

THE NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII, NO. 5.

THE RECORD: NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1917.

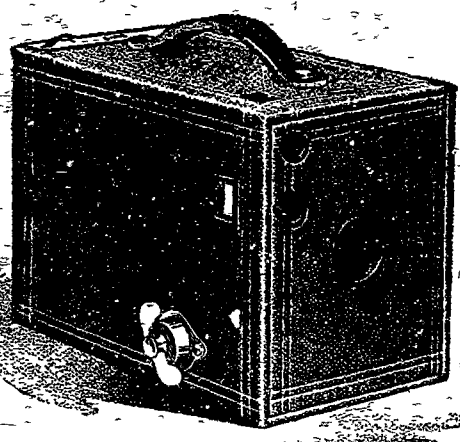
\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

STATE FAIR TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

AT THE RECORD OFFICE FOR 1917, AT 50c 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.

LET THE CHILDREN KODAK



With A Brownie No. 2, inexpensive and simple to operate. Filing the photos in an album tells the story better than a diary when looked over in the older days.

We also carry a Full Line of Supplies and Accessories.



A. E. STANLEY

THE *Reall* STORE

NORTHVILLE

MICHIGAN.

SPRING BROOK DAIRY

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

Telephone 399 J.

G. K. SCHOOF, Propr.

Specials

ON WASH BOARDS, CLOTHES LINES, CLOTHES BASKETS, MOP CLOTHS, MOP HANDLES.

30 Cent Wash Board,	23c.
40 Cent Wash Boards,	33c.
30 Cent Key Stone Line,	25c.
25 Cent Crown Line,	19c.
20 Cent Mop Rope,	2 for 25c.
50 Cent Clothes Baskets,	39c.
90 Cent Clothes Baskets,	73c.
15 Cent Mop Handle,	11c.

HERE ARE SOME GOOD BUYS.

3 lb Best Jap Rice, (not broken),	25c.
2 Cans Corn,	25c.
2 Cans Peas,	25c.
2 Cans Wax Beans,	25c.

WHEELER & BLACKBURN
CASH STORE.

THE FAIR PROGRAM BEING WHIPPED INTO SHAPE

The program for Northville's fair September 25-28 is being whipped into shape by the various committees and the prospects for a big event here for Northville's first fair event are looking better and better.

The Amusement committee headed by Mr. Schrader, is booking a lot of fine attractions and expect yet to add a balloon ascension each day and a midway that will be a hummer.

Supt. Sloan of the Speed department, promises three days of horse racing second to none in Michigan, pulled off at fair.

Supt. Starkweather will have a cattle exhibit that will look like a state fair exhibit.

Supt. Fuller for the poultry department promises to have an exhibit that will equal any in the state and his department is in the best shape now for quick exhibit of any department, but the others are coming along fine.

The officers and fair managers are H. B. Clark, president; Milo Johnson, vice-president; T. E. Murdock, secretary; A. C. Balden, treasurer.

The committees so far appointed are as follows:

Amusement and Concessions—N. C. Schrader, J. A. Huff, W. L. Tinsam, W. J. Lanning, Chas. Altman, C. J. McKahn.
Publicity—F. S. Neal, C. A. Ponsford, A. E. Stanley, Chas. Filkins, C. C. Yerkes, L. A. Babbitt, Wm. Gorton, Chas. Blackburn.

Races—Mr. H. Sloan, W. D. Tibbits, John Tinsam, Geo. VanVleet, F. L. Newton, Frank Hamilton.

Draft and Driving Horses—George Rattenbury, F. L. Becker, Sam Spencer, Frank Hendryx, Chas. Kedgell, J. B. Cook, Dr. E. B. Cavell.

Cattle—E. M. Starkweather, Floyd Northrop, F. D. Buttle, Geo. Hake, John Schultze, Glenn Richardson, Howard Warner, G. R. French.

Farm Implements—W. H. Cattermole, Fred Skarritt, Louis Dey.

Grain and Vegetables—David Gage, N. A. Clapp and D. P. Yerkes.

Poultry—A. E. Fuller, E. H. Lapham, R. F. Booth, N. I. Colt, Ernest Miller.

Fruit—John Cleaver, Hill Bros., L. B. Flint, E. J. VerDuyn, Fred Simmons.

Sheep and Hogs—B. A. Northrop, Carmi Beuton, E. M. Moore.

Automobiles—T. G. Richardson, F. S. Neal, F. J. Cochran, F. B. Macomber, F. N. Perrin, Horace Boyden, Don Ball, Montie Weekes, Wm. Scotten and G. M. Roys.

Musie—W. H. Safford, Fancy Work—School Children's work—Baby Show—

ACCEPTED SOLDIERS FROM NORTHVILLE

BOYS WHO PASSED EXAMINATIONS AND ARE TO ENTER THE SERVICE.

The following is the list of Northville boys who, so far, have been accepted as soldiers in the U. S. army, following examination by the district board at Plymouth:

- No. 1267—Hinchman, Harvey G.
- No. 1237—Cram, Chester A.
- No. 1234—Schultz, Charles Alonzo.
- No. 1264—Ricks, Fred.
- No. 1313—Simmons, George R.
- No. 1222—Safford, Donald R.
- No. 1282—Kroeger, William.
- No. 1322—Ryder, Ralph W.
- No. 1292—Martin, Guy E.
- No. 1300—Montgomery, Earl H.
- No. 1354—Thompson, Walter S.
- No. 1234—Stage, L. D.
- No. 1211—Armstrong, Harry M.
- No. 1275—Jordan, Clayton.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM CAPT. HENRY

OFFICER IN U. S. HOSPITAL SERVICE WRITES FROM CAMP CUSTER.

Battle Creek, Mich., Aug. 13, 1917.
Editor Record:—In fulfilling my promise to write to you, I am at a loss to know what would be of most interest. Army life, the building of a

Cantonment, the equipment, etc., would fill a good-sized book.

A Cantonment means the construction of buildings and grounds necessary for the training, quartering, feeding and equipment of a field army of troops, which consists of from 40,000 to 64,000 men. Camp Custer as our Cantonment is called, consists of upwards of 1,100 buildings—110 of which are two story barracks about 36x120 feet long, each of which has ample room for feeding and sleeping 200 men.

The other buildings are offices, hospitals, infirmaries, bath houses, Y. M. C. A. buildings, fire halls, water pumping stations, sewerage disposal plants, stables, heating plants, storerooms, commissary storerooms, etc.

To the civilian it is hard to comprehend the completion of this city

(Continued on page 4)

LAST SUNDAY BAND CONCERT.

Next Sunday the Band will give its final afternoon concert for the season. An especially fine program has been arranged for the enjoyment of all who choose to attend. The following numbers will be given, with Prof. W. A. McArthur of Detroit as director:

- March, Bronco Buster
- Overture, Poet and Peasant
- March, Waldemere
- Waltz, Shamrock
- Overture, Light Cavalry
- Cornet Solo, Young Virtuoso
- Reverie, Organ Song
- Waltz, Danube Waves
- March, Mascotte
- Star Spangled Banner

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the friends and neighbors for kindness in my late bereavement.

J. W. KATOR

Wanted, to Rent, For Sale, Etc.

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

LOST—Small gold brooch. Finder please leave at Nevson's bakery. Reward 5w1c.

LOST—Thursday, Aug. 16, on street, small purse containing about \$4. Finder please return to Record office. Reward 5w1c.

FOUND—Purse containing small amount of money. Inquire J. O. Knapp, and pay for ad. 5w1c.

NOTICE—Any person having old rags, papers, iron, etc., call 44-J. Samuel Kleinman, Northville. 5w12p.

WANTED—By school girl place to work for board and room. Call 39. 5w1c.

WANTED—Plain sewing and washing. Corner of Cady and Church Sts. 5w1p.

WANTED—House and lot. Will pay cash for best bargain. Phone Walnut 1438. Walter Collyer, 865 Lawton Ave., Detroit, Mich. 5w1p.

WANTED—Experienced office girl desires work. References, if desired, A. Riley. Box 96, Northville. 5w1p.

WANTED—Will pay spot cash for 1000 bushels of potatoes at once. Weitzman's Cash Grocery Store, Northville. 4w1c.

FOR SALE—Washing machine, nearly new. Mrs. Frank Bolton, Phone 351-W. 5w1c.

FOR SALE—Two acres potatoes, good shape. Party must leave. Phone 220-W. 5w1p.

FOR SALE—Modern 6-room house, and lot 70x190 ft., with garage, on Wing St. Inquire Chas. Mundy at Lapham bank. 5w1p.

FOR SALE—A grade Holstein heifer, due in October. Inquire of Harry Peters, 4 1/2 miles east of South Lyon. 5w1p.

FOR SALE—1910 Cadillac automobile in good condition. Hugh Clawson, Keego Harbor, Pontiac, Mich. 5w2p.

FOR SALE—Black mare. 1600 lbs. Phone 223-J. Ed Sessions. 5w1p.

FOR SALE—Cheap, Bay mare, suitable for farm work. Or in exchange for young cattle. Phone 188-R-5. Sam Pickard. 2w1p.

FOR SALE—Percheron coach yearling mare. Call on M. A. Bourne One mile west of Novi. 501c.

FOR SALE—Carload of New Milch Cows, mostly Holsteins. Jay Leavenworth. Phone 310-R-2. 29w1p.

FOR RENT—Good Stalls for school pupils who drive. Elmer E. Perrin South Center street. Phone 225-J. 4w2p.

FOR RENT—Rooms for light house-keeping, on Main St. Address Box 84 or phone 98-M. 4w2c.

FOR RENT—Furnished cottage at Walled Lake for month of Sept. Mrs. Ladd, Plymouth, Mich. 5w1c.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished, warm room. Private family. Mrs. David Cook, 36 S. Center street. 5w2c.

Automobile Accessories

Let Us Supply Your Wants—Why Go Out of Town? We may not have everything, but Have the Necessaries.

Inside Blow-Out Patches,	35c, 50c, 75c
Outer Lace-on and hook-on Studed Boots,	75c, 85c
Cementless Patches, in boxes,	25c, 35c, 50c
Cement-on-Tire Patches, 5 1/2 x 7—6 1/2 x 8, each,	35c
Safety Vulcanizer—12 Patches,	\$1.50
Famous Lock-Tire Patches,	50c
Transmission Lining Set,	75c, \$1.00
Battery Hydrometers,	\$1.00
Schrader Tire Gauges,	\$1.00
Grease Guns,	75c
Stewart Speedometer, Complete,	\$10.00
Ford Fan Belts,	25c
Tail Lamps,	\$2.00
Neville Steering Wheels,	\$9.00 and \$11.00
Flags of Five Countries and Holders,	\$1.00
Johnson's Carbon Remover,	65c, \$1.00, \$1.50
Spark Plugs, Guaranteed,	50c, 75c and \$1.00
Double-Action Pumps,	\$2.00
Auto Jacks,	\$1.00, \$1.25, \$3.00
Gray Muffler Cut-Out,	\$1.25

Mirrors, Wheel Pullers, Extra Heavy Reliners.

Tail Lamps, Klaxon Horns, Ford Timers, and Locks, Nickel and Brass Hub Caps, Bushings, Gaskets, Demountable Rim Wrenches.

Cylinder Head Wrenches.
Radiator Hose and Clamps.

CAN YOU USE SOME TIRE COVERS AT COST?

JAMES A. HUFF, Hardware.

The man with money doesn't fear accidents or 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

Get in Touch with Our

Special

Bargain Counter

SATURDAYS

In Particular.

C. E. RYDER, Northville.

MONEY KEEPS MANAGER M'GRAW IN FRONT



SOME STARS M'GRAW HAS LET GO BY.

A good dash of fortune, scrambled in with the real ability that is evident in as much responsible as anything in the success of John J. McGraw. Touted a wonder as a baseball manager, it is doubtful if McGraw would be able to produce the same results that have characterized the efforts of several other big league managers if he didn't have the wealth of his backers to draw from, leaving him free to choose at will from among hundreds of ball players.

The cases of Eddie Rousch and Dick Rudolph are perhaps the most predominant. Rousch is near the top among National league batsmen. Rudolph is Boston's most effective pitcher and was one of the main reasons why the Braves were able to battle their way to a National league championship and a subsequent world's championship. Both these men owe their place to McGraw. Rousch was kept mainly doing bench duty, while Rudolph scarcely got that far. Milton Stock is another example; Fred Merkle is a fair idea of a ball player discarded as a has-been, and who is doing great work. There are

many others. McGraw has cast them aside to make room for men he thought would do better with the men making up his team. He has been successful in winning pennants and has to his credit one world's championship, but if he would gather the stars he has let slip from his grasp and form them into one team the chances are he would have a machine that would be able to crush the present galaxy of stars with which he is trying to fret his way to a pennant.

A little more than a year ago McGraw set out to gather in a surplus of stars with which he threatened to make a runaway race of the National league pennant. Among these was Hans Lobert. Lobert didn't even finish the season and is used now only as a pinch hitter. McGraw considers him finished, yet it is only a brief stretch of time since he went into a breach and won a game for the Giants by the brilliance of his fielding and hitting.

It is one thing to have money behind and still another to be able to build a championship team.

PLAY AT MONTE CARLO

Management of Famous Resort Planning Winter Baseball.

Two Teams From United States to Play Exhibitions—Casino Authorities Would Have Players There Instead of South.

Next winter, or the winter after the war ends, the baseball fans who want to enjoy a winter season of the sport would do well to reserve quarters at Monte Carlo, for, if the plans of the Casino management do not go astray, the first Monte Carlo season after the war will have as its place de resistance six weeks of baseball between the New York Giants and another leading team.

The grounds have already been chosen. They are the present football grounds in Condamine, and the Casino authorities are only waiting for definite signs of the end of the war to open negotiations with American club owners, with a view to bringing two or more teams to Monte Carlo for a winter season. Their idea is that, instead of the teams going South, in February for six weeks' training, they could come to Monte Carlo about the middle of January and give a season there which would take the place of the spring training at Marlin and other Southern resorts.

M. Camille Blanc and his co-directors, of the Casino, have suffered from the war so acutely that they are planning to have Monte Carlo more luxurious, splendid and extravagant than ever. They think one of the best ways to recoup their losses will be to attract American millionaires and million heirs in swarms to their gambling den by the sea.

The war has cast a blight on the Casino, on Monte Carlo, and, worst of all, on M. Camille Blanc and his co-directors. It is tearfully said that the Casino has lost large sums of money during the war, not because there have been huge winnings by the players, but because the players have been so few.

The two-course "herriot" dinner and war bread apply in neutral and independent Monte Carlo just as they do in France, 150 yards away. Sports do not exist.

A large proportion of the shops are closed, while of those open a good share are closing out on forced sale, and in the remainder nearly anything one wants can be bought far below Paris prices. Jewelry is ridiculously cheap in Monte Carlo this year. There is a pawnshop on nearly every other corner of Monte Carlo, but not half a dozen in the town are open.

O'MARA LANDS WITH ATLANTA

Former Brooklyn Star Has Short-stopped From Coast to Coast, Winding Up in South.

Ollie O'Mara, who has shortstopped from coast to coast this year, has joined Atlanta. He started with Brooklyn, was shipped to Oakland, was



Ollie O'Mara.

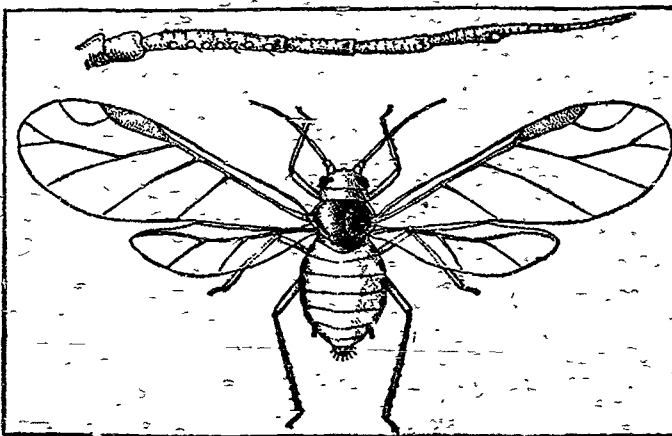
shipped back and thence to the New York State league, where the economy policy caused him to be discarded, whereupon the Brooklyn club unloaded him on Atlanta.

FANS DON'T LIKE ROWDYISM

General Demand for More Aggressiveness on Part of Players, Both Major and Minor.

There is a general demand for more aggressiveness on the part of the ball players, both major and minor. This is proper enough, as there has been altogether too much refinement about baseball, which is supposed to be a red-blooded masculine contest, and not a pink tea. But in encouraging aggressiveness, the managers must not fall into the error of reviving one phase of aggressiveness that is akin to and provocative of rowdiness in its worst form. That is the indulgence in more or less derogatory personal exchanges between ball players, known as "riding." This form of goading an adversary is intolerable and should be prohibited. Insulting opponents is supposed to be evidence of fighting spirit and ginger, and is favored by many managers, but seldom pleases spectators, especially women who sit close to the playing field. The famous Macken were "colorless," according to scribes, because they did not indulge in "riding" opponents, but it is significant that more women attended the games at Shibe park in the days of the famous machine than are on hand at other major league parks.

DESTROY OR DRIVE AWAY CORN ENEMIES



Corn-Root Aphid—Winged Viviparous Female, Greatly Enlarged, and Antenna of Same, Highly Magnified.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Since the corn-root aphid which attacks the roots of corn throughout the states east of the Rocky mountains, is assisted in its destructive work by a brown ant, measures of control must take into account both the insects. The presence of the aphid frequently is not suspected because it passes almost its entire life underground. It is a small, stout, soft-bodied, whitish insect and may be seen in infested fields, by pulling up an unhealthy corn plant and closely examining the roots and surrounding soil. The small brown ant which works in conjunction with this pest cares for the eggs of the aphid over winter and in the spring, when the eggs hatch, the young aphids are carried out and placed in contact with the roots of certain wild plants, such as smartweed. If corn is planted in such infested places, the ants transfer the aphids to the roots of the corn plants. The aphids sap the corn of its nourishment and often cause heavy loss to the crop.

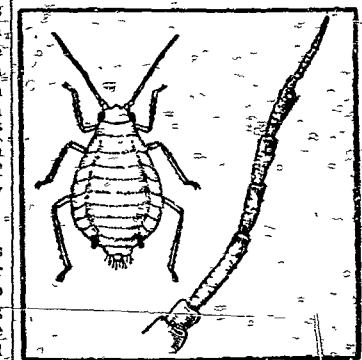
Measures of Destruction.

Timely cultivation and repellents are the best measures to destroy or drive away these enemies. It is too late to apply the plow before planting remedy, but plans well may be made for taking fall measures which will place the pest at a disadvantage next year. Early fall plowing, followed by frequent deep disking in fields damaged by root aphids, is a good practice from the standpoint of community control, and also has its advantages to the individual farmer, because the plowing disturbs the ant colonies, kills many of the aphids, and destroys the weeds upon which they live. The disking also prevents the recolonization of ants and prevents the growth of weeds, thus reducing the number of aphid eggs.

Use of Repellents.

If it is impossible to practice cultivation measures, repellents may be used to advantage at planting time

next spring. The object is to repel the ants by the use of an odoriferous substance offensive to them, thus preventing them from colonizing the aphids on the corn roots and driving them from the treated fields. The measure is intended only to drive away the ants; the presence of which is essential to the life of the aphids. Materials that may be used for this purpose are oil of tansy, tincture of assafetida, oil of sassafras, kerosene, kerosene and oil of lemon. One of these is mixed with a chemical fertilizer such as bone meal and applied at planting time by means of a planter



The Corn Root Aphid—Winged, Viviparous Female, Greatly Enlarged, and Antenna.

equipped with a fertilizer attachment. It should not be applied directly to the seed as such treatment may injure it, especially if the season be wet. One-fourth of a pound of oil of tansy should be diluted with two quarts of alcohol and one quart of water; and two pints of assafetida diluted with one and one-half gallons of water. Either repellent in this quantity thus diluted is sufficient for 100 pounds of bone meal, this amount being enough for one acre.

BIG IMPORTANCE OF SILO TO ANY FARMER

Economy in Feeding Will Be in Great Demand This Year—Silage Solves Problem.

The importance of the silo this year will be understood when we consider that under ordinary conditions the silo will save about 40 per cent of corn crop used as silage. When we remember the value of feed and the corresponding value of cattle and sheep we will realize the saving by putting corn in the silo.

Every farmer that has cows, sheep, goats, beef cattle and other animals will need silage. And now is the time to prepare for the silo.

Of the silage crops corn is the best where corn is the surest and best crop. But where sorghum, milo, kafir or feterita are the surest and best they will be the crops to plant. In other words, the crop that will produce the greatest tonnage of the best silage will be the best crop for the silo. And any of the crops mentioned will make good silage if cut at the right stage of ripeness and properly packed in the silo will make fine feed.

Economy in feeding will be in great demand this year. To provide this an abundance of silage will be needed. With silage it will be an easy matter to winter cattle and sheep and a little silage for the work teams will be beneficial to them.

USE VETCH AND RYE TO KILL QUACK GRASS

Careful Tests Have Been Made by Officials of Wisconsin Seed Inspection Department.

Are any of your fields infected with quack grass?

If so, and the field is too large to summer fallow, there is still another way. "Vetch will fetch it."

By sowing winter rye and vetch on well-drained soil immediately after the grain crop is harvested the first step will be taken in a process which has been tried and found effective in choking out quack grass.

Careful tests have been made or observed by officials of the seed inspection department, Wisconsin College of Agriculture. The following sugges-

tions upon the use of winter rye and vetch in this connection are given by them.

"After the grain is harvested plow and thoroughly prepare the seedbed then sow rye and vetch at the rate of two bushels of the former and 20 to 30 pounds of the latter to the acre. Both the rye and vetch are quick to sprout and will come up before the quack grass gets a chance to recover. Winter vetch makes an abundant fall growth and covers the ground like a carpet. In the spring both the rye and vetch will resume growth at a rapid rate, until at corn planting time these crops will be from two to three feet high. Thereupon the rye and vetch can be turned under for green manure or cut for hay, and the land planted to a cultivated crop at once, with slight chances of quack grass making an appearance.

"Like clover and alfalfa, vetch is a legume and as such is valuable as a soil improver by means of the nitrogen it takes from the air and restores to the soil through its roots. Hence the vetch-rye treatment for quack grass can be recommended as doubly useful."

SPRAYS TO CONTROL PESTS ON CABBAGE

Powdered Arsenate of Lead With Little Soap Added Is Recommended by Expert.

(By C. C. VINCENT, Department of Horticulture, Idaho University.)

No doubt many gardeners have noticed the white butterfly with one or two black spots on the fore wings flying about the garden in close proximity to the cabbage plants. The eggs deposited by these insects hatch into the worms that eat the large holes in the cabbage leaves. The housewives have seen these snail-like pupae when removing the outer leaves from the cabbage.

By a little effort on our part, these worms can be held in check by using arsenical sprays. Powdered arsenate of lead one-half pound to 25 gallons of water, with a little soap added to make the spray stick better, sprayed on the leaves of the cabbage will do the work. One teaspoonful of paris green to one pint of flour, sprinkled over the plants when the worms appear, is also good.

As there are two or three generations of these insects a year in Idaho it may be necessary to spray several times.

IN BED FOR WEEKS

Mr. Smith Was in a Bad Way, But Doan's Restored Him to the Best of Health.

In April, 1916, Louis Smith, 90 New St., Hackensack, N. J., said: "Words fail to describe the misery I endured from kidney complaint. In my work I have to do a lot of heavy lifting and have to do a lot of heavy lifting and have to do a lot of heavy lifting."

At first I only suffered from a slight backache, but almost before I knew it, I was all bent over like a man a hundred years old.

"I began to grow worse as the days passed and finally I had to take to Mr. Smith's bed, where I remained for weeks. My head-pained terribly and my back just throbed. I was always dizzy and it seemed as if everything was whirling. Little black specks came before my eyes and I also suffered from painful and scanty passages of the kidney secretions. Everything seemed dark and dreary."

"Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured me and I am enjoying the best of health now."

"Sworn to before me," E. M. Johnson, Justice Peace.

On March 19, 1917, Mr. Smith added: "I will never forget what Doan's have done for me. Whenever I catch cold on my kidneys, I can depend on Doan's to fix me up all right."

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

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

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

Be Careful

to keep the stomach well, the liver and bowels regular, by the timely and helpful aid of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

UNCLE JOE'S TRUE VERSION

Veteran Congressman Retells Green Corn Story Which He Declares Is Thirty Years Old.

"Uncle Joe," said a new member of the house of Representative Cannon of Illinois, "I heard a good story about you and green corn."

"Great guns, man, that story is thirty years old," said Mr. Cannon. "Well, I am a new congressman and I fell for it."

"If you are going to tell it again," went on Mr. Cannon, "let me tell it to you right. I have seen more versions of it than there are silk threads in a corn tassel. It's true, all right."

"It happened at the old Willard hotel when it used to be run on the American plan, with three meals a day. I am a light eater, but I am powerfully fond of green corn. One day I had a neighbor on from Danville, who took dinner with me. I had three orders of green corn."

"Joe," says he to me, 'how much board do you pay at this tavern?' I told him. He looked at the stack of corn cobs, ruminated a moment, and then remarked: 'Don't you think it would be cheaper for you to board at a livery stable?'"

A Smart Man.

Brown-Banks takes a great deal of interest in his business.

Green—Never less than 10 per cent.



A Call to Your Grocer

will bring a package of

Grape-Nuts

A delicious, healthful food and a pleasing lesson in economy.

"There's a Reason"

FAITH PLACED IN OESCHGER

Big Righthanded Pitcher Is Dark Horse of Manager Pat Moran's Pitching Staff.

"California Joe" Oeschger (pronounced Eskger), the big righthanded pitcher who came to the Phillies in the spring of 1914 from St. Mary's college, the baseball incubator of the Pacific



Joe Oeschger.

coast, is this season the dark horse of Pat Moran's pitching staff. In Manager Moran's opinion and of every player on the Phillies, Oeschger should be another Alexander.

EBBETS WILL REBUILD TEAM

Brooklyn Owner Plans to Reconstruct His Machine With Youngsters—Signs Two "Vets."

President Ebbets of Brooklyn is said to have concluded his team is a flivver and is going to rebuild it with youngsters. Among the raw recruits then announced are the gray-haired Bill Leard and Frank O'Rourke, who had a trial with the Boston Nationals as far back as 1912. All of which reminds us of the good things that were said for the "youngster" Fabrique last spring.

DIAMOND NOTES

Neale of the Reds is now hitting the 300 class.

Umpires probably would like to have close decision included in peace terms.

Imagine nine men trying to play the kind of baseball that Ty Cobb would recommend.

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

When the war is over they can bring the kaiser over and make him president of the National league.

Seventy million dollars is invested in trapshooting in America, and the sport is following the flag.

Johnny Evers is about through. The Phils may get some good work from him, but it is doubtful.

A team composed of men like Heinie Zimmerman and Johnny Evers would fill any park in the country.

A scarcity of base hits and winning tallies takes its place alongside the shortage of beans in Boston.

Jake Fournier, former White Sox first baseman, is setting the Coast league afire with his batting.

Mann gets around \$6,000 as an outfielder with the Cubs. On his army job he will draw down \$2,000.

The Cubs have a fine young catcher in "Pickles" Dillhoefer, who is sharing the backstopping with Art Wilson.

Barney Dreyfuss says he would like to sell his Pirates. Connie Mack might like to sell his pennant chances.

With all that McGraw has taken the spirit out of Heinie Zimmerman, who has ceased to nag the umpires.


Jack Barry says he was hit 23 times by pitched balls last season, but doesn't believe in the beanball. Jack's optimism is admirable, anyway.

Paddy Livingstone once refused to report to the Indians and Connie Mack made him a member of his world's champions. He refused to report to the Brewers and they made him manager.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI



CUT YOUR CORN WITH



AKRON SULKY CORN CUTTER

The old way requires considerable help and takes a long time. The AKRON SULKY CORN CUTTER is a new, safe, inexpensive, efficient, light draft, one-horse machine. It cuts corn in one or two rows at a time, adjustable for height of cut. We want you to know more about our Corn Cutter, but this space is too small for that, so we have published an illustrated booklet containing full description and testimonials which we will mail free to all interested readers of this paper. Send us a postal card request at once and you will receive this booklet by return mail. We will also tell you what dealer in your neighborhood handles our Corn Cutter, so you can go and see the complete machine. Write now. Right now.

THE AKRON CULTIVATOR CO. AKRON, OHIO.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM



A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

AGENTS!! Everybody buys; live repeat; free. Gustafson, 604 N. La Salle Ave., Chicago, Ill.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 34-1917.

A Good Reason.
Mrs. Knicker—Why do you think she is a spy?
Mrs. Bosker—No other cook ever stayed as long.

SAYS PILE REMEDY WORTH \$100.00 A BOX

I have had itching piles ever since my earliest recollection. I am 53 years old and have suffered terribly. I have tried many remedies and doctors, but no cure. About 8 weeks ago I saw your ad for Peterson's Ointment. The first application stopped all itching, and in three days all soreness. I have only used one 25c box and consider I am cured, not feeling any return of the trouble for 6 weeks. You have my grateful heartfelt thanks, and may everyone that has this trouble see this and give your ointment, that is worth a hundred dollars or more a box, a trial. Sincerely yours, A. Newth, Columbus, O.

Peterson's Ointment for Piles, Eczema and old sores is only 25c a box at all druggists. Adv.

Frenzied Finance.
"I just thought of a great scheme," grinned the plumber.
"Hand it to me and I'll eat it," replied the thin carpenter.
"No, this is on the level."
"What is it all about?"
"It is to get in touch with all the paymasters in the country."
"Yes."
"And find out when the pay day comes."
"Yes."
"Then, on the pay day I plan to go to each paymaster and see how many envelopes have not been called for."
"Huh!"
"Then I plan to take all the uncalled-for pay envelopes and share them fifty-fifty with the paymasters."
As he turned to go the thin carpenter shook his head and remarked sorrowfully:
"And just to think, I used to know you when you were all right."—Exchange.


All Busy.
"One notices in the hospital the nurses between times and in the visitors sit making sweaters and socks for the soldiers."
"Yes, even in the surgical ward you can observe the broken bones knitting."

A Carefree Fellow.
"What sort of a chap is Flubdub?"
"Well, I once knew him. To spend his last dollar getting his fortune told."

POST TOASTIES
are bully good for any meal and for all the family

Bobby

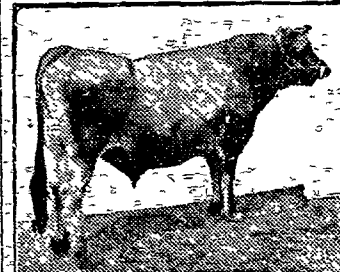
DAIRY



NEED MORE DAIRY PRODUCTS

Farmers Have Peculiar Responsibility Placed Upon Them—Better Sires Are Needed.

Dairy farmers have a particular responsibility in this time of strict economy, says Secretary C. R. George of the Indiana State Dairy Association. "The dairy cow," says he, "is unequaled by any other class of live stock in her ability to convert our farm crops, and particularly the roughages, into human food. The production and storing of the greatest amount of these feeds, feeding them in such a way as to get the largest production, and strict economy in the handling and use of the products are



Jersey Bull of Fine Quality.

the things that should receive our especial attention at this time.

"Don't sell the dairy cow at tempting beef prices, for in the end she will do you more good as a milk producer and she will produce more food during the coming year than her carcass will furnish now—and you will have her left to do it again. Be sure that proper housing facilities will be available for the next winter so that the cows will be protected from storms and wind and in this way save feed and increase production. Use better sires than ever before and develop the heifer calves with the best of care. The war department is making its plan on a three-year basis. Why shouldn't we?"

SILAGE IS GOOD FOR CALVES

Gradual Introduction of Feed May Be Begun When Animal Is About Six Weeks Old.

By the time the calf is six weeks old we may begin to feed silage, very gradually at first, using care to see that it is free from mold. In a little while the calf will be able to consume quite a quantity of silage and the amount will increase as time advances. The grain fed to the calf always should depend in some degree upon the kind of roughage consumed. There is no better roughage than alfalfa hay. It is easily digested. The leaves of the alfalfa contain a principle indispensable in the development of the young animals and not present in other roughage, but alfalfa hay alone is not good for a calf. Taken in connection with skim milk the ration is too narrow, that is to say, the amount of protein as related to the carbohydrates and fat is in excess of the demands of the animal. This condition is corrected by the feeding of silage and grain like corn, rich in carbohydrates.

REGULAR MILKING IS URGED

Cow Will Do Her Best When Milked at Regular Periods of About Twelve Hours Every Day.

A cow can do her best only when milked at equal and regular daily periods of about twelve hours each the year around. The full supply of milk is not in the udder, ready to be drawn out before milking time comes, but some of it is produced by the glands during the operation of milking. The udder, however, is usually filled, and the cow becomes accustomed to this, but if the operation of milking is delayed the glands cease to some extent to secrete milk, and they will then not be stimulated to good activity during the process of milking. This injures the glands and produces a decrease in the milk flow. So it is very important that the milking be done regularly at as near the same time each morning and evening as possible.

IMPROPER FLAVORS IN MILK

If Onions or Garlic Are Eaten by Cow Odor Will Pass Into Milk—Feed Is Important.

Milk has its natural flavor, which is a pleasant flavor to most people, and then it can have acquired flavors. These are of two kinds. First, from the food the cow eats. If onions or garlic are eaten their odor will be passed into the milk. Some weeds also cause flavors in the milk. Second, the milk will also absorb many odors. To produce milk with a good flavor it is necessary that the cow is not fed anything that will be kept where it can absorb any odors. —North Dakota Experiment Station.

Home Town Helps



MAKING BACK PORCH USEFUL

Vines, Hammocks and Plants, Employed With Discretion, Turn It Into a Cool Resting Place.

One may easily turn his back porch to account by a little planning. To turn the back porch into a cool resting place the use of vines and hammocks and plants has proved successful. These forms of decorations used with discretion cool off the interior of the house, keeping out the heat from the scorching asphalt streets.

Permanent wooden roofs are not necessary for verandas and improvised loggias. Awnings will easily serve this purpose in many instances, for they can be run up and down at every change of the barometer and rob the house of no sun in the winter.

So-called front piazzas, structures that have roofs running all around the first story of a house and sometimes only around one side, could have its roof flattened, hung with awnings and made into a lounging place for a family upstairs. A house may not present a good appearance of itself, but the piazza may make it the most interesting dwelling place on the street.

A green and white awning hung from the roof makes a nice appearance. Boxes of red and white geraniums placed on the rails, fastened with vines falling on the fall adds to the artistic effect. Turkey-red curtains also add charm. Stray tables, chairs, hammocks, bird cages and flowers on stands and big pots may be so arranged as to make a comfortable lounging place.

LIMITING SIZE OF CITIES

Speakers at Town Planning Conference Place Ideal Population for Municipality at 300,000.

Rodney H. Brandon, speaking before the Ad club on the worth in dollars and cents of a citizen to a community in which he lives, declared that the inhabitant value decreases in proportion to the increase in population, says the Des Moines Capital. The larger the city, after a population of 25,000 has been reached, the less is each inhabitant worth to the property owners.

This brings up the question, which is receiving more serious attention every year, of how large our cities should be.

At the recent national conference on town planning in Kansas City a speaker from Dallas declared that his ambition was to see Dallas with a population of 300,000, and that he did not want it to become any larger. Other speakers concurred in the idea.

A city of 300,000 has all the urban advantages the individual could want. It has parks and modern playgrounds, the best there is in stores, factories, residences, transportation facilities and the other accomplishments and conveniences of the modern metropolis.

The ideal plan would be to require a certain area of agricultural land to each community according to its population. Then when a city reached its maximum, it would have to branch out.

FORGETFUL

He called for a city beautiful;
He shouted it day by day;
He wanted a city where noise was not,
Where the spirit of art should sway;
He wanted a city that should be fair,
Where fifth might never be seen,
And forgot, in spite of the zeal he had,
To keep his back yard clean.
—The Congregationalist.

Test Soil in Selecting Site.

A problem that should be solved by the wise prospective purchaser of a building site is whether the soil at the depth of the cellar is gravel, clay, sand or simply rubbish and tin can filler. It is always advisable to make such a test, even in a familiar neighborhood. The general character of the neighborhood, type of residents, restrictions, if any, and whether the lot will appreciate in value and prove a good investment are other important factors to be considered in choosing a home site.

The amount of money available for building investment will to some extent determine the choice of the site's location. Sentimental, business or professional reasons frequently cause the selection of a site over one just as well adapted for a desirable home location. The advice of a good architect is of value from the very beginning of the desire to construct a home.

Building Codes Deficient.

There are more than 100 cities in the United States of upward of 50,000 population where the building code has not been properly worked out on the basis of a right and intelligent use of woods, according to the statement of a prominent lumber man. The same authority emphasized the importance of making wooden shingles more fire resistant, so that there can be a wider use of these materials within the fire limits of cities.

STUDEBAKER MAN GIVES OUT FACTS

Declares Tanlac Overcame Trouble of Ten Years Standing.

GAINED TEN POUNDS

"Three Bottles of Tanlac Did Me More Good Than All the Other Medicine I Took Put Together," He Says.

"I have not only gotten rid of all my ten years of suffering by taking Tanlac, but I have actually gained ten pounds besides," said Chas. J. Bemiss, a painter and finisher, employed by the Studebaker Motor Co., and residing at 839 Rohas Ave., Detroit, Mich.

"I was troubled with a bad stomach for ten years," continued Mr. Bemiss, "and guess I had about all the miserable feelings anybody ever had from indigestion. Gas would form on my stomach and rise up around my heart and make it difficult for me to breathe. I was very nervous, hardly ever got a good night's sleep and had a tired and languid feeling that made me dread my work. Many a night I left the plant hardly able to make it home. I tried all kinds of medicine and treatment without getting any benefit and lost weight and strength until my condition became alarming."

"I have taken three bottles of Tanlac and I now feel like my old self again for the first time in years. I sleep sound as a dollar and get up in the mornings feeling fresh as a flower, eat a hearty breakfast and go to my work feeling fine. The nervousness and constipation are gone, and I don't have the headaches any longer. I eat just anything I want and my ten pounds increase in weight shows the fine work Tanlac has done. I can now work from daylight to dark without getting tired. Yes, sir, those three bottles of Tanlac did me more good than all the other medicines I ever took put together."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.

Must Have Been Somewhere.

Mother—That hole was not in your glove this morning, Molly.

Molly—Where was it then?

CASTORIA

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms

900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.

Vegetable Preparation for Simulating the Food by Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Design of DR. H. H. FLETCHER

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and Loss of Sleep resulting therefrom in Infancy.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

When Mark Moved.

When Mark Twain was young and struggling, a friend of his met him walking through the streets with a cigar box under his arm. "She said to him:

"Mr. Clemens, whenever I see you there is a cigar box under your arm. I'm afraid you are smoking too much."

"It isn't that," said the imperturbable Mark: "I'm only moving again."

SKIN TORTURES

That Itch, Burn and Scale Quickly Relieved by Cuticura—Trial Free.

It takes about ten minutes to prove that a hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment will afford relief and point to speedy healing of eczema, itchings and irritations. They are ideal for all toilet purposes.

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

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.—Carlyle.

WRIGLEY'S

The goodly that is beneficial to teeth and stomach is best for children.

Wrigley's is **Helpful**

to all ages. It massages and strengthens the gums, keeps teeth clean and breath sweet, aids appetite and digestion.

The Flavor Lasts



"After every meal"



Children Cry For

Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

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

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Offers Complete Course in Agriculture

Full courses also in Letters, Journalism, Library Science, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Medicine, Architecture, Commerce and Law.

Thick.

A teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the text-books the population of London is very dense."

New York Globe.

Some folks are so industrious that when they haven't anything else to do they worry.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. **MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO**

EYES OF GOVERNMENT ON AMERICAN WOMEN

Government takes whole output of HAY FEVER CANNING CO. LAWTON, MICH.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER--ASTHMA

Your MONEY WILL BE RETURNED BY YOUR DRUGGIST without any question if this remedy does not benefit every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, and the Asthmatic symptoms accompanying Hay Fever. The doctor how violent the attacks or obstinate the case.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

AND ASTHMADOR CIGARETTES

positively gives INSTANT RELIEF in every case and has permanently cured thousands who had been considered incurable, after having tried every other means of relief in vain. Asthmatics should avail themselves of this guarantee through their local druggist. Buy a 50-cent package and present the enclosed coupon to your druggist. You will be the sole judge as to whether you are benefited, and the druggist will give you back your money if you are not. We do not know of any other proposition which we could make.

R. Schiffmann Co., Proprietors, St. Paul, Minn.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, D.C. Advice and bonus free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

The Northville Record.

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

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

NORTHVILLE, MICH., AUG. 24, 1917.

DARING HOLD-UP**WEDNESDAY EVENING**

NEAR THE FRANK DUFFEE FARM NORTHEAST OF TOWN

A daring hold-up, was perpetrated Wednesday evening about dusk near the Frank Duffee farm northeast of town, when three men attacked N. Allor, a salesman for the Chevrolet Motor Co., as he was driving his car along the country road. Two of the robbers jumped on the running board of Mr. Allor's auto, one on each side of one of them striking him a smashing blow over the head with a billy, and the other hitting him on the arm, nearly breaking it. The attacking party then relieved the victim of his \$250 diamond stick-pin, his valuable gold watch and chain and his purse containing \$50.

Mr. Allor immediately drove to Northville and reported the hold-up, returning to the scene of the robbery with Deputy Sheriff Ernie Lyke, who found the empty purse on the ground, and tracks showing that the men had driven away in an automobile. They were traced as far as Farmington, where the trail was lost, the thieves having got too good a start before the pursuit was begun.

HELP CHEER THE BOYS IN CAMP.

Within a few weeks the boys from Michigan who have been accepted for Uncle Sam's new army will be gathered in Camp Custer, near Battle Creek for their training. There will be hard trying work for them to do, work which will test their physical power and ability to the limit. And there will also be hours "off duty" when, for the time being, they will be left largely to their own devices. And more trying than the hours of work, these times will in a large sense be for they will test their courage and their moral fibre. During the idle moments if at all will come the tendency to discouragement and homesickness; and these also will be the times of temptation.

The National Service Committee of the Presbyterian church is planning to relieve the tedium of the idle moments of the boys in camp and fill them with pleasure and interest by supplying good reading matter. Will you help? On Tuesday, Sept. 4, a canvass of the town will be made. If you have a good book or more that you would be willing to give, or if you have current magazines or periodicals have them ready on that date. If you will bundle them up and place them on the front porch it will save the time of the collectors. Let's all help to cheer the boys in camp.

LOCAL WATER FACTS.

Supt. Porter of the Water Works department has made a complete survey of Northville's water system, and completed a very comprehensive record of it. For instance, there are in all 424 water users and of this number 119 have bath tubs, 125 lavatories and 246 lawn sprinklers. There are in use 166 closets, 22 people use water for lawn purposes only, 31 have meters, 21 hydrants, 31 private stables, and 10 water motors. Mr. Porter has also made duplicate record of the list of water takers and what they have in use which, if always kept up-to-date, will prove of great future value.

WHAT ABOUT THE BABIES?

The summer has always been the acknowledged time for work with babies and while, in reality, baby work is the year round, the hot weather has its added responsibilities. The principal condition to be looked after is the milk and water supply. There has been established lately the fact that even where the greatest precautions are being carried out, certain children exhibit marked intestinal disturbances, where only the heat may be held accountable. If this be true, under the best conditions, how much more hampered will those children be who struggle during the heated term against such odds as insanitary housing conditions, flies, lack of cleanliness and impure milk or water. All these conditions militate against the child's health and welfare most seriously and must be controlled by intelligent methods and incessant vigilance.

Write the State Board of Health for literature on the care of the baby.

That's So.
If everyone would mend one, all would be amended.

MRS. HENRIETTA GAUTHERAT DEAD

Mrs. Henrietta Gautherat, aged 74 years, died Tuesday, Aug. 21, at her home in this village, after a lingering illness. The funeral services were held Thursday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Edward V. Belles of the Northville Presbyterian church, and interment was made in the Redford cemetery.

Wixom Whisperings.

Rev. F. A. Brass and wife were Fenton visitors Saturday.

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

Mrs. Mary Spellar of New Hudson visited at Wm. Baum's last week.

Mrs. Rob. Chamberlain of Pontiac visited relatives here a part of this week.

J. R. Rauch and wife of Plymouth visited J. B. Chambers and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Martha Furman returned home Tuesday from a visit with Howell relatives.

Mrs. May Proud and daughter were visitors at Northville Saturday night and Sunday.

Guy Shattuck of Birmingham visited his uncle, J. Shattuck, the first of this week.

M. S. Pratt and family made an auto trip to Bay City and Vassar the first of the week.

Mrs. Wool and children of Saginaw were over Sunday visitors with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Brass.

Mrs. Wm. Chambers and Frances Proud were the guests of Mrs. F. Hammill at Plymouth last Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. Mowers, Pauline Williams and the doctor's mother were at Fenton Monday. The latter remained for a short visit.

Mrs. Roy Boynton and children, who have been visiting her parents, D. D. Bennett and wife, returned to their home at Pontiac, last Friday.

WIXOM BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.
The topic for Sunday morning will be "A Great Man and His Task."

The evening service will be conducted by the Local Temperance Legion leader.

Novi News.

A. L. Hill and wife motored to Lansing and back, Friday.

Mrs. Dear spent last week with her children at Birmingham.

Mrs. W. D. Flint leaves this week for her annual stay at Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Rix took an auto trip to Williamston Sunday, returning Monday.

Mr. McCowan leaves this week for an indefinite stay at Detroit and Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Cloud McClelland of Pontiac were Sunday guests of Mrs. Esther Groner.

Mrs. M. A. Bourne and Ray Dawson and family of Texas are spending the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. Stamman and daughter of Detroit were week-end guests at the J. J. Potter home.

Mrs. Delos Leavenworth and niece, Miss Vera Clark, of Ypsilanti, spent last week with Novi relatives.

Mrs. S. C. Taylor entertained the M. E. Aid Wednesday. (Refreshments, two things, onions and water).

Miss Lulu Becker of Pontiac and Miss Pearl Wilson of South Lyon spent last week with Mrs. H. M. Bogart.

The Cheerful Workers will give an ice cream social this (Friday) evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Banks.

Mrs. Alice Jones entertained Mrs. Alice Flint and daughter, Mary, of Ypsilanti. Miss Lulu Becker of Pontiac and Mrs. L. B. Flint and Mrs. A. R. Angell of this place, at a six o'clock luncheon, Monday.

The M. E. Aid society was entertained by Mrs. Bloomer August 15, on the lawn, at a pot-luck, serve-self dinner, with about 75 present. The fine program, conducted by Mrs. S. C. Taylor, consisting of readings, a song by Mesdames Taylor and Hulett and a talk by Mrs. Hudson, missionary from Argentina, was much enjoyed. The sale of a quilt and extra food, with the table collection amounted to \$17.11.

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

WEEKLY CALENDAR.**BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.**

(By the Pastor.)

Morning service, at 10:00 a. m.

Sunday school at 11:00 a. m.

The Union Service, in the Baptist church will conclude the Union Evening services for the summer months.

Rev. Mr. Walker, pastor of the Methodist church will give the address.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. Robert Thompson Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 2:30 p. m. The July and August circle will serve light refreshments. All are invited.

METHODIST CHURCH NOTES.

(By the Pastor.)

For the usual service next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, the topic will be, "Limiting Jehovah."

Regular session of the Sunday school at 11:30.

Sunday evening will close the series of Union services for the summer. The service will be held in the Baptist church. Let everybody rally to make it the best of the entire series.

The August committee of the Ladies' Aid society will serve ice cream on the parsonage lawn, tomorrow, (Saturday) afternoon and evening.

CANNED FRUIT AT THE FAIR.

Ladies, show your canned fruit at the Northville Wayne County Fair. Farnford's dry goods store will give three prizes for the best balanced 12-can display of Michigan fruits or vegetables. A beautiful 3x5 foot American flag valued at \$6 will be the first prize, with other desirable articles for second and third. Competent lady judges will make the awards.

RED CROSS NOTES

It is requested that all persons, who have unused white cotton, finished articles or knitting needles which they have not paid for will return such to once to either Mrs. F. S. Harmon or Mrs. C. C. Yerkes of the knitting committee.

A new supply of wool for sweaters, socks, etc., will be on hand for use next week.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM CAPT. HENRY.

(Continued from page 1)

in itself of 40,000 inhabitants in the short space of two or three months, but, with the employment of 5,000 carpenters and laborers and about 800 soldiers, with all the modern conveniences from trench diggers and cranes down to the buzz saws, and the accurate plans devised by a hundred civil engineers, draftsmen and expert foremen, it is being accomplished.

The area of ground occupied is about 3 1/2 miles wide and consists of about 6,500 acres situated five miles west of the city of Battle Creek.

In order to understand the formation, a concise idea may be gathered from the following numerical units as used in army formation when complete.

A squad equals 8 men and is under control of a corporal.

A platoon equals 5 squads or 50 men, under corporal or sergeant or lieutenant.

A company equals 4 platoons or 200 men under control of a captain.

A battalion equals 4 companies or 800 men, commanded by a major.

A regiment equals 3 battalions of 2,400 men, under control of a colonel.

A brigade equals 3 regiments or 7,200 men under the control of brigadier general.

A division equals 3 brigades or 21,600 men, commanded by a major general, and a corps or field army consists of 3 divisions containing the various branches of the service, or 64,000 men and is also commanded by a major general.

Now each company has its own barracks, Y. M. C. A. hall, officers' quarters and bath house, so the necessity of so many buildings is readily understood. Every company has its own cook and squad of assistants is assigned each day—thus the immense task of feeding a field army moves along with the utmost precision, for the bugle call to mess is always a welcome sound to a soldier.

The one day rations of meat alone allowed these husky boys would represent 60 carcasses of beef and about 100 hogs. To this add the bread, potatoes, vegetables and other necessary rations, and you will see the wisdom of one and a half million dollars' worth of potatoes in one order.

The whole Cantonment is watered by 10 drilled wells, supplying 2 1/2 millions of gallons of water each day. The wells are situated across the Kalamazoo river from the Cantonment and the water is pumped to an enormous reservoir of tanks on top of a hill. An enormous system of sewerage is being installed which will after trenchment, drain into the river.

The hospital buildings alone will

cost \$504,000 and will have the best of every equipment known for a 1,000 bed hospital. This is another evidence that Uncle Sam realizes that more men die from diseases and infected wounds which are preventable, than from bullets and shells, and that the utility and strength of the army must be measured largely by the health of the men.

The Sanitary department to which I am at present attached, are bending every effort toward preventive treatment realizing that if this falls it must soon become curative treatment, and the result of our efforts have proved so far most satisfactory and are just rewards for our diligence.

Everywhere the tense business rush is evidenced and the true American spirit prevails, both of which we hope will speedily be manifested in Europe. The completion of this immense undertaking has been delayed by the inability to get lumber and it is questionable if the work will be all done before November 1.

Orders have been received that 12,000 troops will arrive September 1 and it is believed enough of the buildings will be completed to accommodate them.

At some future date I may, if here, write something of interest in the line of the duties of soldiers and of civilians, but for the present will not burden your space.

I shall be glad to be of any assistance I can in conducting anyone interested through our little city, and am at present quartered at the Post Tavern Hotel where I may be reached till our own quarters are completed.

Very respectfully,
CAPT. T. B. HENRY.

FORESTER RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS: Our friend and Brother, Chas. Stanley, has been removed by death from our number, and,

WHEREAS: It is the desire of this organization to pay a proper tribute of respect to his memory, therefore be it,

RESOLVED: That we hereby express our sincere sorrow because of the loss we have sustained in the death of Brother Stanley and that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

RESOLVED: That we tender to the afflicted friends our deepest sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be placed on the records of this society, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased and that the same be printed in the current issue of the Northville Record.

JAS. DICKERSON,
H. HORABACHER,
ROBT. PICKELL,
Committee.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TRL ONE.

FORMER PRICE means FORMER STLYE!

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

MABLEY SUITS AND OVERCOATS

give maximum Style plus extra Value at
\$10.00 \$20.00 \$25.00

JOHN D. MABLEY

Mabley's Corner DETROIT. Grand River and Griswold.
Best \$10 and \$15 Men's Suits in the World.

FOR SALE.**HARD and SOFT COAL, CEMENT and SALT**

I will Pay the Highest Prices for Your Produce.

I PAY CASH AND MUST HAVE CASH.

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C. M. McLAREN

SALEM, MICHIGAN.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION, AT**Alseium Theatre, Northville****T O - N I G H T!**

(August 24)

THE ROYAL MINSTRELS

WITH BAND AND ORCHESTRA

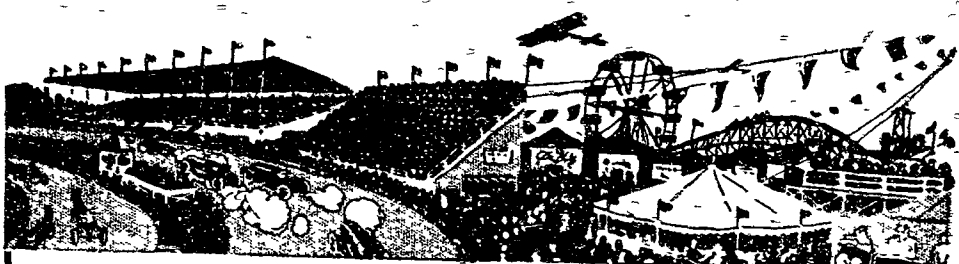
WATCH FOR THE BIG PARADE

Admission: Children, 10 Cts; Adults, 25 Cts.

SHOW STARTS PROMPTLY AT 8 P. M.

The photoplay every wife should see. The story of a woman's unsuccessful attempt to wreck her husband's work because of her love for him.

Reserved Seats on Sale at Murdock's Drug Store.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR
AUG. 31 to SEPT. 9**Unequalled Entertainment Features Every Day of the Big Annual Exposition**

There will not be a moment's delay in the succession of thrilling and interesting amusement numbers which make up the entertainment program of the Michigan State Fair this year.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in bringing these remarkable entertainment features together, forming the greatest array of exhibition and platform talent ever gathered at a State Fair.

Ruth Law and Louis Gertson
In Day and Night Flights

Bishrow Defends Race Title;
Fast Harness Horse Events

Wild West, Horse Show, Midway,
Fireworks are Daily Features

Two of America's most renowned masters of aviation—Ruth Law, the only woman military flyer in the United States; Louis Gertson, most daring army aviator in this country—will be seen in day and night aerial exploits never before exhibited. These reckless flights are a revelation for there is nothing known to aviation that is untied by these exponents of sensational performances in the air.

Mill-a-minute averages will fade into insignificance when is presented by California Frank Clark, Klein, Hovey and others and his company of 35 people strive to wrest the dirt track championship from Louis Bishrow in the speed carnival at the opening of the big annual exposition, Saturday and Sunday. Trotters and Pacers from all parts of the U. S. and Canada will be entered in the program of harness horse events which will feature the Fair this year.

A true picture of frontier life is presented by California Frank Clark, Klein, Hovey and others and his company of 35 people in realistic Indian fighting, roping, shooting and riding acts. Thoroughbred riding and driving animals are entered in the evening horse show. Wholesome amusement, for young and old, in Johnny J. Jones' superior Midway attractions. Patriotic fireworks close the Fair program every evening.

All these are in addition to immense exhibits of farm produce, live stock and mechanical farm helps. Valuable educational suggestions are offered in the Child's Welfare Exhibit, Boys' Live Stock Judging Contest, Girls' Canning Contest, Better Babies' Exhibit, Boys' State Fair School and Girls' Milking Contest.

SEE THEM 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 deserve in your case and the sooner you start treating your kidney trouble the less likely you are to suffer further complications. Let us show you the formula of these Penslar Kidney Pills which we sell in two sizes at 25c and 50c.

T. E. Murdock
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

FLOWERS

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF FLOWERS, PLEASE REMEMBER DIXON AND PHONE 146-3, 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

Northville Newslets.

Dog days.

Got your Dog license?

New cement road into town nearly finished.

The State Fair begins next Friday. Northville fair begins later.

Catholic services Sunday, August 26, in Scott's hall, at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. Hazel Killeit Stewart is the new operator at the local telephone exchange.

D. P. Yerkes and family are enjoying the possession of a new Buick Six touring car.

Both Wayne and Belleville have been having their annual home-coming this week.

The first state fair tickets sold from the Record office this season were bought by a Detroit resident.

C. J. McKinnis is driving a new Studebaker Six touring car, purchased through the company's local agent, Dr. T. H. Turner.

Dr. Turner reports the arrival of a little daughter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Erwin of Novi township, August 17.

An ice cream social will be given on the Gus Pankow lawn, Livonia, on Wednesday evening, August 27. Everybody welcome.

Millford's 37th annual fair is dated for Sept. 13 to 21. Millford has for many years put on the only fair in Oakland county, and has always made it a success.

The Pontiac Press Gazette records the issue last week of a marriage license for a Millford couple, giving the prospective bridegroom's age as 29 and the bride's at 65.

Northville friends of Rev. J. E. Webber of the Royal Oak Presbyterian church, will be interested to know that he is one of the leaders for the Oakland Co. Y. M. C. A. boys' camp at Green Lake this week.

News has been received of the death in Utica, N. Y., August 12, of Mrs. E. C. Daniels of Detroit, a former well

known and greatly esteemed resident of Northville. The members of the bereaved family have the loving sympathy of many friends here.

One of the publishers of the Record received a box of delicious strawberries, raised by Mr. A. Rathburn, of this place, demonstrating in a very acceptable manner one of the rather unusual possibilities in the fruit raising line.

Detroit parties who "speeded" against a hog with their Ford the other night near Farmington, killing the animal and wrecking the car, will have to hand out pretty nearly the price of a new auto if they have to pay for the porker at present prices.

The many Northville friends of John Darlington of Battle Creek, who was terribly injured in an automobile accident a week or two ago, will be sorry to learn that his condition is very critical. His right arm was broken in three places, chest crushed, and his skull fractured, besides other injuries.

The Edison Co.'s local office force has been moving into the company's handsome new building on Center street this week, although the formal opening has not yet taken place. The interior of the building, with its entire new furnishings, and its finishings which are correspondingly fine presents a beautiful appearance, fully worthy of the exterior of the edifice, which is certainly an ornament to the street and town.

OBITUARY.

Katherine Smitherman, daughter of the late Richard and Margaret Smitherman of Redford, was born in Novi June 15, 1860, moving to Redford with her parents 30 years ago, where she lived until her marriage four years ago to J. Wellington Kator of Northville. A painful illness of several months' duration resulted in her death August 10, 1917, at their home here, in spite of all that devoted care and medical skill could accomplish to stay the coming of the destroyer. She leaves, to mourn the loss of one loved by all who knew her, the husband, two brothers, Richard and John Smitherman of Redford, and three sisters, Mrs. Margaret Murray of Redford, Mrs. Gertrude Campbell and Mrs. Mary Welfare of Birmingham. Mrs. Kator was a devoted member of St. Mary's church Redford, where the funeral services were held August 13, with burial in Grand Lawn cemetery.

Farmington Flashes

Harold Groves was in Redford Saturday.

The M. E. picnic Wednesday was well attended.

Al. Eckles of Plymouth was in Farmington Sunday.

C. Sloat of Simco, Canada is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Claude Stanley of Northville was in Farmington Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Rue Langbecker entertained a party of relatives Sunday evening.

The Ladies' Union held an enjoyable picnic at Walled Lake last Thursday.

Mrs. M. S. Ambler of Detroit visited her brothers, G. P. and Clare Conroy Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thomas of Fremont, Ohio, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas this week.

Red Cross headquarters, which have been in one of the Warner flats will be changed on account of the renting of the latter. This work is moving nicely in our vicinity.

Walled Lake Warbles.

Mrs. A. Atkinson is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Welch have purchased a new piano.

Mrs. Frank Moss and two children are visiting in Ohio.

Mrs. Frank Harlow of Pontiac was a recent guest of friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chaif of Detroit spent the week-end here with their parents.

Mrs. F. C. Leahy and children of Detroit visited Mrs. E. J. Cornell the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wedow are making an extended visit with relatives at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Clark of Detroit visited at the home of Dr. Chapman Sunday, Mrs. Clark remaining for a week's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Austin, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devereaux and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McKnight attended the Van Atta reunion held at the home of Clarence Dean, near South Lyon, last Saturday.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Second and Fourth Tuesdays meeting nights.

F. B. SHAPER, 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.

Regular Sept. 10

UNION CHAPTER NO. 55, R. A. M.

Regular Sept. 12.

NORTHVILLE COMMANDERY NO. 39 K. T.

Regular Sept. 4.

ORIENT CHAPTER NO. 77, O. E. S.

Regular Sept. 21.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Barnhart, Mrs. Susie Woolley, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Power and daughter, Hester, attended the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Emery at Buckhorn Lake, Rose Center, last Saturday, August 18. Mr. Emery is a brother of Mrs. Barnhart and Mrs. Woolley and uncle of Mrs. Power, and in former years lived in this vicinity. About 40 guests were in attendance, among whom were three of the guests at the marriage 50 years ago—Mrs. Barnhart, of near Northville, Charles Bradley of California and J. B. Bradley of South Lyon. Besides these but two others who were among the original wedding guests are now living, Z. T. Emery of New York City, and J. N. Emery of Syracuse, N. Y. A most delightful time was enjoyed by the assembled company, and numerous gifts were received by the bride and groom of a half-century ago.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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

McCULLOUGH—RATHBUN.

William D. McCullough, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCullough of this village and Miss Bessie B. Rathbun, daughter of Mrs. Ella Rathbun of Plymouth were married Saturday, August 18, at the home of the bride's mother. The groom has been for some years an efficient employee of the U. S. Fisheries commission at the local station and is one of Northville's much respected younger citizens. After a trip to Put-in-Bay, and Sandusky, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough went to Walled Lake to stay for a while. Many friends wish them long life and prosperity.

LAPHAM STATE SAVINGS BANK

Your Banking needs given careful attention

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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

OFFICERS.

ANOTHER METRO PRODUCTION

EDMUND BREESE, IN

"THE SPELL OF THE YUKON"

FIVE Reels.

Saturday Evening, August 25

Admission: 10 Cents.

WALLACE REID and CLEO RIDGLEY, in

"THE SELFISH WOMAN"

Thursday Evening, August 30

Admission: 15 Cents.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS SPACE.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE RECORD WANT COLUMNS.

BETWEEN WASH DAYS

every member of the family will find use for an

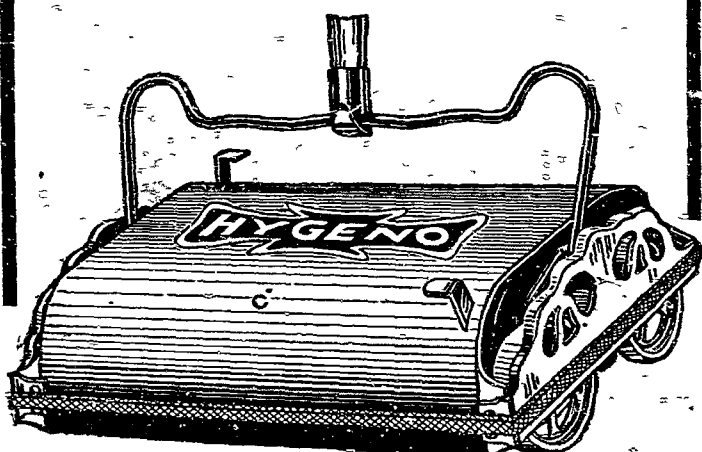
ELECTRIC FLAT IRON

—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

The Greatest Value

EVER OFFERED TO THOSE WHO HAVE USE FOR A SWEEPER.



"Hygeno" Metal

See The
Big Window
Display

Only One Sold to Each
Customer.
None Sold Before the
Sale Day.
Positively None Sold
to Dealers.
No Phone Orders will
be Accepted.
None Sent C. O. D.

BE HERE
ON TIME.

Carpet Sweepers

WORTH \$3.00 EACH, WILL
BE PLACED ON

SPECIAL 2 HOUR SALE
Saturday, September 1
7 to 9 p. m.

98 cents

Think of buying a splendid, durable carpet sweeper at such a ridiculously low price. The "Hygeno" Sweeper is made of steel, light in weight but very strong—a sanitary sweeper which harbors no germs. "Hygeno" Sweepers are handsome, having beautiful mahogany-baked enamel finish and nickel trimmings.

It's a mighty good sweeper—better than the old-fashioned kind—sanitary, light-weight, easy-running and handsomely finished. The big HYGENO factory could not have furnished them so cheaply except for the fact that the output is several thousand per day, thus bringing the cost of production way down. Let us emphasize the fact that this is an advertising—not a money-making proposition.

SCHRADER BROTHERS
Northville, Michigan.

The KNOX Hat

Having Secured the Agency for the
KNOX HAT, we will Open Them
for Inspection and Sale on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25

THE NEW 1917 FALL LINE
IS READY

A Gentleman's High Grade Hat in
which Every Detail Expresses
Real Quality and Style.

WM. GORTON

NORTHVILLE.

MICHIGAN.

"Contraband" The Best Sea Story of the War That Has Been Written

By Randall Parrish

Copyright A. C. McClurg & Co.

ROBERT HOLLIS MEETS THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL AND HAS LONG TALK WITH HER—WORD COMES THAT WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED

Synopsis.—Robert Hollis, one-time sea captain, who tells the story, is a guest on Gerald Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda, which, with a party of gay New York business men, is making her maiden voyage to the coast of Spain. It is supposed to be strictly "stag," and Hollis, wandering alone on deck at night is surprised to discover on board a woman who evidently wishes to remain unknown. The next night he succeeds in meeting her and having an interview.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Before the party finally broke up I had outlined my plan. I was in no haste to retire, having slept more or less during the afternoon; I would remain alone on deck, and see what happened. We were steaming right gallantly now, and stars were finding rifts in the clouds through which to sliver the waves of the Sound. The first officer was still on the bridge, but Seeley would relieve him at twelve; there was nothing for me to do but wait until then.

I could better my position, however, and immediately did so. If the second officer really proved to be the accomplice of the girl, he would very probably take a rather careful survey of the deck after permitting her to venture forth from concealment. If his search disclosed my presence, the young woman would doubtless be ordered to remain below. My choice of position was easily determined. The flag locker was unusually commodious, as one of Carrington's hobbies was to dress the ship handsomely on every gala occasion; and display the colors of all nations. It was built directly against the after rail, and back into its protective shadow I silently drew a steamer chair, concealed myself beneath the folds of a rug, and lay there quietly.

Time dragged, but finally the bell forward announced the hour for the change of watch. I was sailor enough to comprehend the meaning of every sound. I heard someone walk hastily across the main deck, and descend through the companion—a seaman dispatched to call the second mate. The two came back together. Five minutes later, with no warning sound of approach, I became aware that someone had quietly rounded the end of the cabin. The mate passed me by within a few feet, so close, indeed, I could distinguish the buttons on his uniform, and the white cap he wore. Nothing, however, could have occurred to arouse his suspicions, for the man did not even pause in his slow walk, but disappeared along the port rail. Fearing he might return, I remained motionless, yet was doubly assured now that my suspicions were about to be verified. I dared not venture any exploration. Thus far my plan had worked nicely, and I could not now afford to risk discovery. She came so silently, like a gray shadow gliding out of the night, that she was actually beside the rail, gazing steadfastly out at the silvery water, before I was even clearly aware of her presence. I was scarcely willing to accept the evidence of my own eyes, yet arose slowly to a sitting posture to observe better, dropping the rug silently onto the deck. She heard no sound of the movement, and, with no suspicion of any other presence near, remained motionless, drinking in the soft beauty of the night, and breathing deeply the crisp salt air.

I could see her plainly, silhouetted against the sky, illumined by the starlight which reflected upward from the water, her hands clasped on the rail, her form bent slightly forward, her skirts blowing lightly in the wind. She was slender and young, no doubt as to that, with a certain supple grace to her figure noticeable even in that quiet posture.

Helped by the support of the flag locker, I strained my feet noiselessly, only half determined in the course I had better pursue. However, I was left no choice. Something served to startle her, to make her vaguely aware of some other presence on the deck. She turned, still grasping the rail with one hand, and confronted me. I caught a glimpse of her face, white and youthful, her big eyes staring at me as though in sudden terror. She stepped back, then straightened slightly, her questioning eyes never leaving my face.

"I—I supposed myself to be alone," she said, the words uncertain, but the voice clear. "You are one of the passengers?"

"Yes; I chanced to be still on deck when you came."

"Where? You were expecting me?" I indicated the chair in the shadow, but did not venture to move.

"I was lying here, covered by a rug, but did not see you until you appeared yonder at the rail. Why do you ask if I was expecting you?"

She hesitated just an instant, but answered frankly.

"There was a man here last night, when the engines stopped. I believed

then he failed to see me. Was it you, and are you here again tonight to make sure?"

"You have guessed the exact truth," I confessed, almost regretfully. "Last night it was a mere accident, but tonight my presence here had an object."

"Indeed! What interest is it of yours?"

"None directly, except as I am a friend to Mr. Carrington, the owner of this yacht, and also his guest. He assured me only this morning that there was no woman on board, and laughed at me for even imagining such a thing. Naturally I desired to vindicate myself; then, besides the mystery also had its attractions."

"No doubt! And now that you have progressed so far, what further do you purpose doing—turn me over to the authorities?"

"I do not know," I said honestly. "But I am in hopes you will trust me enough to explain your object in thus coming uninvited aboard. I should prefer being your friend, if that prove possible."

She did not answer, apparently hesitating in surprise at my unexpected plea, and doubtful as to my sincerity.

"What is your name?"

"Robert Hollis; I live in Chicago."

She nodded, and I imagined the expression of her eyes changed slightly.

The merest semblance of a smile curved her lips.

"I am rather glad you are my discoverer," she said quietly, "for I know who you are. You are not altogether a stranger."

"I am not!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Oh! I understand. Seeley has told you of me."

"Has he indeed! Why Seeley?"

"Because I have some reason to believe that the second officer is your special friend on board; that through his aid you have found concealment. Am I altogether wrong?"

She laughed—the sound barely audible, yet evidence of her swift amusement.

"If I did not chance to know better, Mr. Hollis, I should almost suspect you of being a lawyer," she said cheerfully. "However, in spite of my present position, I am inclined to be a truthful person. I fear Mr. Seeley's interest in me is altogether, or at least largely, mercenary. I will confide in you, and confess that he has already cost me one hundred dollars, and heaven alone knows how much more will be required before we attain deep water, when I hope to be free from bondage."

"Good! I am encouraged; now you will tell me more?"

She shook her head.

"Not another word, sir. So far, as they say in New York, 'you have the goods on me,' and denial would be useless. Of course, I might have told a falsehood. I am perfectly capable of so doing, and had I been conversing with some others on board, I would have chosen to do so."

"Which would seem to imply that you possess a measure of confidence in me?"

"I do, Mr. Hollis," quietly.

"Seeley must have given me a most excellent reputation, and deserves reward."

"Mr. Seeley gave me your name as one of the passengers, nothing more. I cannot at present explain when, or how, I acquired my information regarding you. To you I am a perfect stranger, and must remain so, but, by some good fortune, I chance to know enough of you to trust you thoroughly as a gentleman. You understand what I mean?"

Her eyes met mine frankly; they were clear, honest eyes, and I felt that I read their direct challenge.

"Perhaps so," I answered with a feeling of disappointment. "You mean I am to ask no further questions? To forget, if possible, your presence on board?"

"Yes; can you do this?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I am not altogether certain that I can, or that I ought. I am Mr. Carrington's guest, and owe him a certain loyalty—you admit that?"

"Yes."

"Have I a right to conceal from my host the knowledge which I have discovered, that a strange young woman has been hidden on board his yacht by one of his officers?"

"That must depend altogether on your sense of duty to both Mr. Carrington and myself," she returned calmly. "Do I appear like a thief? a conspir-

tor? or in any way a desperate character?"

"You appear a most charming young woman, whom I should be very glad to know."

"Thank you," and her lips smiled. "Then my case is not quite hopeless. As a 'most charming young woman' I unreservedly yield myself to your protection. I cannot tell you who I am, nor why I am on board the Esmeralda secretly, but I give you my word of honor that no harm shall result from my presence to any of your friends, and I only request you to remain silent for a few hours longer."

"You intend later to reveal yourself to others?"

"As soon as the yacht is safely at sea, beyond all possibility of putting me ashore."

I confess I was puzzled, uncertain; my duty to Carrington seemed clear enough, and yet there was that about the girl which gave me faith in her pledge. She read my hesitation.

"You still doubt me, Mr. Hollis?"

"No, it is not doubt, yet I know so little. You will at least trust me with your name?"

Her eyes fell, shadowed by their long lashes. For a moment she looked out across the rail, at the dark water beyond.

"So far as I can—yes," she answered soberly. "You may call me Vera."

CHAPTER III.

War, and a Copper Pool.

"Vera," I echoed—in some way vaguely conscious of a strange familiarity with the word, yet utterly unable to immediately recall the association, "that must be your given, not your family name?"

"And you are not even satisfied at this evidence of my trust?" she questioned lightly. "Usually it is considered quite a compliment to be permitted to call a lady by her given name—yet I grant you, a stranger, this privilege."

"To which I am not insensible; yours is not a common appellation, yet I have known someone so named before."

"Indeed! A friend?"

"Well, really, I cannot say; I haven't quite figured it out yet; only the memory haunts me oddly, as something I ought to remember."

"Or else forget," she interrupted quickly. "What do you say if we blot out all this mystery, and just be natural for a while? Have you the slightest knowledge of where we are, Mr. Hollis?—What is that light flashing out yonder?"

"Montauk point," I answered, instantly recognizing the peculiar flash. "The eastern extremity of Long Island. We shall be breasting the Atlantic by daylight if all is well. I have good reason to remember Montauk."

"Yes? You were there?"

"Once; why, it was sixteen years ago at the close of our war with Spain. I served on the St. Paul, and we came up from Cuba loaded with sick and wounded soldiers—Michigan troops mostly—and put them ashore at Montauk. I was little more than a boy then, and the suffering witnessed made a deep impression."

"You were a sailor?"

"I was twelve years at sea; my father was a large ship owner. I left the sea when I was thirty; I had arisen to command, my father died, and I decided I had had enough. I suppose I seem quite ancient to you?"

"Indeed you do not. I think it is wonderful for you to fight your way like that, when your father was rich. It was a man's work. Tell me about it. Your sea life, I mean."

The eagerness of her voice must have touched a responsive chord, for almost before I realized my purpose, I began speaking. I began at the first, relating my life as cabin boy, and as man before the mast, my first voyage as mate, and the experiences of my

earliest command. I told of shipwreck in the South seas; of a battle for life in the Indian ocean; of strange peoples met in every quarter of the earth; of fighting windy gales off the Atlantic coast, and the silent desolation of tropic seas. Breathless with interest, she questioned me, and I answered, feeling the magic of her eyes on my face, the soft intoxication of her presence beside me. She was natural, wholesome, the very sort of woman I had dreamed about, as being somewhere in the world, yet had never met before. Her very presence was inspiration, but beyond this vague impression my dream did not go. Then I looked aside at her and laughed, realizing suddenly how loquacious I had been.

"Really, I must have nearly talked you to sleep," I said regretfully. "I do not know when I have before been guilty of such egotism."

"Do not say that. It was most interesting. It is nice to be spoken to as though one was an intelligent human being—it is quite an experience."

"Perhaps I do not understand."

"Doubtless not; for you are not a girl, and you tell me you never sought society. The very nature of your life has left you frank and straightforward. You talk to me just as you would to a man."

"My frankness has interested you," I ventured, "can you not realize how much I desire to learn more—who you are, why you are here?"

"Of course; but I cannot tell you, Mr. Hollis—not yet."

She looked at her wrist watch, holding it out into a star-glass, which revealed the white shapeliness of her arm.

"I dare not even remain here with you longer."

"But you will come again? This is not to be our last meeting?"

She hesitated, her eyes meeting mine almost kindly; then she held out her hand.

"The last—yes, in this way. You will meet me again, but not as we are tonight. I have truly enjoyed being with you, of hearing your story, but this meeting here alone was not my choice. You understand I could not avoid it, and after I was discovered, I had to remain and win your pledge to secrecy. You will not forget that?"

"Assuredly not. You will not return to the deck tomorrow night?"

She laughed softly, and withdrew her hand, which I still held.

"Tomorrow night! Oh, I cannot tell; we may be far enough at sea by then so I need no longer seek fresh air by night. I told you my concealment was only temporary. Good night, Mr. Hollis."

The gray dress she wore left upon me the impression that she faded from sight, her dim outline vanished so suddenly amid the shadows. I took a swift step forward, impelled by an irresistible desire to ascertain in what portion of the yacht she found concealment, yet paused almost as quickly. Who she was, and why she had chosen so unconventional a manner of joining us, was beyond my guessing. I essayed many a theory, yet one after the other, all broke down, and left me groping in darkness. Only one fact remained steadfast, to which I could cling with confidence—the girl was no mere adventuress, no criminal; she was doing nothing of which she was in the least ashamed, nor had she the slightest fear of the consequences.

I slept so soundly as to be the last guest at the breakfast table the next morning, although as I sat there alone Fossdick returned from the deck to the cabin, seeking a raincoat, and reporting a heavy fog, through which the yacht was proceeding slowly. The vessel was still within easy view of Montauk, or had been before the mist shut down, but the really important news had come to Carrington by wireless—positive information of the outbreak of war. Russia and France were pitted against Germany and Austria in the death grapple. The German troops had already begun an invasion of Belgium on their drive toward Paris. It was still unknown what course England would take.

The nature of this news obscured all else, and left me unable to complete my meal. Other messages were momentarily expected, and I dressed hastily, and joined the little group on the deck, just as a cabin boy handed Carrington a new message. He read it, crumpling his clenched hand down on the rail.

"It's all over with now," he exclaimed, holding the paper aloft, and gazing about into our eager faces. "England declares war, gentlemen. She will stand by her treaty with Belgium. Here is our opportunity; listen to me. This is going to be the greatest war in history; every nation in Europe may be involved before it is ended. Do you realize the commodity most in demand? the one metal those armies cannot get along without? It is copper. They must have it, and they must buy it of us. This morning, as soon as I received that first dispatch, I wired my agents to buy, buy. Now, with England in, the result is certain!"

He paused, and studied the faces in the group.

"Gentlemen, there is wealth enough here on this yacht to control the entire copper output, if we work swiftly. The profit will be enormous. I have the campaign all mapped out; I know where to buy, and my agents are ready to execute my orders. I am going to say to you frankly that I had the thought in mind when I first organized this cruise. I believed this crisis was approaching, and prepared for it. By wireless we can operate surely and secretly, with no possible fear of betrayal. The only question is, are you ready to back me up?"

The expression on the faces of those gathered about him reflected the vague character of the men. They were alike startled by the unexpected turn of affairs, yet financial greed evidently predominated. Even the one German in the group had seemingly forgotten his nationality in view of the golden bait dangling so temptingly before his eyes. Fossdick, actuated by his lawyer instincts, and still cool and calculating, was first to question the proposition.

"You are perfectly assured of being able to control the market?" Fossdick asked.

"I already practically control," returned Carrington confidently. "With a little more capital the game is certain. In twelve hours, gentlemen, we can have the copper situation entirely in our hands. Here are my holdings individually. I need your help to close the deal."

They bent over the papers, eager to grasp the truth, but abundantly satisfied with a quick glance at the magic figures. It was evidently enough a master stroke, a business deal easy to comprehend, and all that remained for them to do was to take their profits.

"You—your return immediately to New York?" questioned McCann, his lips trembling.

"Certainly not; our game at present is to keep out of sight; permit no one to discover who is behind the movement. Your personal checks will satisfy me. I propose holding the yacht, say a hundred miles from shore, and conducting the entire business by wireless. That makes it safe and sure."

The group of financiers stared at each other, one waiting for the next to voice decision. Fossdick, as usual, took the initiative.

"I'm heartily with you, Carrington," he said frankly, "you can count on my check for a hundred thousand dollars right now."

"And I," and I, echoed from lip to lip.

Carrington, smiling pleasantly, turned toward me.

"And how about you, Hollis? Coming in with us? We ought to have one Chicago representative, you know."

I shook my head, doubting my ability to produce the amount required off-hand.

"Not today; give me a few hours to think it over. I should like to talk with you privately first."

"All right; we shall have enough without you, but I'll hold the chance open until you do decide. Let's adjourn to the cabin, gentlemen, where you can draw your checks while the steward opens a few bottles. This is an occasion to be celebrated."

We were upon our feet, not unwilling to escape from the raw air, when the voice of the lookout sounded muffled, but distinct, far forward.

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" echoed the bridge.

"Off the starboard bow, sir—a big one."

We gathered at the rail staring out blankly into the smother. Then suddenly the mist seemed to roll asunder as though cut by a knife, and there in the rift, as if the fog were a frame, appeared one of the finest sea pictures I ever remember seeing. A huge iron-warship, her funnels belching smoke at full speed, the white spray racing along her sides, swept into view. We had a glimpse of the black muzzles of guns protruding from forward and after turrets, of groups of sailors on deck, and in the fighting tops; a white-crested officer leaned over the bridge rail. There was no flag, nor did we need one to know for what she stood. Carrington pointed out into the blank mist.

"There goes one of your bulldozers now," he said. "That fellow has his orders already. In five hours more not a German liner will dare leave New York."

With the news of war and evidences of warlike activities on the sea, Carrington's party began to think they will have some real adventure before they reach their destination.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Macedonia Country of Queer People.

Here in Macedonia we are so very far away. In actual distance we may be nearer home than if we were in Egypt, says a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. We knew a lot about Egypt before we went there, but very few of us knew anything at all about Salonica, and the country which lies behind it, nor did that country know anything about us. Coming here you pass through that highly flavored town as through a gate, and enter a strange country, a country of queer people, queer animals and queer names.

Out of His Line.

Who was the man that just stopped you on the street and waved his hands around so distractedly?

Oh, that was Stardust, the celebrated astronomer, who discovered and named 138 minor planets.

What was his trouble?

He couldn't make up his mind whether to name his new baby Charles or William.

UNEXPECTED GUEST

By ISABEL FROST.

Mrs. Latimer prided herself on the complete system to which she had reduced hospitality. Her week-end parties were select little affairs, where you might be sure of never meeting anyone outside your own charmed circle. There was never anything to jar one's sense of the fitness of things. One week she would have celebrities, the next week a society crowd, and the next she would pay back little social obligations of her own with a careful selection of persons whom she did not honor with her personal friendship. It was on this last list that she had placed Shane O'Moore's name. After receiving cards to his private view of pictures, she had deemed it a graceful thing to write him a little note, inviting him, if he had the time to spare from his arduous artistic labors, out for a week-end at Oakesmere.

Imagine her utter amazement, then, when he arrived absolutely without warning in the midst of a house party composed only of the ultra select. He bounded up the steps and made for the spot where Mrs. Latimer stood spell-bound at his temerity.

"I knew you wouldn't mind my coming out today, instead of next week," Shane said in his buoyant, artless way. "It's so perfectly splendid of you to think of me. I love your place out here."

Bar-headed, he turned to survey the landscape, and the nearest object his glance fell upon was Geraldine Rogers.

Shane stood perfectly rigid; the light of appreciation dawned in his blue eyes, and Geraldine smiled at him. "It was very seldom she met any man who looked interesting at Oakesmere. Later on that evening Mrs. Latimer found time to stop in at Geraldine's room."

"You don't know, my dear, what a relief it is to me to have you take that impossible boy off my hands. I always have a horror of people that you never can tell what they're going to say next. One has to think so to keep up with them, and if you only say 'really' or 'doubtless' you don't know what you've committed yourself to. It's sweet of you to be bothered with him."

"Oh, but I'm not bothered at all," Geraldine replied promptly. "He's the only interesting man I've met here. I have an idea he is a man first of all, and I like him."

O'Moore was the hit of that particular house party. He was prodigal with his talent in entertaining.

It was toward the end of his stay, Geraldine and he had just finished a swift bout on the tennis court and were coming up the hedge-bordered walks that led to the terraces. The hedge was too thick to see anyone on the other side, but voices penetrated, and suddenly they heard Ralph Mertle saying in his easy drawl to Mrs. Latimer:

"It's a good thing that Gerry won't know anything about it until she gets back to town. It would cut her up awfully. Although she'll hardly forgive us for not telling her."

"Oh, I wouldn't breathe a word of it for the world," Mrs. Latimer said, "though, frankly, I've been expecting it for a long while. They've both had too much money ever since their father died. Jack ran through his the first year, and I'm perfectly positive she's been holding him up ever since to keep back a scandal."

On the other side of the hedge there rose suddenly a rollicking Irish tenor voice. They could not see Gerry's face covered by her hands. They only heard Shane O'Moore's voice.

"This trouble I'd be sharing with you, if I dared," he said softly.

"Oh, it's nothing," the girl's tone was filled with a weary bitterness. "I've been expecting it for a long while. Jack is my younger brother. I expect he's got into some sort of a mess, as usual. I must go straight up to town."

"Let me go for you," urged Shane. "This no place for a woman when there's trouble afoot. Let me go find the boy and keep things hushed up. What's he been doing?"

"Just sinking every dollar we both owned into wildcat stocks. For all I know, I may be penniless this minute."

"Pray God you are," responded Shane happily. "If it were only true, I'd be at your feet this minute telling you how I loved you."

"I wonder," she said, dreamily, "I wonder if—"

Shane laughed recklessly, his head upraised to the blue sky. "If I were king, ah! love, if I were king," he laughed. "Will you meet me two days hence in New York—wherever you say? I'll promise to have the boy in hand for you."

Thursday morning Jack Rogers stood in O'Moore's studio down on the square. He was clear-headed and sober for the first time in a week. Shane turned from the telephone with a slip of paper and some figures.

"If you pay everybody," he said, "you'll have nothing left but honor, me boy. I've just been talking to your sister. She'll be here in five minutes, so you'd better make up your mind which way you're going to jump."

Jack grinned a bit unsteadily.

"Better pay it," he said. "I'm going to work. I don't know what Gerry can do. She can't keep up that big house, but I'll take care of her."

Shane put his arm around the stooping shoulders in brotherly fashion.

"She'll be stopping here for a while," he said, pleasantly, "until we can make other arrangements. We're going to be married just as soon as I can coax her to name the very minute."

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The HILLMAN

A Story About an Experiment With Life

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THE PRINCE OF SEYRE AND CALAVERA, THE DANCER, CONSPIRE TO ENTICE JOHN STRANGEWEY FROM HIS HONORABLE LOVE OF DAINTY LOUISE MAUREL

Synopsis.—Louise Maurel, famous actress, making a motor tour of rural England, was obliged, when her car broke down, to spend the night at the ancestral home of Stephen and John Strangewey, bachelor woman-haters, in the Cumberland district. Before she left the next day she had captivated John. Three months later he went to London and looked her up. She introduced him to her friends, among them Grailiot, a playwright, and Sophy Gerard, a light-hearted little actress. John, puritanical in his views, entered the gay bohemian life of the city with enthusiasm. It was soon seen that John and the prince of Seyre were rivals for the heart and hand of Louise. Sophy also loved John secretly.

CHAPTER XII.

Seyre House was one of the few mansions in London which boasted a banquet hall as well as a picture gallery. Although the long table was laid for forty guests, it still seemed, with its shaded lights and its protrusion of flowers, like an oasis of color in the middle of the huge, somberly lighted apartment. Some of the faces of the guests were well-known to John through their published photographs; to others he had been presented by the prince upon their arrival. He was seated between a young American star of musical comedy and a lady who had only recently dropped from the social firmament through the medium of the divorce court, to return to the theater of her earlier fame. Both showed every desire to converse with him between the intervals of eating and drinking, but were constantly brought to a pause by John's lack of knowledge of current topics. After her third glass of champagne, the lady who had recently been a countess announced her intention of taking him under her wing.

"Someone must tell you all about things," she insisted. "What you need is a guide and a chaperon. Won't I do?"

"Perfectly," he agreed. "Fair play!" protested the young lady on his left, whose name was Rosie Sharon. "I spoke to him first!"

"Jolly had luck!" Lord Amerton, drawn from the other side of the table. "Neither of you have an earthly. He's booked. Saw him out with her the other evening."

"I shan't eat any more supper," Rosie Sharon pouted, pushing away her plate.

"You ought to have told us about her at once," the lady who had been a countess declared severely.

John preserved his equanimity. "It is to be presumed," he murmured, "that you ladies are both free from any present attachment?"

"Got you there!" Amerton chuckled. "What about Billy?"

Rosie Sharon sighed. "We don't come to the prince's supper parties to remember our ties," she declared. "Let's all go on talking nonsense, please. Even if my heart is broken, I could never resist the prince's pates!"

Apparently everyone was of the same mind. The hum of laughter steadily grew. Under shelter of the fire of conversation, the prince leaned toward his companion and reopened their previous discussion.

"Do you know," he began, "I am inclined to be somewhat disappointed by your lack of enthusiasm in a certain direction!"

"I have disappointed many men in my time," she replied. "Do you doubt my power, now that I have promised to exercise it?"

"Who could?" he replied courteously. "Yet this young man poses, I believe, as something of a St. Anthony. He may give you trouble."

"He is then, what you call a prig?"

"A most complete and perfect specimen, even in this nation of prigs!"

"All that you tell me," she sighed, "makes the enterprise seem easier. It is, after all, rather like the lioness and the mouse, isn't it?"

The prince made no reply, but upon his lips there lingered a faintly incredulous smile. The woman by his side leaned back in her place. She had the air of accepting the challenge.

"After supper," she said, "we will see!"

A single chord of music in a minor key floated across the room, soft at first, swelling later into a volume of sound, then dying away and ceasing altogether. Every light in the place was suddenly extinguished. There remained only the shaded lamps overhanging the pictures.

Not a whisper was heard in the room. John, looking around him in astonishment, was conscious only of the half-suppressed breathing of the men and women who lined the walls, or were still standing in little groups at the end of the long hall. Again there came the music, this time merged in a low but insistent clamor of other instruments. Then, suddenly, through

the door at the farther end of the room came a dimly seen figure in white. The place seemed wrapped in a mystical twilight, with long black rays of deeper shadow lying across the floor. There was a little murmur of tense voices, and then again silence. For a few moments the figure in white was motionless. Then, without any visible commencement, she seemed suddenly to blend into the waves of low, passionate music. The dance itself was without form or definite movement. She seemed at first like some white, limboless spirit, floating here and there across the dark bars of shadow at the calling of the melody. There was no apparent effort of the body. She was merely a beautiful, unearthly shape. It was like the flitting of a white moth through the blackness of a moonless summer night.

But her motions grew more animated, more human. With feet which seemed never to meet the earth, she glided toward the corner where John was standing. He caught the smoldering fire in her eyes as she danced within a few feet of him. He felt a catch in his breath. Some subtle and only half-expressed emotion shook his whole being, seemed to tear at the locked chamber of his soul.

She had flung her arms forward, so near that they almost touched him. He could have sworn that her lips had called his name. He felt himself bewitched, filled with an insane longing to throw out his arms in response to her passionate, unspoken invitation, in obedience to the clamoring of his seething senses. He had forgotten, even, that anyone else was in the room.

Then, suddenly, the music stopped. The lights flared out from the ceiling and from every corner of the apartment. Slender and erect, her arms hanging limply at her sides, without a touch of color in her cheeks or a coil of her black hair disarranged, without a sign of heat or disturbance or passion in her face, John found Aida Calavera standing within a few feet of him, her eyes seeking for his. She laid her fingers upon his arm. The room was ringing with shouts of applause, in which John unconsciously joined. Everyone was trying to press forward toward her. With her left hand she waved them back.

"If I have pleased you," she said, "I am so glad! I go now to rest for a little time."

She tightened her clasp upon her companion's arm, and they passed out of the picture gallery and down a long



"Go Quickly, and Come Back Quickly. I Wait for You."

corridor. John felt as if he were walking in a dream. Volition seemed to have left him. He only knew that the still, white hand upon his arm seemed like a vise burning into his flesh.

She led him to the end of the corridor, through another door, into a small room furnished in plain but comfortable fashion.

"We will invade the prince's own sanctum," she murmured. "Before I dance, I drink nothing but water. Now I want some champagne. Will you

fetch me some and bring it to me yourself?"

She sank back upon a divan as she spoke. John turned to leave the room, but she called him back.

"Come here," she invited, "close to my side! I can wait for the champagne. Tell me, why you are so silent? And my dancing—that pleased you?"

He felt the words stick in his throat. "Your dancing was indeed wonderful," he stammered.

"It was for you!" she whispered, her voice growing softer and lower. "It was for you I danced. Did you not feel it?"

Her arms stole toward him. The unnatural calm with which she had finished her dance seemed suddenly to pass. Her bosom was rising and falling more quickly. There was a faint spot of color in her cheek.

"It was wonderful," he told her. "I will get you the champagne."

Her lips were parted. She smiled up at him.

"Go quickly," she whispered, "and come back quickly! I wait for you."

He left the room and passed out again into the picture gallery before he had the least idea where he was.

The band was playing a waltz, and one or two couples were dancing. The people seemed suddenly to have become like puppets in some strange, unreal dream. He felt an almost feverish longing for the open air, for a long draft of the fresh sweetness of the night, far away from this overheated atmosphere, charged with unnamable things.

As he passed through the farther doorway he came face to face with the prince.

"Where are you going?" the latter asked.

"Mademoiselle Calavera has asked me to get her some champagne," he answered.

The prince smiled. "I will see that it is sent to her at once," he promised. "You are in my sanctum; are you not? You can pursue your tete-a-tete there without interruption. 'You are very much envied.'"

"Mademoiselle Calavera is here," John replied. "As for me, I am afraid I shall have to go now."

The smile faded from the prince's lips. His eyebrows came slowly together.

"You are leaving?" he repeated.

"I must!" John insisted. "I can't help it. Forgive my behaving like a boor, but I must go. Good night!"

The prince stretched out his hand, but he was too late.

John found himself, after a few minutes' hurried walking, in Piccadilly. He turned abruptly down Duke Street and made his way to St. James' park. From here he walked slowly eastward. When he reached the Strand, however, the storm in his soul was still unabated. He turned away from the Milan. The turmoil of his passions drove him to the thoughts of flight. Half an hour later he entered St. Pancras station.

"What time is the next train north to Kendal or Carlisle?" he inquired.

The porter stared at him. John's evening clothes were spattered with mud, the raindrops were glistening on his coat and face, and his silk hat was ruined. It was not only his clothes, however, which attracted the man's attention. There was the strained look of a fugitive in John's face, a fugitive flying from some threatened fate.

"The newspaper train at five thirty is the earliest, sir," he said. "I don't know whether you can get to Kendal by it, but it stops at Carlisle."

John looked at the clock. There was an hour to wait. He wandered about the station, gloomy, chill, deserted. The place sickened him, and he strolled out into the streets again. By chance he left the station by the same exit as on the day of his arrival in London. He stopped short.

How could he have forgotten, even for a moment? This was not the world which he had come to discover. This was just some plague-spot upon which he had stumbled. Through the murky dawn and across the ugly streets he looked into Louise's drawing-room. She would be there waiting for him on the morrow!

Louise! The thought of her was like a sweet, purifying stimulant. He felt the throbbing of his nerves soothed. He felt himself growing calm. The terror of the last few hours was like a nightmare which had passed. He summoned a taxicab and was driven to the Milan. His wanderings for the night were over.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sophy Gerard sat in the little back room of Louise's house, which the latter called her den, but which she seldom entered. The little actress was looking very trim and neat in a simple blue serge costume which fitted her to perfection, her hair very primly arranged and tied up with a bow. She had a pen in her mouth, there was a sheaf of bills before her, and an open housekeeping book lay on her knee. She had been busy for the last few hours making calculations, the result

of which had brought a frown to her face.

"There is no doubt about it," she decided. "Louise is extravagant!"

The door opened, and Louise herself, in a gray morning gown of some soft material, with a bunch of deep-red roses at her waist, looked into the room.

"Why, little girl," she exclaimed, "how long have you been here?"

"All the morning," Sophy replied. "I took the dogs out, and then I started on your housekeeping book and the bills. Your checks will have to be larger than ever this month, Louise, and I don't see how you can possibly draw them unless you go and see your bankers first."

"Louise threw herself into an easy chair. "Dear me!" she sighed. "I thought I had been so careful!"

"How can you talk about being careful?" Sophy protested, tapping the pile of bills with her forefinger. "You seem to be overdrawn already."

"I will see to that," Louise promised. "The bank manager is such a charming person. Besides, what are banks for but to oblige their clients? How pale you look, little girl! Were you out late last night?"

Sophy swung around in her place. "I am all right. I spent the evening in my rooms and went to bed at eleven o'clock. Who's lunching with you? I see the table is laid for two."

Louise glanced at the clock upon the mantelpiece.

"Mr. Strangewey," she replied. "I suppose he will be here in a minute or two."

Sophy dropped the housekeeping book and jumped up. "I'd better go, then."

"Of course not," Louise answered. "You must stay to lunch. Ring the bell and tell them to lay a place for you." Afterward, if you like, you may come in here and finish brooding over these wretched bills while Mr. Strangewey talks to me."

Sophy came suddenly across the room and sank on the floor at Louise's feet.

"What are you going to do about Mr. Strangewey, Louise?" she asked wistfully.

"What am I going to do about him?" "He is in love with you," Sophy continued. "I am sure—I am almost sure of it!"

Louise's laugh was unconvincing. "You foolish child!" she exclaimed. "I believe that you have been worrying. Why do you think so much about other people?"

"Please tell me," Sophy begged. "I want to understand how things really are between you and John Strangewey. Are you in love with him?"

"Louise's eyes were soft and dreamy. "I wish I knew," she answered. "If I am, then there are things in life more wonderful than I have ever dreamed of. He doesn't live in our world—and our world, as you know, has its grip. He knows nothing about my art, and you can guess what life would be to me without that. What future could there be for him and for me together? I cannot remake myself."

There was something in Sophy's face that was almost like wonder.

"So this is the meaning of the change in you, Louise! I knew that something had happened. You have seemed so different for the last few months."

Louise nodded.

"London has never been the same place to me since I first met him in Cumberland," she admitted. "Sometimes I think I am—to use your own words—in love with John. Sometimes I feel it is just a queer, indistinct, but passionate appreciation of the abstract beauty of the life he seems to stand for."

"Is he really so good, I wonder?" Sophy asked pensively.

"I do not know," Louise sighed. "I only know that when I first talked to him, he seemed different from any man I have ever spoken with in my life. I suppose there are few temptations up there, and they keep nearer to the big things. Sometimes I wonder, Sophy, if it was not very wrong of me to draw him away from it all!"

"Rubbish!" Sophy declared. "If he is good, he can prove it and know it here. He will come to know the truth about himself. Besides, it isn't everything to possess the standard virtues. Louise, he will be here in a minute. You want to be left alone with him. What are you going to say when he asks you what you know he will ask you?"

Louise looked down at her.

"Dear," she said, "I wish I could tell you. I do not know. That is the strange, troublesome part of it—I do not know!"

"Will you promise me something?" Sophy begged. "Promise me that if I stay in here quietly until after he has gone, you will come and tell me!"

Louise leaned a little downward as if to look into her friend's face. Sophy suddenly dropped her eyes, and the color rose to the roots of her hair.

There was a knock at the door, and the parlor maid entered.

"Mr. Strangewey, madam," she announced.

Louise looked at John curiously as she greeted him. His face showed few signs of the struggle through which he had passed, but the grim setting of his lips reminded her a little of his brother. He had lost, too, something of the boyishness, the simple light-heartedness of the day before. Instinctively she felt that the battle had begun. She asked him nothing about the supper party, and Sophy, quick to follow her lead, also avoided the subject.

Luncheon was not a lengthy meal, and immediately its service was concluded, Sophy rose to her feet with a sigh.

"I must go and finish my work," she declared. "Let me have the den to myself for at least an hour, please, Louise. It will take me longer than that to muddle through your books."

Louise led the way upstairs into the cool, white drawing-room, with its flower-perfumed atmosphere and its delicate, shadowy air of repose. She curled herself up in a corner of the divan and gave John his coffee. Then she leaned back and looked at him.

"So you have really come to London, Mr. Countryman!"

"I have followed you," he answered. "I think you knew that I would. I tried not to, but he went on, after a moment's pause. 'I fought against it as hard as I could; but in the end I had to give in. I came for you.'"

Louise's capacity for fencing seemed suddenly enfeebled. A frontal attack of such directness was irresistible.

"For me!" she repeated weakly.

"Of course," he replied. "None of your arguments would have brought me here. If I have desired to understand this world at all, it is because it

"I feel what you are," he answered, "and that is sufficient."

"Once more she rose to her feet and walked across to the window. An automobile had stopped in the street below. She looked down upon it with a sudden frozen feeling of apprehension.

John moved to her side, and for him, too, the joy of those few moments was clouded. A little shiver of presentiment took its place. He recognized the footman whom he saw standing upon the pavement.

"It is the prince of Seyre," Louise faltered.

"Send him away," John begged. "We haven't finished yet. I won't say anything more to upset you. What I want now is some practical guidance."

"I cannot send him away."

John glanced toward her and hated himself for his fierce jealousy. She was looking very white and very pathetic. The light had gone from her eyes. He felt suddenly dominant, and, with that feeling, there came all the generosity of the conqueror.

"Good by!" he said. "Perhaps I can see you sometime tomorrow."

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed her fingers, one by one. Then he left the room. She listened to his footsteps descending the stairs, firm, resolute, deliberate. They paused, there was the sound of voices—the prince and he were exchanging greetings; then she heard other footsteps ascending, lighter, smoother, yet just as deliberate.

Her face grew paler as she listened. There was something which sounded to her almost like the beating of fate in the slow, inevitable approach of this unseen visitor.

CHAPTER XIV.

Henri Grailiot had made himself thoroughly comfortable. He was ensconced in the largest of John's easy chairs, his pipe in his mouth, a recently refilled teacup—Grailiot was English in nothing except his predilection for tea—on the small table by his side. Through a little cloud of tobacco smoke he was studying his host.

"So you call yourself a Londoner now, my young friend, I suppose," he remarked, taking pensive note of John's fashionable clothes. "It is a transformation, beyond a doubt! Is it I wonder, upon the surface only, or have you indeed become heart and soul a son of this corrupt city?"

"Whatever I may have become," John grumbled, "it's meant three months of the hardest work I've ever done!"

Grailiot held out his pipe in front of him and blew away a dense cloud of smoke.

"Explain yourself," he insisted.

John stood on the hearth-rug, with his hands in his pockets. His morning clothes were exceedingly well cut, his tie and collar unexceptionable, his hair closely cropped according to the fashion of the moment. He had an extremely civilized air.

"Look here, Grailiot," he said. "I'll tell you what I've done, although I don't suppose you would understand what it means to me. I've visited practically every theater in London."

"Alone?"

Louise comes to have a secret horror of the prince. Grailiot gives John some very sensible advice. The next installment brings important developments.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Baby Was Developing.

Johnny was a small boy of about five years, and he had a baby sister who was just learning to walk. One day Johnny saw his little sister stand alone and take a few steps for the first time. Johnny ran hurriedly to his mother and said, "Oh, mamma, come here quick! Baby's walkin' on her hind legs."

Johnny's mother, who was sitting on the floor, looked up at him and said, "Well, that's a good thing, isn't it? She's learning to walk properly now."

Johnny nodded and said, "Yes, but she's walkin' on her hind legs, mamma. I saw her do it. She's a funny little thing, isn't she?"

His mother laughed and said, "Well, she's a little girl, and she's learning to walk. She'll be a proper little girl in no time."

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"Contraband" The Best Sea Story of the War That Has Been Written

By Randall Parrish

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ROBERT HOLLIS MEETS THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL AND HAS LONG TALK WITH HER—WORD COMES THAT WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED

Synopsis.—Robert Hollis, one-time sea captain, who tells the story, is a guest on Gerald Carrington's yacht, Esmeralda, which, with a party of gay New York business men, is making her maiden voyage to the coast of Spain. It is supposed to be strictly "stag," and Hollis, wandering alone on deck at night is surprised to discover on board a woman who evidently wishes to remain unknown. The next night he succeeds in meeting her and having an interview.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Before the party finally broke up I had outlined my plan. I was in no haste to retire, having slept more or less during the afternoon; I would remain alone on deck, and see what happened. We were steaming right gallantly now, and stars were finding rifts in the clouds through which to silver the waves of the Sound. The first officer was still on the bridge, but Seeley would relieve him at twelve; there was nothing for me to do but wait until then.

I could better my position, however, and immediately did so. If the second officer really proved to be the accomplice of the girl, he would very probably take a rather careful survey of the deck after permitting her to venture forth from concealment. If his search disclosed my presence, the young woman would doubtless be ordered to remain below. My choice of position was easily determined. The flag locker was unusually commodious, as one of Carrington's hobbies was to dress the ship handsomely on every gala occasion, and display the colors of all nations. It was built directly against the after rail, and back into its protective shadow I silently drew a steamer chair, concealed myself beneath the folds of a rug, and lay there quietly.

Time dragged, but finally the bell forward announced the hour for the change of watch. I was sailor enough to comprehend the meaning of every sound. I heard someone walk hastily across the main deck, and descend through the companion. A man dispatched to call the second mate. The two came back together. Five minutes later with no warning sound of approach, I became aware that someone had quietly rounded the end of the cabin. The mate passed me by within a few feet, so close, indeed, I could distinguish the buttons on his uniform, and the white cap he wore. Nothing, however, could have occurred to arouse his suspicions, for the man did not even pause in his slow walk, but disappeared along the port rail. Fearing he might return, I remained motionless, yet was doubly assured now that my suspicions were about to be verified. I dared not venture any exploration. Thus far my plan had worked nicely, and I could not now afford to risk discovery. She came so silently, like a gray shadow gliding out of the night, that she was actually beside the rail, gazing steadfastly out at the silvery water, before I was even clearly aware of her presence. I was scarcely willing to accept the evidence of my own eyes, yet arose slowly to a sitting posture to observe better, dropping the rug silently onto the deck. She heard no sound of the movement, and, with no suspicion of any other presence near, remained motionless, drinking in the soft beauty of the night, and breathing deeply the crisp salt air.

I could see her plainly, silhouetted against the sky, illumined by the star-gleam which reflected upward from the water, her hands clasped—the rail, her form bent slightly forward, her skirts blowing lightly in the wind. She was slender and young, no doubt as to that, with a certain supple grace to her figure noticeable even in that quiet posture.

Trapped by the support of the flag locker, I attained my feet noiselessly, only half determined in the course I had better pursue. However, I was left no choice. Something served to startle her, to make her vaguely aware of some other presence on the deck. She turned, still grasping the rail with one hand, and confronted me. I caught a glimpse of her face, white and youthful, her big eyes staring at me as though in sudden terror. She stepped back, then straightened slightly, her questioning eyes never leaving my face.

"I—I supposed myself to be alone," she said, the words uncertain, but the voice clear. "You are one of the passengers?"

"Yes; I changed to be still on deck when you came."

"Where? You were expecting me?" I indicated the chair in the shadow, but did not venture to move.

"I was lying here, covered by a rug, but did not see you until you appeared yonder at the rail. Why do you ask if I was expecting you?"

She hesitated just an instant, but answered frankly.

"There was a man here last night, and the engines stopped. I believed

then he failed to see me. Was it you, and are you here again tonight to make sure?"

"You have guessed the exact truth," I confessed, almost regretfully. "Last night it was a mere accident, but tonight my presence here had an object."

"Indeed! What interest is it of yours?"

"None directly, except as I am a friend to Mr. Carrington, the owner of this yacht, and also his guest. He assured me only this morning that there was no woman on board, and laughed at me for even imagining such a thing. Naturally, I desired to vindicate myself, then besides the mystery also had its attractions."

"No doubt! And now that you have progressed so far, what further do you purpose doing—turn me over to the authorities?"

"I do not know," I said honestly. "But I am in hopes you will trust me enough to explain your object in thus coming uninvited aboard. I should prefer, being your friend, if that prove possible."

She did not answer, apparently hesitating in surprise at my unexpected plea, and doubtful as to my sincerity. "What is your name?"

"Robert Hollis; I live in Chicago."

She nodded, and I imagined the expression of her eyes changed slightly. The merest semblance of a smile curved her lips.

"I am rather glad you are my discoverer," she said quietly, "for I know who you are. You are not altogether a stranger."

"I am not," I exclaimed in surprise. "Oh, I understand: Seeley has told you of me."

"Has he indeed! Why Seeley?"

"Because I have some reason to believe that the second officer is your special friend on board; that through his aid you have found concealment. Am I altogether wrong?"

She laughed—the sound, barely audible, yet evidence of her swift amusement.

"If I did not chance to know better, Mr. Hollis, I should almost suspect you of being a lawyer," she said cheerfully. "However, in spite of my present position, I am inclined to be a truthful person. I fear Mr. Seeley's interest in me is altogether, or at least largely, mercenary. I will confide in you, and confess that he has already cost me one hundred dollars, and heaven alone knows how much more will be required before we attain deep water, when I hope to be free from bondage."

"Good! I am encouraged; now you will tell me more?"

"She shook her head.

"Not another word, sir. So far, as they say in New York, you have the goods on me, and denial would be useless. Of course, I might have told a falsehood. I am perfectly capable of so doing, and had I been conversing with some others on board, I would have chosen to do so."

"Which would seem to imply that you possess a measure of confidence in me?"

"I do, Mr. Hollis," quietly.

"Seeley must have given me a most excellent reputation, and deserves reward."

"Mr. Seeley gave me your name as one of the passengers, nothing more. I cannot at present explain when, or how, I acquired my information regarding you. To you I am a perfect stranger, and must remain so, but by some good fortune, I chance to know enough of you to trust you thoroughly as a gentleman. You understand what I mean?"

Her eyes met mine frankly; they were clear, honest eyes, and I felt that I read their direct challenge.

"Perhaps so," I answered with a feeling of disappointment. "You mean I am to ask no further questions? To forget, if possible, your presence on board?"

"Yes; can you do this?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I am not altogether certain that I can, or that I ought. I am Mr. Carrington's guest, and owe him a certain loyalty—you admit that?"

"Yes."

"Have I a right to conceal from my host the knowledge which I have discovered, that a strange young woman has been hidden on board his yacht by one of his officers?"

"That must depend altogether on your sense of duty to both Mr. Carrington and myself," she returned calmly. "Do I appear like a thief? a conspirator? or in any way a desperate character?"

"You appear a most charming young woman, whom I should be very glad to know."

"Thank you," and her lips smiled. "Then my case is not quite hopeless. As a 'most charming young woman' I unreservedly yield myself to your protection. I cannot tell you who I am, nor why I am on board the Esmeralda secretly, but I give you my word of honor that no harm shall result from my presence to any of your friends, and I only request you to remain silent for a few hours longer."

"You intend later to reveal yourself to others?"

"As soon as the yacht is safely at sea, beyond all possibility of putting me ashore."

"I confess I was puzzled; uncertain; my duty to Carrington seemed clear enough, and yet there was that about the girl which gave me faith in her pledge. She read my hesitation."

"You still doubt me, Mr. Hollis?"

"No, it is not doubt, yet I know so little. You will at least trust me with your name?"

Her eyes fell, shadowed by her long lashes. For a moment she looked out across the fall, at the dark water beyond.

"So far as I can—yes," she answered soberly. "You may call me Vera."

CHAPTER III.

War, and a Copper Pool.

"Vera," I echoed, in some way vaguely conscious of a strange familiarity with the word, yet utterly unable to immediately recall the association. "That must be your given, not your family name?"

"And you are not even satisfied at this evidence of my trust?" she questioned lightly. "Usually it is considered quite a compliment to be permitted to call a lady by her given name—yet I grant you, a stranger, this privilege."

"To which I am not insensible; yours is not a common appellation, yet I have known someone so named before."

"Indeed! A friend?"

"Well, really, I cannot say; I haven't quite figured it out yet; only the memory haunts me, oddly, as something I ought to remember."

"Or else forget," she interrupted quickly. "What do you say if we blot out all this mystery, and just be natural?"



Breathless With Interest, She Questioned Me.

rail for a while? Have you the slightest knowledge of where we are, Mr. Hollis? What is that light flashing out yonder?"

"Montauk point," I answered, instantly recognizing the peculiar flash. The eastern extremity of Long Island. We shall be breaching the Atlantic by daylight if all is well. I have good reason to remember Montauk."

"Yes? You were there?"

"Once; why, it was sixteen years ago at the close of our war with Spain. I served on the St. Paul, and we came up from Cuba loaded with sick and wounded soldiers—Michigan troops mostly—and put them ashore at Montauk. I was little more than a boy then, and the suffering witnessed made a deep impression."

"You were a sailor?"

"I was twelve years at sea; my father was a large ship owner. I left the sea when I was thirty; I had arisen to command, my father died, and I decided I had had enough. I suppose I seem quite ancient to you?"

"Indeed you do not. I think it is wonderful for you to fight your way like that, when your father was rich. It was a man's work. Tell me about it. Your sea life, I mean."

The eagerness of her voice must have touched a responsive chord, for almost before I realized my purpose, I began speaking. I began at the first, relating my life as cabin boy, and as man before the mast, my first voyage as mate, and the experiences of my

earliest command. I told of shipwreck in the South seas; of a battle for life in the Indian ocean; of strange peoples met in every quarter of the earth; of fighting windy gales off the Atlantic coast, and the silent desolation of tropic seas. Breathless with interest, she questioned me, and I answered, feeling the magic of her eyes on my face, the soft intoxication of her presence beside me. She was natural, wholesome, the very sort of woman I had dreamed about, as being somewhere in the world, yet had never met before. Her very presence was inspiration, but beyond this vague impression my dream did not go. Then I looked aside at her and laughed, realizing suddenly how loquacious I had been.

"Really, I must have nearly talked you to sleep," I said regretfully. "I do not know when I have before been guilty of such egotism."

"Do not say that. It was most interesting. It is nice to be spoken to as though one was an intelligent human being—it is quite an experience."

"Perhaps I do not understand."

"Doubtless not, for you are not a girl, and you tell me you never sought society. The very nature of your life has left you frank and straightforward. You talk to me just as you would to a man."

"If my frankness has interested you," I ventured, "can you not realize how much I desire to learn more—who you are, why you are here?"

"Of course; but I cannot tell you, Mr. Hollis—not yet."

She looked at her wrist watch, holding it out into a star-gleam, which revealed the white shapeliness of her arm.

"I dare not even remain here with you longer."

"But you will come again? This is not to be our last meeting?"

She hesitated, her eyes meeting mine almost kindly; then she held out her hand.

"The last—yes, in this way. You will meet me again, but not as we are tonight. I have truly enjoyed being with you, of hearing your story, but this meeting here alone was not my choice. You understand I could not avoid it, and after I was discovered, I had to remain and win your pledge to secrecy. You will not forget that?"

"Assuredly not. You will not return to the deck tomorrow night?"

She laughed softly, and withdrew her hand, which I still held.

"Tomorrow night! Oh, I cannot tell; we may be far enough at sea by then so I need no longer seek fresh air by night. I told you my concealment was only temporary. Good night, Mr. Hollis."

The gray dress she wore left upon me the impression that she faded from sight, her dim outline vanished so suddenly amid the shadows. I took a swift step forward, impelled by an irresistible desire to ascertain in what portion of the yacht she found concealment, yet paused almost as quickly. Who she was, and why she had chosen so unconventional a manner of joining us, was beyond my guessing. I essayed many a theory; yet one after the other, all broke down, and left me groping in darkness. Only one fact remained steadfast, to which I could cling with confidence—the girl was no mere adventuress, no criminal; she was doing nothing of which she was in the least ashamed, nor had she the slightest fear of the consequences.

I slept so soundly as to be the last guest at the breakfast table the next morning, although as I sat there alone, Fossdick returned from the deck to the cabin, seeking a raincoat, and reporting a heavy fog, through which the yacht was proceeding slowly. The vessel was still within easy view of Montauk, or had been before the mist shut down, but the really important news had come to Carrington by wireless—positive information of the outbreak of war. Russia and France were pitted against Germany and Austria in the death grapple. The German troops had already begun an invasion of Belgium on their drive toward Paris. It was still unknown what course England would take.

The nature of this news obscured all else, and left me unable to complete my meal. Other messages were momentarily expected, and I dressed hastily, and joined the little group on the deck, just as a cabin boy handed Carrington a new message. He read it, crumpling his clenched hand down on the rail.

"It's all over with now," he claimed, holding the paper aloft, and gazing about into our eager faces. "England declares war, gentlemen. She will stand by her treaty with Belgium. Here is our opportunity; listen to me. This is going to be the greatest war in history; every nation in Europe may be involved before it is ended. Do you realize the commodity most in demand? The one metal those armies cannot get along without? It is copper. They must have it, and they must buy it of us. This morning, as soon as I received that first dispatch, I wired my agents to buy, buy. Now, with England in, the result is certain."

He paused, and studied the faces in the group.

"Gentlemen, there is wealth enough here on this yacht to control the entire copper output, if we work swiftly. The profit will be enormous. I have the campaign all mapped out; I know where to buy, and my agents are ready to execute my orders. I am going to say to you frankly that I had the thought in mind when I first organized this cruise, I believed this crisis was approaching, and prepared for it. By wireless we can operate surely and secretly, with no possible fear of betrayal. The only question is, are you ready to back me up?"

The expression on the faces of those gathered about him reflected the varied character of the men. They were alike startled by the unexpected turn of affairs, yet financial greed evidently predominated. Even the one German in the group had seemingly forgotten his nationality in view of the golden bait dangled so temptingly before his eyes. Fossdick, actuated by his lawyer instincts, and still cool and calculating, was first to question the proposition.

"You are perfectly assured of being able to control the market?" Fossdick asked.

"I already practically control," returned Carrington confidently. "With a little more capital the game is certain. In twelve hours, gentlemen, we can have the copper situation entirely in our hands. Here are my holdings individually. I need your help to close the deal."

They bent over the papers, eager to grasp the truth, but abundantly satisfied with a quick glance at the magic figures. It was evidently enough a master stroke, a business deal easy to comprehend, and all that remained for them to do was to take their profits.

"You—you return immediately to New York?" questioned McCann, his lips trembling.

"Certainly not; our game at present is to keep out of sight; permit no one to discover who is behind the movement. Your personal checks will satisfy me. I propose holding the yacht, say a hundred miles from shore, and conducting the entire business by wireless. That makes it safe and sure."

The group of financiers stared at each other, one waiting for the next to voice decision. Fossdick, as usual, took the initiative.

"I'm heartily with you, Carrington," he said frankly, "you can count on my check for a hundred thousand dollars right now."

"And I," and I, echoed from lip to lip.

Carrington, smiling pleasantly, turned toward me.

"And how about you, Hollis? Coming in with us? We ought to have one Chicago representative, you know."

I shook my head, doubting my ability to produce the amount required off-hand.

"Not today; give me a few hours to think it over. I should like to talk with you privately first."

"All right; we shall have enough without you, but I'll hold the chance open until you do decide. Let's adjourn to the cabin, gentlemen, where you can draw your checks while the steward opens a few bottles. This is an occasion to be celebrated."

We were upon our feet, not unwilling to escape from the raw air, when the voice of the lookout sounded muffled, but distinct, far forward.

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" echoed the bridge.

"Off the starboard bow, sir—a big one."

We gathered at the rail staring out blankly into the smother. Then suddenly the mist seemed to roll asunder as though cut by a knife, and there in the rift, as if the fog were a frame, appeared one of the finest sea pictures I ever remember seeing. A huge iron warship, her funnels belching smoke at full speed, the white spray racing along her sides, swept into view. We had a glimpse of the black muzzles of guns protruding from forward and after turrets, of groups of sailors on deck, and in the fighting tops; a white-clad officer leaned over the bridge rail. There was no flag, nor did we need one to know for what she stood. Carrington pointed out into the blank mist.

"There goes one of your bulldogs now," he said. "That fellow has his orders already. In five hours more not a German liner will dare leave New York."

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"There goes one of your bulldogs now," he said. "That fellow has his orders already. In five hours more not a German liner will dare leave New York."

With the news of war and evidences of warlike activities on the sea, Carrington's party began to think they will have some real adventure before they reach their destination.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Macedonia Country of Queer People.

Here in Macedonia we are so very far away. In actual distance we may be nearer home than if we were in Egypt, says a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. We knew a lot about Egypt before we went there, but very few of us knew anything at all about Salonica, and the country which lies behind it, nor did that country know anything about us. Coming here you pass through that highly flavored town as through a gate, and enter a strange country, a country of queer people, queer animals and queer names.

Out of His Line.

"Who was the man that just stopped you on the street and waved his hands around so distractedly?"

"Oh, that was Stardust, the celebrated astronomer, who discovered and named 183 minor planets."

"What was his trouble?"

"He couldn't make up his mind whether to name his new baby Charles or William."

UNEXPECTED GUEST

By ISABEL FROST.

Mrs. Latimer prided herself on the complete system to which she had reduced hospitality. Her week-end parties were select little affairs, where you might be sure of never meeting anyone outside your own charmed circle.

"There was never anything to jar one's sense of the fitness of things. One week she would have celebrities, the next, a society crowd, and the next she would pay back little social obligations of her own with a careful selection of persons whom she did not honor with her personal friendship. It was on this last list that she had placed Shane O'Moore's name. After receiving cards to his private view of pictures, she had deemed it a graceful thing to write him a little note, inviting him, if he had the time to spare from his arduous artistic labors, out for a week-end at Oakesmere.

Imagine her utter amazement, then, when he arrived absolutely without warning in the midst of a house party composed only of the ultra select. He bouted up the steps and made for the spot where Mrs. Latimer stood spell-bound at his temerity.

"I knew you wouldn't mind my coming out today instead of next week," Shane said in his buoyant, artless way. "It's so perfectly splendid of you to think of me. I love your place out here."

Bareheaded, he turned to survey the landscape, and the nearest object his glance fell upon was Geraldine Rogers. Shane stood perfectly rigid, the light of appreciation dawning in his blue eyes, and Geraldine smiled at him. "It was very seldom she met any man who looked interesting at Oakesmere. Later on that evening Mrs. Latimer found time to stop in at Geraldine's room."

"You don't know, my dear, what a relief it is to me to have you take that impossible boy off my hands. I always have a horror of people that you never can tell what they're going to say next. One has to think so to keep up with them, and if you only say 'really' or 'doubtless' you don't know what you've committed yourself to. It's sweet of you to be bothered with him."

"Oh, but I'm not bothered at all," Geraldine replied promptly. "He's the only interesting man I've met here. I have an idea he is a man first of all, and I like him."

O'Moore was the hit of that particular house party. He was prodigal with his talent in entertaining.

It was toward the end of his stay, Geraldine and he had just finished a swift bout on the tennis court and were coming up the hedge-bordered walks that led to the terraces. The hedge was too thick to see anyone on the other side, but voices penetrated, and suddenly they heard Ralph Merkle saying in his easy drawl to Mrs. Latimer:

"It's a good thing that Gerry won't know anything about it until she gets back to town. It would cut her up fearfully. Although she'll hardly forgive us for not telling her."

"Oh, I wouldn't breathe a word of it for the world," Mrs. Latimer said, "though, frankly, I've been expecting it for a long while. They've both had too much money ever since their father died. Jack ran through his first year, and I'm perfectly positive she's been holding him up ever since to keep back a scandal."

On the other side of the hedge there rose suddenly a rollicking Irish tenor voice. They could not see Gerry's face covered by her hands. They only heard Shane O'Moore's voice.

"This trouble I'd be sharing with you, if I dared," he said softly.

"Oh, it's nothing," the girl's tone was filled with a weary bitterness. "I've been expecting it for a long while. Jack is my younger brother. I expect he's got into some sort of a mess, as usual. I must go straight up

The HILLMAN

A Story About an Experiment With Life

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THE PRINCE OF SEYRE AND CALAVERA, THE DANCER, CONSPIRE TO ENTICE JOHN STRANGEWAY FROM HIS HONORABLE LOVE OF DAINTY LOUISE MAUREL

Synopsis.—Louise Maurel, famous actress, making a motor tour of rural England, was obliged, when her car broke down, to spend the night at the ancestral home of Stephen and John Strangeway, bachelor woman-haters, in the Cumberland district. Before she left the next day she had captivated John. Three months later he went to London and looked her up. She introduced him to her friends, among them Graillet, a playwright, and Sophy Gerard, a light-hearted little actress. John, puritanical in his views, entered the gay bohemian life of the city with enthusiasm. It was soon seen that John and the prince of Seyre were rivals for the heart and hand of Louise. Sophy also loved John secretly.

CHAPTER XII.

Seyre House was one of the few mansions in London which boasted a banquet hall as well as a picture gallery. Although the long table was laid for forty guests, it still seemed, with its shaded lights and its profusion of flowers, like an oasis of color in the middle of the huge, somberly lighted apartment. Some of the faces of the guests were well-known to John through their published photographs; to others he had been presented by the prince upon their arrival. He was seated between a young American star of musical comedy and a lady who had only recently dropped from the social firmament through the medium of the divorce court, to return to the theater of her earlier fame. Both showed every desire to converse with him between the intervals of eating and drinking, but were constantly brought to a pause by John's lack of knowledge of current topics. After her third glass of champagne, the lady who had recently been a courtesan announced her intention of taking him under her wing.

"Someone must tell you all about things," she insisted. "What you need is a guide and a chaperon. Won't I do?"

"Perfectly," he agreed.

"Fair play!" protested the young lady on his left, whose name was Rosie Sharon. "I spoke to him first!"

"Jolly bad luck!"—Lord Amerton drawled from the other side of the table. "Neither of you have an earthly. He's booked. Saw him out with her the other evening."

"I shan't eat any more supper," Rosie Sharon pouted, pushing away her plate.

"You ought to have told us about her at once," the lady who had been a courtesan declared severely.

John preserved his equanimity.

"It is to be presumed," he murmured, "that you ladies are both free from any present attachment?"

"Got you there?" Amerton chuckled.

"What about Billy?"

Rosie Sharon sighed.

"We don't come to the prince's supper parties to remember our ties," she declared. "Let's all go on talking nonsense, please. Even if my heart is broken, I could never resist the prince's gaze!"

Apparently everyone was of the same mind. The hum of laughter steadily grew. Under shelter of the fire of conversation, the prince leaned toward his companion and reopened their previous discussion.

"Do you know," he began, "I am inclined to be somewhat disappointed by your lack of enthusiasm in a certain direction!"

"I have disappointed many men in my time," she replied. "Do you doubt my power, now that I have promised to exercise it?"

"Who could?" he replied courteously.

"Yet this young man poses, I believe, as something of a St. Anthony. He may give you trouble."

"He is then, what you call a prig?"

"A most complete and perfect specimen, even in this nation of prigs!"

"All that you tell me," she sighed, "makes the enterprise seem easier. It is, after all, rather like the lioness and the mouse, isn't it?"

The prince made no reply, but upon his lips there lingered a faintly incredulous smile. The woman by his side leaned back in her place. She had the air of accepting the challenge.

"After supper," she said, "we will see!"

A single chord of music in a minor key floated across the room, soft at first, swelling later into a volume of sound, then dying away and ceasing altogether. Every light in the place was suddenly extinguished. There remained only the shaded lamps overhanging the pictures.

Not a whisper was heard in the room. John, looking around him in astonishment, was conscious only of the half-suppressed breathing of the men and women who lined the walls, or were still standing in little groups at the end of the long hall. Again there came the music, this time merged in a low but insistent clamor of other instruments. Then, suddenly, through

the door at the farther end of the room came a dimly seen figure in white. The place seemed wrapped in a mystical twilight, with long black rays of deeper shadow lying across the floor. There was a little murmur of tense voices, and then again silence.

For a few moments the figure in white was motionless. Then, without any visible commencement, she seemed suddenly to blend into the waves of low, passionate music. The dance itself was without form or definite movement. She seemed at first like some white, limbless spirit, floating here and there across the dark bars of shadow at the calling of the melody. There was no apparent effort of the body. She was merely a beautiful, unearthly shape. It was like the lifting of a white moth through the blackness of a moonless summer night.

But her motions grew more animated, more human. With feet which seemed never to meet the earth, she glided toward the corner where John was standing. He caught the smoldering fire in her eyes as she danced within a few feet of him. He felt a catch in his breath. Some subtle and only half-expressed emotion shook his whole being, seemed to tear at the locked chamber of his soul.

She had flung her arms forward, so near that they almost touched him. He could have sworn that her lips had called his name. He felt himself bewitched, filled with an insane longing to throw out his arms in response to her passionate, unspoken invitation, in obedience to the clamoring of his seething senses. He had forgotten, even, that anyone else was in the room.

Then, suddenly, the music stopped. The lights flared out from the ceiling and from every corner of the apartment. Slender and erect, her arms hanging limply at her sides, without a touch of color in her cheeks or a coil of her black hair disarranged, without a sign of heat or disturbance or passion in her face, John found Aida Calavera standing within a few feet of him, her eyes seeking for his.

She laid her fingers upon his arm. The room was ringing with shouts of applause, in which John unconsciously joined. Everyone was trying to press forward toward her. With her left hand she waved them back.

"If I have pleased you," she said, "I am so glad! I go now to rest for a little time."

She tightened her clasp upon her companion's arm, and they passed out of the picture gallery and down a long



"Go quickly, and come back quickly. I wait for you."

corridor. John felt as if he were walking in a dream. Volition seemed to have left him. He only knew that the still, white hand upon his arm seemed like a vise burning into his flesh.

She led him to the end of the corridor, through another door, into a small room furnished in plain but comfortable fashion.

"We will invade the prince's own sanctum," she murmured. "Before I dance, I drink nothing but water. Now I want some champagne. Will you

fetch me some, and bring it to me yourself?"

She sank back upon a divan as she spoke. John turned to leave the room, but she called him back.

"Come here," she invited, "close to my side. I can wait for the champagne. Tell me, why you are so silent? And my dancing—that pleased you?"

He felt the words stick in his throat. "Your dancing was indeed wonderful," he stammered.

"It was for you!" she whispered, her voice growing softer and lower. "It was for you I danced. Did you not feel it?"

Her arms stole toward him. The unnatural calm with which she had finished her dance, seemed suddenly to pass. Her bosom was rising and falling more quickly. There was a faint spot of color in her cheek.

"It was wonderful," he told her. "I will get you the champagne."

Her lips were parted. She smiled up at him.

"Go quickly," she whispered, "and come back quickly! I wait for you."

He left the room and passed out again into the picture gallery before he had the best idea where he was.

The band was playing a waltz, and one or two couples were dancing. The people seemed suddenly to have become like puppets in some strange, unreal dream. He felt an almost feverish longing for the open air, for a long draft of the fresh sweetness of the night, far away from this overheated atmosphere charged with unnamable things.

As he passed through the farther doorway he came face to face with the prince.

"Where are you going?" the latter asked.

"Mademoiselle Calavera has asked me to get her some champagne," he answered.

The prince smiled.

"I will see that it is sent to her at once," he promised. "You are in my sanctum, are you not? You can pursue your tete-a-tete there without interruption. 'You are very much envied.'"

"Mademoiselle Calavera is there," John replied. "As for me, I am afraid I shall have to go now."

The smile faded from the prince's lips. His eyebrows came slowly together.

"You are leaving?" he repeated.

"I must!" John insisted. "I can't help it. Forgive my behaving like a boor, but I must go. Good night!"

The prince stretched out his hand, but he was too late.

John found himself, after a few minutes' hurried walking, in Piccadilly. He turned abruptly down Duke Street and made his way to St. James park. From here he walked slowly eastward. When he reached the Strand, however, the storm in his soul was still unabated. He turned away from the Strand. The turmoil of his passions drove him to the thoughts of flight. Half an hour later he entered St. Pancras station.

"What time is the next train north to Kendal or Carlisle?" he inquired.

The porter stared at him. John's evening clothes were spattered with mud, the raindrops were glistening on his coat and face, and his silk hat was ruined. It was not only his clothes, however, which attracted the man's attention. There was the strained look of a fugitive in John's face, a fugitive flying from some threatened fate.

"The newspaper train at five thirty is the earliest, sir," he said. "I don't know whether you can get to Kendal by it, but it stops at Carlisle."

John looked at the clock. There was an hour to wait. He wandered about the station, gloomy, chilled, deserted. The place sickened him, and he strolled out into the streets again. By chance he met the station by the same exit as on the day of his arrival in London. He stopped short.

How could he have forgotten, even for a moment? This was not the world which he had come to discover. This was just some plague-spot upon which he had stumbled. Through the murky dawn and across the ugly streets he looked into Louise's drawing-room. She would be there waiting for him on the morrow!

Louise! The thought of her was like a sweet, purifying stimulant. He felt the throbbing of his nerves soothed. He felt himself growing calm. The terror of the last few hours was like a nightmare which had passed. He summoned a taxicab and was driven to the Strand. His wanderings for the night were over.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sophy Gerard sat in the little back room of Louise's house, which the latter called her den, but which she seldom entered. The little actress was looking very trim and neat in a simple blue serge costume which fitted her to perfection, her hair very primly arranged and tied up with a bow. She had a pen in her mouth, there was a sheaf of bills before her, and an open housekeeping book lay on her knee. She had been busy for the last half hour making calculations, the result

of which had brought a frown to her face.

"There is no doubt about it," she decided. "Louise is extravagant!"

The door opened, and Louise herself, in a gray morning gown of some soft material, with a bunch of deep-red roses at her waist, looked into the room.

"Why, little girl," she exclaimed, "how have you been here?"

"All the morning," Sophy replied. "I took the dogs out, and then I started on your housekeeping book and the bills. Your checks will have to be larger than ever this month, Louise, and I don't see how you can possibly draw them unless you go and see your bankers first."

"Louise threw herself into an easy chair."

"Dear me!" she sighed. "I thought I had been so careful!"

"How can you talk about being careful?" Sophy protested, "tapping the side of her head with her forefinger. 'You seem to be overdrawn already.'"

"I will see to that," Louise promised.

"The bank manager is such a charming person. Besides, what are banks for but to oblige their clients? How pale your face, little girl! Were you out late last night?"

Sophy swung around in her place.

"I am all right. I spent the evening in my rooms and went to bed at eleven o'clock. Who's lurching with you? I see the table is laid for two."

Louise glanced at the clock upon the mantelpiece.

"Mr. Strangeway," she replied. "I suppose he will be here in a minute or two."

Sophy dropped the housekeeping book and jumped up.

"I'd better go, then."

"Of course not," Louise answered.

"You must stay to lunch. I'll ring the bell and tell them to lay a place for you. Afterward, if you like, you may come in here and finish brooding over these wretched bills while Mr. Strangeway talks to me."

Sophy came suddenly across the room and sank on the floor at Louise's feet.

"What are you going to do about Mr. Strangeway, Louise?" she asked wistfully.

"What am I going to do about him?"

"He is in love with you," Sophy continued. "I am sure—I am almost sure of it."

Louise's laugh was unconvincing.

"You foolish child!" she exclaimed.

"I believe that you have been worried."

"Why do you think so much about other people?"

"Please tell me," Sophy begged. "I want to understand how things really are between you and John Strangeway. Are you in love with him?"

Louise's eyes were soft and dreamy.

"I wish I knew," she answered. "If I am, then there are things in life more wonderful than I have ever dreamed of. He doesn't live in our world—and our world, as you know, has its grip. He knows nothing about my art, and you can guess what life would be to me without that. What future could there be for him and for me together? I cannot remake myself."

"There was something in Sophy's face that was almost like wonder."

"So this is the meaning of the change in you, Louise! I knew that something had happened. You have seemed so different for the last few months."

Louise nodded.

"London has never been the same place to me since I first met him in Cumberland," she admitted. "Sometimes I think I am to use my own words—in love with John. Sometimes I feel it is just a queer, indistinct, but passionate appreciation of the abstract beauty of the life he seems to stand for."

"Is he really so good, I wonder?" Sophy asked pensively.

"I do not know," Louise sighed. "I only know that when I first talked to him, he seemed different from any man I have ever spoken with in my life. I suppose there are few temptations up there, and they keep nearer to the big things. Sometimes I wonder, Sophy, if it was not very wrong of me to draw him away from it all!"

"Rubbish!" Sophy declared. "If he is good, he can prove it and know it here. He will come to know the truth about himself. Besides, it isn't everything to possess the standard virtues. Louise, he will be here in a minute. You want to be left alone with him. What are you going to say when he asks you what you know he will ask you?"

Louise looked down at her wrist.

"Dear," she said, "if I could tell you, I do not know. That is the strange, troublesome part of it—I do not know!"

"Will you promise me something?" Sophy begged. "Promise me that if I stay in here quietly until after he has gone, you will come and tell me!"

Louise leaned a little downward as if to look into her friend's face. Sophy suddenly dropped her eyes, and the color rose to the roots of her hair.

There was a knock at the door, and the parlor maid entered.

"Mr. Strangeway, ma'am," she announced.

Louise looked at John curiously as she greeted him. His face showed few signs of the struggle through which he had passed, but the grim setting of his lips reminded her a little of his brother. He had lost, too, something of the boyishness, the simple light-heartedness of the day before. Instinctively she felt that the battle had begun. She asked him nothing about the supper party, and Sophy, quick to follow her lead, also avoided the subject.

"Luncheon was not a lengthy meal, and immediately its service was concluded, Sophy rose to her feet with a sigh."

"I must go and finish my work," she declared. "Let me have the den to myself for at least an hour, please, Louise. It will take me longer than that to muddle through your books."

Louise led the way upstairs into the cool, white drawing room, with its flower-perfumed atmosphere and its delicate, shadowy air of repose. She curled herself up in a corner of the divan and gave John his coffee. Then she leaned back and looked at him.

"So you have really come to London, Mr. Countryman?"

"I have followed you," he answered. "I think you knew that I would."

"I tried not to," he went on, after a moment's pause. "I fought against it as hard as I could, but in the end I had to give in. I came for you."

"Louise's capacity for teasing seemed suddenly enfeebled. A frontal attack of such directness was irresistible."

"For me!" she repeated weakly.

"Of course," he replied. "None of your arguments would have brought me here. If I have desired to understand this world at all, it is because it



Unreasting, She Felt the Fire of His Kisses.

is your world. It is you I want—don't you understand that?—I thought you would know it from the first moment you saw me."

He was suddenly on his feet, leaning over her, a changed man, masterful, passionate. She opened her lips, but said nothing. She felt herself lifted up, clasped for a moment in his arms. Unreasting, she felt the fire of his kisses. The world seemed to have stopped. Then she tried to push him away, weakly, and against her own will. At her first movement he laid her tenderly back in her place.

"I am sorry," he said. "And yet I am not," he added, drawing his chair close up to her side. "I am glad! You know that I loved you, Louise. You knew that it was for you I came."

She was beginning to collect herself. Her brain was at work again, but she was conscious of a new confusion in her senses, a new element in her life. She was no longer sure of herself.

"Listen," she begged earnestly. "Be reasonable! How could I marry you? Do you think that I could live with you up there in the hills?"

"We will live," he promised, "anywhere you choose in the world."

"Ah, no!" she continued, patting his hand. "You know what your life is, the things you want in life. You don't know mine yet. There is my work. You cannot think how wonderful it is to me. You don't know the things that fill my brain from day to day, the thoughts that direct my life. I cannot marry you just because—because—"

"Because what?" he interrupted eagerly.

"Because you make me feel—something I don't understand, because you come and you turn the world, for a few minutes, topsy-turvy. But that is all foolishness, isn't it? Life isn't built up of emotions. What I want you to understand, and what you please must understand, is that at present our lives are so far, so very far apart. I do not feel I could be happy leading yours, and you do not understand mine."

"I have come to find out about yours," John explained. "That is why I am here. Perhaps I ought to have waited a little time before I spoke to you as I did just now. But I will serve my apprenticeship. I will try to get into sympathy with the things that please you. It will not take me long. As soon as you feel that we are drawing closer together, I will ask you again what I have asked you this afternoon. In the meantime, I may be your friend, may I not? You will let me see a great deal of you? You will help me just a little?"

Louise leaned back in her chair. She had been carried off her feet, brought face to face with emotions which she

dared not analyze. Perhaps, after all, her self-dissection, there were still secret chambers. She thought almost with fear of what they might contain. Her sense of superiority was vanishing. She was, after all, like other women.

"Yes," she promised, "I will help. We will leave it at that. Some day you shall talk to me again, you like. In the meantime, remember we are both free. You have not known many women, and you may change your mind when you have been longer in London. Perhaps it will be better for you if you do!"

"That is quite impossible," John said firmly. "You see," he went on, looking at her with shining eyes, "I know now what I half-believed from the first moment that I saw you. I love you!"

Springing restlessly to her feet, she walked across the room and back again. A curious hypnotic feeling seemed to be dulling all her powers of resistance. She looked into her life and she was terrified. Everything had grown insignificant. It couldn't really be possible that this man who had dwelt all his life in the simple way, had yet the power to show her the path toward the greater things! She felt like a child again. She trembled a little as she sat down by his side. It was not in this fashion that she had intended to hear what he had to say.

"I don't know what is the matter with me today," she murmured distractedly. "I think I must send you away. You disturb my thoughts. I can't see life clearly. Don't hope for too much from me," she begged. "But don't go away," she added, with a sudden irresistible impulse of anxiety.

"Oh, I wish—I wish you understood me and everything about me, without my having to say a word!"

"I feel what you are," he answered, "and that is sufficient."

Once more she rose to her feet and walked across to the window. An automobile had stopped in the street below. She looked down upon it with a sudden frozen feeling of apprehension.

John moved to her side, and for him, too, the joy of those few moments was clouded. A little shiver of presentiment took its place. He recognized the footman whom he saw standing upon the pavement.

"It is the prince of Seyre," Louise faltered.

"Send him away," John begged.

"We haven't finished yet. I won't say anything more to upset you. What I want now is some practical guidance."

"I cannot send him away!"

John glanced toward her and hated himself for his fierce jealousy. She was looking very white and very pathetic. The light had gone from her eyes. He felt suddenly dominant, and, with that feeling, there came all the generosity of the conqueror.

"Good-bye," he said. "Perhaps I can see you sometime tomorrow."

He raised her hand to his lips and kissed her fingers, one by one. Then he left the room. She listened to his footsteps descending the stairs, firm, resolute, deliberate. They paused, there was the sound of voices—the prince and he were exchanging greetings; then she heard other footsteps ascending, lighter, smoother, yet just as deliberate.

Her face grew paler as she listened. There was something which sounded to her almost like the beating of fate in the slow, inevitable approach of this unseen visitor.

CHAPTER XIV.

Henri Graillet had made himself thoroughly comfortable. He was ensconced in the largest of John's easy chairs, his pipe in his mouth, a recently refilled teacup—Graillet was English in nothing except his predilection for tea—on the small table by his side. Through a little cloud of tobacco smoke he was studying his host.

"So you call yourself a Londoner now, my young friend, I suppose," he remarked, taking passive note of John's fashionable clothes. "It is a transformation, beyond a doubt! Is it, I wonder, upon the surface only, or have you indeed become heart and soul a son of this corrupt city?"

"Whatever I may have become," John grumbled, "it's meant three months of the hardest work I've ever done!"

Graillet held out his pipe in front of him and blew away a dense cloud of smoke.

"Explain yourself," he insisted.

John stood on the hearth-rug, with his hands in his pockets. His morning clothes were exceedingly well cut, his tie and collar unexceptionable, his hair closely cropped according to the fashion of the moment. He had an extremely civilized air.

"Look here, Graillet," he said. "I'll tell you what I've done, although I don't suppose you would understand what it means to me. I've visited practically every theater in London."

"Alone?"

Louise comes to have a secret horror of the prince. Graillet gives John some very sensible advice. The next installment brings important developments.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Baby Was Developing.

Johnny was a snail-boy of about five years, and he had a baby sister who was just learning to walk. One day Johnny saw his little sister stand alone and take a few steps for the first time. Johnny ran hurriedly to his mother and said, "Oh, mamma, come here quick! Baby's walking on her hind legs."

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

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

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

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

Northville to Plymouth, Wayne and Detroit.

Through cars leave Northville for Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and hourly to 7:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m. To Wayne only, 11:15 p. m.

Leave Wayne for Northville at 5:43 a. m., and hourly to 6:43 p. m.; also 8:43 p. m., 10:17 p. m., and 12:09 a. m.

DETROIT NEWS ADS.

Detroit News Liner Ads received at the Northville Record Office.

VISITORS HERE AND ELSEWHERE

Miss Esther Brown of Detroit was a week-end guest of friends here.

Mrs. Ida Joslin of Detroit was a Saturday and Sunday visitor in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Calkins have returned from their trip to New England.

Miss Helen Hanchett of Perrinsville is a guest of the Misses Parmalee this week.

Miss Swarthout of Laingsburg was a guest of Rev. and Mrs. Walker last Saturday.

Miss Ruth Ward of Ann Arbor spent the week-end with friends and relatives here.

J. W. Weitzman received a visit Tuesday from his father, who resides in Detroit.

Miss Caroline Roe of Detroit is spending the week with Mrs. E. A. Roe and family.

Mrs. George Johnston has had as her guest this week her sister from Grand Rapids.

Miss Helen Lanning left Wednesday for an indefinite visit with friends at Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. O. F. Stevens and son of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Cook.

Mrs. Jennie Myers of Philadelphia visited at the home of her sister, Mrs. Lester Cook, last week.

Wm. Phillips has recently been spending a few days with his son, Arthur and wife at Almont.

Recent guests at the Fred Allen home were as follows: A. K. Dolph, Miss Eliza Murdoch and Mrs. Fred

Newton, all of Northville.—Orion Review.

Miss Elizabeth Lapham returned Sunday from a few days visit with Miss Eleanor Porter at Blissfield.

The Misses Muriel and Leona Parmalee have been visiting relatives at Perrinsville this week and last.

Misses Dorothy Brown and Virginia Hesse of Detroit are spending a week with their aunt, Mrs. James Savage.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Pepper were called to St. Louis last week by the serious illness of Mrs. Pepper's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hinkley and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Richardson attended the home-coming at Belleville Wednesday.

Mrs. George Neal and Mrs. Maude Rueping and little daughter, Margaret, of Orion were visitors at the home of F. S. Neal two days this week.

Mrs. Richard Hanchet and two children of Redford returned home Wednesday after a few days' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Parmalee.

Miss Louise Snyder, who has been assistant housekeeper at the Tremper home for nearly a year past, is spending the week with her sister at Farmington.

Mrs. Langston and Mrs. Green, the latter accompanied by her daughter, Margaret, of Farmington, called on their sister, Mrs. F. S. Neal, last week Friday.

The following young ladies, chaperoned by Mrs. Will Hicks, who took with her her three children, have been enjoying a week's outing at the Woodman cottage at Walpole lake: Hilda Sommers, Viola and Flora Miller, Elizabeth Olm and Hazel Parmalee.

Miss Leah Raymond of West Branch left for her home Tuesday after a few

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Potatoes, peck, - 49c

Rice, - 9c lb Yeast Foam, 4c pkg

Sardines - 8c Pet Milk, - 14c

Large Olives 29c Jelli-Con, pkg, 9c

25c Salmon 19c Best Raisins, 15c

30c Salmon 25c Pure Honey 35c jar

50c Tea, 39c 40c Coffee, - 29c

20c Jar Pickles 15c Corn Flakes, 11c

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Ask for Chesterfields—next time you buy.

Loewy & Myers Tobacco Co.



Wrapped in glassine paper—keeps them fresh.

20 for 10¢

They "Satisfy"—and yet they're Mild!

days' visit at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Lester Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lyke of Topeka, Kansas, are visiting relatives in town.

C. M. Thornton and wife have been out from Detroit to spend a few days at the farm this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Van Dyne and daughter, Gladys, are visiting the former's parents at Bentley.

NOVI NEWS.

Miss Mary Watt of Detroit is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Henry Watt.

Mrs. Julia Hudson of Flint, who has been visiting friends around Novi for the last four weeks, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Garfield and Mrs. G. W. Carl have returned from a week's visit with their daughter and sister, Mrs. E. C. Hilborn and family at Coldwater.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank U. Fry of Rochester, N. Y., are in town for a few days' visit. They made the 500 mile trip in their auto in 2½ days, without even a punctured tire.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles White and their son, Everett White and wife of Howell were guests of their cousin, William H. White and wife Saturday night and Sunday, making the trip by automobile.

Several Northville people attended the funeral at Portland last week of Ray Lott, who died from injuries received in a storm August 5. Mrs. Lott, who was Ethel Lauray of this place, has the sympathy of many friends here.

Miss Myra West has left for Brooklyn, N. Y., to take up her school work, after spending the summer here. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Ruby West and her brother, Howard and wife, the party making the trip by auto, visiting friends enroute.

Miss Mollie Walker, who left for her home in Georgia last week after a two weeks' visit at the home of Mrs. J. B. Watts, pronounced Northville the prettiest little town she ever saw, and was so impressed with Detroit and its beautiful surroundings that she plans to return in the winter, and if she can endure the cold climate will make her home here.

Features at the New Alseium Theatre.

To-night—Friday—The Royal Minstrels. Band, orchestra, parade.

Saturday night the great drama of Alaskan life, "The Spell of the Yukon" with Edmund Breese as leading character.

Thursday, August 30, Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgley in "The Selfish Woman."

Watch for Viola Dana in the Wonderplay, "The Gates of Eden" Saturday, September 1.

DEATH OF EARL LAURAY.

Earl Lauray, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lauray, died Wednesday August 22, at the home of his parents here, after a long illness. He was 34 years of age. The nearest surviving relatives are the wife and one child, his parents and two sisters. The funeral services are to be held from the home Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, with interment in Rural Hill cemetery.

BARNUM & BAILEY SHOW IN DETROIT AUG. 27.

There is to be a real circus day this year—a Barnum & Bailey circus day. This big show will exhibit in Detroit on Monday, August 27. Starting with a magnificent pageant, the circus will occupy three hours or more with events in air, on platform and rings, and in the huge hippodrome surrounding.

The opening feature is the first attempt at Chinese pageantry in the history of American circuses. Barnum & Bailey have spent \$1,000,000 to reproduce its glorious possibilities.

The circus program, which follows the pageant, is made up almost entirely of acts new to the American public, the cream of all continental circuses having rushed to the big show's European agents for booking on account of the closing of most of the big foreign circuses. Pallenberg's wonderful bears will ride on high bicycles, skate and perform on the trapeze. In the menagerie will be seen many new specimens of animals, including a dozen new baby animals in the great zoo.

The parade, which is entirely new, will be three miles long.

RECORD LINERS PAY—TEL ONE.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Mrs. Alice Brandt.
 Miss Elizabeth Broad.
 J. H. Baker
 W. H. Baker
 Mrs. Florence Darling.
 Mr. Thomas Mayotte
 The O. C. Lumber Co.
 Mrs. H. Bobb

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES.

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 third day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

Present, EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

It is ordered, that the fifth day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon Eastern Standard Time, at said court room be appointed for proving said instrument.

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

(A true copy.)

EDGAR O. DURFEE, Judge of Probate.

ALBERT W. ELINT, Register.

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.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold Metal Boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.