

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 3.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

NORTHVILLE WILL HAVE BIG FAIR

NEW BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS TO GO AHEAD WITH UNITED EFFORT ON ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

The board of directors of the Athletic association met last week and perfected a new organization and elected the following splendid lot of officers: President, Harry B. Clark; Vice-President, Milo Johnson; Secretary, T. E. Murdock; Treasurer, A. C. Balden.

A number of citizens were present and the idea of a fair to be held late in September or the first days of October was freely discussed and everybody seemed enthusiastic for such an event.

It has been ascertained that tents to care for all the exhibits can be leased from tent makers in Detroit or Toledo at a very reasonable price and exhibits will be forthcoming that will be second to no other country fair in Michigan.

Northville, as is well known, has one of the best half-mile tracks in the state and some fast horses could be looked for, as well as four big ball games.

Practically every business man and citizen has promised to hustle and co-operate with the associations' officers and if the stunt is pulled off, the biggest event ever in Northville's history may be looked for. The committees hope to be able to have everything in ship-shape before another week.

TAX COMMISSION RE-ASSESSING HERE

MAKING ENTIRE NEW VALUATIONS OF NORTHVILLE TOWNSHIP.

NOT MANY CHANGES ARE LIKELY TO BE MADE—THE EXPERTS THINK.

Representatives of the Mich. State Tax commission are at work in this township re-assessing, going over old valuations or making new ones, and inaugurating a complete new record of the entire town. Mr. Sutton of Albion has been doing the real estate in the village, Mr. Metcalf of the same city has completed the corporations and another set of officials will look after the farm property. The claim is made by the commission's experts, both now and a few years ago, that Northville is the best assessed town in Wayne county. It will be some additional credit to State Tax Commissioner Beaton of this place if the board finds no cause for changes in his home town. Supervisor Lanning is also coming in for many complimentary remarks by the tax men, as well as by the county board of supervisors for the fair and careful manner in which he has handled this town as relates to values, etc.

When the work of the tax commission is completed the board will meet for a review at which time taxpayers may be heard if they have objections to any changes that may be ordered.

Features at the New Alseum Theatre.

Another western play is booked for the coming Saturday evening, "The Masked Riders", with the popular combination, Harold Lockwood and May Allison as the leading characters. Next week Thursday evening, Pauline Frederick will appear in "The World's Great Snare".

LOAN & BUILDING ASS'N HELD ANNUAL MEETING

The Northville Loan and Building association held its annual meeting and election of officers last Friday evening in the Library. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed the affairs of the association to be in a satisfactory condition, with the usual increase in business over the preceding year. The election resulted in the following board of directors for the ensuing year:

President, J. A. Dubiar.
Vice-President, Spencer Clark.
Secretary, I. E. Vanatta.
Treasurer, Chas. A. Dolph.
Attorney, C. C. Yerkes, and
F. S. Neal, B. A. Wheeler, S. E. Cranson, Peter Barley, J. W. Perkins, L. D. Stage and Geo. H. Baker.
Mr. Dubiar, because of ill health, tendered his resignation as president, but the association declined to accept it, preferring that he should retain the position even if unable to attend to its duties.

MANY AUTO DRIVERS ARE CARELESS.

Put some people at the steering wheel of an automobile and they lose all sense of responsibility, not caring a whoop what happens to themselves or to others. At least this would seem so when one reads over the reports of automobile accidents.

Our reports of collisions between automobiles and street cars for the month of May has just been completed. It shows the enormous number of 891 collisions for that period of 31 days. Almost 29 for every day!

An increase of 300 over the same month last year, when 490 collisions were recorded.

And when you study this lack of safety first operation you must remember that our street cars do not chase motor vehicles down the alley in the endeavor to overtake and devour them.

Street cars are operated over well defined routes. They keep upon the tracks and can do no dodging. They cannot duck around a corner to avoid a collision. They have a set passage way and when a street car and an automobile get together, whether the damage be much or little, it is because the automobile gets upon the car tracks which the cars must use and which the automobiles do not need to use except when crossing at some street intersection.

Practically all of these collisions could have been avoided had there been the proper amount of caution used. Most of them came about because the man at the wheel "took chances."

He wanted to beat the motorman, or his fellow driver to it—anything to get ahead, whether to the next drinking place or whatever the reason. These collisions usually

STATE FAIR TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

AT THE RECORD OFFICE FOR 1917, AT 35c EACH OR 3 FOR \$1.00

As has been customary for years past, the State Fair management has placed tickets with the Record for the convenience of the people of this locality. The price is the same as heretofore—thirty-five cents for single admissions or three for one dollar. Many tickets re thus disposed of each year, which means a big saving for the patrons of Michigan's big annual industrial exhibition, as the cost of admission at the gates is 50 cents. The Fair dates are August 31 to September 9, inclusive. Children's tickets free for Saturday, Sept. 8.

result from flinging caution to the winds.

They don't think. And when they do think they think the wrong thing.

Just keep track of the number of times you read in the paper where the explanation of the accident is that the "automobile was stalled on the track."

That's careless operation by the driver. It is usually an attempt to cross ahead of the street car and then becoming frightened and fearing it is not going to be done the driver tries to speed up suddenly and the engine stops but the street car cannot. Then come the crashing and grinding.

Perhaps the hospital—perhaps the grave. But neither was necessary.

We do not mean to suggest our idea is that full responsibility rests in all cases with the automobile driver. Not at all. Our motormen become careless at times, but the great mass of the carelessness must properly be charged to the drivers. That they know this is evidenced by the fact that out of all these accidents of May only 153 claims against the company have been filed with the claim department and it is safe to say that many of these haven't a leg to stand on.

There is altogether too much carelessness by the people in charge of the steering wheel; altogether too much joy riding. It is about time that citizens began a crusade that they may be reasonably safe on sidewalk and street.—D. U. R. Electric News.

STUDY HEALTH.

It is not a fear of illness or of death that we should encourage, but a love of health, a sense of responsibility, for the care of our bodies, a desire for bodily endurance and efficiency and full achievement.

If the mind is fixed on these ideals, and the already known means of approaching them are utilized, the needless miseries that embitter the lives of so many may be left to take care of themselves.

It is not so much necessary to fight disease as to cultivate health for the "happiness, contentment and moral gain that it brings. The State Board of Health will supply you with literature relating to restriction and prevention of any of the communicable diseases.

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.

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)
Morning service at 10 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor.

Sunday school at 11:30 o'clock.

Union preaching service at 7 o'clock in the evening. Rev. E. V. Belles, pastor of the Presbyterian church, will give the address.

The members of the church have beautified their church home by cheerful interior decorations, new electric fixtures and a fine new carpet.

"I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord."

The "Farther Light's" Bible class will hold a home bake sale at Steers' hardware store Saturday, August 18.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

"The Heart and its Treasure," will be the sermon-topic for the service at the Methodist church next Sunday morning. If you have no other

church home, you are cordially invited to worship with us.

Sunday school at 11:30. The series of lessons now being followed are most timely and practical, and full of interest to every one. There is a place for you in the school. Why not take it?

Union service in the Baptist church at 7:30. Rev. E. V. Belles will preach.

Prayer-meeting Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.

The Ladies Aid society will hold its regular meeting under the direction of the August committee, with Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, Chairman, at the church parlors Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 14. Refreshments will be served and all ladies of the church and congregation are invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor)

Sunday morning service at 10:00 o'clock

The sermon subject will be, "The Treasure House"

Sunday school at 11:30

Union service at 7:00 in the evening in the Baptist Church. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church will preach.

There will be no further services in our church during the remainder of the month of August.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank all our friends and neighbors for kindness shown us during the illness and death of our wife and daughter. We also thank the Woodmen, Foresters, old neighbors and friends for the beautiful floral offerings.

MR. WALTER RENTCHLER.
MR. AND MRS. W. H. LINCOLN.
AND FAMILY

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRY ONE.

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

NOTICE—Any person having old rags, papers, iron, etc., call 44-J. Samuel Kleinman, Northville. 51w12p.

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

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Call at Cowell's boarding house. 3w2p.

FOR SALE—House and lot. Inquire at 27 Dunlap street, Northville. 3w1p.

FOR SALE—I offer to sell my Marble Grit hose very cheap. He can pace better than a 30-gait. A bargain for some one. J. O. Knapp. 3w1p.

FOR SALE—My entire lot of household furniture. Call between 6 and 7:30 p. m. Phone 79-W. J. R. Walker. 3w1p.

FOR SALE—Light buggy and harness. M. L. Smith, on the W. H. Tousey farm, Northville. 3w2c.

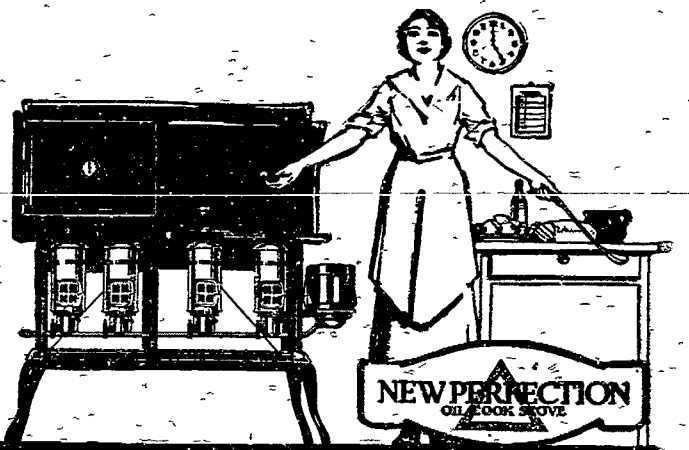
FOR SALE—Fresh car-load of cement and car-load of Swiss fertilizer. Cattermole & Skarrett. 3w2p.

FOR SALE—Cheap, Bay mare, suitable for farm work. Or in exchange for young cattle. Phone 183-R-5. Sam Pickard. 2wtf.

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

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-3. 2wtf.



Mistress of Your Kitchen

YOU'RE not the servant of a cranky, sluggish stove when you use the New Perfection—but mistress of your own kitchen.

Cooks fast or slow as you like. Turns all the oil into heat, leaving nothing to smoke or smell. Flame, always visible, always steady.

It's the Long Blue Chimney that does it.

The New Perfection is cooking every meal in more than 2,500,000 homes. Let our salesman demonstrate one to you.

Ask to see the reversible glass reservoir, the greatest improvement in the history of the oil stove.

JAMES A. HUFF, HARDWARE.
Northville, Mich.

HAMMOCKS—See Our Line. We have a Good Assortment left; \$2 to \$6.

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

The man with money doesn't fear accidents nor sickness.



We never know when we start out in the morning what's going to happen to us. An accident or sickness could overtake us any moment.

But the man with a snug sum tucked safely away in the bank knows he can tide over without going into debt or becoming a burden to his family or friends. It makes a man happy to be independent.

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

Northville State Savings Bank

Specials for Saturday.

6 Boxes Search Light Matches,	25c.
3 Cans Van Camps Pork and Beans,	25c.
Snyder's Catsup, (Large Bottles),	22c.
Pint Mason Jars,	58c.
Bulk Coffee,	19c.
Large Package Snow Boy,	16c.
6 Bars Swift's Laundry Soap,	25c.
2 Cans Corn,	25c.
Campbell's Soups,	10c.

These are all Good Bargains and Below the Wholesale Prices.

We are Closing out our Dishes, Regardless of Cost.

WHEELER & BLACKBURN
CASH STORE.

Brooms

are advancing. Anticipate your needs and see our stock.

We will have a Counter of Specials on Saturday.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

DETROIT AUTO MAN SUFFERS 20 YEARS

Tried All Kinds of Medicines and
Treatments Without Get-
ting Results.

FINDS RELIEF AT LAST

Making Full Time at Work Since Tan-
lac Overcame Troubles, He Says—
Has Gained Twelve Pounds.

"I have actually gained twelve pounds on three bottles of Tanlac and I now consider myself a well man for the first time in twenty years," said A. G. Strayer of 430 Kirby street west, Detroit, Mich., an expert wood worker in the Fisher Automobile Plant, a few days ago.

"I was a sufferer from stomach trouble and rheumatism all these years," he explained, "and had to be as careful about my diet as if I were feeding a baby. My head ached like it would burst and gas from undigested food swelled me up so I was in misery and could hardly button my clothes on me. My limbs would swell from rheumatism and would hurt so I felt like I couldn't stand it another minute. I tried all kinds of medicines and consulted specialists in different states, but nothing did me any good until I tried Tanlac."

"A friend in York, Pa., told me about it and I got a bottle and felt better almost from the first dose. I can now eat anything I want and it gives me no trouble. I sleep so sound I had to buy an alarm clock to wake me up in the morning. The rheumatism don't bother me now and I am making full time working every day at my trade. My wife is taking Tanlac, too, and she is as much of a Tanlac booster as I am. I think everybody here ought to know what a wonderful medicine it is."

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

WHERE SEASONS ARE MIXED

Caves Exist in United States in Which
Ice Freezes in Summer and
Thaws in Winter.

There are several caves in the United States where nature seems to have become confused as to the seasons, according to Popular Science Monthly. During the late spring and summer ice forms and a freezing temperature prevails, but as winter comes on the interior of the caves becomes milder, the ice gradually melts and a kind of subdued summer sets in under ground.

One of these peculiar caves is to be found at Coudersport, Pa., and one at Decorah, Ia. The superstitious among the residents of those localities give the caves a wide berth and look with suspicion upon any one daring enough to attempt to investigate them. Edwin S. Balch of Philadelphia, who has made a study of the subterranean ice mines, as they are called, states that according to the theory evolved by investigators the formation of the caverns is such that the cold air of winter, does not penetrate and settle in them until late in the spring at the time when the water from spring thaws is seeping through the veins and roof. This water meeting the cold air freezes and stays frozen all summer until, as the fall season approaches, the warm summer air at last finds its way into the cave and melts the ice.

Quite Happy

Through the wild way of her good-for-nothing husband, a hard-working, charwoman had to remove to a little two-roomed cottage, where there was scarcely space to sneeze without shaking the ornaments from the mantel piece.

"It's hard lines for you to be brought down like this, after what you've been accustomed to," said a sympathetic neighbor. "I don't doubt you feel very miserable, Mrs. Jones."

"No, I don't," the charwoman stoutly denied. "I'm happier here by a long way than I used to be in the old place. For one thing, when my husband comes home in a brute of a temper, he can't throw me down the cellar steps, as he used to, 'cos there ain't none now!"—Pearson's Weekly.

In Fat Berth.

Towne—No; Grafton doesn't work at all now.

Brown—He doesn't? Why, when I knew him he seemed to be a young man with considerable push.

Towne—All that's changed now. He's a young man with considerable pull and doesn't have to work.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A mouse is afraid of a man. A man is afraid of a woman, and a woman is afraid of a mouse—sometimes.



Bobby SAYS
"Try a dish of
Post Toasties
with cream
for lunch
on hot days"

HOME TOWN HELPS

SITE MATTER OF IMPORTANCE

Should Be Selected by Home Builder.
Only After Many Things Are
Taken Into Consideration.

Selection of the proper site, the one most adapted to the style of structure contemplated, is a question of great importance to the prospective home owner. Many features should be considered in choosing the location. All of the reasons why much care should be exercised in picking the right situation have an important bearing on the enjoyment of the home by the occupants.

Proximity to the business of the head of the house and to transit facilities, schools and church should be ascertained before a site is decided upon. Other features to be considered are advantages from a public facilities viewpoint—good streets, drainage, gas and water supplies and sanitation. Healthiness and beauty of location, street lighting, privacy and general character of the neighborhood are other features to be investigated.

Relation of the site's value and surroundings to the proposed cost of the contemplated home should be considered. Size of the lot should also greatly influence the style of building. The type of the home should be determined by definite conditions, in which the character of the site and surroundings are of predominating importance.

While a prospective builder may have in his imagination an adaptation of reproduction of a period design, it is very frequently unwise to permit such an imagination to be the deciding factor as to what design a home should represent. Errors in construction are often made through placing a reproduced design in an inappropriate setting where a uniquely constructed dwelling is entirely out of place with its surroundings.

CITY PLANTS SHADE TREES

Women of Oakland, Cal., Aid Superin-
tendent of Parks in Beautifica-
tion of Residence Streets.

All of the big residential streets in Oakland are to be planted with shade trees, according to Lee S. Kerfoot, superintendent of parks. He will be assisted in the matter by local society women.

The plan had its inception at afternoon teas and other social gatherings where society women met. The subject of lining the residence streets with trees of uniform growth and species was often discussed, and a committee appointed to take the matter up.

According to the park superintendent, the plan is to use trees grown by the city in its conservatories in Lakeside park. Poplars, willows and eucalyptus will probably be used and no two varieties will be planted on any one street.

Ain't It So?

If you want to live in the kind
of a town

Like the kind of a town you
like.

You needn't ship your clothes
in a grip

And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left be-
hind.

For there's nothing really new.
It's a knock to yourself when
you knock your town.

It isn't your town—it's you.

Real towns are not made by
men afraid

Lest somebody else gets
ahead;

When everyone works and no-
body shirks

You can raise a town from the
dead.

And if you can make your per-
sonal stake,

Your neighbor can make one,
too.

Your town will be what you
want to see;

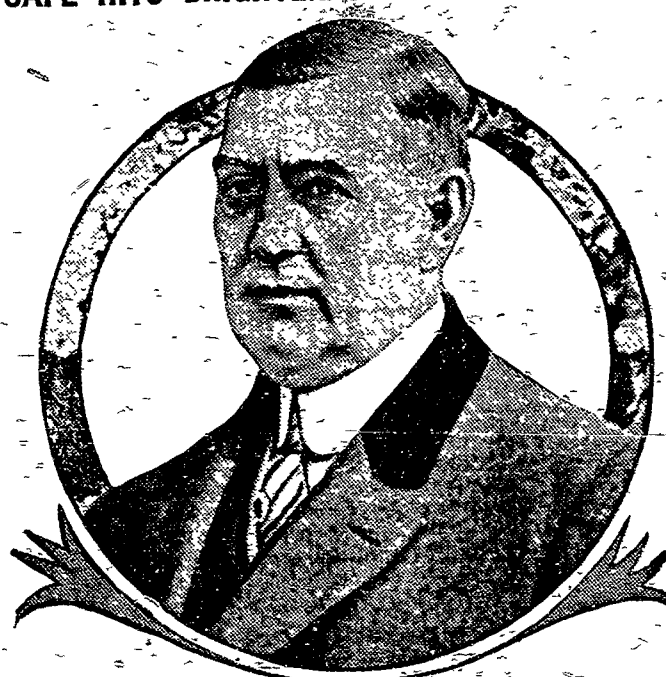
It isn't your town—it's you.
Dotted Line.

Getting Privacy About Home.

Within the last few years Ameri-
cans have begun to discover that the
land about their house should be treated
as a part of the home and that it
should have the charm of intimacy
and privacy. They have reverted to
the ways of the early Colonial days,
when the fence was not only a pro-
tection but an ornamental part of the
grounds. Some of the fences around
the old houses in Salem, Mass.; in
Charleston, S. C., and elsewhere bear
witness to the state and dignity of the
persons who lived behind them, and
through the gates one still gets
glimpses of charms that would lose by
half if they were not secluded and kept
for the persons who live in the houses
of which they form the setting.

We are even borrowing the foreign
idea, hesitatingly, of turning our
houses about, with their backs to the
street and their fronts to a garden of
lawn and flowers which may be as fully
and freely enjoyed as the most com-
fortable living room in the house.

SAFE HITS BRIGHTEN SPIRITS OF PLAYERS



HANK O'DAY, VETERAN NATIONAL LEAGUE UMPIRE.

"Ball clubs look good or bad," says Hank O'Day, "when they are, or are not, hitting. When a club is banging the ball, it seems good both to the crowds and to itself. The boys chirp and chatter; they cheer joyously; they make so much noise the umpire can't keep them quiet. Everything is happy and good feeling, and the good feeling spreads to other departments as well as the batting."

"When a club is on a batting rampage, it nearly always fields finely. But when a ball club can't hit, when it goes in there day after day and raises a lot of pop flies, then there's no life. No pepper, no spirit in that aggrega-

tion. It just mopes along. It frequently slackens in its fielding, and its pitchers get to working in a dead-armed fashion."

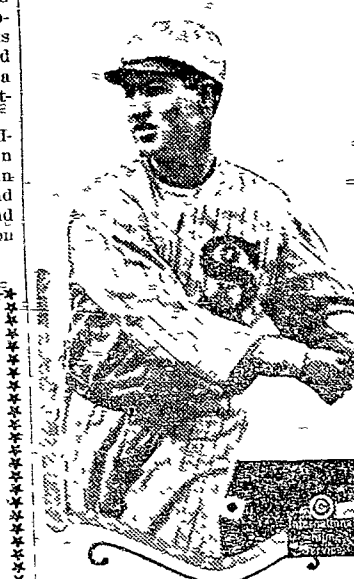
"What a world of difference the sound of safe hits can make in the spirits of ball tossers! Umpires have long since learned to be merciful with clubs that aren't hitting. An umpire stands a lot of gab from any hitless team—he knows their nerves are strained and that they just can't help nagging. It's different when he is dealing with a crowd of successful hitters. They have no reason to kick, and he chases them out in jigtime when they need it."

WHITE SOX LOSE JIM SCOTT

Chicago Pitcher Applies for Place in
Officers' Reserve Training Camp
at Leon Springs.

Jim Scott, pitcher for the Chicago Americans, has applied for a place in the officers' reserve training camp at Leon Springs, Tex. It was made known the other day. Charles A. Comiskey, president of the Chicago Americans, and B. B. Johnson, president of the league, endorsed the application, so it is felt that Scott's days as a major leaguer are numbered.

Scott is playing his ninth year with the Chicago Americans. He came from the Wichita team of the Western



Jim Scott.

league, and is thirty-one years old, more than six feet tall, and weighs about 185 pounds. He has been a star pitcher for several seasons, having failed his team only in 1915, when he was suspended late in the season for failing to obey club rules.

His "come-back" from that episode this year has been notable in baseball circles. Latest figures show he has been in fifteen games, winning five and losing four, and giving only 1.63 earned runs a game. He ranks fourth in the league in effectiveness.

INFIELD SETS NEW RECORD

Louisville Players Go Through 232
Games Without Single Member
Being Out of Play.

The performance of the infield of the Louisville American association club in going through a stretch of 232 games, the continuity of which was first broken the other day, without a single member having missed an inning of play, is believed to constitute a record.

John Corriden, third baseman of the Louisville club, was absent from the team's lineup in two games at Kansas City for the first time in two years.

The infield, composed of J. Kirke at first, Joseph McCarthy at second, Corriden at third and Wilbur Roach at short, went through 167 games last year and 65 games this season without a break.

Interesting Races.

The International league and American association races are very much more interesting than those of the National and American leagues. There seems to be much more glinger in the former than in the latter.

DIAMOND NOTES

Ty Cobb has never had a horse or
cigar named after him.

The veteran Clyde Milan is the only
Senator batting in the .300 set.

Aragon, left fielder for New York,
is playing out of position. He is an
infielder.

Germany Schaefer, the veteran play-
er, is doing scout duty for the Giants
this year.

Wally Schang of the Athletics hits
the ball a terrific blow, but hits in
hard luck.

The Browns and Athletics are hav-
ing a lot of fun flurting with the cellar
championship.

It's a fine thing for "Dutch" Leonard
that the Red Sox pay for pitching and
not for batting.

Bernie Boland, Detroit pitcher, has
set back the New York Yankees eight
times in a row.

With Johnny Evers fighting his bat-
tles for him, Pat Moran thinks he can
head off the Giants.

The main reason that Schupp is such
a great pitcher is that he is not left-
handed in the head.

Birmingham has a pitcher named
Loveless. He ought to be an umpire.
Nobody loves an ump.

Benny Kauff is hitting .314, but the
"Violet" is not setting the league on
fire, which he vowed he would.

Fred Mitchell is as big a favorite in
Chicago as was Frank Chance when
he was called the "Peerless Leader."

It is hard to say which is the toughest
job—being czar of Russia, king of
Greece, or president of the National
league.

Bates, the slugging Philadelphia
thirdsacker, is a Pacific Coast phe-
nom. He has been hammering the ball
for Connie Mack.

Roger Hornsby, the Cards' infielder,
was called "a flash in the pan," by
some of the critics. The flash keeps
burning rather brightly.

Hughie Jennings says one reason he
is low in the pack is that in three
games he had 16 men, 14 men and then
12 men left on the bags.

Gene Dumont, of the Washington
club looms up as one of the prize pack-
ages picked up in the minors. He has
pitched fine ball all season.

The Cards paid \$15,000 in cash and
players for Pitcher Goodwin of Mil-
waukee. When the Cards give \$15,000
for a hurler he's got to be a Goodwin.

"If players would pay more atten-
tion to Cicotte's ready pitching they
might hit him now and then," says
Sik O'Loughlin. "The shine ball is
a myth."

Al Maul, when he was with the
Baltimore club in 1898, won 22 out of
23 games, and he says he worked
three times a week, and was better for
going up so often.

USEFUL SUN-GLASSES

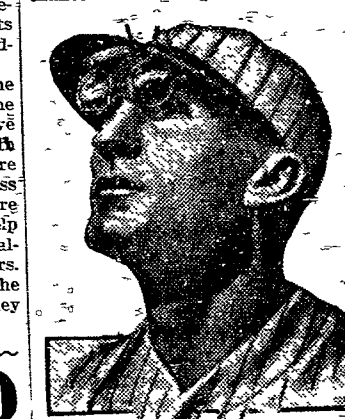
Recommended as Sure Antidote
for Baseball Muffer.

Catching a Ball Against a Blinding
Sun Is Not Only Difficult Thing to
Do, but It Is Extremely In-
jurious to Eyes.

Many a baseball game has been lost
because an outfielder muffed a fly ball
when the sun got in his eyes, and
many a baseball player has had to bear
up under sharp criticism at the hands
of angry spectators when the sun should
have been blamed. Catching a ball
against a blinding sun is not only a
difficult thing to do, but it is extremely
injurious to the eyes.

If they live up to the claims of their
inventor, who is none other than Fred
Clarke, Veteran Pirate manager, the
glasses illustrated will enable the
player to catch flies in the face of the
strongest sun. The glasses are riveted
to the peak of the cap and work on a
hinge. When not needed to shield the
eyes, they rest against the cap.

When a ball is hit the fielder simply
touches the rim of the glasses and they
fall down in front of the eyes in just
the proper position so that he has a
chance to see the approaching ball



Sun-Glasses in Position.

even though he is looking directly at
the sun. The glasses cannot fall off,
and they can be shifted out of the way
with the quickest kind of a movement
when not wanted—two advantages
which make them far superior to the
old style of "specks."

As they are not intended to fit the
bridge of the nose, they should be so
arranged on each wearers' cap that
when needed they will fall exactly in
front of the eyes. The peak of any
lightweight cap is strong enough to
hold them.—Popular Science Monthly.

LIEUT. O'HARA ON FURLOUGH

Former Cleveland and New York
Player Injured in First Line
Trenches—Has Easy Job.

When in Detroit recently Umpire
Billy Evans had a visit with Bill
O'Hara, former Nap and Giant, who
went to the front with the Canadian
soldiers two years ago. He now is a
lieutenant.

He went to Europe as an aviator,
but when something went wrong with
his machine and the machine was dam-
aged because it hit the ground before
Bill intended it should, he became en-
gaged in a controversy with his superi-
or that resulted in Bill quitting the
air corps and joining his countrymen
in the trenches.

They made him commander of a
squad of bombed-out repairers and
hand grenade throwers. It was a fine
job, no more dangerous than taking a
nap on the turntable.

All they had to do was to put on
black suits, blacken their faces and
hands, take tools painted black and
creep out into "no man's land" to re-
pair the barbed wire.

If the Germans sent up a rocket,
which they often do to light up the
section in front, each Canadian would
stand at attention, not daring to let
even a knee wobble or a finger twitch.
If one moved there would be a "put-
put" and another Canadian had passed
away upon the battlefield.

"On several occasions," related
Lieutenant O'Hara to Evans, "I was
one of six survivors of a party of 20
that went out from our trenches. And
they finally got me—through the thigh
and the shoulder. That's why I am
back. But I will be back at the front
soon, and I hope that within a year
some of my old pals from the big
league will be with me."

CHINESE PLAYERS BREAK IN

Taking Jobs Away From Regular
Americans in Minor Leagues—
Ayuau With Spokane.

Chinese ball players are breaking in-
to the minor leagues and taking jobs
away from regular Americans.

Ayuau, who is starring for Spokane
in the Northern league, is the furthest
advanced of the athletes who formerly
played with the All-Chinese team which
toured the United States during the
last three seasons.

Yim is playing center field for Get-
tysburg in the Blue Ridge and Upland
of the Delaware County league in
Pennsylvania boasts two orientals, Lai
Tin in the outfield, and Mark, catcher.

Victory in Europe.

A victory already won by the Ameri-
can forces in Europe is that of base-
ball, the national game having com-
pletely conquered the other nationals.

Was Laid Up In Bed

Doan's, However, Restored Mrs. Vogt to Health
and Strength. Hasn't Suffered Since.

"I had one of the worst cases of kid-
ney complaint imaginable," says Mrs.
Wm. Vogt, 6315 Audrey Ave., Westland,
Mo., and it was laid up in bed for days
at a time.

"My bladder was inflamed and the
kidney secretions caused
terrible pain. My back
was in such bad shape
that when I moved the
pains were like a knife
thrust. I got so dizzy I
couldn't stoop and my
head just throbbled with
pain. Heads of perspi-
ration would stand on
my temples, then would
become cold and
numb."

"My heart action was
affected, and I felt as if
I couldn't take another
breath. I got so nervous and run down,
I felt I wasn't worth living and, often
wished that I might die so my suffering
would be ended. Medicine failed to help
me and I was discouraged."

"Doan's Kidney Pills were recom-
mended to me and I could tell I was being
helped after the first few doses. I kept
getting better every day. I improved in
every way and best of all, the cure has
been permanent. I feel that
Doan's is worth a try before me,
HENRY B. SUKAMP, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY
PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
for the prompt relief of Asthma
and the Cough. Ask your druggist
for it. 25 cents and one dollar
bottle. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
Kellogg & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

ASTHMA

ASTHMA REMEDY

Pure Blood

You can keep your blood in
good condition—have a clear
skin, and bright eyes, by taking

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

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

SWAMP—Is not recommended for
ROOT—have kidney, liver or
bladder trouble. It may
be found just the medicine you need. It
costs in fifty-cent and dollar sizes.
You may receive a sample bottle of
this reliable medicine by Parcel Post, also
a pamphlet, telling about it.
Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton,
N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also men-
tion this paper.

Mistvener

A SCIENTIFIC CLEANER

Cleans, polishes—applied with a sprayer—
no hard rubbing. If your dealer cannot
supply you, write us. Agents wanted. Qts.
\$1.25 each—sprayer free. The Star Lubri-
cating Oil Co., 8714 Broadway, Cleveland, O.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD
DISEASE

Good anywhere. Daisley Fly Killer attracts and kills all
flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap.
It kills house flies, stable flies, and all other
pests. It is a sure and reliable fly killer.
Daisley Fly Killer
Sold by druggists, or sent
by express, prepaid, \$1.00.
HAROLD SOMERS, 150 E. KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 32-1917.

Sociable.

An orderly chosen from among the
student officers at Ft. Harrison sits
daily outside Brig. Gen. Edwin F.
Glenn's office door. A different man
is chosen each day, and the other day
the post fell to the lot of Charles E.
Shafe of Indianapolis, says the Indian-
apolis News. Shafe went on an er-
rand for the general, and returned just
after the general had wished to speak
to an officer in one of the other rooms
and there being no orderly to summon
him, had gone after the man himself.

"By George," Shafe commented to
the camp adjutant's orderly, a Tenth
Infantryman, fresh from five years in
Panama, "the general did some of my
work for me."

"Yeh, ain't that nice, now?" the ad-
jutant's orderly returned. "Why don't
you go in there now and do some of
his work for him, just to be sociable?"

CARE FOR YOUR SKIN

And Keep It Clear by Daily Use of
Cuticura—Trial Free.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap fol-
lowed by a gentle anointing with Cuti-
cure Ointment clears the skin or scalp
in most cases of eczema, rashes and
itching of children and adults. Make
Cuticura your every-day toilet prepara-
tions and prevent such troubles.

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

Wise Caddie.

Green Goller (to caddie)—What are
you looking there for? I must have
driven it 50 yards farther than that.

Diplomatic Caddie—Yes, sir; but
sometimes they hit a stone and bounce
back a terrible distance, sir.

Love and war go hand in hand. Even
the din of battle has a sort of engage-
ment ring.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 40 cents at
Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book.

MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO



University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
Offers Complete Course in Agriculture
Full courses also in Letters, Journalism,
Library Science, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Medi-
cine, Architecture, Commerce and Law.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman,
Patent Lawyer, Washington,
D. C. Advice and books free.
Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Couldn't Blame Him.

Jack—Do you like romantic girls?
Jack—No. When you make a hole
in your bank account buying them
flowers, they tear them apart saying:
"He loves me; he loves me not."

His Wife's Little Shot.

"I'm glad you're over the draft age."
"Why?"
"Think how humiliated I should be
to have to admit that I was dependent
on your stinky salary every week for
my living."

An Apology.

"Are you not ashamed to use poi-
soned arrows?"
"I'm doing the best I can in my lim-
ited way," whimpered the savage. "Of
course, poisoned arrows only get 'em
one at a time. But we lack the me-
chanical facilities for wholesale opera-
tions with U-bombs."

Oil, "The Master Fortune Builder."

NOT WHAT WE EXPECT TO DO, BUT
WHAT WE ARE DOING. The Capital
Petroleum Company is now drilling Well
No. 2. The 2-cent allotment of stock is go-
ing faster each day. You may be too late,
but it will pay you to try. Five payments,
or 5% off for all cash. Send To The Securities
Finance & Investment Co., Fiscal Agents,
323 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo.—Adv.

Getting Out From Under.

It is probably "quite natural" that
there should be considerable rivalry at
Ft. Harrison between the student offi-
cers of National Guard training and
those with no previous military expe-
rience, and sometimes stories are told
which might not be told if it were not
for this rivalry, says the Indianapolis
News.

A young student officer was putting
a squad of fellow-students through
squad formations the other day of a
rather intricate nature and the pro-
cess proved to be like climbing a rope.
It is easy to climb into a perilous po-
sition astride the rope, but difficult to
climb down to safety. The young stu-
dent officer got along very well until
he attempted to get his squad back in-
to its original formation. Somehow it
wouldn't work out right. Then he cut
the knot of his difficulty with one com-
mand, delivered as sternly as possible:
"As you were at first! March!"
This would not have been told if
there had not been several former National
Guardians in the squad.

Near a Storm Center.

"I'm sorry I built right here."
"Why?"
"Because they do say that sound car-
ries best southeast of a storm cen-
ter."
"What has that got to do with it?"
"Well, I've just discovered by hear-
ing your wife's voice every night when
you arrive home late that I live in
a southeast direction from your house."

The Ambitious Bride.

Bill—Hello! Home from your hon-
ey-moon trip already?
Gill—Oh, yes.
"Father short, wasn't it?"
"Oh, yes. My new wife seemed rather
anxious to get home and try her
cooking on me."

Temper, not trouble, makes the mis-
ery of most men's and women's lives.



A Perfect Day

should end—as well as
begin—with a perfect
food, say—

Grape-Nuts

with cream.

A crisp, delicious food,
containing the entire
nutriment of whole wheat
and barley, including the
vital mineral elements,
so richly provided by
Nature in these grains.

Every table should
have its daily ration of
Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

VIGOROUS ACTION TO KILL ARMY WORMS



DITCH PREPARED TO ENTRAP MARCHING ARMY WORMS

(Prepared by the United States Depart-
ment of Agriculture.)

Upon the discovery of army worms
in their younger stages depends very
largely the possibility of stamping out
infestations before serious injury to
crops has occurred. They are the
young of certain moths or millers that
fly only at night. The eggs from
which they hatch are commonly laid
on grasses or grasslike grains and the
tiny caterpillars, upon hatching, feed
for several days near the ground, hid-
den by overhanging grasses or grains.
They may escape notice until nearly
full grown, by which time they have
become widely distributed over the in-
fested fields.

Examine Meadows Often.

Meadows should be examined fre-
quently during the spring and early
summer months, particularly those
planted to timothy, bluegrass, wheat,
and especially millet. One should not
be satisfied with looking merely at the
surface of the stand; the thicker and
longer the growth, the greater the dan-
ger from the army worm. The grain
or grass should be parted with the
hands in various parts of the field and
the lower portions of the growth ex-
amined closely, in order that the pres-
ence of the small, greenish caterpil-
lars may be discovered. If these be
found in any number the area covered
by the infestation should be deter-
mined and vigorous action taken at
once to destroy the worms before they
become large enough to begin their
journey to other portions of the farm.
If the infested spot be small, the
grass or grain can be moved off and
burned, thus destroying the worms.

If the caterpillars have become dis-
tributed over a considerable area, this
can be marked off by stakes and the
crop sprayed heavily with a mixture
of Paris green at the rate of 1 pound
to 50 gallons of water. If tender

plants, such as corn, are to be sprayed,
2 pounds of freshly slaked lime should
be added to 50 gallons of the
mixture, to prevent burning of the
foliage.

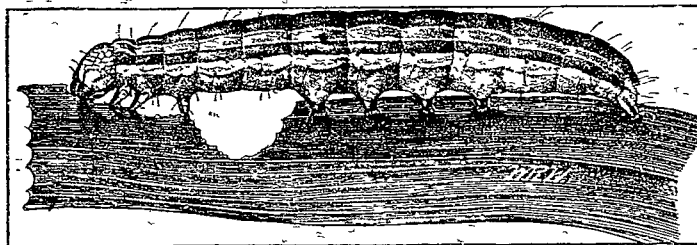
In case the worms are crawling in
a body, and crush them with a log
drag as they fall into it. If shallow
post holes are sunk in the bottom of
the ditch at intervals of about 20 feet,
the worms will crawl along the ditch
bottom and fall into the holes, where
they may be destroyed.

Use of Poisoned Baits.

Poisoned baits of varying com-
position have long been used as a means
of destroying the many different spe-
cies of cutworms and also the army
worm. An effective bait of this kind
may be prepared as follows: To 50
pounds of wheat bran add 1 pound
of Paris green or 2 pounds of
arsenate of lead add the juice of one
half dozen oranges or lemons. Then
bring the mass to a stiff dough by add-
ing low-grade molasses or sirup,
preferably molasses, and scatter the
mixture broadcast in small pieces
throughout the infested field. This
poisoned bait may be used safely in
alfalfa and corn fields where it is
desired, if possible, to save the crop
for forage purposes.

In case this poison is used, care
should be exercised in preventing
stock from gaining access to the poi-
soned grass or grain and being injured
or killed by eating it. It is far bet-
ter to sacrifice a portion of the crop,
if the destruction of the pest can be
accomplished, because if army worms
are not destroyed they will take the
crop anyway and probably devastate
other portions of the farm.

Additional information regarding
the army worm may be obtained from
Farmers' Bulletin 731, which will be
sent free on application to the depart-
ment of agriculture.



Full-Grown Larva or Caterpillar.

DETAILED STUDY OF COST OF FARM MILK

Feed Accounts for One-Half of
Expense of Production, Ac-
cording to Specialists.

(From the United States Department of
Agriculture.)

A detailed study of the cost of pro-
ducing milk on our farms, recently
conducted by the United States de-
partment of agriculture, leads to the
conclusions that on those farms feed
accounts for one-half or more of the
total cost, the remaining charges being
divided about equally between labor
and other items, such as shelter, use of
equipment, use of bull, interest, depreci-
ation, and overhead. The conclusions
are based upon an exhaustive analysis
of the business of the four farms, each
of which is representative of a type of
dairying. While the actual costs on the
farms, as elsewhere, vary from
year to year, the ratio between each
item and the total remained nearly
uniform when the same system of
management was followed. It is be-
lieved, therefore, that milk producers
throughout the country will find valu-
able suggestions on the report of this
study, just published as Bulletin 501
of the department of agriculture, and
entitled "The Cost of Producing Milk
on Four Dairy Farms Located in Wis-
consin, Michigan, Pennsylvania and
North Carolina," by Morton O. Cooper
and C. M. Bennett.

The fact that the cost of feed is
shown to be at least one-half of the
total cost of producing milk on the
farms is cited as evidence that the
feed item is of great importance to the
dairyman who seeks to reduce the cost
of production. It is pointed out, how-
ever, that the greatest economy of pro-
duction is not always attained by cut-
ting down the feed cost, and that some-
times it is necessary to increase the
feed bills in order to increase profits.
The question of feed supply is held
to be one for individual solution. "Just

how near the specialized dairyman
should come to growing all the feed
required by his dairy herd is a ques-
tion of individual business manage-
ment. One man may find it more pro-
fitable to grow all the feed required,
while another may increase his profits
by supplementing the income from
cows with crop sales and purchase
part of the feed. In a few localities in
the United States crops may be selected
that will not only yield a product
for which there is a ready sale at good
prices but which also leave on the farm
much feedable material. Sweet corn
is an example of this type."

INCREASE FERTILITY OF SOIL

All Droppings of Various Farm Ani-
mals Should Be Saved and Prop-
erly Applied to Land.

Since heavier demands than usual
are being made upon land, manure will
be a great need. Those who have
live stock sufficient to produce manure,
save and apply it properly are fortu-
nate. This will be the means of in-
creasing the yield at a time when
prices are high. Surely such methods
will be highly desirable.

It will pay generally to save all of
the animal droppings for soil fertility.
To do this it is advisable generally to
pen the animals at night where this
is practical in order that the manure
may be saved. Another way to con-
serve manure is to graze crops, thus
allowing animals to spread their own
manure.

ALFALFA PASTURE FOR PIGS

Sweet Clover Is Another Early Crop
on Which Young Animals Thrive
—Rape Also Favored.

Alfalfa is one of the best pastures
for growing pigs. Sweet clover is one
of the earliest pasture crops on which
pigs thrive almost as well as on alfalfa.
Rape is a good forage crop which
is ready six weeks after planting. It
can be sown in the corn at the time
of the last cultivation.

HE WAS WAITING PATIENTLY

Constant Attendant at Play Was Bound
to Be on Hand When Erring Wife
Was Caught by Husband.

A problem play was being produced
in Chicago. One evening it was dis-
covered that a certain man, evidently
from the rural district, had attended
the play six nights in succession and
always sat well down in front. Each
night he leaned forward eagerly in his
seat and drank in the words of the
dramatist.

These facts were communicated to
the theater press agent, who scented
a good story. Approaching the inter-
ested spectator between the acts, he
apologized for his intrusion and said:
"Would you mind telling me just why
you are so interested in this play? Do
you know some member of the cast?"

"No," said the man from the out-
lands. "There ain't it. But I'll tell
you about it. You know the scene in
the private room of the restaurant,
where the 'dark' man and the other
man's wife get up and leave by the
left-hand door just a moment before
the woman's husband enters by the
right-hand door?"

"Yes," said the press agent expect-
antly.

"Well," said the interested specta-
tor, "some night the husband's going
to come in before they leave."

THE TRUTH ABOUT ECZEMA AND PILES

Thousands and thousands of people,
says Peterson, are learning every week
that one 25-cent box of Peterson's Oint-
ment will abolish Eczema and banish
piles, and the grateful letters I receive
every day are worth more to me than
money.

I had Eczema for many years on my
head and could not get anything to do
it any good. I saw your ad and got one
box and I owe you many thanks for the
good it has done me. There isn't a blotch
on my head now and I couldn't help but
thank Peterson for the cure is great.
Mrs. Mary Hill, 420 Third Ave., Pitts-
burgh, Pa.

I have had itching piles for 15 years
and Peterson's is the only ointment that
relieves me, besides the piles seem to
have gone. A. B. Ruger, 1127 Washington
Ave., Racine, Wis.

Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores,
salt rheum and all skin diseases. Drug-
gists recommend it. Adv.

Her Idea.

Wife—James make a little garden
for me in the back yard.

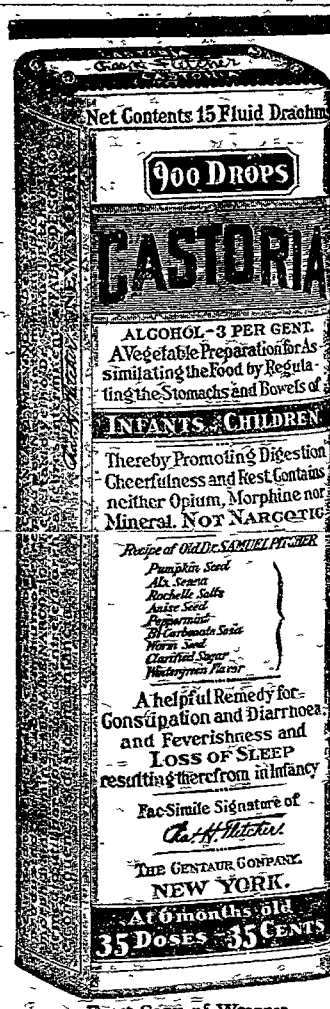
Hubby—Going into amateur garden-
ing?

Wife—Yes; I got some bird seed
and I'm going to try to raise canaries.

At the Ringside.

The Nerve—Why does that pug
crouch so?

The Old Sport—He stoops to con-
quer.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature

of

Dr. J. C. Hutchins
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Didn't Seem to Be "Free" Seeds.

An Indiana congressman recently
made a liberal distribution of free
seeds, sending them to his constitu-
ents in franked envelopes on which ap-
peared the regular warning, "Penalty
for private use, \$300." Says the Indian-
apolis News, a few days later one of
his supporters wrote:

"I don't know what to do about those
garden seeds you sent me. I notice
it is \$300 fine for private use. I don't
want to use them for the public. I
want to plant them in my private gar-
den. I can't afford to pay \$300 for the
privilege. Would you see if you can
let me use them privately? I am a law-
abiding citizen, and do not want to
commit a crime."

The Only Way.

"Senor, can you handle any Villa
money?"

"That depends 'f'at he'd."—Louis-
ville Courier Journal

A Turkish-Love Story.

A Turk knocked at his beloved's
door, and a voice answered from with-
in, "Where there?"

Then he answered, "I-I-I."

Then the voice said, "This house will
not hold thee and me."

And the door was not opened.

Then went the lover into the desert,
where there is nothing but Allah, and
fasted and prayed in sorrow.

And after a year he returned and
knocked again at the door.

And again the voice asked, "Who is
there?"

And he said, "It is I, thy self."

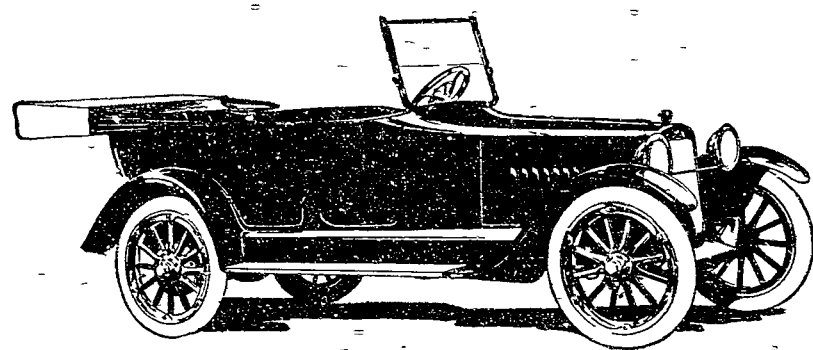
And the door was opened to him—
Exchange.

The world's normal yield of the six
great cereals ranges from 10,000,000,000
to 19,000,000,000 bushels.

To be witty at the expense of some-
body else is sometimes p. t. v. cruelty.

SAXON "SIX"

A BIG TOURING CAR FOR FIVE PEOPLE



25.9 Miles
Per Gal. of Gas

234 stock model Saxon "Sixes" travel 70,200 miles July
18 and set grand average of 25.9 miles per gal. of gas

To give a national demonstration
of the remarkable gasoline econ-
omy of Saxon "Six", 234 Saxon
dealers joined in a 300 mile drive
July 18.

A grand average of 25.9 miles per gal-
lon of gasoline was registered for the
70,200 miles of travel.

Consider that this run took place in 234
different parts of the country, under 234
different sets of conditions, over 234 dif-
ferent kinds of roads.

Consider that these 234 cars were stock
model Saxon "Sixes", not "tuned up"
special cars, not cars with "doped"
gasoline.

That proves that this 25.9 miles per
gallon of gasoline is the ordinary, the
average performance of 234 Saxon
"Sixes" taken right out of stock.

And it proves as nothing else would
prove, the gasoline economy your Saxon
"Six" will give you. No other car in
its class can match this record.

Furthermore, these 234 Saxon "Sixes"
averaged 175 miles per quart of oil.

And not a single instance of mechanical
trouble occurred throughout the entire
70,200 miles.

There is the proof that Saxon "Six" is
your kind of a car. Price f. o. b. Detroit,
\$935.

Saxon Motor Car Corporation, Detroit

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUG. 30, 1917.

STILL UNREALIZED.

While the calling to arms of America's young citizenry from every city, town, hamlet and farm has brought a little nearer to our people the realization that their country is at war, we are still far from real comprehension of that deplorable fact in all its terrible significance. That this is true is shown by the attitude of many of our best and most patriotic men and women. It is shown particularly in the efforts made by the relatives of the young men who have been called for service, to procure exemption for them on every possible ground.

To be sure, this does not apply universally, as thousands of parents all over the land are giving their sons without a murmur, and hundreds of thousands of young men have eagerly sought their country's service. Others who have waited for the call are no less patriotic; but the general attitude is such as to encourage the enemies of the United States at home and abroad in the belief that our citizenship is not willing to defend this land to the last extremity, as it unquestionably would.

It is not to be wondered at that so many really intelligent people fail to fully grasp the true significance of our place in this world war. Risking life for ideals and principles of government, for the benefit of humanity, and going half around this big world to do it, is a height of understanding and sacrificial devotion of which not every one is capable. But let a foreign foe invade our shores, let internal enemies make open and concerted attempt to disrupt our country, and see how Columbia's sons and daughters would rise in their might to annihilate the foe! Every real American knows in his heart that this is absolutely true. But many still fail to see that just those things would happen did we not go out to meet and help hurl back the menace that has been insidiously creeping upon us for a far longer time than we have even yet come to know. God grant that the brave boys who are going across the seas to help crush the treacherous power that had hoped to gather us in with the ruthless iron grasp of tyranny may succeed in saving our dear land from invasion!

The recent words of Elhu Root, just back from Europe, uttered in all sincerity, as such a man would only speak, tell us that just as surely as Germany should conquer in Europe, just so surely would she sooner or later invade the United States, as was her intention from the very first. Alas! it is "our war," and not only for humanity must it be won, but for the preservation of our national life, just as truly as if the battles were being waged on our own beloved soil. We deplore it; we pray for its cessation, we dread the contemplation of it, but we cannot escape our destined share in it if we would live as a nation.

County Treasurer Green's request that the books, accounts and cash in the treasurer's office shall hereafter be audited monthly and compared with the monthly reports of balances from the banks that handle the county funds, and the auditors' assurances that such business methods shall be the rule from now on, causes people to get some idea of how the Klokas methods were so successfully carried out—and also to wonder what business offices are for anyway if not to transact business by business rules and methods.

If Germany could only arrange with the weather department to keep right on with the hundred-degree-and-upward kind of temperature we had last week, it would be almost as efficacious in killing off non-combatants in cities as dropping bombs.

And it is also consoling to learn that a Wellesley college statistician

who has just completed a minute study of the three years' casualty figures of the French army has found that only one soldier in thirty was killed and but one in 500 lost a limb, which is a smaller percentage than peaceful occupations record.

Divorce proceedings bring out many queer reasons for dissolution of the matrimonial contract. One of the unique-est is that given by a Saugatuck man, who testified that his wife threw a cat at him. As a missile, a lively enterprising cat could certainly be classed among destructive weapons, if accurately aimed.

Wixom Whisperings.

Andrey Parker returned home from Drayton Plains, Monday.

Robert Theis of Detroit is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Mary Tack.

Mrs. Mary Stevens was a Pontiac visitor a part of this week.

Miss Lena Ryall spent last week with her aunt, near Milford.

Lucile Price of Milford was a guest at the Pratt home over Sunday.

B. D. Burch and family and J. M. Furman were at Lake Orion Sunday.

The Farmers' club meeting was held at the Maccabee hall Wednesday.

Richard McDougall and wife of Northville visited at H. P. Gillick's Tuesday.

Mrs. Geo. Parker was called to Mt. Clemens Monday by the death of her nephew.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bishop of New Hudson attended the Farmers' club meeting here Wednesday.

Miss Edith Rauch of Washington, Mich., visited her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Chambers, the first of the week.

Mrs. B. C. Grant and daughter, Cora and son, Orville and Miss Powell, all of Corunna were Wixom visitors over Sunday.

The topic for Sunday morning at the Wixom Baptist church will be, "Paul's Valedictory at Ephesus." The evening topic will be, "The Use and Abuse of the Power of Speech."

NOVI NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. West made an auto trip to Lansing and Grand Ledge Saturday, leaving home at 6:30 a. m. and reaching home at 10:00 p. m., over some of the roughest roads in Michigan. Through Livingston county and a small part of Eaton county wheat and corn showed a big crop. All things considered, the ride of 146 miles was made in pretty good time and greatly enjoyed, though of course Mr. and Mrs. West were tired and would not care to make such a trip every day.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Leon Clutz of Detroit spent Sunday at his home here.

Glenn Moss has been suffering with blood poisoning in his right hand.

Miss Mildred Richardson of Pontiac spent Sunday at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Keith is entertaining her sister and son of Canada.

Mrs. W. L. Richardson spent a few days in Mt. Clemens the first of the week.

Carey Hosner has sold his home here and with his family will soon move to Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Carey have been entertaining their grand children of Montrose this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Heine and son, Douglas of Cleveland are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. D. B. Moyer.

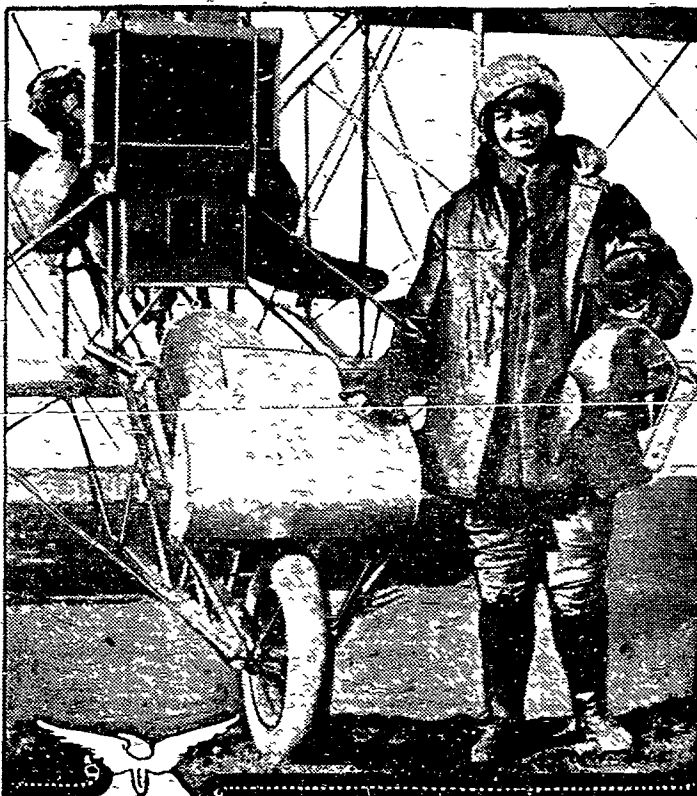
The Misses Grace and Naomi Halverson have returned from Ypsilanti where they attended summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chafy and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pommerville of Detroit spent the week-end at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devereaux attended a reunion at St. Johns Saturday, also visiting relatives in Howell, Lansing and Grand Ledge. The trip was made by auto.

Erwin Rose, fourteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rose of Mt. Clemens, is dead, after a short illness of typhoid fever. The funeral was held in Mt. Clemens Wednesday with burial here. He leaves, besides his parents, one brother, Cameron, and two sisters, Dorothy and Helen. He was a member of the M. E. Sunday school and a general favorite among his many young friends. The family resided here until a few years ago, moving to Mt. Clemens. The have the sympathy of the whole community.

Ruth Law, Flyer at Fair, Says Any Woman Can Do Her Stunts



RUTH LAW.

When Ruth Law, enwrapped in furs, sat in her aeroplane on the frosty November morning which marked the beginning of her fight to fame across the 735 miles of country intervening between Chicago and New York she little realized that her feat would mark an epoch in the history of woman's achievement in this world.

Never, once, either in the preparation or the termination of her wonderful accomplishment, did Miss Law betray a weakness of her sex—not even a tremor of the voice revealed that she was the least bit nervous over the trip.

Combats Severe Cold.

To combat the chill of the higher altitudes Miss Law dressed in a novel cold-defying costume consisting first of a suit of silk, one of chambray, two of wool, a garment of soft leather and finally a heavy fur-lined overcoat. On her head she wore a woollen cap covered with a stout leather helmet; her feet were encased in two pairs of heavy woollen stockings and high laced leather boots, and on her hands were thick woollen mittens. Despite this apparently invulnerable protection from the icy wind on high, the aviatrix complained of the cold when she reached her destination—New York.

A girl who can undergo the rigors of such a trip would naturally be sus-

pected of qualities of endurance and a system of nerves not common to women. Miss Law insists she is possessed of no unusual qualifications, and that anything she has done may be accomplished by any member of her sex.

Fly Over French Front

Following her remarkable cross-country flight, Miss Law went to France where she associated herself with the American aviation corps attached to the French army, and made a number of successful flights over enemy trenches on the western front. She was the first woman to participate in war maneuvers in an aeroplane and her daring, won the warm appreciation and compliments of army officers and aviators long experienced in aerial warfare. She is the only woman in the country authorized to wear the uniform of the United States signal corps and the insignia of the aero corps.

Miss Law's appearance in Detroit during the Michigan State Fair, August 31 to September 9, has created interest in her throughout the state. Her aerial feats will be fully as spectacular as her other notable accomplishments constituting the most remarkable demonstration of control in the air ever offered for the entertainment of fair patrons.

BOYS WILL JUDGE LIVE STOCK

Boys of Michigan, under 21 years of age, will have an opportunity to exercise their judgment of live stock at the Michigan State Fair to be held at Detroit from August 31 to September 9, by entering the Boys' Judging Contest, a new feature of the Fair this year. Prizes to the amount of \$150 are offered to the contestants making the keenest distinctions between the merits of prize stock.

Each contestant will be required to judge five classes—horses, beef and dairy cattle, sheep and swine. All entries must be made by Sept. 6th.

FRUIT CANNING PRIZES TO GIRLS

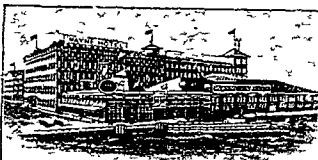
General Manager G. W. Dickinson of the Michigan State Fair has established a special class for a Girls' Canning Contest at the 1917 exposition which will be held at Detroit, August 31 to September 9.

Girls who are members of any regular gardening and canning club under the direction of the Michigan Agricultural College will be eligible to enter the contest. Three prizes will be awarded teams doing the best demonstration work, the first prize is \$150, the second prize \$100, and third prize \$50. Entries for the contest should be made before August 29.

MAJESTIC THEATER, DETROIT.

Clever Jack Pickford and dainty Louise Huff, again appear as costars in the Majestic theater, starting next Sunday afternoon, their latest vehicle being "What Money Can't Buy," cast includes Theodore Roberts and Hobart Bosworth. "What Money Can't Buy" is a mixture of comedy and dramatic action. The plot has to do with an American father building a railroad through a European principality. He is accompanied by his son who immediately falls in love with the princess who rules the country. Diplomatic intrigue, romance and other elements, naturally follow. C. Pavese of the Majestic Symphony orchestra, will provide a harp solo and there will be a variety of film and musical attractions as well.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TEL ONE.



THE NEW \$100,000 WAYNE MINERAL BATH HOUSE DETROIT (Third and Jefferson Ave.) MICH.

Completely equipped for giving every approved form of hydropathic treatment for Rheumatism, Blood Disorders, Nervous Troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. The Sulpho-Saline water is not excelled in therapeutic value by any spring in America or Europe. WAYNE HOTEL AND GARDENS in connection. Delightfully located on river front, adjacent to D. & C. Nav. Co's Wharves. Coolest spot in Detroit. European plan, \$1.00 per day and up. R. Hayes, Prop. P. H. Hayes, Asst. Mgr.

Margaret's Thought.

While Mr. B. was conducting family prayers one morning, little Margaret made so much noise and was so restless that he checked her several times; at last, rising from his knees, he called her to him and said: "Margaret, why were you not quiet while father was praying, what could you be thinking of?" Like a flash she replied: "Oh, I was thinking the soles of your shoes need mending."—D. M. Cox, Nebraska.

Queer Corpse.

A western senator of burly appearance was passing an undertaker's shop when a roughly dressed man came out and said: "Say, mister, will you give me a lift with a casket?" The senator shuddered and asked hesitatingly: "Is there—is there anything in it?" "Shure!" came the hearty reply; "there's a couple of drinks in it."—Boston Transcript.

Lamb's Money.

Cecil, aged four, had often gone with Aunt Elsie to the garden to weed, and had asked the names of the different weeds, and was told that one was lamb's-quarters. Several days later he went to the garden for lettuce, and called excitedly: "Oh, come quick, Aunt Elsie; here is some lamb's money."

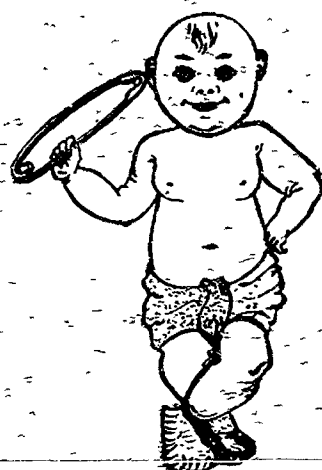
Dismal.

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

One or the Other.

Mrs. Crawford—"Do you think you'll be able to keep up with your neighbors?" Mrs. Crabshaw—"If we can't, my dear, we'll move."—Judge.

"SAFETY FIRST."



WATCH FOR OUR AD. NEXT WEEK
IT WILL PAY YOU.

SCHRADER BROTHERS

Northville, Michigan.

ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE

WANT THE

Scripture Text Calendar

Here's a Splendid opportunity for

BOYS AND GIRLS

To make some VACATION MONEY during the next week, or we will give you a High-Grade, Self-Filling FOUNTAIN PEN.

MR. FARNUM is going to be in front of the Post-Office on next Monday, between 2 and 4 p. m., and will tell you of the plan.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.



Improvements in every department will greet the visitor at the 1917 Michigan State Fair.

At night hundreds of brilliant electric lights will illuminate the grounds—huge electric signs, mounted high on the exposition buildings, will indicate the various exhibits—miles of roadway and concrete walks have been constructed this year and in other ways the Fair will be made ready for the reception of its thousands of visitors.

Mammoth War Spectacle

The United States government has prepared a special exhibit of munitions and war equipment, including guns, torpedoes, mines and models of submarines and warplanes. Moving pictures of actual warfare in connection with the exhibits will be of double interest to Fair patrons.

There will be daily exhibition battles between two full companies of infantry. Trench digging, bomb throwing, erecting barbed wire entanglements, advances and repulses will feature every day's engagement.

Child Welfare Exhibit

A \$75,000 exhibit of Child Welfare and Social Service will show for the first time in this state, the progress made along these lines in the United States and Europe. Michigan children under three years of age will compete for prizes in the Better Babies' Contest.

Harness Horse Races

The cream of the Michigan Short Ship Circuit racers are entered in the speed program in competition with the country's best pacers and trotters. Nightly horse shows will present some of the finest blooded stock in the state in fancy riding and driving events.

Super-Excellent Entertainment Features

RUTH LAW and LOUIS GERTSON in day and night aeroplane flights. CALIFORNIA FRANK—Wild West Show—in daily free performances before the grand stand. LOUIS DISBROW, title holder on circular dirt tracks, and others in high speed racing events. JOHNNY J. JONES will provide wholesome entertainment with his complete array of wholesome midway attractions. FIREWORKS, new in every respect, will be a dominant feature presenting innumerable patriotic displays.

SEE THEM ALL AT DETROIT

August 31 to September 9

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

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.

FORD AGENCY

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

DETROIT UNITED LINES

NORTHVILLE TIME TABLE
Eastern Standard Time.

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

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

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

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

**Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and
Detroit.**

Through cars leave Northville for
Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 8:20 a. m., and
hourly to 7:30 p. m., 8:30 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
12:49 a. m.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads
received at the Northville
Record Office.

If You Have a Printing Want

WE WANT TO KNOW
WHAT IT IS

Putting out good printing
is our business, and when
we say good printing we
don't mean fair, but the
best obtainable. If you
are "from Missouri" give
us a trial and we will

Show You

Northville Newslets.

Wayne is having a street carnival
this week.

Charles LaFever, who has been
quite seriously sick, is convalescent.

The Clarenceville Cemetery associa-
tion met with Mrs. L. Hake of this
place last week.

The Community Chautauqua opens
August 21 at Fenton, with the same
program as that which closed here
last week.

W. J. Fitzgerald of Detroit, an
electrical engineer, is to succeed R.
F. Hutton as local superintendent for
the Edison company.

South Lyon is to have a three-day
Chautauqua August 31, September 1
and 2. The three days will include
12 distinct programs, two for each
afternoon and evening.

The editor of the Farmington En-
terprise, in his capacity as a live
newspaper man, is advocating a move-
ment for Saturday evening band con-
certs in that pretty village.

The auto that took the first load of
Northville boys to the district board
for military examination Tuesday
was decorated with the legend "No
Slackers Here."

As an example of weather gym-
nastics the mercury in Northville
thermometers dropped 20 degrees in
an hour Sunday and over 30 degrees
in three hours. And everybody was
glad of it too.

The work of grading the school
grounds has been in progress this
week, and the cannon received here
some months ago from the U. S.
Navy department will now be placed
in position as planned.

A Washington dispatch lists Dr.
T. B. Henry of this place as among
77 Michigan men who have received
U. S. army appointments, being one
of the five Wolverines with the rank
of Captain of Medical Corps.

Here's a tip for school districts in
general: It is said that one Oakland
county school district made an un-
usual record by getting 63 of 65 of
its patrons out to annual school
meeting. But, it should be added,
they had to serve ice cream and cake
to do it.—Milford Times.

Ypsilanti's portion of last Sunday
afternoon's electrical storm was said
to be the worst that has visited that
city for several years. The main
building of the Normal college was
unroofed, trees and awnings blown
down, and much minor damage done
to buildings by lightning and wind.

The region out around Holland
City way is evidently not a healthy
location for unpatrician citizens. A
minister of that locality has recently
been turned down by his church for
alleged treasonable utterances and
another citizen expelled from a farm-
ers' club for talking against the Red
Cross society and its work.

Work was re-commenced last week
on the cement road terminating at
this place, and it is expected that by
this coming Saturday night nearly a
quarter of a mile will have been com-
pleted. The work has been some-
what handicapped by a shortage of
help, but by the time stated will
probably be finished as far as the
Smith cheese factory.

The fire department was called out
Tuesday morning, and the prompt re-
sponse prevented the destruction of
the house occupied by King Allen and
family near the German church. The
well known combination of child
and matches ignited a stack of hay
in close proximity to a barn, both not
far from the house. The stack was
consumed but house and barn were
saved.

Since her recent visit to Camp
Custer Mrs. T. B. Henry is very en-
thusiastic in corroborating the claims
already made that the training camp
near the "food city" is an ideal one
for its intended purposes. She was
delighted with the entire plan and
methods for safeguarding and pro-
moting the health of our "Sammys,"
and the manner of making them into
soldiers by a system of sanitation and
training that will bring them to their
best physically and mentally.

R. F. Hutton, for the past two years
stationed here as District Superin-
tendent for the Detroit Edison Co.,
has been transferred to a larger field,
with headquarters at Mt. Clemens.
Northville people, while congratulat-
ing Mr. Hutton on his promotion, will
be very sorry to lose the family as-
sistants here. The appreciation of
his friends is to be expressed in a
banquet to be given in his honor this
Friday, evening, at Westwood Inn,
near Dearborn, by the local military
company of which he is Captain
about 50 other friends also partici-
pating.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Johnson
Sunday, August 5, a son.

Regular meeting of Orient Chapter
O. E. S. Friday evening, August 17.

The Detroit Courier has raised its
subscription price to \$1.50 per year.

Dr. Dan Henry has a new assistant,
Dr. Wallis of Commerce, a U. of M.
student.

The fruit store near the D. U. R.
waiting room at Plymouth was burned
Tuesday.

Little Gladys VanDyne, who has
been quite seriously sick, is getting
better slowly.

Ed Lockwood has a new Chevrolet
automobile, and also a new barn in
which to keep it.

Miss Mollie Walker of Rome,
Georgia is a guest of J. B. Watts
and family this week.

Clifford Duckley has been clerking
in Weizman's grocery during a part
of his vacation from his work in De-
troit.

The "Farther Lights" Class of the
Baptist church will hold a bake sale
in Steer's Hardware Saturday, Aug.
18.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace A. Boyden are
the proud parents of a daughter, born
Wednesday morning, August 3, weight
8 1/2 pounds.

William Case, an employee at the
Dubuque factory, lost a finger from his
right hand there Tuesday while run-
ning a machine.

Hail did considerable damage to
crops on the farms a few miles south
and west of town during the storm
Sunday afternoon.

W. A. Wood, who has been living
with his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Watts
and family on Dunlap street has
moved into his own house on Linden
Ave.

Charles McLaren formerly of
South Lyon, has purchased the ele-
vator business at Salem. Mrs.
McLaren is a daughter of Mrs. and
Mrs. Wm. Erwin of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thompson went
on a yachting trip up Detroit river
with friends Sunday, and were out in
the heavy storm that passed over this
section of the country in the after-
noon. They luckily escaped with
nothing worse than a scare.

The annual reunion of the 22nd
Michigan Infantry is to be held in the
supervisors' room in the court house
at Pontiac August 28 and 29. George
Goodell and L. C. Mead of this village
are president and secretary-treasurer,
respectively, of the association.

Since last week's issue of the
Record we have discovered that at
least one Northville young lady has
adopted overalls as working costume.
Whether these are the new garment
for housewives used in the east and
called "Hooveralls" we haven't yet
learned.

In another place the Record has
arranged a condensed outline of a few
of the hundreds of laws passed by the
late Michigan legislature, but perhaps
it would be well to call special at-
tention to the one relating to the play-
ing of "The Star Spangled Banner"
in public places. Just notice.

Detroit has now its first woman
watchman for a railway crossing,
who is said to be also the first in the
state in that capacity. She is to be
stationed at the intersection of the
Grand Trunk R. R. and Hastings
street. It is practically certain,
anyway, that she won't get drunk and
neglect her work, to the loss of
human lives as several of the male
watchmen have done.

Plymouth township's highway com-
missioners are to be congratulated on
having adopted the plan of placing
the planks on the steel bridges end
to end instead of across as has been
the custom. This method seems to
be a decided improvement in doing
away with the roughness and the
deafening noise, and it looks as if
Northville's commissioners would do
well to follow suit. It is reported
that it is the intention of the county
road commissioners to replace all
planking on these bridges with cement
at some future time, which would,
of course be better still—as well as still
stiller.

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

The Northville Market corrected
up to date:
Wheat—White, \$2.15. Red—\$2.20.
Eggs—42c. Butter—38c.
Hogs, Alive—\$15.50.
Oats—80c. Corn—\$1.90.
Veal Calves, Alive—\$12.50.
Chickens—20c.
Beef—5c. Beef Hides—16c.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Second and Fourth Tuesday
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. RORABACHE,
Secy. C. R.

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

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55
R. A. M.

NORTHVILLE
COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77
G. E. S.
Regular August 17

W. R. C. NOTES.

(By Press Correspondent).

The members of A. M. Harmon W.
R. C. No. 225, will hold their annual
picnic next Wednesday, August 15, at
2:30, on the lawn at Miss Grace Trem-
per's home, corner Dunlap and Wing
streets, with a pot-luck lunch.
Should the day prove rainy, picnic
will be postponed until the next
afternoon, Thursday, August 16.
Bring your knitting and crocheting
and have a good social afternoon. To
the members of Post 318, a cordial
invitation is extended.

DETROIT'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

In an interview published in the
Detroit News-Tribune Sidney D.
Walden, third vice-president of the
Detroit Automobile Club, discusses
Detroit's traffic congestion. He
said, in part:

"One of our greatest troubles is
that we have a New York concentra-
tion of business without New York's
subways and elevated systems to
handle the people to and from their
business. Our situation is not going
to get better but is going to get
worse with our continued growth of
Detroit and the addition of more and
more big buildings in the limited
downtown area. The last 10 years
of Detroit's development has enor-
mously increased the downtown
congestion. There are more people,
more street cars, more automobiles,
more heavy trucks and other vehi-
cles and actually less street space in
which to handle them. The streets
have remained the same width, while
the office buildings, hotels and stores
have been going skyward. Every
foot of sidewalk and street in the
downtown section is doing double
the duty it did 10 years ago, and dur-
ing that period there has grown up
among us a common use of the motor
car never anticipated in any 'city
planning scheme' that I have seen."
—D U R Electric News.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

James Randall.

ORPHEUM THEATER, DETROIT.

At the Orpheum theater next week,
starting Monday is the feature attrac-
tion. These are four Canadian
soldiers who have actually seen
service in the trenches. They are
returned wounded men who will stage
an entertainment precisely like that
seen back of the line in France when
the men are "in billet." There will
be two added special features, June
Mills, the singing comedienne and
Donation Day, a sketch in which
Albert Perry, a former Detroit, and
other players will appear. The bill
also will include Joseph K. Watson,
the well known comedian, the Quero
Troupe of nine people in an aerial
exhibition and Sullivan and Mason,
comedians, singers and dancers.
Next week's picture program includes
Bessie Barriscale in "Borrowed
Plumage" and Pearl White, at the
matinees, in the third episode of "The
Fatal Ring." Performances will be
continuous from 1 to 11 p. m.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES STANLEY, BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF NORTHVILLE, MICH.

WHEREAS, Death has entered the
home of our brother member, Mr.
Merritt Stanley, and taken from it his
beloved son, Charles, And

WHEREAS, It is the earnest and
heart-felt desire of his brother mem-
bers to express to him their sorrow
and sympathy for his great loss.

RESOLVED, That we mourn and
sorrow with him in this, his great
affliction. Be it further,

RESOLVED, That we extend to
him and his family, our love and sym-
pathy in this, their hour of trouble.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these
resolutions be presented to our brother,
Mr. M. F. Stanley.
CHAS. S. FLEKINS,
OTIS TEWKSBURY,
JOE MONTGOMERY,
CHAS. VAN VALKENBURG,
A. C. BALDEN,
GEO. HOTALING,
T. E. MURDOCK,
Village Council.

Northville, Mich., Aug. 6, 1917

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

Your Banking needs given careful attention

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

ANOTHER BIG WESTERN PLAY

Harold Lockwood and May Allison, in

"THE MASKED RIDER"

Saturday Evening, August 11

Pauline Frederick, the Film Favorite, in

"THE WORLD'S GREAT SNARE"

Thursday Evening, August 16

COMING, FRANCIS BUSHMAN and BEVERLY BAYNE, in
"ROMEO AND JULIET," in 8 Reels.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS SPACE.

BETWEEN WASH DAYS

every member of the family will find use for an

ELECTRIC FLAT IRON

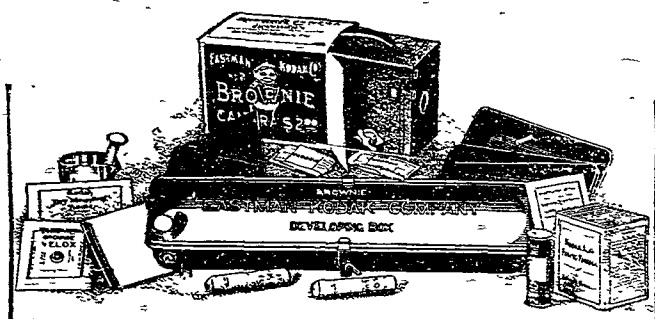
—the mother for ironing her finer linens and
laces; the girls for ironing their delicate blouses;
the father and the boys for pressing trousers
and ties. Each can use it in his own room.
Attach to a lamp-socket—that's all.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY

EASTMAN KODAKS

The No. 2 Brownie Camera takes photos 2 1/4 x 3 1/4
and is very simple and inexpensive to operate. Photos
this size can be made with the outfit as shown below at
a cost of about one cent each.

We also carry a complete line of Eastman's Kodaks
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THE HILLMAN

An Unusual Love Story
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

GRAILLOT, THE PLAYWRIGHT, WARNS LOUISE THAT BOTH THE PRINCE OF SEYRE AND JOHN LOVE HER, AND THAT THE PRINCE WILL BE A DANGEROUS ENEMY TO HIS RIVAL

Synopsis.—Louise Maurel, famous actress, was making a motor tour of the English Cumberland district, when her car broke down late one evening and she was forced to accept the overnight hospitality of Stephen and John Strangewey, reclusive woman haters living in a splendid old mansion on a great farm. Before she left next day she had captivated John and he had fascinated her. Three months later John, on a sudden impulse, went to London and looked up Louise. She was delighted to see him and introduced him to her friends of the artistic and dramatic world, among them Sophy, a light-hearted little actress, and Grailiot, a playwright of remarkable mental gifts. The prince of Seyre, a wealthy French noble whom he already knew, became his guide, and he entered the gay bohemian life of the city.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

The lights were lowered a few minutes later, and John paid the bill. "We've enjoyed our supper," Louise whispered, as they passed down the room. "The whole evening has been delightful!"

As they drove from Louise's to Knightsbridge, Louise leaned back in her corner. Although her eyes were only half closed, there was an air of aloofness about her, an obvious lack of desire for conversation which the others found themselves instinctively respecting. Even Sophy's light-hearted chatter seemed to have deserted her, somewhat to John's relief.

They were in the very vortex of London's midnight traffic. The night was warm for the time of year, and about Leicester square and beyond the pavements were crowded with pedestrians, the women lightly and gaily clad, flitting notwithstanding some sinister note about their movements, like butterflies or bright-bellied moths along the pavements and across the streets. The procession of taxicabs and automobiles each with its human freight of men and women in evening dress, as their way home after an evening's pleasure, seemed endless.

Presently Sophy began to fawn and Louise, too, fawned herself. "I am only just beginning to realize," the latter said, "that you are actually in London."

"When I leave you," he replied, "I too, shall find it hard to believe that we have actually met again and talked. There seems to be so much that I have to say," he added, looking at her closely, "and I have said nothing."

"There is plenty of time," she told him, and once more the signs of that slight nervousness were apparent in her manner. "There are weeks and months ahead of us."

"When shall I see you again?" he asked.

"Whenever you like. There are no rehearsals for a day or two. Ring me up on the telephone—you will find my number in the book—or come and lunch with me tomorrow, if you like."

"Thank you," he answered, "that is just what I should like. At what time?"

"Half past one. I will not ask either of you to come in now. You can come down tomorrow morning and get the books. Sophy, I think I am tired—fired," she added, with a curious little note of self-pity in her tone. "I am very glad to have seen you again, Mr. Strangewey," she said, lifting her eyes to his. "Good night."

He helped her out, rang the bell, and watched her vanish through the swiftly opened door. Then he stepped back into the corner to make room for him.

"You are going to take me home, are you not?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied, his eyes still fixed with a shade of regret upon the closed door of Louise's little house. "No. 10 Southampton street," he told the driver.

They turned round and spun once more into the network of moving vehicles and streaming pedestrians. John was silent, and his companion, for a little while, humored him. Soon, however, she touched him on the arm. A queer gravity had come into her dainty little face.

"Are you really in love with Louise?" she inquired, with something of his own directness.

He answered her with perfect seriousness. "I believe so," he admitted, "but I should not like to say that I am absolutely certain. I have come here to find out."

Sophy suddenly rocked with laughter.

"You are the dearest, queerest madman I have ever met!" she exclaimed, holding tightly to his arm. "You sit there with a face as long as a fiddle, wondering whether you are in love with a girl or not! Well, I am not going to ask you anything more. Tell me, are you tired?"

just have something to drink. We needn't have any more supper."

The cab stopped a few minutes later outside what seemed to be a private house. The door was opened at once. Sophy wrote John's name in a book, and they were ushered by the manager, who had come forward to greet them, into a long room, brilliantly lit, and filled, except in the center, with supper tables. John looked around him wondering. The popping of champagne corks was almost incessant. A slightly voluptuous atmosphere of cigarette smoke, mingled with the perfume of the flowers, and the hair of the women, several more of whom were now dancing, hung about the place. A girl in fancy dress was passing a great basket of flowers from table to table.

Sophy sat with her head resting upon her hands and her face very close to her companion's, keeping time with her feet to the music.

"Isn't this rather nice?" she whispered. "Do you like being here with me, Mr. John Strangewey?"

"Of course I do," he answered heartily. "Is this a restaurant?"

She shook her head. "No, it's a club. We can sit here all night if you like."

"Can I join?" he asked.

She laughed as she sent for a fern and made him fill it in.

"Tell me," he begged, as he looked around him, "who are these girls? They look so pretty and well-dressed, and yet so amazingly young to be out at this time of night."

"Mostly actresses," she replied, "and musical comedy girls. I was in musical comedy myself before Louise rescued me."

"Did you like it?"

"I liked it all right," she admitted, "but I left it because I wasn't doing any good. I can dance pretty well, but I have no voice, so there didn't seem to be any chance of my getting out of the chorus; and one can't even pretend to live on the salary they pay you, unless one has a part."

"But these girls who are here tonight?"

"They are with their friends of course," she told him. "I suppose, if it hadn't been for Louise, I should have been here, too—with a friend."

"I should like to see you dance," he remarked, in a hurry to change the conversation.

"I'll dance to you some day in your rooms, if you like," she promised. "Or would you like me to dance here? There is a man opposite who wants me."

"If we were alone," she whispered, "I should want you to kiss me!"

to. Would you rather I didn't? I want to do just what you would please you most."

"Dance, by all means," he insisted. "I should like to watch you."

She nodded, and a minute or two later she had joined the small crowd in the center of the room, clasped in the arms of a very immaculate young man who had risen and bowed to her from a table opposite. John leaned back in his place and watched her admiringly. Her feet scarcely touched the ground.

She never once glanced at or spoke to her partner, but every time she passed the corner where John was sitting, she looked at him and smiled.

His eyes grew brighter, and he smiled back at her. She suddenly released her hold upon her partner and stretched out her arms to him. Her body swayed backward a little. She waved her hands, with a gesture infinitely graceful, subtly alluring. Her lips were parted with a smile almost of triumph as she once more rested her hand upon her partner's shoulder.

"Who is your escort this evening?" the latter asked her, speaking almost for the first time.

"You would not know him," she replied. "He is a Mr. John Strangewey, and he comes from Cumberland."

"Just happens that I do know him," the young man remarked. "Thought I'd seen his face somewhere. Used to be up at the varsity with him. I'll speak to him presently."

"I expect he'll be glad to meet you again," Sophy remarked. "He doesn't know a soul in town."

The dance was finished. They returned together to where John was sitting, and the young man held out a weary hand.

"Amerton, you know, of Magdalen," he said. "You're Strangewey, aren't you?"

"Lord Amerton, of course!" John exclaimed. "I thought your face was familiar. Why, we played in the rackets doubles together!"

"And won 'em, thanks to you," Amerton replied. "Are you up for long?"

"I am not quite sure," John told him. "I only arrived last night."

"Look me up some time, if you've nothing better to do," the young man suggested. "Where are you hanging out?"

"The Milan," he said. "I am at the Albany. So long! Must get back to my little lady."

He bowed to Sophy and departed. She sank a little breathlessly into her chair and laid her hand on John's arm. Her cheeks were flushed, her bosom was rising and falling quickly.

"I am out of breath," she said, her head thrown back, perilously near to John's shoulder. "Lord Amerton dances well. Give me some champagne!"

"And you—you dance divinely," he told her as he filled her glass.

"If we were alone," she whispered, "I should want you to kiss me."

The stem of the wine glass in John's fingers snapped suddenly, and the wine trickled down to the floor. A passing waiter hurried up with a napkin, and a fresh glass was brought. The affair was scarcely noticed, but John remained disturbed and a little pale.

"Have you cut your hand?" Sophy asked anxiously.

"Not at all," he assured her. "How hot it is here! Do you mind if we go?"

"Go?" she exclaimed disconsolately. "I thought you were enjoying yourself so much!"

"So I am," he answered, "but I don't quite understand—"

He paused.

"Understand what?" she demanded. "Myself, if you must know."

She set down the glass which she had been in the act of raising to her lips.

"How queer you are!" she murmured. "Listen. You haven't got a wife or anything up in Cumberland, have you?"

"You know I haven't," he answered. "You're not engaged to be married, are you?"

"You have no ties, you came up here perfectly free, you haven't even said anything yet to Louise?"

"Of course not."

"Well, then—" she began.

to any living soul. I am only telling you what I think. I am trying to save you pain—trying for my own sake as well as yours."

He paid his bill and stooped to help her with her cloak. Her heart sank, her lips quivered a little. It seemed to her that he had passed to a great distance.

"Very soon," John said, "I shall ask Louise to tell me the truth. I think that I shall ask her, if I can, tomorrow."

CHAPTER IX.

John's first caller at the Milan was, in a way, a surprise to him. He was sitting smoking an after-breakfast pipe in the following morning, and gazing at the telephone directory, when his bell rang. He opened the door, and the prince of Seyre standing outside.

"I pay you a very early visit, I fear," the latter began.

"Not at all," John replied, taking the pipe from his mouth and throwing open the door. "It is very good of you to come and see me."

The prince followed John into the little sitting room. He was dressed, as usual, with scrupulous care. His tie was fastened with a wonderful pearl, and his fingers were perhaps a trifle overmanicured. He wore a bunch of Parma violets in his buttonhole, and he carried with him a very faint but unusual perfume, which seemed to John like the odor of delicate green tea.

It was just these details, and the slowness of his speech, which alone accentuated his foreign origin.

"It occurred to me," he said, as he seated himself in an easy chair, "that if you are really intending to make this experiment in town life of which Miss Maurel spoke, I might be of some assistance to you. There are certain matters, quite unimportant in themselves, concerning which a little advice in the beginning may save you trouble."

"Very good of you, I am sure," John repeated. "To tell you the truth, I was just looking through the telephone directory to see if I could come across the name of a tailor I used to have some things from."

"If it pleases you to place yourself in my hands," the prince suggested, "I will introduce you to my own tradespeople. I have made the selection with some care. I have, fortunately, an idle morning, and it is entirely at your disposal. At half past one I believe we are both lunching with Miss Maurel."

John was conscious of a momentary sense of annoyance. His tete-a-tete with Louise seemed farther off than ever. At the prince's suggestion, however, he fetched his hat and gloves and entered the former's automobile, which was waiting below.

They spent the morning in the neighborhood of Bond street, and John had the foundations of a wardrobe more extensive than any he had ever dreamed of possessing. At half past one they were shown into Louise's little drawing room. There were three or four men already present, standing around their hostess and sipping some faint yellow cordial from long Venetian glasses.

Louise came forward to meet them, and made a little grimace as she remarked the change in John's appearance.

"Honestly, I don't know you, and I don't believe I like you at all," she exclaimed. "How dare you transform yourself into a tailor's dummy in this fashion?"

"It was done entirely out of respect for you," John said.

"In fact," the prince added, "we considered that we had achieved rather a success."

"I suppose I must look upon your effort as a compliment," Louise sighed, "but it seems queer to lose even so much of you. Shall you take up our manners and our habits, Mr. Strangewey, as easily as you wear our clothes?"

"That I cannot promise," he replied. "The brain should adapt itself at least as readily as the body," the prince remarked.

M. Grailiot, who was one of the three men present, turned around.

"Who is talking platitudes?" he demanded. "I write plays, and that is my monopoly. Ah, it is the prince, I see! And our young friend who interrupted us at rehearsal yesterday."

Grailiot held out his left hand to the prince and his right to John.

"Mr. Strangewey," he said, "I congratulate you! Any person who has the good fortune to interest Miss Maurel is to be congratulated. Yet must I look at you and feel myself puzzled. You are not an artist—no? You do not paint or write?"

John shook his head.

"Mr. Strangewey's claim to distinction is that he is just an ordinary man," Louise observed. "Such a relief, you know, after all you clever people!"

John shook hands with everybody and sipped the contents of the glass which had been handed to him. Then a butler opened the door and announced luncheon. Louise offered her hand to the prince, who stepped back under his breath. "When can I?"

"I am so busy!" she murmured. "Next week there are rehearsals nearly every minute of the day."

"Tomorrow," John said insistently. "You have no rehearsals then. I must see you. I must talk to you without this crowd."

It was his moment. Her half-formed resolutions fell away before the compelling ring in his voice and the earnest pleading in his eyes.

"I will be in," she promised. "Tomorrow at six o'clock."

After the departure of her guests, Louise stood before the window of her drawing room, looking down into the street. She saw the prince courteously motion John to precede him into his waiting automobile. She watched until the car took its place in the stream of traffic and disappeared. The sense of uneasiness which had brooded over her to the window was unaccountable, but it seemed in some way deepened by their departure together. Then a voice from just behind startled her. It was Grailiot, who had returned noiselessly into the room.

"I returned," he explained. "An impulse brought me back. A thought came into my mind. I wanted to share it with you as a proof of the sentiment which I feel exists between us. It is my firm belief that the same thought, in a different guise, was traveling through your mind, as you watched the departure of your guests."

She motioned him to a place upon the couch, close to where she had already seated herself.

"Come," she invited, "prove to me that you are a thoughtful reader."

He sank back in his corner. His hands, with their short, stubby fingers, were clasped in front of him. His eyes, wide open and alert, seemed fixed upon her with the ingenious inquisitiveness of a child.

"To begin, then, I find your friend, the prince of Seyre, a most interesting. I might almost say fascinating, study."

Louise did not reply. After a moment's pause, he continued:

"Among the whole aristocracy of France there was no family so loathed and detested as the seigneurs of Seyre at the time of the revolution. Those at the chateau in Orleans and others who were arrested in Paris, met their death with singular contempt and calm. Eugene of Seyre, whose character in my small way I have studied, is of the same breed."

Louise took up a fan which lay on the table by her side, and saved it carefully in front of her face.

"One does so love," she murmured, "to hear one's friends discussed in a friendly spirit!"

"It is because Eugene of Seyre is a friend of yours that I am talking to you in this fashion," Grailiot continued. "You have also another friend—this young man from Cumberland?"

"Well?"

"In him," Grailiot went on, "one perceives all the primitive qualities which go to the making of splendid manhood. Physically he is almost perfect, for which alone we owe him a debt of gratitude. He has, if I judge him rightly, all the qualities possessed by men who have been brought up free from the taint of cities, from the smear of our spurious civilization. He is chivalrous and unsuspicious. He is also, unfortunately for him, the enemy of the prince."

Louise laid down her fan. She no longer tried to conceal her agitation.

"Why are you so melodramatic?" she demanded. "They have scarcely spoken. This is, I think, their third meeting."

"When two friends," Grailiot declared, "desire the same woman, then all of friendship that there may have been between them is buried. When two others who are so far from being friends, that they possess opposite qualities, opposite characters, opposite characteristics, also desire the same woman—"

"Don't!" Louise interrupted, with a sudden little scream. "Don't! You are talking wildly. You must not say such things!"

Grailiot leaned forward. He shook his head very slowly; his heavy hand rested upon her shoulder.

Do you think that Louise has been too close a friend to the prince? And is John Strangewey, with his old-fashioned ideas of rectitude, a fool to be letting himself fall head over heels in love with her?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rough Stough.

To indicate some of the difficulties that our language presents to foreigners, a subscriber sends us this: "I sat on the bough of a tree and began to cough, having some dough in my mouth and my feet in a trough. I was not thoroughly tired, though roughly used. Wasn't that tough?"—Youth's Companion.



Nan of Music Mountain

By
FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

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CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"Listen, Henry," pleaded Nan, seeking shelter from the furious blast within his arm, "just for a moment, listen!"

"Not now, I tell you!" cried De Spain.

"He was coming, Henry, all the way—and he is sick—just to say it to you. Let him say it here, now."

"Go on!" cried De Spain roughly. "Say it."

"I'm not afraid of you, De Spain!" shouted the old man, his neck bared to the flying ice. "Don't think it! You're a better man than I am, better than I ever was. Don't think I don't know that. But I'm not afraid of a man I faced. De Spain, they'll tell you that when I'm dead. All the trouble that ever came between you and me came by an accident—come before you was born, and come through Dave Sassoon, and he's held it over me ever since you come up into this country. I was a young fellow. Sassoon worked for my father. The cattle and sheep was on north of Medicine Bend. The Peace River sheepmen raided our place—your father was with them. He never did us no harm, but my brother, Bay Morgan, was shot in that raid by a man named Jennings. I started out to get the man that shot him. Sassoon trailed him to the Bar M, the old De Spain ranch, working for your father."

The words fell fast and in a fury. They came as if they had been choked back till they strangled. "Sassoon took me over there. Toward night we got in sight of the ranchhouse. We saw a man down at the corral. That's Jennings," Sassoon says. "I never laid eyes on him before—I never laid eyes on your father before. Both of us fired. Next day we heard your father was killed, and Jennings had left the country. Sassoon or I, one of us, killed your father, De Spain. If it was I, I did it never knowing who he was, never meaning to touch him. I was after the man that killed my brother. Sassoon didn't care which it was, never did, then nor never. But he held it over me to make trouble sometime."

"I thought I was revenging my brother. And if your father was killed by a patched bullet, his blood is not on me, De Spain, and never was. Sassoon always shot a patched bullet. I never shot one in my life. And I'd never shot you this of my own self. Nan said it was the whole truth from me to you, or her life. She's as much mine as she is yours. I nursed her. I took care of her when there weren't no other living soul to do it. She got me and herself out into this, this morning. I'd never been caught like this if I'd had my way. I told her 'fore we'd been out an hour we'd never see the end of it. She said she'd rather die in it than you'd think she quit you. I told her I'd go with her and do as she said—that's why we're here, and that's the whole truth, so help me God!"

"I ain't afraid of you, De Spain. I'll give you whatever you think's coming to you with a rifle or a gun any time, anywhere—you're a better man than I am or ever was, I know that—and that ought to satisfy you. Or, I'll stand my trial, if you say so, and tell the truth."

The ice-laden wind, as De Spain stood still, swept past the little group with a sinister roar, insensible alike to its emotions and its deadly peril. Within the shelter of his arm he felt the yielding form of the indomitable girl who, by the power of love, had wrung from the outlaw his reluctant story—the story of the murder that had stained with its red strands the relations of each of their lives to both the others. He felt against his heart the faint trembling of her frail body. So, when a boy, he had held in his hand a fluttering bird and felt the whirring beat of its frightened heart against his strong, cruel fingers.

A sudden aversion to more bloodshed, a sickening of vengeance, swept over him as her heart mutely beat for mercy against his heart. She had done more than any man could do. Now she waited on him. Both his arms wrapped round her. In the breathless embrace that drew her closer she read her answer from him. She looked up into his eyes and waited. "There's more than what's between you and me, Duke, facing us now," said De Spain sternly, when he turned. "We've got to get Nan out of this—even if we don't get out ourselves. Where do you figure we are?" he cried.

"I figure we're two miles north of the lava beds, De Spain," shouted Morgan.

De Spain shook his head in dissent. "Then where are we?" demanded the older man rudely.

"I ought not to say, against you. But if I've got to guess, I say two miles east. Rather way, we must try for Sleepy Cat. Is your team all right?"

"Team is all right. We tore a wheel

near off getting out of the lava. The wagon's done for."

De Spain threw the fur coat at him. "Put it on," he said. "We'll look at the wheel."

They tried together to wrench it into shape, but worked without avail. In the end they lashed it, put Nan on the Lady, and walked behind while the team pushed into the pitiless wind. Morgan wanted to cut the wagon away and take to the horses, but De Spain said: "Not till they found a trail or the stage road."

So much snow had fallen that in spite of the blizzard, driving with an unrelenting fury, the drifts were deepening, packing, and making an effort increasingly difficult. It was well-nigh impossible to head the horses into the storm, and De Spain looked with ever more anxious eyes at Nan. After half an hour's superhuman struggle to regain a trail that should restore their bearings, they halted, and De Spain, riding up to the wagon, spoke to Morgan, who was driving: "How long is this going to last?"

"All day and all night," Nan leaped closely over to bear the curt question and answer. Neither man spoke again for a moment.

"We'll have to have help," said De Spain after a pause.

"Help?" echoed Morgan scornfully. "Where's help coming from?"

De Spain's answer was not hurried. "One of us must go after it," Nan looked at him intently.

Duke set his hard jaw against the hurdling stream of ice that showered on the forlorn party. "I'll go for it," he snapped.

"No," returned De Spain. "Better for me to go."

"Go together," said Nan.

De Spain shook his head. "Duke Morgan, too, said that only one should go—the other must stay. De Spain, while the storm raged and shook at the two men, told why he should go himself. "It's not claiming you are not entitled to say who should go, Duke," he said evenly. "Nor that poor man anywhere you reach, wouldn't give you the same attention they would me. And it isn't saying that you're not the better man for the job—you've traveled the sink longer than I have. But between you and me, Duke, it's twenty-eight years against fifty. I ought to hold out a while the longer, that's all. Let's work farther to the east."

Quartering against the mad hurricane, they drove and rode on until the team could hardly be urged to further effort against the infuriated elements. De Spain riding at intervals as far to the right and the left as he dared, in vain quest of a landmark. When he halted beside the wagon for the last time he was a mass of snow and ice; horse and rider were frozen to each other. He got down to the ground with a visible effort, and in the singing wind told Duke his plan and purpose.

He had chosen on the open desert a hollow falling somewhat abruptly from the north, and beneath its shelter, while Morgan loosened the horses, he scooped and kicked away a mass of snow. The wagon had been drawn just above the point of refuge, and the two men, with the aid of the wind, dumped it over sideways, making of the body a windbreak over the hollow, a sort of roof, around which the snow, driven by the gale, would heap itself in hard waves. Within this shelter the men stowed Nan. The horses were driven down behind it, and from one of them De Spain took the collar, the tugs and the whiffletrees. He stuck a hitching strap in his pocket, and while Morgan steadied the Lady's head, De Spain buckled the collar on her, doubled the tugs around the whiffletree, and fastened the rein at her side in front of the saddle.

Nan came out and stood beside him as he worked. When he had finished she put her hand on his sleeve. He held her close, Duke listening, to tell her what he meant to try to do. Each knew it well might be the last moment together. "One thing and another have kept us from marriage vows, Nan," said De Spain, beckoning at length to Morgan to step closer that he might clearly hear. "Nothing must keep us longer. Will you marry me?" She looked up into his eyes. "I've promised you I would. I will promise every time you ask me. I never could have but one answer to that, Henry—it must always be yes!"

"Then take me, Henry," he said slowly, "here and now for your wedded husband. Will you do this, Nan?"

"Still looking into his eyes, she answered without surprise or fear: "Henry, I do take you."

"And I, Henry, take you, Nan, here and now for my wedded wife, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, from this day forward, until death us do part."

They sealed their pact with a silent embrace. De Spain turned to Duke. "You are the witness of this marriage, Duke. You will see, if an accident happens, that anything, everything I have—some personal property—my father's old ranch north of Medicine Bend—some little money in bank at Sleepy Cat—goes to my wife, Nan Morgan de Spain. Will you see to it?"

"I will. And if it comes to me—you, De Spain, will see to it that what stock I have in the gap goes to my niece, Nan, your wife."

She looked from one to the other of the two men. "All that I have," she said in turn, "the lands in the gap, everywhere around Music Mountain, go to you two equally together, or whichever survives. And if you both live, and I do not, remember my last message—bury the past in my grave."

Duke Morgan tested the cinches of the saddle on the Lady once more, unloosed the tugs once more from the horse's shoulder, examined each buckle of the collar and every inch of the two

strips of leather, the re-enforced fastenings on the whiffletree, rolled all up again, strapped it, and stood by the head till De Spain swung up into the saddle. He bent down once to whisper a last word of cheer to his wife, and, without looking back, headed the Lady into the storm.

CHAPTER XXX.

Gambling With Death.

Beyond giving his horse a safe headway from the shelter, De Spain made little effort to guide her. He had chosen the Lady, not because she was fresher, for she was not, but because he believed she possessed of the three horses the clearest instinct to bring her through the fight for the lives that were at stake. He did not deceive himself with the idea he could do anything to help the beast find a way to succor; that instinct rested wholly in the Lady's head, not in his. He only knew that if she could not get back to help, he could not. His own part in the effort was quite outside any aid to the Lady—it was no more than to reach alive whatever aid she could find, that he might direct it to where Nan and her companion would endure a few hours longer the fury of the storm.

His own struggle for life, he realized, was with the wind—the roaring wind that hurled its broadsides of frozen snow in monstrous waves across the maddened sky, challenging every living thing. It drove his knees into his face and ears, paralyzed in its swift grasp his muscles and sinews, fought the stout flow of blood through his veins, and searched his very heart to still it.

Encouraging the Lady with kind words, and caressing her in her groping efforts as she turned head and tail from the blinding sheets of snow and ice, De Spain let her drift, hoping she might bring them through, what he confessed in his heart to be, the narrowest of chances.

He bent low in his saddle under the whipping blasts. He buffeted his legs and arms to fight off the fatal cold. He slipped more than once from his seat, and with a hand on the pommel, he clung to the saddle, his feet fixed to the ground. He realized, when he could no longer climb up again, but he staved that issue off to the last possible moment of endurance, because the Lady made better time when he was on her back. When the struggle to remount had been repeated until nature could no longer by any staggering effort be made to respond to his will, until his legs were no longer a part of his being—until below his hips he had no body answerable to his commands, but only two insensible masses of lead that anchored him to the ground—he still forced the frozen feet to carry him, in a feeble, monstrous gait beside the Lady, while he dragged with his hands on the saddle for her patient aid.

One by one every thought, as if congealed in their brain cells, deserted his mind—save the thought that he must not freeze to death. More than once he had hoped the insensate fury of the blizzard might abate. The Lady had long since ceased to try to face it—like a stripped vessel before a hurricane, she was drifting under it. De Spain realized that his helpless legs would not carry him farther. His hands, freezing to the pommel, no longer supported him. They finally slipped from it and he fell prostrate in the snow beside his horse. When he could cry out to her his frozen lips could mumble no words. It was the fight no longer of a man against nature, but only of an indomitable soul against a cruel, hateful death. He struggled to his feet only to fall again more heavily. He pulled himself up this time by the stirrup strap, got his hands and arms up to the pommel, and clung to it for a few paces more. But he fell at last, and could no longer rise from the ground. The storm swept unceasingly on.

The Lady, checked by the lines wrapped on his arm, stopped. De Spain lay a moment, then backed her up a step, pulled her head down by the bridle, clasped his wooden arms around her neck, spoke to her, and, lifting her head, the mare dragged him to his feet. Clumsily and helplessly he loosened the tugs and the whiffletree, beat his hands together with idiotic effort, hooked the middle point of the whiffletree into the elbow of his left arm, brought the forearm and hand against his shoulder, and with the hitching strap lashed his forearm and upper arm tightly together around the whiffletree.

He drew the tugs stiffly over the Lady's back, unloosed the cinches of the saddle, pushed it off the horse and, sinking into the snow behind her, struck with his free arm at her feet. Relieved of the saddle, the Lady once more started, dragging slowly behind her through the snow a still breathing human being. Less than an hour before it had been a man. It was hardly more now, as the Lady plodded on, than an insensate log. But not even death could part it again from the horse to which De Spain, alive, had fastened it.

The fearful pain from the tortured arm, torn at times almost from its socket, the gradual snapping of straining ligaments, the constant rupture of capillaries and veins sustained his consciousness for a while. Then the torturing pain abated, the rough dragging shattered the bruised body less. It was as if the Lady and the storm together were making easier for the slowly dying man his last trail across the desert. He still struggled to keep alive, by sheer will power, flickering sparks of consciousness, and to do so concentrated every thought on Nan. It was a poignant happiness to summon

her picture to his fainting senses; he knew he should hold to life as long as he could think of her. Love, stronger than death, welled in his heart. The bitter cold and the merciless wind were kinder as he called her image from out of the storm. She seemed to speak—to lift him on her arms. Ahead, distant mountains rose, white-peaked. The sun shone. He rode with her through green fields, and a great peace rested on his weary senses.

Lady Jane, pushing on and on, enlightened by that instinct before which the reason of man is weak and pitiful, seeing, as it were, through the impenetrable curtain of the storm where refuge lay, herself a slow-moving crust of frozen snow, dragged to her journey's end—to the tight-shut doors of the Calabasas barn—her unconscious burden, and stood before them patiently waiting until someone should open for her. It was one of the heartbreaks of tragic day that no one ever knew just when the Lady reached the door or how long she and her unconscious master waited in the storm for admission. A startled exclamation from John Lefever, who had periodically and anxiously left the red-hot stove in the office to walk moodily to the window, brought the men tumbling over one another as he ran from his companions to throw open the outer door and pull the drooping horse into the barn.

It was the Indian, Scott, who, reading first of all the men everything in the dread story, sprang forward with a stifled exclamation, as the horse dragged in the snow-covered log, whipped a knife from his pocket, cut the impumbered arm and white hand free from the whiffletree, and, carrying the stiffened body into the office, began, with insane haste to cut away the clothing.

Lefever, perceiving it was De Spain thus drawn to their feet, shouted, while he tore from the blade of Scott's knife the frozen garments, the orders for the snow, the heated water, the warm blankets, the alcohol and brandy, and, stripped to his waist, chafed the marble feet. The Indian, better than a staff of doctors, used the cunning of a sorcerer to revive the spark of inanimate life not yet extinguished by the storm. A fearful interval of suspense followed the silence into which the work settled, a silence broken only by the footsteps of men running to and from the couch over which Scott, Lefever and McAlpin, half-naked, worked in mad concert.

De Spain opened his eyes to wander from one to the other of the faces. He half rose up, struggling in a frenzy with the hands that restrained him. While his companions pleaded to quiet him, he fought them until, restored to his seat of reason, his mind reasserted itself, and, lying exhausted, he told them in his exquisite torture of whom he had left, and what must be done to find and bring them in.

While the relief wagons, equipped with straining teams and flanked by veteran horsemen, were dashing out of the barn, he lapsed into unconsciousness. But he had been able to hold Scott's hand long enough to tell him he must find Nan and bring her in, or never come back.

It was Scott who found her. In their gropings through the blizzard the three had wandered nearer Calabasas than any one of them dreamed. And on the open desert, far south and east of the upper lava beds, it was Scott's horse that put a foot through the bottom of the overturned wagon box. The suspected mound of snow, with the buried horses scrambling to their feet, rose upright at the crash. Duke crouched, half-conscious, under the rude shelter. Lying where he had placed her, snugly between the horses, Scott found Nan. He spoke to her when she opened her staring eyes, picked her up in his arms; called to his companions for the covered wagon, and began to restore her, without a moment of delay, to life. He even promised if she would drink the hateful draft he put to her lips, and let him cut away her shoes and leggings and the big coat frozen on her, that in less than an hour she should see Henry de Spain alive and well.

CHAPTER XXXI.

At Sleepy Cat.

Nothing in nature, not even the storm itself, is so cruel as the beauty of the after calm. In the radiance of the sunshine next day De Spain, delirious and muttering, was taken to the hospital at Sleepy Cat. In an adjoining room lay Nan, moaning, reproaches at those who were torturing her reluctantly back to life. Day and night the doctors worked over the three. The town, the division, the stagemen and the mountain men watched the outcome of the struggle. From as far as Medicine Bend railroad surgeons came to aid in the fight.

De Spain cost the most acute anxiety. The crux of the battle, after the three lives were held safe, centered on the effort to save De Spain's arm—the one he had chosen to lose, if he must lose one, when he strapped it to the whiffletree. The day the surgeons agreed that if his life were to be saved the arm must come off at the shoulder a gloom fell on the community.

In a lifetime of years there can come to the greater part of us but a few days, a few hours, sometimes no more than a single moment, to show of what stuff we are really made. Such a crisis came that day to Nan. Already she had been wheeled more than once into De Spain's room, to sit where she could help woo him back to life. The chief surgeon, in the morning, told Nan of the decision. In her hospital

bed she rose bolt upright. "No!" she declared solemnly. "You shan't take his arm off!"

The surgeon met her rebellion tactfully. But he told Nan, at last, that De Spain must lose either his arm or his life. "No," she repeated without hesitation and without blanching. "You shan't take off his arm. He shan't lose his life."

The blood surged into her cheeks, better blood and redder than the doctors had been able to bring there—such blood as De Spain alone could call into them. Nan, with her nurse's help, dressed, joined De Spain, and talked long and earnestly. The doctors, too, laid the situation before him. When they asked him for his decision, he nodded toward Nan. "She will tell you, gentlemen, what we'll do."

And Nan did tell them what the two who had most at stake in the decision would do. Any man could have done as much as that. But Nan did more. She set herself out to save the arm and patient both, and, lest the doctors should change their tactics and move together on the arm surreptitiously, Nan stayed night and day with De Spain, until he was able to make such active use of either arm as to convince her that he and not the surgeons would soon need the most watching.

Afterward when Nan, in some doubt, asked the chaplain whether she was married or single, he obligingly offered to satisfy and confirm the desert ceremony.

This affair was the occasion for an extraordinary round-up at Sleepy Cat. Two longhossle elements—the stage and railroad men and the Calabasas Morgan gang contingent of mountain men, for once at least, fraternized. Warrants were pigeonholed, suspicion suspended, sidearms neglected in their scabbards. The fighting men of both camps, in the presence of a ceremony that united De Spain and Nan Morgan, could not but feel a generous elation. Each party considered that it was contributing to the festivity in the bride and groom and the very best each could boast, and no false note disturbed the harmony of the notable day.

Gale Morgan, having given up the fight, had left the country. Sattered Morgan danced till all the platforms in town gave way. John Lefever attended the groom, and Duke Morgan sternly but without compunction, gave the bride. From Medicine Bend, Farrell Kennedy brought a notable company of De Spain's early associates for the event. It included Whispering Smith, whose visit to Sleepy Cat on this occasion was the first in years; George McCloud, who had come all the way from Omaha to join his early comrade in arms; Wickwire, who had lost none of his taciturn bluntness—and so many train dispatchers that the service or the division was crippled for the entire day.

A great company of self-appointed retainers gathered together from over all the country, rode behind the gayly decorated bridal coach in procession from the church to Jeffries' house where the feast had been prepared. During the reception a modest man dragged from an obscure corner among the guests, was made to take his place next Lefever on the receiving line. I was Bob Scott, and he looked most uncomfortable until he found a chance to slip unobserved back to the side of the room where the distinguished Medicine Bend contingent, together with McAlpin, Pardalos, Elpasos and Bull Paul, slightly overstayed but extremely serious for the grave occasion appeared vastly uncomfortable to gether.

The railroad has not yet been built across the sinks to Thief River. But only those who lived in Sleepy Cat in its really wild stage days are entitled to call themselves early settlers, or to tell stories more or less authentic about what then happened. The greater number of the Old Guard of that day, as cankered peace gradually reasserted itself along the sinks, turned from the stage coach to the railroad coach; some of them may yet be met on the trains in the mountain country. Wherever you happen to find such a one, he will tell you of the days when Superintendent de Spain of the Western division wore a gun in the mountains and used it, when necessary, of his wife's relations.

Whether it was this stern sense of discipline or that that endured him to the men, these old-timers are, to a man, very loyal to the young couple who united in their marriage the two hostile mountain elements. One is especial, a white-haired old man, described by the fanciful as a retired outlaw, living yet on Nan's ranch in the gap, always spends his time in town at the De Spain home, where he takes great interest in an active little boy, Morgan de Spain, who waits for his Uncle Duke's coming, and digs into his pockets for rattle caps, captured along the trail from recent hungry rattlesnakes. When his uncle happens to kill a big one—one with twelve or thirteen rings and a button—Morgan uses it to scare his younger sister Nan. And Duke, secretly rejoicing at his bravado but scolding sharply, helps him adjust the old ammunition belt dragged from the attic, and cuts fresh gashes in it to make it fit the child's waist. His mother doesn't like to see her son in warlike equipment, ambush little Nan in the way Bob Scott says the Indians used to do. She threatens periodically to burn the belt up and throw the old rifles out of the house. But when she sees her nephew and her husband watching the boy and laughing at the parade together, she relents. It is only children, after all, that keep the world young.

(THE END)

ELAINE'S AUNT

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Delancy glanced up with an amused, look of interest. He occupied his customary favorite place on Elaine's window seat overlooking the square. It always amused him when Elaine's self-sufficiency was nonplussed.

"Read it," he said. "Don't be selfish and keep it to yourself." Elaine tossed him the letter. "Read it yourself."

"Delancy obeyed, and the gleam of fun in his blue eyes deepened.

"Who is Aunt Jess? Sounds to me like a pretty good old sport."

"You mustn't call her an old sport," replied Elaine, with a touch of hauteur in her tone. "After all, one's family is one's family, and it is not for any outsiders to speak of the same banteringly. She is a very respectable maiden lady from Middlebury, R. I. I have not seen her since I was a little girl, but she was my father's favorite sister, and, of course, I shall do the proper thing by her."

"Of course, you will," drawled Delancy, pleasantly. "But at the same time, it's an infernal bore having her on here just at this time. You won't be able to go to the ball?"

"Indeed I will," replied Elaine. "I have to hire a trained nurse to look out for Aunt Jess while I'm away."

Thursday afternoon Elaine went to the railway station to meet Aunt Jessica. The express was on time. She stood at the gate watching the passengers as they passed through, looking for a little, somewhat bewildered woman in clothing of a past mode. Suddenly some one touched her on the shoulder, and the clearest, most attractive contralto voice asked:

"Isn't this Elaine?"

For the moment Elaine was speechless. Could it be possible that this slender, beautifully tailored woman was Aunt Jessica? Her suit was in the latest mode, right to the tops of her dark tan high-cut boots. Her wide-brimmed straw hat was black, with just exactly the right touch of hand embroidery on it to make it smart, and underneath the brim there smiled at Elaine the brownest of laughing eyes. Her dark hair was dressed high, Elaine could tell, with not a trace of gray. Her complexion was perfect, and she looked about twenty-eight at the most. Elaine motioned to a porter to carry the suit case and call a taxi while she tried her best to acclimatize herself to Aunt Jessica.

"Now, dear, don't let me upset any of your studio plans or engagements," said Miss Stowell as the taxi whirled them downtown. "You know I have a very nice little millinery shop in Newport, and I have been running up to Boston every spring and fall for the new styles. This year I decided to go New York, although you catch the more conservative foreign touch in Boston, I think. Just go ahead with your own work and don't mind me. We professional women understand perfectly the value of time. You're really keeping yourself up very nicely. So many artists let themselves run down."

Elaine was reduced to a state of absolute meekness almost gasping for breath. That night, instead of the usual little bachelor supper, Aunt Jessica insisted on going downtown for dinner, with box seats afterward at one of the snappiest shows in town. She had all her campaign mapped out, just the plays she wanted to see, the places where she wanted to eat, and the people she wanted to meet.

Elaine never forgot that week. The first time that Delancy stepped foot into the studio his languor vanished under the stimulus of Aunt Jessica's greeting. She whisked him off as her escort that afternoon, and he was her slave thereafter. Elaine, slender and frail as a poet's narcissus, sat back in an oak chair the night of the artists' ball and watched her aunt dance, not only with Delancy but with every eligible man in the quadrants. She danced beautifully. And this was the woman for whom she had expected to hire a trained nurse! As they passed by she caught Delancy's adoring look. Delancy, of all people! The dilettante novelist, everlastingly seeking new interests.

The next morning he came over to the studio with an odd sheepish look of happiness on his face.

"Has she told you yet?" he asked. "Lord, Elaine, I don't see what a woman like her sees in me. She's so gloriously efficient. It makes me ashamed of all the months I've wasted. I'm going to pitch in now and do something worth while. She's going to let me handle her advertising matter and thinks she can get one of the big stores in Boston to let me try theirs, too."

"Advertising matter?" Elaine gave him one long look. A week ago, Delancy had seemed a necessary part of that window seat, and now he was going to write millinery ads for Aunt Jessica.

"Do you really love her, Frank?" she asked, unbelievably.

"Love her? I worship her. We're to be married before she leaves. I can't tell you, Elaine, how grateful I am to you for having brought us together."

Elaine smiled thoughtfully. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Easy to Do.

"He's already gone through two fortunes."

"Well, I'm not going to criticize him. Judging from the judgment I've shown in investing what little money I've ever had, I'd have gone through two fortunes, too, if I had had them."

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, 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 is 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. DUFFEE, 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 Alice 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. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.

ERWIN R. PALMER, Deputy Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Court Room in the city of Detroit, on the 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, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mary E. Wood praying that administration 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 circulating in said county of Wayne.

(A true copy).

EDGAR O. DUFFEE, Judge of Probate.

CHAS. C. CHADWICK, Probate 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.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

A regular meeting of the Village Council was held in the village hall Monday August 6, 1917.

Present, Chas. S. Filkins, President; Trustees, Montgomery, Tewksbury, Van Valkenburg, Balden; Quorum present.

Minutes of meeting of July 2, 1917, were read and approved.

The Finance committee audited the following bills:

Northville Bank, \$55.00
S. Litsberger, highway, 26.00
Merrill Franklin, 3.30
Chas. Strautz, 36.00
Chas. Shipley, 18.00
Chas. Meyer, 9.00
Henry Cooper, 15.00
M. R. Seely, 39.00
James Black, 4.75
M. A. Porter, 98.50
Horace Boyden, 14.40
Chas. Strautz, 43.00
M. R. Seely, 58.09
Chas. Shipley, cemetery, 61.50
Wm. McMillan, w. w., 7.50
Electric Shop, 13.25
Archie Bradner, park, 10.00
F. Dolph, freight, 1.57
Leo Lawrence, 17.55

Detroit Edison Co., St. Lights, 288.00
Detroit Edison Co., pump, 47.27
Detroit Edison Co., elec. hell, 3.11
Detroit Edison Co., Eaton, 2.34
C. C. Terkes, 75.00
Am. Bell & Dry Co., w. w., 3.78
Thomson Meter Co., 328.75
B. Lateral Fire Hose Co., 80.00
Fred W. Lyke, w. w., 52.63
Stumpson Scale & Electric Co., 8.00
J. H. Steers, w. w., 7.84
P. S. Palmer, w. w., 5.06
Neal Printing Co., 5.28
E. E. Perrin, 9.25
Fire Dept., 16.00
Stark Bros., w. w., 35
Don VanSickle, freight on hose, 9.75
Chas. Shipley, cemetery, 10.00
James Dickerson, 6.00
Roy Ambler, 4.00
Sam McLean, 5.00
L. Lyke, 2.00
T. H. Weston, 101.78
T. H. Turner, 12.00
Joe Montgomery, 18.00

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Balden that bill be allowed and ordered paid.

Yeas—Montgomery, Tewksbury, and Van Valkenburg. Balden. Nays—None.

Carried.

Village Assessor—Sessions recommended that \$7.10 be rebated to Laura B. Spellman for excess taxation.

Moved by Balden and supported by Tewksbury that Laura B. Spellman be paid \$7.10 rebate taxation.

Yeas—Montgomery, Tewksbury, and Van Valkenburg. Balden. Nays—None.

Carried.

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Balden and supported by Montgomery that Messrs. Balden and Sessions be granted permission to place curb seven feet from side walk on High street.

Yeas—Montgomery, Tewksbury, Van Valkenburg. Balden. Nays—None.

Carried.

Moved by Balden and supported by Montgomery that H. E. Brown be granted \$125 water rebate.

Yeas—Montgomery, Tewksbury, Van Valkenburg. Balden. Nays—None.

Carried.

Moved by Van Valkenburg and supported by Balden and supported by Montgomery that the following ordinance be adopted.

Yeas—Montgomery, Tewksbury, Van Valkenburg. Balden. Nays—None.

Carried.

On Motion council adjourned.

T. E. MURDOCK, Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 67.

Regulation of the Use of Sewers and Drains.

The Village of Northville ordains: Section 1. No person or persons shall make connection with, or use for any purpose, any sewer or drain belonging to the Village of Northville and located in its streets, alleys, public places, or elsewhere within said village, unless such person or persons shall first obtain a license or permit so to do from the Common Council of said village.

Section 2. Any person or persons who shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by fine not exceeding \$50.00 and costs of prosecution, and the person so convicted may be sentenced to the Detroit House of Correction until such fine is paid, but such term of imprisonment shall not exceed ninety days in all.

Section 3. This ordinance shall take immediate effect.

Made and passed by the Common Council of the Village of Northville this 6th day of August, 1917.

CHARLES S. FILKINS, President.

THOMAS E. MURDOCK, Clerk.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Mrs. Roy Ambler is visiting friends in Canada.

Miss Mary Keeler of Romeo is visiting Mrs. George Grinnell for a few weeks.

Miss Marian Wellman of Pontiac spent the week-end with Northville friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Calkins are visiting in Boston and other eastern points.

Morris Daley left Saturday for a weeks visit with his parents in Buffalo, N. Y.

Albert Craig of Canton, Ohio is visiting at the home of J. B. Watts this week.

Mrs. Marian Crandall of Detroit was a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Terrill.

Mrs. Lena Daggett and daughter were at Orion last week as guests of relatives there.

Miss Donna Sullivan of Ypsilanti was entertained at the F. S. Harmon home over Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Ostrander has been spending the past week with relatives and friends in Detroit.

Miss Beverly Terrill spent several days last week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Terrill.

Ernest Miller and family and Ray Richardson and family are spending the week at Union Lake.

Miss Doris Haddock of Detroit is spending a week or two with Northville relatives, and friends.

Mrs. Richard Leadbeater and daughter of Montreal, have been recent guests of Northville relatives.

Rev. and Mrs. Riley came from Byron Mich. last week and are getting settled in the Baptist parsonage.

Miss Edna Foreman left Saturday for Walling Lake where she is to remain until the opening of school.

Miss Averil Miles accompanied her sister-in-law, Mrs. O'Donnell to her home in Flint for a few days visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin White returned home Wednesday from a five day's trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Tewksbury and son have been spending a few days with the former's brother at Romeo.

Mrs. Thomas B. Henry and children were guests of Capt. Henry at Camp Custer near Battle Creek last week.

Glen Morrison of near Buffalo, N. Y., has been a recent visitor at the home of his mother, Mrs. Alice Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. George Milne and son of Highland Park were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Grinnell.

Miss Lucille Calkins left Thursday for a two weeks' visit at the home of her brother, Vern, at North Attleboro, Mass.

Mrs. Earl Severance and daughter of Orchard Lake and Mrs. S. C. Taylor of Novi were guests at the Tremper home Sunday.

Miss Ida Morris of the local telephone exchange returned Sunday after spending a week's vacation with relatives in Canada.

Mrs. M. R. Wilber of Farmington and Mrs. Irene Foster of Toronto, were guests of Miss Emeline Lapham one day last week.

Mrs. Ross Dusenberry and son of Detroit have been visiting this week at the home of Mrs. Dusenberry's mother, Mrs. Yerkes.

Miss Flora Hendryx and Miss Mable Jones of Detroit who returned last week Friday from a six day boat trip to Duluth are spending this week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hendryx.

Mrs. J. B. Watts and son, Joe, accompanied by Mr. Craig and Miss Walker, who are visiting the family, motored to Detroit one day this week to show the visitors the sights of the city, including Belle Isle park.

N. A. Clapp and David Gage attended the annual picnic of the Novi and Walled Lake W. C. T. U. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice at Novi last week. They report a good attendance and a very pleasant and profitable meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark with their daughter, Lydia, accompanied their son, Bert, of Detroit on a motor trip to Muskegon the first of last week, where he went on business for the T. and M. Lane Co. They visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bailard, returning to their home here Wednesday evening.

Potatoes 39c

25c Salmon, = 19c

10c Sardines = 8c

25c Can Best Corn, = 19c

25c Can Best Peas, 17c

50c Best Java Coffee 39c

40c Coffee, Special, 29c

50c Japan Tea, = 39c

20c Can Best Pork & Beans, 3 for 50c

Best Flour, per bag \$1.69

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Weitzman's

NORTHVILLE. CASH GROCERY.

(TELEPHONE 113)

SOME OF OUR NEW LAWS.

At one minute past 12 o'clock this Friday morning, 225 new laws passed by Michigan's 1917 legislature become operative. A few of these are briefly noted: Any person who rides a bicycle on a sidewalk in a city or incorporated village is liable to fine or imprisonment, trucks weighing more than 15 tons, trucks having tires over 5 inches wide, or using metal chains on wheels may not be used on any highways outside the cities, second-hand mattresses shall not be sold unless they have been thoroughly sanitized, beggars pretending to be crippled are liable to \$100 fine or 60 days' imprisonment, or both, women may vote for presidential electors, "The Star Spangled Banner" shall not be played in a medley or as dance music in any public place, driving away another's automobile without his permission is a felony, the fee of jurors is \$4 per day, \$2 per half-day; no traction engine or other heavy machinery may operate on state roads during March, April or May; school boards may permit use of school grounds and school houses as community or recreation centers and for all civic welfare matters; children of 14 years or over may work on Saturdays and all days when there is no school; all owners of dogs in cities, villages and townships not already controlled by ordinance must pay a fee and register dogs; any person who scatters or deposits noxious weeds, wild grass or foul seeds along highways or in any inland water is liable to fine of \$5 to \$25, 5 to 30 days' imprisonment.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

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TEMPLE THEATRE.

Two Performances Daily 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Splendid Seats at 10-20-25c

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STYLE!

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

MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

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\$100.00 REWARD.

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

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

BY ORDER VILLAGE COUNCIL.

TRY A LINER IN THE RECORD.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills is Red and Gold medicine. Take one or two with each meal. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Always ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS. For 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

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