock above him. Nan, agonizing in her suspense, cried out she must join him and go with him if he went. He steadied her with a few words. A bullet struck again viciously close between them. De Spain spoke slowly: "Give me your rifle." Without turning his head, he held out his hand, keeping his eyes rigidly on the suspicious spot on the ridge. "How far is it to that road, Nan?"

She looked toward the faint line that lay in the deep shadows below. "Three hundred yards."

"Nan, if it wasn't for you, I couldn't travel this country at all," he remarked with studious unconcern. "Last time I had no ammunition—this time, no rifle—you always have what's needed. How high are we, Nan?"

"Seven hundred feet."

"Elevate for me, Nan, will you?"

"Remember the wind," she faltered, adjusting the sight as he had asked.

With the cautioning words she passed the burnished weapon, glittering yet with the raindrops, into his hand. A flash came from the distant ridge. Throwing his rifle to his shoulder, De Spain covered a hardly perceptible black object on the trail midway between Sassoon's ranch-house and a little bridge. Then he fired before Nan could believe he had lined the sights. Once, twice, three times his hand fell and rose sharply on the lever, with every mark of precision, yet so rapidly Nan could not understand how he could discover what his shots were doing.

The fire came steadily back, and deliberately, without the least intimation of being affected by De Spain's return. She had never before seen a man shooting to kill another. The very horror of watching De Spain, at bay among the rocks, fascinated her. Since the first day they had met she had hardly seen a rifle in his hands. She strove to look. The butt of the beating rifle lay close against the red-marked cheek she knew so well, and to the tips of the fingers every particle of the man's being was alive with strength and resource. Some strange fascination drew her senses out toward him as he knelt and threw shot after shot at the distant figure hidden on the ridge. She held out her arms and clasped her hands toward him in an act of devotion. Then, while she looked, breathlessly, he took his eyes an instant from the sights. "He's running!" exclaimed De Spain as the rifle butt went instantly back to his cheek. "Whoever he is, God help him now!"

The words were more fearful to Nan than an imprecation. He had driven his enemy from the scant cover of a rut in the trail, and the man was fleeing for new cover and for life. Bullet after bullet pitilessly led the escaping wretch. Suddenly De Spain jerked the rifle from his cheek, threw back his head, and swept his left hand across his straining eyes. Once more the rifle came up to place and flame shot again in the gray morning light from the hot muzzle. The rifle fell away from the shoulder. The black speck running toward the ranchhouse stumbled, as if stricken by an ax, and sprawled headlong on the trail. Throwing the lever again like lightning, De Spain held the rifle back to his cheek.

He did not fire. Second after second he waited. Nan watched the rifle slowly come down, unfired, and saw his drawn face slowly relax. Without taking his eyes off the sprawling speck, he rose stiffly to his feet. As if in a dream she saw his hand stretched toward her and heard, as he looked across the far gulf, one word: "Come!"

They reached the end of the trail. De Spain, rifle in hand, looked back. The sun, bursting in splendor across the great desert, splashed the valley and the low-lying ridge with ribboned gold. Farther up the gap horsemen, stirred by the firing, were riding rapidly down toward Sassoon's ranch-house. But the black thing in the sunshine lay quite still.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### Lefever to the Rescue.

Lefever, chafing in the aspen grove under the restraint of waiting in the storm, was ready long before daylight to break orders and ride in to find De Spain.

With the first peep of dawn, and with his men facing him in their saddles, Lefever made a short explanation. "I don't want any man to go into the gap with me this morning under any misunderstanding or any false pretense," he began cheerfully. "Bob Scott and Bull will stay right here. If, by any chance, De Spain makes his way out while the rest of us are hunting for him, you'll be here to signal us—three shots, Bob—or to ride in with De Spain to help carry the rest of us out. Now, it's like this," he added, addressing the others. "You, all of you

know, or ought to know—everybody, twist here and the railroad knows—that De Spain and Nan Morgan have fastened up to each other for the long ride down the dusty trail together. That, I take it, is their business. But her uncle, old Duke, and Gale, and the whole bunch, I hear, turned dead sore on it, and have fixed it up to beat them. You all know the Morgans. They're some bunch—and they stick for one another like hofnets, and all hold together in a fight. So I don't want any man to ride in there with me thinking he's going to a wedding. He isn't. He may or may not be going to a funeral, but he's not going to a shivaree."

Frank Elpaso glanced sourly at his companions. "I guess everybody here is wise, John."

"I know you are, Frank," retorted Lefever testily. "That's all right. I'm only explaining. And I don't want you to get sore on me if I don't show you a fight." Frank Elpaso grunted. "I am under orders," John waved his hand. "And I can't do anything."

"But talk," growled Frank Elpaso, not waving his hand.

Lefever started hotly forward in his saddle. "Now look here, Frank!" He pointed his finger at the objecting ranger. "I'm here for business, not for pleasure. Any time I'm free you can talk to me."

"Not till somebody gags you, John," interposed Elpaso moodily.

"Look here, Elpaso," demanded Lefever, spurring his horse smartly toward the Texan. "Are you looking for a fight with me right here and now?"

"Yes, here and now," declared Elpaso fiercely.

"Or, there and then," interposed Kennedy, ironically. "Some time, some place, or no time, nowhere. Having heard all of which, a hundred and fifty times from you two fellows, let us have peace. You've pulled it so often, over at Sleepy Cat, they've got it in double-faced, red-seal records. Let's get started."

"Right you are, Farrell," assented Lefever, "but—"

"Second verse, John. You're boss here; what are we going to do? That's all we want to know."

"Henry's orders were to wait here till ten o'clock this morning. There's been firing inside twice since twelve o'clock last night. He told me to pay no attention to that. But if the whole place hadn't been under water all night, I'd have gone in, anyway. This last time it was two high-powered guns, picking at long range and, if I'm any judge of rifles and the men probably behind them, someone must have got hurt. It's all a guess—but I'm going in there, peacefully if I can, to look for Henry De Spain; if we are fired on—we've got to fight for it. And if there's any talking to be done—"

"You can do it," grunted Elpaso.

"Thank you, Frank. And I will do it. I need not say that Kennedy will ride ahead with me, Elpaso, and Wickwire with Tommie Meggeson."

Leaving Scott in the trees, the little party trotted smartly up the road, picking their way through the pools and across the brawling streams that tore over the trail toward Duke Morgan's place. The condition of the trail broke their formation continually and Lefever, in the circumstances, was not sorry. His only anxiety was to keep Elpaso from riding ahead far enough to embroil them in a quarrel before he himself should come up.

Half-way to Duke's house they found a small bridge had gone out. It cut off the direct road, and, at Elpaso's suggestion, they crossed over to follow the ridge up the valley. Swimming their horses through the backwater that covered the depression to the south, they gained the elevation and proceeded, unmolested, on their way. As they approached Sassoon's place, Elpaso, riding ahead, drew up his horse and sat a moment studying the trail and casting an occasional glance in the direction of the ranch-house, which lay under the brow of a hill ahead.

When Lefever rode up to him, he saw the story that Elpaso was feeding in the roadway. It told of a man shot in his tracks as he was running toward the house—and, in the judgment of these men, fatally shot—for, while his companions spread like a fan in front of him, Lefever got off his horse and, bending intently over the sudden page torn out of a man's life, recast the scene that had taken place, where he stood, half an hour earlier. Some little time Lefever spent patiently deciphering the story printed in the rutted road, and marked by a wide crimson splash in the middle of it. He rose from his study at length and followed back the trail of the running feet that had been stricken at the pool. He stooped in front of a fragment of rock jutting up beside the road, studied it a while and, looking about, picked up a number of empty cartridge-shells, examined them, and tossed them away. Then he straightened up and looked searchingly across the gap. Only the great, silent face of El Capitan confronted him. It told no tales.

"If this was Henry De Spain," muttered Elpaso, when Lefever rejoined his companions, "he won't care whether you join him now, or at ten o'clock, or never."

"That is not Henry," asserted Lefever with his usual cheer. "Not within forty rows of apple trees. It's not Henry's gun, not Henry's heels, not Henry's hair, and thereby, not Henry's head that was hit that time. But it was to a finish—and blamed if at first it didn't scare me. I thought it might be Henry. Hang it, get down and see for yourselves, boys."

Elpaso answered his invitation with an inquiry. "Who was this fellow fighting with?"

"That, also, is a question. Certainly not with Henry De Spain, because the other fellow, I think, was using soft-

nosed bullets. No white man does that, much less De Spain."

"Unless he used another rifle," suggested Kennedy.

"Tell me how they could get his own rifle away from him if he could fire a gun at all. I don't put Henry quite as high with a rifle as with a revolver—if you want to split hairs—mind, I say, if you want to split hairs. But no man that's ever seen him, handle either would want to try to take any kind of a gun from him. Whoever it was, Lefever got up into his saddle again, threw some ounces of lead into that piece of rock back there, though I don't understand how anyone could see a man lying behind it."

"Anyway, whoever was hit here has been carried down the road. We'll try Sassoon's ranch-house if they don't fire on us before we get there."

In the sunshine a man in shirt sleeves, leaning against the jamb, stood in the open doorway of Sassoon's shack, watching the invaders as they rode around the hill and gingerly approached. Lefever recognized Satt Morgan. He flung a greeting to him from the saddle.

Satt answered in kind, but he eyed the horsemen with reserve when they drew up, and he seemed to Lefever altogether less responsive than usual. John sparred with him for information and Sattler gave back nothing but words.

"Can't tell us anything about De Spain, eh?" echoed Lefever at length. "All right, Satt; we'll find somebody that can. Is there a bridge over to Duke's on this trail?"

Satt's nose wrinkled into his normal smile. "There's a bridge—" The report of three shots fired in the distance, seemingly from the mouth of the gap, interrupted him. He paused in his utterance. There were no further shots, and he resumed. "There is a bridge that way, yes, but it was washed out last night. They're blockaded. Duke and Gale are over there. They're pretty sore on your man, De Spain. You'd better keep away from 'em this morning unless you're looking for trouble."

Lefever, having all needed information from Scott's signal, raised his head quickly. "Not at all," he exclaimed, leaning forward to emphasize his words and adding the full orbit of his eye to his sincerity of manner. "Not at all, Satt. This is all friendly, all friendly. But," he coughed slightly, as if in apology, "if Henry shouldn't turn up O. K., well—ahem—be back."

None of his companions needed to be told how to get prudently away. At a nod from Lefever Tommie Meggeson, Elpaso and Wickwire wheeled their horses, rode rapidly back to the turn near the hill and, facing about, halted, with their rifles across their arms. Lefever and Kennedy followed leisurely, and the party withdrew leaving Sattler, unmoved, in the sunny doorway. Once out of sight, Lefever led the way rapidly down the gap to the rendezvous.

Of all the confused impressions that crowded Nan's memory after the wild night on Music Mountain, the most vivid was that of a noticeably light-stepping and not ungraceful fat man advancing, hat in hand, to greet her as she stood with De Spain, weary and bedraggled in the aspen grove.

A smile flamed from her eyes when, turning at once, he rebuked De Spain with dignity for not introducing him to Nan, and while De Spain made apologies Lefever introduced himself.

"And is this," murmured Nan, looking at him quizzically, "really Mr. John Lefever whom I've heard so many stories about?"

She was conscious of his pleasing eyes and even teeth as he smiled again. "If they have come from Mr. De Spain—I warn you," said John, "take them with all your reserve."

"But they haven't all come from Mr. De Spain."

"If they come from any of my friends, discredit them in advance. You could believe what my enemies say," he ran on; then added ingeniously, "if I had any enemies!" To De Spain he talked very little. It seemed to take but few words to exchange the news. Lefever asked gingerly about the fight. He made no mention whatever of the crimson pool in the road near Sassoon's hut.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### Puppets of Fate.

When Nan rode with De Spain into Sleepy Cat that morning, Lefever had already told their story to Jeffries over the telephone from Calabasas, and Mrs. Jeffries had thrown open her house to receive Nan. Wary from exposure, confusion and hunger, Nan was only too grateful for a refuge.

On the evening of the second day De Spain was invited to join the family at supper. In the evening the Jeffrieses went down town.

De Spain was talking with Nan in the living room when the telephone bell rang in the library.

De Spain took the call, and a man's voice answered his salutation. The speaker asked for Mr. De Spain and seemed particular to make sure of his identity.

"This," repeated De Spain more than once, and somewhat testily, "is Henry De Spain speaking."

"I'd like to have a little talk with you, Mr. De Spain."

"Who are you?"

The vein of sharpness in the question met with no deviation from the slow, even tone of the voice at the other end of the wire. "I am not in position to give you my name," came the answer, "at least, not over the wire."

A vague impression suddenly crossed De Spain's mind that somewhere he had heard the voice before.

"Do you suppose I could come up to

where you are tonight for a few minutes?" continued the man coolly.

"Not unless you have something very important."

"What I have is more important to you than to me."

De Spain took an instant to decide. "All right," he said impatiently; "come along. Only—" he paused to let the word sink in—"if this is a game you're springing."

"I'm springing no game," returned the man evenly.

"Come along, then. I'll tell you just how to get here. Do you hear?"

"I'm listening."

"Leave Main street at Rancherio street. Follow Rancherio north four blocks, turn west into Grant avenue. Mr. Jeffries' house is on the corner."

"I'll find it."

"Don't come any other way. If you do, you won't see me."

"I'm not afraid of you, Mr. De Spain, and I'll come as you say. There's only one thing I should like to ask. It would be as much as my life is worth to be seen talking to you. And there are other good reasons why I shouldn't like to have it known I had talked to you. Would you mind putting out the lights before I come up—I mean, in the front of the house and in the room where we talk?"

"Not in the least. I mean—I am always willing to take a chance against any other man's. But I warn you, come prepared to take care of yourself."

"If you will do as I ask, no harm will come to anyone."

De Spain heard the receiver hung up at the other end of the wire. He signaled the operator hastily and got hold of Bob Scott. To him he explained rapidly what had occurred, and what he wanted. "Get up to Grant and Rancherio, Bob, as quick as the Lord will let you. Come by the back street. There's a high mulberry hedge at the southwest corner you can get behind. This chap may have been talking for somebody else. Anyway, look the man over when he passes under the arc light—if it is Sassoon or Gale Morgan, come into Jeffries' house by the rear door. Wait in the kitchen for my call from the living room, or a shot."

Leaving the telephone, De Spain rejoined Nan in the living room. He told her briefly of the expected visit and explained, laughingly, that his caller had asked to have the lights out and to see him alone. He made so little of the incident that Nan walked up the stairs on De Spain's arm reassured.

When he kissed her at her room door and turned down the stairs again, she leaned in the half-light over the banister, waving one hand at him and murmuring the last caution: "Be careful, Henry, won't you?"

"Dearie, I'm always careful."

"Cause you're all I've got now," she whispered.

"You're all I've got, Nan, girl."

"I haven't got any home—or anything—just you. Don't go to the door yourself. Leave the front door open. Stand behind the end of the piano till you are awfully sure who it is."

"What a head, Nan!"

De Spain cut off the lights, threw open the front door, and in the darkness sat down on the piano stool. A heavy step on the porch, a little while later, was followed by a knock on the open door.

"Come in!" called De Spain roughly. The bulk of a large man filled and obscured for an instant the opening, then the visitor stepped carefully over the threshold. "What do you want?" asked De Spain without changing his tone. He awaited with keenness the sound of the answer.

"Is Henry De Spain here?"

The voice was not familiar to De Spain's ear. He told himself the man was unknown to him. "I am Henry De Spain," he returned without hesitation. "What do you want?"

The visitor's deliberation was reflected in his measured speaking. "I am from 'Thief River,' he began, and his reverberating voice was low and distinct. "I was sent in to Morgan's gap some time ago to find out who burned the Calabasas barn."

"And you report to—?"

"Kennedy."

De Spain paused. A fresh conviction had flashed across his mind. "You called me up on the telephone one night last week," he said suddenly.

The answer came without evasion. "I did."

"You gave me a message from Nan Morgan that she never gave you."

"I did. I thought she needed you right off. She didn't know me as I rightly am. I knew what was going on. I rode into town that evening and rode out again. It was not my business, and I couldn't let it interfere with the business I'm paid to look after. That's the reason I dodged you."

"There is a chair at the left of the door; sit down. What's your name?"

The man feeling around slowly, deposited his angular bulk with care upon the little chair. "My name—in the tenseness of the dark the words seemed to carry added mystery—"Is Pardoaloe."

"You've got a brother—Joe Pardoaloe?" suggested De Spain to trap him.

"No, I've got no brother. I am just plain Jim Pardoaloe."

"Say what you have got to say, Jim."

"The only job I could get in the gap was with old Duke Morgan—I've been working for him, off and on, and spending the rest of my time with Gale and Dave Sassoon. There were three men in the barn-burning. Dave Sassoon put up the job."

"Where is Dave Sassoon now?"

"Dead."

Both men were silent for a moment. "Yesterday morning's fight?" asked De Spain reluctantly.

"Yes, sir."

"How did he happen to catch us on El Capitan?"

"He saw a fire on Music Mountain and watched the lower end of the gap all night. Sassoon was a wide-awake man."

"Well, I'm sorry, Pardoaloe," continued De Spain after a moment. "Nobody could call it my fault. It was either he or I—or the life of a woman who never harmed a hair of his head, and a woman I'm bound to protect. He was running when he was hit. If he had got to cover again there was nothing to stop him from picking both of us off."

"He was hit in the head."

De Spain was silent.

"It was a soft-nose bullet," continued Pardoaloe.

"Again there was a pause. 'I'll tell you about that, too, Pardoaloe,' De Spain went on collectedly. 'I lost my rifle before that man opened fire on us. Nan happened to have her rifle with her—if she hadn't, he'd've dropped one or both of us off El Capitan. We were planned against the wall like a couple of targets. If there were soft-nose bullets in his rifle, it's because she uses them on game—bobcats and mountain lions. I never thought of it till this minute. That is it."

"What I came up to tell you has to do with Dave Sassoon. From what happened today in the gap I thought you ought to know it now. Gale and Duke quarreled yesterday over the way things turned out; they were pretty bitter. This afternoon Gale took it up again with his uncle, and it ended in Duke's driving him clean out of the gap."

"Where has he gone?"

"Nobody knows yet. Ed Wickwire told me once that your father was shot from ambush a good many years ago. It was north of Medicine Bend, on a ranch near the Peace River; that you never found out who killed him, and that's one reason why you came up into this country was to keep an eye out for a clue."

"What about it?" asked De Spain, his tone hardening.

"I was riding home one night about a month ago from Calabasas with Sassoon. He'd been drinking. I let him do the talking. He began cussing you out, and talked pretty hard about what you'd done, and what he'd done, and what he was going to do—Nothing, it seemed, would hurry the story."

"Finally, Sassoon says: 'That hound don't know yet who got his dad. It was Duke Morgan; that's who got him. I was with Duke when he turned the trick. We rode down to De Spain's ranch one night to look up a rustler.' That," concluded Pardoaloe, "was all Sassoon would say."

He stopped. He seemed to wait. There was no word of answer, none of comment from the man sitting near him. But, for one, at least, who heard the passionate, monotonous recital of a murder of the long ago, there followed a silence as relentless as fate, a silence shrouded in the mystery of the darkness and striking despair into two hearts—a silence more fearful than any word.

Pardoaloe shuffled his feet. He coughed, but he evoked no response. "I thought you was entitled to know," he said finally. "Now that Sassoon will never talk any more."

De Spain moistened his lips. When he spoke his voice was cracked and harsh, as if with what he had heard he had suddenly grown old.

"You are right, Pardoaloe. I thank you. I—when I—in the morning, Pardoaloe, for the present, go back to the gap. I will talk with Wickwire tomorrow."

"Good-night, Mr. de Spain."

"Good night, Pardoaloe."

Bending forward, limp, in his chair, supporting his head vacantly on his hands, trying to think and fearing to think, De Spain heard Pardoaloe's measured tread on the descending steps, and listened mechanically to the retreating echoes of his footsteps down the shaded street. Minute after minute passed. De Spain made no move. A step so light that it could only have been the step of a delicate girlhood, a step free as the footfall of youth, poised as the tread of womanhood and beauty, came down the stairs. Slight as she was, and silent as he was, she walked straight to him in the dark, and, sinking between his feet, wound her hands through his two arms. "I heard everything, Henry," she murmured, looking up. An involuntary start of protest was his only response. "I was afraid of a plot against you. I stayed at the head of the stairs. Henry, I told you long ago some dreadful thing would come between us—something not our fault. And now it comes to dash our cup of happiness when it is filling."

She stopped, hoping perhaps he would say some little word, that he would even pat her head, or press her hand, but he sat like one stunned. "If it could have been anything but this!" she pleaded, low and sorrowfully. "Oh, why did you not listen to me before we were engaged! My dear Henry! You who've given me all the happiness I have ever had—that the blood of my own should come against you and yours!" The emotion she struggled with, and fought back with all the strength of her nature, rose in a restless tide that swept her on, in the face of his ominous silence, to despatch her breath, no longer controlled, came brokenly, and her voice trembled.

"You have been very kind to me, Henry—you've been the only man I've ever known that always, everywhere, thought of me first. I told you I didn't deserve it, I wasn't worthy of it—"

His hands slipped silently over her hands. He gathered her close into his arms, and his tears fell on her upturned face.

NO MORE CONVERSATION.

# HOME TOWN HELPS

## GOOD FEATURE FOR PARKS

Big Garden, Containing Only Insectivorous Plants, Constitutes Desirable Educational Display.

Public parks should be educational to a marked degree, so that the public is not alone pleased by appearances, made comfortable by conveniences, and amused by concessions and special equipment, but enlightened and interested in special provisions of nature as exemplified in groups of plants of like habits or uses. It is much to be regretted that plants of great economic value cannot be safely brought together for the benefit of all, but such plants are always wrecked or stolen or their valuable parts taken by those vandals found in every public gathering; proof positive that the public cannot in all things be trusted with its own property, but needs protection against itself.

But there are collections of plants that could be afforded sufficient protection under screen or glass, or both, that would challenge the attention of all and furnish subjects for study, reflection and debate for many. One of these, easily instituted in a conservatory, would be a bog garden containing only insectivorous plants. The more common of these are the pitcher plants so common to eastern marshes, such as the *Sarracenia* and the *California*. Then come the sundews, covered with sticky hairs, such as the *Drosera*, and lastly, those which have contrasting or traplike leaves, of which *Dionaea* or *Venus fly-trap* is the best example. Nothing that could be placed on exhibition would draw so many interested visitors as a bery of really plant acrobats with almost animal ferocity and appetite, killing and devouring all luckless insects falling victim to their lures.

## NEW ERA OF CITY PLANNING

Municipalities Spending Millions to Correct Mistakes—Tendency to Build Out Instead of Up.

Prof. C. B. Merriam of Chicago declares that the activity of the American city today is centered upon fundamental physical plans for municipal growth. By way of contrast, he says the decade from 1890 to 1900 was taken up with the overthrow of the spoils system and the period from 1900 to 1910 saw the introduction of modern plans of municipal government. That his classification of the present era strikes at the truth is proved in New York and Chicago, where millions are spent to widen one street. Other cities all over the country are correcting the mistakes of poor planning at an immense cost.

There is no doubt that the city of the future is going to limit the height of its buildings, the proportion of ground each building may occupy, the proportion of park space to inhabitants, and the character of all construction work. It is believed that the city of the skyscrapers is soon to pass.

The result will be to build out instead of up. When a business district reaches a certain area, another center will be started elsewhere.

The contrast between the old and the new is seen in New York and Los Angeles, the former with its 40-story buildings and the latter surrounded by its 30 suburban centers.

## Making a Home

Decide whether you want to live in your own or other people's houses.

Decide what sort of home you want to build.

Build it on honest lines that conform to the principles of good architecture.

## Narrow Parkways

In the main those trees used for street planting should do better in residential districts than they do in their native habitat. It is possible to give them better supplies of food and water than nature grants them, and we may nearly as easily supply them with equally good soil. The chief drawback to a vigorous health is the narrow parkway, which on the average street is not more than three feet wide. With concrete walk on one side and paved street on the other it is impossible that the tree can receive the necessary aeration of the soil so that food and water is furnished in sufficient quantities.

Errors in Chimney Construction.

Probably the most common error in the construction of chimneys is made through failure to properly proportion the size and the height. The size governs the volume of smoke chimneys can handle, and the height determines the intensity of the draft.

A chimney may be sufficiently high, but of an area too small to do the work required. A chimney may also be large enough, but too low to produce sufficient draft required to pull the air through the fire and up the chimneys at a rapid rate. Either fault will result in very unsatisfactory chimney service.



# The HILLMAN

A Story About an Experiment With Life

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

## JOHN STRANGEWAY FEELS THE LURE OF LOVELY WOMAN AND IS UNABLE TO BREAK THE SPELL LOUISE HAS WOVEN

**Synopsis.**—On a trip through the English Cumberland country the breakdown of her automobile forces Louise Maurel, a famous London actress, to spend the night at the farm home of John and Stephen Strangeway. At dinner Louise discovers that the brothers are woman-hating recluses. Next morning she discovers that John, the younger brother, has recently come into a large fortune. In company with him she explores the farm and is disturbed by evidence of his rigid moral principles. He learns she is a friend of the prince of Sayre, a rich and disreputable neighbor. Three months later, unable to shake off the girl's memory, John goes to London.

### CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"You aren't letting your thoughts dwell upon that woman?"

"I have thought about her sometimes," John answered, almost defiantly. "What's the harm? I'm still here, am I not?"

Stephen crossed the room. From the drawer of the old mahogany sideboard he produced an illustrated paper. He turned back the frontispiece fiercely and held it up.

"Do you see that, John?"

"I've seen it already."

Stephen threw the paper upon the table.

"She's going to act in another of those confounded French plays," he said; "translations with all the wit taken out and all the vulgarity left in."

"We knew nothing of her art," John declared coldly. "We shouldn't understand it, even if we saw her act. Therefore it isn't right for us to judge her. The world has found her a great actress. She is not responsible for the plays she acts in."

Stephen turned away and lit his pipe anew. He smoked for a minute or two furiously. His thick eyebrows came closer and closer together. He seemed to be turning some thought over in his mind.

"John," he asked, "is it this cursed money that is making you restless?"

"I never think of it except when someone comes begging. I promised a thousand pounds to the infirmary today."

"Then what's wrong with you?"

John stretched himself out, a splendid figure of healthy manhood. His cheeks were sun-tanned, his eyes clear and bright.

"The matter? There's nothing on earth the matter with me," he declared.

"It isn't your health I mean. There are other things, as you well know. You do your day's work and you take your pleasure, and you go through both as if your feet were on a treadmill."

"Your fancy, Stephen?"

"God grant it! I've had an unwelcome visitor in your absence."

John turned swiftly around.

"A visitor?" he repeated. "Who was it?"

Stephen glowered at him for a moment.

"It was the prince," he said; "the prince of Sayre, as he calls himself, though he has the right to style himself Master of Raynham. It's only his foreign blood which makes him choose what I regard as the lesser title. Yes,



"You Aren't Letting Your Thoughts Dwell Upon That Woman?"

he called to ask you to shoot and stay at the castle, if you would, from the sixteenth to the twentieth of next month."

"What answer did you give him?"

"I told him that you were your own master. You must send word tomorrow."

"He did not mention the names of any of his other guests, I suppose?"

"He mentioned no names at all." John was silent for a moment. A bewildering thought had taken hold of him. Supposing she were to be there? Stephen, watching him, read his

thoughts, and for a moment lost control of himself.

"Were you thinking about that woman?" he asked sternly.

"What woman?"

"The woman whom we sheltered here, the woman whose shameful picture is on the cover of that book."

John swung round on his heel.

"Stop that, Stephen!" he said menacingly.

"Why should I?" the older man retorted. "Take up that paper, if you want to read a sketch of the life of Louise Maurel. See the play she made her name in—'La Gioconda'!"

"What about it?"

Stephen held the paper out to his brother. John read a few lines and dashed it into a corner of the room.

"There's this much about it, John," Stephen continued. "The woman played that part night after night—played it to the life, mind you. She made her reputation in it. That's the woman we unknowingly let sleep beneath this roof! The barn is the place for her and her sort!"

John's clenched fists were held firmly to his sides. His eyes were blazing.

"That's enough, Stephen!" he cried. "No, it's not enough!" was the fierce reply. "The truth's been burning in my heart long enough. It's better out. You want to find her a guest at Raynham castle, do you?—Raynham castle, where never a decent woman crosses the threshold! If she goes there, she goes—Well!"

An anger that was almost paralyzing, a sense of the utter impotence of words, drove John into silence from the room. He left the house by the back door, passed quickly through the orchard, where the tangled moonlight lay upon the ground in strange, fantastic shadows; across the narrow strip of field, a field now of golden stubble; up the hill which looked down upon the farm buildings and the churchyard.

He sat grimly down upon a great boulder, filled with a hateful sense of unwelcome passion, yet with a sheer thankfulness in his heart that he had escaped the miasma of evil thoughts which Stephen's words seemed to have created. The fancy seized him to face these half-veiled suggestions of his brother, so far as they concerned himself and his life during the last few months.

Stephen was right. This woman who had dropped from the clouds for those few brief hours had played strange havoc with John's thoughts and his whole outlook upon life. The coming of harvest, the care of his people, his sports, his cricket, the early days upon the grouse moors, had all suddenly lost their interest for him. Life had become a task. The echo of her half-mocking, half-challenging words was always in his ears.

He sat with his head resting upon his hands, looking steadfastly across the valley below. Almost at his feet lay the little church with its graveyard, the long line of stacks and barns, the laborers' cottages, the bailiff's house, the whole little colony around which his life seemed centered. The summer moonlight lay upon the ground almost like snow. He could see the sheaves of wheat standing up in the most distant of the cornfields. Beyond was the dark gorge toward which he had looked so many nights at this hour.

Across the viaduct there came a blaze of streaming light, a serpentine trail, a faintly heard whistle—the Scottish express on its way southward toward London. His eyes followed it out of sight. He found himself thinking of the passengers who would wake the next morning in London. He felt himself suddenly acutely conscious of his isolation. Was there not something almost monastic in the seclusion which had become a passion with Stephen, and which had its grip, too, upon him—a waste of life, a burying of talents?

He rose to his feet. The half-formed purpose of weeks held him now, definite and secure. He knew that this pilgrimage of his to the hilltop, his rapt contemplation of the little panorama which had become so dear to him, was in a sense valedictory.

After all, two more months passed before the end came, and it came then without a moment's warning. It was a little past midday when John drove slowly through the streets of Market Ketton in his high dogcart, exchanging

salutations right and left with the tradespeople, with farmers brought into town by the market, with acquaintances of all sorts and conditions. More than one young woman from the shop windows or the pavements ventured to smile at him, and the few greetings he received from the wives and daughters of his neighbors were as gracious as they could possibly be made. John almost smiled once, in the act of raising his hat, as he realized how completely the whole charm of the world, for him, seemed to lie in one woman's eyes.

At the crossways, where he should have turned to the inn, he paused while a motorcar passed. It contained a woman, who was talking to her host. She was not in the least like Louise, and yet instinctively he knew that she was of the same world. The perfection of her white-robe costume, her

spirit of it to me. In you I see the embodiment of my Therese."

Louise made no movement. Her eyes were fixed upon a certain shadowy corner of the wings. Overwrought as she had seemed, with the emotional excitement of her long speech, there was now a new and curious expression upon her face. She was looking at a tall, hesitating figure that stood just off the stage. She forgot the existence of the famous dramatist who hung upon her words. Her feet no longer trod the dusty boards of the theater. She was almost painfully conscious of the perfume of apple blossom.

"You!" she exclaimed, stretching out her hands. "Why do you not come and speak to me? I am here!"

John came out upon the stage. The French dramatist, with his hands behind his back, made swift mental notes of an interesting situation. He saw the coming of a man who stood like a giant among them, sunburnt, buoyant with health, his eyes bright with the wonder of his unexpected surroundings; a man in whose presence everyone else seemed to represent an effete and pallid type of humanity.

Those first few sentences, spoken in the midst of a curious little crowd of strangers, seemed to John, when he thought of his long waiting, almost pitifully inadequate. Louise, recognizing the difficulty of the situation, swiftly recovered her composure. She was both tactful and gracious.

"Mr. Faraday," she said appealingly, "Mr. Strangeway comes from the country—he is, in fact, the most complete countryman I have ever met in my life. He comes from Cumberland, and he once—well, very nearly saved my life. He knows nothing about theaters, and he hasn't the least idea of the importance of a rehearsal. You won't mind if we put him somewhere out of the way till we have finished, will you?"

"After such an introduction," Faraday said in a tone of resignation, "Mr. Strangeway would be welcome at any time."

"There's a dear man!" Louise exclaimed. "Let me introduce him quickly. Mr. John Strangeway—Mr. Miles Faraday, Mr. Graillet, Miss Sophy Gerard, my particular little friend. The prince of Sayre you already know, although you may not recognize him trying to balance himself on that absurd stool."

John bowed in various directions, and Faraday, taking him good-naturedly by the arm, led him to a garden seat at the back of the stage.

"There!" he said. "You are one of the most privileged persons in London. You shall hear the finish of our rehearsal. There isn't a press man in London I'd have near the place."

Twenty-four hours away from his silent hills, John looked out with puzzled eyes from his dusty seat among ropes and pulleys and leaning fragments of scenery. What he saw and heard seemed to him, for the most part, a meaningless tangle of gestures and phrases. The men and women in fashionable clothes, moving about before that gloomy space of empty auditorium, looked more like marionettes than creatures of flesh and blood, drawn this way and that at the bidding of the stout, masterful Frenchman, who was continually muttering exclamations and banging the manuscript upon his hand. It seemed like a dream picture, with unreal men and women moving about aimlessly, saying strange words.

Then there came a moment which brought a tingle into his blood, which plunged his senses into hot confusion. He rose to his feet. It was a play which they were rehearsing, of course! It was a damnable thing to see Louise taken into that cold and obviously unreal embrace, but it was only a play. It was part of her work.

John resumed his seat and folded his arms. With the embrace had fallen an imaginary curtain, and the rehearsal was over. They were all crowded together, talking, in the center of the stage. The prince, who had stepped across the footlights, made his way to where John was sitting.

"So you have deserted Cumberland for a time?" he courteously inquired.

"I came up last night," John replied.

"London, at this season of the year," the prince observed, "is scarcely at its best."

John smiled.

"I am afraid," he said, "that I am not critical. It is eight years since I was here last. I have not been out of Cumberland during the whole of that time."

The prince, after a moment's incredulous stare, laughed softly to himself.

"You are a very wonderful person, Mr. Strangeway," he declared. "I have heard of your good fortune. If I can be of any service to you during your stay in town," he added politely, "please command me."

"You are very kind," John replied gratefully.

Louise broke away from the little group and came across toward them.

"Free at last!" she exclaimed. "Now let us go out and have some tea."

John found himself in the midst of new city adventures, and he succeeds in captivating more than one handsome woman of the stage world.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

They made their way down the little passage and, out into the sudden blaze of the sunlit streets. Louise led John to a small car which was waiting in the rear.

"The Carlton," she told the man, as he arranged the rugs. "And now," she added, turning to John, "why have you come to London? How long are you going to stay? What are you going to do? And—most important of all—in what spirit have you come?"

John breathed a little sigh of contentment. "I came to see you," he confessed bluntly.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, looking at him with a little smile. "How downright you are!"

"The truth," he began.

"Has to be handled very carefully," she said, interrupting him. "The truth is either beautiful or crude, and the people who meddle with such a wonderful thing need a great deal of tact. You have come to see me, you say. Very well, then, I will be just as frank. I have been hoping that you would come."

"You can't imagine how good it is to hear you say that," he declared.

"Mind," she went on, "I have been hoping it for more reasons than one. You have come to realize, I hope, that it is your duty to try to see a little more of life than you possibly can, leading a patriarchal existence among your flocks and herds."

"They were silent for several moments."

"I thought you would come," Louise said at last; "and I am glad, but even in these first few minutes I want to say something to you. If you wish to really understand the people you meet here—and the life they lead, don't be like your brother—too quick to judge. Do not hug your prejudices too tightly. You will come across many problems, many situations which will seem strange to you. Do not make up your mind about anything in a hurry."

"I will remember that," he promised.

"You must remember, though, that I don't expect ever to become a convert. I believe I am a countryman, bred and born. Still, there are some things that I want to understand, if I can, and more than anything else—I want to see you!"

She faced his direct speech this time with more deliberation.

"Tell me exactly why."

"If I could tell you that," he replied simply, "I should be able to answer for myself the riddle which has kept me awake at night for weeks and months, which has puzzled me more than anything else in life has ever done."

"You really have thought of me, then?"

"Didn't you always know that I should?"

"Perhaps," she admitted. "Anyhow, I always felt that we should meet again, that you would come to London. The problem is," she added, smiling, "what to do with you now you are here."

"It haven't come to be a nuisance," he assured her. "I just want a little help from you. I want to understand because it is your world. I want to feel myself nearer to you. I want—"

She gripped his arms suddenly. She knew well enough that she had deliberately provoked his words, but there was a look in her face almost of fear.

"Don't let us be too serious all at once," she begged quickly. "If you have one fault, my dear big friend from the country," she went on, with

a swiftly assumed gaiety, "it is that you are too serious for your years. Sophy and I between us must try to cure you of that! You see, we have arrived."

He handed her out, followed her across the pavement, and found himself plunged into what seemed to him to be an absolute vortex of human beings, all-dressed in very much the same fashion, all laughing and talking together very much in the same note, all criticizing every fresh group of arrivals with very much the same eyes and manner. The palm court was crowded with little parties seated at the various round tables, partaking languidly of the most indolent meal of the day. Even the broad passageway was full of men and women, standing about and talking or looking for tables. One could scarcely hear the music of the orchestra for the babel of voices.

The prince of Sayre beckoned to them from the steps. He seemed to have been awaiting their arrival there—a cold, immaculate, and, considering his lack of height, a curiously distinguished-looking figure.

"I have a table inside," he told them as they approached. "It is better for conversation. The rest of the place is like a bear garden. I am not sure if they will dance here today, but—if they do, they will come also into the restaurant."

"Wise man!" Louise declared. "I, too, hate the babel outside."

"We are faced," said the prince, as he took up the menu, "with our daily problem. What can I order for you?"

"A cup of chocolate," Louise replied. "And Miss Sophy?"

"Tea, please."

John, too, preferred tea; the prince ordered absinthe.

"A polyglot meal, isn't it?" Mr. Strangeway said Louise, as the order was executed; "not in the least what that wonderful old butler of yours would understand by tea. Sophy, put your hat on straight if you want to make a good impression on Mr. Strangeway. I am hoping that you two will be great friends."

Sophy turned toward John with a little grimace.

"Louise is so tactless!" she said. "I am sure any idea you might have had of liking me will have gone already. Has it, Mr. Strangeway?"

"On the contrary," he replied, a little stiffly, but without hesitation, "I was thinking that Miss Maurel could scarcely have set me a more pleasant task."

The girl looked reproachfully across at her friend.

"You told me he came from the wilds and was quite unsophisticated!" she exclaimed.

"The truth," John assured them, looking with dismay at his little china cup, "comes very easily to us. We are brought up on it in Cumberland."

"Don't chatter too much, child," Louise said benignly. "I want to hear some more of Mr. Strangeway's impressions. This is well, if not quite a fashionable crowd, yet very nearly so. What do you think of it—the women?"

"Well, to me," John confessed candidly, "they all look like dolls or manikins. Their dresses and their hats overshadow their faces. They seem all the time to be wanting to show, not themselves, but what they have on."

"They all laughed. Even the prince's lips were parted by the flicker of a smile. Sophy leaned across the table with a sigh.

"Louise," she pleaded, "you will lend him to me sometimes, won't you? You won't keep him altogether to yourself? There are such a lot of places to take him to!"

"I was never greedy," Louise remarked, with an air of self-satisfaction. "If you succeed in making a favorable impression upon him, I promise you my share."

"Tell us some more of your impressions, Mr. Strangeway," Sophy begged.

"You want to laugh at me," John protested good-humoredly.

"On the contrary," the prince assured him, as he fitted a cigarette into a long amber tube, "they want to laugh with you. You ought to realize your value as a companion in these days. You are the only person who can see the truth. Eyes and tastes blurred with custom perceive so little. You are quite right when you say that these women are like manikins; that their bodies and faces are lost; but one does not notice it until it is pointed out."

"We will revert," Louise decided, "to a more primitive life. You and I will inaugurate a missionary enterprise, Mr. Strangeway. We will judge the world afresh. We will reclothe and rehabilitate it."

The prince flicked the ash from the end of his cigarette.

"Morally as well as sartorially?" he asked.

There was a moment's rather queer silence. The music rose above the hubbub of voices and died away again. Louise rose to her feet. The prince, with a skillful maneuver, made his way to her side as they left the restaurant.

"Tomorrow afternoon, I think you said?" he repeated quietly. "You will be in town then?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You have changed your mind, then, about—"

"M. Graillet will not listen to my leaving London," she interrupted rapidly. "He declares that it is too near the production of the play. My own part may be perfect, but he needs me for the sake of the others. He puts it like a Frenchman, of course."

They had reached the outer door, which was being held open for them by a bowing commissionaire. John and Sophy were waiting upon the pavement. The prince drew a little back.

"I understand," he murmured.



"I Want to Feel Myself Nearer to You. I Want—"

John finds himself in the midst of new city adventures, and he succeeds in captivating more than one handsome woman of the stage world.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Squirrel Dog.

There is no accounting for that uncanny faculty that enables a homely, long-legged, sad-eyed pup to go unerringly to a lofty oak tree in whose higher branches a bit of animated brown fur is secreted. Another dog of the same or more prepossessing appearance and of a better breeding might trot unconcernedly past that same oak tree without so much as a casual sniff. But not so with the real "squirrel dog." He'd pick out the right tree in the densest grove a hunter ever penetrated. And if that squirrel started leaping from tree to tree, that dog would follow it over a square mile of timber.

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

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM J. LANNING, Jr., deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of William J. Lanning, Sr., administrator of said estate, praying that he be licensed to sell certain real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, the charges of administering said estate and for distribution.

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

(A true copy.)  
EDGAR O. DURFEE,  
Judge of Probate.  
ERWIN R. PALMER,  
Deputy Register.

## COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM J. LANNING, Jr., 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, Northville, Mich., in said county, on Wednesday, the 19th day of September, A. D. 1917, and on Monday, the 19th day of November, A. D. 1917, at 2 o'clock p. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that four months from the 19th day of July, A. D. 1917, were allowed by said Court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

LOUIE A. BABBITT,  
STEWART MONTGOMERY,  
Commissioners

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 nineteenth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present, Edgar O. Durfee, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of CHARITY STONER, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Abner Ross praying that administration of said estate be granted to Robert Willis or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the twenty-second day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard time, at said court room be appointed for hearing said petition.

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

(A true copy.)  
EDGAR O. DURFEE,  
Judge of Probate.  
ERWIN R. PALMER,  
Deputy Register.

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

Peter Stank, Plaintiff.

vs.  
Anna Stank defendant.

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

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

It appearing to the said court from affidavits 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 circulating in said county.

GEORGE P. CODD,  
Circuit Judge.

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of power granted me by the Probate Court for Wayne county, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the Main street entrance to the Lapham State Savings bank, Northville, Mich., on Saturday, the 1st day of September, 1917, at 1:00 clock p. m., the following described property:

South half of the northwest quarter of section 10, township of Northville, Wayne county, excepting a piece of land in the northeast corner of aforesaid land described as follows: 11 rods and 10 links east and west and 18 rods north and south. Terms of sale: Cash deposit of \$1,000 required; balance on delivery of deed.

GEORGE GIBSON,  
Administrator.

Dated, Northville, Mich., July 20, 1917.  
52-6.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Take one or more. For all ailments of the female system. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

## VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Miss May Burgess of Farwell is visiting Northville relatives.

C. A. Sessions returned Friday evening from his trip to western N. Y.

Goss Downer of Flint was a recent guest of his cousin, Percival Edwards.

Mrs. J. G. Madison of Wixom visited Northville relatives Tuesday.

Ralph H. Neal of Detroit called on his grandmother, Mrs. H. Neal Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Clark is enjoying a two weeks' vacation at her parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. Digenhart of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lyke.

Several Northville young people attended a barn dance at Wixom last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cavill of Detroit visited their daughter, Mrs. B. J. Haskell, Sunday.

Miss Eleanor Williams of Detroit is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Williams.

Mrs. Harry Clark has as her house guest for this week, Miss Helen Stewart of Detroit.

R. W. Tait of Perrinsville was a visitor Sunday at the home of his sister, Mrs. H. B. Clark.

C. L. Gage and wife of Flint were entertained over Sunday at the home of F. Thompson and family.

Miss Virginia Edwards and Willis Dekin of Flint were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Edwards.

Master Wayland Pepper of Ypsilanti is a visitor at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Olyn Pepper.

Clifford Casterline and wife have returned from a visit with relatives near Marion, on the Muskegon river.

Bert Clark returned Sunday to his work in Detroit after spending a week's vacation with his parents here.

Dr. P. R. Alexander and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tait have returned from their outing at Houghton Lake.

Mrs. Eva Clarkson is entertaining her two grandsons, the Masters Dean of Detroit for a part of their school vacation.

Mrs. Louise Kennedy of Westlawn was in town Sunday and Monday as the guest of Mrs. Mary Reynolds and family.

Mrs. Eva Wood Chafy and little daughter of Keego Harbor have been guests of the former's mother here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Lanning have returned to their home in Pontiac after spending a few days with Northville friends.

Mrs. Emilie Berthardt and family and Mrs. Augusta Foss have been visiting friends at Northfield and Whitmore Lake this week.

Miss Lida Richardson and Mrs. A. C. Harmon, accompanied by Mrs. R. R. Ball and Mrs. Ida Joslin of Detroit spent Friday at Bois Blanc.

Miss Viola Reynolds of Rochester, N. Y., has been a guest at the home of Mrs. Mary Reynolds and daughter, Gertrude, for a few weeks past.

The Misses Edith and Pearl Dickerson left for their home at Howell Monday at the conclusion of a week's visit with James Clark and family.

Dr. Mark Gardner, Starr Root, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brodie and Joe Brodie all of Detroit were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Clark and Mrs. A. B. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron White recently celebrated Mrs. White's 75th birthday in Detroit at the home of their son, Harvey and family, remaining there for a few days afterward.

Miss Leah Kirk spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Simmons at Fruit Ridge farm before leaving for a trip to Minneapolis, going by train to St. Louis and thence by five days boat journey up the Mississippi river.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Reynolds, Miss Grace Reynolds, Mrs. Harry Moxon, Lester Moxon, Miss Grace Cline, Miss Bina Bryant, Mrs. Annie Neal and Miss Nellie Fettingler all of Detroit were entertained Sunday at the Reynolds home here.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

Northville Chautauqua  
July 27-31, 1917.

## AN ACROSTIC.

C-is for Chautauqua which comes here each year  
To bring us knowledge, comfort and cheer  
H-is for the homes represented here each day  
And may they all be benefitted thus, we pray  
A-is for the arguments brought to bear  
To boost this movement, they're everywhere  
U-is for Unity of mind and heart  
That united, we gladly will do our part  
T-is for The Chautauqua, how much it does give  
To us all of the best things: Long may it live!  
A-is for the Authors of speech and of song  
Whose lives have done much to help us along  
U-is for US, who love the talent and power  
That charms and delights us all by the hour  
Q-is for the queer one we see once in a while  
Who won't buy a ticket—it makes us smile  
U-is for the Union, may our land long be bright  
With Peace of all nations, and God's holy light  
A-is for all of us, performers, boosters, and all  
Who love our Chautauqua, and heed its call.

—LINNIE M. COOK

## OBITUARY—CHARLES E. STANLEY.

The largely attended funeral of Charles E. Stanley, who died Monday, July 23, as the result of a cold contracted following his recovery from an attack of scarlet fever, was held from the home of his parents Wednesday afternoon. He was born in Plymouth 37 years ago, but his home has been in Northville since childhood. He was married eight years ago to Miss Bertha Buckelew of Brighton. Mr. Stanley had played the cornet with exceptional skill since he was 16 years old, and was a member of the Northville band, also band leader for seven years. Plymouth and Northville band boys acted as pall bearers at the funeral, where the profusion of flowers testified to the many warm friends that he won wherever he went, by reason of his cordial and cheerful nature. His brother Forsters attended in a body and Rev. F. L. Walker conducted the service.

The nearest surviving relatives are the wife, three little daughters, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Stanley, a brother, Claude, and a sister, Mrs. George P. Conroy of Farmington. He was laid to rest in Rural Hill cemetery.

## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

## METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
Regular service of worship at 10 o'clock next Sunday morning. The sermon topic will be, "Enthusiasm in Service."

Sunday school at 11:30 o'clock

There will be no evening services because of the Chautauqua

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)  
Sunday morning services at 10:00. The sermon subject will be, "Fruits of Consecration—III. Universal Brotherhood"

Sunday school as usual at 11:30. There will be no evening services because of the Chautauqua.

Prayermeeting Thursday evening at 7:30

## ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

(By the Pastor.)  
Confirmation exercises together with the administration of Holy Communion next Sunday morning. Do not forget the service begins at 10 o'clock, standard time. The Confessional service for the communicants at 9:30.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

## ORPHEUM THEATRE, DETROIT.

Six vaudeville acts, the amateur diving contests and two feature pictures are scheduled for the Orpheum theatre next week, starting Monday afternoon. The novelty of the entertainment will be the first public appearance of a girl masked diver.

She is said to be a member of a well-known local family who move in the best society. According to the management she desires to become a professional diver by does not feel that she can afford to reveal her identity unless she proves a success.

As usual the diving contests, restricted to Detroit amateurs, will be held at every performance at the conclusion of the vaudeville show. The picture features include Pearl White in the first episode of "The Fatal Ring" and Bessie Love in a Triangle feature, "The Sawdust Ring." Performances will be continuous each day from 1 to 11 p. m.

Northville Chautauqua  
July 27-31, 1917.

# Potatoes 49c

PECK

## Watermelon Sale, ea., 43c

15c Tall Cans Milk, 2 for 23c

6c Pkg. Argo Gloss Starch for 4c

Large Jar Jelly for 9c

Best Tall Can Salmon 19c

RED SALMON, Sp'd Tall 23c

Best Salmon, per can, 13c

20c Chef RAISINS, 14c

25c Large Best Hawaiian Pineapple 18c

12c Package Spaghetti, 11c

10c Bars Palm Olive Soap, 3 for 25c

30c CAN PORK AND BEANS 23c

Best Blend Coffee, pound, 29c

Eat Rice, best, pr lb, 8c

20c Peas for 17c

25c Fruit Cookies 19c

Ginger Snaps, Fresh and Snappy, per lb, 13c

WHIZ HAND SOAP, For 9c

SMALL CAN PORK AND BEANS 10c

All Kinds Tall Milk, per can, 13c

40c ORANGES, doz, 29c

35c Oranges for, per dozen, 25c

Macaroni, per package, 11c

ONIONS, per pound 3c

10 Pounds H. & E. Sugar, 89c

16 Ounce Can Soup for 13c

Mother's or Quaker Oats, 10c

Best Peas, per can, 16c Best Corn, pr can, 19c

TOMATOES, Large Cans, 19c

Big Jar of Baking Powder 9c

Cucumbers, each, 5c Best Raisins, pr pkg, 14c

Spotless Cleanser, 5 for 25c

Can Sliced Pineapple for, 9c

BEST CEYLON PEA, Black or Green, per lb, 39c

Sure-Pop Corn, 9c Cocoanuts, each, 5c

CABBAGE, pound, 2 1-2c

Onions, Carrots, Cucumbers, Fresh Tomatoes, Plums.

WE DELIVER MORNINGS ONLY.  
BRING YOUR BASKETS.

# Weitzman's

NORTHVILLE. CASH GROCERY.

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